

## EXCHANGE.

The *Coup d'Etat* has very sensibly concluded to return to the editorial "we".

A Chicago preacher married three couples on a railroad train in one day. He thinks of taking out a patent as a car coupler.—*Ex*

The editor of the *Buchtelite* is a brilliant man. In looking upon a pile of exchanges he becomes aware that they are not all of the same size. This leads him to the idea that they ought to be, and then he comes to the bright conclusion that "handy size.....would render the whole body of college journals.....more handy."

The *Coup D'Etat* contains a picture of Mr. E. J. King, who won second prize at the late inter-collegiate contest, and for whom they claim first honors, by virtue of a bulldozing decision. We wonder if he has given up the \$50, second prize money he so graciously received. Wesleyan still holds first place, and will represent Illinois at the inter-state contest.—*Elite Journal*.

The exchange editor of the *K. S. U. Courier* not having either ability or enterprise sufficient to write anything declares as an excuse that all exchange columns are more or less filled with nonsense. As an example the ex-column of THE HESPERIAN is taken bodily. This is a pretty fair joke and withal a ready way to get "copy". The *Courier* is improving in the wiles of journalism.

From the Richmond College *Messenger* we take the following: "Arthur S. Abernethy, professor of ancient languages at Rutherford College, North Carolina, is said to be the youngest full fledged professor in this country. He is only eighteen and has already won some notoriety as a classical scholar." How on earth a professor could win notoriety as a classical scholar is a conundrum worthy of discussion in the exchange columns of college journals.

The Iowa *Wesleyan* wants to know if "THE HESPERIAN will never let up on the 'frats'" and then advises us to read a 'frat' article in the *De Pauw Ads*. As to reading 'frat' articles we want to assure the *Wesleyan* that we read all that we can lay our hands on but they are rather scarce. Not one in a hundred of those that are published amount to anything so far as arguments are concerned. The arguments as a rule amount to about as much as the silly nonsense given in reply by the editor of the *Wesleyan* to an 'anti-frat' article published in his paper. The *Wesleyan* editor will do well to ponder that it is a sad case when a critic makes the same mistakes as those he criticises in others.

The following clipping is from the *Current* of Ohio University. The *Current* declares that this essay on "breathing" did not emanate from the original brain of any student, "prep" or otherwise, in Ohio University. From its "preppy" flavor it is, we think, safe to set it down however as one on the "preps:"

"Breath is made of air. We breath with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breath. They should wait till they get outdoors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonic oxide. Carbonic oxide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic oxide got in that there hole and nearly killed every one

afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I had rather, be a boy, so I could run."

In the Iowa Agricultural College a "frat" and a "barb" fight is going on. One of the "barbs" there, it seems, wrote to ex-President McCosh, of Princeton, and received from him the following interesting letter:

PRINCETON, N. J., November 6., 1890.  
Mr. E. A. Kreger, I. A. C., Ames, Ia:

DEAR SIR.—In reply to your letter, dated so far back as September 27, but unfortunately laid aside, I have to state that I approve very strongly of college societies instituted to promote study among the students. But these societies, while they may be private and regulated by the young men should not be what are called secret societies. When I came to Princeton I found a number of such societies. Their influence upon the whole was evil. Some of them encouraged drinking. They fostered party spirit and party work in the college. At times they interfered with the discipline of the faculty. In no way did they follow the great end which a college should keep before it—elevation morally and religiously of the students. Both the board of trustees and the faculty became convinced of the injurious influence exerted by the secret societies and with the concurrence of the great body of students deliberately abolished them. Since this was done we have been freed from a number of evils which troubled us. The students are satisfied with the five literary societies which they have and would not return if they were allowed to the system of secret obligation and oath.

JAMES MCCOSH,  
Ex-President of Princeton College.

Under the caption "Knox Boys at Other Colleges" the *Coup d'Etat* is publishing some interesting articles by its alumni. The present article deals with Yale. The writer comes, of course, to speak of the fraternities at Yale. It is exceedingly interesting to read in the *Coup d'Etat* the beauties of the "frat" system from this man at Yale. A few passages are given for illustration: "Having mentioned passingly the secret societies, I feel it my duty to say something about them. Indeed, barbarian that I am, I approach these mystic Greek temples—shrines around which satyrs dance and cyclops feast—tripods of modern Apollo—with an air of curiosity and defiance. \* \* \* But the jealous Jove once decreed that the esoteric mysteries of one of these sacred precincts—dedicated to other deities, not the Thunderer—should be exposed. He hurled a heavy thunderbolt, and soon the building was on fire. It happened during the winter vacation of 1889, and all the priests and devotees of the temples were absent. The vulgar fireman, not being able or willing to force the heavy bars of iron and massive locks, effected an entrance through a skylight. And lo! there were no goats, but buck beer kegs in plenty; no bubbles of witches, but bottles of whiskey; and the only image there enshrined was not of the Graces or Muses, moulded by Phidias, but *mirabile dictu et visu!* of a little negro, cast in a New Haven foundry. \* \* \* Are all the nineteen secret societies now existing in Yale, and were also, perhaps, the eight that died, dedicated to Bacchus, the god of wine, and to Mercury, the patron of thieves?—I cannot tell; I hope not. But this much I know: 1st, that they do not attempt any literary work, except by way of a lecture course; 2d, that the initiation of new members is attended by most grotesque and boisterous proceedings, and 3d, that as a rule, the stricter the secrecy, the worse is the class of boys belonging to it. To be sure, they all try to capture some good men, but the standard of "goodness" in this case is not necessarily that of moral character or of intellectual attainment: a high athletic record or general popularity is as sure of election, perhaps even more so, as a good class room standing or sterling virtue.