

T'AFFY

A quail on toast is better than two in the bush.

Butlers Analogy, Prof.—“Mr. T. you may pass to the ‘future life.’” Mr. T.—“Not prepared.”

A scholar, just learning Latin etymology, said that equinox was the Latin for nightmare.

The most diminutive sheet upon our list is the *Shattuck Cadet*. It is good—what there is of it.

At Iowa College the library is open only two hours a day and the *News Letter* grumbles. Good reason.

College Days is fairly good, but it is not remarkable for anything in particular except some fearful poetry.

The *Undergraduate* is a model journal. For news, merit and real substance it will bear comparison with any paper upon our list.

Another “largest telescope in the world.” It brings the moon so near that the man can be distinctly heard yelling “Don’t shoot.”—*Ex.*

Next we shall be having a coat-tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean—I don’t like her father.—*College Record*.

The close of a patriotic oration by a Prep: “Yes our country shall remain until Gabriel plays his last trump and orders up the universe.”—*Ex.*

Hostess: “What must you really go, Professor?” Professor: “My dear madam, there is a limit even to my capacity of inflicting myself on my friends!” Hostess: “O no—not at all, I assure you!”—*Ex.*

Orpheus drew rocks by the all compelling power of his music. The music of the harmless, necessary cat is still more potent. It not only draws rocks, but pokers, boot-jacks, and all sorts of movable furniture.

The *Acadia Athenaeum* is printed on very heavy paper of a cream colored tint. This gives to it the appearance a “genuine Caxton” or some such venerable publication. The reading matter, however, is excellent.

The *Asbury Monthly* wants the faculty to put a stop to orators using notes as an aid in delivery. It does not hurt any one but the orators themselves and if they want to injure their memory and scholarship, why, let them.

The *Reveille* is published under the auspices of a military school. It is a good paper for the place; but why have a green cover? As an improvement we suggest cadet grey trimmed with gold braid and a row of buttons down the front.

The *Premier* is a high-school paper, a leaf of advertisements alternates with a leaf of reading matter, thus giving to it the appearance of a patent medicine almanac. The *Premier* is fully as good, however, as many more pretentious periodicals.

“Hail gentle spring! ethereal mildness hail!”
Thus quoth the poet, and his prayer prevailed,
For scarcely had he tuned his lyre to sing,
Before the weather altered and it hailed.

—*Ex.*

The *Blackburnian* informs us that every student in the University is the happy possessor of some kind of a musical instrument, and that great interest is taken in this branch of the fine arts. Ah! How we pity the inhabitants of that doomed city!

Instructor—“You seem evolving that translation from your inner consciousness.” Soph.—“Well Professor, I read in my devotions last night that, ‘by faith Enoch was translated,’ and I thought I would try it on Homer.”

—*The Chaddock.*

For a good literary paper the *Spectator* is preeminent. For news it is not unsurpassed. A little more local would send the *Spectator* to the head of the class. As it is, the magazine is admirably edited and much better than the majority of college publications.

The exchange column of the *Sunbeam* is conducted in an original manner. It consists of quotations from the various college papers, and contains no comments whatever. It strikes us that “Clippings” would be a more appropriate name than “Exchanges” for such a department.

We do not think that the *Yale Record* is as good a journal as ought to be expected from so famous an institution. The literary department is filled with the productions of would-be wits. Sometimes a really good thing appears, but the majority are exceedingly vapid and meaningless. The locals, however, are “A No. 1.”

The exchange editor of the *Cornellian* must have been drinking syrup “as a beverage” lately, for he gives all the papers gratuitous puffs of surprising magnitude, and manifests a saccharine spirit generally. We like to see our friend in such a good frame of mind, as it is said that a good humor is the greatest enemy Death possesses.

The *Wooster Collegian* contains a mathematical department. We do not understand what object it is intended to attain to. Can it be possible that there are any students at the University of Wooster who really like mathematics? Out here we get enough of such amusement in class, and consequently we do not care for any outside.

It is very difficult to look at the well known picture of Stanley and five Negroes in a skiff fighting 346,271,324, 543, 227,420,902 savage negroes, all armed with repeating and breech loading rifles, at ten paces, without yielding to the impression that either Mr. Stanley is given to prevarication or that the artist has misunderstood his figures.

The articles composing the literary department of the *Institute Index* have rather a juvenile air about them, save only one entitled “Martin Luther” which is good enough to make up for the deficiencies of the others. The local column is full of blind allusions to “pickles.” Why don’t the local tell us the joke at once, and not keep beating around the bush in such an aggravating manner?

The exchange editor of the *Dickinsonian* is nothing if not unique. The column over which he presides is written up in the style of a patent novel—such as the *Chicago Tribune* frequently affords its many readers—but somehow it don’t look well; rather forced and indicates too much mental exertion on the part of the distinguished author. All the rest of the paper is up to the standard.

The *University Quarterly*, of New York University, is not a very frequent visitor, but, whenever it comes, it is an example of what a really first class college paper should be. In the recent number the editorial and literary departments are of rare excellence, and the local absolutely perfect. The make-up of this magazine is very fine, and taking it all together it is a fit object of pride to the students of the University of New York.