

him, he is a World's Fair student. He is dangerous; and even if you are his best friend you are likely to suffer if the fever is on him. He will lay violent hands upon you and thrust you into a corner and begin to rave and gesticulate. It matters not how great your hurry or how hot the day, you must stand and endure until his tale is told. He not only stoppeth one of three, he is likely to take the whole three at once and begin the thrilling recital, and wedding bell or class bell alike fall upon deaf ears until he is through. It is agonizing, the numerousness of this Fair business. One is shut out from intercourse with his friends because they seem tongue-tied on every other subject than the Chicago show, the magazines contain absolutely nothing but cuts and descriptions of the same, and the book stores keep nothing but guides and handbooks.

It is utterly unnecessary for Junior students in the classical course to wander about seeking boarding houses. The kindly Alma Mater has relieved them of that trouble and will this year board them herself. We have not yet been able to ascertain the menu for supper and breakfast, but the dinner will consist wholly of Antigone. There are some people who say they would rather read Greek than eat; nature made some strange creatures when she created the universe. There certainly are a few of us who like to eat and who want our dinner. If we want courses in fasting we can take them in any hospital, and if we want to be cured of eating altogether we can go to Blair. This arrangement is certainly as detrimental to Greek as it is to dinner. Of course there are some mind-triumphant-over-matter folks in the class who can sigh away all memory of their physical being in the entrancing cadence of Greek choruses; but there are some of us who are not at all disembodied spirits, who have very little mind and a good deal of appetite and we are not particularly interested in the woes of Antigone when the awful tragedy of our own hunger is weighing upon us. Besides, this unheard of hour of recitation

means not only dinner delayed, but dinner missed. No boarding house can have dinner ready at twelve and still accommodate students at one or half past one. If we resort to taking dinner at six, we find that such fashionable boarding houses charge rates which would make our fathers sicken and turn pale. If perchance we can prevail upon some compassionate boarding house to let us slip in to a deserted table at half past one, and partake of cold beef and potatoes that have been done an hour and a half, we may consider ourselves lucky. But even that is not very pleasant; let Antigone try it awhile herself, she would most undoubtedly object.

This is the season of good resolutions. You may know a new student as soon as you see him by the good resolutions pasted all over him. He creeps about looking at the buildings with mild awe, and gazing at the Profs as though they were the most high gods who dwell at ease. It is both laughable and pathetic, that awe the new student has for his Profs. It would be a nervous shock to him to see the deans eat beefsteak. The new student feels a righteous desire to emulate these divine powers creep chillily down his spinal column. He will study outrageously hard, he will eat, drink and sleep Latin and Greek; he will be great. Well, keep your awe and your resolutions. Like most good things, they can't last forever. If they were permanent they would be dangerous, you would never live to graduate. Your mighty resolves might make the faculty too fond of you; it is a dangerous business to be popular among your Profs. There is an old proverb concerning those whom the gods love; but don't be alarmed, nature seldom allows goodness to kill anyone. Your good resolutions will all vanish when the hazy sun rises on the first foot-ball day, and, though you may not think it, you will be lots more comfortable without them; it is awfully trying to be good. Yes, you will lose a great many things that you think you have a firm grip on. You will lose most of