EDITORIALS.

AFTER a long and pleasant vacation, the accumulated dust of these several weeks is brushed from the Editorial chair and desk, the cobwebs are dislodged from the corners and ceiling of the sanctum, and the waste paper basket is relieved of its last year's repletion. The Editor then removes his hat and coat, opens the window, takes a deep, long breath of invigorating, almost intoxicating, State College air, and takes his place resignedly. The old and rusty pen is next replaced by a bright, new one, which is then dipped into a new bottle of ink, and a test of its productive capacity straightway begins.

But what about the old pen? Ah well, its work is done, and although we are loath to part with it because of the bright recollections which cluster around its presence, yet we can but say with Lowell,—

"New occasions bring new duties, Time makes ancient good uncouth."

And so we resign the old pen to it's fate with the label attached, "a thing of other college days." But in the very act of casting it aside, we are reminded that the pen is not the only thing that has departed from our midst.

How many old and familiar faces are gone; how many positions of trust and honor are left vacant by the departure of another class; how many pleasant associations and friendships are resigned to the mercy of our memories. Truly it can be said, we miss the For as we enter upon the work of a new year, beclass of 'oo. hold the change since last we wandered through these college 'Tis like the shifting of a panorama. Where last we looked to find a man, he is not there. We needs must look one place beyond. And from behind the curtain of obscure origin, there appears a new class, with its new faces to study and acquaintanceship to form, to fill the vacated space. All is changed. Yet change forms such a part of our everyday life, that each one steps into his new place with confidence born of past experience, with valor aroused by past victories, and with aspirations inspired by the ideals of the future.