

"You're taking Electrical, aren't you?" persists the Freshman, "I think I saw you in my section to-day."

O, the inexperience of the verdant youth!

"Yes," says the Senior, sarcastically, "I am a Freshman, my course is Electrical, and I am in your section."

That night the Freshman was "put through." I wonder why?  
N. W. M., '99.



### THE OLD.

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THERE was a sound of music stealing forth into the stillness of the night, and close at hand you could hear the rhythmic fall of foot-steps, and the laughter of merry voices, and perchance might see the fleeting figures of the dancers flash by some open window, as they move the intricate threading of the waltz. The clear and starlit sky stretching above and bending down in the far distance to touch the tops of yon mountain peaks; the gentle breeze wafting the scent of new-blown roses from the dewy fields and gardens; the grim and stately college buildings looming dark and austere so close at hand; and above all the spacious old armory, now gayly festooned and lighted, and ringing with the merriment of the dance and the dancers, made one forget the troubles of the day and the morrow, and live only as it were in this, a pleasant dream.

It is not to be wondered at then, that two figures might have been seen wandering forth for a little way from the merry-makers to enjoy the full pleasure of the evening, as an artist admires from a distance the beauty of his finished creation. At least 'tis true that in the next waltz, there were two 'less to join the giddy dance, while a rustic seat on the campus was holding, not two more, but simply two, and the pine trees bending above them seemed to whisper of, "love's old sweet song."

Now what they said I do not know; but I can guess what a Senior would say who had passed all his finals, and in another week would go forth into the wide, wide world, and leave behind him all his college friends, including his fair young companion. What thronging memories of the past to recall, what resolutions and ex-