

B. N. C., the second string for the Varsity hundred and one of the leading lights of the Union debates. "Is Reaney going to turn up?" Caldecott asked me presently. "Oh, yes," I replied. "He's sure to come. He's in training, or he'd have been round to brekker." "Unlucky beggar!" said Denison. "I know what that means. Morning tub at 7.30 sharp, sprint round the walks, and then one of those five horse brekkers with their eternal porridge, fish, eggs, chops, and grass! I tried it once. Pheugh! It makes me feel stodgy to think of it!" "But, my dear fellow," said Caldecott, "think of the object! Has not the 'Isis' proclaimed that a 'blue' is superior to a 'first,' and isn't it better to help one's boat go head of the river than even to get into 'Vincent's?'" "Yes," answered Denison, "and think of the delights of early rising, of training diet, of toiling down to Ifley twice a day with a perpetual Blastophone going in one's ears! And what's the end of it all? A supper, a bonfire, a row with the Dons, and half the college sent down next day! Besides, to give up smoking, think of it!" "Here's Denison actually getting excited," said Parr. "Why, only think what you would save in tea and cigarettes!" "To hand over the proceeds to the O.U.B.C.! Thanks, it's not good enough." "That motive ought to appeal to Denison, who is always smoking," said Lister, taking out of his mouth a meerschaum of a glossy brown colour from constant use; "Disgusting habit, cigarette smoking!" "Hark at the crab calling the snake crooked," interposed Dobbs, who had not yet spoken. "Lister is at his wit's end how to pay his tobacconist. You see, in his case a pipe can't be called a 'luxury.'" "Hang it, no," said Denison. "It's a 'necessary' here. Smoking is about the only thing one can do in this hole without getting hauled. Why, if you please, old Stick-in-the-Mud lectured me yesterday for playing the piano after one o'clock at night! It was only half-past, and there weren't more than a dozen of us singing. Look here, Lister, why don't you bring in a motion at the Union proposing the abolition of Dons?" "I would if I thought it would choke off old Blank from lecturing. He drivels worse than ever this term. Luckily, one can read a novel or write a letter in his leckers, otherwise the strain would be intolerable. Have you heard his latest, by the way?" "O, don't, please don't!" groaned Denison. "Not the one about 'the world should not contain the rooks that should be bitten'?" said Parr. "Later than that," replied Lister. "He read out in chapel yesterday something about people who 'strain at a cat and swallow enamel.'" "And in his sermon last Sunday he said 'we were all being reduced to a lead devil,'" added Parr. Denison put his hands over his ears. "Do you know," said Dobbs, "I believe Lister invents half the yarns about old Blank that go round the Varsity. I've noticed a decided falling off of late—that last, for instance, isn't half as good as the old ones. 'Don't you feel rising within you the aspiration of a half-warmed fish,' or 'it is easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol.'" "Don't insult Lister," I answered. "He's capable of better things than that. You should have heard his peroration in the Union debate on Modern Novels the other evening. 'I look forward,' he said. 'I look forward to a time when the 'Dodo' shall have laid her absolutely last egg, and become once and forever extinct; when the 'Yellow Aster' shall have faded, and the 'Heavenly Twins' shall have returned to their native ether; when the Rudyards shall have ceased from Kipling, and the Haggards shall ride no more.'" "Hear, hear!" said Dobbs. "That last is stolen from 'Lapsus calami,' and spoilt in the stealing," put in Denison, in an injured tone. "Can't think why you fellows think it worth while to waste your flowers of wit and oratory on the Union, which is the settling ground of all that is ignorant and prejudiced in the Varsity. Much better reserve them for an occasion like this," he added, flicking

the ash of his cigarette on the carpet. Here Dobbs interposed. "Why don't you show a proper respect for the Gorgon's property and use the ash tray?" "O, it's good for the carpet, isn't it, Caldecott? Keeps the colour in, or tones it down, or something, I forget what. Besides, it's such a long way to stretch for the ash tray." "The Gorgon doesn't object," said Caldecott. "Good old Gorgon! She's managed to settle down to our ways at last. You never heard such a tiltup as she made over my turning my rooms upside down when I came. First it was the ornaments. When I came into possession, there were on the mantelpiece jingly jangly things, which threw prismatic colours all over the room and broken vases full of imitation flowers. I made a clean sweep of the lot. Next day they were all back again in their old places. Then we had a battle royal. I told her to choose between her ornaments and her lodger. If it hadn't been a by term I believe we should have parted. As it was, she decided to keep her lodger and remove her ornaments. A week afterwards the struggle was renewed on the subject of pictures. The walls were covered with photographs of relations and oil paintings of herself and her late lamented, who was attired for the occasion in a button-hole and a white waistcoat. However, she yielded this time without much difficulty and has been submissive on the subject ever since. The old jingly jangly ornaments are invariably restored, however, during the vac., and I have a clearance at the beginning of every term. We are used to one another now. She cooks admirably, and doesn't rook me more than fifty per cent., which is moderate for an Oxford landlady. Ah! there's Reaney at last," he added, as a shout of "Caldecott" rose from below the window. "Sorry we must run away, you fellows, but Johnny's lecture at the museum has been due fifteen minutes, and he's never more than half an hour late." I was half way down the stairs by this time and we were all three soon walking briskly up Longwall amid taunts from the window above. "Have you noticed," said Caldecott, "that all classical men think it immoral to attend morning lectures?"

Tis.

KAISER WILLIAM.

"You are young, Kaiser William," the old man said,
 "And your knowledge of music is nil,
 And yet you conducted an ode that you made—
 What gave you this wonderful skill?"
 "In my childhood," the kaiser replied, with a smile,
 "My own little trumpet I'd blow,
 And as I continued the practice, I styled
 Myself a musician, you know."

"You are young," said the sage, "as I mentioned before,
 And have never yet been in a fight,
 But somehow you lecture your soldiers on war—
 Do you think at your age it is right?"
 "In my childhood," the kaiser replied to the sage,
 "I sat on some soldiers of tin,
 And the knowledge I gained at that critical stage,
 Has helped me my lecture to spin."

"You are young," said the sage, "your hands are unused
 To drawing with pencil or paint,
 Yet you knocked off a poster which greatly amused
 The public—it seems very quaint."
 "As a child," said the kaiser, "I painted the door
 Of my nursery crimson and green,
 And, if that wasn't Art, I have never before
 Been told so—by artists, I mean."

"You are young," said the sage, "and the ruling of men,
 Of course, is a difficult task,
 Although you are getting on nicely, but when
 Will you govern yourself, may I ask?"
 "I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
 Said the kaiser, "and if you assail
 My rights as a heaven-born ruler as stuff
 And nonsense, I'll put you in jail."

—Buffalo Express.