

It is enjoined in the hand book of the Y.M.C.A., "Keep your eye on the bulletin board." Wise is the enjoinder. Can anything be a more mute and yet telling testimony of the spirit of the college than its bulletin board? Not the sacred glass case where the decrees of those in authority are wont to appear, immaculate and irreproachable in their type-written elegance; but the students' boards—free to all—of interest to all, representative of all. Those boards laden with the summons, commands, admonitions and announcements which all students wish to impress on all other students; where fountain pens are lost and fountain pens returned, and men are earnestly admonished to visit the registrar's office if they would "learn something to their advantage"; where indefinite but imperative commands appear under the mysterious pseudonym "by order." Can anything be more entirely absorbing, anything more absolutely refreshing than a bulletin board?

Well has the hand book advised us! The bulletin board justly claims our attention as a definite branch of study. We cannot afford to treat it lightly or to use it merely as a convenient excuse for our protracted loitering in the halls. Neither dare we regard it simply as a scribbling book where we may jot down our passing judgments. No! it is as distinctly a part of our college life and study as the library injunction "not to speak above a whisper," or the junior philosophy essays.

From the time that its fresh blackness of surface is adorned with mercenary lists from those students who would fain be "off with the old" books before "on with the new," and clarion calls from the more enterprising of the freshmen to their brothers in distress to rally together to prevent annihilation—appended to which appears an announcement to the effect that these latest comers intend having fortnightly re-unions on the day the late senior year left them as a last legacy—from this time on through the periods of infinite committee meetings, choice concerts, church receptions and alumni lectures, to the appearance of those categories of miseries, commonly known as exam. lists, our bulletin board re-

mains unmoved—square, uncompromising, sphinx-like. Can we afford to treat it lightly, this landmark in our changing years? Can we do *less* than "keep our eye on it?"

This bulletin board represents accurately as a thermometer the height of the college spirit within its walls. Just as surely as when in May it stands laden with the thickness of by-gone A.M.S. announcements and flecked with pathetic little scraps of paper from those fresh sheets which called the faithful to their March year meetings—when thus so clearly it tells that the students have gone, and that the old Limestone City may once more fall into its peaceful slumber—just so truly do its brisk announcements in crisp October call forth a respectful perusal from the newly-entered and a warm greeting of brotherhood in the hearts of the "old ones." And in the height of the season, when the deeds of the doughty on the field of ice vie for prominence with the gay songs of the glee club and the gayer two-step, does not this same old bulletin board overflow with inscriptions, and descriptions, and proscriptions till it is forced to withdraw to the background or be completely obliterated?

The bulletin board is like the museum somewhat—for though its contents may be dry and dead, it always can command attention because of past interests. Strange it is to see how invariably the stragglers in the halls gravitate in its direction and read again as tho' compelled against their will, the announcements which they know by heart already. And on lonely holidays and Sundays, when the college is almost deserted, the bulletin board is always the recipient of marked attention, from any within the walls. Then it is that the bulletin board above is visited by those who are wont to pass it by, and its brother beneath receives angel visitors who do not dare approach it in the throng of ordinary life.

A most patient subject is the bulletin board! Else it would long since have succumbed beneath the conflicting torments of the various species of writing with which it is inflicted. The bold black strokes on one paper, side by side with the wavering lines on another and