

Junior Department.

The mild spring has again dawned upon us. The Junior Editor along with his short panted friends feels the invigorating effects of her coming. From his little sanctum window, overlooking the campus, his gaze is daily attracted to a picture of enviable happiness. Each and every boy is busily engaged in some agreeable sport, a fact which betokens good work for the class room. The Junior scribe would fain attribute their unusual activity to the significant warning published in the March issue. He is indeed pleased to inform his young friends that "no sewing circle," no "five o'clock tea club," nor an old women's league will be formed so long as certain young gentlemen continue to be *men*.

A few young gentlemen (?) make it their business to run the sports in the small yard. Their word is *law*, and if a younger member does not tremble at their imperious look, this little offender (?) is styled "fresh." Well, it's our private opinion that it's the older boys, the *rulers*, who should be branded with this unpleasant title.

The Junior Editor enjoys nothing better than to see the small boys amusing themselves during recreation hours. This is the proper and appointed time for all amusements, as the study hall, class room, dormitory, refectory, and chapel, are the proper places for strict discipline. The above demands the *serious* consideration of every *serious* student.

"Better aim at a star than shoot down a well: you'll hit higher." This proverb should be carefully considered by those boys who feel contented if they are not going to be last in the final examinations. Of course all cannot be first, but each boy should, for his teachers, and parents sakes, strive to be among the leaders.

Base-ball is rapidly becoming the favorite game. The first team has not as yet been picked, but we feel confident that the Junior team will be able to hold out against all comers,—even those of the small seniors.

Joe (disgustedly) Say, "Vic" can't play ball. What's he getting his pitching arm in trim for?

Charlie [soberly]: *Hay!*

The wise ones who know the identity of the Junior Editor, will feel somewhat abashed when they discover how clever they were not.