

Things have changed since the day I met Tom as a sailor near the Brooklyn Navy Yards. Today Tom and Bertha own a controlling interest in the Mud Creek Coal Company. Tom has risen from a "scab" to a coal operator. Conrad is still superintendent at No. 7, and it is thought that a partnership is pending, for Tom frequently calls at the Conrad home.

P. M. RAINEY, '05.

EDITORIAL.

What other editors do and have done seems to have great force as regards running a college magazine, so we suppose we are expected to say something about the Freshmen. There seems to be plenty of them to say something about, but probably as is usual with Freshmen they will speak for themselves. However, we have a great respect for them; we realize what wonderful potentialities there are in them; we were Freshmen once ourselves. All these members of '07 seem to receive but scant welcome, excepting, perhaps, from Sophs and from boarding house managers. The welcome from the first mentioned seems to be very warm at times, too, but these sophomoric knocks are only incidental. They probably serve a commendable purpose—as some forgotten classic pen has it, they keep him from broodin' on bein' a Freshman. Notwithstanding all this it is true that the pen is mightier than the sword, or yet mightier than the hazer's paddle, and so the FREE LANCE heartily welcomes you all, whether or no you may be able to recite backward that immortal epic which appears on the Sophomore proclamations.

Dickinson intends to send a large aggregation of rooters (about three hundred, according to the *Dickinsonian*) to the Dickinson-State game at Williamsport. So are we. And understand, all you fellows, from Prep. to Senior, are going to that game and