

Let there be no class distinction between "literary fellers" and the common people. We will tolerate no privileged class of titled snobs in this free land of ours, but shall demand a degree for every man and woman, and if there are not enough to go round, more will be created. The mercantile laws of demand and supply must be met, or tutors and professors must go to the wall. Already the popular reform is spreading, and the title of Professor now adorns the barber's pole, the pugilist's sign, and the card of the peripatetic magician. Nothing can stop it, and soon it will be so universally used, that any trader without one will be an object of pity and disgust. And what fields await the fair sex! The males are accorded the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, and to the dear girls we shall grant the title of Maid of Arts, for are they not made of them? And when they know a little more, Mistress of Arts, which indeed they are by natural endowment. Perhaps the confusion of M.A.'s might be obviated by dubbing them Bachelettes, only then we confuse the B.A.'s; but details must be left to others. And why not create new titles for the increasing list of Professors? Let Harvard grant the degree of Duke of the Dudes to every Anglomaniac in Boston; let Yale confer the title of Jack of Clubs to every Hartford policeman; let Columbia make ribbon orders for the financiers of Wall street—Knights of Golden Fleece, and Pawns of the Shorn Lambs. But all these various details belong to another discussion, and we leave this article to do its good work of reform in leavening the whole lump.—*Traveller's Record.*

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"And blest are those  
Whose blood and fortune are so commingled  
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please."