

Russia, that one can almost hear the crackling of the snow under the marching feet of the unfortunate exiles and can almost catch the sound of the mournful sighs which swell from broken hearts. In this lecture Mr. Kennan will wear the convict dress, the chains and fetters that Russian cruelty imposes upon prisoners. Tickets at students rates may be procured at the HESPERIAN office.

The Omaha Cup, presented to the cadets at Omaha at the national encampment last June, reposes in a handsome case in the Chancellor's office. It is a magnificent solid silver cup, bearing the words:

Presented to Company A, Nebraska State University Cadets, by Citizens of Omaha and Resident Alumni at the

National Competitive Drill Association, Omaha, Neb.

June, 13-20, 1892.

Mrs. D. H. Wheeler, Miss Clara M. Brown, Chaparone. Sponsor.

Miss Eugenia C. Kountze, Miss Stella M. Hamilton, Maids of Honor.

Below the spout are the words:

"The Omaha Cup."

The prize will be contended for each year by the companies of the batallion, and the initial of the winning company engraved upon it.

WASTE-BASKET WAIFS.

The other day a young man entered a book store on O street, and asked the clerk for a volume of "Shakespeare's Rolfe." He said his sister had been entreating him to join a Shakespeare club, and he supposed he would have to do it. The clerk smiled, and laid Rolfe edition of "Hamlet" on the show case. The young man shook his head, and said sadly, "No, they have finished reading "Hamlet," they are reading Rolfe, now."

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A great deal has been said, and written, and sung about the persecution of learned men by the ignorant. I think it is high time that someone take the other side, and set forth the inexpressable torture which the plain, honest, work-a-day world suffer at the hands of so-called literary people. In this age, it requires as much courage for a man to acknowledge that he thinks Browning a bore, as it took for Gallileo to proclaim that the earth moved. In a few years, a boot-black must be able to discuss Herbert Spencer, or he will get no patronage, and a base-ball pitcher will be engaged for the amount of Emerson he can quote.

Ere long we will hear of institutions for the cure of the toothpick habit. It is a solemn thing to see every man on the street, in the car, at the concert, or in the ball room, with a toothpick in his mouth. It is a habit, pure and simple. No one chews a toothpick except from sheer nervousness. It is a modern substitute for fingernails. They are insipid, tasteless. If they were not they would be discarded. There was an attempt made not long ago to introduce toothpicks whose ends had been dipped in some flavoring substance. As a person could not think of something else and chew these delightful sticks, they went out of style very quickly. The toothpick must be of such a kind as not to attract the attention of the chewer. Thus, while his jaws do one thing, his mind does another with accuracy and precision.

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It is amusing to hear some people say with rapt and saintly air that they have never studied the art in any of Shakespeare's plays for fear it would spoil their appreciation of Shakespeare. The idea! as though understanding any great work of art could make one like it less. Does it spoil one's appreciation of the number two to know that it is made of one and one? Does it destroy one's sympathy with mutton pie to know what it is made of? It is as impossible for one to understand one of Shakespeare's great plays without knowing something of its art, as it is for one who knows nothing of mechanics to understand the workings of a ponderous engine. These exceedingly fastidious people seem to think that "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" will not bear close inspection. It seems, however, to have been the experience of the world, so far, that the work of the great William can bear with impunity all the scrutiny that the average intellect can focus upon it. I wonder that these dear people dare to read Shakespeare at all, since they desire to keep their appreciation of him so untarnished.

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It has been forcibly impressed upon a certain waif in this waste basket that a number of students in the U. of N. lack sense and common decency. The spirit of noise seems to run rampant wherever a company of college boys gather. No matter how solemn, or how impressive the occasion, if two or three be gathered together, racket reigns. Why was it that, in the Lansing recently, between acts, our University yell was thrust out to cause disgust in a cultured audi-