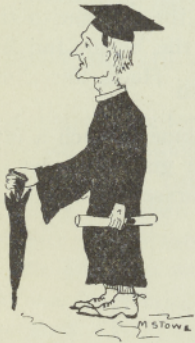


doomed prep-cap comes to taste the sweets of college life and sips instead the muddy waters of the race. He farms out his mind for four years to learned professors who "take lodgings in a head that's to be let unfurnished."

Act II. The half-blown sophomore (who will soon be fully blown) is the happiest man on the campus. His dormitory boardbill to the contrary notwithstanding, "he on honey dew hath fed, and drunk the milk of paradise." But the sad confession at the end of the act is:

"My only books  
Were woman's looks  
And folly's all they've taught me."



Act III. It is one of the unexplained mysteries of college life that the loquacious sophomore, "who thinks too little and who talks too much," who alternates between "moping melancholy and moonstruck madness" is ever transformed into the quiet, sensible, dignified and altogether delightful junior, so full of merit, so worthy of commendation, and yet so unconscious of the dreadful fate in store for him. For the happy tranquility of the junior year is "but the torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below." He is to be a senior, and that is worse than death, Genung or freshman elocution.

Act IV sees the senior, the "bright consummate flower" of four college years. But alas the bloom is shed and only the dried, withered seed-pod remains of what was so fair a year ago.

Act V, life after graduation, may spoil or save the drama. It is the only act outside of college influence and many a man has succeeded in spite of a bad start.

But to exercise to the full our rodential perequisite, let us look once more at the senior. Pale and wan from the fiction of midnight oil, there is yet something sublimely pathetic about him.

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth,"

in his mind he hovers, sustained by self-generated superheated atmosphere, which cooled by the chill winds of adversity, will soon let him know the significance of Newton's second law. Yet behold