

HALL AND CAMPUS.

It was the evening of the Senior Ball and not being a devotee of Terpsichore I had settled myself comfortably in my room.

"Here H—— will you fix this tie? How does this coat look? Do you think there will be much of a crowd? Are you going yourself?"

And by the time I had removed my heels from the table, taken my cigar from my mouth, cleared my vision of smoke to more clearly comprehend the meaning of such an onslaught of interrogation points, my assailant was rattling ahead about the possible pleasure which the evening held in store for him.

I attempted to perform the favor asked and also to answer the questions in detail. The first I succeeded with, the latter I soon discovered was of little consequence to him as he had settled these answers in his mind before he asked them.

"You are missing half your life by not learning to dance." "Duce take the cuffs! It seems determined not to stay in its place." And finishing adjusting the tie, "There, that will do. Thanks! Sorry old boy, you are not in it to-night"; and with this my interrogator disappeared.

Humph! I thought as I once more ensconced myself comfortably in my easy chair, elevating my heels and watching the clouds of smoke lazily disseminate itself through the room. "Half my life lost and an object of commiseration." A pretty state of affairs truly. Only another proof of how valuable is the focal radius that sweeps out the circle of our life. I had not the least doubt of the sincerity of my friends remarks. From his points of view, no doubt I was the unfortunate being his remarks would suggest. From my own point of view I could not discern that I was minus such a large fraction of my life, and with that certain amount of conceit that seems co-existent with our being, I felt like congratulating myself upon the feeling of thorough contentment I experienced, as as comfortably puffed at my cigar.

Perhaps here is much talk and but little said,

yet from it you may draw a moral.

As I take it you have by this time drawn your own conclusions, therefore I will not reiterate them by stating the moral.

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Strolling through the hall the other day with a person who is not an infrequent visitor here, the following remark was overheard:

"I'll tell you boys, he is all broke up on H—— K——."

Here the name of a young lady was used, and used in a most offensive manner—neither prefixed by Miss nor used with the full name, but with the vulgar contraction of the christened name.

"Do you know, I have heard similar remarks before from young men here, and I presume they are students," remarked my companion.

I could only acknowledge they were students. But by way of apology I explained:

"It is pure thoughtlessness; the person who made that remark would be classed a perfect gentleman anywhere, but in careless conversation one is likely to forget himself.

"Yet," returned my companion, "I cannot quite see how thoughtlessness is an excuse for vulgarity. The young lady of whom he spoke is respectable, and I have no doubt that in her presence he would be the perfect gentleman in politeness. You may have a sister or a friend, and imagine yourself hearing her name used in that disrespectful manner in public or anywhere. Would you not resent it?"

"I certainly would, and I am sure the young man who made the remark, if he heard his sister's name used in such a light manner would do the same. That is why I gave the excuse of thoughtlessness."

"Well, there is no excuse whatever for it. A gentleman should be a gentleman everywhere and at all times, and a man that will speak lightly and slightly of a young lady at one time and be all politeness to her face must lack certain principles that go to make a gentleman, besides being a consummate hypocrite. Perhaps among yourselves who