

Exchange Bric-a-brac.

We are glad to see the *Beatrice Express* on our table. The last number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* contains a very readable article on Dickens and Thackeray.

Sentiment expressed by a bright junior at a recent bun, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we flunk."

Among our miscellanies none are more welcome than the *Falls City Journal*. It is in truth a news paper.

A SIX-BUTTON KID.—A little boy, proud of his new acket, informed his sister that he was a six-button kid.

The *Student Life* from St. Louis is adorned with a bright green cover. This cover is the most prominent feature of the paper.

According to the *Budger* the faculty of the Wisconsin State University includes some of the handsomest ladies in the city of Madison.

We have received the November number of the *William Jewell Student*. It is good all the way through and we hope it will come often.

The deepest mine in the world, according to Professor H. Hooper, is the Prizibram silver mine in Bohemia. The lowest depth is 3,600 feet below the surface.

The last number of the *Occident* contains some telling facts and figures on the fraternity question. There seems to be some method in the madness of the *Occident*.

The *Undergraduate* gives a page and a half to notices of the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Century* and *St. Nicholas*,—appropriate matter with which to fill up a College paper surely.

We find the *National Scientific Journal* among our exchanges. It is devoted to the advancement of science, the mechanic arts and agriculture and contains numerous illustrations of new inventions.

The last number of the *Student Life* contains a good article on societies as educational institutions and another on prohibition in politics. The rest of the paper is filled with remarks on drawing and cute speeches about the co-eds.

The *College Transcript* is a nice and neat paper, but it takes so long to find the place after reading one page that we don't like to tackle any of it excepting the first and last pages. The fun of the *Transcript* is quite certainly not "good."

President Woolsey is reported to have said: "When I was president of Yale College I was asked if I would be willing to admit women students there. I replied that it would if Vassar College would admit young men. That ended the discussion."

Exchange editors will thank the *Berkeleyan* for giving us something new in this department, specimens of college poetry of all descriptions are found here and any one thinking of writing any spicy poetry would do well to examine the model.

With our latest exchanges comes a little paper from Portland, Oregon, called *The Archangel*. The paper contains four locals, and three pages of advertisements. It seems to us that a monthly paper might be more interesting than the *Archangel*.

A senior of dissipated habits says that geology has ruined his happiness for life. To see snakes was bad

enough but now the gigantic forms of ponderous Dinosaurs and misseapen Pterodactyls force themselves before his excited imagination.—*Yale Record*.

The *Sunbeam* is one of the most worthy and interesting of our exchanges. Though it has but four editors, the paper is complete in all its departments. The articles on school girls in the last number is in its self proof of what the author tries to prove, that the terms weak and silly, are not as applicable as supposed to school girls.

Over the garden wall,
Apple trees big and tall,
No apples as yet so hard to get,
And you may bet,
I'll never forget
The night that dogs on me were set,
Over the garden wall.

—Ex

The *Vidette-Reporter* with several other exchanges thinks that the College Faculties ought not to require the editors of the college papers to write the required number of orations and essays prescribed by the law of the school. They claim that the work of college editors is more than equivalent to the prescribed course of essay writing.

'Tis a solemn thing on a still, still night,
To stand by the river side,
And gaze on the moonbeam's silvery light
And list to the moan of the tide.

But 'tis sadder far when I toss at night,
On my bed, with my eyes opened wide
When the watch-dog howls in the pale moon light—
When I list to the moan of the tide.

The *Electrician* is numbered our latest exchanges. It is a journal devoted exclusively to the advancement and diffusion of electrical science, describing and illustrating electrical inventions in our own country and abroad. The *Electrician* is certainly well edited and should receive the hearty support of all interested in this branch of science.

The cadets of Lewis College publish a twenty-four page monthly journal called the *Reveille*. One cannot help thinking of brass buttons and blue coats while reading it for there is little else in it but barracks, camp, comrades, fight and 'rah. But withal the *Reveille* is a fine appearing paper, very readable too and we hope that its omnipresent guns will never be spiked.

"Ocean me not," the lover cried,
"I am your serf—to you I'm tide,
Don't breaker heart, fair one, but wave
Objections thine—this hand I crave."
"Oh, billow Bill," she blushed, "I see
You would beach oson shore by me;
But I'm mermaid not yet in seine,
And shell for years that may remain."

The Vassar girls are never so happy, it is said, as when allowed to go down to the river and paddle around the buoys.

Why is a torn umbrella like a small circus? A torn umbrella makes a display of ribs, a display of ribs is a side show and a side show is a small circus.

A man saw a ghost while walking along a lonely highway at midnight. The ghost stood in the middle of the road, and the wayfarer, gaidiced to investigate, poked at it with his umbrella. The next instance he was knocked twenty feet into a mud hole. Moral: Never poke at a large white mule when his back is turned.—*The Legran* Antiquated but excellent.