

"O Demosthenes!" said he, "how wonderfully does wisdom resemble its opposite—that which men call ignorance—in that it can not be distinguished from the other, except by those well versed in human nature. Tell me then, O Demosthenes! have you never listened to the eloquent sayings which on every Friday come from the chapel across the hall?"

"By Zeus! Socrates, even so often is my long forgotten dust tossed in a whirlwind of agony. The bursts of oratory that strike my tony ears cause my spirit to writhe in an ecstasy of jealousy and dismay".

"Which then, does this oratory seem to you, wisdom or ignorance?"

"Most assuredly it is the greatest possible wisdom."

"Well now answer me this, have you ever attended the Legislature of Nebraska?"

"In truth I have suffered that misfortune."

"And have you not heard the Butler Co. delegation discuss the State University?"

"Yes; many wise thoughts have the Butler members given in my presence."

"Did this appear to you to be wisdom or ignorance?"

"Without doubt the utmost depths of ignorance."

"But, by the gods! this is not possible; for how can a college student possess more wisdom than a member from Butler?"

"I am unable to answer. How then, Socrates, shall we escape this absurdity?"

"Indeed, Demosthenes there is but one way. Let us put to death all the students for, when dead, they will know nothing whatever and, of course, cannot be more intelligent than a member from Butler. Thus alone can the facts be reconciled to the argument."

"By Apollo! The plan is an excellent one. Let us make a beginning on this slumberer here."

But the DRIFTER awoke and fled.

FOUR EPITAPHS.

"Deep wisdom — swelled head—
Brain-fever — he's dead—
A Senior."

"False, fair one — hope fled—
Heart-broken — he's dead—
A Junior."

"Went skating — 'tis said—
Floor hit him — he's dead—
A Soph'more."

"Milk-famine — not fed—
Starvation — he's dead—
A Freshman"

Wanted.

- Some interest to be taken in college songs and singing.
- More warm weather in chapel.
- Less plaster on the matings and more on the ceiling.
- A scheme by which the STUDENT can pay off its debt.
- A triple gross of large sized cuspadores for the medical lecture room.
- An enterprising syndicate of upper classmen who are willing to publish Vol. II of "Sombrero."
- A big subscription list for the HESPERIAN.

—A large senior class.

—Good singing in chapel.

—A girl who can't endure the sight of an oyster.

—The University bills to pass the legislature.

—Nineteen able bodied darkies to mop out the Editor's sanctum.

—Money, brains, more money and more brains.

"To spout or not to spout; ay there's the rub". This line from Milton's masterpiece is suggested to the DRIFTER by the awakening of interest among our students, in the Inter-State Oratorical Association. Our cup of sorrow is pretty full. Perhaps we can stand the oratorical business. It's all a sham any way. In the first place oratory gives no idea of the work being done in an institution. The wretched little one-horse colleges often produce "infant phenomenons" that far outshine the best men of more solid places of learning. The way in which an oratorical contest turns is no index of the relative merits of rival colleges. That is evident.

What of the individual orators? Do "the shining lights" at their great contests ever illuminate anything with the brilliancy? Never except upon the contest stage. They are "brilliant and brittle". There may be exceptions to this rule. They serve to prove it.

Oratory takes time from the legitimate work of a college course. It offers nothing save the self-satisfaction dependent on success in "dazzling the public". Oratory is an anachronism. Give us less of it.

Campus Canards.

Valentines. How many did you get?

Have you heard the latest on Churchill?

What is becoming of the mortar-boards?

The skating rink must go. The faculty is about to sit down upon it.

A. W. Field makes as good a Speaker of the House as Nebraska ever saw.

Autograph albums are again loose. "Angels and the ministers of grace defend us."

Come, Mallory, set up the oysters and we won't say anything about that trip to L street.

Ground Hog's day has come and gone and we are doomed to six weeks more winter. Ugh!

The new Bus., Man. J. R. Force is afflicting the unfortunates of the school. He can be bought off at a cheap rate however.

The jovial W. G. Keim has been visiting his old haunts and shaking hands with his many friends. Every one is glad to see Keim.

W. T. Jackson dropped in upon us a few days since; but before we could ask him where he had been and what he had been doing, he was gone.

It is agreeable to have members of the legislature visit us, but isn't it cruel to take them in to a chapel whose temperature is 15 degrees below zero?

No more dodging essays, Prof. Sherman has issued a printed invitation to each student in the Freshman and Sophomore classes to meet him on a certain day and hour. No forgetting now.