

a right to be there with several hours to spare. I should never expose the fatherly unkindness of dear Professor X who would undoubtedly have moved the armory from its foundation rather than let me make a senior of myself. Why everybody but seniors realize that professors are only people after all, and require charity for their acts of injustice, just as preps. do for their failures in Chem. They aren't to blame because with their enlarged vision they make out an ordinary ant hill to be a Rocky mountain or two, are they? If I were a senior I shouldn't question about such things, for I should perhaps be too well posted on the subject to need information.

If I were a senior, I certainly should wear a cap and gown. Oh, I'd have dignity somehow "if not in one way, why then in another," a la Grover Cleveland and Hanna. I'd be "trailing clouds of glory" all the day. I'd drive forever from my mind that innocent little line in a poem in the Annual of '95.

"We will no student monks or nuns"

And wear a black mother hubbard with the rest of them—if I were a senior girl.

If I were a senior I should await with absolute calmness the announcement of the Phi Beta Kappa, and after it was done and the toggery and tin-taggerly was over with, I suppose I'd wonder why I wasn't born smart, or why Providence didn't clear the track for me all the time. I suppose I should be half-glad at least to remain one of the common herd, since it would be so much the larger, and therefore better, if you accept the quantitative theory.

If I were a senior I know there would come a sharp feeling in my eyes and something big in my throat, when I thought of the dear old places and faces which I would have to leave soon. I should know that never again, and nowhere this side of the great gates would

there be such friends, such hopes and aspirations. I wonder if seniors do feel that way. They seem only to rejoice that the long, hard grind is over and to hope that beyond Commencement is a little oasis and a chance to rest and think and perhaps pray.

But!—a member of the faculty informed me that such a hope was a delusion and a snare. The oasis never materializes. The Golden Hesperides is only a myth. I would rather not be a senior then.

G. S.

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He is a nice little 'Frat' boy, with good money and brains, yes, really. He is popular with the girls and is considered very much of a gentleman, both by himself and others, but I saw him do a thing in chapel this morning which makes me question his right to the name.

In front of him sat a poorly dressed German boy—a boy recognized by his instructor as a faithful, hard-working student, his hair was rough and long, his face was not so cleanly shaven as that of the 'gentleman' behind him. His shirt was colored and the collar large and ill fitting,—a loving mother's willing but unskilled hands had shaped it,—but his face was frank, his smile pleasing and his manner courteous and attentive.

The boys behind him whispered constantly during the reading, nor did they stop when the prayer began, but the German boy bowed his head reverently. The 'Frat' then amused his companions by making sport of the other's clothes, his hair, even his reverence was ridiculed. At last he picked up a sharp tack and dropped it down the gaping collar.

The other boy made no sign, except a slight motion of the shoulders, and at the end of the prayer removed the tack and walked quietly out without a look or motion to indicate that he recognized the insult.

One of these boys has had all the advantages of money, birth and breeding, the other has been reared in a home of privation and sacrifice. He lives now in some cheap lodging on less than the 'gentleman' spends for amusement.

What is the trouble; is there nothing in noblesse oblige?