THE NEW YEAR has gone its way down the long lane of the centuries. 1926 is history. Let it remain so. The trouble with most of us is that we live too much in the past, whether it be in the glorification of ourselves in the light of laurels won or in commiserating ourselves over the failures and mistakes we have made. Let us, rather, blot out the dead and buried past, except in so far as its experiences may profitably be utilized for our guidance in the future, and live intensively for today and tomorrow.

A NEW YEAR

The First Semester is drawing GRIP to a close. Vacation and holidays are over and the stark realities of life are again staring us in the face. The deadly prospect of examinations is looming ominously on the horizon, and we all realize that this means taking a new grip, getting down to "Brass Tacks" as it were, with a firm determination to go over the top when the bugle sounds.

DO IT Two weeks remain before the NOW ordeal will be upon us. It is a good thing, at this time, to reflect on the way we have felt during other examinations—the regrets we have expressed because of not having reviewed this or that portion of the work which was a bit hazy—the maddening realization that we KNEW we were going to be quizzed on this or that point, and foolishly dismissed the matter from our minds with an "O, I'll just take a chance"—and the discouraged, hopeless feeling that resulted from the certain knowledge that a few hours of brushing up would have made just worlds of difference in our conception of the subject. All this after the die has been cast and the examination questions lie before you. And so, let us reflect on these memories NOW; let us profit by past experience; let us get in those few good licks AT ONCE, so that when the time comes. WE'LL BE READY.

YEAR'S END

They pass by me one by one, Things I never should have done. These, I vow, no more shall be, Thieves of my tranquility. I shall be—oh, very good, As my critics say I should; Then, when this new year is through, I'll not have the hurt of you. But I'm wondering as I sigh: What procession passes by Those critics? I'm quite sure they see The things they thought were sin—in me. --Grace Cooper.