

The Hesperian Association met on the 27th. ult. in pursuance to the call of the President. The following officers were elected for the ensuing semester: President, A. G. Warner; Vice president, W. P. Sullivan; Secretary, G. B. Frankforter; Treasurer, P. F. Clark; Editors-in-chief, R. L. Marsh and A. A. Munro; Locals, E. J. Churchill and W. E. Johnson; Associate, C. G. McMillan; Literary, C. S. Allen. W. C. Knight takes the paper off the hands of the Association and publishes it at his own risk.

The STUDENT office is putting on style this year. Our "faithful and efficient" bus. man. during the summer has constructed, and put in place in the office, a desk for filing exchanges and other important documents; also he has put up a railing beyond which none but compositors can pass. With venetian blinds and these other improvements we will venture the assertion that we can show as neat an office as can be seen in any college. It may be well to remark here, that none but the members of the board and the comps will be allowed to loaf in this elysium.

The following was picked up on the Campus the other day. It speaks for itself:

MY DEAREST:—How I long to be there, where I could clasp your lissome form in my loving embrace, and how I miss you; when will you return to me? I am storm-tossed upon a turbulent sea of despondency. My longing glance is directed toward the heaven-blessed land which is sanctified by thy darling presence. Without you I perish and my heart, like a broken hulk half concealed by the shifting sands, will be cast upon the barren and desolate beach of corroding time where many a bright child of happy hope lies upon a bier of surf-stained shingle with the ever-rolling surges lapping, with tender advance, the mouldering corse. Without your winsome smile, so like a benediction, I am undone, like a massive forest tree blasted by the searing thunderbolt; like a ruined castle on the banks of the classic Rhine, whose moss-clad battlements and ivy-mantled ramparts are crumbling with decay. Here ends the record.

Exchange Brie-a-Brac.

The *Theilensean* takes the place of the *Orestomathan*. Which name is the ugliest? (Answer in our next.)

The two Kansas university papers are again received. We think a good deal of them. They are of about equal merit but the *Review* is the most newsy we think.

We are very glad to get the *Occident*. It shows us that there is some civilization in California. All its principles are exactly what we ourselves firmly believe in, and we unanimously vote it a first-class exchange.

The June number of the *Adelphian* is crowded with excellent literary productions. There is good material in Adelpia Academy and the essays and orations which are given us by the above named paper are proof of this.

That *Speculum* reflects at us the following motto. "It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy." Now we think that some of the thought in the *Speculum* is labored enough to be about fifty per cent more healthy than the Colorado hot-springs. Put us up a pound package of "healthful thought" and send it along—charges prepaid.

We meet with a new friend in the *Occidental Mirror* which comes to us from Colorado College. It is not yet very large but it has a large number of good qualities which will insure success, and we shall soon see it much larger although little. It is good enough already.

The *Eclectic Record* is an insignificant little paper that hails from Missouri, this land of "boys." It gives us a couple of diluted cuts and sends them along carefully marked in blue pencil. Thank you, we are glad you marked them. But you take us to task for criticizing your friend the *School Journal*. Now it strikes us that it would be well for all these third grade sheets, which well know that they are likely to be heavily sat on, to hang out some such notice as the menageries employ. "Let the monkeys alone" would be very appropriate.

We have just received the most recent issue of the Iowa college *News Letter*. The salutatory of the incoming board of editors is really quite neat. We think that in its line it is high art. The *News Letter* has enjoyed the enviable reputation of being the best and most popular college paper published in Iowa, and we think from our own experience in Iowa exchanges that this reputation is a deserved one. The different departments are so equally managed that the symmetry of the whole paper is very noticeable.

One of the Seniors sends us the following: I went over intending to spend a long evening with Alice some time since. As we Saturn her Mars porch, in close conjunction, I had just touched my lips to her fair cheek, when the old lady, who had had Orion us, came out, her brow blacker than I've ever Zenith under a cloud. "Jupiter?" she said. "No, I hadn't Earth ought to," said I. "You're a Lyra Beta quarter," she said; "and I don't want you coming round to Borealis any more." "If Uranus off—" I dodged and went home, thinking "a man can planet but he can't always comet."—*Ex.*

Our cantankerous contemporary, the *Berkeleyan*, outdoes itself. The ex-man, after having taken and inwardly digested several bottles of "nerve tonic," has the unparalleled effrontery to enter into a cross-grained tirade against the STUDENT. After several sentences filled to repletion with what is commonly known as "Sophomorical wit," he loads up again and fires at us the following: "What is the HESPERIAN STUDENT anyway?" Now we are used to answering asinine conundrums—probably almost as much so as the *Berkeleyan* is to propound them—but we confess that this one startled us. However, as the *Berkeleyan* is evidently engaged in the laudable, although vain, we fear, attempt to get a little valuable knowledge into its empty head, we hasten to give the obvious answer. The STUDENT is a paper with many good qualities and among them we will particularly mention its uniform good temper and its unwavering veracity. The first is all that prevents us from indisputably proving the latter by stating that the ex-man of the *Berkeleyan* is a cheerful idiot who habitually carries his small quota of brains in a paper sack, labeled in large red letters, "California fruit—perishable." Never mind what the STUDENT is, friend. Just remember what the *Berkeleyan* is and when the awful truth breaks over your hunted soul we advise you to seek a secluded spot, and to become the sole participant in a necktie sociable. We will gladly pay all reasonable expense.