

with fiendish glee. In the background, comfortably disposed to watch the fun, were some of the other accessories of a Freshman's life,—text-books, blackboards, pencils, and two *stunks*, all enjoying it greatly.

Finally becoming tired of such fun, my visitors formed a Virginia Reel, each geometrical figure taking an algebraic expression for a partner. One peculiar equation began playing upon a set of parallel lines, and away they went,—at first stately and slow, and then faster and faster. The musician banged away, the dancers whirled along, till the merriment became fast and furious. So interesting was the sight that I leaned far over the edge of the bed to watch them. Just then a violent shaking awakened me, and I came to my senses to hear my room mate telling me to stop talking and not to try to lie all over the bed at once.

L. H. C., '03.



LACK OF SYMPATHY.

VACATION had come and gone. The daily routine of College life had been resumed; and I— had been asked to write a story. "A story!" I mused, as I sat in my unlighted study late one night. "But what shall I write about?" I arose, went to my study window and looked out across the snow-covered Campus as it lay glistening in the moonlight.

I had looked upon the same scene many times before, and yet how strangely beautiful it all appeared. How cold and clear! How calm and resplendent! There stood the barren, leaf-forsaken trees in dark silhouette against the snow. How lonely they seemed! Beyond them was the village with every window darkened, and unbroken silence resting upon it.