

SKETCHES.

He was a smart student—very smart. He went to the postoffice with all his freshness. He elbowed his way up to the delivery window without any consideration for others. Finally he reached the window. He pushed his head through and looked at the delivery clerk with an impudent expression. "Any mail for me?" he called out, with a commanding voice. The clerk looked at him for an instant, then he blurted out "Who's me?" The crowd laughed in derision, and the smart student crept away in silence. The delivery clerk by tone of voice and expression had taught him a much needed lesson.

One of the students came down into the office the other day, picked up an exchange and proceeded to examine it. He saw this statement: "Great (waste) makes great want." He thought that was very true. But as the sentence came in the funny column he began to wonder where the humor was hidden in it. He is wondering yet. It is too bad that he is so dull. He must be a queer genius. Yet he claims to be a student in this institution. It is surprising that this student cannot see the point involved in that old pun. Perhaps he can see that a circle is involved in the mystery of the pun.

I knew a slate bearer once. He is dead now. He was young and innocent. His heart was full of love for all the girls. He was bashful and diffident. I suppose he was trustworthy. He looked with charity upon everyone and held no jealous feelings. He had no enemies. He was once rather pious but only for a short time. He was not good looking, but he did not care for that. This slate bearer before he graduated, carried notes for everyone. He cut class in order to carry invitations and answers. He waited in the halls and around the doorways trying to see somebody. He seemed to enjoy this kind of life and was undoubtedly happy. I remember the day, some six months later, when I saw him for the last time. He was sour, sullen and surly. He was suspicious of every one. He had ceased to attend prayer meeting. He no longer went to chapel. He refused to carry notes or cut class. A heart-freezing frown dwelt constantly upon his face. He had become cheeky and impudent. I suppose he was somewhat demoralized. Why? From what he told me, I think he had reason to complain. When he said "Good morning" to a fellow student, instead of receiving a civil answer, he received as a reply, "Have you got the slate?" If he stopped to talk with a lady friend, someone would be sure to come and ask for the slate. If he bowed his head during chapel some irreverent young man would stab him in the back and ask for the slate. If he sat down in the reading room and became absorbed in a magazine, someone would surely call him out in order to see the slate. The boys grumbled because he could never be found, notwithstanding the fact that he spent three hours everyday roaming around the halls on purpose to be found. Some claimed that they always got left when they scratched the slate. Of course the slate bearer received abuse without stint. The slate bearer finally believed that a majority of his fellow students were either fools or cranks; that he was the scape goat for everybody's failings in the vicinity of the slate. On the other hand the slate bearer made life unendurable for many young men. He thrust the slate in their faces at all hours of the day and at all times and places. He actually persuaded a few that it was right and proper to make engagements six weeks ahead. The slate bearer became a nuisance in the opinion of some, a blessing in the

opinion of others. But at last the slate bearer became despondent. Discouragement and hopelessness took complete possession of his soul. His heart broke. The angels came and carried him away, but the direction from which they came and in which they started away is unknown. The slate was left behind to become a delusion and a snare to future generations of students. Others took up the task of the slate bearer. Their's was a like fate. So it will be for ever and ever unless student kind soon learn the lesson that one lone slate bearer, unaided, cannot conduct a slate so that sixty-five boys and as many girls shall rise up and call him blessed in one short week.

Somehow an upper classman has great love and affection for the cane that he carried when he was a Freshman. Of course this means the cane that was not broken by a Sophomore. Even if the cane has been used as a poker for a year or so, the student loves it still. Often he picks it up and tries his weight upon it. His thoughts are constantly dwelling upon scenes of three or four years ago. No matter what a student may carry away from college, I believe his old Freshman cane carries with it more pleasant memories than anything else. In time you will see that cane, adorned with ribbon, occupying a prominent position in the students' home. And that is all right. His own Freshman cane is an object of pride in the eyes of every student, as it very properly should be. Still it is an amusing though pleasant scene to witness the antics and hear the expressions of an old student when his eye accidentally falls upon his old cane.

In striking contrast with the bashful young man is the one of natural excessive self assurance; the young man with more boorishness than politeness, more cheek than brains less common sense and more impudence than courtesy and good breeding. This young man is quite numerous. He is sometimes seen in the neighborhood of universities and colleges. He is admired in public, sneered at in private. He is flattered to his face, scorned when his back is turned. He partakes more of the nature of a puppy than a man. According to his own views he is accorded the highest place by those with whom he comes in contact. In reality he is too dull to distinguish between contempt and respect. Such qualities as these belong only to the "masher" on the street, but they are often borrowed by others. No one should be deceived by the young men of assurance. On the other hand give a bashful young man the credit he deserves. In truth he is not bashful. He is one of a very few who know that they lack a supply of impudence. But none of us have ever met the ideal bashful young man. The young man of excessive assurance is met with everywhere, and is never wanted anywhere.

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