

farm hands. A college man with true artistic appreciation of the good, the true and the beautiful finds that his intellectual training is of great assistance in acquiring an effective vocabulary of profanity.

There are, however, other pleasures fully as important as learning new "cuss words." The new surroundings and the class of men with whom he associates furnish entertainment which prevents time from passing too slowly. When these have begun to lose their charm for the fastidious college man something else excites his interest, he gets a different "job" or it is barely possible that he is promoted. At any rate, he gets along very comfortably and scarcely has time to think of the by-gone pleasures of college days. On the other hand he frequently murmurs a prayer of gratitude that he is delivered from Calculus, Thermo Dynamics and other fiends of the past who habitually banished sleep until the small hours of the morning. It is not to be inferred that he now retires regularly at 9.00 p. m., but if he does not he has only himself to blame, or, maybe the girl's clock stopped. But the old pipe is beginning to draw hard and, with difficulty, transforms personal experiences and idle fancies into a hazy smoke of generalization. And while the ashes are being removed and fall slowly to the floor some graduate of the future is saying, "Poor chump, he tries to jolly himself along because he didn't get a good position." In a lower tone he continues, "But there is no reason for a *good* man accepting such a position; I shall wait until I get what I want."

Possibly; but how long will he wait?

