

Barb or *because* he was a Frat. That time, and the men of that opinion on both sides have gone, we hope, to join the shades of the old 17th century bigots. If there is anything good in a man let it come out and let it have its influence on the rest of us. It makes no difference, so long as the idea is helpful, who originated it. This Frat-Barb grunting and growling and jealousy makes us exceedingly weary. Please forget the personality behind this paper,—if the ideas presented are good, or if you get any pleasure out of reading what we print be satisfied, if not, ask us to resign and we will, if we can't improve, but don't, if you value our opinion of you, come around and intimate that what we write would be very nice if we didn't wear a Frat pin. Friendly and even sharp criticisms are good for any college paper. We hope to be criticised for therein lies improvement, and we certainly shall criticise when we feel like it. There is a difference though between sharp criticism and sarcastic slinging of mud. We hope to continue in the "Representing" business till the end of the year and, Providence permitting, for many years to come. There is a big field here to represent though and we wish the *Hesperian* all possible success in its "representing" business.

We are going to take a resolution right here in public. It is this: We shall be glad to discuss, soberly and earnestly with the *Hesperian* any question either of us may bring up. We shall *not* do any more scuffling on this Frat-Barb question. We've had our "say" and shall keep quiet hereafter. St. Peter isn't going to ask whether we were a "Pal" or a "Sig", before he lets us in. As long as he isn't we needn't worry about the matter here at the U. of N. where there are plenty of more profitable subjects to discuss.

There are about seventy-five *Sombreros* in a box down in the *Hesperian* office. They are for sale cheap. The business managers are also in a box and are vainly trying to persuade '93 to do the square thing and help them out of the hole.

The Chancellor's Column.

ON ALERTNESS.

Each period seems to have its peculiar characteristic; a something which distinguishes it from the preceding age; a "mark or brand" by which we readily recognize it. This characteristic may not have the same manifestation (quantitative) in different communities or in different nations—but the peculiar quality of the age can be detected without much trouble. The aroma may be subtle and faint, but it is in the air.

The distinguishing characteristic of this age is alertness. The term is used as meaning something more than activity, celerity; something other than quickness, promptness, briskness. It is rather the condition-precursor of these. It is a certain intentness and keenness of perception, a ready play of all the faculties. Its opposites mark the stolid, sodden, sullen man; the man who is but half awake; who hears indistinctly and who sees dimly; whose senses must be stirred violently or not at all. The alert man is the magnetic needle; the other is simply a bar of iron—capable of some use, possibly, in the hands of others; but supine, heavy, inert when left alone. To be alert is to be responsive, to be delicately poised, to sense things and conditions and men and relations with the finest possible "feelers."

There is something about this alertness that amounts almost to commercial or professional instinct. The hot strife of the world of today gives play to this rather than to the judgment; certainly rather than to very deliberate judgment. Just now all things are done in haste. The ox team gives way to quick-stepping horses, and the horses to steam. The mail becomes weekly, then daily, then almost hourly, and is in turn supplanted by the telegraph and telephone. The slow going merchant-man becomes the clipper, and the clipper gives way to the steamer, and the steamer to the best of its class, the ocean greyhound. Travel continues by night and by day. The world is