

these qualities, and have exercised them in an extraordinary degree. We anticipate therefore nothing less than a year of successful effort, which will bring to each and all of you the pleasure which comes with advancement and growth in capacity and power.

In all this let us aid you all we can. Let the relations between instructors and instructed be marked, as heretofore, by confidence, esteem and hearty good-will. The year will pass all too quickly. At its close it will be well indeed if each of us can say, "I have done what I could."

JAMES H. CANFIELD.

WHAT YOU WILL.

The most pitiable of all human beings under the sun, more pitiable than Russian washer-women or college journalists, is the new student. He is pitiable because everybody is under contract to bore him, and he is more pitiable because he is constitutionally obliged to bore himself. The effusive welcome of a thousand or more people on the ground that he is a new student and his name will help out the catalogue, is enough of a burden. But the worst of it all is that he *is* new. His clothes are new, his shoes are new, his hat is new, he is all new, and uncomfortable. Even his name takes on an unknown sound and he wishes that someone would call him Jim or Joe or Charlie instead of that strange, queer name, Mr. He's hardly ever heard that name before and he doesn't know whether it is his or not. He hasn't come for glory, as if he were a senior. He has come to learn, poor fellow. He desires to know what a cosine is, and a gerundive, and a co-ed, and the Chance, and Polly Con, and Psych, and Lit, and Lab, and all the other mysteries of our higher education. Just think of all he'll know before the end of the year—perhaps.

Well, we'll not make fun of him much. It is a time-honored custom that he should be joked a little. But deep down in our hearts we have an admiration for him, be he

ever so new, provided he does not wear kid gloves and part his hair in the middle. If he does that there's no hope for him. He'll never be anything but new though he lives to be a senior and comes back to post.

They all come back to post, those new alumni of ours, just as chickens come home to roost. When the world turns them a cold shoulder—and all its shoulders are cold these days—when, in more euphonious English, they can't find a job, then their hearts all turn backward—figuratively speaking—to these old halls and faces, where they know a cold shoulder can't be turned to them; and so they come. They are not new students. There is a very unmistakable air about them. "Ye rocks and crags and chimney stacks, I'm with you once again," is written in every line of their beaming faces. They know all the "Profs.," and where all the "Labs" are, and speak with utter complacency to the "Chance" or of him. They take it easy, because, forsooth, they can, which is the most human trait they ever exhibited. They don't have to think about credit. They don't have to take conflicts with their dinner hour. They can carry unlimited hours of bench work on the campus and hall work in the hall. And they know so much more than the rest of us. They know it all—except a great deal they have forgotten and a little of the higher mysteries they have come back to fathom now.

There was one class in the University which began its work long before anything else was going. That was the class in bench work out on the campus, the favorite study of nearly everyone. They began work early Monday morning the 17th, they kept it up every hour of the day and some hours of the night. Their zeal never flagged. They put in enough hours to carry them through, if the credit committee only saw it that way. But we wish to warn all new students against those benches. They are the most demoralizing thing, with the exception of chapel hour, that there is on the campus. The