

PERADVENTURE, A LANCELET.

"Alack-a-day, another month gone and nothing done yet," exclaimed the Critic, as he gazed ruefully at a great pile of exchanges. "And now another issue is due. And I, Don Quixote like, am supposed to unsheathe my lance, charge the foe, slay the weak with a pointed expression, make peace with the strong by flattering remarks, and-and-capture-a-a-the—. The what? O yes, the spoils of war. That is what my readers want."

"But first to the battle. The Editor said, 'Critic, go criticise the criticisms of other college papers.' Great Caesars Ghost! Who does he think I am? Why the 'Mail Bag Man' of the *Amherst Lit.* said that he could find 'but one searching criticism that rang out clear and firm, --- from among his fifty odd exchanges'. And what will he think of mine? Well I don't know. but it must be done, and so -- But wait! Let me see. The Editor said, 'Go criticise the --' Ah! An idea strikes me. He didn't say how criticise, and upon my soul I'll fool him."

"Hey! Mr. 'Mail Bag Man.'! Come here to me. And what have you got to say?"

"Here it is,---'He has not been without a lurking idea that possibly someone whose college spirit extended even to the support of his college magazine, might read them, and then go and do likewise for the honor of Amherst in the world of college publication'."

"Read what! Why, the exchange verse of course. And that is the key-note of Peradventure. There are two reasons why the Lance inserts exchange verse. First, to please the readers. And Second, to show them what good college