

up by the fire, lighted a tallow dip and set it by the book. She tried to read but she could not see the lines tonight. Everything looked strangely blurred through the old brass rimmed spectacles. "I reckon I'm even gettin' too old for the specs." Her head was nodding. She repeated slowly: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me—me—to lie—down—" The poor gray head was on the Bible and Granny was asleep.

In the old fire-place the sticks had burned into a little pile of coals. Something roared in the woods outside and through the little pane a red light shone.

Two little pigs came down from old Bald Knob in the morning and roamed aimlessly through the blackened timber. Their pen was a pile of ashes. They were hungry but Granny did not feed them.

STEVE J. COREY.

A winding shadow steals across the hills
As softly as the summer evening dew.
The night sleeps on, the breezes never stir,—
And morning sparkles on a fairy world.

F. B.

Alumni Banquet.

About one hundred were present at the chancellor's reception to alumnae and alumni.

Prof. Fossler presided over the deliberations after the informal hand shaking. Paul F. Cla. spoke on the needs of the University—the need of more room. Allen G. Field spoke upon culture.

Chancellor MacLean suggested that a local alumni association was a necessary adjunct of our institution. On motion of Dr. Pound a committee was appointed to work up such an association.

E. J. Fleharty spoke for the laws as did Prof. Caldwell. Light refreshments were served and Hagenow's orchestra furnished some delightful music.

Prof. Ward was elected chairman of the state committee at the state Y. M. C. A. convention at Hastings.

About sixty Palladians took advantage of the fine sleighing Monday night of last week. Three bobs were chartered and they were brim full of Palladian music boxes. The party had light refreshments on the way—chocolates, gum and apples.

Observations.

It was a cold day not long since that I put in an afternoon at the library trying to get my lessons. I took the first vacant chair that I saw and began my work. At my left was the constant rustle and creaking of newspapers. From across the second table in front came a dismal humming with an occasional excited expression telling of interesting gossip. It came only from some recent society debutants discussing some new experiences, the cute boys, the swell dancers, and so on, with plenty of adjectives and slang thrown in to show how fully they were alive to this new life.

Distracted between a desire to follow their conversation, in which many of my friends came in for compliments and criticism, and a desire to get my lessons, I alternately wrote a few lines and then knitting my brows and running my hand through my hair I would listen again until my anxiety about my studies forced me to work. Then came someone looking for some reference books, turning everything in the neighborhood up side down to find them. He saw a book under my notes, took it, at the same time carefully mixing them up. Thoroughly sick of this sort of work I took my books and found a table in one of the alcoves in the north wing of the library. I had just arranged my work and taken a long breath before sitting down to work when I learned that I was at a Prep. table with a Prep. girl on each side and a boy opposite me. This might have been as desirable a place as the first if the gossip had been as interesting. I moved at once for I had been under these circumstances before. Fortunately I next found a table unoccupied and here after two hours of provocation I went to work in earnest. It was a perfect place to study, where one can forget their surroundings, even their own existence and live in the work they are doing. Here with my back to the aisle I had written about two-thirds of my lesson in journalism when a lady and gentleman sat down, one on each side of the table at which I was writing. The lady put her heels on the first round of her chair, her elbows on the table and her head in her hands—she had something 'important' to say. They were a solid couple. Comment is unnecessary. Words fail. I departed.

STUDENT.