

qualities of man. I have neither gone the ways of a lunatic nor sunken into the depths of despair. When I hear Reveille morning after morning I wear a hunted look, but I stand it like a man. We deserve sympathy. Can you picture in your mind a cold, bleak morning when it is yet dark, just before the dawning of the day; when there is no fire in the stove and the water in your bucket has been transformed into a great cake of ice; when the north wind strikes old Foster Hall with a moan and a sigh, and the windows clatter to and fro as the cold wind sifts through the cracks? Can you form that picture in your mind? You can, for you have been there, and, as you see the dark, bleak night and hear the moaning of the wind and feel the piercing cold, you snuggle deeper in your blankets and pass off into pleasant dreams. But, hark! Above the howling of the north wind, hear the hard, harsh notes of Reveille! Do we hide our heads beneath our blankets and fall into peaceful sleep? Far from it. We come in contact with the freezing morning and grope for our clothes. Ten minutes later and we are out in the very teeth of the weather answering to Reveille roll call. Do we deserve your sympathy?

I admit that I am a mental wreck. All through this life I shall go with bowed head and shoulders bent. With stealthy glances and keen ears to see or hear some sign of an imaginary Reveille I shall pursue life's long and weary way. And if I were to die tonight, my misery would not end. Ten million years from now, when new Empires will have risen only to fall again; when this human man will have become,