

after some moment's conversation that cheek + green = squelch. Then the Latin Professor gives a little free advice about a certain ancient country, mentioned by Caesar. In chemistry he is gently reminded that H_2O , not $E \& O.$, is the subject before the class, and so he daily imbibes a little wisdom. It is sad to watch the growing deterioration of this once purely egoistic youth and sadder still, when finally the day arrives in his Senior year, and the confession comes that he does not even know that he knows that he is.

In College life to be a Champion Athlete is to have attained to glory of so permanent a character as to altogether outshine the plodding student. An individual of this type talks, eats, sleeps and dresses to obtain success upon the campus, enduring privations and making exertions which in another cause would lead him to consider himself a martyr indeed. After the body is sufficiently trained, the Professor may forsooth, attempt to train the mind but alas! Latin, Mathematics and Sciences are trash, compared with the high jump, foot-ball and the bicycle. A soldier may receive honorable wounds upon the field of battle, but what are these compared with the scars and bruises obtained on the field of sports. The College athlete will gladly lay his body upon the altar of sports and count his life nothing if only the first fifteen of his beloved College is victorious. The sound of the *Ra! Ra! Ra! Acadia* is sweeter far in his ears than *ad gradum Baccalaureum in Artibus*.

What would we do without the musician in our College life? He of the deep basso or sweet tenor! with his well set head crowned with the glory of thick locks, how majestic he looks as he waves his baton! was ever a Czar of all the Russias so tyrannical as he with his quartette? Does one poor unhappy youth err so much as by the twentieth part of a vibration, woe to him! In the eyes of others it would seem at times as if the musical student's fame grew irksome. He is bored when asked to contribute of his talent, but to his credit be it said that he never declines. When attending a musical concert he goes alone—nothing mundane to interrupt the state of his musical sensibilities,—he occupies a certain seat where alone in all the hall, the reverberations and intonations smite the delicate tympanum of his sensitive ear in perfect concord. Oh Musician, may thy sweet melodies ever charm our hearts and win for thee well deserved applause!

But the one type, which above all others "wastes its sweetness on the desert air," is the "manage-affairs-generally type." This youth is so unfortunate as to know better than