

THE BATTALION.

will make each and every Cadet ready to help his college out and be proud of her success.

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Foster Hall is almost completed and it is certainly a fine building, adding much to the looks of our already beautiful Campus. The work on the Agricultural Building is also progressing nicely and we hope that it will be completed by the opening of the next session.

I wish that the members of the Corps would be more liberal with their contributions to the pages of our paper. Some of the boys are very liberal in this line and we appreciate it very much, but there are some others who could contribute a great deal to promote the interest in our paper, but they won't. I hope that in the future they will be kind enough to send us a few lines for the Battalion.

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ONLY TOO TRUE.

I unbuttoned my coat with a sigh of relief,

Soon after a tussle with a slice of beef,

And pulling on my slippers I started to "dig"

For the reason that I'd soon be questioned in "Trig."

But somehow or other the "Trig" grew remote,

My thoughts began to wander as gossamers float,

And slowly, unconsciously, in a dreamy kind of way

I began to ponder on the happenings of the day.

This College is the worst place for pests of all degree.

For instance, there's the "Bum"—he's no stranger to me,

With his cigarette paper, "Can you fill this prescription?"

And "got a stamp?" All have heard requests of this description.

And there's the grumbler. He's the worst beef in the herd.

Kicking about the grub or having lost a bird.

He's equipped with brains enough to carry him through a flying
If he'd only use them rightly and stop his constant crying.

There's another type of youngster.
Now isn't he a bird?

He's the good-natured fellow of whom, perhaps, you've heard.

He's a hearty, well-met fellow for any mischief willing,

But as for lessons and the like he's worth the killing.

whom, perhaps, you've heard.

I've forgot the "Sport" with his four-inch collar.

You'd think him a millionaire, but he hasn't got a dollar.

Red tie, tan shoes, fond of his own reflection.

Put him under a microscope, he won't stand inspection.

And there's that nuisance. What? Taps? By Joe!

And four lessons to-morrow—a hard row to hoe.

Speaking of freaks—don't I take the cake?

At zero in Math and 85 to make.

S. H.—, '01.