The launching of one of the great "Dreadnaughts" of our navy is attended with much ceremony and pomp. The high officials of the department in full dress uniform, the governor of the state, the name of which the vessel bears, with his staff, and his daughter to break the bottle of champaigne over its prow, are all present when amid the boom of cannon, beating of drums, and the shout of the throng, the new defender of the nation glides from the dry dock into the sea.

Today the frail little barque, The Northeastern, is launched upon the journalistic sea, and spreads its sails for popular favor, with no shouting throng, gol dalce or champaigne. It slips from the dry dock, the room of the faculty’s reviewing committee, with many blue pencil marks, but with the hope that it will be able to face the rough winds of criticism.

The Northeastern is simply a student publication gotten out by the students of the Northeastern State Normal. It does not expect to fill any "long felt want," or to attract attention by its brilliancy or to be very different from its kind. Its claim for public notice is the fact that it is of the students, by the students, for the students of the Northeastern State Normal, and promises to give the public all items of interest occurring there.

Its success is assured because a generous public always encourages the efforts of students, and never demands too much of them.