

warred against it, and they conquered. One day a coat of ice on the pavement was lubricated by the falling rain. Walking was very tiresome and our hero stopped to rest on the pavement. It is needless to say that he was assisted by a friendly piece of ice. The hat however kept on. Left to itself it soon began to gambol gaily in the gutter. The young are always venturesome and this hat scarcely two weeks old ventured beyond its depth and found a watery grave.

That one cannot be too careful in the selection of a hat is illustrated by the following incident which happened during the past vacation.

A professor wished to visit one of his students in a city of Western Massachusetts. His stature was augmented, as he himself would tell us to 25% above par, by a tall hat. The professor was met at the depot by the student.

This young man we will call Dick; we refrain from giving his real name in deference to his feelings. After the usual greetings, the pair walked down the main street together, conversing as they went along. The visitor, while admiring the architectural beauties of the place, began to observe that the city possessed an unusual number of whistlers; and continued observation made known to him that, bird-like, the notes whistled, formed a short strain and this was repeated again and again, in various keys and all sorts of expression. In the beginning the performers were timid, and the music was low, thus:



but as they proceeded, the whistlers grew bolder, and as their dread of the stranger entered upon a *diminuendo* movement, their warbling began a *crescendo* one, and now at every street corner they turned they were saluted with



Still they were totally innocent of the thought that one of them was the object

of the whistling serenade. They though a whistling epidemic had befallen the town and rather enjoyed it; indeed we have well grounded suspicions that our friends themselves were humming the tune. However, a change in their ideas occurred. In every well regulated concert vocal music alternates with instrumental and the local gamin was well aware of this. The prelude has been played, let us have the song. It came.



Softly at first, of our friends Dick alone caught the words. He seized their full import at once. He wondered why he did not think of it before, but now he did not wish to alarm his friend by telling him that he was the centre of attraction. He had read that the first man who carried an umbrella was nearly mobbed. What would not the present mob do, spurred on by the words of a stirring popular melody? "Dick" said our traveller, "What did he say?" "O, nothing" said Dick, "he asked if I was going back to college." This subterfuge did not last long. The chorus was heard from. Strong and voluminous it came, each note emphasised.



Fortunately Dick's home was near. They entered, the door was closed, and taking off his hat and examining it closely, the visitor said to his host: "Now, Dick, what is the matter with my hat?" "Nothing at all," replied Dick, "It fits you first-rate." "Then what are they all shouting at?" "Ah, that's a new song that's just out. All the people are crazy over it. They don't mean you."

Our friend remained in doubt while his stay in the place lasted, and even on the