

## ATHLETIC.

On May 30th the field day was held. This is the first year we have been out of the state association, and it was not quite as great a success as it should have been. Some of the events were well contested but others were a disgrace to an institution as large the N. S. U. But hoping that next year every event will be much better contested we give the program as it was carried out and the record made in each.

Hammer throw, J. G. Yont, 66.5 feet.

150 yard dash, Bross, 10 4-5 seconds.

Standing broad jump, Randolph, 10.4 feet.

Hurdle race, 120 yards, J. G. Yont, 20 4-5 seconds.

2 mile bicycle race, safety, Hadly, 6.11.

Half mile, Bross, 2.10½.

Running broad jump, A. E. Yont, 16.4.

Standing high jump, Corey, 4.3.

Shot put, J. G. Yont, 36.9.

440 yard dash, Bross, 55 4-5.

Running high jump, Gund & Snider, 5.1.

Mile run, Phillpott, 5.50.

220 yard dash, Bross, 24 seconds.

Bross was awarded the prize for the best all around athlete.

## WASTE BASKET WAIFS.

She sits at the table eating. Already a considerable number of dishes have been emptied and others are fast disappearing under her delicate touch. Between dishes she talks. Talks upon many subjects; upon what Women should eat, upon what Women should drink, upon what Women should wear, above all upon what Women should not wear. She herself eats, drinks, and wears whatsoever she pleases. She smiles sweetly but not cordially. There is a sort of condescension about her which envelops her in chilliness. She is like a lemon ice on a summer day, refreshing but not stimulating.

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It is strange what a narrowing influence teaching one subject has on a man. The educational specialists make life a burden to us in this world, and I can not see but that they will be rather troublesome in the other. The man who teaches Greek will want all the anthems to be chanted in Greek, and will question the Deity on the second aorist. The man who teaches botany will be driven mad by the tree which bears twelve manner of fruit. The man who teaches Shakespeare

will want the harp to be laid aside and will want to put all the angelic forces to work making revised and expurgated editions of the Great William, and interpreting his sonnets (!!) The man who teaches French will sneak about with a couple French novels tucked under his plumage. The man who teaches physical culture will insist on putting the saints through the Delsarte system, and introducing rainy day costumes among the saintesses.

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We wish to make a slight apology for the rather sentimental nature of this issue. We can only say that we let nature have her way, and that nature ran to sentiment. Perhaps it is the time of year; we are assured that fancy plays curious pranks in the spring. Perhaps it is only a natural relaxation. It is just as impossible to say why a man wants to say foolish things in June as it is to say why he wants to eat strawberries or wear ice cream trousers. If only the students in general feel as sentimentally inclined as do the board of editors, we need have no fears. Of course, had the Managing Editor been with us he would have sternly curbed this rampant tendency and would have made this number a credit to the institution. Indeed it is only his clear head and strong hand and good sense that has kept the paper from suffocating in sentiment long ago. But as he has seen fit to sail the briny deep, the paper is left defenseless. The sentimental nature of the associate editors is well known, and it is only natural that a number got out by them should be rose color.

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It is something wonderful, the number of "best" students there are at the University. Ask for whom you will and some one will instantly say, "O yes; he is one of our best students." With the exception of the registrar and one or two deans it is hard to find any one candid enough to acknowledge that a student is absolutely no good. Scattered over the state there are some six or eight hundred fathers, each of whom is thoroughly convinced that his son is the leader of his class, and is really the back bone of the institution. It is a serious problem to know what the world will do when all the "brilliant" and "best" young men and women are suddenly let loose upon it. Society can stand only so much genius at once. Go beyond the limit and the effect would be like charging the atmosphere with oxygen; the race would die from very exuberance of life. It would be a good plan if the University of Nebraska could invest some method of pickling or preserving some of the geniuses for a century or two, and letting them out by installments. The safety of the planet demands some such method.

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The close of the term is a season of confessions and apologies. We have confessed our ignorance