

Notes and Comments

THE STUDENT'S TEMPTATION.

Some people are never satisfied what ever happens. If the weather is warm and comfortable, it is too hot, if cold enough to freeze mercury they want spring. There are persons of just this nature but who knows their history, who knows what trials and tribulations this cold world may have heaped upon them?

I presume that way back in the seventies, when "Scholar" was in "Flower" at the university and every one who graduated deserved a Phi Beta Kappa or a position on the faculty, people were entirely different. Temptations were not so great. Instead of blue-grass and four-leaf clover they had to wade through slough grass and sand-burrs. No cool enticing benches lured them to the side of the charming co-ed who can smile according to the latest "fad" and do the kangaroo walk. No howling cigarette-smoking baseball enthusiasts on the bleachers drew their attention from Homer or Burke's Internal Criticism. They studied in blissful silence and looked at each other with eyes which were filled with high and noble intellect and not the up-to-date "goo goo" sensation.

What can we poor mortals do in this dawn of the new century? Attractions will persist in getting in our way from morn till night and even then the blood-curdling groans and triumphant yells of upper class men pursue us to our dreams. Would it be any more than human to stop, on our way to class, and watch the Seniors flaying some one alive or see a Junior suspended by his feet from the limb of some giant oak? What excitement would we find in Organic Lab. preparing glycerine while a crowd of red-uniformed boys were hammering away at a baseball out on the girder? A thousand and one things turn up during the week which we see and by which we are attracted.

The professor, in his high chair, frowns down on the student who turns one ear toward the window and drinks in the monotonous drawl, "ball one," "ball two," and when the poor fellow naturally jumps at the sharp whack and chorus of wild yells outside, the instructor of tender minds jumps "onto" him and scores a home-run by Greek or Sanscrit or Spanish or some immigrant lingo or other.

The trials of the modern student are indeed enough to fill our asylums full of raving maniacs and our penitentiaries full of fierce-eyed desperados. If he goes to an opera the prof. begins operations on him the next day for want of knowledge; if he goes to a party now and then to enlighten those whom he meets the prof. soon enlightens the registrar as to his condition in his studies. He is balked at every turn, he is urged on when he stops and raised when he sits down.

But the greatest blow comes at the final reckoning when the good work of that fellow from his home town is thrown up to him by his folks. That fellow at home didn't amount to "shucks." He wouldn't even get a bid to a hay-rack ride because he was too slow. He couldn't play foot-ball nor base-ball, nor jump, nor run. Down here he bought a pair of spectacles, an eye-shade and set to work. He never looked up when anyone passed in the library and a Fourth of July celebration right in the main aisle wouldn't have "frazed" him any more than a couple "sparking" at the same table with him. He never went to a show or party nor anywhere. No one knew him for four years and even the Jew-

eler was surprised when he ordered a watch-key. To have that fellow flap his wings and crow over him is worse than vaccination.

Such is the fate of the collegeman. His only redemption would be a return to ancient days when the horse and cow browsed peacefully side by side on the campus; when the only yells to be heard came from the janitor's pigs in the back yard as they screamed for their meals; when the mosquitos hummed a tune overhead at night and the gopher hustled through the grass beneath.

H. J. K.

Speaking of smells and odors.

The place to find them in all their glory is not, as may be supposed, in the chemical laboratories but in Mechanic Arts hall. And not only in the hall but in the rooms also.

The hours of the early morning are almost without fragrance, but as noon approaches the smells come on apace—which is faster than a trot. As noon draws nigh the girls in the domestic science laboratory begin to "get" dinner or lunch, as the case may be. Before the 10:20 classes are over the entire bill of fare has penetrated to every corner of the building. I know how the royal Bengal tiger, way down at the other end of the line, feels when the man begins to feed the animals in the biggest show on earth.

In the afternoon the less adept domestic science students burn the bread or let the milk boil over and the incense ascending, rises to the drawing room and drives the draughtsmen wild. But not for long, for anon the peculiar pungent smells from the foundry are wafted to them, and Mr. Hunter in the taxidermy den spills a bottle of embalming fluid. Unless a rag is burned to purify the air no more drawing can be done.

The afternoon is bad enough, but it pales into utter insignificance when compared with the morning. How can a student (unless he has a severe cold in the head) concentrate his mind upon graphs and locuses when the hour of noon is near, and the fragrance of a domestic science lunch assails his nostrils? How can he think clearly upon the subject of power transmission when a big juicy steak, smothered in onions, is in process of construction on the floor below?

Last week I attempted to give the great curious, yearning public a little inside information about the Senior Class Book. I told how my efforts to find things out were nipped in the bud by Ed-in-Chief Knutson. Mr. Knutson, as editor-in-chief, is interested principally in the success of the book from an artistic standpoint and wants to keep the features of the book a profound secret until the book is issued. Not so with the business managers—they want to sell the books.

Hence when it became known how Knutson treated me when I visited him, Mr. Suhr gave the editor-in-chief an (or a) heart to heart talk that would curl hair, while Manager Thompson waited upon me, apologized, and promised me three copies of the book (if they can't get rid of them) for another mention of the book in these columns. After this Mr. Knutson called upon me. He stated that he had intended to bring some proof sheets with him. His intentions were good. Some one has said that a certain place is paved with good intentions. Mr. Knutson was real communicative.

The cover of the book is a symphony in color—garnet paper printed in garnet and gold. The pages are made of

paper and are printed on both sides in ink. In this way twice as much reading matter can be put on each leaf than would be possible if only one side of the paper were used. The pages will be numbered consecutively from 1 upward. There will be a white margin at the top and bottom and on both sides of each page. The portion devoted to the lower classes will be "printed in appropriate colors"—whatever that may mean—and the book will open on the side.

The illustrations are all humorous or mirth-provoking, from the portrait of the first senior to the last picture in the book. The senior and junior boards have arranged for an exchange of space. The section in the class book devoted to the Sombrero board rises above the average quality of the work, having been prepared by the junior editors themselves.

Watch this department next week.

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK.

A committee of the Senior class, in wondrous merry mood,

Did write a book in naught-one
That proved most mighty good.

The roasts were hot, so very hot,
They scorched 'em as they wrote 'em;

But the students all deligated
To learn 'em and to quote 'em.

In fact they put in all their time
On o'er that class-book poring;
And e'en the Profs and Registrar
Were by it set to roaring.

Its jokes and puns, so funny, gave
The Chancellor a fit;

He laughed and laughed, and when he tried
He found he couldn't quit.

He kept it up for sixty days,
Then emerged an angry man;

And now those Seniors dare not write
As funny as they can.

NOTE.—This poem was written by an editor of the class book for the Sombrero but was rejected by the editors of that paper upon the ground that it lacked truth and veracity.

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