

## EXCHANGE BRIC-A-BRAC.

A very verdant college editor proposes the question: "After Commencement, What?" Well, dear innocent, it will probably be a few years spent with your papa learning a trade.

One of our flock has referred to the high and noble mission of the exchange editor. What a mockery! The lie it succeeded in fabricating has been equalled this season only by the biography of the cow whose favorite pastime is eating cats.

If there is anything in the theory which Mr. Haggard expounds in his tale of the beautiful old woman, perhaps the articles some of our exchanges are printing concerning the Emperor William or Roscoe Conkling may be in season for the second demise of those gentlemen.

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* is another exchange edited by the ladies. If we were built like the ex-editor of the *Rambler* we should say that the collection of "Dreams," spring bonnet talk and gush, called by courtesy a college paper, is something for a first class institution to be proud of. This is not true. We have always said that the girls were doing fairly good work, considering the fact that they are girls, but the *Seminary Magazine* really needs to be braced up a little in several departments to stand upon a level with our best exchanges.

Taking her cue from a much smarter exchange editor, the co-ed who contributes three line items about other college papers for the *Doane Owl*, proceeds to make fun of THE HESPERIAN. She argues that she can tell by looking at the covers of the journals which are made to undergo a monthly suffering at her hands, just what there is in them, and that consequently the contents of THE HESPERIAN are very fantastic indeed. Perhaps there is much in this pleasant little theory which has been set forth for the first time by a Nebraska girl; certainly such a line of reasoning applied to the *Owl* produces excellent results. Investigation with a microscope has failed to reveal anything whatever on the *Owl's* cover.

We have before now had occasion to make mention of the way in which the exchange man of the *College Chips* occasionally butchers up the English language. He has lately made himself appear quite ridiculous by the following rather surprising statement: "We would like to inform the public that the general impression of the ex. ed., namely: that he is a 'raging lion that goeth around seeking whom he may devour,' is a small mistake." The gentleman was evidently laboring under the greatest of mistakes when he supposed that anybody held that opinion of him. The idea of small game like the *Chips* man wanting to devour somebody is the very quintessence of the comical. To us his attempts at pugnacity have always seemed to resemble those characteristic of a little sand lizard whose family may be found in vast numbers upon the desert plains of the far west.

The *Monmouth Collegian* has again directed its pepper box upon us. Some two months ago the asinine exchange editor of that sheet undertook to have a little fun at the expense of THE HESPERIAN'S cover. We then passed it by with scarce a notice, supposing that with the progress of time the simpleton would grow wiser and repent of the childish prank. But again he comes forth with with the same uncalled for gag. Now, if he has anything to say about this paper, let him come out like a man and say it. We are always glad to be criticised, for we don't pretend to be beyond learning an

occasional thing—even from a sheet of no greater calibre than the *Collegian*. But when one, for want of anything within the pages of this paper to criticise continues to ring the changes on our cover which other brainless fault finders have hammered away at for the last three years, we must, in the name of the simple common sense, protest. The *Collegian* itself has no cover. Possibly envy is the cause of its malicious attack. But if the *Collegian* lacked nothing more than a cover of such design as would suit its cranky exchange editor we would have remained silent even after this second attack. As it is, we must request the kicker to hold his place or give some valid reason for kicking.

The *Aegis*, bearing date May 11, announces the fact that a new editorial board takes possession immediately. Truly, the *Aegis* suffered for a change. Week after week have we reviewed the contents of that paper, invariably throwing it aside with a feeling, not of disgust—for the *Aegis* was not silly or foolish—but one of great pity. It almost reminded us of a fashion plate—it appeared to be laced so tightly. Now let the new board put some life in the dry bones of the sheet, display a little enterprise, and get out a paper that will do at least partial credit to its two or three dozen editors. A most pressing need is apparent in the fact that the publication is weekly. As managed by the old board, once a year would have been often enough for it to appear; but in our judgment no sensible college paper will be issued more than once a month.

The *Butler Collegian* remarks, in the graceful language for which it is becoming quite notorious, that "Verily the world do move." Yes, it do move, dear *Collegian*, and your editorial board had better hump along with its little receptacle of slush and chestnuts or it will soon be left out of sight. The *Collegian* has before now taken occasion to remark upon the use of slang on this page; latterly it has made up its mind that it is "rabid insanity" that ails us. Everybody to his way of thinking, dear *Collegian*, but you had better let the mental condition of THE HESPERIAN take care of itself, and occupy your spare moments in rustling up a column or two of matter fit to read. One would think your editors were on a vacation and your own esteemed self in the tender care of a couple of dozen preps, if we might judge from the lazy, shiftless character of the matter in the April number.

Now-a-days no college of consequence can afford to be without its college paper if it wishes to sustain its reputation; and desperate efforts are made to support papers whose sole claim to existence is the fact that they are the representatives of colleges whose only alternative is to have no paper at all. A careful and extended acquaintance among journals of this class leads us to believe the latter to be the better condition. The chief value of a college paper is said to be to advertise its college, but it seems everywhere forgotten that there is a kind of advertising which is worse than valueless. This is the kind of advertising most college organs give their institutions; the only exceptions are in those colleges which have a world wide reputation and need no such aid. College papers universally give evidence only of careless, hasty effort, of shallowness and immature brains. Placed in competition with products of practical experienced minds their worthlessness becomes chiefly apparent; and the institutions they represent will be judged inevitably by what the papers really are worth, with no thought of what they ought to be under the circumstances and without allowance for the inexperience of college students and the rapid change of editorial material. Nor does a college paper even represent its college. From the fact that not one out of ten college editors are able to represent anything in editorial work, and that no half-dozen men can represent a body of from two hundred to two thousand, this is inevitable. Give us, then, some valid reason for the existence of a college paper, if there be any. Certainly not more than two or three of all the ones we know, would ever be missed. No, it was not the *Signal* that called forth these remarks. Yet it is our solemn belief that—granting that the *Signal* can think—some conscientious thinking and acting upon one of the facts above set forth would do much to raise it out of the mire of dense ignorance and egotism in which it is at present laboring.