

If, as the *McGill Gazette* writer said, a College is judged by its paper, then Harvard would probably ask that these latter papers should represent it, and not merely its maid-of-all-work, the *Harvard Crimson*.

Crossing the seas, and coming to the University of Oxford, one finds its journalistic affairs on a totally different footing. The papers dealing with College matters (with the exception of a purely Academic gazette published by the Varsity and dealing only with strictly official business, lectures, exams., reports of meetings of convocation, etc.) are started by private enterprise just as any public journal.

There is the *Oxford Magazine*, a permanent Varsity chronicle, edited by a don, and published weekly. Its twenty pages or so are filled with dignified paragraphs on Varsity ephemeral matters such as would be of interest to any person connected with any of Oxford's numerous colleges. There is often matter, correspondence, etc., by professors, dons and undergraduates, but articles in the strict sense do not seem to have any place in the *Magazine*.

The *Isis* is another weekly paper dealing likewise with Varsity ephemeral interests, but in a much less dignified manner. A notable feature in the *Isis* is the "idol" of each week. This is a half comic account of a professor, don, athlete, actor in the Dramatic Society, or well-known Oxford figure, as, e. g., an old servant of the boat clubs. The whole paper is conducted by an old Oxonian resident in London, while an Oxford undergraduate in residence supplies him with the Oxford copy, but is not official.

Striving to aim at more literary merit, while still remaining strictly ephemeral, is the *J.C.R.* (Junior Common Room), a recently started weekly paper. It gives a half-caricature portrait each week of some Oxford personage.

This paper like the *Oxford Magazine* and the *Isis* costs sixpence the number.

Finally, one may note that an Oxford town-paper editor publishes an undergraduate evening paper. *The Review* which is like a poor evening paper anywhere else with Varsity stuff, theatre news, athletic news, scholarship awards, etc., thrown in. This paper costs a halfpenny, and is published only during term.

Thus at Oxford the *Review* would seem to correspond in a manner to the *Harvard Crimson*

and the "idol" and "portrait" parts of the *Isis* and *J. C. R.*, respectively, to the *Harvard Lampoon*. There is apparently no vehicle at Oxford exactly similar to the *Harvard Advocate* and the *Harvard Monthly*. An undergraduate would presumably have to try his fortunes in the numerous English public magazines if he wished to get his articles or stories into print.

In spite, however, of the very radical difference in the basis of the Harvard magazines and of the Oxford magazines there is in both cases the clear recognition of the fact that undergraduate life, itself a passing thing, is largely concerned with passing local interests, and requires these to be put into print to a greater or less degree.

The FORTNIGHTLY, too, has been constructed under the recognition of this fact. But while almost too conscientious in this regard it then parts company with the principles that are at work apparently in the other two Universities. Neither of them attempts to put weighty permanent writing side by side with that concerning only passing interests. Harvard provides other suitable vehicles, and Oxford seemingly points to the public magazines.

A man knows then how much or how little literary excellence to expect when he subscribes to a paper. If he wants *literature*, he buys one paper, if he wants mere news he buys another.

The FORTNIGHTLY, however, is asked to accomplish the incompatible task, not only of dealing with the passing interests of the College fortnight, but also to have bright and clever literary articles, and all in the space of some eighteen or twenty pages.

One man buys a copy to read the remarks of his Year, and thinks he is defrauded because, owing to a long article, his Year has only been assigned three lines. The next man finds the article disposing of its subject much too briefly, and he quarrels with the absurd amount of space given to what he deems worthless class reports.

Now, any person possessing a wheelbarrow, does not expect it to be used for the conveyance of other than matter of miscellaneous and non-descript character. As wheelbarrows go, the FORTNIGHTLY is an excellent one. Yet McGill might ask herself whether, while retaining this useful machine in order to chronicle her ephemeral interests and to call attention in editorials to benefits or abuses, she could not at the same