

a scene more beautiful than this to whisper his sacred tale in the ears of his loved one, or what fair maiden could resist the earnest pleas of a lad for her hand under such conditions as these? But 'tis not to last. Through the still air comes the shrill notes of a bugle, and the cadets turn from this lovely scene to the pages of Latin and Calculus. The sound was "call to quarters."



Christmas is approaching and many are the air castles that are being built of big times and famous trips. Oh! to what height human expectancy can rise only to be dashed to earth again. What grand visions float before the school boy's mind, how many plans he has laid that he will never have the pleasure of seeing carried out. Those lovely beings that float before his fancy in angelic form stir chords in his tender heart that have not been touched for three long months, how eager and impatient he is for the time to come when he can go home and be with his loved ones; a father and mother, whose hair is touched with drops of frost that makes his head droop in sorrow as he sees time placing its inevitable marks on them; a brother, whose young, vigorous life flows so easily and cheerfully on with no thoughts of sorrow to mar its happy moment, and perhaps a sister, with pretty curls and tender eyes, and a still more loving heart. He can see her in his dreams as she trips down the walk with outstretched arms to meet him at the gate. Never before has he realized how dear she is to him, and with a

fond heart he counts over the little gifts he is going to give her. But still another haunts him day and night. He can see her sitting in a cozy little parlor, where he has seen her sit a thousand times or more; her form floats before him in angelic beauty; he longs to worship at her feet, and so he drifts on into the regions of Fancy and Dreamland, forgetting all about him until some naughty school-mate gently brings him to himself by sticking a pin half an inch or so into his frail body only to see him drift again into sweet oblivion. Oh, that these happy dreams could last forever! Many a life would be spent in pleasure that is spent in pain and torture.

We wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and hope that you won't be disappointed in your expectations. Come back after the holidays determined to study and learn, settle down to the rules and regulations, and see if you can't have a clean department page, with not a black mark on it.



We are indeed glad to see the new hall nearing completion, for it will add greatly to our comfort. Many are the guesses we have made as to what its name will be. Foster Hall would be very appropriate.



The new Agricultural building is now in the state of erection, and with what pride the "Bug Hunters" watch its steady growth towards completion so they can move over and call it "home."

