The Argo, Acta Calumbiana, Yale Record, and Columbia Spectator published holiday numbers. All were excellent, especially the Spectator, which, with its drawings by the McVickers, reminded one of the old times.

The holiday number of Outing is an unusually entertaining number of this bright magazine. A handsome engraving, “The Wheelman’s Vision,” forms the frontispiece. Mr. John Boyle O’Reilly writes enthusiastically of his summer’s voyage “Down the Susquehanna in a Canoe,” in the course of which he discovered a wonderful singing beach. It is well worth one’s time to spend a few hours in reading Outing.

The Century for January contains many interesting articles, but is lacking in short stories. Mrs. Van Rensselaer contributes a fourth paper — this time on churches — on “Recent Architecture in America,” in which she speaks of Trinity Church, Boston, as “the most beautiful structure that yet stands on our side of the ocean.” Mr. Howells replies, in an open letter, to the charges of anachronism in his new novel, asserting in its defence that, in order to give the effect of contemporaneousness, “the general truth is sometimes better than the specific fact.” The other open letters are upon timely subjects, and the Bric-a-Brac is as bright as usual.

The Tuftonian criticises the “rather vague account,” which appeared in The Tech, of the last Tufts vs. Techs football game. The “rather vague account” was written purposely to save us the unpleasant necessity of chronicling the ungentlemanly conduct, both of certain members of the Tufts team, and those who came over from Tufts to witness the game. We omitted to state the score, because, in the mind of any fair and unbiassed person, two touch-downs in the beginning of the game were scored by all but open assistance of the referee. In the statement in regard to the baseball lines upon the grounds, the Tuftonian makes an unfounded and ungentlemanly insinuation, which needs no refutation on account of its absurdity.

Repartee.

They were lunching one day,  
In a handsome café,  
And she happened to say,  
As she noticed the way  
That he and ice-cream were in unity,  
“Can you eat ice-cream with impunity?”  
And he made a reply,  
With a wink of the eye,  
“No, but I can with a spoon.”

But her triumph came soon;  
As they left the saloon,  
He gave her a good opportunity;  
“And now, Bessie dear,  
As the weather is clear,  
Can you take a walk with impunity?”  
Her smile was as bright as the moon,  
And deliciously sly,  
Came the mocking reply,  
“No, but I can with a spoon.”  

Life.

First Imbiber (manipulating straw) — “I can always tell good stuff by the way it stirs.”
Second ditto (incredulously). — “Ah, indeed!”
First I. — “Yes, I can, — by the way it stirs my blood.”

Fashion’s Fancies.

Trousers will be worn this winter.
Linen dusters at evening parties are not de rigueur.
Socks with openwork heels and toes will be worn by bachelors, as heretofore. — Life.

Indignant Tourist to the Hotel Manager, who has just presented his Bill. — “See here! You have charged me fifty centimes for writing-paper, and you know very well that you have not furnished me a scrap!” “But, monsieur, it is for the paper on which your bill is made out.” — French paper.