

It is needless to say they received the most extravagant applause.

Besides, there were the Greek and Latin plays and the orations. One thing is established. Latin would make excellent love songs, and a Mother Goose rhyme translated into Greek would calm the most obstreperous infant that ever heard lullaby. This progressive west must make use of the wealth of novelty thus made attainable, if it wishes to be prosperous. The orations were not in Greek or Latin, but in English. We thank Zeus that, like the co-eds, English has come to stay.

Nobody got to sleep early on Friday night. The Alumni banquet, the Junior Promenade and the society receptions amused people who sought amusement. On account of the slushy condition of the streets it is said that hackmen have never had such a harvest since the year one. This remark, though incidental, has a monetary value. The Alumni banquet was mostly a feast of reason. In this respect it was perfect. Quite a number of the feasters left rather early to attend the promenade at the state capitol, where everything whirled. At about two o'clock Saturday morning the promenade ended, closing the celebration. The students began it on Wednesday and had a perfect right to close it on Saturday morning. Was anybody tired? Was a single person tilted a little bit on edge next day? Did any student study for a week? Was the anniversary successful? Did the profs. indulge? Are we the people? Come to the half centennial celebration and the little birds will still be whispering about the time the people had in '94.

A new and popular course has been offered in Church History. The class is under the direction of Prof. Fling, of the department of European History. The professor lectures twice a week, taking up the history of the church from its earliest beginnings. Quite a number have registered for it and report the study very profitable.

WASTE BASKET WAIFS.

I suppose that ever since the beginning of the world there have been people who posed upon the number of hours they study a day. But there is a new order of things in this University, there are a large number of people who pose upon the number of hours they don't study. They have made up their minds that they ought to know everything intuitively. They stroll into the library, pick up a Latin dictionary, look up several words in Plautus, then shrug their shoulders and say they won't fool with that stuff any longer, it is so pitifully easy they can read it at sight. They daily assure all their fellow class-mates that they never look at their lessons till they come to class, and smile with sweet superiority at the envious sighs of the people who confess they have to study. They read magazines in the library, holding them high so everyone can see they are not text books, and in the afternoon they loaf around the tennis grounds so everyone can see they don't study then. At night they go to the theatre or a party so everyone will be convinced that they don't study at night. But from midnight till morning they bolt their doors and dig till the dirt flies. They are always consumed by two fears, the fear the people may think they have to study and the fear that people will think they don't have their lessons because they don't study. Now, really, it is not worth the energy it costs them. We don't care very much whether they study or not. But if they will live thus it is very cruel of them to be always telling us of their greatness. We can't help it if they were born luminous, and they might work some neat little Mosaic device and cover up the shining of their countenance with an accordian veil or two, just so everyone else in the class won't have to wear blue goggles.

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This department is not a pulpit, still less is it a fashion book, but it wishes on this occasion to preach a short sermon upon wearing apparel. We are a full grown Uni-