

EDITING COLLEGE PAPERS.

Editing a college paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens. If we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes, they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes, they say we have a pull. Now what are we to do. Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.

—*The Athenaeum.*

The article "*At Panama,*" in a recent number of *The Concordiensis*, gives an interesting first-hand impression of the magnitude of the work our neighbors to the south have undertaken in the isthmus. It is humorously written, very much on the surface, but intended to glance merely at the conditions that exist in "climate, people and manners." As a sample of the raciness of his style and general keenness we select the following:

It was my privilege to watch, for a short time, a so-called bull fight. A self-respecting muley cow would hang her head in shame at the sight. Amid the plaudits of the yelling Panamanians and the blare of the Garde Republicaine band, the picadors, the matador—and the bull—appear. A couple of lion-hearted picadors plunge a couple of darts into the back of the bull's neck—when he isn't looking. Taurus looks around meekly and the "main squeeze" — the matador —

shakes the proverbial red rag in his view—the bull makes a wild plunge at him—and then starts off at a lope to look for the way home—I am very sorry that I cannot give the sequel; I felt that the excitement was too great and I came away. But I would separate myself from quite a sum to see some picadors, the matador, et al, strewn over the landscape.

STUDENT, soliciting advertisement from a local undertaker—"We would like you to renew your advertisement."

UNDERTAKER,—“Well you college men do not seem to be doing much in my line.”

STUDENT,—“O but they are just dying to,—*McMaster Monthly.*

He started out one pleasant eve
To call upon a Miss.
And when he reached her residence,
this.

like
stairs
up
went
He
Her papa met him at the door.
He did not see the Miss.
He'll not go there again, tho, for
He

went
down
stairs
like
this—*Ex.*

A PARADOX.

Lecturer in First Year History—
“What is the seat of war?”
Freshette, in a stage whisper—“A
standing army, sitting down.”