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## MOUNTAIN-BOUND.

Soft voice of the waters of mountains,  
Before you drift down to the sea,  
O linger one moment and listen  
And carry a message from me.  
The huge hanging crags are gray-lonely,  
O waters who rush to the sea,  
The pine trees are waving and wailing,  
Are sighing and sobbing to me.

There lies in a far fairy valley  
Home meadows in sight of the sea,  
In sight of the blue-rolling ocean,  
O bear them some message from me.  
Tonight, all alone, I am longing  
For love and my home near the sea—  
From out the dark mists of the mountains,  
O carry some message from me.

J. A. SARGENT.

## Some Sauce for Seniors.

[A LA FRESHMAN.]

Last year, I have been told, a few misguided senior-boys perverted the will of their whole class, as expressed by the majority vote. These obstinate creatures positively refused to trail gowns up and down our concrete walks; and I have it on authority from a full-fledged Sophomore that some of these wayward youths actually forgot themselves and tried to ridicule the proposed mortar-boards. Think of it! Some men in this University have spoken irreverently of the scholar's cap and gown.

This is a season of thanksgiving for me. A hundred times I have congratulated myself that I am at last following a path that leads to the cheery sun-light of a day of self-adulation. When I fought my way for the first time to the yawning window of the Registrar in September, little did I realize that I was the possessor of such opportunities.

This year opens a new era in our University life. The seniors will obey noth-

ing but the dictates of their aesthetic class-majority; and their mortar-boards will be broad enough and their gowns long enough to cover a multitude of sins.

Reasons! You ask. I can give you many showing why I wish the cap and gown when I become a senior, some day in the foggy future.

My first and greatest reason is that I wish to wear them very much. A man has a right to wish to wear anything that he wants that is respectable; and surely caps and gowns are eminently respectable. Secondly; I realize that I belong to the great and growing class of mortals who are forever to be cursed with the stamp of mediocrity. In all probability, I will have no opportunities in my four college years of hurry-scurrying to win many plaudits from the public. Is it not right that in my last year I shall be decorated with an insignia which shall focus public gaze in my direction and give me my share of publicity?

A FRESHMAN.

## The Night I Didn't Study.

"My name is not John Smith. That seems very strange, too; for if ever there was a fellow who represented ordinary people in an ordinary way, that fellow is myself; but there must be something wrong somewhere or my personality would have been yet more blended with the common herd by having the necessary appellation tacked to it.

"Here I've been sitting in this stuffy old den of a room for the past hour and a half, trying to wade through something about 'If a wheel be affixed to its axis at the mid-point, and if this wheel roll and