



Unlucky he whom duty calls
To serve upon the "roasts"
committee;

'Tis not the victim of the pen,
But he who writes deserves
the pity.

If you are one of the many
Who don't receive any,
You're plainly unworthy to
share it.

If your blunders and breaks
Get a knock, Goodness sakes!
Just try to be patient and
bear it.

The Student

I will not call him a dig or a grind, lest he fit the appellation to someone else; he thinks of himself simply as a student. If, after an afternoon at an exciting ball game, you break into his room and demand why he was not out to see the fun and help "whoop her up," he will look up at you through his glasses in mild surprise and say, "I hadn't the time to spare. I have been working all the afternoon on my theme, and I haven't it done yet."

And, as you hurry off to your room to scribble off your theme in about fifteen minutes, to the accompaniment of an excited discussion of the game, you pity from the depths of your heart the poor fellow who has "wasted" so much time on his. But when, in class, his theme is read as a specimen of good work, and yours as an awful example you begin to wonder whether you or the student derived the most pleasure from the afternoon.

A Study in Class

His attitude expressed desire
Of hearing, learning, knowing more.
His very eyes lit up with fire
At the Professor's learned lore.

"A modern David, it is sure"
Cried I, and craned my neck to note
What, with reflective look demure,
He, in his college notebook wrote.

To the next man he passed his book,
And this is what the message said:
While he resumed his David's look,
"Yes, I *will* take the girl in red."