

### Exchange Brie-a-Brac.

A lazy man's soliloquy: "I would be quite willing to sit up at my meals if I could only lay down at my work."—Ex.

For general perfection in get up, our Bus. Man. assures us that the *Transcrip*, captures the coconut. On reflection we agree with him.

"Subscriber" asks:—"Which is the best way to tell a rotten egg?" If you have anything to tell a rotten egg, the best way is to use the telephone. Ex.

It is real funny sometimes to see a lady hail a street care. You can't tell by her maneuvers whether she's counting the passengers, flirting with the driver or trying to scare the mules. —Ex.

Real Etiquette—Guest; "Don't you know any better than to walk into my room without rapping? you see I am all undressed." Servant; Oh! you needn't excuse yourself, mum, I don't mind."—Ex.

So the board of editors under which the *Student Visitor* labors, express their intention of making the *Visitor* a "first class literary journal." Well they are certainly succeeding in making it a first class literary curiosity.

"Pomade, sir?" politely said a barber to a crank customer in his chair. "No he growled, "I don't want any ole margarine on my head!" "All right, sir," replied the cranium manipulator, "I never put butter on a cabbage head."—Ex.

A new friend appears on the top of our pile—*Volante* by name. We are unable to criticize it unless, perhaps, we might find fault with the large size of the type employed in its make-up. The matter embodied in the type is good and the general appearance is altogether pleasing.

What to her was love or hope?  
 What to her was joy and care?  
 She stepped on a bar of soap  
 That the janitor left on the top-most stair,  
 And her feet flew out like wild fire things,  
 And she struck each stair with a sound like a drum;  
 And the janitor below with the scrubbing things  
 Laughed like a fiend to see her come.

1492.

A Weeping Water lady dropped in on one of her neighbors, for an afternoon call. "How is your son?" she inquired. "Splendid he has just got back from the university, where he ciphered clear through from ambition to chemical fractures, and then he took up pottery and jobbery and says he can speculate the internal calculations." —Ex.

At a fashionable breakfast near Boston, the hostess extended a number of graceful courtesies toward an elderly gentleman who was present, eliciting the inquiry from him: "What should we do without the ladies?" The old response was made in reply: "Have a stagnation." Shortly afterwards a special courtesy on the part of the elderly gentleman called out the inquiry: "What should we do without the gentlemen?" A gifted Hartford lady who was among the guests replied impromptu: "Have a doenation."—Ex.

Freshman of unrighteous proclivities was detected using a translation the other day and it is going hard with him. He wants to know if that was Horace's meaning when he said '*post equitem sedet atra cura*.' —Ex.

Another new suit. The *Wesleyan Bee* appears in a green cover with a cut of the University, very neatly executed, as trimming. The paper upon which the *Bee* is printed is not nearly as good as was used in the old style, but probably the corps of editors will make amends for the parsimoniousness of the business manager by giving to their patrons some literary matter worthy of the name.

The compositors made several mistakes in the setting up of the exchange column of our last number and if the truth must be told, the editor is also in fault, owing to his neglect to carefully read the proof. We would be pleased to have the *Occidental Mirror* introduce into our notice of it the word "better" where it will do the most good. It will make the sense better. We are sorry about the poor appearance our page presented and we will not let it occur again.

The post-man has just fired the September number of the *Adelphian* through our office door. Upon examining it we are exceedingly disappointed to find that the beautiful pictures that so much adorned the pages of the last volume, are omitted. We hope that this unwelcome change is not a permanent one. If it is we are afraid that the paper will be less attractive, unless the literary departments are enough bettered to compensate for the discontinuation of the "picturesque" part.

The *Asbury Monthly* flaunts the bloody shirt in our faces. In other words it appears in a surprisingly new colored cover. We cannot exactly state what the peculiar reddish shade is called but, we believe that it is "masticated mongoose" or "extinguished elephant" or something of that sort. The shape of the *Asbury* is very much improved and probably it is changed for the better. We will frame a copy of it and hang it over our desk and possibly we may get used and inured to the remarkable brilliance of the cover.

We would'nt be an editor on a weekly paper for all the trade dollars in circulation. It is a continual source of amazement to us that the corps of the *Badger* and *Press*, our Wisconsin friends, never give vent to any expressions of insanity in the columns over which they preside. The Mephistopheles of our office duns us for copy so often that we cannot understand how a more frequent visit from this fiend can be endured without a relapse into lunacy. Perhaps this apparent immensity from a maniacs doom is owing to the climate of Wisconsin since ice can be obtained in that latitude at reasonable rates.

If the *College Student* don't let that "Fat student" have a little needful rest and recreation "something will have to be did." It is surprising how very flat the humor of the *College Student* is becoming. If the anature Mark Twains and Robert Burdetts with which our schools and Universities are swarming could be consolidated into one man, his genius would bring him world-wide renown. But when each of the embryonic humorists have enough innate wit to write only one good thing a year and when they insist upon inflicting two columns a month on their unhappy readers, it becomes decidedly monotonous after a few experiences.