



## Glimpses of Mac and Beth---Con't.

"To the servants' quarters where you belong, impudent rascal! Cease such chatter! I'll have you horse whipped for your insolence."

"O, say, you don't need to put on airs. I know you. You are Miss Glise. You used to be matron of the dining hall at the Farm School near Crookston. Don't stare at me that way. You make me feel unnecessary."

"Duncan, is the lad insane? Butler, come here and cast this rogue in chains."

"No, you don't, Miss Glise? I know you. You used to shut the dining hall door, and three times I had to go without my breakfast. You won't get me," cried the Senior, dancing across the court.

"Poor monkey," sighed Lady MacBeth, while the King looked on in wonder.

"None of your smooth tongue for me. I know all your plans; I read them three hundred and twenty years from now. You are going to talk your old man into taking the King's life, aren't you? If he's wise—"

"Take the lad away and put cracked ice on his head. Come, King, I'll take you to the Thane." As the King walked away she turned to the servant and said in an undertone: "Let him come back and you lose your life. Heed!"

"O, I say—" but the Senior got no farther. The servant clapped a hand over his mouth. "The Devil take thee, thou cream faced fool! Where got thou that goose look? You shall pay for your impudence, whey-faced loon."

Vigorously the Senior struggled, but to no avail. Strong hands dragged him across the yard to the high fence. He was lifted up into the air and thrown. Wildly he clutched at the air for something to break his fall. His arms found something soft and he hung on. Nevertheless he landed with a bump.

"Donald, Donald McCrum, wake up! It's seven-fifteen and you'll be late for breakfast and Miss Glise will have the doors locked. And you haven't finished reading Macbeth and we have a quiz on it today, you know. Have you been having a nightmare? You've been rolling around something fierce."

## Things That Never Happen

A Chemical Company advertising: Have you had your carbolic acid today?

Mr. Foker acting cheerful.

Mr. Dunham wearing his dress suit to Forage Crops Class.

The library being used only as a place of study.

John Gronner talking quietly and sensibly.

Miss Glise headlined as a contralto singer.

Mr. Pierce using his tea pot.

A Scandinavian claiming he doesn't like lute fisk.

Mr. Larson tell you that a program isn't going to be great.

A speaker referring to the Red River Valley without prefixing the adjective "fertile."

Mr. McCall caught parting his hair.

A school term passing without some sort of an epidemic.

A good vaudeville show in the village.