

ing from writing anything liable to excite their displeasure. To the member of Arts '11, who, above the pseudonym of "Scrutator," mentioned other persons' names without signing his own, we would say that such action is always considered poor taste in the realm of reputable journalism.

As we look back through the cobwebs of the year we see the receding vision of the past fast fading from

MED. '09. our view. It leads us back toward the early

days of the Caesars, when Dolores D. was a girl and when the now mythical record of her memorable trip to the "Associate Shades" was found in the columns of current events. So it was back in such days and such times as these when the class of Med. '10 embarked on the long voyage toward its inevitable destiny, to pass through fortune good and ill, and in its later years to become the target of relentless and cruel criticism that flows from the pens of maidens fair.

Now, the recent article of Dolores D. on "Echoes from the Zoo. Lab." calls to our minds pictures of such times as we have just recounted. We, too, were then students of zoology. In our quest after truth we were also led to the same and now celebrated laboratory by the great professor, to that laboratory where all other things are made secondary, and knowledge reigns supreme, where we reason from the known to the unknown; where all things are present from the sublime to the ridiculous—the co-ed. mingles with the dogfish. Perhaps we had better not detain you longer with our recollections that we carry from this great gateway of medicine, as we stood there in that day watching the golden sunset fall on the few years of our youthful lives that had then passed.

We were then dealing with such material things as pencils, crayons, erasers and the lumbricus. But in those early

days honesty was a primary principle and never violated. It gives us pain to learn that the children in the zoo. lab. now have become dishonest, and that the freshie and the co-ed. quarrel among themselves. The co-ed. charges the freshie with theft, but possibly an investigation might show two sides to the quarrel. For the sake of argument let us suppose the freshie to be guilty. What, then, is the duty of the co-ed.? Since she comes in closer contact with these men than do students who have not the good fortune to work in the same laboratory, it is clearly her duty to influence her freshie brethren to better modes of living. As to what course she should pursue, our guide in such matters must ever be the Sacred Scriptures. There we find that the co-ed. should first go to the freshie privately and tell him of his fault. Now we ask if Dolores D. went privately to her seventy-five brother freshies and told each of his fault? We pause for a reply—If she answers the question affirmatively her pleasant duty has been performed, but if she answers negatively then the co-ed. and the freshie are equally guilty before their peers. The latter has violated the great principle of honesty, the former has neglected her sacred duty. But we fear that even after all her experience in the "Associate Shades," Dolores D. has forgotten the private warning and has first made the public accusation. If so, we wish to point out her error, and impress upon her that she is her brother's keeper, and to say that her only course is a public confession.

We also accept her apology for the neglect of the ladies in decorating the monument.

The reporter of R. V. C. '10, too, has come forward with an apology, which we also accept. Both ladies acknowledge that they did not decorate the monument and both acknowledge that we did. But the '10 reporter wishes to clear the co-eds. on the ground that some lady in New