

Yet, even if a fellow wants to become a specialist now-a-days, he must 'grind' for several years at some good school. Grinding at some good school means, this year with a good many of us, that we must wear seedy clothes and must squeeze every quarter until Liberty fairly shrieks in her agony. That 'grinds' on one's nervous system, until he gets used to it. In my particular case, though, I never had so little money and never enjoyed living more than this winter.

Just see those two fellows on wheels. The man on the other side of the street rides as I should expect Apollo would; but the man on this side! Great Scott! Just watching him gives me a desire to kick him several feet in the air, if only to see the effect of a little extra involuntary action on his part. His every action and each lineament of his body expresses supreme indifference and indolence. He pushes down on the pedals only because his feet fall from force of gravity. The only reason his nose don't rub on the tire is because he's stretched out so far now that it would take some extra exertion to make it rub. There's no mediocrity in his case. Such as he always use more expressive language than we of the average class. He's too lazy to use any superfluous words, and therefore what he says is forcible and expressive. I never saw a very lazy man that didn't do that way. But then I've no reason to criticise him. I'm out here 'bumming' when I should be in my room hammering some mathematics into my brain.

It's simply another case of mediocrity. I'm lazy by jerks, while he does a thoroughly good job of it and never worries his head about it. He simply takes life as it comes and hangs on to everything that comes his way because he's too lazy to enjoy squandering any thing.

A man is a champ who can pass these windows of Herpolsheimer's on such a

night as this and not feel the better for it. It's worth a great deal to see all these young faces, beaming with anticipation of Christmas, gazing in at the windows and 'taking in the sights' as older people are unable to do.

They are a true democracy. See how varied the assortment of children is! Well dressed children crowding against those with dirty faces, unkempt hair and pitifully thin looking legs and hands. Their external appearances are vastly different, varying as to the part of town they live in, but for all that, the way they crowd against the windows and the little exclamations they utter show that they are all brothers and sisters in Christmas expectations.

One notable difference is that the strong, well dressed ones who seem perfectly able to take care of themselves are usually accompanied by some older person who stands back a little farther from the windows; yet seems nearly as interested as the children. The scrawny hungry looking little fellows, both boys and girls, white and black, have no one with them. They come in little groups and stand and watch the revolving wheel of colored lights for a few moments, but very soon drift down to the window where 'Santa Claus' is holding some sort of a seance, dear to the childish heart. The little exclamations that I hear from that window almost make me jealous. They seem so perfectly happy.

Yet for all that their smiling faces would seem to indicate, I think a first class home-cooked supper would give them a taste of heaven that their most extravagant dreams don't suggest to them.

'Hot Tomalies, Hot Tomalies, Red Hot Tomalies and Weiner Wurst!' Gracious! How those little darkies over there do scramble towards that big, good-natured looking man with the little 'charcoal-pail-stove' and the tin box of 'hot tomal-