

EXCHANGE BRIC-A-BRAC.

The *Holcad* has a page on "Compulsory Insurance in Germany"—clipped, to be sure,—but well worth reading.

The editors of many of our exchanges are taking a vacation just now. Blessed be the man who invented contest orations.

The little seed catalogue from Fairfield has a paragraph or two on "The Problem of Our Origin." The *Call* goes about it all wrong. First thing it knows some good old elder of the faith will quietly and firmly sit upon such enterprising investigation.

The *Monmouth Collegian* man displays in a late number of his paper a wonderfully vivid imagination as well as a startling lack of artistic taste. The design upon our cover is the work of a master hand, dear *Collegian*. You would have great cause to be thankful if you had one as neat.

The first place in the Kansas intercollegiate oratorical contest was won by the gentleman from Lawrence. After carefully comparing the oration with its competitors we feel it our duty to compliment the author. He has chosen a living subject. He has evidently placed the result of his individual thought in his production. Barring a few poorly cast sentences and a certain lack of compact and logical arrangement, there appears no reason why Mr. Stebbins' oration may not be a winning one in the interstate contest.

We would advise the youth who wrote the squib on "Conservatism" in the *March Argo* to send a marked copy of the paper containing it to Mr. Gladstone. The criticisms it makes upon his course of action might prove of inestimable value to that gentleman by showing him just wherein he has erred and just how he may go to work to regain the position which his great blunders have lost for him.

The *Miami Journal*, a monthly according to its title page, but according to its appearance in this office a semi-annual, is a paper which goes a great deal upon its shape and upon the fact that its college is the birthplace of a dozen or two of fraternities. We have nothing to say against Greek letter societies—wouldn't say it for the world if we had!—but it is considerable of a question in our mind whether the fact that Miami is a sort of fraternity plateau of Iran is one of sufficient importance to compensate for the general worthlessness of the *Journal*. Its perusal reminds us of an involuntary conversation we once had with the "Oldest Inhabitant"—the slayer of the last buffalo.

The *Niagara Index* ex. man is, we suppose, going to school in order that when he has attained to years of discretion he may become a priest of the good old Catholic faith. We like earnestness; we are on common ground with our Catholic friend when he denounces hypocrisy, and we grant that much of it is to be found in Protestant religious life; but he seems to forget that, as a rule, people all over the world are about equally good, no matter whether Catholic or Protestant. What if Luther was a crank and a conscienceless apostate? The *Index* man will not presume to deny that he was the direct cause of that purification which first gave Catholicism the right to stand on an equal footing with Protestantism as a religious institution. By the way, when this Ancient obtains the robes of the priesthood he will probably introduce more astounding innovations than Luther ever did. He will say to the trembling sinner who seeks spiritual counsel at his hands: "Look here you knock-kneed, lopsided, bow-legged, brass mounted omathon, there is nothing on earth, human or inanimate, no matter what, more despicable, more treacherous, more cut throating, more damnable than your malicious and

mendacious shortcomings. Confess your sins, you immaculate lunderhead!"

The editorial board of the *Vanderbilt Observer* send out for February one of the best papers that we have received this year. Especially commendable is that article on theater going. It is a telling hit upon those who indiscriminately condemn everything in which they can find a trace of the bad. The stage is one of the most important factors in nineteenth century life. No institution need be of crystal purity in order to be a valuable public educator. But even if the modern theatre were the fountain head of all the immorality claimed, we hold that the observation of man's wickedness and depravity may teach the student as much that is valuable as the constant contemplation of the loftiest of human ideals.

About two-thirds of our exchanges are printing an extract from the Hon. J. J. Ingalls' speech concerning college men, in which the sarcastic little senator tries to prove by figures that a man doesn't make much by giving himself a higher education if he expects to make politics his vocation. He shows that of the prominent officials of this government only about forty-six per cent are college graduates. Turning to our richly bound file of *Chestnutia* we find that one man in every 2,000 graduates at colleges. Hence the senator's little calculation contains a fatal inconsistency. This, by the way, is a characteristic which has an unhappy faculty of attaching itself to nearly all of Mr. Ingalls' schemes.

The *Courier* of March 2 displays more spirit than any number of the paper we have seen since Sullivan's time. The space usually occupied by chestnuts is filled up by a letter from a kicker. Now nothing is more valuable to a college paper than an occasionally squarely directed kick. THE HESPERIAN is dying to receive an anonymous communication of this nature upon a subject or two that it might mention. The Kansas kicker directs his invective against a tolerably well known college institution in these words: "Final examinations are of no practical benefit, and that time taken up in holding them is wasted cannot be controverted with truth." Perhaps the kicker has been fatally caught in the clutches of the finals,—in which case we will not blame him for his retort. But if that young man is right in his statement it must be said that his wonderful capacity for proving the faculty a fool will be of the greatest value to his constituents when he has become an honored member of the Kansas legislature.

A little sheet down in Kansas gives it out straight that it doesn't believe that a college paper has any business to consider questions of politics. The real reason of the assertion becomes apparent later, when the writer remarks that he is a good democrat and attempts to explain away a few little inconsistencies in the president's late message. But no matter what the reason is, such a doctrine is quite tiresome. It is every man's duty to prepare himself for the proper exercise of the functions of citizenship. Indeed, it appears to us that in these times, when revolution boldly threatens almost every existing political and social institution, no man can go amiss in making a special study of politics and all related subjects. When college papers begin to print the result of such study—not because it is political, but because its questions are live and practical—and the enthusiastic and sentimental rubbish which purports to be profound investigation in history or metaphysics, but which is in reality an excellent illustration of the dogoo old fashioned process of cribbing, is relegated to the background, then college journalism will take a few mighty steps forward, and fewer colleges will have cause to be ashamed of their papers.