

expansion of our higher faculties, and we shall become day by day more nearly what our Maker intended we should be, and we will then be enable to realize that our castles are built upon rocks.

A. H.

### A Day as a Cadet.

Trata, tarata, ring out the notes of the lively reveille in the bugle's boisterous complaint of "I can't wake 'em up!" Lights flash out and in a moment where before everything was dark and silent, all is now bustle and excitement. Cadets are heard calling to one another or waking up their room mates., and in a few minutes we see them descending the stairs and coming out in front of the building to fall in for reveille roll call.

A cadet at reveille is a very different being from the one we see at dress parade. In fact, he is hardly awake yet, and his sleepy appearance, together with an old hat, an overcoat instead of a blouse, and no collar or tie, go far toward transforming him. Very little talking is heard, and that is in a subdued tone. Most of them are lying down on the gallery, or, if it is a cold morning they are crowded up in one corner trying to keep warm. The first sergeant perhaps, and one or two others, may be in their places waiting for the "fall in!" At last it is heard and they quickly take their places, the inevitable "lates" coming after them.

The roll call is soon over, and it is then that the cadet's daily life begins. Within the next twenty minutes he must get ready for breakfast, sweep out, pile his bunk, and thoroughly police his room and get everything in readiness for the day. Breakfast call is sounded then

and the battallion is marched down to breakfast and there he manages to make a hearty meal of "reg" and "axle-grease," "grab-all," "sawdust," "big nigger," "shot-gun," "winchester," cush and other things that have received appropriate names from former battallions, and have been handed down along with other customs and traditions of the cadets.

It is queer and often amusing how slang is used to express different phases of college life. To be reported is to be "rammed," to be excused is to "ride a gim," a "goose egg" is the term used for a zero, to get one is to make a "bust," to be perfect is to "knock his eye out for a hundred," to be a favorite is to "have the bird" and so on through.

The battallion is marched directly from the mess hall to morning chapel, and strangely enough they seem to dislike this more than any other duty, and hardly waiting for the amen they rush out as soon as it is over. Guard mounting is being sounded as we leave the chapel, and a few minutes later the sick call is sounded. Guard mounting is ever a beautiful ceremony. The polished arms gleaming brightly in the morning sunlight, the quick movements, the various manoeuvres, the salutes and reports to the different officers, all combine to make it interesting and impressive, even more so than dress parade, though not on so large a scale. Some who are not busy with other duties are looking on, but by far the greater part are studying.

Study call is sounded at 8 o'clock, and from then until 4 o'clock, when release is sounded, or half past 4, when practices cease, lessons and practices come in almost unbroken succession, excepting