No, I'm not exactly what you would call a pessimist. My digestion is good, I've not been jilted, and I'm not a grouch. I'm just a little given to objecting to things in general. And now, honestly, it goes against the grain with me to see how completely the students in the Library School have pitched their tents and staked their claims in the reading rooms. I'll admit that they have a right there and that they are doing something worth while and all that, but I just can't see for the life of me where the rights of the common ordinary student come in. Why, I spent three hours and a half the other day just trying to get a squint into the "Year Book" for 1902 and a glance at "Who's Who in America", and by actual count seventeen different young women, all with pens and serious looks and pads of paper were poring over those two interesting volumes as if in search of some single remedy for all the ills of the human frame. Then somebody told me that I could find what I wanted in a thing called "Poole's Index"—an invention of the devil to aid one in finding what he doesn't want. If you have been in the west reading room of late, I don't need to tell you the state of vivisection in which I found that index. The "Dewey System" had a half holiday at the first table, and twenty three library students were systematically at work there. No, I'm not downhearted, nor unhappy about it. I'm just as proud of our Library School as you are, but I'm going to go on wondering why in the world the Legislature or some other benevolent body can't give us money enough to conduct a library as well as a library school. Maybe I'm wrong—I've been known to be—but it seems to me that it would be mighty convenient for all of us if it were possible to have things a little different.

There are two other things about this University that have sort of lodged in my cerebellum, and they are a big law student behind