

hall, his landed possessions stretching beyond his vision, his trusty retainers, and the badge of his nobility, his coat of arms. Yes, his coat of arms. And as he looks upon it the fantastic dream-god paints upon it a device—what is it? A student levant, a pony couchant and a professor rampant. Just then the alarm clock at the bedside of the dreamer sings into his ear its daily gee-whiz, and the next moment he is up and digging away at the lesson that positively must be had by seven o'clock.

What wonder that after a few months of this the student comes to the deliberate conclusion that learning is stuffing, that education is a process of stuffing, that the teacher is the stuffer and the student is the stuffed? The term ends at last and he goes home. "Well, son, what have you studied?" asks fond mamma. The son replies, "Mother, I have studied mathematics, I have studied history, I have studied literature, I have studied psychology, I have studied entomology, I have studied political economy, I have studied electrical engineering: I have *studied* all these, mother, but—but, mother, don't ask me what I *know*." Some students however, in a similar situation would be like the boy whose father placed him in the office of a justice of the peace to study law. This story was copyrighted by Noah, so it has the delicious aroma of antiquity about it. The father put his son into the office of the justice to study law, but the next day the boy came home. The father, with pride in his eye, accosted him—"Well, son, and how's the law? "Dad, the law aint what its cracked up to be, and I'm sorry I learnt it."

It is amusing to an alumnus who is back in the University as a student to note the way in which different students regard the alumni. Some will say to you with awe: "Look at Howard and Little and Wilson and Caldwell and Wolfe and Warner. There were giants in those days." Others will say: "Those alumni are merely a set of back numbers that meet once a year to commemorate the time when they were somebody—students."

But how narrow a conception it is to limit the term, "student," to those now enrolled within institutions of learning! Whether he is a college professor or a hod-carrier, whether he reads of men in books or reads them in the experiences of daily life, whatever his station in life, the man who is not a student is not a man. He is a blunderbuss unable to cope with his fellows in the battle of life, unable to profit by the experience of the past, capable of nothing but defeat. "A little learning is a dangerous thing"—when the other fellow has it.

To you then, students when considered in this larger, better sense, I carry the greeting of the student body of the University, now one thousand two hundred strong.

The Kansas-Nebraska Debate.

The second joint debate was won by Nebraska. The Kansas representatives expressed themselves as well satisfied with the decision. Mr. McMurray remarked to the writer: "We didn't have any idea that we could win the debate, *on this question*," but the Jayhawkers were not without consolation in their defeat. Their leader, McCall, was awarded first place in the debate; Quaintance won second; Weaver and Guyer tied for third; Newbranch, fifth; McMurray, sixth. The totals were: Nebraska 28, Kansas 32; a very satisfactory margin.

The Funke opera house was well filled with students and common people. The three literary societies turned out *en masse*. Several fraternity people and a number of profs. were present and a large number of townspeople made up the rest of the audience.

Matthews, Searson and Craig discovered that an office in the Debating Association is no sinecure at all. But they succeeded in working up enough interest among the students and the city people to make it certain that no trouble will be found hereafter in drawing crowds to the Kansas-Nebraska debates. The joint debates will be a regular biennial event in Lincoln—as inevitable as the legislature itself.