

Letters to Men About College.

DEAR PADDY:—"Every dog has his day," but some dogs' days are all night. Not so with thee, for thou art a jolly dog—yea, a very sun-dog for brightness and good cheer. Thy day is to-day and will always be so, for what carest thou for to-morrow—"sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," so "let's eat, drink and be merry." If thou couldst but bluff a knowledge of mineralogy, thou wouldst indeed be happy, but take a tip from an old timer, "say nothing and saw wood"—for, "even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise, and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding."

But enough! We remember the words of Mark Antony, and lest thy good deeds should be "interred with thy bones," we will not await that sad end to accord thee thy due.

Thy sunny smile is thrice welcome in our halls, and may thy laughing song cheer us for many years to come. Not that we would have thee spend more than the allotted time within our sacred precincts, for we wish thee well, but we are glad to have thee with us while we may. Thou art of the silent men who do things—a most worthy member of that austere body and of thy future we expect great things. For, hast thou not upheld our honor and defended our colors on the gridiron,—yea, even carried those colors to victory. Thy drop kicks are a pleasure to our eyes and thy right valiant tackles bring joy to our old age. And hast thou not, even as Sandy says, "felt the call of the wild" and gone forth into the waste places of the far frontier and with transit and compass nobly served thy country. Verily, and a "scrap" is to thee as bread and wine. But 'tis not alone in the rough and rugged walks of life that thou art famous. Didst thou not descend upon the Levana Tea with thy Irish wit and blarney and set all the fair hearts there assembled, fluttering with hopes and fears? How could they resist thy blue eyes and pretty brogue? And thou art fair to look upon. The way thou lavished chocolate and fudge on those damsels was rank bribery—little wonder that of all science thou alone wert successful at the polls.

Thou hast chosen to be a "Mucker"—good. Thou hast still another choice to make before thy cup of happiness be filled, and we would help thee with it. Choose not for wealth, for there thou mightst lose thine honor; nor for beauty, for it is but of the day; but keep thy feet in the sun-lit path that leads under the protection of Venus through orange blossoms to Hymen's altar and thou shalt find

"—— there's nothing Love
Can't quite completely mend."

Your

Alma Mater.

P. S.—Thou shalt always be most welcome at the Levana Tea.