

THE BATTALION

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The Battalion staff wishes, in this the final regular edition of the paper, to give thanks to the many who have helped in the publishing of the paper. To all of our advertisers, who have been very liberal; to Mr. Wallace, Mr. Graham, and all others connected with the Wallace Printing Co., who one and all have aided us in many ways; to Mr. Mitchell, chairman of the faculty committee on student activities, who has been more than willing to help and advise at any time; to the Athletic Department, which in many ways has aided the Sports Editor; to a loyal student body, that by a successful extra subscription campaign made us financially sound; and to all others who in any way have helped, we give sincerest of thanks. If again we had the privilege of editing and managing the paper, we feel that we could avoid many of our past mistakes, but that cannot be. We believe The Battalion this year has represented our best possible efforts, and believing this is all that even the most critical could ask, we bid you one and all "Farewell".

THE STAFF.

MUSIC AND LIFE.

Are you one who sings inwardly at your daily tasks, or are you only a dead cart rumbling down the road to oblivion? Do you put joy into your everyday work and into the hearts of the people with whom you come in contact, or do you spread gloom in your wake?

This world is an insolvable puzzle to the most of humanity. Its cruelties, contradictions and antinomies cause the people to take refuge in stoicism, agnosticism and many other doctrines and beliefs.

When the heart sings the mind is clean. Therefore, one can readily conceive of faith being obtained through and by music. Music, of instruments, of words, and of the inner recesses of the heart, should be the elements of which the greater part of man's life is composed. Music is the only art, besides theology, capable of affording peace and joy in life to its fullest extent. Many sick and weary hearts have often been solaced and refreshed by music; there is harmony and proportion where there is music.

Marcus Aurelius, the perfect dreamer, rich in inner music, said: "Welcome all that comes, untoward though it may seem, for it leads you to the good, the health of the world order. Nothing will happen to me that is not in accord with nature."

One must have a noble mind and a wealth of inner music to hold a faith like that; but what a better world this would be if we could all believe as he did. Instead, we too often seize on life's dull joys from a strange fear that should they be lost there would remain nothing more. It is a very hard to enjoy life and all it means to us when our souls are dry and cracked and tuneless.

One who makes the hearts and souls of men and women sing within them does more to make the earth habitable and life tolerable than those who widen our comforts and increase our luxuries.

Love nature, which is free from petty things. Be glad of life. If life appears commonplace, we have invested it with a coarse habit of thinking. Think beauty and life is beautiful. Think music and life is joy.

SENIOR WEEK.

The Battalion wishes one more time to go on record as strongly favoring Senior Week. The sentiment favoring it has been growing stronger and stronger, and a committee has been chosen to place the matter before the faculty. It may be that they will not give it their approval. If such be the case, we shall abide unreservedly by their decision, for we believe their only desire is to do what is right and best. However, we believe the matter should be given very careful consideration. We have asked many things of

the faculty this year. Some of these requests have been granted, and some have been refused. Some have been reasonable and some have not been. But that is past history. We have at last a request which we believe is wholly just and reasonable. And The Battalion believes such requests should be granted. The senior could use the week in many ways. There will be some that will almost have to have it if they finish. Others will be through, and would love to have it for a last mixing and mingling with their classmates. It will be the last time that many of us will ever meet. We have worked together for four years, and why not give us one final week in which to loaf and rest together? It will give those who are behind a chance to keep from having to work all night long, and it will give those who are up a chance for last "farewells."

A few days ago our Commandant said we had been "good citizens." The condemned criminal is granted his last request. Surely a "good citizen" deserves as much.

MOTHER'S DAY.

This day has been set aside as the one in all the year in which to do honor to her who endured many trials that we might enjoy life. Not that we do not honor Mother all the year through but that on this day everyone should make a special effort to express to her his appreciation and love.

After all she is your best girl. Man does not sink so low but that he finds his mother waiting with open arms when he returns. With that great love, so like that of the Christ, she receives him in forgiveness. She rejoices with him upon his successes and her joy is boundless. The sacrifices she has made for him are as nothing compared to her joy in his success.

Someone has said that "God could not be everywhere, so He gave us Mothers." 'Tis a beautiful sentiment well expressed. To her we can go with our troubles sure of a sympathetic audience. With her we can enjoy music, art, travel and the other external aids to happiness.

As is the custom company commanders will invite their best girls to pin flowers on the men in their respective commands.

Let us on this day pay homage to Mother, our best friend.

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