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Miscellany.

A SENIORIC ODE.

My pony 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
To thee I sing.
Book of my Freshman days,
Worthy of fondest praise,
Worthy of poet's lays,
I'd tribute bring.
My gallant pony, thee,
Help to the wearied be,
When "Ex." is nigh.
I love thy well-worn look,
Thou gentle, little book,
Down in some hidden nook,
Silently lie.
Let tribute swell the breeze,
And ring through all the trees,
Thy praise prolong.
Let Senior's tongues awake,
Let Juniors music make,
Let Sophs. and Freshmen make
A joyful song.
Harpers and Bohn! to thee,
Authors of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Horace, Demosthenes,
Tacitus, Sophocles,
Livy and Homer, these,
The horse is King!

ON SELF CULTURE.

SECOND PAPER.

"It is a great loss to a man when he cannot laugh," says Prof. Blackie, in his admirable pamphlet on Self Culture, from which we quoted some sentences in the last STUDENT. But then he continues to say that no man was ever made great or good by a diet of broad grins. There is no surer sign of a shallow mind than to always see the ludicrous side of things, for the ludicrous is always on the surface.

Of Memory, this author says that no man should hope to remember what he only vaguely and indistinctly apprehends. As helps to memory he suggests: order and classification, repetition, causality, associate ideas, written records. To speak from a paper has a tendency to weaken the memory, but to retain stores of written or printed record, enables a man to command his treasury at any moment.

Of public speaking he says, with Socrates, that if a man has something to say he will know how to say it. Avoid the slavery of paper. A card with points on

it is an aid at first, but it is better to dispense even with this. Look your audience directly in the face. There is no better school than the debating society.

"Practice in this will produce dexterity; dexterity will work confidence; and the bashfulness and timidity so natural to a young man when first called upon to address a public meeting, so far as it harms his utterance, will disappear. Accomplished speaking, however, like marching or dancing, is an art, for the exercise of which, in many cases, a special training is necessary.

Stick to the great books, the original books, the fountain heads; there are only a few in each department. "How many tens of thousands of books on Christian Theology have been written, which if all burnt to-morrow would leave Christianity nothing the worse, and in some points essentially the better." You must step up to the big books by little books, he says, therefore do not despise them. But beware of reading by the mere method of cram. "Cram is a mere mechanical operation, of which a reasoning animal should be ashamed."

The exception to systematic reading is made by predilection. If you feel a strong natural tendency toward acquainting your self with any particular period of history by all means make that acquaintance. One link in the chain, firmly laid hold of, will lead to others." But it is a mistake to narrow one's work to professional studies, *Brodstudien*, as the Germans call it. What some think to be useless ornaments are often the most valuable aids to future professional activity, as is seen in the study of languages. C. C. C.

LECTURES AND BEER DRINKING

WHEN one receives an unusually good letter from a friend, provided its contents are not private, it is pleasant to have others enjoy it. We take the liberty of printing some extracts out of a delightful letter from Mr. Paul Wilcox, a graduate of "Asbury," Greencastle, Indiana, now at Berlin University. After remarking on the delay in the beginning of the semester, which although advertised for Oct. 15th no professor commenced to lecture before the 24th,—our

friend says:

"The matriculation is, in itself, a rich experience. About 200 of us were ushered into a large room. An old, white-haired man, having my passport in his hand, asked me my name and where I was from, then handed me to his right hand neighbor. This was the great Greek historian Curtius. He wanted to know my name and where I was from. He gave me a certain diploma and handed me over to No. 3. This individual didn't frighten me very much. He simply wanted to know my name and where I was from. Having got used to this question I could answer with considerable ease. No. 3 wrote the facts in a large register and passed me to No. 4. This gentleman only wanted to know where I lived in Berlin. I volunteered to tell him *where I was from*.

I then became the victim of No. 5. He gave me a pen, placed a big book before me and requested me to write my name, and *where I was from*. If I ever become President of the U. S., the Berlin University will be in full possession of my name and natal place. No. 6 was the practical man of the assembly. He appeared to know my name, and simply asked me for 18 marks. He gave me some forty documents, one, a card admitting me to all places of interest and amusement at half price, another a book in which each professor whose lectures I had determined to take wrote his name. The lectures cost from five to eighteen dollars per semester. Very cheap, considering that each man is an authority on the subject upon which he speaks.

At lectures, the professor seats himself on a little rostrum and quickly begins to speak. If a student comes in late he is hissed in a spirited manner. If a lecturer talks too rapidly he is immediately hissed, begs pardon and is more careful. One famous old fellow tangles himself fearfully in long German sentences. I have been listening to him for three weeks and am just beginning to have a faint conception of what he is talking about.

I have attended a German student's *Kneipe*; object, toasts, song-singing, friendly intercourse, and beer drinking. The one I attended was given in celebration of Prof. Virchow's sixtieth birthday and twenty-fifth year in the University. About 2000 students and 100