ing house, especially at the West End, is the girl who elocutionizes all day long, with pauses only for her Delasarte gesture practice. Precious pauses! The church-choir girl, who does her “Sol-fa” ing in the evening, is more bearable. There is the old man upstairs who coughs terrifically for half an hour every morning, and who has “set in the same seat, sir, for twenty-three years.” He is not so bad as the fresh young clerk, who, finding time hangs heavy in the evening, comes in when you want to study, and carries on an endless one-sided conversation, until you want to kick him out. Then there is always the man who wants an exact ten-word definition of mech. engineering, and also wants to know just what you are going to do after leaving the Tech., when, heaven knows, you haven’t an idea ahead beyond the hope of writing a thesis, and getting a degree, if possible.

However, there are days of happiness even in a boarding-house life: days when a check comes, and the room rent is paid; days when The Tech comes out without any chestnut cuts; days when you have heard from her; and days when your report comes in, with plenty of C’s on it. And to all of us—whether plugging chemistry or the beautiful “eine wilde Taube,” or sweating over Integral, or putting in our best work on a thesis which we hope the Profs will understand (we don’t)—to all of us, Freshman or Senior, there comes of an evening the welcome strain, “S-u-e-t ci-der, five cents a qu-art!”

Finn Fisherman.
(An old manuscript translated from the French of Berthoud.)

On the 15th of April, 1523, a shallop was drifting in the North Sea, at the mercy of the wind and waves. A woman, two children, and a sailor were alone on the waters in this frail vessel. The woman, wrapped in a large cloak, under the shelter of which she hugged her children to her heart, alternately wept and prayed. The sailor, in despair, had closed his arms on his breast, and awaited in sullen silence the death which seemed inevitable. Through the thick mist his practiced eye at length saw hope. “Land! land!” he shouted, and grasping again the oars, he plied them with renewed vigor. In vain; his exhausted strength could surmount no rebuff, even with apparent safety in his reach. He abandoned his hopeless labor. The mother’s quick eye detected his purpose as he quickly relieved his person of his heavier garments. “You will not abandon my children to perish!” she cried, in agony. The sailor looked wistfully at the unhappy sufferers. He measured the distance to the shore with his eye, and looked into the seething cauldron beneath him. He ventured no word of consolation, lest his mercy should master his judgment; but while the mother yet hoped, while she leaned forward to catch a word, a sigh, a breath in answer, he cut all short by diving suddenly into the sea. The boat reeled and shivered under the momentum of his plunge. The mother clasped her little ones yet closer to her breast. The wave that seemed about to overwhelm her was broken in its crest by the strange weight it bore, and as its waters neared her, a sullen and unearthly sound broke on her ear, and the spray flying across her face came blood-stained. The dead body of the sailor who had deserted her bumped against the boat’s side, and floated out of sight forever. He had struck on the sharp rocks beneath the surface, and escaped a more lingering death. In another instant the deserted woman felt the bottom of the boat grating on the sand. Another bound before the wave and it was fast. In an instant she stepped from the shallop, caught her infants in her arms, and aimed for the beach, which seemed at little distance. The water deepened, as she proceeded, to her waist,—to her throat; she staggered, and the stifling cries of her children nerved her to new strength. An agony of fear, the strength of despair, each seized her in turn, till at length, in a delirium of joy, she left the sea behind her, and falling on her face in the damp sand, she poured out her soul in gratitude to God, who had delivered her and her little ones. A few