

which he may stick large pins laden with the historical facts, his interior will not contain. Of great importance next, is the rock-ribbed senior who studies philosophy. He, of all, is the most open to pity. It takes walls of granite to hold his mind in shape. It is related that a post mortem examination of such a senior's brain once revealed 1,789 molecules of memory pressed together so hard that they had crystalized and had formed a brilliant of exceeding beauty.

But of all the seniors who endeavor to fight for a standing of sixty per cent, those who cultivate the imagination are most fortunate. They simply sit and open the portals of the mind and let the confusion untangle itself of its own accord. They, in the course of time will be able to train their dreams to study for them. The senior with a properly anchored imagination, and who can explain all complexities arising from digressions of that some factor by an emphasized "I know," is all right in this world. He is bound to follow literature — "with some success."

The last and most practical class in his own estimation, is the acid-covered senior. He is acidulous not from nature but from necessity. He always has his retort ready, and can receive as much pleasure from a piece of fried iron as from a silce of beefsteak. He is a combination, explosive, volatile, precious, precious above all.

Many species of these genera might be named but space forbids. All classes have the same general tendency to remain unquelled.

They rise like the Phoenix from scorching trials and refuse to be downed. This trait will help them in life if not too greatly cultivated. A little of it, however, goes a long way. The senior on graduation has experienced a miniature reproduction of life. Four years in a university correspond to the four periods in one's career. How well the alumnus succeeds in his chosen work is largely due to what the senior extracts from his university education. If his growth has been a real evolution, he has profited. If

he views, dejected, the empty purse, he has the consolation of feeling a head on his shoulders which is full of knowledge. He will never, when in his right mind, cry: "Two thousand dollars worth of ideas in this cranium and scarce that many cents for revenue," without being conscious of the evident falsehood of that assertion.

They Two.

A Romance.

Along the tree-lined borders of the Blue they walked. He and She. Alone.

The Blue is not ordinarily a very inspiring stream; its waters have not that tint of crystalline azure that would justify its alluring name; nor has it that sweep and depth that in other regions accompany the proud title of "river." But those who were gazing along its banks in scattered groups were used, most of them, only to Nebraska rivers; and perhaps, too, the exhilaration of the day and week and the excitement of their spirits affected their judgment—for were they not soon to be no longer students but "young men" and "young women," in earnest, as their baccalaureate lecturer would tell them? To-day they thought the Blue "river" a fine river; they thought Milford picturesque, though humble; they, or at least the young ladies, thought the scenery "divine." They drew inspiration from the hour and the occasion. He and She in particular had felt, and had been thrilled by the thought, that this week was not to be to them like other weeks, nor this day like other days. Each felt that now, if ever, the crisis would arrive.

He glanced now and then at the brow, a little puckered from repeated consultations of classical dictionaries, at the firm set mouth and dainty dress of the petite brunette beside him, and it seemed to him that she had never been more charming. He recognized the airy grace of her movements. He recalled the slight sarcastic expression that was wont to draw down the corners of her small mouth when something happened to