

with whom we make exchanges to be prompt, and though the BATTALION is yet in its infancy, we will make it at least interesting to those who wish it to prove a success.

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The Messenger, one among the best of our exchanges, has in its last issue a piece entitled "College Days." It is well written, and beautifully illustrates the swiftness with which school days pass. It seems but a short time until you return to your "alma mater" and find all strangers, there being no one to welcome you as an old school mate.

"Or is it, friends, a parable of Heaven,
That Heaven the golden-visioned poets
dream,

Whereto returning in the eternal round,
Of birth and death our petty life shall seem
Scarcely the dreamy interval of a night;
And we, the home of angels reached again,
Rest heart-content in well-remembered
bliss."

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We find in a late issue of the Wind Mill, the following:

"But the life of a boy editor is not all pleasure unalloyed. As he stalks about among his less gifted comrades with dignified manner and swelled head, he inspires—not awe and reverence, but fear and deadly hatred. When his neighbor findeth a grind in the aforesaid paper about himself, he swear-eth dire revenge, and shunneth this hereafter, even as he shunneth his algebra book. The editor is persecuted by his comrades by day and in his dreams by night he sees his wrathful fellow cadets sitting in a body on his neck, and demanding that he retract all he's said about them. But he sidetracks them instead."

We can find nothing in this piece commendable enough to warrant its occupying the position which it does.

We disagree entirely with its author, for we see no reason why the boy editor should consider himself more gifted than his fellow classmates. Since there is so great an enmity existing between this editor and his fellow students, there must be some cause for it, and I think

the cause was acknowledged in this little article. But it is not (as stated) because the editor writes up his school-mates, but it is because this young man has allowed himself to become a victim of this dreadful disease, the "swell-head," as he calls it, and as soon as this boy editor cures himself, I think harmony may again be restored, and all the cadets who are sitting in a body on his neck will consider the matter and move off.

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The Hamilton College Monthly has arrived at the conclusion (in a late number) that "the greatest miracle on earth is man."

We cadets think that of all miraculous beings, woman is by far the superior of all others.

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The Reveille has in its last issue one of the finest articles we have ever read, entitled "The Realm of Woman." That journal should be proud that it has one who can make so good a contribution to its pages.

The editors decided to make an effort to get out a special commencement edition of the BATTALION. This edition is to contain a full account of the commencement exercises and promotions, as well as a short biography of each member of the First class. If the cuts of some of the college buildings can be obtained. This issue will give some idea of the college scenery. Now, let each and every member of the faculty and the corps lend a helping hand and try to make the commencement edition a success. It will not only be an advertisement for the college, but something that you may send to your friends who could not attend our commencement exercises.