The College A, B, C

A is an Architect studying Art,
Aiming to Ape the Antique.
With a crook in his neck, and his feet spread apart,
He works ninety hours a week.

B is the Bookstore where cakes may be had,
Where Miss Page still continues to thrive.
Whenever we need something awfully bad,
It's always two minutes past five.

C is a Chemist, he's cooking a mess,
His Crucible tells very plain
He's making some oxidiethyltrimethyl-
hexamidophenylmethane.

D is a Dent with his forceps in hand;
He has pulled a large molar, you see.
Though his pull is a wonder, still we understand
In exams, he can't pull above D.

E is the man whom they call Engineer;
He makes quite a hit on the Quad
As he waves his arms wildly in gestures so queer,
Or shoulders his red and white rod.

F is a Fusser, and G is the Grass
Upon which he looks at his best.
H is the German who flunks half his class
And rails all day long at the rest.
I is the Ego so apt to obscure
A view of the college at large.
J is the Junior who goes to his Prom
In a horseless four-cylinder barge.

K is the Kitchen where meat is prepared,
And L is the Lunchroom where served.
M is the Man who attacked it alone.
   See, he leaves L, the Lunchroom, unnerved.

N is the gay Natatorium tank.
   Note—Natatorium—N,
   Where we'll take our grandsons and teach them to swim,
   Provided it's finished by then.

O is the Optimist, smiling alway.
P is the Pessimist glum.
The first sees conditions improving each day,
The latter thinks all's on the bum.
Q is the Queen whom you took to the dance.
R stands for “Ransom,” I ween.
S is the Snear and the withering glance
Which the other girls hand to the Queen.

S also stands for the Senior and Soph,
And for Student Life which they both read.
T is for T-square and Triangle Too,
The sign of the architect’s screed.

U is the whole University, and
V’s Varsitee just for short.
W stands for old W’ashington, grand—
Sewed on our sweaters for sport.

X is an unknown, and Y stands for You,
Who’ve tried to find X for a week.
Z is the end. Mathematics go to—
I’m strong for French, Latin and Greek.

—A. W. P.
Oh Poster Girl, upon my wall—
You have me hypnotized, that's all.
No maiden I have ever met
Can boast of such a silhouette.
You are a Peach—
You are a Peer.
If you could teach
The girls out here—
But what's the use? There never grew
In flesh and blood the ilk of you.

Oh Poster Girl, the man who drew
This black-and-white outline of you,
Hath got my goat. My books forgot—
I sit and dote, and study not.
But never mind,
No matter, much,
Where can I find
Another such?
I worship you, oh peach, oh pearl,
Oh picture queen, oh Poster Girl!

Beautiful Maid of Pastel,
Tho' your fairness all else doth excel,
Great sorrow I feel
Because you're not real,
For, alas! you are made of Pastel.

I AM IN LOVE ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES.
II

There's a maid in a magazine down on the shelf
Who must be disguised Aphrodite herself.
I sat for awhile in a reading-room chair
And scrutinized every girl who was there.
Not one could I see who might rival in looks
The girl whom I found on the shelf by the books.

I looked on the campus, I searched on the quad;
I paced the broadwalk and the archway I trod;
I sought all the class-rooms, the street-cars, the cabs;
I hunted the dorms and I haunted the labs,
But still I returned to that pert, witching elf,
The dear half-tone maid whom I found on the shelf.

I went to the art-school, I painted and etched,
I sat in the gardens, I daubed and I sketched,
In the hope that my quarry might stroll up the path
On her way up to History, Econ. or Math.
But I came back last to my maid on the shelf;
My lithograph queen's in a class by herself.

I STAND BY MY PRINCIPLES AND SEARCH FOR THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.
Whenever I discern that milkwhite steed,
Your forty-h.p. racer, in the park,
I turn on some more juice, advance the spark,
And give my lever one more notch for speed,
And then I follow wheresoever you lead.
As long as daylight lasts and after dark
Still am I charmed on by your siren's bark.
'Tis then I wish you were in direst need
Out on some country road, sans gasoline,
Or spark-plug broke, or e'en a bended wheel,
That I might drive up in my big machine
And out there in the dust beside you kneel
To hear the sweet voice of my unknown queen,
My Lady of the White Automobile.

I see a passing streak in the park, and
Compose a sonnet.
IV

I thought I found you, gentle maid,
For whom I wait, but I'm afraid
I was mistaken. I'm dismayed.

Oh queen,
Oh witch,
Oh dream!

I thought I saw you on the stair,
Oh, form divine, oh wondrous hair!
I stopped to marvel, then and there,
Oh love,
Oh joy,
Oh fate!

I thought—and then the vision turned.
I saw her face, and—I'll be durned,
A valued lesson I have learned.

Oh my,
Oh me,
Oh shucks!

IN MY ARDUOUS SEARCH I MAKE A MISTAKE
AND LEARN A LESSON.
Last night, by the fire, I dreamed of a lass;  
In the purpling twilight I saw her pass,  
Beneath the elms where the moss is cool,  
Where the song-birds sing by the lily pool  
I saw her stroll through the soft, high grass.

Smile if you will, but you have not seen  
The eyes that I looked into yestere'en.

I saw she was dreaming—she scarcely heard  
The sighing zephyrs, the twitting bird,  
The distant chimes or the fountain's purl,  
But my heart went out to the winsome girl  
And every feeling within me stirred.

Smile if you will, but you cannot feel  
The strange emotions that o'er me steal.

I dreamed that she turned her head as I  
Stole past, and I thought that she heaved a sigh.

I loved her then, and I will for aye;  
May her life be mine, and her path my way—  
I will find her and tell her, by and by.

Smile if you will,—the Gods above  
Will lead me to Her,—to the girl I love.
Dancing at the Gym last night,
Whirling maids and laughing men.
Lights in clusters, burning bright,
Music, swelling, stops; and then
In a corner 'neath a palm,
Whispers,—and a little laugh.
Questions burning, answers calm,
Half in earnest, half in chaff.
Twos and threes in gay array
Passing, strolling up and down,
Chattering the time away,
Bright of repartee and gown.
Georgia shadowed faithfully
From the first dance to the last
By a group of two or three.
Hugh is racing madly past,
Wild of hair and wild of eye,
Bent on tagging some poor swain
Who, with daggers in his eye,
Yields and is a stag again.
Trailed by lovers, score on score,
Whirling, dancing, singing, strolling,
Alice, winsome as of yore,
Promenading, laughing, lolling.
In the lobby strains are heard
Of an impromptu quartet
Rollicking their songs absurd,
While the soothing cigarette
Sends its incense through the hall.

SHE is there; I see her face
For an instant, that is all.
One quick glance and I give chase.
Oh, the ages I live through
Ere I find a willing lad
Will introduce me to
Her whose smile has set me mad.
Tenderly I clasp her hand
As we tread the dizzy whirl—
Happiest man in all the land,
I have found my dreamland girl!
I think she cares,—she looks at me so,—
I think she does; still, I do not know.
   I seem to fade
   Right off the scene
   When some rich chap
   With a machine
Drives up and bids her motoring go.

Sometimes I think that I am all right;
She seemed so glad to see me last night,
   And still when I
   In labs am pent,
   She doesn't both-
   Er worth a cent,
But fusses my pal with all her might.

Last night when we came home from the show,
I took her hand; but kept it? No.
   Is she a prig?
   Nay I believe
   That she was gig-
   Gling up her sleeve.
I think she cares; still, I do not know.
I'm going to murder a man.  
I'll poison some more if I can.  
I'm going to slay six or eight right away.  
Just hear how the trouble began:

I took her last week to the Prom.  
The first one to cut in was Tom,  
Then second came Jim, and six more after him;  
I didn't invite them to come.  

I filled out her program before,  
And kept me six dances or more.  
The stags fell in line and grabbed most of mine,  
And made me quite righteously sore.  

The minute we started to dance,  
Some chump from the sidelines would prance,  
Just come alongside, fall into my stride,  
And be off ere I had half a chance.

You certainly understand now  
Why I propose raising a row.  
This gun is for Tom, and the bunch at the Prom,  
I'll feed Jim this arsenic now.
IX

I sit alone, my head bow’d on my breast,
My heart is heavy, and my throat is full,
I loved you, you were every thing and all—
You proved untrue, and now I sit alone.
My grief’s too deep for words; my heart once light
Now mournfully doth beat itself to rest,
My only friend. And being true to me,
Doth seem to ask, why should it serve me still,
Since my life’s light shineth on me no more?
Ah, you were all I had—my life, my hope;
Your touch I saw in every thing; your face
Smiled down on me, however deep the gloom.
I love you still,—not as you are tonight,
But as I worshiped you in days agone;
Though you may pass away out of my sight,
I love your memory—my beloved one.

I AM HEART-BROKEN AND RESORT TO BLANK VERSE.
Do you think my life is seared?
Nay, the thunder clouds have cleared,
And the skies again are sunny.
Truly, don't you think it's funny,
How a little case of blues
Makes one say, "Oh, what's the use?"
How the bottom of the earth
Seems to drop for lack of mirth?
Well, as I have said before,
All the storm clouds have blown o'er.
All the doubts and fears are gone.
Sh!—She has my Frat pin on.

THE PIN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE WORD.
Behind the Scenes

NE could see by the expression on his face that Si was worried; he concluded his appeal for copy with a peroration that would melt the heart of a Sphinx.

"We've got to have copy for ten pages in the hands of the printers by Monday morning, or we can't get the book out on time; the reputation of the "Hatchet 1912" is at stake, and upon our shoulders rests the burden of pulling it through with flying colors. Now is the time to show what we can do; don't let's lay down on the job when we're passing the three-quarters post and entering the home-stretch. We're too heavily backed to throw the race away now, and May first is pressing so hard at our heels that I can almost feel its hot breath on the back of my neck, and if we hesitate one minute now, that proverbial first of May will have us backed into that proverbial corner, panting for breath." And amid the sobs and sighs of the staff the "Demosthenesean" editor swept from the room.

As the true significance of these words settled firmly upon the minds of the assembled staff-members, a death-like silence crept over the surroundings, and each face wore a "what'll-we-do-next" expression. Finally, Garrett waxed eloquent, and as he edged toward the door, remarked: "There's no getting out of it, we've got to have ten pages by to-morrow night. Now if I didn't have that football schedule to arrange—"

Here Alice interrupted, and in her most pleasing manner suggested that one long story be written, the girls to start at the beginning and work toward the middle, and the boys to start at the end and work back.

The rest of the feminine staff-members, somewhat non-plussed at the lack of interest evinced in the suggestion of their colleague, remained silent.

Debatin very ably supported his proposition that every staff-member publish his best English theme of the year; but several dissenting voices induced Frank to withdraw his motion.

Lockwood finally hit upon a plan whereby to save the situation, and the face of every member present assumed a "let's leave it to Preston" expression, as he very kindly offered to undertake the task of supplying the ten pages himself, provided the "Hatchet" bear the expense of furnishing the proper inspiration. Seeing that at least some of the members failed to grasp his entire meaning, he felt duty bound to go into the philosophy of the matter, and when the last member fell asleep, he was explaining.—

But it is needless to carry this any farther, for one of the ten pages has been filled.
Portraiture of a Few Favorite Fair Ones

Suggestions from the Chair of Preventive Heart-Break

A Tip on Cupid's Capricious Capers

OW, boys, hearken to this enlightening dissertation upon a few of our fair and favorite co-eds, and thy ways shall be smooth in this vale of sorrows, for when the "black cat night" of youthful poverty is flown you will know just how to ask the right little Maud to take a promenade in the Garden of Love, and this little Maud, having in these pages seen herself as others see her, will have enough of the mellowness of humility to take you with pleasure.

Before going further I think a word about the author is in order. I do not wish you to think, boys, that in trusting me in this important matter you are leaning on a broken reed or building on the sands; so no false modesty will restrain me in speaking about myself. I have pursued my study of the coy co-eds (and it is a better bet than any poker hand I ever backed, that not one fellow in ten knows how coy these co-eds are) so intensively that I am now taking my Freshman year over for the third time. I have fallen under and above their charms time and again; I have fussed and often failed; I have long been endeavoring to solve the painful riddle of their hearts, and I am confident I have arrived at last at the right answer.

Although I have spent nearly three years in the Freshman class, I passed my English right out of the box and the memory of Professor Starbird's criticism is already obliterated; so don't be surprised at the flowery fancies found in these pages.

To begin with, I firmly believe that for every man there is a maid and that sooner or later "every soul at earth's holiest goal will meet the soul that God made its mate;" but I wish to reduce the possibilities of mistaken identities and false goals. Every fair face is not an affinity; every breath of the "divine afflatus" is not indicative of much, nor is every shady bench a holy goal.

No one would think of pairing a Percheron and a Pierce Arrow, or a bank president and a beggar. Therefore do not irrationally take your partners for life or even for the Senior Prom.
There is in one of the under classes a young lady now acquiring beaux, bouquets and grades of B at an alarming rate. Some say that she is holding with a rope of tested textiles half the eligibles in college.

Her features, taken separately, would attract no attention, and yet the cumulative effect of her charms is wonderful, and many are the striking and telling triumphs that her eyes have won. Youth, genial intelligence, and above all, a pair of blue eyes and not an icy regularity, a "faultily faultless beauty," are her capital. Besides, who would analyze the dewy freshness of the rose, or apply the artistic canons of Leonardo da Vinci and Lessing to a pretty girl? She often comes to college hallowed in a love of a white hat, and if glances could kill she would even now be dead.

Now, this young lady adorns a campus and points a moral. The great numbers who have lost out in appearing as "Hero" in her sight; the many who dwell only on the wan and shadowy shores of memory, because their success in her eyes is entirely a matter of the past, attest what an undertaking the siege of her heart is. Unless you are a superman (and few undergrads may be supermen in a girl's eye), I would take one of the many captivating courses in fussing that may be found in the college curriculum before competing in her direction, and when you do go forth to battle, remember that although you may be an Adonis in looks and a Hercules in accomplishments, you must arm yourself with the magic talisman of indifference, or sadly your suit will fare. Learn from her the mistake of speaking all you feel; she appreciates a compliment; she takes an artist's delight in the phrase that glitters but is not gold, but she will, in all probability, never feel the full force of sincere sentiment until some day she meets the above-mentioned soul at the above-mentioned goal. If you think you are this soul then outdo Romeo pleading with Juliet; but if you are only a youth lucky enough to take her to a dance, believe the word of one who has tried both ways, and who is wise in the wisdom of failure, and don't let your heart well over.

There is another young lady on our campus whose beauty has wrought horrible havoc. She comes from a school in the southern part of our city, and it is whispered that it was the same even there. Her first loves were the mighty heroes of the past, and her first crushes Helen and Dido. Brown-haired, youthfully fresh, as she bends over her
books in the library, it seems as though there should be a law passed forbidding Christian girls to waste their time on heathen heroes.

More than one soulful swain has discovered that in looks he could not compete with Paris, in bravery with Achilles, or in nobleness of character with Oedipus. When a chap wishes her to walk with him and to bask in the beauty of Forest Park she prefers to read about the leafy vales of Cithara and the rocky scenery of Delphi. Alas! alas! but these classic boys are mighty barriers against the hearts of modern maidens lightly turning to thoughts of us. However, she generally finds time to steal out to the Lock and Chain, and "I have only one left on my program" is the burden of her song.

The lesson she teaches is that an all-around ladies' man must be a classical scholar. She is but one of many girls who have to be wooed with good grades. Tolerant of much, she is merciless with bad marks. An A in Latin will help you more, boys, than a handsome face, social graces, or an athletic record. She sat behind me one term when I got an F in Greek, and at present zero is hardly low enough for my stock. The way to her heart is a long, long road that winds across the hilltops of Ida and the heathers on the plains of Troy.

We also have a co-ed with us of histrionic temperament and terpsichorean fame. If you have never seen her dance, neither De Swirsky nor Pavlowa can compensate you. In the course of her graceful career on the stage she has danced with many a youth, and in every case she has danced his heart away. The remarkable part of this is that each one of her admirers remains around; although the years are long and the beaux are many, "sturdy and staunch they stand," and, like the little toy friends in Eugene Field's poem, they are true. Far be it from me, however, to insinuate that her friends are toys. One of them is a composer of note, and it has been whispered by a certain ubiquitous Bluejay that a youth of gridiron fame is competing strongly. Then there are besides too many other lesser lights that seem to have a good chance for me to enumerate them here.

The moral that all may learn from her case is that constancy will cover a multitude of sins, and that although you may have neither brawn nor brain, there are girls who will like you just because "you are you." With these be sure that you are yourself, and do not masquerade with
another's manners or speak another's words, even though that other
be William Shakespeare, Doctor Lowes, or he who wrote "Quadrangle
Town."

Now, boys, in conclusion, I wish to state that if you will consider the
girls here described as both types and as individuals, and if you will follow
the advice given above, you will be successful in your suits and will not
have to apply to Laura Jean Libbey for any first aids. Know when to
be sincere and soulful, have good looks, possess the ability to master the
classics, to write mighty melodies, play football, and, above all, at the
psychological moment be what, for want of a better phrase, I will call
"just yourself," and all will go well with you in your lighter fancies
and blissful at last will be your promenade with your own little Maud in
the promised garden.
College Chaps Whom Co-Eds Love

Striking Sketches of a Few Favorite Fussers

By McMillan's Most Meditative Maid

AST night as I was just jumping into bed and preparing to pass to the land of dreams (which to many of us co-eds means visions of Lock and Chain dances intermingled with Junior and Senior Proms), the maid knocked at my door and said that the Hatchet Editor wished to see me.

"Why, it is too late," I said. "No, Miss," she replied, "it is about Hatchet business and Miss Smith has made an exception in his case. Besides, Mr. Price and Mr. Lockwood are along, and I heard them tell Miss Smith they came to insure Mr. Sihler’s not ‘asking to know’ too much."

Wondering what such a high brow as Si, backed up by two of his staff, could want with poor little me, I got down to the parlor as quickly as I properly could. There I found not only the above mentioned luminaries, but also all the boys on the Hatchet Board. Silent and sleepy they sat around while the "Ed." showed me that remarkable document, "Portraiture of a Few Favorite Fair Ones." He said that many of the staff had heard Miss Pankhurst lecture; had come to believe in woman suffrage and had insisted that the girls be represented through an article by me, entitled "College Chaps Whom Co-Eds Love."

"I don’t think much of this idea myself," concluded Sihler, "but I just had to do what my staff wanted."

On first reading the "Portraits," I was astounded. I had never read such deep and subtle psychology outside the pages of Professor Swift’s book; I had never dreamt such an analysis of the madness of love was to be found outside of "Locksley Hall;" I did not know the male mind was capable of so analyzing a co-ed’s thoughts and loves. The crowning triumph I considered to be the advice at the end. It is so simple and comprehensive and easy for any painstaking, conscientious youth to follow.

When I, however, came to writing about the boys I found myself up against a problem far worse than why my blue party dress was so much more becoming than my pink one. And that had long been to me
the most difficult problem with which I was acquainted. Being in love with so many of the boys myself, I had a great deal of trouble in picking out types to give advice about.

On the whole, I suppose, girls, you are all interested in a certain handsome musical youth who capers somewhat on our campus. During the fall and winter he is dressed immaculately in blue; but promptly on Easterday, like the wanton lapwing, he gets himself another crest and thereafter appears in gray. During his freshman year he took all the fussing courses offered, and thereafter on any question that has to do with co-eds, the sum of human knowledge is not half what this boy knows.

During his career at Washington University he has shown himself so expert at running co-ed elections that all the suffragettes in the city have promised to make him their political manager if women ever vote in Missouri. At present he is principally engaged in returning black sheep to the “campus four hundred.” Old maid players, coffee drinkers, boys who don’t pay party calls, who sit up after ten o’clock and do all sorts of horrible things, have recently, through the prestige of his friendship, been kindly received at several pink teas. Truly it is a noble occupation to win wayward youths from the pagan purple of careless ways back to the peaceful pink of afternoon teas.

One distinguishing characteristic of this young man is that he never rushes anyone violently. There is always an even tenor about the way he does things; but, like all of the girls in the “Portraits,” he is strong for the classics, and when a co-ed learns to whisper sweet nothings to him in Greek, I am sure he will take her to two dances in a row.

There is another youth among us, girls, who, strange as it may seem now, used to think that there was little to life save athletics, studies, Sunday school, and an occasional dance. It took him nearly three years to appreciate the fact that “the dark riddle of the painful universe” could only in reality be solved when looking into some co-ed’s eyes in the archway. Before he seemed utterly oblivious to the truth that theories of taxation and the philosophy of Socrates and Kant only divulge their cryptic meanings when some fair one is by your side silently encouraging you. It makes no difference to him who the fair one is, and this, in his words, “demonstrates the cosmic character of my soul.” Let’s raise a
paean of thanks, girls, because this promising youth's eyes have at last been opened and he now realizes that there are higher and better things in a college life than scholastic honors, athletic triumphs, regularity at Sunday school, and a moderate amount of society.

In these little sketches I must, by no means, forget a certain youthful Sophomore who has, in the course of two short years, been very attentive to a score of girls, among whom was one of those charmingly described in the "Portraits." This chap's method is to meet a girl and for several months rush her and her alone. When thinking of her there is for him a new pleasure in the flowers and a new glory in the grass. He braves the ire of the Seniors and fusses her on the Library Arcade and the Archway. The florists cannot grow enough flowers; the theatres offer enough good plays. This constancy is inspiring while it lasts, but, like most good people and good things, it does not last long. For some time now he has been remarkably constant; but the time of his unmooring is probably near at hand, and who knows but any one of you may be the fortunate girl if you will only be sufficiently soulful and sweet. And then the flowers and the theaters!

Confident that I have pictured at least a few campus "cut-ups" faithfully, I will not attempt to go into the subtleties of psychology indulged in by the author of the "Portraiture," but I will leave you to draw your own conclusions, and if they are wrong, to the tender mercies of Laura Jean Libbey.
The Campus

It has very often been said by persons visiting our University that the campus and the buildings are ideal and impress one with the real college spirit. Without doubt this is a fact, and the surprising thing is, that one who frequents these halls of learning daily scarce appreciates the beauty and grandeur. But let us stop a moment and consider what must be the impression made upon a stranger as he approaches the campus.

Coming up from Skinker Road the visitor sees stretched out before him a long avenue, gently rising and merging into the broad, impressive flights of red granite steps leading up the terraces that form the foreground to University Hall. This, a long, two-story building of the Tudor Gothic style of architecture, extends to either side from the central archway. Surmounting the central part of the building are the four strong, massive towers, only two of which are seen, of course, from the front.

As a visitor comes up the flights of stairs he begins to catch glimpses through the archway of another building beyond, also long and impressively constructed, but fronted with a long arcade, gracefully relieving what would otherwise be a too massive and too monotonous face.

Passing within now our friend is struck by the maze of paths and cross paths in the quad; but let him remember that this is as it is at Oxford and he will understand. In order not to let himself go entirely astray, because he is almost completely overcome by the many interesting and truly beautiful bits of architecture which he sees, our guest starts toward his left, and there he inspects Busch Hall, the home of chemistry.

He returns, and now walking along the arcade of the library he fully appreciates the grandeur of his surroundings, the large, massive red granite buildings, decorated by the soft white stones and all covered over with the creeping ivy. He is taken back to the days of the good Queen and imagines himself in the courtyard of some mediaeval stronghold.

With a last, lingering look back at complete harmony in architecture within and hastily retracing his steps outside along the arcade, he finds himself in the path leading to the “dorms” and to the “Gym.” As he goes he is attracted by the low, rather unimposing Eads Building, at first thinking it but an extension of the library to which the architect must have devised a queer means of entrance. On his left is the broad
The expanse of Forest Park with the Chancellor's home in the distance. Even from where he is he can see that its unique bit of architecture is most noteworthy. This he is informed is the latest addition to the University and somehow or other he is fascinated by the quaint structure.

Our visitor now looks straight in front of him and sees on the left of the path a long narrow building, extending he knows not how far, and facing this a smaller building, not long but with roof slanting from the center and surmounted at each corner by a graceful tower. This is the Graham Memorial Chapel.

The two dormitories, Tower and Liggett, do not take much of his time, though he is interested in seeing how the boys live. His journey is now toward the Gymnasium. This squat-looking little building with its two stumpy towers in the center forms quite a contrast to the buildings he has seen so far; but it looks like a surly bull-pup guarding the western end of our campus. Our guest too is impressed by the large athletic field adjoining, with the huge grandstand, where seating capacity is ten thousand.

And so he finally gets to McMillan. That is another revelation to him. Can it be that this exquisite bit of architecture is the women's dormitory? He means no slights to our co-eds, but our friend, as you see, is not quite up with the advance made here at Washington. He is truly amazed and still more so when he is shown about the place and sees the neat, clean rooms of the girls, the finely appointed dining room and the "Gym-mie," that miniature of the one he has just visited.

After a hurried but thorough inspection of Cupples Two, the home of the Engineers; Cupples One, the Architects' rendezvous, and the knowledge-laden quarters of the Law School, our friend finds himself a wiser but let us hope not a sadder man, once more in the archway, ready to go back to the city and to tell, if he can only remember, the many novel and interesting things he has seen. And rest assured, he has truly appreciated the value of all, though he has not gazed long and fervently at each of them.

The sun has set, and as he steps out upon the terrace to begin his descent, he sees before him again St. Louis, but here and there, all over, are twinkling, dancing, a thousand tiny little lights. And as the gloom thickens and the air grows cooler a feeling almost of sentiment comes over him, but with a twitch in his face that shows he is but human, he goes on his course.