



SENIORS

An Appreciation

"We are men, my liege."

"Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men."

Macbeth, Act III, Scene I.

There is an old adage that "A cat may look at a king." Most cats have something better to do, yet, the privilege is worth something. The cat who does exercise this valuable perquisite of felinity must surely do so in fear and trembling. Such is the feeling with which the humble but useful junior regards the wise and reverend senior. The junior does not dare to criticize the senior; he can only feel sorry for him.

The senior is a living(?), breathing, walking, talking(!) contradiction of the adage that "there can never be too much of a good thing." **College life is a hill, and its summit is the junior year.** Four years in college means a toilsome ascent to a height above the common level of work-a-day life and a rapid descent to that level once more.

The senior descends in one year the distance he has climbed in three, and is shot by sheer momentum far out into the cold "bank-note world" where he finds his learning "something between a hindrance and a help." He leaves college on the same level that he entered it, albeit somewhat out of breath from his mental gymnastics.

College life is an unconscious tragedy in five acts. Act I, the freshman, happy in his innocence, his brand new suit and his fore-