

WASTE BASKET WAIFS.

"The greatest bore on the faculty." That is what he has been universally dubbed, and it is saying a very, very great deal. It is almost the strongest superlative that has ever been applied to man. There are so many of them; there are the old ones who have bored us for years and years, and there are the very new ones, so new, some of them that the eastern accent has not quite worn off yet. There are the pompous ones, who amuse us by their inapproachableness, and who are always afraid they may lose their dignity by personal contact with the students. There are the condescendingly social ones who seek to administer the pill in a bon bon and hide the martar's cap under a tennis cap, and disguise the ferule as a ball bat. And yet of all these, one man is "absolute master and dominant lord" in their master role, the bore. There is no particular reason why he should be, he is not bowed down by the weight of years, nor a crabbed bachelor, and he has animation enough to call people he don't know ugly names, he is not ignorant nor narrow minded, nor in bad health. But some men are born bores just as some men are born poets. He certainly has a grand opportunity to test "the glory and nothing of a name."

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Egotism is the inevitable result of culture. Even after men have dispelled all other illusions they are slow to realize the fact that they are only illusions, too. The men of the market place know and think very little about themselves beyond seeing that their dinner is good and the cut of their coat reasonably up to date, but the scholar is with himself so constantly that he becomes all in all to himself and unconsciously gets to thinking himself the best fellow in the world. He stands to himself in place of all the beliefs he has outgrown and all the friends he has grown weary of. This is all fortunate enough, for a wise man without self-confidence is a dreamer and is no good to anyone. An amusing and sometimes a

very provoking instance of this scholarly egotism is seen when a student tries to get credit in one university for work done in some other institution. No matter how great may be your knowledge of the subject, if you are not thoroughly conversant with the professor's "method," you get no credit. The fact seems to be that every great Prof. is very conscious of his greatness and the greatness of his "method," and that he teaches himself fully as much as his subject. It is one of the sad yet inevitable proofs of greatness. This university is, alas, no exception to the rule. If Darwin came to the University he would have to take Freshman biology, Macaulay or Gibbon would not be given one hour's credit for history, and poor Shakespeare, unless he procured a Rolfe and a little book of art questions, would be ingloriously flunked in Macbeth at the end of the first semester.

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When a student comes to Lincoln from one of the small towns of the state, he enters a new world. To a great degree his future career as a student depends on the particular clique he happens to fall in with when he gets here. Lincoln is made up of cliques and the end and object of every clique is to run every available person. Their tactics are very old. They will flatter your vanity a little, dazzle you a little by their cleverness—which isn't real cleverness after all, but seems so to you because you have not heard it before—then they will give you a number of severe tasks to perform and bid you amuse them for the rest of your student days. Don't be run; it isn't a large occupation. It is very pleasant to be popular among hundreds of students. It is still more fatally pleasant to be popular among a few people whom you greatly admire. A love of admiration has dwarfed more intellects and wrecked more careers than any of the great vices of the world. After all, admiration is not worth your trouble; it is not even worth the sacrifice of your opinions. Above all, it is not worth your seriousness.