

We but express the sentiment of the students, especially those whose privilege it was to have studied under him, and to be personally acquainted with him, when we say that his resignation is greatly regretted, and that whatever his future field may be, he will always carry with him the highest esteem and the good will of every student of the University.

The Students' Scrap Book,

BORES.

It is an event of rare occurrence to attend a public gathering of any description, from a Sunday sermon to a circus, in which the interest is not detracted from the principal actors by the earnest co-operation of the omnipresent baby. In close proximity to the infant, and fondly attending its wants with gratuitous affection, may be seen its grandmother, her lap filled with candy, crackers, papa's watch and a variety of other things too numerous to mention, with which while seeming to put a check to the lilliputians conspicuousness, she sedulously causes it to become the observed of all observers. The world is rather unequally divided on the question of the intrinsic worth of this particular bit of humanity. The mother and a small minority of its more partial relatives, regard the urchin's "freedom of cry" as the all important idea of modern civilization. The vast majority of mortals wish with an intensity proportional to their distance from the creature, that the river Ganges flowed somewhere in the vicinity. However much discomfort is imported into the globe by the embryo citizen, the unhappiness thereby arising sinks into nothingness when compared with the genuine misery occasioned by the displaying of the ideas born from some men's brains.

With what maternal care does the genuine bore contrive to bring his ideas most tiresomely before his unfortunate friends and acquaintances. What a desperate struggle they make to avoid his hobbies and how signally are they defeated. That man should have been created with a propensity to pray upon the good-nature of his race, is a matter of wonder; but since this faculty exists, it may perhaps be advisable to classify the vast army of bores and devise some means for their cure or correction. The class which presents itself as first in malignity comprises those who were born with an idea which, like a sponge, has absorbed the entire brain: the idea of ones magnitude. In this vast world of ours, so richly endowed with the intellects of millions of philosophers of past time, no hobby is more inexcusable and literally worthless than this. The egotist needs no description. Give him but time and he speaks for himself. But one cure is known for absolute egotism. Instant death, alone, will drive this idea from this orb and that be as complete a victory as the finite can hope over the infinite. The man of sorrow is merely a dimorphic type of this class. On the brightest day his face is a thunder cloud. If he has no misfortunes of his own, he will be very glad to groan with someone else. To him this wicked generation is a source of the greatest comfort. He can weep over this abstraction when all other trouble fails him. Pity him. Kill him with pity if you will. Surfeit him with it and he will have mental dyspepsia

on pity. But don't imagine you can cure him of grumbling by any more substantial assistance. To stop his complaints with aid would require more labor than to dam a river with a sieve. A harmless modification of the egotist is he who fancied that he has an original idea. Contact with his superiors works a decided cure and after losing his hobby he becomes a useful man. A large genus particularly dissatisfied to the fair sex is the May-see-you-home young man. The bores of this stamp are distinguishable by their canes, cigarettes and hats on one side of the head; but the badge of all their tribe is the air of uneasy watchfulness which they exhibit at the door of the church and other places of public gathering.

Decided mittens are conducive to the recovery of these maniacs and the daughters of Eve would do well to administer the remedy in allopathic quantities. But of all miserable wretches who bore humanity the most demoralized copy of divinity is the one who rides a borrowed or stolen hobby. One can endure being talked at with ideas slightly tinctured with originality, but he who is fired at with the thoughts of a man of genius loaded into a 22 caliber brain may say with authority "This is the most unkindest act of all." However the man who don't know where to stop has perpetuated more injustice upon humanity than all other bores combined. In lecture or sermon he consumes his hearers' patience even more lavishly than his time. Long before his peroration or benediction, the audience must beat a retreat or remain a sacrifice to a temporal monopoly. In telling a story the laugh has left for more congenial quarters before he arrives at the place where it should appear. The dispersion of his audience is probably the only means of curing his malady without the aid of a surgeon's knife.

Beyond a doubt these remedies if applied would effect the longed for reformation of Boredom. But owing to the intimate relationship between it and the rest of mankind they are impracticable. The freeing of the world from the bondage of boredom has perplexed many a philanthropist of old. Horace says that the Gods alone can free us from such an incubus. A more modern writer suggests the appointment of officers in every city, whose business it should be to listen to the monologues of these very persons. The officers are to be neatly uniformed on the coat of which shall be placed a button as large as a door knob. Whenever a bore attacks one, all that is to be done is to lead him up to an officer, lay his hand on the button, say your adieu and allow the bore to effervesce on one who is paid for listening. Thus much valuable time and long suffering patience would be saved. In addition to the assistance of the gods and man with the door knobs, but one thought may be suggested. If each should make a personal examination of himself unless he belongs to the class of incurable egotists whose proper home is not on this orb, by having a little more regard for the feelings of others, it is possible that the whose system of boring can be wiped out of the land.

A PLEA.

Of all the errors of this egotistical age, none is more apparent than the abuse, misrepresentation and want of appreciation of the restraining, steadyng' corrective influences of conservatism. It has become common with some superficial thinkers—if, indeed, we ought to call them thinkers at all—to brand all past and present