

if you cannot win you will at least know that you have done your duty to your college by having done your best.

♦ ♦ ♦

A SPRING POEM.

"Sweet spring has come" a student cried,
 One balmy April day,
 Then put his tennis trappings on,
 And hied him forth to play.
 He played,—but that sweet April day
 Was like such days, you know,
 For soon he turned his trousers up
 And waded home through snow.

II

The summer's come, the sod is green
 Where rests the student youth,
 The robins in the trees above
 Remind his bones—forsooth—
 T'was time he got his blazer on,
 But Dry bones shakes below,
 And wearily groans, "I tried it once,
 And waded home through snow."

♦ ♦ ♦

A CONDUCTOR'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I

"If I could only ride through examinations like this," exclaimed B. Wellington Warrens, as he ensconced himself comfortably in the corner of No. 6 of the 22d. Street Line.

There were no other passengers, this being the last car of the night, so that when the conductor had taken his fare and retired to the platform Wellington was left to the quiet of his own meditations. He peered for a while into the dark deserted streets, looking for some signs of life, but finding none he buttoned his overcoat closely about him, fixed himself in a more comfortable attitude and began to muse over his past life, his thoughts keeping time to the patter of the rain on the windows and the singing of the trolley on the wire overhead as the car ran rapidly toward the power station four miles distant.

This was the last day of his last college vacation; for on the next morning he was to return to the great institution of learning—Mushroom University—where he was to complete the final term of his college course, and, as it was pre-

dicted by all his friends, to walk off with the honors of his class. It was but natural that at such a time as this his thoughts should wander over his college career that was so soon to come to a close, and it was with a feeling of perfect content that he looked over his past success and failures.

And well might he be satisfied. For from the time when he entered college as an humble freshman, to the dismal night when, as a senior, he dozed in that electric car, his career had been one of unrivaled glory. He had been the idol of his class, had played end rush on the college eleven, had been the champion debater of the Harhsichord Literary Society, had been one of the editors of the college annual, the La Grippe, and then to crown all his glories, had at the recent elections been chosen Corresponding Secretary of his class. He had even been advised by some of his friends to lol by for the vice-presidency, but, with his characteristic modesty, he had thrust aside all such ambitions.

Then too, he thought of the boys; of Pacer the sprinter, of Dilberry, the Masher, of Gustus and of Romeo. How soon they would be memories of the past.

He was suddenly awakened, however, from these peaceful reveries by a sudden stopping of the car and on recovering his senses fully, he noticed that a woman had entered and taken the seat most distant from him.

He eyed her curiously for a time while she payed apparently no attention whatever to him. She seemed young, and noticing the beauty of her figure he became more and more interested and attempted to get a look at her face. But in vain—she kept herself closely muffled in the heavy gossamer which she wore.

"Where abouts, ma'am" asked the conductor sticking his head into the car.

"High street, please" she answered quickly. Her voice was so clear and musical that Wellington Warrens became more than ever interested in the strange passenger and the more determined to have a look at her countenance. He was gradu-