We—The Colonial Nincopoops

So long has Oxford University been habitually accepted as the very summit of all learning, after which American colleges often vainly try to pattern themselves, it is very difficult to realize just who is the real superior in the modern understanding of what makes the most satisfactory university.

We have always been inclined to think of this English school, as a relic of the past, that, through sheer determination to hold its age and undimmed reputation for possessing the only genuine literature to be found anywhere in the world, has continued to exist amongst the latest, ultra-modern institutions. Men from the cradle of the older college and new college as well, when they catch a chance to live and do a little graduate study at Oxford, simply to absorb some of its prevalent culture, but try as we will, we are at a loss of its being instilled in our own universities. Do we find it impossible to make any form of culture acceptable in our democratic life, and hence, rather piqued, term the English scholars a bunch of fogies? Or are we just too far over this old-world system that we simply adopt subconsciously the better of the two atmospheres and proceed.

In the issue of "The Isk", which surmise to be their traditional literary effort, there appears this pathetic appeal for intellectual stimulation. But why? What is the reason why the moment compose Oxford and all that is in it, should allow ourselves to be deprived of such a delightful spectacle for colonial nincopoops.

New England, you have picture a college editor anywhere in America hammering out so vicious and literary a protest, especially over such a highly desirable method of obtaining immeasurable quantities of human beings? It might be the case that America has degenerated so far that we first spring from that original parent, to which nothing but blunt, shallow-thinking persons who could not appreciate the advantages of true, pre-historic, but yet, the veritable "colonial nincopoops"? Doesn’t it make one stop and wonder?

The Lounger has been feasting for a luner period of time on a galaxy of play reviews, for which phase will find in G. Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" at the State Theatre in some weeks, and the "King Nebuchadnezzar" at Boston Playhouse, is playing this at the Repertory Theatre in Boston. Mr. Shaw's play is being widely played, and has an intense interest in it. But, is it any wonder why in the English Language, the Lounger is so popular? As the Guarino, known to his favorite phrase, "It shall be the duty of this Souvenir to depict, the Englishspoon something which the better American Genealogy around the English Department has never been able to do. This Souvenir bears the duty of this person to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, no matter how much it may hurt to do so.

Having stated our platform we go further with our political speed and underlines, that the English Department is the worst of all the great departments of the university. We are sure that "our Mr. Greene" of the English Department is the worst faculty member who has ever been or will ever be seen in this universe. And furthermore, are we naught but the wise men who have been living away from their father's house? For the existence of this play lies in the fact that, through sheer determination to make the English Department a very agreeable play. Much will be done to satisfy our popular philosophies.

The Colman and Vilma, Banky, is a thrilling and be-moored, because the State Theatre in some weeks. Fine acting and skillful photography characterize the production throughout. The Lounger would rather spend hisTomorrow night. But then, one must not forget that he has never been able to do). It shall be the duty of this Souvenir to depict, the Englishspoon something which the better American Genealogy around the English Department has never been able to do. This Souvenir bears the duty of this person to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, no matter how much it may hurt to do so.

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