

## WASTE-BASKET WAIFS.

The most amusing thing yet is to see the Freshmen in politics. Great, long, serious faces, discussions about principle, diatribes about cantankerous idiots on opposite sides, manly feelings of just indignation against unmanly feelings of unjustly considered just indignation, and all over a president. Let the good work continue. Perhaps, we may, by practicing in such scraps, be able to prick Cotner with a point of order in the next oratorical convention.

The professors in the history departments take especial delight in referring to the themes that they have caused to be given students to write up before the end of the year. These interesting topics are well called "laboratory work in history." They are, no doubt, very beneficial. We, however, object to having them mentioned with peculiar gusto just before a paltry five days vacation. We are able to bear the thorns in our sides as long as they remain stationary; but when they are twisted and forced in deeper in such a manner as to destroy our appreciation of this mundane sphere for five days devoted by the faculty to the enjoyment of life, we raise one lone, plaintive, uncontrollable howl.

Of all the rules and instructions in the study of rhetoric, the most senseless and unwarrantable is that forbidding the use of puns. Just why every other form of wit except this is welcomed in writing is to me most unaccountable. It is simply the artificial exaction of so-called culture.

"Puns are cheap wit." What if they are? Everybody can breathe the air; but the air is not therefore worthless. It does not take a Beethoven to compose "Yankee Doodle," but "Yankee Doodle" has its importance. But puns are not characteristic of little minds. The habitual punster can find treasures in Shakespeare, in Milton, and even in the Bible. To be sure, an excessive use of this form of wit is as disgusting as the excessive use of any other, but a neat pun is one of the merriest and most innocent sources of fun.

Ordinarily, we think very little about time as being valuable in itself; we value it only for what we can do with it. But let a student "skip class" once, and that hour of stolen bliss seems to be a delightful thing in itself. It does not matter in the least how he spends those sixty minutes; whether in reading the newspapers in the library,

flipping pennies in the HESPERIAN office, or gossiping in the halls, he is as happy as that hour is long. As the sensational novels say, "He is glad for very joy of being."

By some of the older and more stringent members of the faculty the habit of "skipping class" is discouraged. This puritanical spirit will surely die out in a few years, and the professors will soon see that if there is any one thing that makes a student realize that time has an actual, specific and intrinsic value, it is the habit of "skipping class."

Ever since I have been at the University, I have daily heard the name of John Green. Every Friday night at society, I hear the strains of that melodious song, "John Green." Every time I ask to have the steam turned on in Union hall, I hear the steward mutter something about John Green. Now, as long as I have been here, I have never seen John Green in the flesh. He has become to me a sort of vague, visionary ideal, like King Arthur and Sir Launcelot. I always think of that mysterious mechanic as a sort of Vulcan, who does not deign to mingle with men any more, though he still controls the powers that be, and gives us steam when he sees fit. If some day this mythical survivor of the heroic age could be exhibited to the students in chapel, so that all might look upon the reality which has so long been but a dream, I believe that there would be a renewal of intellectual life from the Senior class to the Prep. department.

In one of our walks about the corridors of the University, we came upon a gloomy individual who appeared lost as if his last friend, and never expected to have another. Seeing by his countenance that his thoughts, if left to wander unrestricted, would eventually lead him to a suicide's grave, we questioned him and found that the dearest friend he had, the one he had taken to show after show, the one on whom he had squandered money, the one whom he had reason to believe was really his, had given her extra gymnasium exhibition tickets to her brother, mother, and little sister, respectively. When we learned this, we shared his sorrow. Should two graves be found, in the near future, side by side, we ask a pitying world to paint two bleeding hearts on a board and place said board between said graves, so that the heedless, *coeur*-less, but once not ticketless, girls may know, and, for once, deprive the boys of the pleasure of feeling that it is more blessed to give than to receive.