

slide upon a plane while its axis is parallel"—and what not! Great Scott! My head feels as though I had one dynamo inside of it already, which in combination with several other varieties of 'buzz-wheels' would make a laboratory outfit for a whole class of Electrical Engineering students. It's somewhat 'tough' on mathematics; but I'm not going to grind at another problem or theorem tonight. 'My soul's at war, my spirit's in rebellion' so lie there Trigonometry and quit staring me in the face in such an ungodly manner!

"I'm going to take a run down Fourteenth street to O, and then I'm going to walk 'till bedtime and see what I can see. I feel like 'the wretched remains of a ship-wrecked life'—or words to that effect.

This bracing air is somewhat different from the boxed-up article in my two dollar room. In there, I've either got to keep the stove red hot and nearly suffocate or open the window and nearly freeze. It makes me feel like a criminal to steal from my mathematics in this way. I suppose the folks at home think I'm always in my room at this time of night, working away like a Trojan. Well it isn't their fault that I'm not. I'd have stayed out of school this winter and taught. That would have helped them some; but they wouldn't hear to that, even if we did get only eighty-five bushels of corn this year; and have got a couple of notes coming due.

The air penetrates when a fellow walks. Ah! How exhilarating it is when one is on a keen run and, with his head tossed back, can inhale a long breath through widely expanded nostrils and then stretch out for a seventy-five yard spurt. This is a capital place for a quarter mile run, here on Fourteenth.

The light of the street is poor, and the shadows cast by the arc light change and

waver and form into all sorts of imaginable, writhing shapes on the pavement.

Those lights on the Capitol dome seem like far away planets; and their twisting, dazzling rays make the darkness above seem doubly intense.

Here's O street. It looks like a different world. Even down as far as Fourteenth there are Christmas windows. Each one of these poor little storekeepers has been doing his utmost to present the most enticing window.

There seem to be a great many steps in evolution taking place as I walk from Fourteenth up O street to the west. How different the Christmas windows appear in these large stores. Some of them show excellent taste in arrangement of colors. Perhaps I'm no judge as to artistic merit; but as I'm a pretty fair representative of the great middle class, I think I could say with good authority that these windows are perfect works of art, as far as the tastes of the common herd would demand.

We middle class people seem to be rather a purposeless set. As a rule, we've generally some vague idea about self improvement; but that's just the trouble with all our ideas, they're always vague. We never seem to get beyond a vague appreciation of anything, except that we generally have a very keen appreciation of our own mediocrity.

It may be narrowing for a man to be a specialist; but if I could only find some side of my nature which, if cultivated, would give me power in some good line of work, I'd consider myself a lucky man: Even if I should be able to excel in some line only at the expense of some other faculties; and I'd be perfectly willing to be known as uneducated, narrow-minded, and machine-like, with a good many other similar adjectives thrown in. Nothing is more hateful than mediocrity in all lines of work that a fellow tries to perform.