

And eagerly he answered,

“Her weapon is a smile.”

“What is a woman’s weapon?”

I asked a poet then.

With sudden inspiration,

He seized upon his pen.

“Oh, I could name a thousand,”

He cried in accents clear,

“But woman’s surest weapon,

I grant you is a tear.”—St. Louis Republic.

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Among our exchanges this month are “The Lake Breeze,” “Add-Ran Collegian,” “Baylor Literary,” “Anchor,” “Mt. St. Mary’s Record,” “Aerolith,” “Grey Jacket.”

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He who knows not and knows not that he knows not;  
he is a Freshman,

Shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows; he is  
a Sophomore,

Pity him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not; he  
is a Junior,

Honor him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows; he is  
a Senior,

Reverence him.