

LANCELETS.

TANTALIZING.

Her rosy cheeks are pressed to mine,
 Her gleaming hair lies on my shoulder,
 Her arms are clasped about my neck,
 And yet my arms do not enfold her.

Her throbbing heart beats loud and fast,
 Her wistful eyes are gently pleading,
 Her blushing lips are pursed to kiss,
 And yet my lips are all unheeding.

I coldly loose her clinging arms,
 And roughly from my side I shove her,
 It's amateur theatricals,
 And I must play the tyrant lover.

—Brunonian.

THE DIRGE OF YEARS.

"Awful is the dirge of years,"—*Boccher.*
 Far sadder than solemn anthems,
 Far deeper than sighs or tears,
 Far grander than ocean's thunder,
 Is the awful dirge of years.

The dirge of the days departed,
 The song by the ages sung,
 The saga that first was chanted,
 When the earth and stars were young.

The struggles of men for duty,
 The triumphs that follow strife,
 The suffering, sorrow and sadness,
 With which the years are rife.

Far sadder than solemn anthems,
 Far deeper than sighs or tears,
 Far grander than ocean's thunder,
 Is the awful dirge of years.

—C. B. Newton in *Nassau Lit.*

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

One star from all eternity has hung,
 The porch light of God's house, to be a guide
 To weary angels, speeding to his side
 From ministry on earth; and shines among
 The lesser lights with glory that has sprung
 From nearest to his presence, and the wide
 White gates of Heaven, where the hosts abide
 Who chant his praise with undropt tongue,
 But once, when wise men journeyed from afar
 With gifts of gold and incense in their hands,
 God left the portals dark and sent his star
 To guide their footsteps over desert sands,
 To where, in stable, as the oxen are,
 A little child lay wrapped in swaddling bands.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

EXCHANGES.

As we take up the many exchanges, that cover our table, representing almost every sect and section in our land, we see reflected in them the lives of so many colleges in almost as if they were the representatives of a single institution instead of so many. For example, at least a dozen of our January exchanges have editorials commenting upon the benefits of inter-collegiate oratorical contests, and so it goes, that which is of interest to us here at State College is the all absorbing topic of interest to the students of our sister colleges.

"Since Lehigh is no longer a free institution, Leland Stanford is the only American college in which tuition is free in all its branches."—*Lehigh Burr.* Wrong. Pennsylvania State College has and has always had free tuition.

The Franklin and Marshall *Student* has a novel way of punishing those who advertise with it and refuse to renew the same, by calling the attention of the students to said firms and informing them that those firms no longer wish their patronage.

The *Student* now has a column which it devotes to its advertisers.

We clip from the *Swarthmore Phoenix* what seems too often to be especially applicable to the students of our own College.

"We fear that carelessness and forgetfulness, too often urged in extenuation of petty offences committed by students, is again gaining an upper hand among a few of the younger undergraduates. What we mainly allude to is the unnecessary and annoying confusion in the halls and rooms almost nightly. Music in its proper place and time is to be encouraged, but the scratching on violins and guitars at all hours of the evening within hearing of a large number who desire to work, although probably possessing temporary enjoyment for a few, is a source of constant annoyance to nine-tenths of our number."