IT is January. The witching hour of night is drawing nigh. The wind howls thru the old South area, whirling the snow in fairy vortices, scintillant in the chill white moonlight. The cold is intense—so bitter that the kaydets have taken their Snappy Stories to bed with them.

¶ Up to the north door of the Academic Building, creeping thru the inky shadows, comes a file of muffled figures. A muttered password: the massive door swings open noiselessly. They pass thru the dark corridors, open the secret panel in the wall, descend a flight of grand steps into musty and deserted caverns. Thence follow a vaulted passage, turn twice to the right, three times to the left, come to a door which opens to a combination of m things taken n at a time, and enter thru a steel door that opens to its equation. At last they are in the uttermost Holy of Holies.

¶ Upon the altar stands the symbolic isosceles, and on the altar cloth is embroidered the perspective of a rampant hyperbolic paraboloid in red, yellow and blue chalk. Two phosphorescent candles on the High Altar cast a dim light over the assemblage. In the far corner a fat and a thin acolyte are discussing the probability of drawing a full house in four draws. The rest are tense and silent—waiting.

¶ But suddenly the High Priest bursts into the room. His black stole trails behind him as he hurries along. On it are written in letters of fire "Colonel and Professor of Mathematics." The Associate Professor salutes; the assistants fall on their knees; the instructors grovel on the ground in self-abasement. As the Prelate takes his post, the Associate chants in tones of deep reverence "C. Smith is the one god, and the Colonel is his true prophet." While the awed congregation responds "The Colonel can C. Smith." The High Priest then commences the service. The lesson for today is from the seventh chapter of C. Smith, page 191, 147 paragraph—"An asymptote is a right line which meets a curve at infinity." A sob breaks the silence at these awe-inspiring words ∞ ∞

¶ "Let us next repeat the creed of all true believers," says the High Priest. All repeat in unison the solemn—"I believe in the existence of e, in the theorem of mean values, and in the method of least squares. I believe in Euler's criterion of integritability and in the infinite series, world without end, Amen."
At this point a weird sound arises. The High Priest and his assistants proceed with the ritual:

"Sh—— Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.
"Thrice and once the hedge pig whined.
"Hellcats call—'t is time, 't is time."
(All join hands and voices)
"Round about the cauldron go.
In the conicoid we 'll throw,
Tangent planes, and sweeping curve,
Watch the towering helix swerve.
Hearken to the shriek and moan
Of soul tormented sphere and cone.
May they greet and part again,
May they meet and trouble men."

¶ Further than this we cannot go. The conclave is brewing a calculus writ and atrocious horror follows, row on row, whose profanity must not blast the printed page ∞ ∞

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE MORNING

Tack, S. O., Kaydet, Oriole, Policeman, Waiter, Hellcat, and the com's dog; in unison: "Who the hell said, 'HAPPY NEW YEAR?'"