

Who knows not silence knows not speech.
 Sad is the evil river Was,
 We live with little, we die with less,
 Content to do just what you can }
 You've hit upon the better plan }
 Distrusted he who never trusts.
 Measure thrice, cut once.
 Better do it than wish it done.
 Born a fool, a fool forever.
 The worst robber is a bad book. (steals time and mind)
 He who is sheltered when it rains,
 Will if he move show lack of brains; }
 But if he move and so gets wet,
 He's quite a fool to then regret. }

Ginetti.

FRIVOLITY.

Frivolty, so says the fable,
 A fable from the golden ages,
 Was hunted forth by man, unable
 Longer to endure her graces.
 She fled to Zens and asked a resting place.
 Now Mercury scarce saw the merry face
 Before the feeling to assist was strong ;
 "So will the world all do you wrong ?
 I pity you. Come, hop upon my wing !
 Come, Pappos be thy future home !"
 He brought her quick to Venus' little boy !
 "Here, Cupid, is a present joy
 Which Zens sends to you to decoy
 The sharp eyed foes who you annoy.
 You are to take her as your guide,"
 Frivolty assumed with pride
 The task of running side by side
 With Love; and as the story goes
 From that time on our many woes
 Are to her duties now allied,

Gellert—Fabeln und Erzählungen.

HALL AND CAMPUS.

March, the synonym for wind, storm, slush and mud is upon us with all the pent up vigor of the Storm King. Depths of snow meet the eye everywhere and brings out in decided contrast the dark dirty channels which we choose to call paths and through which the gum shod student so good naturedly wades. There seems to be a more philosophical acquiescence, on the part of humanity in general, to the discomforts and annoyances of a snow storm than in the case of rain and other phases of weather. Why? Ask the person with a good horse and sleigh, and ask the maid who owns such a friend. Ask the small boy with a

hand sled or the big boy who throws snow balls, and you will then know why so many hail with joy the white winged breath of winter.

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Speaking of snow balling, brings to mind one of those peculiar phases of human nature that is so hard so explain or understand. The very act seems to be accompanied by a traditional license that in many cases completely subverts honor and common sense. As a sport it can be made one of the most manly and exhilarating pastimes imaginable. Where two opposing factions engage in open contest there is much to commend the custom. There is a sort of a martial spirit aroused in all who are engaged. Courage and bravery are the qualities that are brought into play. There is something to admire in the one who has the grit to stand up and take what he is willing to give. True there is a risk in it just as there is in all sports, and it is often this very element of risk that make some particular sports attractive. A snow ball can be made very hard, and if one happens to strike in the face the result may be rather serious; but all have the same chance and each is willing to take the risk, just as in a game of foot-ball, legs, arms, heads and even necks may be broken, but usually the chances for such occurrences are so remote that the sport loving athlete is always willing to take them.

But there is another species of snow-balling for which we can argue no justification whatever, and just here comes in that strange perverseness of character so hard to explain. What strange power takes possession of the individual that can make the most cowardly and sneaking act an amusing joke is beyond our ability to define. Yet we know such a power exerts its influence; for we have seen persons, who in their other relations with mankind bore the most enviable reputations for high sense of honor and integrity, stand up and deliberately throw snow balls hard as chunks of ice at the heads of persons whose backs were turned. Of course if any of the persons thrown