

had managed to get in a lick with his piece of sidewalk, at every third jump. The cow won the contest, nevertheless. The man sat down on the iron fence and waited till midnight before he ceased to sweat. Yesterday he paid ten dollars fine for being cruel to animals. He will pay fifteen dollars before that lawn is graded again. The cow, meanwhile, is biding her time. The lawn will suffer in the future.

In some colleges there are a few students who exhaust themselves as well as a few others, by their antics around the slate, and their succeeding behavior. One who habitually scratches the slate three weeks in advance, has treasure of the wrong kind laid up for him. After scratching, he makes life burdensome to the slate carrier in more ways than one. He continually asks to see the slate, in order not to forget what name he has scratched. He generally has two or three notes to deliver or else expects as many. Then when the eventful evening comes the young fellow wears out the girl's patience by constant appeals to "walk around the block" before going to society, or after it dismisses. In fact the greatest nuisance on the face of the earth is the young man who is gone on every other one in general, and seeks to use the rest of the student kind as his assistants. It is a matter of congratulation that such a one has not yet put in an appearance around this institution though if coming events cast their shadows before, the eve of a great phenomenon is at hand.

The ten cent circus has come and gone. It was great. A certain student went. He took his best girl. Of course he purchased a sack of peanuts. A high seat was occupied, and the peanut shells were dropped on the heads below. One experiences a sense of pleasure when a peanut shell drops down behind his collar. It is exhilarating. The student whooped at the acrobats and waved his hat with wild enthusiasm. As a consequence the position of his companion was precarious. But she didn't care. Finally the dog show appeared. The student was amused. "Ah!" he said, "they will be my meat as soon as this circus leaves town." He laughed uproariously. A soda pop man came along. The student bought a bottle, and told his girl to "buy her some." The student went to fooling with the cork. He tried to pull it out with his teeth. He pulled. The cork pushed; and pushed him over. He gyrated on the ground until an irate "cop" captured him.

"Will they hurt that poor cowboy?" asked an open mouthed youngster.

"Cowboy! Why no my son, that was a Sen——." Let the reader imagine what.

What became of the girl? Oh she joined the circus.

Students are peculiar at times, especially in chapel. A Senior walks in with a weary air, wanders around the piano, saunters down the main aisle, deliberately selects an outside seat and sits down. He strokes the place where a moustache would grow were it not for the sake of the Seniors looks, and picks up a hymn book. Sing? Oh yes. Bow his head? Oh no, not he; not in the presence of younger classmen.

A Prep walks down the outside aisle with thirteen books and five tablets in his arms. He takes his seat in the rear row, and, although he does get his toes stepped on by rude Sophs, he sets an excellent example of piety.

A Freshman does not go to chapel. He sits outside and moralizes over the nineteenth proposition in the ninth book of Conic Sections. But the Freshman reforms when he completes the mathematics required.

Sopomores and Juniors put in an appearance at chapel at irregular intervals. The Juniors invariably quarrel with

Seniors for the outside seats, the ones next the center aisle and nearest the girls. A Sophomore comes to chapel late, selects a row in which every seat is filled save one, and clambers over seven men in order to get to it. He leaves behind him very disordered minds for devotional exercises. But it is the peculiar privilege of a Sophomore to create a rumpus.

The girls have no difficulty whatever after they get inside the chapel; but it is not easy for them to enter in six abreast. A late comer is always made the target for a hundred pairs of eyes.

If one loses sight of the main motive in going to chapel, still there is enough to attract attention and enable him to be decorous.

There is another awkward squad connected with this institution. It appears periodically, and is always continued in the next. Its members wear no particular uniform. It does not drill. It is always on parade. The mob of ungainly bipeds, which congregate just outside the society halls every Friday evening are a sight to behold; a row of these ungainly things, standing on one foot with hands in the pockets, and squinting at every couple that comes up the stairs make an interesting picture. Now and then one of them hops up to the door and peers in with a startled air, to ascertain if the back seats are empty. Then it resumes its roosting place along the wall. It is a fearful trial to pass in review before that squad. Just as the first number on the program is called the row of awkward gawkers make a stampede into the hall and fill up the back seats. They remain there until the debate is called when they rush for the outside. It is as good as a ten cent circus to watch them. They can be seen any Friday evening by those who go to society early and take seats immediately, not on the floor outside the society hall, not on the steps, not on the radiators, but inside the hall on comfortable chairs. Membership in the awkward squad here described is not obligatory. It is purely voluntary—a very desirable privilege nevertheless.

There is a course of instruction given while a student is connected with this institution, not advertised in the catalogue. Every member of the cadet battalion has very pronounced opinions in regard to this course of instruction, or in campus Latin, the experiences in the awkward squad.

The aggregation of ungraceful recruits appears periodically. There is no escape from the ordeal. The most intellectual student must, for a time, cease to exercise his brain, and begin to train his hitherto neglected attachments—his feet.

A student passes through the trials of homesickness and loneliness but twice during his college life; once when he twists himself around the gate posts and enters the campus a new student; again when he joins the awkward squad.

How exasperating it is to march along the front of a battalion in charge of a detailed officer, while the more experienced cadets persistently call out, "hep! hep!" as the wrong foot strikes the ground.

The regulation musket, in the opinion of a new recruit, is as long as a fishing pole, and three times as clumsy. All class distinctions disappear in the awkward squad. Prep, Freshy and Soph meet in equal positions. The recruit who can get there in the awkward squad is the one great soldier.

As the squad marches over the flower beds and water pipe ditches, how doth the young hopeful upon the campus improve each shining hour! No one but a new recruit can tell how pungent is the young hopeful's sarcasm. The awkward squad, tramping down sandburrs upon the campus, has untold contempt visited upon him by the average small boy.