

A BELLEVILLE Sunday school scholar has recently promulgated the astounding gastronomic gospel narrative that the food of John the Baptist consisted of grasshoppers and locomotives. He is on a par with the personified precocity who said that *an average* is what a hen lays on. Why? Because mother said a hen lays on an average 65 eggs a year.

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Has the author of "Misconceived Ideas of Evolution," which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago, ever inwardly digested the Origin of Species as elaborated in the following shrewd parody:

The original Monad, our great-great-grandsire,  
To little or nothing at first did aspire;  
But at last to have offspring it took a desire,  
Which nobody can deny.  
This Monad becoming a father or mother,  
By budding or bursting produced such another;  
And shortly there followed a sister or brother,  
Which nobody can deny.  
But alas:—  
Their lofty position our children may lose,  
And, reduced to all fours, must then narrow their views,  
Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,  
Which nobody can deny.

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It has been suggested as a remedy for Ireland—where Pat-riotism, not patriotism, is now rampant—that the Green Isle be temporarily submerged. It would be ineffectual however, for Cork would float.

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It all came from educating his daughter at a seminary. She reproved her father for wiping his mouth on the table cloth, and he went to the barn and hung himself.

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YONDER was much surprised when, in an early stage of his career of crime, he found himself convicted of assault with violence for throwing an armchair out of the window. How could he possibly have known that his mother-in-law was sitting on that chair?

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*Latest from Oxford.* Who was *Esau*? "Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash." Who was Joseph? "Joseph was a remarkable man who had a coat of many colors; thus we may see how even in that remote epoch Fashion had her votaries." The moralising victim who gave those answers will be disappointed at finding that in the Revised Translation of the Scriptures, "Coat of many colors" is rendered, "*tunic with long sleeves.*" He was probably

—that young man of Trinity,  
Who was always ploughed in Divinity;  
The Judges and Kings were the troublesome things  
That stumped that young man of Trinity.

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"HIGH ART" is generally deemed to be a modern fungus. But surely Shakespeare's artistic eye was educated to a full appreciation of its nondescript mysteries when, as *Viola*, he speaks of "*green and yellow melancholy smiling at grief.*"

The devotees of high art still shout "excelsior! Up higher!" and a plebeian correspondent—one who is not a connoisseur in articles of "*bigotry and virtue*"—suggests that high art is analogous to high game. It swells to Heaven, and nature is nauseous.

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An article in the *College Message* (from Cape Girardeau, Mis.) appearing under the title SKETCHES OF ENGLISH RULE is worth looking at for its startling statements. After a short and eloquent passage on that favorite subject for declamation, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, we are given a 'sketch' of Elizabeth. It appears that she "repeatedly provoked the resentment of the King of Spain. She had abetted the rebels to the Government." The Armada is not only made to return to Spain, but also its overthrow was the result of boisterous weather. The naval encounters between England and Spain are picturesquely described as "the massacre of his (Philip's) subjects on the high seas." After noticing the defeat of the Spanish fleet, the incisive remark is made that the "Fortune of war smiled on Elizabeth, and her proud armies and navies, while misfortune frowned down upon a nobler crown. That settled it." The student of history in University College should be grateful to me for the last quotation. He can for the future unravel per-

plexities with magical ease by the simple and comprehensive formula: Fortune smiled on the victorious side; Misfortune frowned on the vanquished—And that settled it. This is one indication at any rate that the overlooking of 'exchanges' is a highly intellectual occupation. Again, we are told of a "nobler crown" which inspired the policy of the Duke of Alva and sanctioned *autos da fe*, and thus we are enlightened in this age of toleration. Such a view, however, must convey a shock to the American who entertains reverence for the characters of the great men in the history of this continent. The example of Lord Baltimore may be cited appropriately as showing an attractive contrast to the traits of Philip. From him Maryland received a constitution which, save in one particular, is a monumental expression of noble and eclectic charity. There is no breathing hot and cold in this matter; an admiration open or implied of a bigoted despot involves an unfavorable opinion regarding the character of an opposite type and *vice versa*. If the text books of history at Cape Girardeau are chosen with the intention of holding up men of the stamp of Philip II. to the admiration of young minds, the choice betrays a spirit of antagonism to the notions of liberty which prevail on Amerinan soil. It is highly improbable that such a choice was made, and hence it may be taken for granted that the writer of this precious 'sketch' is alone responsible for its narrowminded tone. The paper which inserts such a contribution is not worth the printers' ink used in its publication and its name should be promptly expunged from the 'exchange' list.

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"I WAS poor and miserable once," said our silent friend, warming up with his thirteenth tumbler of hot grog. "Also I was married. But one happy *coup* set me on my legs again." "What was it?" we all—that is, all the married ones among us—chorused. "Well, I insured my house against fire and my wife against accidents. Then I set a light to the one with the other inside it. Lots of innocent people were imprisoned, and very nearly hanged, before matters were finally arranged, but in the end the insurance offices had to pay all round. I've done a few bold strokes of business in my time, but none, I think, quite equal to that. Not that I wish to boast. But ever since my private life has been happy, and my public career prosperous."

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DR. JOPE told a man the other day that for every mince pie he ate before Christmas he would have a piece of luck. That man immediately qualified himself to back every big winner of next year. . . . And after the funeral that man's sorrowing relations hung around with brickbats waiting for Jope, and refused, and still refuse, alleging a put-up job, to weigh in with one farthing of the medical fees.

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THE *Euphilonian* utters the following lamentation: "He (*Niagara Index*, N. Y.) sets himself up as a critic, and does not criticise in a kindly manner, but seems to try how harsh and disagreeable he can be. Never before in our acquaintance with college exchanges have we seen so much malice and hard feeling displayed by any paper. He never says a thing favorable about any paper, no matter how good it may be."

This is a very bad account I get of you, *Index*. You should, like the rest of us in the beginning of the new year, turn over a new leaf. The best way to set about reforming yourself is to start by explaining to us what a truly-excellent and remarkable paper is the *Euphilonian*. Expatiate on its beautiful and pathetic language, the wide grasp of its criticisms, and the variety and importance of the subjects to which it contributes much original thought. You ought then to tell us something about yourself. So much knowledge of the world is betrayed in what you say, and such high social breeding, not to speak of literary culture, is evinced in your style, that I (and doubtless all your other exchanges) am curious to get at some details. Are you not a model of a college paper? And should not models be minutely studied?

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BARNEY was once an actor, and essayed the part of Hamlet. Everything went well till the Ghost appeared, when Barney forgot his words, gave one wild shriek, and with "I never had 'em that way before," fled off the stage, and never pulled up till reaching a public-house.

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THEY don't seem to get hold of new dance music very quickly down at Belleville. There were sounds of revelry one night this week, denoting that the fashionable *élite* of the village were gathered for saltatory purposes in the Assembly Rooms. Two way-farers, each of whom had seen some seventy summers (and probably at least as many winters), stopped to hear the soul-stirring strains. At length one spoke, "Them toons goes straight to my heart, Jim," said he, as with his hard, rough hand he wiped a tear-drop from his eye. "They's the same as mother used to sing when I were a little lad."