

the first. The greater part of the Why am I a Democrat? could be more appropriately titled, Why am I not a Republican? Both are very good. This is the kind of questions with which we like to see college students deal.

—The *Dartmouth* contains an interesting letter from Heidelberg University. It gives a good description of the character of the German students and gives the following explanation for their queer and barbarous custom of sword duelling. An American student can hardly understand why this form of amusement should take the place of every other. For they have no athletics, in our sense of the term. But it is "an old custom," and has its roots in part, I believe in the military spirit which is so strong in Germany. I asked a good matron why the parents allowed it. She replied that they thought it fostered manliness of character, and after a year or two of this rollicking, fighting life they settled down to work and generally did well. A large proportion of these students came from families of rank. This is in part the reason why duelling, though forbidden by the laws of the University, is winked at.

—With this issue the exchange department passes into the hands of the new administration. We have the honor of being the "other man" which our exchange editor mentioned in last month's issue. We hardly know whether we are glad or sorry to take up a position of such importance and dignity. We have a great deal of hesitation about risking our opinions in print especially in the way of criticism on other printed articles. We will however do the best we can and our exchanges must excuse us if we tramp on their toes occasionally, for it is all done with a feeling of friendliness and good fellowship. On the other hand we of the new staff wish to greatly improve our paper and one of the best possible ways to find out how to do it, is to obtain the opinions and advise of our exchanges. We therefore invite your criticism. Tell us frankly wherein our paper is lacking, and we will thank you for it. Last year being the first year of life for our paper, we realized that some allowances had to be made on account of its youth. But now it is firmly established and we wish to develop it as soon as possible. So come along, brothers and sisters of the exchange and help us in our work. Rest assured we will not get angry and show our Hibernian descent if your criticisms are kindly meant.

LANCELETS.

FAREWELL ODE TO ANALYTICS.

[Air—"Shoo, fly, don't bother me."
On David's lofty mountain,
We lay our burden down.
We've borne thee o'er the campus
And throughout our college town.
Our tears are multitudinous
Our sighs are deep and long
For now the time has come for us
To sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

Anna, farewell to thee
Anna, farewell to thee
Anna, farewell to thee
And may you slumber peacefully.
We've followed thee up science hill
Through many a weary year
With lines and conic sections
Thou' hast filled our souls with fear
And many have had to crib
Though cribbing may be wrong,
But now we use the crib no more
While we sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

It never used to seem
Thy duties e'er would cease,
We never dared to dream
Thou would'st give our minds release.
And now we find it hard indeed,
To realize that thou art gone,
As we gather around thy funeral pile
And sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

The third angle is thylocus
Thine equations are transposed.
Thy signs henceforth negation
And all thy series close,
Thy functions equal zero
To thee no powers belong,
And all thy squares are frail affairs
So we close our parting song.

—The Bates Student.

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