

signs of ability in the timid novice and be quick to distinguish real talent from a flowery redundancy of words or a series of cunningly arranged fallacies from the acute logic of the amateur philosopher, where also colleges are in the same state and near together geographically, a petty rivalry and distrust of one another pervades, even the criticisms—or rather attempts at criticism—and so contemptible trivial thrusts at one or the other posse for wit and criticism. A college paper in this respect has no business to sink down to the level of a paltry county newspaper, whose dogmatical editor, at the slightest provocation, will exhaust all his knowledge of his mother tongue and all the abusive epithets at his command in the ludicrous attempts to quell the libellous tendencies of his nearest contemporary. A dignified sobriety in the use of slanderous phrases, a conscientious employment of crushing adjectives, and a deliberative coolness in taking one's position against the enemy, are valuable at all times, but in the case of a college editor become vital necessities. If this is the age of progress it is no less the age of uncharitableness and recklessness, at all events, among the college press. A reform in this respect is imperatively needed. It is perhaps more difficult for the young to be cautious and just in their decisions, but success in many other walks of life, is due largely to these very qualities.

Another field for the reformer in college journalism is the poetry which emanates from classic halls, tinctured with the fables of the Greeks and Romans, the legends of the orient and the subtleties of science and mathematics. Poetry, which is notwithstanding, the poorest masculine poetry that was ever the product of any man's brain. Whether sentimental, foresighted with the love-sick effusions of some soft-brained student, or classic, in such feeble and harrowing imitation of the stirring strains of the Greeks that it is a wonder the spirit of grand old Homer does not descend from its aerial home to become the haunting ghost

of this egotistical desiple; perchance the aspiring ambition of the poet knows no bounds and he soars amidst the bewildering clouds of metaphysical and religious speculations, attempting to solve the great problem of life, of living and dying and the question of the hereafter; or worse still, some of them noted only for their ludicrousness and bear but the impress of their silly, silly authors. Some very average specimens are the following:

The Medic calls the yellow dog:

In confidence he comes.

The Medic takes the yellow dog.

Into the Medic's rooms.

The owner seeks the yellow dog:

He seeks for him in vain.

Alas, alas, the yellow dog!

He'll never smile again.

YESTERDAY.

O haunting shade that flitest down the past,
Dim ghost that shuns the day-star's rising beam!
Art thou the type of every cherished dream?
Dost always hint of joys that may not last?
I see thee crouching 'neath Time's chilling blast:
Gone are thy vestments, and thy jewels sheen:
Withered thy roses, O once stately queen,
Fled the illusions life around thee cast.
Alas! I can do nought save weep, to see
Such piteous ruin of my heart's delight:
Fairest wert thou of all the fair to me,
And now I sadly give thee to the night:
Still ling'ring for a moment near to pray
That Morrow's shade be not like Yesterday.

THE LAST RESORT.

When you have attempted and failed at the law,
Or as a Doctor no practice have had,
When you've failed as an actor a pitfall to draw,
When your mercantile credit is bad—
When in vain every genteel device you have tried
To get gain that a gentleman can,
Without forfeiting all of your honorable pride
As an uncultured laboring man—
When more seedy and shabby you grow day by day,
Until friends give you up as a beat,
When unmerciful small boys make game of the
way
That you wretchedly slink through the street—
When at night you've harangued by the quack's
flaring lamp,
Or as bar tender even have served,
When reckless at last you enlist as a tramp,
And for bread or for blood you are nerved—
Then, when hopeless at length you invest in a rope,
O hang not yourself for a fool,
For "there is a Divinity—" Therefore take hope—
Try the Yale Theological School.—Yale Record.