

Charge! Charge! Make each sword-thrust a death-stroke,
 Aim at the breast for it makes the best targe,
 Be not afraid of the gore nor the gun smoke,
 Onward to victory! Cavalry, Charge!

Trumpeter, sound forth a cry of thanksgiving,
 Blow till the end of thy desperate breath,
 Sound forth the glad note to the victorious living,
 Call back the men who rode to their death.

Back from the fray the victors are coming;
 Back from wild carnage and red field of strife;
 Back to the bivouac, the horse's hoofs drumming
 A heart-sick tattoo for victory's price.

Trumpeter, sound a note, tender and tremulous;
 Wail for those lost to us, sob for our dead;
 Mourn for the heroes! O, let your note, emulous,
 Keep in remembrance the souls that have fled!

—GIBBS, '05.

EDITORIALS.

Selfishness shows itself in many forms. Some people are comparatively free from the disease, some have it in a form so mild that it benefits them more than it harms anyone else, and some are so seriously affected that they are a source of injury to others and are in danger of ruining themselves. The one who cut pages 2849 and 2842 from the library copy of the December *World's Work* has this disease or some other in its worst form. If he had taken something that he was forced to have, it is barely possible that some excuse might be found; but to take what pleases only for the moment and is then thrown away is simply inexcusable. By the removal of these pages the pleasure and profit of the whole college has been marred and the magazine spoiled, simply to give one man a fleeting satisfaction. The act was one of supreme selfishness, or worse, and one that a gentleman would scorn.

Since the Sophomore-Freshman foot ball game, on Saturday, December 6th, the writer has heard many students and town-people express the same opinion as the writer.

The class game, as a rule, is the best game played at State