

to innumerable small incidents of the previous vacation. Then, by main force, I would once more apply my brain to " $P+P_2=Q$," when to my horror I would begin to speculate as to the success of the foot-ball season. Once more, in a mad frenzy, I dragged my truant thoughts together and concentrated all my mental energies on the work before me. At last I was succeeding. The whole thing was unfolding itself to my delighted brain when horror—there was a knock at the door and in walked a what—a professor? No, but J——, the greatest loafer in college. He wore a well worn smoking jacket of a brownish hue, a prospect of a mustache on his upper lip, at which he was continually pulling, and carried in his mouth an ancient and empty briar pipe. I did not invite him to be seated. That was not necessary. He coolly took a chair, filled his pipe out of my tobacco box and exclaimed in disgusted tones, "Grindin'!"

"Yes," I answered, and strove to fix my bemuddled brain on $P+P_2=Q$.

"What are you grindin' for? I thought you made a ten in that stuff to-day," he exclaimed as he coolly placed both feet on the table and leaned back on two legs of his chair.

I thought I would completely ignore him and tried to appear deeply interested in the work before me. He said nothing for a few moments and my hopes began to rise. Surely he would leave in a few moments. But no—my desires were in vain.

He broke out,—"got a match?"

I knew that meant a long stay so I decided to make one more attempt at freezing him out, and quietly pointed to the table drawer.

For a few moments all was silent. I gazed intently upon the pages of mathematics before me while he sat comfortably watching the rings of smoke which floated smoothly into space from the bowl of his pipe.

This silence was not to be of long duration, however, for looking out of the corner of my eye I saw him carefully pour some ashes on the

floor and then a second later heard him exclaim "Quit your grindin', I've got a scheme."

I gave in despair, threw books and all thoughts of study to the wind, and leaned back to hear my easy going visitor lay before me his schemes for performing innumerable remarkable feats, in the accomplishment of which I knew that he would be the last person to be depended upon for aid. He finished setting forth his schemes and switched off his conversation to his conquests in love. They were more numerous and touching than his schemes.

Apparently all the fair sex in his native town had been gone on him and his departure for college had been a signal for rejoicing among all the village beaux.

At the end of an hour he had exhausted this topic and the third pipe full of my tobacco. Would he ever leave, I wondered. No. He turned next into politics and from politics into the faculty, which he abused heartily. From the faculty he switched off into a hletics, and was evidently bent on discoursing lengthily on the subject when—how relieved I felt—the electric light went out.

In the darkness he emptied the contents of my tobacco box into his pocket, gathered himself together and went out also. I did not begrudge him the tobacco.

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That night, as I lay down to sleep with lessons unstudied and with the prospect of three zips before me, I added a new motto to my already long list. It was—"Beware of loafers and loafing."

J. H. S.

HALL AND CAMPUS.

The opening days—yes, and weeks, of another college year are upon us, and with their varied duties they seem to surge and crowd upon us like the relentless waves of an angry sea. The summer spider, that offspring of rest, recreation and