

You reply "to uphold the class honor." Possibly so: but how a mêlée in which a man is not sure whether his opponent is a friend or foe and which has finally to be called off by mutual fatigue, by interference of the senior classes or by the freshmen being loaded on drays and trucked about the city like a wild animal show with no chance of redress, can uphold the honor of any class, is beyond our ken.

In many of the smaller colleges as well as in our sister institution, McGill, the Freshman-Sophomore scrap has become an organized affair, carefully planned, with appointed leaders, and a definite object in view; where each year has an opportunity to show its worth, and establish a prestige which shall remain for the whole academic year. A certain institution across the line, has an established custom that on a certain pre-arranged night, whichever class succeeds in planting its banner upon a monument, standing on the campus, is declared the victor. Another college has, for the object to be attained, the task of painting the year number on the city stand-pipe, where the authorities allow it to remain until the following annual scrap decides whether it is to be erased or not.

Such aspirations, although in themselves ridiculous, are surely higher ideals than the rubbing of a man's face in the earth and its subsequent decoration in gaudy colors or "two-in-one"; or the mere tying up of a man to have him released by someone who should have more sense than mingle in such affairs. They have at least the advantage of holding out some inducement for the contesting parties to do their best.

We would, therefore, present the following suggestions to the recently vanquished (?) Freshmen. "That when, a year hence, they, as new fledged Sophomores, are considering the coming scrap (for scrap there apparently must be) they give some consideration to the idea of an organized rush, rather than the awful chaos of past years.

Moreover, we are confident that once tried it would establish a precedent which would remain for years to come, and add one point to the large score of merits already possessed by Queen's University.

Ladies.

AFTER all its good to be initiated. That's what we all say, Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and even Freshettes. We all went through it and now we all belong to Levana. To belong to Queen's, to be a Queen's girl means so much to every one of us. It should mean broader education of course. Like the man of old we learn to say, "when I was a child I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things." It means new friends, new ideas, new responsibilities. In our year meetings and societies, shine forth those artists, poets, orators, actresses and even house-keepers, who in the future will silence forever those oft-recurring articles with their odious question marks: "Does college life fit woman for her life work?" Compare the child who enters to the finished product—the graduate. Speech fails us. Just a word to the new girls.