

in actual newspaper work, only the field is narrow, and the work consequently less varied.

The trouble with college paper work is that each editor is impatient of suggestions from anyone, and thus learns only what he can pick up by observation. If a professor who has had experience in newspaper work were allowed to make assignments, give advice and correct faults, it would be better than any "school of journalism" that seeks to introduce metropolitan daily experience into the class room. That college editors would not stand it, does not alter the fact that more beneficial experience could thus be gained.

College men are more and more taking possession of metropolitan journalism. Nearly all newspaper men that have reputations lately were once college editors.

According to Bill Nye, a journalist should take a ninety years' course, embracing most human knowledge. The college graduate is just four years ahead of the man that climbs off the compositor's stool into the editor's chair. That is in some things. The things that the typo has the advantage in can be picked up by the graduate while he is earning a reporter's salary. The typo never picks up the college course this way.

No knowledge is useless to a reporter. Science, mechanics, and knowledge of every trade, from electrical engineering to farming, will be useful. No matter how much he knows, he will wish every day that he knew more. He must describe everything describable, and always be able to use technical terms. If he makes a mistake, he is ridiculed by experts that know only their specialty. As he must write of all trades not practise them, the nearer he comes to being a jack of all, trades the better.

A man that has taken a varied college course, is well fitted to begin to learn newspaper work. The classical course will do him the least good. If he has been a college editor, he has some things already learned. In any case, he will never get through learning.

Though regarded as the least important, the local editor has the best chance to learn newspaper work. But he can be local editor and learn very little. He must first quit trying to see news and learn to hear about it. He must talk with many people, and practice asking questions. Then he must use care in writing even two-line locals—the more care the better. Here is where supervision is needed.

I have exceeded my space. In closing, I wish simply to speak a word of encouragement to all HESPERIAN editors—present and prospective. In no class room nor society hall can you get so much useful knowledge and experience as in the dingy old sanctum of THE HESPERIAN, if you go at the work with the intention of learning all you can. Vary your work. From my own experience I can say that in every position from typo to editor-in-chief or business manager much can be learned. The very necessary knowledge of human nature and how to manipulate it, can best be learned while "rustling ads." Put your heart in your work, and you will never regret it, no matter if you are never inside a newspaper office after graduation. If you do take up the laborious life of the reporter, you will many times be thankful that you learned this little thing or that before you got into a position where a mistake means an irate subscriber or a withering comment from the intelligent compositor, who has a great contempt for college men.

Thanking you for so much space and wishing THE HESPERIAN and the whole university unbounded prosperity, I am
Respectfully,
ERNEST R. HOLMES, '90.

John Lyons, '92, who is in the employ of Grey's Lumber Co., of Omaha, is visiting his parents and friends in this city.

Misses Katie Shotwell, Mary Passmore, Esther Leightner, and Anna Taylor were among the delegates to the meeting of the Friends (Quakers) held here April 26—27.

'81.—Miss Mary A. Treeman writes from Long Beach, Cal., that she is getting the benefit of the sea breezes and enjoying herself generally.

THE HESPERIAN recently received a complimentary invitation to a bachelor's ball, from E. P. Brown, '91, of Grant, Nebraska.

'83.—A. L. White, who is in the employ of the civil engineering department of the B. & M. railroad, is home for a vacation.

Allen P. Meeker, '94, sends his card as representative of the Saunders county *Leader*; also "regards to all the ladies especially."

Miss Kate Shotwell, a former student, is teaching school in the south west part of Lancaster county.

'88.—Ed Howe is deputy county surveyor of Pawnee county, and is also engaged in farming.

E. L. Thrift, a former student, came up from Beatrice to visit friends and hear the Marine Band.

'88.—O. B. Polk, while in the city on business recently, visited his friends at the university.

G. L. Tait '92, of Chicago recently recovered from a three weeks' sickness of typhoid fever.

'90.—Miss Gertrude Laws recently returned home from a visit to Washington, D. C.

'77.—Charles L. Brainard is engaged in farming in Dundy county.

'89.—Orien Fifer is back from Evanston for a few months' vacation.

Miss Esther Leightner, '94, is in the city visiting friends.

'90.—Francis W. Russell is going to study for the ministry.

Charley Engelhard is talking of re-entering the university.

J. O. Beach '80, is editor of the *Genoa Leader*.

Little Jack Whistler.

Little Lehmer, D. N.,
Toyed his fine fountain pen,
Then he looked at the boys with a sigh.
"No, boys, I can't skip,
Sooner cut off my lip,
Though such a great whistler am I."

"Well, now, Mr. Lehmer,
We'll inform you we came here
With bloody red blood in our eyes;
You shall be locked in the tower."
"Villains! 'Tis not in your power;
I tell you, a bad man am I."

But soon Mr. Lehmer
Became somewhat tamer,
And quietly went toward the sky;
But his heart was not cheerful,
And his face was quite tearful,
As he sobbed, "what a bad boy am I."

But shrewd Daniel Lehmer
Became somewhat gamer,
Took the lightning rod route from on high,
And in ten seconds more,
He entered room four,
And said "what a schemer am I."

Then Lehmer, D. N.,
Took his fine fountain pen
And he squared the square root of pi;
He found areas of lines
And hummed several times,
"Oh what a great skipper am I."

Mr. Butts visited mamma the 17th and 18th.