

EXCHANGE BRIC-A-BRAC.

We have received the *Dartmouth* for the first time in some months.

We have received the *University News* from Syracuse, N. Y., and gladly place it upon our exchange list.

The *Lawrentian* for February is an extremely thin thing. A careful search failed to reveal to us more than one item worth reading.

We very much regret our inability to compliment the editors of the *Muhlenberg Monthly* upon their February number. It is an excellent paper, but is mostly the work of contributors, and to them belongs considerable praise.

The *College Student*, for February, contains some very good matter. The paper on state ownership of railroads is one of much merit; yet we doubt if its position on the popular side of the question would be a hard one to refute.

The last *University Magazine* contains a short article in which the writer speculates upon the advisability of co-education in the institution from which that sheet hails. The conclusion is a wise one. Our experience has taught us that co-education consists principally in mutual adoration parties of strictly limited numbers held at all hours in the convenient and retired nooks afforded by the second story halls. No, we will say to you confidentially, co-education is a sort of mirage; its distance alone lends it enchantment for you.

The little freak from Jamestown has again put in its appearance. We note in its columns a frantic attempt to say something concerning THE HESPERIAN. If it were older and wiser it would not get mad and say such things. The current number of the above mentioned freak is quite an improvement upon any we have yet received. With a new and quite pretty cover and a little literary matter which really has some merit perhaps it will yet become one of our most valued exchanges, for strange things do sometimes happen in this world. It has our heartiest sympathy.

The *Vidette* says that a college editor is expected to be overflowing with crisp and witty sayings. These he must grind out with the regularity of a grist mill. Now right there is where the *Vidette* man makes a mistake and displays his verdancy. Nobody expects any such thing of the youth whose name graces the title page of a college paper. When college editors get over the impression that they are expected to produce abnormally bright things and descend to the level of common life and common sense, college papers will contain less worthless rot and more commendable reading matter.

When a youth from a school like the New Jersey Normal attempts to deal with questions of style, it is not strange that he becomes a little confused and displays more enthusiasm than judgment. We would like to meet the editor-in-chief of the *Signal* and have a private talk with him about "Mr. Hutton," but, as we cannot hope for this pleasure, we must refer the editor to the leading critics of the day, or to some of the old numbers of THE HESPERIAN. In passing we may remark that it might be well for him to find out something more about the "cycle of Cathay" before he speaks of it again.

The *Messachorean*, a paper from an Atchison college, whose faculty has not yet decided to let it appear without the apron and bib which accord so well with its juvenile character, has dropped in upon us again. The current number displays the fact that it is, for all its youthfulness, taking considerable interest in its own existence. The *Messachorean* also demonstrates that it is deriving profitable experience from its life; perhaps at its present rate of progress by next year it may

have learned that there are two or three things more that it could know. Its "Thoughts on Life" are well worth reading by anybody who is expecting to go into the business of living. However, if the *Messachorean* will bear with us, we will suggest that its contributor could write a much more valuable treatise on a more familiar subject—Atchison mud, for instance.

The *Central Ray* hopes very earnestly that a certain gale will not singe its whiskers. The metaphor is a beautiful one though a little mixed. If suggestions are in order we would intimate that that sheet might improve its knowledge of rhetoric by attending some respectable night school.

The exchange editor of the *Owl* remarks that her task is a thankless one. Permit us to commend the good taste of those who fail to make it otherwise. No, THE HESPERIAN does not demonstrate that you are all fools. You are a very promising lot, and no doubt in the future you will all win fame eternal. But just now your callow intellects are not capable of producing much that you will refer to with pride in after years. The essay concerning Mr. Bacon is an excellent example of your verdancy. The one under the caption "Thomas Cromwell" is a little better; but if you like to print Green's "History of the English People," we suggest that you begin at the beginning and issue it as a serial with the proper title.

The last *Pharos* is a very pretty paper and contains some very good things. But if Mark Twain ever concludes to issue another paper on "English as She Is Spoke" the *Pharos* certainly should forward to him for consideration its article entitled "Silent Men." We are willing to allow youthful writers an almost unlimited amount of poetical license, and we will overlook any reasonable number of rhetorical blunders by a friend, but we are compelled to characterize that article as the rockiest piece of composition we have seen outside of the *Sibyl's* columns. Of course the *Pharos* will pardon us if we conclude to draw the line at an article in which brooks are made to twitter, and some man's character is accorded the possession of shrewd eyes.

The last *Simpsonian* prints three contest orations. They are, perhaps, fully up to the standard for work of the kind. But why is it that college men who write orations insist on undertaking tasks at which wiser men could well afford to hesitate? Each one of those three men sweeps as easily and carelessly through the ages of history as though he occupied his high place by right of conquest. He begins with the creation, stops for a moment to expatiate upon the star of Bethlehem, depicts in startling terms the fall of Greece and Rome, disdainfully points out the weak places in Shakespeare and Milton, and finally concludes by giving modern statesmen and legislators some wholesome advice, which if followed will justify him in predicting a bright and happy future. It is useless to point out that such productions are of no benefit to the writer or to the reader. They represent no thought of the author. They are merely brilliant compilations of the fruits of other men's minds. They do not display anybody's learning, and their composition destroys any originality or individuality which may once have belonged to the writer's style. It is to be devoutly hoped that college writers will some day learn that the best and most valuable subjects for orations are to be found among those topics which directly concern men and cause them to think. When that time does come that man who dares to inflict upon us the lessons which history teaches, but which he has never learned, will be very properly relegated to a place where life is not so short as it is here.