

not be rejected because the outside world condemns it as dealing purely *with* college life, nor because the student world condemns it as *not* dealing with college life."

"Well, as far as I can see," ejaculated Paperlance, "I guess the Editor of the LANCE would be glad if he had *something to reject.*"

"That is just what I say," chimed in a chorus of voices.

"Hello there, Critic! Come, wake up! Wake up! I say. Wake up!!!"

The Critic awoke to find the Editor shaking him much as a bulldog does a rat-terrier who has dared to intrude.

"Say!" exclaimed the Editor, "Have you those exchanges ready?"

"Ah—y-yes, er-er n-no, no, but I'll have them ready in a little while," replied the Critic, at last coming to his senses. And he straightway picked up the discarded paper and began to read with a will.



Picking up an old *Amherst Lit.*, the Critic found the following bit of verse,—a very pleasing triolet.

SNOWFLAKES.

Snowflakes, snowflakes, bits of whiteness
Drifting through the wintry air;
Floating flakes of airy lightness
Are the snowflakes, bits of whiteness.
Dreary days are filled with brightness,
As fall softly everywhere,
Snowflakes, snowflakes, bits of whiteness
Drifting through the wintry air.