

manly within, and enough good in him to bring him triumphantly over all obstacles of poverty, temptation, or study to an upright, honest, unshakeable manhood. He must be full of enthusiasm for his class, his fraternity, his literary society and his girl. He must believe in his college football and baseball men, throw up his hat for a victory and refrain from grumbling at a defeat. He must study hard when he studies and play just as hard when he plays. Above all, he must be loyal to his college; conscious of her defects with a willingness to be one to remove them; ready to defend her good points and to show them to those interested refusing to believe statements detrimental to those in authority until he has investigated and knows them to be true.

But the great difficulty is that American colleges are not old enough to have traditions; that our numerous vacations prevent a man becoming attached to his college by continued residence; and that so many entering and leaving before graduation tend to break up long friendships and attachments. The English student goes to college to live; the American to stay until next vacation. In an English school, seniority of age or class makes a rigid caste; in America all fraternize equally. It would take a strong persuasive power here to make a Freshman polish a Senior's shoes. The "beloved Doctor" or the head of the school there, becomes plain "Prex" here and sometimes more attention is paid to inveigling his live stock into the chapel some dark night, than to pacing with him up and down his garden in loving conversation with arms entwined. Likewise, "delightful Professor So and So" becomes "Billy" or "Shorty" or "old Baldy," whom the undergraduate would always love to meet hereafter—alone in the woods—with a gun.

However, our typical college student is not half bad at heart with all his peculiarities, and he deserves to be drawn for time by some master hand as Tom Brown was drawn. Who will be the Hughes to write for America? s.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.

Gettysburg? At the very mention of that name the blood courses through my veins with the speed of an electric car, and I prick up my ears like a cavalry horse at the sound of a bugle.

Recollections of conquests in arms and in love flash across my mind. My chest swells in triumph and I long once more for the scene of the fray, when I think of how I, single handed, cleaned out two toughs after the revival and knocked out Pacer's eye with the fair one who weighed two hundred.

Military life just suits me—to be the hero of the girls; to strut the town followed by an admiring quoto of small boys; to march the streets headed by the drum corps under Corporal Knittle, cheered by the admiring multitude. What a noble and inspiring life it is—at least I thought so when we disembarked at Harrisburg? There it was that the glories of a soldier's life first burst upon me—when I was permitted to parade the sidewalk with a martial air, and, how grand it was later, to march the streets, company front, headed by two policemen. It was rather taking down, though, to hear the people on the sidewalks inquire of one another; "what orphan school is this, anyway?" These depressing remarks were soon forgotten, however, after we had boarded the "special" and were once more steaming toward the scene of strife.

In due time we reached the town and were marched to a dilapidated looking frame building, where it was announced that we were to be quartered.

"Quartered," exclaimed the man next to me in ranks, "I'd far rather be quartered than sleep (he was a chemist) in a test tube like that."

We had to obey orders, though, and soon were piling our blankets in rows along the sides of our temporary residence. The place was a skating rink, I believe, and had also been used as the town theatre, so there was at one end a sort of a stage with a lot of finely painted drop curtains. Our kind commandant, to make the place look