

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

PASTE POT and Shears were having quite a discussion when I entered the Lance Room the other evening, and, as I soon learned, it was all brought about by those essays in criticism which have lately been appearing in college magazines. Shears was quoting from the *Brown Magazine*, the *Wesleyan Lit*, and the *Bowdoin Quill*, and sharply expressed himself in favor of excluding all stories which were not stories of college life. Paste Pot did not agree with him; said, "It's impossible to run a magazine unless you accept them."

"Snip, Snip!" said Shears. "Look at the *Bowdoin Quill*. It's a perfect college magazine from the outside cover to the ad's. That 'Dark Gray Secret' was worth three ordinary stories. Where can you find a lighter and more pleasant treatment than in Gray Goose Tracks and in Ye Postman, or a more dignified style than is used by that meditative old Study Window up at Wesleyan. They're purely college creations."

Paste Pot was stirred. "Don't you know, Shears, that a college is a world by itself? It has its own ideals, its own expressions, and its own social life. Now, these things exert a strong influence on the student, and, whether he write a story of college life or of adventure in the Klondike, he will treat it from the student's standpoint and, what's more, it will be read by persons who are surrounded by the same influences and who look at things in pretty much the same way as did the author. Of course, if you view such productions from the standpoint of the outside world or bring to bear upon it the light of higher criticism, they are of no value, but such tests are over severe and unreasonable." Here Paste Pot came down flat and stuck firmly.

There was more said upon the subject, but they finally agreed to agree that a story should not be rejected simply because it does not treat of college life. Both Paste Pot and Shears seemed to be full of the subject, and I would not be surprised if they should break out again next month.

After the above discussion, Shears naturally wanted me to men-