glazed paper with the slow-drying ink, and, upon blotting, almost all the ink came off on to the blotter in legible words, only it read backwards from right to left. But I held it before a mirror, and the reflection read from left to right. There were several lines of writing on the blotter, but heavy ink lines had been carefully drawn through them on the blotter. One line, however, remained clear, and it read:

"If you think you can get ahead of yourself, you are very much mistaken.

"Yours very truly,

"YOURSELF."

EDITOR'S OFFICE.

It was a small room at the head of three flights of very dusty, narrow stairs. Inside was a large office desk, a chair in front of it, and by the side a large table littered up and covered, as was the desk, and for that matter every corner of the room, with every kind and description of books, magazines, proof-sheets, and the various miscellany that an editor's office collects. As regards the decorations on the walls: the main picture was a side view of the full-length figure of a girl in black and yellow, by Beardsley. The rest of the walls were simply covered with pictures of all kinds and sizes, mostly of the poster type, and all in good taste and keeping, which, together with the disorder of the room, gave it a decidedly attractive and Bohemian appearance.

Written to — an artistic literary crank.

R. B.

EDITOR HIMSELF.

He was seated in the chair as I entered, and I must say, entirely in keeping with the rest of the room. He was hunched up in as small a space as possible, with his knees drawn up till they almost touched his chin. His yellowish hair, very long and standing out in every direction, together with his long Roman nose, gave him a decidedly wild appearance, which was only intensified by his black lustrous eyes, which had a peculiar dancing madness in them. As he arose to meet me I noticed that his clothes were almost falling from off him, so big and loose were they, but I will say scrupulously clean, as was his entire person. Altogether he was an object well calculated to startle one, and well in keeping with his strange and curious room.

Continuation to — the literary crank.

R. B.

More Don'ts for Freshmen.

Don't swagger at all.

Don't fail to take an active part in the activities of your own class.

Don't air your opinions in class or out unless there appears to be a real demand for them.

Don't imagine that people have been waiting for you in particular to enter here; you are only one of several hundred.

Don't miss reading the bulletin boards; every one does, and you might find something of interest on them.

Don't delude yourself into thinking that your name in prep. school has followed you here.

Don't expect the president to conduct your career personally; he is a very busy man, and will hardly have time.

Don't be afraid to try for things like glee club, dramatic club, weekly board, public speaking, etc.; it takes nerve, but the kind that people like.

Don't find fault with the way things are run; for after you have been here a while you'll find it a pretty good place, after all.

Don't ask a man himself if he is a Freshman, however much he may look the fact. Ask some one else.

Don't try to amuse your classes with witty remarks; some people's sense of humor is not over keen.—Chicago Weekly News.