

precisely as he talks; there are colloquillisms of speech which could not, without violation of good taste, be employed in writing, but I do mean to say, that one ought to try to speak in such a way, that were his words to be reproduced in print, he would not be obliged to blush at such remarks as "I didn't catch on," or "maybe I didn't get there," and a host of similar choice expressions. Why, if this thing is allowed to go on at its present rate, we shall eventually become the most illiterate nation on the face of the globe. It will come to pass (as in Mr. Dupew's allusion,) that we shall be framing laws which neither we nor any one will be able to interpret. And all this I believe, can be traced to our superficial training in the use of English and in our utter inability to apply even the result of such training. If it is thought that I have exaggerated the facts, let the doubter attend a session of our own legislature and listen, for a while to the speeches made there. He will, unless I mistake myself, have the pleasure of hearing expressions which seem strangely out of place, as coming from men of brains, the pillars of the state. Or let him walk along the street and hear as I have, little school misses of seven and therabouts accost each other with such salutations as, "ah there," followed by the question, "how're comin up?" Of course, they are not to blame; they only repeat what they hear their older brothers and sisters say, what they hear in their parents parlors.

Of what use, let me ask, is it for a student to become thoroughly acquainted with the classic languages both ancient and modern, if he so shamefully abuses his own tongue? what student, again, would think of inquiring after his professor's health by asking how he was "coming up", as he would undoubtedly do to his fellow students? Indeed, when this practice is stopped, so soon shall we be able to use our own tongue with some degree of accuracy, and imitate Addison or Thackeray in the purity of our speech.

If, then the use of slang in common conversation is objectionable, how must it appear when spread before us in writing, as when we received a letter, profusely interspersed with words and phrases not allowed in good usage? There is absolutely nothing that so quickly stamps one as not of the highest culture as the careless selection of words, not only in speaking, but far more so, in his correspondence. Here there are none of the extenuating circumstances that may cause others to overlook his lapses; he as it were, reflects his own culture in what he writes, and it is by that, we must judge him, for it is the sole basis upon which we can form an estimate of his character and refinement. Knowing this fact, he should, by every means in his power, endeavor to make his words the reflex of his mind, and not be untrue to himself in using words and expressions which he knows violate every rule of purity and good taste.

CHRONICLE OF HESPERICUS.

Now it came to pass, on the tenth day of the first month, of the 10th year of the reign of Universitas Nebraskiensis, that the people did go up into their high place to choose from among them a scribe, who should edit the Hespericus for a twelvemonth. And lo! there arose strife between the Polkotites and the Bigelowites; for once upon a time there was a solemn compact made, by which the Polkotites and the Bigelowites were, each in their turn, to control the worshipful office of scribe. But lo! the Polkotites having been in power a twelvemonth and having nothing to lose but everything to gain, grew selfish even like unto the swine, and thinking that they could still hold the office, went into the high place in full force.

Now it came to pass that when they came together, the Bigelowites were more numerous than the Polkotites, even as the leaves of a tree unto the leaves of a first year student's lexicon.

When the Polkotites found this out, they attempted to postpone the meeting and their high priest called aloud saying that the meeting was dissolved, and lo! the Polkotites withdrew in a body and the high priest of the Bigelowites took the high seat and the scribe was chosen even from among the Bigelowites.

And when they left the high place it was nigh unto night. Now it came to pass that the high priest of the Polkotites said that this was unlawful and he sent his messengers everywhere to announce that a meeting would take place on the 15th of the same month to choose a scribe.

Now the Bigelowites were satisfied even with the first choosing, but when they spake unto the wise heads of the country, they replied, saying, "Go ye unto the high place and defeat the Polkotites again, lest the strife should continue in our midst and rend us in twain." So the Bigelowites went unto the high place and when they met the Polkotites there were as many Bigelowites as Polkotites and as many Polkotites as Bigelowites.

Now it came to pass that the Polkotites consulted among themselves and lo! they put forth a Bigelowite for scribe against the chosen one of the Bigelowites. For they said "If a Polkotite is put forward many of our own brethren, who have a sense of justice, will desert us, so, lo! we will put forth a Bigelowite, and thus deceive our few honest brethren." So the fight began and they wrangled long and hard.

Now it came to pass that when eventide came on apace certain Bigelowites who had been into a far country, arrived upon the scene. And when the place had been illuminated the Polkotites saw that they would be defeated. So they called upon their chief beast of burden to bray a few notes, which he did with a great noise, but little sense. And when this had no effect on the Bigelowites, they even had the chief member of the Polkotites arise to explain his vote. Now it came to pass that when this had no effect, except to momentarily stun the Bigelowites, one of the Polkotites left the high place and lo! in a short time the entire assembly was wrapped in darkness. But, by the aid of sundry newly invented articles named tooth-picks, matches and lamps, the high place was re-illuminated and the choice of the Bigelowites was chosen for scribe. Thus ended the second chapter of the chronicle of the Hespericus.

[This palpably one-sided account of the matter, was handed to us to print and as it is our policy to print all meritorious articles handed to us by students whether or not they voice our sentiments, we considered this as entitled to have its place in our paper.—Ed.]

OUR EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

Our eighteenth day of rejoicing, our eighteenth day of enthusiasm; when students, throwing aside their books, turn their thoughts towards their University, its progress in the past, its position in the present and its prospect for the future, has passed and has added its share to the sweet remembrances of college life. Eighteen years of life! Eighteen years of progress! What wonder that we should simply grow wild with enthusiasm when the birthday brings up such remembrances. Nothing can be more fitting than on such a day, the University,—students, authorities and friends—should commemorate that event. Last year was introduced a