

Nothing broke in upon the stillness save the regular breaths of the night engine as it labored on in the outside darkness. Within, the busy hum was lacking. A restless inquietude prevailed. The librarian, alone, seemed to possess her wonted quickness of perception. Continual tappings from her desk, warned unlucky lads of constant transgressions of iron-clad rules. Sharp looks betrayed to innocent girls the solicitude with which they were being guarded. Suddenly the sweet strains of the national songs played in delectable, melodious medley struck the ears of wearied students. A hush like the grave fell over all. The pencil of the censor dropped from her hand as she sat in mute wonder listening to the soft, sweet strains as they stole with calming power to her ear. The music continued, emanating from a neighboring room. Strain followed upon strain. The minute hand of the clock made one revolution of the disk. Strains followed strains. The minute hand of the clock had made two revolutions of the disk. "Yankee Doodle" was succeeding the girl who had been left behind, when the librarian suddenly, collecting her senses, as the minute hand pointed out the half of the hour of ten, struck her little gong with potency and shouted, "time."

As the students were leaving the building, one was heard to remark that, since he was a great lover of harmony, he would rather read three extra books a day in English literature than miss hearing the university orchestra practice their "Charter Day" selections.

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"—ety," "—ety," "—" "—" "—" "—" said the model young man of the University as he came from one of our recitation rooms in which the pupils, who live at some distance from the University, are wont to regale themselves with food during the noon hour. "Show me the dix-neufed idiot who allowed three large globules of viscous jam and one slab of plastic butter to remain behind him, when he had finished his dinner and left the room. This room

has crumbs all over the floor, and jelly and grease all over the seats. Would that I were a member of the faculty. I would take immediate steps towards offering an elective on the art of eating. Then perhaps my seven dollar trousers would not now be wrecks. My belonging to the local Y. M. C. A. precludes the possibility of expressing myself more cogently in this public place. Please allow me to retire, friends. All I ask is a swearing room for fifteen minutes and that you will not remember the echoes you will presently hear."

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As a rule I do not like animals, but I once had a pony of whom I was very fond. He was a handsome little fellow, with a glossy brown coat, a very light brown, and a Roman nose and strikingly classical features. He had wisdom and understanding beyond the usual nature of animals. He was not conceited either, and he never forced his company upon me, though he always came at my call. He was a most faithful creature, he followed me to school one day, in fact several days, which was against the rule. He saved my life once, too, when I was in the swim. He was the only counselor to whom I ever listened. In fact, he was the only creature I ever loved deeply or trusted sincerely. His name, he was named when I got him, was CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.—Literally translated.

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Of all the instruments that were ever devised for the misery and distress of human kind the fountain pen is the most ingenious. If you want it to "give down" it will either sullenly hold up all the ink or when you least expect it, deluge the paper with its contents. I never knew one to "fount" when you wanted it to. If you give up in despair and start your manuscript in lead pencil it seems to realize that it has accomplished its purpose and will furnish ink very satisfactorily. How often I have put up mine in despair, confident that it contained no ink, and upon opening my vest find the marks of the malignant triumph. I have not a vest that does not bear stains from a too confiding trust in the fountain pen and to its sense of honor.