

vacation. She borrowed pencil and paper in a frenzy of excitement.

"Mary, O Mary, do not delay an instant," she wrote, "For heaven's sake try to remember and tell me something about the fissure of Rolando! How would it lie in relation to a perpendicular let fall from the hypophysis on a diagonal connecting the corpus dentatum of the cerebrum with the superior frontal convolution of the left hemisphere?"

By a supreme effort of will she fixed her attention on the stage till she received an answer—this answer:

"Why should any sane person ask such a question on Christmas day? This is vacation. Have you lost your sense? I'd tell you if I could, but I forgot such lunacy the day after I got notice that I passed."

She tore this up and scattered it in microscopic bits on the floor of the theatre. Then she raised her hand to her tired head, passed it over her throbbing forehead, then dropped it and took out her watch. In one hour a train would start for Lincoln.

It was but the beginning of the second act, but she rose and walked wearily and with pale face down the aisle to the door.

Her Christmas day was blighted, but at least the coming night should be void of misery. She tore herself from family and friends, from vacation, from Christmas. She walked, exhausted but firm, to the depot, armed with baggage, and with tape-line, compass, and ruler. On reaching Lincoln she would still have time to seek the laboratory, and, in prosecuting investigations on that papier-mache skull, find that relief for which all day she had been vainly seeking.

She had passed the most miserable Christmas of her life, but the misery of that dreary day should not be prolonged into a dreary morrow.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

If any one cares to see the great engine begin to puff, he must be on hand something before eight o'clock in the morning. Great and small, prep and senior alike, may be seen making their way up the campus—if indeed they are fortunate enough to get inside that abominable penitentiary fence—to the places where the engines of torture are deposited.

The prep trudges along under the weight of a dozen books; just behind comes the soph with two or three books, and not appearing particularly happy over the prospects of a cane rush in mathematics for the third hour. Juniors and seniors don't appear so early on the scene—about eleven o'clock is the time they come along—serene and proud, having no books visible. What do they need of books? Of course the juniors need books badly enough, but they have to do as seniors do!

The halls are crowded, yes, jammed full, so full that if anywhere along the line any one stops to speak to his neighbor, the whole mass must stop while he says, "Good morning, have you seen her yet to-day?" Very important, no doubt, so we pass it by and hope he saw her the same day.

Then the fire bell rings and on the mob rushes, or tries to rush, each one pushing the other. If students were not the most amiable animals alive, more than forty would daily be carried out, till further notice, for not attending to business.

We'll not follow the students to class, but while they instruct their several professors in a few particulars, shall we jam in the library door and see how many unfortunates we can prostrate in so doing?

There! only one, and that a boy, too! How unfortunate. Well, he'll recover.

The prep sits meekly in one corner with folded hands waiting for the next hour to come. It seems that when he plowed his way through the foaming, seething mass in the halls he was too late for class and dared not go in. Waiting, did I say? Yes, in fear and trembling for there comes the Librarian.

"Now, sonny, are you using a library book? If not, why not? Haven't you read the signs? Better remove yourself at once."

"P-pl-please, ma'am, wh-which sign? I've read about fifty."

And then the bewildered young one staggers out past the signs—

"Put books on the return shelves."

"Do not return the books to the shelves; leave them on the tables."

"Chairs only for those using library books."

"Well," muses the boy, "Aren't these books of mine library books? I 'swiped' them from here, any how. I had to if I got a-hold of 'em."

The senior lazily reads the magazines, feeling pretty gay because he took psychology last year and don't have to study any more. Now he can spend his time wondering about the senior caps and gowns and trying to get some girl to get one who doesn't want to. By and by the senior gets up and climbs on a chair and gets a book down off the top shelf and stalks off up to freshman history, which he elected for a "snap," as he said. In he goes, looks wise, won't smile when the prof makes jokes.

Surely you think he ought to be more discreet than that, but no, the brazen image doesn't smile to-day; he longs for home and mother; the jokes are bad.

Whatever does he care about that everlasting wall about the Greek camp, or whether Zeus forgot the dream of Agamemnon, which same dream came not because of Zeus at all, but because of disappointment over the loss of a girl. Then, again, the senior concludes in his own superior way that it is a precious good thing that the best authorities have decided that Homer never lived. For, thinks he, after this prolonged and tiresome discussion his bones would have been ground to powder.

Somewhat later the fire bell rings again and the mob surges into the chapel, most reverently, of course, with little needless talk and commotion. But the standard of reverence is too high still and the chief executive is obliged to frown on the people in the back row who talk for a living.

This gabble-gabble continues throughout the service as far as has been noticed in the two years we have been here, and when the conductor makes a stereotyped ending to his prayer, as he approaches the end, the gallery leap to their feet to a man, slam their seats up, and scatter as though their lives depended on it. The only marvel is that they pay enough attention to know when the prayer is nearly done.

A choice selection of the University intellect spend their leisure moment in the classical alcove and once in a while each year they are regaled with those same old jokes coming from the Latin department.

One time and one time only during the day are the halls devoid of gossipers, bulletin readers, or fraternity organizers—that time is noon; students have one common feeling—hunger.

Let us retire now while the old hall is peaceful.