

Exchange Bric-a-brac,

"Literary Degeneracy," in the *College Rambler*, contains some very fine thoughts.

The *Arcadia Atheneum* comes regularly, and is read with interest by our "clippers."

The *Independent*, published at Wahoo, Neb., came to our office marked with an X. It is a wide-awake news paper, gotten up on an "independent" plan.

The *Reveille* devotes a good share of its space to continued stories. Vermont students must be strongly imbued with war reminiscences, at least the subject matter of the stories would indicate it.

The *Central Ray*, from Pella, Iowa, has let its brilliant rays scintillate across our table. With the exception of the pattern, the key compares very favorably with our other college exchanges. Withhold not the rays from us.

The *Electric Light*, a folio all the way from Clinton, Miss., has just visited us, and though not exactly all that the brilliant name would indicate, is a very newsy little paper. Anyway, after this, our office will be illuminated with "Electric Light."

The *Blackburian* put in an appearance for the first time on the 5th inst. We have not had time to thoroughly look it over, but we judge from its neat looking appearance that it presents that it is worthy of a careful reading, which we will give when we have more time, and now place it with one hundred others on our list.

The *Literary Notes*, a purely educational paper published at Crete, Neb., is a welcome visitor, and we are glad to say that it is now rapidly reviving from the several checks brought upon it by frequent changes of location and editors. Every teacher in Nebraska should make it a point to subscribe for it, for it is their friend and helper.

In scanning over the newsy pages of the *Hobart Herald* we learn that the students of Hobart College are being tortured, so to speak, with a cold chapel. We sympathize with you, children, for we have been paying devotion in just such a place, we presume, but now, after many kind suggestions to the faculty, we have a new stove, and consequently more heat.

The *Colleye Days* has found our table each month during the college year, and each time has brought before us matter that is highly commendable. The editors seem to take more pains with their work than is put on the average article, also the articles that are contributed are of very choice selection. We were particularly attracted by the oration in the last issue, entitled "Some of the Practical Uses of a Liberal Education." We only wish that college papers in general would place in their columns more solid material and less trimmings.

Of all the curious things of time,
Cranky meter and cranky rhyme
Aimless reaching for the sublime
The worst is college poetry
Pointless doggerel, misused slang,
Odes to Bacchus, with leery tang,
Oh, how awful with which to brag
The author of college poetry.



Our Bus. Man after the "forms" dropped!

A little boy watched a bee crawling on his hand till it stopped and stung him, when he sobed; "I didn't mind him walking about, but when he sat down he hurt awful."

Prof. in Latin: "Mr. K., will you please scan some?"
Student: "Prof. I don't think I can; I have not *skun* any thing for a long time."

Student in physics—"Why is it, professor, that in looking at a blank sheet of paper, near the eye, it appears red or green?"

Professor—"The reflection, perhaps; though that does not account for the red."—Round Table.

Prof.—"What is the book, in German?"

Student.—"Der Buch."

Prof.—"Hum! Did you ever see a masculine book?"

Student.—"Well, sir, this is a (Hymn) book,"

First Student,—"Well, did you make the acquaintance of that strange girl you were raving over? Second ditto,—*"Yes, followed her home."* First Student,—*"How did she strike you?"* Second ditto,—*"She didn't at all; she got her big brother to do it."*

Freshie—"What is the derivation of the word ovation?"

Senior—"Ovation, my little fellow, comes from the L in word ovum, an egg. It arose from the custom of applying rotten eggs to distinguished political speakers, which was called giving them an ovation."—Ex.

A young lady on being told at a fire to stand back, or else the hose would be turned on her, replied, "Oh, I don't care; they are striped on both sides any way."—Col. Olio.

"Do I look well in this suit, darling?" he asked.

"Of course you do, George," she murmured, "you look well in anything."

"Do you really mean it?" he asked in a charlotte russe tone.

"Of course she does," said her little brother. "I heard her say yesterday that you would look well in anything. She said you would look well in the lunatic asylum."

THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

Ah! It is painful to watch her
As she endeavors to win with the air
That captured our fathers before us,
As a lion is caught in the snare.
She's watching and waiting for some one,
Watching and waiting in vain;
To freshmen she seems like a mother;
To seniors she's homely and plain.
Can it be that she ever was pretty,
That her hair was golden and fine,
And her lips as red as the roses,
Afar back in the "auld lang syne"
It is plain as the phantoms surround her
And her pride approaches its fall,
That her "amor omnia vincit"
Has proven no "vincit" at all