

"Snip!" ejaculated Shears, "He did, did he? Well, another Alumnus 'didn't do a thing to the Editor' but rake him over the coals. Said he couldn't see any point to those sketches."

"That is just where the point comes in," interrupted Inkbottle, joining the conversation. They are supposed to be like Pastepot's remarks,—not to have any point."

At this point they all laughed,—that is all except Pastepot, who retorted,—

"I guess they have as much point as yours, you red Indian. But I don't care what you say, or what any Alumnus says. Sketches of college life are the proper thing for a college paper. Look at the *Bowdoin Quill*. What do they print? Sketches of college life. Examine the *Amherst Lit.* What do you find? Stories of college life. Compare a half dozen more of the best college papers. What there? The same idea showing everywhere. Read 'Before the Study Fire' in the *Sibyl*, or 'Gossip' in the *Nassau Lit.*, or the 'Window Scat' and the 'Mail Bag' in the *Amherst Lit.*, or 'Ye Postman' in the *Bowdoin Quill*; they are all purely college creations, and yet as interesting and entertaining as any other part of these magazines."

Pastepot had spoken at length; but he evidently meant what he said and would stick to it.

"What you say is all true enough," responded Shears, "but don't you know, Pastepot, that it is immaterial what a college man writes. If he writes at all, it is sure to be colored by the life about him, whether it is of college life, or of any other phases of life. And moreover his writings will be read by those who look at things very much as he does, and who judge things by his own standard of judgment. If the outside world is to be the final and authoritative judge of a college paper, then the outside world should publish it."

Shears had now had his "say" and was satisfied.

"Well, as far as I can see," said Pen, "an article should