

journals. The present No. is well filled and among the rest it contains many good thoughts on "College Degrees." In this the author makes a very bold stand for higher scholarship to be attested by more rigid examinations. He says: "The result is that there are almost as many grades of colleges as there are college and a degree has come to be a meaningless appendix to a young man's name, or rather it means anything or nothing, according to the status of the institution which conferred it." This is the true spirit. We are glad to see it manifested and long for the reaction to be brought about by its general acceptance.

The *Vassar Miscellany* in appearance is head and shoulders above every other visitor to our sanctum. Its articles, however, will hardly repay perusal. You see Vassar is a female institution, and it is intensely characteristic of the ladies, you know, to sacrifice the interior for the sake of the exterior. So trim your ribbons, my dear, and learn to give solidity and firmness to your thoughts.

We hate fanaticism. We hate a Catholic, because he is a remnant of the Dark Ages. We hate everything that is pregnant with priggery. We despise all sleazy and waterish strains at flimsy, weak-backed wit. For these things we recoil from the *Niagara Index*. We gave the chap a dose last month which made him feel so unfortunate about the region of the digestives that he raised up on his hind legs, grew awfully rancorous, whined and howled and gnashed his teeth madly in the air, but at last he weakened and falling flimsily broadside, in his extreme effort, he has vainly attempted to disgorge upon our feet the following. "The printers seem to have squandered too much cheap ink on the October number." The remainder of the mess is so much a conglomerate of figures, broken backed words and muddled letters that it defies analysis. You can judge however of its watery thinness by the preceding. Now,

Mr. Index, we advise you to remodel some of your ideas on "Self Education," lay aside your lamb's cloak of Religion and scamper off, for a more genial clime, to some canyon in the Rocky Mountains.

The *Denison Collegian* has been "Visited by an Ideal" two whole columns long. The rest of the paper is as soft as usual.

The beautiful blue *Bates Student* causes us considerable "Mental Suffocation," while we snooze over its "Principle of Progress in Man."

For booby-noodle poetry we advise all to read the "Capture of Pegassus" in the in the November number of *The University Missourian*. We can spare room for a few lines to show you how sap-headed some women are.

There was once in ancient fiction,  
In the land of Gods and Heroes  
Among the hill tops and valleys,  
On the mountain capped with white snow.

The *Trinity Tablet* for November has arrived. We read with much interest the article on "Poetry," in which the author says, "Poetry is the dreamland of the soul. The sweet visions that come to the spirit, the aspirations for the perfect, the heart's yearnings for what is above and beyond, all shine forth in sweetest beauty through the golden medium of poetry..... It is for fancy, not fact, that we look in poetry, and fancy is always more attractive than fact." Yet we believe that a poet's forte must be the turning, so to speak, of fancy into fact, and hence the truthfulness of the sentence of Max Muller, which the author quotes, "It is truth and not fiction that is the secret of all poetry."

The *University Reporter* has come to us in fragments lately. Give us a little more "Consolation," gentlemen, but let it be well dressed.

In the *College Olio* we notice "A Pious Fraud."

*Qui Vice*, ditto.

We hastily glance at the *Chronicle, University Review*, and others too numerous for space.