

inducement for producing finished literary work, hence it is hoped that many will take advantage of this offer. For any further information that may be desired, apply to the managing editor of the HESPERIAN.

WASTE BASKET WAIFS.

There was once a time when the most difficult task before a student was to pass his examinations, today it is to register. To be registered is greater than to be a senior. You may at any time find students seated around the library tables trying to figure out by calculus how parallel lines can meet, and how it is possible to recite in chemistry, history and German at the same hour. To register is no longer a matter of form, it is a matter of taste, delicacy and genius. It requires a strong, independent mind, accustomed to original research, to find its way through that endless catalogue of hours and subjects and professors called the "time card." It requires persuasive power and oratorical ability to persuade your professor to admit you to his class, and it requires a thorough knowledge of higher mathematics to adjust your hours. When I meet a student who has really registered I want to salute him, in the word of the college orators, "He stands above his fellows."

The girls of the class of '94 have shown their good taste by adopting for their senior costume the cap and gown. There is no use in having a class costume at all unless it has significance, and surely there is no dress which has such dignity and simplicity, so many traditions and associations as the Oxford gown and mortar board. A class costume should be a sort of domino in which all people of all conditions mingle together as though of one caste. Young ladies in this and other universities have sought to devise new senior attires, and have appeared in tea gowns, street gowns and morning gowns, in gowns of all kinds and colors, but with dissatisfaction both to themselves and their friends. The more elaborate the dress the worse it is. As soon as a dress loses

its individuality its only safety is in simplicity. The fact is that unless there is some high and holy purpose in so doing, it is altogether too much to ask any two girls to dress alike.

The department of mathematics seems to be growing at a most appalling rate; its domain seems to be as wide as the brotherhood of man or the sisterhood of woman. There are now seven regularly installed instructors, besides numerous assistants of all ages, sexes and conditions. The classes in mathematics at some period of the day, take possession of every room of every building. The English and Latin departments have equally as many students, yet they manage to confine themselves to several small rooms. Not so the department of mathematics; classes in mathematics recite in the Armory, in Nebraska Hall, in the Chemical Laboratory. In the Latin school room where of yore the boards were covered with straggling Greek characters formed by the trembling hands of pupils, now x , y and z meet one's gaze on every hand, and in room twenty-five the boards formerly ornamented with the Alps and Pyrenees and other mountain ranges, are now full of right angles and triangles. John Green is the only member of the faculty who is not at some hour of the day driven forth from his den by this numerous department of mathematics.

Most of us go through life fairly aching to speak a few words which we dare not utter. The only comfort and the single blessedness of editorial life, is that sometimes "we" may dare to express what it would be dangerous for "I" to say. Taking advantage of this privilege, "we" wish to address a few kindly words to the inveterate and incessant talker in junior Shakespeare and English literature. In the first place, my young friend, you have not a particle of right to have opinions, you don't know enough. You have no business to make daily addresses on the art of Macbeth, when it's the only play you ever read, and you have no business to lift up