

cause the useless destruction of a great navy; the skirmish in Cuba contained in the flaming flambeaux of the "Yellow Journals" will not justify a conflict between Uncle Sam and Young Alphonso. A little check on some flying tongues, a little ice on some heated heads, a little light on some befuddled brains will do much to prevent a war with Spain.

More Notes on *Kiote* Anatomy.

The *Kiote*, chameleon like, has changed his color. Instead of a blue coat he now wears a soft velvety one of royal green, donned to be in accordance with the season, I suppose. It is a thing of beauty all right, but as to its being a joy forever—that's another story.

To our mind, the very last poem in this number is the only thing, which, thus far, has given us any of that much-vaunted "interpretation of the West." "The Flitting" is a song from the heart. All of us who know how the blackbirds gather in the fall, circling about in vast flocks for a day or two, and then are gone; all of us who have left country or village home for the place where

* * * cobweb of wires and wires

Will tangle the sunset high in the west" can feel—must feel, I think—the beauty and truth of this picture.

And best of all, it is thoroughly western. A "Bashan" poet could not have written it.

"Faith," turned to prose, would make a very good tract. As it is though, we think it an extra-dry brand of didacticism. It presents no new thought, and if the verses were unrythmed, one would recognize no poetical qualities in its expression. "Faith" is simply a precept in pentameters—not a poem.

There is another thing in this number which should have been saved for a Sunday-school paper. We refer to "Ashley." This story is commonplace from start to finish; there is nothing of interest at any point; the characters are automatons; the events trivial. Why the story was written passes our comprehension. Why any one but a theme reader should have to read it is beyond our ken.

"Wild white eyes and a savage whine" reminds us of

"If the red slayer thinks he slays."

The two poems are about on a par as far as intelligibility is concerned, at least on first

sight. We fear to criticize, for, personally, we don't like this sort of thing a little bit. After one has studied the poem, however, it seems rather effective.

"Undeclared" contains some good epithets and the figure is rather strong. But the entire verse produces in some way an effect of awkwardness, which is heightened by "Gain last" in the final line. That reminds one of trade-lasts—but never mind.

The longer story in this number is a charming satire. Mr. Alexander conceals his purpose so well that one does not catch his idea until the end is reached, and then we laugh explosively (being a man.) In fact, we venture the opinion that for a story as a story this is the best yet.

"Environment" is good, but lacks the terse forcefulness of another poem which Mr. Boomer has unconsciously paralleled. "As Ivy Clings" is a happily chosen figure. It strikes us rather forcibly. "The Old Trail" paints a picture which is vivid and at the same time complete. There is an indefinable something about it that makes it charming.

Some of the "Yelps" are most amusing, and those that aren't most amusing are most interesting. This part of the *Kiote* bids fair to be the most readable of any. We are glad to notice that few commas and periods are absent from "dress parade," and no flagrant errors reveal themselves on cursory examination. In the absence of internal dissensions and foreign financial complications the *Kiote* is in the way of being the pride of its makers and the pleasure of all who read it. Long live the *Kiote*.

THE FLEA.

The Frying Pan.

"Between You and Me and the Gridiron," the Frying Pan said to the Soup Kettle, "I'm Afraid to Tackle the *Kiote*. It Doesn't seem to be Dead yet. It Squirms; it Yelps; it HOWLS!!"

An alumnus of this University has told me some odd tales now and then. It seems that this campus was once inhabited by some queer people in ye olden time. There were two fellows, once, who came down together from a little town that had a red railroad station, one store, and a post-office with facilities at the