Freshman Themes.

As I was going home I saw a man standing in the road. He was good looking, being perhaps thirty-five or forty years old. Although he did not have on fashionable clothes, he was neatly dressed in serviceable goods. He was gazing intently around and at the sky when I first saw him. After standing there for about fifteen minutes he slowly stooped and picked up an object. He held it up and examined it very carefully for about five minutes. It was rectangular in shape and gray in color. Occasionally he gazed thoughtfully at the ground; finally, with great deliberation, he again stooped. He carefully placed the object down as if it were very delicate and might break. Then after regarding it for some moments in silence, he picked up a hammer which was near by and gave it a tap. He was a street paver.

H. T. C., 1901.

As I sat in Room 45, Rogers, to-day, a downcast-looking Freshman strolled into the room. Without looking to the right or to the left he walked to the side of the room near where I was sitting. I knew by his looks that something rested heavily on his mind. He laid his hat and coat on the table, and with a slow step walked over to the large bulletin which contains the marks in mechanical drawing. Leaning forward, he fixed his eyes on the list of names and began scanning them eagerly. I watched him as he gazed anxiously down the board. As his eyes became fixed on one point his face was suddenly brightened by a broad smile, and he raised his eyes toward heaven as if saying a prayer in thanksgiving. He turned and quickly left the room, quite merry. When he had gone I was anxious to know the cause of his sudden joy, and on looking on the board, beside his name I found that he had received a "P" on his ninth plate.

J. M., 1901.