

Lieutenant Pershing, in taking leave of the position he has held for the past four years as commandant of the University batallion, cannot but realize, himself, that his work here has not been just so satisfactory as it might have been.

There can be no question as to the really great service he has rendered the batallion; he found it poorly drilled and poorly disciplined, and he leaves it among the very best drilled and disciplined batallions in the United States. So far there can be no carping criticism nor fault-finding concerning his administration.

But this certainly is true: There is a feeling widely prevalent and deep seated among students who either have served or are serving in the batallion that promotions and offices were not always rewards of merit, but often the results of "pulls." Every year, before the promotions have been published, the feeling has been rife that not always the best man would have the place; the question has always been asked, "Who has a stand-in?" before attempts have been made to guess who would get the offices.

There has been such unfair discrimination—a discrimination amounting almost to favoritism, that has caused batallion promotions to fall into a certain degree of disrepute, and has made Lieutenant Pershing's administration much less satisfactory than it might have been.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Captain Guilfoyle, the new commandant, will profit by this single mistake of his predecessor. We cannot look for nor ask a better administration of the technical affairs of the batallion, but we do look for and do ask the appearance, at least, of fairness.

#### Stray People.

"Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming to town;  
Some in rags and some in tags,  
And some in velvet gowns."

The woman on the corner there with the four children and the accordion is only one

of many beggars, but she is like them all in that she is miserable and would be willing to appear more miserable than she is if it would pay. She sings loudly and not sweetly, and tugs away at her droning instrument. The children sing too, all except the baby in his buggy. His note you cannot take for anything ever written in music books. It is an unmistakable wail. The mother does not seem to care for his crying;—perhaps, whispers the cynic, within me, that is a part of the program. It is rather hard to lose faith in the babies, but one comes to it after a while as he grows old and "fair" weeks come and go.

The woman sing "After the Ball." The passers-by laugh. It is very amusing. The old beggar woman in rags and tatters singing that worn out ditty. But, perhaps, she, too, can remember. Perhaps there was a time long ago when she was the belle of the ball, and glided gayly in the crowd, with a red rose in her hair and one on her breast, and her eyes sparkling, and her feet tripping to happy strains—pshaw! a romantic fancy of mine. The woman is old and dirty and ragged, and her voice is cracked and wheezy, and she kneads her puffy accordion and begs on busy street corners. And if one looks at her he almost believes she has always been thus.

#### II.

Do street gamins ever grow up? The little, ragged fellows who stand on the street corners in great cities and sing their papers with voices of such wonderful volume and often of ringing, melodious tone—do they ever change and grow old? It seems hardly right that they should. They fit into their niches so well, seem so necessary a part of the city's life, just as they are. They help to make the noise, and in order to be great, a city must have noise.

But what will be done with them when they grow up, if they do? They cannot be gamins then surely. And yet I do not know. That old man who walked along in the crowd with his papers under his arm,