

Looking at this question in the light of a farmer the question has a different phase. To tax land values alone would discourage the extension of agricultural pursuits for the time being and hence raise the price of food to the laborers in the cities. The burden of taxation would fall upon the farmer and decrease the price of his land to nearly rent value, so that his only means of money making would be by constant toil. But if his labor or the result of his labor would bring more in the market it would matter little to him whether his land was high and prices low or prices low and land high. Such a state of affairs would scarcely be possible, however, for the same number of people would still exist to be fed while at the same time the trade marts are overflowing with laborers, thus preventing any great number of the farming class from deserting their farms because there would be no other available employment for them to pursue.

It would have the effect though of breaking up the large land holdings of non-residents, and more generally distributing the wealth of the country. In short, the sum of the wealth would be neither increased or decreased, but some would necessarily have to lose while others would gain. The rich would be the losers the poor the gainers. A more equitable distribution of property among all classes would result and the fast growing caste system of our land would be blotted out forever.

SKETCHES.

Some of the students may allow their angry passions to arise when this issue appears. All right, go ahead and rave. This is the last issue and the new board will soon appear. Therefore, in order to initiate the new board of editors, it is necessary that they reap some of the wrath which is always ready for the present board. The old editors are safe. Your subscriptions are paid. Your wrath is mighty but powerless. It may be an unfair advantage that we take, still you must watch out for our successors.

The crowd of hoodlums and bums that hang around THE HESPERIAN office and yell "pie" will certainly have reserved seats in the hottest corner of the unmentionable region. A separate fireman for each one should see that the scientifics are kept from freezing.

Whenever it is said that a woman cannot keep a secret, please remember that it is equally true of the other sex.

For instance, two of the most handsome Juniors in the class had an experience the other evening which should have been kept dark. However, the two students forgot to make a "tie-up" and the gag leaked out.

The students made a call. They began to play one of those innocent games in which a single heart is better than ten under certain conditions. Time passed on, but the students kept the clock company. Finally, sometime between sunset and sunrise, a voice from the hall was heard: "Young gentlemen, if you will stay a little longer you may eat griddle cakes with the girls."

It is sad to think that any student would tell this on himself, but it is true nevertheless. At least Hefelman and Graham declare that they can name the students as quick as ye sketcher can say "Jack Robinson."

Some of the students seem to partake of the nature of small demons. One of our students has a custom of hanging his hat in THE HESPERIAN office. The student is one of the

hurrying kind. He never has time to go slow. Such a practice enables the other students to play tricks upon him. And such tricks.

The other morning the student hung his hat in the usual place and went to his recitations. When he started home at noon he was in deep meditation. He put on his hat mechanically. It was a rather windy day, so he pulled his hat on tight. In about five minutes he met a young lady acquaintance. Off went the student's hat. Ah! no, it didn't come off. It remained on his head. The student made a spectacle of himself before his friend. Before he pulled his hat off he pulled out half of his hair and shed many tears. Some demon of a student had nicely coated the inside of the student's hat with mucilage. It was an outrageous, miserable, wretched, contemptible, villainous trick, but—it was successful.

Many, many years ago, there dwelt in the province of Narkaska a kindly and well beloved mother with her large family of boys. Now the mother was wise as well as generous, and so she did not forget that her boys would not long remain children, but would soon be men; and she earnestly wished them to live prosperous and happy lives. And she was mindful of the great help that could be given by training the young to the implements and ways that are of most use in later life. And so she bethought herself to provide playthings like unto those implements, and also to bring together the skilled of many provinces to tell how to use them. And she provided toy weapons of attack and defence; and there were likewise toy temples, and castles, and ships; for it is well for boys to know how to enjoy peace, as well as how to do great deeds in war. And it seemed good that some one should care for the store-house where all the toys were kept, and should aid in choosing for each boy the toys that he most needed, and should see that the toys that pleased him most were given him. And to this work a gentle-woman was assigned.

Now this plan was wondrous pleasing to the boys; and all together they ran to the store-house. And one cried "I wish a bow and arrows;" and another wished a spear; and another, a javelin; and another, a sword; and there were also some that chose to build temples and great houses from the blocks that had been given them. But to the first, the gentle-woman gave the bow only; to the second an arrow instead of a spear; to the third she said "The javelin might be lost or broken, and so you sha'n't have it;" the fourth was told that there was no such thing as a sword, and he ought to know better than to ask for it. And there was one boy that wished a toy ship to sail on the little lake near by; and the toy was given him, and he was happy. But before he could reach the lake, a messenger came unto him and said, "Take that ship back instantly, for thy brother has asked for it;" and so the ship was taken back.

Now after a time it came to pass that the skilled men wished to make trial of the boys to see what they had learned. And the boys were asked to throw the javelin, and to shoot with the bow and arrow, and to build a castle and to sail a ship. And not one of them could do these things. And at this the men were greatly amazed and not a little wroth. And they wondered greatly at the cause thereof, and to this day they wonder still.

The last issue should contain some good advice. At least this department should offer some suggestions before it dies. It would be better if in chapel Fletcher broke fewer seats; if Forsyth would sing louder and Church say "amen" less audibly. Peace and harmony will be increased if Bush