

A Freshman's Experience.

IT was a hot, sultry day, early in the month of September, that I landed in Cincinnati, enraptured by my conception of entering the O. C. D. S. and becoming a distinguished D. D. S.

I had enjoyed a pleasant ride on the train, and, feeling much refreshed, I stood at the crossing, with my large gripsack, gazing on the street cars with a horrid superstition of being run over, which I had been so thoroughly warned of before leaving my country home.

After crossing, I strolled up the street, indulging in the beautiful scenery abundant on every side, and tipping my hat to the waxen figures which smiled to me from the windows. I managed to steer my gripsack into every pedestrian who happened to come my way.

I was *en route* to an east number; I had a map of the city in my mind, having been there in my childhood, and visited the "Zoo." Walking leisurely along, marveling at the wonderfully tall buildings, and changing my gripsack from hand to hand, which contained my articles of toilet, and a goodly portion of sand, zinc, and lead, which I intended using in the laboratory, I landed on the Eighth Street Viaduct.

Thinking probably I had gone a few steps from my way, not knowing exactly where to find my place, I sat my grip down in front of a policeman, and, drawing my bandana, I asked him to kindly tell me just where to find my number. He replied that, from the appearance of my young trunk, and the temperature of the day, he would advise me to take a car. Hesitatingly, I asked him where I could secure passage;

upon his explanation of the street car system, a car rolled up and I boarded.

I was enjoying the sights through the windows, trying to watch both sides at once, when the car stopped, and the conductor assured me that I had arrived at my number. I got off, and stood there gazing around for several minutes. When I located my door, I proceeded to ring the bell and was promptly answered by the landlady, who showed me to my room.

I was very tired, and my arms, which seemed almost six inches longer than usual, were quite awhile in recovery.

Next morning, by the aid of a guide, I found my way to the Dean's office, where I deposited \$5.00, for good faith, and proceeded to the College. Sizing up the lockers in the laboratory, I found one which suited my fancy. So, sealing it with the old padlock which had guarded our corn-crib for many years, I endeavored to make myself familiar with the surroundings.

When the term opened, and I began my work making models, etc., I did not fail to put a good portion of the plaster on my shoes and clothing, while my hands resembled a couple of trowels; shellac and oil also had an affinity for me, and, after a few hours, I would have been mistaken for a hod-carrier.

My appearance and maneuvers at times were awkward (to me), but soon I learned to know the surroundings, and my embarrassments were vanished as Dr. Way would chase me from the Clinic, and "call me down" for whistling in the hallway.

H. R. C.