

in connection with our courses of study and now an effort is made to obtain them. And if the Association meets with success it will doubtless remain permanent among the students of the University.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,
 Have ye found that happy sanctum in all your weary quest?
 Tell me, tell me are there editors whose brows are free from care?
 Can ye show me, while all round me, ghostly phantoms fill the air,
 Any picture of a sanctum where the associate's heart's at rest?
 Can ye tell me of that haven, O ye birds from out the west?
 O little birds fly east again, O little birds fly west;
 Ye have found no happy sanctum in all your weary quest.
 There's no such spot beneath the sky, where editors blithe and gay
 With heads all cool and hearts all light, move on their joyful way.
 There lieth no such sanctum within the college's bound,
 Nor hath the editor's fancy yet its blissful portals found.
 We are but amateurs as yet, in our Alma Mater's halls,
 And amid our gloomy musings, the sharp voice of duty calls;
 That shrill stern voice, heard above the Local's clamorous din,
 Saying: "Arouse ye! dull associate, the exchanges are all in.
 The wreath of fame waits for those who well do win the fight,
 Who work through all their college course, and battle with their might!
 Beyond are no exchanges, nor any setting of type,
 But only plenty of fun and a graduating dress of white;
 Rest for you, poor weary soul, lies only in coming years,
 When no longer associate, a diploma will dry your tears!"

The *High School Journal*, in wishing all its readers a Happy New Year, remarks *egotistically*, that no doubt, to a considerable number, the thought that

during the past year they have not subscribed to the *Journal*, will produce pangs of regret! The local columns were chiefly filled up with notices of balls and parties etc., together with the names of those present. Pungent wit and liveliness, the presiding genius of many of the local columns among our exchanges, were noticeably absent. Prominent upon the first page was a lengthy poem entitled *New Years*; so that Omaha, that "prodigy of towns," that "civic Hercules," has at last a poet(?)

The *Asbury Monthly* we find for the first time upon our table. The leading editorial is a just rebuke to college magazines for the pointless witticisms and taunting sarcasms found among the exchanges. There were interesting Alumni personals but no review notices.

The exchange columns of the *Westminster Monthly* consist principally of a cutting extract from the *University Missourian*, followed by a very undignified rejoinder. The "childish mumskulls," who pretend to run that "dilapidated old concern," would do well to practise what they so sarcastically(?) preach, and restrain their "babyish anger," for their "childish squeaks and prattle," brimful of "imbecility and stupidity," don't by any means crush their adversary but disgrace their own magazine.

The *Berkeleyan* comes to us with the most solid local columns of any of our exchanges. We looked in vain for wit or silly personals. The retiring editors said in their valedictory, that "much was left undone, much remained for the future editors to do." A humiliating concession truly, for the Seniors of the University of California. The bright lads and lasses of our Alma Mater will, we feel sure, from present indications, never retire with so melancholy a farewell. In reading through any of the exchanges, one may detect instantly, what is written by the gentleman editors, and what by the ladies; from the unpleasant conversa-