

—The *Swarthmore Phoenix* is a model college periodical. It is usually filled full of a lively college spirit which makes it delightful reading. Everything in the paper seems to relate to colleges and to Swarthmore College in particular. It has sufficient literary character to give it dignity, yet is not burdened with any ponderous articles, which is the principal fault of many of our exchanges.

—We learn from the *University Cynic* that its editors are hereafter to be elected by the body of students instead of chosen from the fraternities. We agree with you in thinking the plan a wise one and hope your paper will receive support expected from this change. In your article, "Should the Navy be enlarged," we think you place a little too much confidence in "Yankee ingenuity." Yankee ingenuity could not prevent the capture of our sea-board cities in case of war unless it were exercised in building a navy before the war was declared.

—We always welcome the *Haverfordian*. The corps of editors go to work like old hands. The article on "Education in Politics" is especially worthy of notice. It points out clearly the necessity of being acquainted with the great political questions of to day. These practical articles on practical subjects are the kind we like to see in college journals. Classical articles may be well enough, but they always appear rather tame and lifeless when compared with a lively article on some subject of every-day interest like the one above mentioned.

LANCELETS.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF VOLAPUK.

Beyond the cheerless Arctic circle,
In the realms of ice and snow,
Seated in her cozy snow house,
I can court the Esquimaux.

On far-famed Mt. Desert Island,
Buckboard riding in the mud,
I can talk of Robert Browning,
With a cultured Boston bud.

In a yacht upon the ocean,
When becalmed I feel unwell,
I can share a bit of lemon
With a New York demoiselle.

'Neath the palm tree in the tropics,
Watching monkeys frisk about,
I can talk of Evolution,
With a fair Brazilian "sprout."

In the far-off Fiji Island,
When my fate is fairly booked,

I can court the chieftain's daughter,
While I am waiting to be cooked.

What is this strange advantage
Which I have where'er I go;
When I can charm a Boston beauty,
And can court an Esquimaux?

What you ask is very simple:
Why I always talk a streak,
For when I am with strangers,
I converse in Volapuk!—*Williams Weekly*

ILL-OMENED.

His arms with strong and firm embrace,
Her dainty form enfold,
And she blushed her sweet consent
When he his story told.

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"
She asked, with loving air;
He gazed into her upturned face,
"Yes, by yon elm I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,
Of his heart she'd lost the helm;
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this:
The tree was a slippery elm.—*Vale Record.*

FROM DAY TO DAY.

Only from day to day
We hold our way,
Uncertain ever,
Though hope and gay desire
Touch with their fire
Each fresh endeavor.

Only from day to day
We grope our way
Through hurrying hours;
But still our castles fair
Lift to the air
Their glistening towers,

And still from day to day
Along the way
Beckon us ever,
To follow, follow, follow,
O'er hill and hollow,
With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant, gay,
The bugles play
And trumpets sound
From out those glistening towers,
And rainbow showers
Bedew the ground.

—*Nora Perry.*

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

It is bad luck: To be hanged on Friday.
To marry a red-haired girl.
To be bitten by a mad dog.
To be killed by a railroad train.
To lend your best friend five dollars.
To take a twenty-cent piece for a quarter.
To call on your best girl and find your rival there.