

so highly prized by the ancients. The merest ribbon would be an incentive. Heretofore, owing to lack of facilities, all interest has been centered in the ball team. Our ball team is our main representative abroad, and should be well supported, but we need something which will insure the active participation of the body of students. Let us all make it our duty to aid in improving and maintaining our general athletics. We have men who could ably represent us in the inter-collegiate sports if given the incentive to work. A number have signified a desire to support a prize list. Will not all do so?

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WE are glad that the light novel is fast leaving the private library of the student here. Only a few years back, the cheap' light and trashy novel was to be found in the hands of nearly all the under class men, while now it would be very hard to find one, and we doubt if a search for them would be successful at present. There now seems to be a universal demand from the student who reads at all, for a better class of books. A few read for pleasure and amusement only, while many more read for pleasure, combined with a desire for useful knowledge. The general complaint from the students is that they cannot find time enough to derive benefit from reading. Such time as they can spare from their required work is spent in the college library and the literary society reading-rooms. The engineering society now subscribes to the leading periodicals pertaining to mechanical, civil and electrical engineering, while the college places at the disposal of the chemistry students the best works printed abroad and

in our own country. These facts, along with the better class of students have established a higher ideal of literature among us which we trust will continue.

THE GIRL, THE MAN, OR THE PANTHER.

WE were sitting, my friend and I, late one afternoon in my city apartments, fitted up with all those peculiar comforts that men enjoy, and bearing that air of solitude and coziness that belongs to but one place in the world, namely a bachelor's den. Charley had been on a recent hunting tour through the West, and this was the first chance for a good talk I had had with him since his return. He was a tall, broad-shouldered son of Diana, but withal a good-natured giant, who delighted in nothing so much as a jaunt over hills and through forest in pursuit of game, no matter of what variety or size. I noticed, however, that his usually ruddy countenance now bore a paleness as of the effects from some severe illness, and that there was a careworn expression upon his brow that I had never seen there before.

We had been talking over some casual happenings during his absence, when suddenly a band of music passing along the street below struck up one of the airs of the Troubadours. Charley started and involuntarily leaned his head forward to catch the sounds. As the dulcet notes floated in through the window, he apparently listened more and more intently, until at last, when they melted away into an indistinct murmuring far down the street, he seemed lost in a fit of absorption.

I regarded him with amazement and inquired the reason for his strange conduct, but for a long while he deigned no reply, until finally, lifting his head and looking at me with a curious expression, he said, "Did you ever have your life preserved in a complication of dangers, and not know exactly how it was done?"