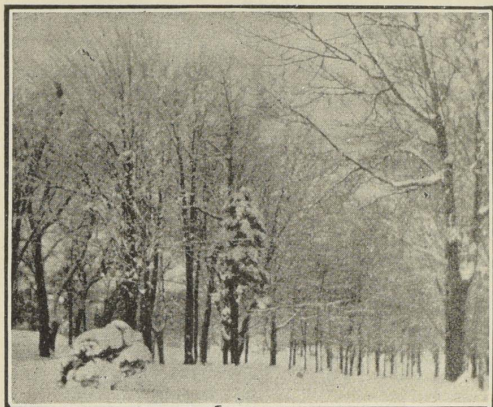


The Volunteer.

The snow was falling heavily when Jack Edwards, a Senior, in ——— College, slowly mounted the steps of the main building. He was due for two hours' "lab" work, and the gong had long since sounded the half hour when he took his place. The professor looked up in

amazement as he quietly began to gather together the materials for his experiment. "Late, Edwards," he said. "Yes, sir," was the curt answer.

"What's matter, Jack? where's your pain?" asked Reddie, standing next to him. "Aw, shut up," was the only answer he got, and shut up he did, from sheer sur-



THE COLLEGE GROUNDS IN JANUARY

prise. "By Jove, fellows—something wrong with Jack—sure I never saw him like this before. Why——"

"Wonder what it is, 'spose he's got into some——"

"There he goes now—looks as if he'd never smile again." These and many more were the comments made by the group of boys after Edwards' extraordinary behavior in "lab." He was a general favorite



SEMINARY ANNEX