

EXCHANGE BRIC-A-BRAC.

The *Dartmouth* will no doubt feel highly complimented to read in the columns of that extremely well edited and tastily arranged journal, the *University Reporter*, that it deserves special notice.

There is that in connection with the Whitechapel murders which would lead an observer to believe that the assassin is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and commits his crimes in the belief that he is rendering society a magnificent service in ridding it of characters which are of no particular value. If there is any thing in this theory, what a blessed good thing for the average American college editor that the gentleman's field of labor is on the other side of the ocean.

The *Scholastic*, a sheet of good old Catholic faith, which has shown up in this office every week for ten years, has had a warm place in our heart—not because of its own intrinsic worth, but because of the cream colored appearance of innocence and sanctity which clings to it under all circumstances. The *Scholastic* deserves to be commended for its steadfast devotion to its theological principles; yet we never look upon the paper but we wonder what would be its feelings if it should fail to find in heaven the saints, martyrs, priests and popes to whose memory it has clung so faithfully and in whom it has believed so implicitly while here on earth.

The *Courier* from Lawrence puts in its appearance this month. Its columns give evidence of some struggle between barbarian people and the fraternities, but the closest observation has failed to let us into the secret of the *Courier's* own political platform. Now brethren, this isn't right. You only excite our curiosity by your mystic utterances. The matter is one in which we are considerably interested and you will confer a favor by declaring yourselves in the near future. In this connection we will add that we hope the circumstances when known will indicate a change for the better in the *Courier*. Isn't it possible for the Kansas State University to raise up another Sullivan? The *Courier* is indeed in sore need of a successor to that old war horse.

The *Aurora* is one of our new exchanges. It comes from Ames, Iowa, being the students' organ of the Iowa agricultural college at that place. We cannot conscientiously call the *Aurora* one of our best exchanges, nevertheless we can say that it is one of the brightest of those that are published in the west. There is a spirit of quiet earnestness about it that is refreshing to find in a college paper. It is not given to the choice of novel or of very profound subjects for the filling of its columns, but those which do appear are gotten up with care and considerable ability. Let some editors who would be apt to pass lightly over the *Aurora*, and who would entirely disagree with THE HESPERIAN in its judgment take an object lesson or two from the little sheet and they will print less worthless literature.

THE HESPERIAN is under the painful necessity of slightly remonstrating with the *Ariel's* young man concerning the course he is pursuing. Of course we understand the meaning of his windy effusion over us in a late number. We say this for fear he might become uneasy in regard to its effect. What we wish to warn him about is a habit which has led many a promising young man to untimely suffering. A friend of ours—an editor—was a victim of it, and had to move out of town as a result. We refer to the bad habit of making inaccurate statements. THE HESPERIAN is ready to answer for any of its earthly sins, but will steadily continue

to protest against assuming responsibility for such as originate in the fancy of this candidate for honors at the Minnesota institute for feeble minded people on the staff of the *Ariel*. More at a later date.

Owing to the fact that the authorities of the University did not make the appropriation desired for THE HESPERIAN, this paper will make no attempt to compete with its fashionably dressed brethren this year. In other respects, however, it hopes to hold its own.

The way in which the old cripple from Suspension Bridge bounds into the arena with his wooden sword and paper armor is highly amusing to the disinterested observer. "Do not fear us thus early." Heavens! as though the toothless, clawless old monarch of his own imagination's realm were endowed with awe inspiring qualities for these many years! His "Let no dog bark when I ope my mouth" air causes only a feeling of regret and pity in the minds of those who remember his glories in the days when college journalism was comparatively young. Pardon our lack of reverence for your hoary headed chestnuts, old man, but why not admit that the lion has truly become an ass, and then slink off to some lone and secluded spot beyond the sight of men and there close your visionless orbs, and end this mortal mortal struggle forever?

The *Carletonia*, from a sectarian college, if we mistake not, devotes a column or two to setting forth the position of the Catholic church toward our public school system. The only reason why we mention this fact is that the *Carletonia* contains nothing worthy of notice except this almost entirely quoted article. The subject is one over which many people, notably several old time theologians, have made considerable noise; nevertheless, we apprehend that the public school system is in no immediate danger from the efforts, no matter how well organized, of Catholicism. A system which is in itself so nearly perfect, in method if not in detail, will not soon suffer from the attack of any religious sect or organization, and it is quite certain that the body of American citizens, whose qualities are not in any way adapted to the maintenance of the Catholic religion, will preserve to the last what they know to be one of the greatest contributing factors of their present prosperity and intellectual enlightenment.

The *Monmouth Collegian's* exchange man makes a startling observation when he declares that not the tariff question but another, supported though it be by only a small party, is the matter of prime importance to the American citizen and voter. We confess we are in the mist. The important question upon which the *Collegian's* exchange man exercises his intellect in spare moments has probably not yet penetrated beyond the civilization represented by the *Collegian* and its exchange man. Ah! we have it now. The *Collegian's* exchange man is a Knight of Labor, and the party to which he refers is a noble band of heroes led onward by Henry George; or maybe his oath has been taken and he has allied himself to the cause of the saints and martyrs represented by Herr Most. If we are right in our theory, we say to the *Collegian's* exchange man, persevere in the course you have taken. The world now frowns upon the party of your choice, but the world is ignorant and bigoted. You have right and the eternal principles of absolute freedom and unrestricted license upon your side, and some day the world will see its mistake and sing glad songs of praise to the *Collegian's* exchange man, as it now does to the great spirits of the French revolution and the departed ones who assisted the eminent English patriot, Mr. Tyler.