

BIXBY'S RETREAT.

What is oratory? Go to the chapel Friday night and see.

Who is your friend? Is it the man who pats you on the back and calls you "good fellow," who praises alike your virtues and your foibles? Or is it the man who honestly jabs you in the ribs; calls you by the name that fits you best; jerks off the painted mask you wear and holds up a glass in which you may see yourself the monkey that you are? Think over these questions and buy a volume of "Bixby's Retreat."

DOT SPECUALTION

Mine friends und veller sthudents,
 Though mein name ist Yacob Pugh,
 Und mein moustache it been cowpoy,
 Yet in pishness I'm a Shew.
 Shust notice how I plays der game,
 Und Mister Dowden peats,
 Ven I says I bin gomitteman
 To puy die sthudents' seats.
 Dot vas von leetle speculate
 Vor shentlemen und scholars;
 I puy oup vorty seats at von
 Und sells en vor two dollars.
 Mein friends I dells you vhat ist true,
 Dot in a pisness vay
 I bin von heap pig Shentile Shew,
 Dot's vhat die sthudents say.

—From "Business Ventures" by Handle me-gently Pugh.

OUR LITERARY TASTE.

For some time ye editor of this department has been worried because her productions have not been read with the interest their merit warrants. We have stood in a dark corner by the mail box and watched the critic come stealthily along, take out a paper, bury himself for several minutes in the advertisements that surround the column, put the paper back and sneak out of the hall in apparent disgust. We have sought for a reason for such actions, and reached this conclusion. Our style is not in accord with corrupt literary tastes. This is an advanced ground to take but it seems to be tenable. Look, if you will, through the current magazine literature (Kiote excepted) and compare it with ours. How often you chase through page after page of the former in vain pursuit of the meaning which eludes your ken like a will-o the-wisp. It is this vague uncertainty growing out of squinting constructions, as our good old rhetorics used to call them, and suggestions that never suggest, that is corrupting modern literary taste. True, there is fascination in such stuff, but it is the fascination of chance; such as appeals to the gambler, you know.

On the other hand, note the gems that have appeared in our valuable column. The meaning blossoms on every line, sheds its aroma in every paragraph and smile in your face throughout.

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