

winding up with an unexpurgated edition of their college yell, to the terror of every invalid within forty blocks? These same students will go to a state oratorical contest, and above the howling of the wind without and of the windy orator within can be heard their thunderous applause precisely at the point where their orator had arranged with them to applaud in advance. The student will go to a football game and stand facing a cutting northwest wind for two hours and a half merely to see one dozen brawny fellows hurl themselves against another brawny dozen, as if trying to solve the question, "What would happen if an irresistible body were to strike an immovable one?"—and the answer is true in the one case as in the other, "a general smash-up." The spectator dances around on one foot outside the ropes, and rushes frantically from one part of the field to the other to follow the varying fortunes of the game. Half the time he spends in howling for his side and the other half in demanding of the next man, "Who's got the ball?" And when the game is over and his side is pounded into the earth he goes home with seven different kinds of diseases tugging at his throat and a relapse in each lung, and contends till his dying day that that is fun. And the mystery of it is that some of these selfsame students eventually get into the Alumni Association and write grave disquisitions on philosophy. Some even get into the faculty and, like as not, flunk the man that dares to look upon a football game "when it moveth itself aright."

But student life is not all play. The student is overworked. He always is. The student is always overworked. You were overworked when you were in school. You may have carried but ten hours and skipped eight recitations a week, and yet you were overworked. It is a part of the student nature. It is inevitable.

What is the daily routine of student life in this University? The student rises promptly at five o'clock. To be truthful I should say four, but I do not wish to tax your

credulity. The morning hours from seven till twelve find him in the recitation room. He stops long enough at noon to get his dinner and feed his pony, and then he is off again to a whole afternoon of toil. He seeks the historical department to find some information if he can on the burning question whether the winds that caused Cæsar's locks to undulate blew from the southwest or from some other quarter. He reads voluminous authorities on evolution to find out whether the development of mankind is from the ape or toward the ape, and, if the latter, what will be the effect on the cocoanut market when we all get there. He goes into the class in mathematics to find out whether, when you have the shortest line between two points, you cannot find one still shorter. Then he hurries away to the library to read a dozen historical references on the question whether or not George nicked his hatchet when he cut down the cherry tree. From five to six o'clock he spends in drilling and within these walls now decorated for the banquet the hoarse shouting of the captains alternates with the mellifluous shuffle of the awkward squad. At length the supper hour comes, and is passed—unlike some other things. But the student's labors for the day are not over—by no means. The day laborer after putting in his ten hours may rest. Not so the student. He must go on. There is no stopping for him. The Nessus shirt is upon him. So till ten o'clock he digs away. When bed-time comes and he throws his books aside and stares around on the blank poverty which seems to be his chief possession, the wishes uppermost in his mind are, "I wish I was rich," "I wish books were in Gehanna," "I wish I could sleep till ten o'clock." Thus he lies down upon his bed to sleep—and dream—to dream of many things. He fancies that he is a mediaeval lord pacing the corridors of his baronial hall. He comes to a window and looks out and smiles to see his armed retainers tilting at football in the M Street Park below. As he stands there he counts over his wealth—his money, his baronial