

The most interesting reading that comes to this office is the *Couriers of Kansas University*.

*The Earlhamite*, published by the Ionian Society of Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., is a very clean looking paper. Some of the literary articles show considerable ability. There is some disproportion between the literary part and the editorials.

*College Days* is somewhat premature in its claim to be "the best paper in the West, typographically." On careful examination we find several inaccuracies. It is all right for a paper to think itself the best specimen in existence, but when it brags about it we can bear it no longer.

*The University Review* for October contains quite a variety of subjects. The tone is somewhat too light, but perhaps as much can not be expected of a college literary paper as of one edited by more mature talent. Some of the articles are quite readable and we wish the *Review* the greatest success.

*College Chips* for Sept. 30, is not very heavy. The editorials are not on generally interesting subjects, and it is too evident that they were written under pressure. The locals are ditto, while the attempts at humor in the "clippings" dept. are simply—well they make us tired. Come "*Chips*," brace up and entertain somebody.

We must ask forgiveness of the *Foster Academy Review* for the rather ambiguous notice it received last issue. The exchange editor did not intend to notice it till he could discover its "other name". But the item got in and was discovered too late to make any change. Hoping this will satisfy the feelings that must be outraged almost beyond measure, we are yours truly.

*The College Student* comes out in a somewhat brighter dress than usual. Its inside is hardly so good as the outward appearance promises. A very long article on the Kantish Philosophy is rather beyond the interest of the ordinary student. It contains some good thoughts though. One sentiment we would most heartily echo,—that professors print dictations, lectures, synopses etc. for class use.

*The Hillsdale Herald* for Oct. 8 contains an invective on Voltaire, and another poem—Poverty—from Will Carleton's "City Ballads". The *Herald* would make a very newsy little sheet if it would supplant the reports of society programmes with something better and more entertaining. We would suggest to the *Herald* that such things take too little work to be good. Few readers will ever be satisfied with a paper that appears to be shirking good, honest work.

We most devoutly wish that our exchanges would stop howling on the athletic question. It seems to be an epidemic. If students want to exercise they will exercise. But, after all, the principal business of students is to study, and a very moderate amount of exercise is sufficient for all practical purposes. As a general thing, and with very few exceptions, students do not hurt themselves with study. If editors get short of copy they should write something new and not give themselves away so.

Taken as a whole, *The Notre Dame Scholastic* of Oct. 3, is the best we have seen. The first article on "Roderigo" is the gem of the paper. Seriously speaking, the piece shows marked ability in a certain direction. Not every one can so "hit off" the ludicrous points of a theme. There are, too, some really fair pieces of description in the thing. The number also contains articles on "The Queen Bee" and "Edgar Allen Poe." The former seems to us rather irrelevant for a college paper though it might be very proper for a "Bee Keeper's Journal."

Chicago University has come out first best in the Illinois State Oratorical Contest, with Monmouth College second. There is the usual amount of soreness and bad feeling among the defeated competitors.

*The Notre Dame Scholastic* makes a desperate effort to be funny in "The Chronicles of a Kid." The students of *Notre Dame* must be an intellectual set if such pabulum satisfies their mental stomach. No one but who has genius should attempt such articles, and when successfully written they should be relegated to their proper place, which is *not* in a College paper. The paper also contains a readable article on Charles Dickens, though the writer sacrifices original thought to a desire to work in as many statistics possible. *The Notre Dame* would be a pretty lively paper if were as good as it looks. It wants more life and "drive" in its management.

*The College Index* tries to make us believe that the American laborer is a much down-trodden and abused citizen, and bewails in touching terms the "thralldom of the laborer to his master." There was a time when such remarks would have been pertinent, and even in our day they may apply to certain portions of this mundane sphere, but we are of the opinion that the author of the article in question has not read the papers of late. According to our way of thinking, it is the "master" rather than the laborer that is mastered. When street-car laborers have some grievance against their employers they proceed straightway to dump all the cars into the ditch until the company accedes to their terms. When miners (white) don't like other miners (Chinese) they do not send up any whine, but dispose of the question by killing the Chinese. And so it goes and rarely a paper that has not an account of some strike or other action of the various labor organizations. The need seems to be for protection indeed, but not for employed so much as employers. It has been fashionable to talk or write, bemoaning the condition of our laboring class. There are undoubted wrongs and misunderstandings but they are at present pretty evenly divided.

The exchange editor had entertained devout hopes that he might not be obliged to write any of the usual dryness that is printed under the name of prospectus. Every change of editors brings in some new recruit who feels called upon to inform an anxious public, just what he intends to do. Each adopts the turn of a professional consoler and attempts to quiet certain imaginary fears on the part of his readers. He feels it necessary to say that he will be fair, upright, honest and virtuous in his editorial work. Now, we have no doubt that when the embryo editor of the first paper after the flood spoke thusly it was interesting. But, having been repeated by every would-be editor since that time, it has become monotonous. Distrust rather than confidence is created in the mind of the reader, by such a performance, for he is justly suspicious, who is afraid his readers will not discover from his regular work, what he is trying to do. If an editor is honest or just, critical or mild, or anything, it will stick out of his department in every issue. Consequently, therefore and so-forth only a scarcity of exchange matter compels the present incumbent of this column to write such an article as this. So our readers will understand that this is merely filling, placed here to make the space less conspicuous. We are willing that our work shall make us known. Our effort shall be to make the exchange column interesting. What we shall do to accomplish it let the future prove. We ask odds of no one. If we lay our selves open to criticism,—why, criticise us. We can stand it; he who plays practical jokes should be willing to take them in good part, and he who claims the right to criticise should not whine when his compliments are returned.