

## EXCHANGE BRIC-A-BRAC

Some of our exchanges seem to have been struck by the prevalent spring complaint.

Prof. W. M. Nevin of Franklin and Marshall college celebrated his 83rd birthday last Valentine Day.

Another *Portfolio*, this time from the University of Colorado, adds to our pile of papers. Would be glad to see an exchange column inaugurated.

We learn from the *Oracle* that W. R. Worrall, editor of *College World*, department in the *Mail and Express*, is a graduate of Centre College, Kentucky, of the class of '79.

The *Blackburnian* sandwiches the statement "Puns are a first class nuisance and we have done all in our power to suppress them" between two attempts to hew puns out of proper names.

The Tennessee University *Student* comes in with a request for exchange which we are glad to grant. The *Student* is an enterprising paper, deserving of the patronage of those in whose interest it is published.

We tried to say last issue that Grant Memorial University and Chattanooga University had consolidated and the former name will apply to the combination. The "typos" left out the latter name which made the item rather deep.

The *Critic* from a New Haven grammar school comes in after quite a long absence from our mail. It is a neatly arranged and printed paper. We like the exchange editor. He is another one who is not afraid to say what he thinks. We quote a little notice which struck us as particularly neat. "The *Willistonian* is a regular in its visits as the waves upon the sea shore and creates almost the same drowsy feeling."

The exchanges from military institutions nearly all have names which smack of the camp or field. Our latest in this department of college journalism is the *Tattoo* of Kenyon Military Academy Gambier, Ohio. Really the only part of this paper that we can praise to any extent is an article on an imaginary Nicaraguan campaign in 1899. Editorial and exchange departments are cramped and slighted. "Taps and Calls" are nonsense. Better improve before advertising again as the "best school paper in the state."

We become aware for the first time that the high school students of Colorado Springs have been publishing a paper for some years. It is called the *Lever* and presents quite a neat appearance. That translation of a little French story is neither extraordinarily interesting nor particularly well translated. We would suggest that you hurry through it and try something else. The exchange editor shows the universality of "exchange" among mundane things in an ingenious little article. We hope the new exchange editor will realize the importance of his department.

The *Varsity* is of a different character from any other of our exchanges. Every page makes one feel that it is from Canada. And yet, to us so far away, thinking of Canada as a distant land of which our ideas are a little vague it seems sometimes a little strange to find our own affairs so well known and discussed. The quality of stories and poems in the *Varsity* is superior. "Round the Table" is always filled with interesting chat written by an observing and thoughtful reader. We should like the *Varsity* better, however, if it did not by the absence of an exchange column hold itself coldly aloof from its contemporaries.

The *Coup d'Etat* devotes half a column to a neat little characterization of us from which it appears that we are "an officious caviller with all the verbosity, less of the wit,

and more of the egotism" of our predecessor. Our predecessor was the worst abused man on the college press with the exception of the *Index* man. The epithets applied to him ranged through all grades from puppy to double-dyed villain. Talented exchange kids hoped the U. of N. would not disgrace herself by graduating such a grovelling idiot. After a short career as a reporter on one of the best dailies in the state, he now has charge of a thriving weekly in the western part of the state. Since we are set a notch or two below him by the lordly senior ex-man of the *Coup*, we feel better. Go on with your mud slinging.

Well, *Acamedian*, since your editors are your business managers all we can say is that they are a greater success in a business way than in journalism. You say that a local column that looks like a rail fence after a drove of hogs have made a charge on it is a "new wrinkle." You call us a poor fool because we did not know it. No, we did not nor we do not know that such an unartistic "make-up" is "coming in-to favor." There are too many printers who understand their business. It might become a "new wrinkle" to turn every other item upside down but it would not look any prettier. Season your hankering after new wrinkles with a little common sense and your paper will look better.

Among the pile of exchanges with familiar looking covers which we carried to our room on our return from a weeks vacation, our eye was attracted by a rough paper cover of gorgeous yellow which we had never before seen. It proved to belong to a new paper with the pretentious title of the *Oracle* coming from Centre College, Kentucky. The statement that the college is seventy years old and has never succeeded in establishing a journal, reminds us of the contrast in our University which has been in actual existence nineteen years and has managed to issue a sort of a paper for eighteen years. The first number of the *Oracle* shows ability and we trust the monotonous call for "copy" will not diminish the ardor which has launched this new craft on the mill-pond of college journalism. We await with interest the debut of the promised exchange editor.

"A profession that is doomed." This title strikes our eye in the *College Student*. On looking through the essay we see that the writer has pronounced final judgement on the lawyers. He traces the origin of lawyers down from the time the next-door neighbor was called in to settle a dispute. Then he notes that the world progress. He thinks the world will continue to progress. There is a limit to all things. *Ergo*, the world's progress will stop when the limit of perfection is reached. When that time comes no man will turn around without asking his neighbor if the action offends him. This will be the millennium. He "firmly believes that such is the destiny of the human family." (This faith will probably act as a sweet consoler in later years, when the stove pipe won't fit and the cow gets into the garden.) In the millennium—no wrong doers; hence no laws; hence no lawyers. "The lawyer is doomed." Very logical, you see. We expect soon to see in all the papers "For Sale—A lucrative practice. Moving to the country. Address, Attorney." How many of our legal lights will read this essay and feel cold chills inside their vest as they think of starving wife and babes. How many young men will feel their budding ambition to be jurists wither in their bosoms as they hear the knell of their chosen profession. Oh "R. '92," why did you not leave the fated men in blissful ignorance of their impending doom. Why did you not let the millennium swoop down upon them and destroy them, happy to the end? Ah! "R. '92" when your freshie years are over you will know better than to spring such startling things upon an unsuspecting public.