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Editorial.

SENIORS.

Alas! the poor Senior who has no vocation. Except to con o'er his commencementation. The vague, troubled look his countenance wears. Br'kens no respite from burdensome cares. The sunshine of joy that mantled his brow [now. In the glad days of prep hood are gone from him. The whole weary world with its burdens untold. Now on his shoulders rests, as on Atlas of old. His sad eyes look out from the soul's citadel. With such mournful pity as tongue can not tell. A sigh his breast heaves like a mountain that's By volcanic fire; for now there is left [cleft. In all the broad stretch of the mind's universe No world yet to conquer. Yet sooth! such a curse As fell on Cassandra, encumbers his might And dooms his proud pinions to lowlier flight; For, such his sad fate, which naught can retrieve; Though he speak simplest truths, no one will believe.

HIGH PRESSURE.

Americans have become proverbial for their speed and "everlasting recklessness." In business, in politics, in education, cramming, hurry, and an utter obliviousness to consequences are our characteristics. Men must make money rapidly, and, before they have reached the prime of life, be possessed of a fortune, which ought only to be the legitimate reward of years of labor. Young men are no longer content to wait until grey hairs and years of experience entitle them to congressional honors, or seats upon the bench. Even in our colleges where thoroughness and plenty of time are doubly essential students are hurried along to their graduation, superficially completing a course in one half the time which should be allowed to it. The children in our common schools are told the story of John Stuart Mill, how he read Greek at ten years of age and Latin at six or seven. Their little heads are filled with reminiscences of wonderful men and women, prodigies, who if they didn't all die young, owed their indiscreet, ambitious, parents and teachers no thanks for their own longevity. As we grow older we have an unhappy faculty of forgetting our youth, and hence fail to take into account

the extent of the influence which all these stories exert upon the young; how the imagination is fired, the ambition greatly excited, and in the end not unfrequently the whole physical system overtasked if not entirely broken down as the natural consequence of too many stimulents. Fewer studies more time occupied in the pursuit of each, more physical exercise, a practical initiation into the common affairs of every day life, would visibly improve the health of college students, find a smaller number of shattered constitutions at graduation day, and furnish better men and women for the plain, hard work the world wants done.

GAMES.

As a class the students of the University are too old for their years;—these observations are intended only for the boys of course.—"They think too much; such men are dangerous." Whether the intellectual atmosphere surrounding our institution engenders too lofty a conception of life and its duties to admit of boyish sports; or whether the bump of continuity has become so largely developed as to keep us in the beaten track of our predecessors we are unable to say. Sure it is, we are deficient in games and pastimes. We have no regular sport. Nature has not provided an opportunity for boating, and the muscular games that give a clear eye, rudy complexion, and elastic step, are seldom indulged in. Other institutions derive pleasure and benefit from physical sports; why should not we? A good game of football every evening would ensure better standing in classes, better health and longer life. The gymnasium has given good evidence of what might be done in this direction both for pleasure and profit. It was but a small start, but we hope it may be followed by something more extensive in the same line. Prize games also would add much to the life and interest of Commencement time. We must employ some means to shake off the lethargy that is inclined to creep over us with the warm weather, or like Rip Van Winkle we may wake up sometime with a snowy beard.

STRIKES.

The "O Lord" indulged in by the *State Democrat* not long since indicates about as little acquaintance with that personage as with the cadets, whom it honors with its contempt. We subscribe heartily to the sentiment: "The pen is mightier than the sword;" and although we do not claim that the cadets would be efficient in quelling a riot, yet we believe they would be equal to the task of routing about fourteen regiments of quill drivers. There may be some excuse for strikers where deprivation of the necessary comforts of life seems to be the only alternative; but when no other cause is apparent except that negroes are employed instead, to advocate their a cause is an insult to those who fought for universal liberty. A few instances like the Omaha strikes and the Whittaker case suffice to show that law is not yet supreme in our land, and that the freedom of the colored race is only nominal and not real. Furthermore such strikes and outrages will grow

more bold and the occasion more frequent as long as they are allowed to go unpunished, and the enemies of universal freedom applaud from behind the editorial we.

Owing to the good judgment of the professor in charge of our college rhetoricals, biographical essays and orations are largely out of date. Scarcely anything except the use of "ponies" will so weaken the student as the long habit of reading a biography, and then rewriting all that can be remembered about it. To call such a production original is simply absurd. No one cares to read it because the original biography from which the essay is taken is much better. Such writings may be useful in storing the mind with facts that it will be well to remember, or in cultivating the particular style of the author, but for all other and higher purposes it is signally a failure. Some of our exchanges do not seem to realize this and their columns are crowded with biographical sketches of Byron, Milton, Goethe, and others less famous. Byron seems to be the favorite with the girls and the poor man is credited with all manner of peculiarities which never belonged to him and the dictionary is scoured through and through for fitting adjectives to describe his eyes, poetry, manners and—wife.

Years ago, so many indeed that we can but just remember it, a deacon of the church, usually the oldest and longest in office, always occupied a prominent place where he could see every thing that was going on, and with his long rod preserved order among the young folks most effectually. It has several times occurred to the STUDENT that it would be well to resuscitate the old custom in the University. None of our Seniors are very deacon-like in manners or appearance, but any of the Junior class would do nicely. His services would be especially required in the society hall where disorder has occasionally prevailed to an alarming extent. The STUDENT hopes that this suggestion will be carefully considered by every one who feels competent to take the old deacon's place.

The decision of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire that Dartmouth College students cannot vote brings to mind the old troubles of two winters ago, at the Iowa State University, and suggests a remedy in the possible decision of the United States Supreme Court. Certainly the law ought to be the same in every state and until a national decision has been reached the trouble is liable to break out at any election. The arguments are strong on both sides, and in the Dartmouth cases especially much feeling about the matter seems to have been stirred up. The students should have employed an able lawyer to plead their case and then perhaps the Court would have been forced to treat them with more justice.

As Commencement draws near we are reminded that the college classes are without their class pins and some without their class colors. This should not be so. In many colleges both east and west the

pins and color badges form a very pleasant class distinction, and we can at least have our colors and badges this June even if it is thought best to defer the pins until some future time. It would add very much to Commencement day for each class to have its separate color and badge, and there is still time for such an arrangement to be made before the ninth.

Some of the college editors have actually had nothing better to do than to waste their time in figuring out, for the benefit of their contemporaries, how much time they should spend in reading the newspapers, how much in searching for Greek roots and how much should be devoted to society! So far, according to the strictest mathematical calculations, the Greek roots are ahead! Tally one for the classical editors.

It is little credit to our distinguished Alumni that they made no preparations or occupying the evening which after many and earnest requests on their part was allowed them. Doubtless the pressure of private business prevents their giving the matter much thought, but we trust that with the welcome addition to their numbers this June they will do better another year.

The STUDENT has been asked to aid other papers in the country in initiating the new method of spelling, but after due consideration of the subject has declined!

Editor's Table.

The *Vidette* seems to be a universal favorite. We have not opened an exchange this month that has not contained a complimentary notice of it. Please take note that we do not mention it.

Neither have we a word to say about that unhappy Ishmael of college journalism, the exchange editor of the *Niagra Index*, and not a reproach for the *University Reporter* on account of its "dirty face."

The trio from Ohio, the *Transcript*, the *Olio*, and the *Collegian* are papers that the state may be proud of, all readable, well printed and respectable in tone.

The articles in both the literary and editorial department of the *Archangel* read like high school grammar department essays. We would suggest to the *Archangel* that it use its wings and make an effort at originality. When the *College Herald* auctioned off its old exchanges in chapel, (realizing thereby the sum of \$3.00) the *Archangel* was rated at less than a toothpick and is wroth thereat.

The *Berkeleyan* is not in size and outward appearance among the best of the papers, nor by any means what it has been in the past, but it gives every evidence of being conducted by students who are alive and interested in what is going on in their university, and in the world.

The *Occident* from Colorado College, is much more prepossessing in appearance, but its editors must learn to rely less on the scissors and more on the pen. The literary department does not contain a single original item. It is well selected, however, and the *Occident* is young yet, so there is time as well as room for improvement.

Acting upon the principal of turning