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Miscellaneous Mention.

The professors are clamously calling for a spelling reform among the students. But how much time ought a student to spend now to gain proficiency in what should have been thoroughly learned years since? Uniform spelling is a beauty in a composition, but we hold that the chief object of language is to make one intelligible, and if one mode of orthography will express the thought as well as another, what matter is it if it does not exactly conform to Webster? Let opportunity be given here as well as elsewhere for students to show their originality.

Darwin's last work was on "Earth-worms." He shows very conclusively that these little and inoffensive creatures have played no small part in preparing the earth to support vegetable life. The conclusions arrived at, after many experiments is, that all the surface soil passes through the bodies of these animals every few years. As they deposit their excretions on the top of the ground, in time they completely cover large stones and boulders. Hence they are constantly increasing the area of arable land. They also are the little plows that year after year pulverize the soil, giving it greater uniformity of character and better preparing it to supply the wants of man. It is another striking proof that nothing exists in vain. The humblest and smallest often, as in the present case, are the instruments by which great and important results are obtained.

The voluminous discussion of the "Ethics of Vivisection" with which the reviews have for the past few months been surcharged seems to us more like a desire on the part of certain semi-scientific gentlemen to appear in print than a real expectation of reforming an abuse. We have never learned that these gentlemen are particularly squeamish about eating beef, and have no curiosity about how they would entertain a Thanksgiving turkey. Here is a sacrifice of animal life for the immediate gratification of physical needs. Science inflicts suffering upon animals in the hope of learning better

how to alleviate man's suffering. Without the aid of vivisection the science of medicine would be still in its infancy. Its progress has been slow enough at best. Who is there so sentimental as to accuse John Hunter of cruelty to animals because he resorted to the study of Comparative Anatomy instead of allowing human lives to be sacrificed through ignorance.

It is stated that the average net annual profits of the *New York Herald* are over \$1,000,000. This immense business is under the supervision of one man, but he is a remarkable one. Although he spends more than half his time in Europe he dictates the policy of the paper in every detail, and keeps a strict watch over the finances. It is also affirmed that he sends editorials by cable from every corner of the world. This is difficult to believe, especially when his character of professional pleasure seeker is kept in mind. We are disposed to think that his industry has been very much overdrawn, and that the success of the *Herald* is not attributable to his personal watchfulness. The business managers are of high character, requiring little supervision. The amount spent for the Jeanette expedition, and for the relief of Ireland, netting \$750,000, has served to give the paper a great name, without which it could not flourish. We believe that these giant policy strokes are the keys to Bennett's success, and that the report of his indefatigable industry is a device to patch up a bad reputation.

A few years ago one of the students at Bowdoin College bore the euphonious title of "Spud." He was a fine scholar and after graduation was chosen an instructor in the college. Of course his student name still clung to him. He knew it, and didn't like it. He was very dignified, and his professors chair did not diminish the gravity of his demeanor. One day some boys playing ball near the door of a recitation room in which "Spud" was conducting a Latin exercise, annoyed this expounder of subjectives and the intricacies of indirect discourse, and calling a Sophomore to him, he said, "Please go to the door, Mr. A., and say to those players that I desire them to cease their play or make less noise." A. went to the

door, stuck his head out, and shouted in stentorian tones: "Here, you fellows! Spud says dry up!" Another Professor at the same college bore the nickname "Kalgar," from two common Greek words. In fact very few professors in any American college escape familiar or opprobrious nicknames at the hands of the students. One of the happiest hits of this sort was at the expense of a certain Yale professor who was called "Old Spoudee"—a spondee, in metrical versification, consisting of two long feet.

When noticing the bitter controversy existing between Allopathy and Homeopathy we do not wonder that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "If all drugs were cast into the sea, it would be so much the better for man and so much the worse for the fish!" When medical men are so widely separated, how can they expect that the dignity of the profession will be maintained? One thing is certain,—the two schools are so radically opposed that both cannot be right. With thousands of lives at stake it is a subject in which the people can justly feel interested, and the animosity with which the war is carried on is in itself sufficient to keep the truth buried. Until the members of the medical fraternity become high-minded enough to search for the truth honestly and regardless of the tenets of their particular school, the science will not be set upon an unassailable foundation. In a lecture in the Opera House a few evenings since it was shown by statistics that the old school kills three times as many persons as the new in proportion to the number of patients. Probably statistics would also reverse the case. Just now there seems to be a splendid opening for some man of ability to harmonize the conflicting views by selecting the best from each.

Female seminary. Teacher.—"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No; he was excommunicated by a bull."

The following, though of very ancient origin, has never before appeared in the *STUDENT*: Young ladies' boarding school. Prof.—"What can you say of Pluto?" Miss D.—"He was the son of Satan, and when his father died he gave him Hell."