

## THE HESPERIAN

### WASTE BASKET WAIFS.

This is a pugilistic issue for several reasons. Partly from principle, partly ennui, and partly from general recklessness. There comes a time in the affairs of editors when they don't care much what they say or what people think of it. When the people who are supposed to have wisdom and understanding, and sympathy with journalistic troubles choose to be mortally offended at a few squibs which were personal only in that they were applied to the genius homo, which were manifestly imaginary and abstract, it rather knocks the bottom out of ones faith in things and people. Thin paper was never meant as an organ for the wounding of personal feelings. But since it is taken as such it might as well be such. Things done in print stay by one, they have a happy faculty that way. Printer's ink is a fast color, and as for follies that are done in in type, all the blood of all the gods cannot wash them out. If a writer has been careless and his readers wish to misconstrue him, he has no defense or proof. He is at the mercy of the public and they can paint him as black as they please. The only thing left for him to do when he has hopelessly angered the few people he cared to please is to speedily make every one else as mad as possible and seek new pastures, having learned the great lesson that he should try to please nobody but himself. Sometimes a great surfit of hatred is pleasant, for general and universal, dislike rather dull the odge of individual chillness.

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The absolute rule of the one has been for a long time considered radically wrong. It is wrong in society, in finance and above all in politics. For several years the political affairs of this University have been run and controlled by a few young men whose tastes and ambitions are of a nature to yearn and labor for such honors. The condition of things is becoming, not

alarming, but ludicrous. It is proper enough for people who have a particular bent for athletics to rather "run" the athletics of the institution. It is natural for those who know most about journalism to influence the college paper. It is right that students who make the strongest effort in oratory should have weight in oratorical conventions. But it is not right or honorable that one man should rule absolutely in base-ball, foot-ball, journalism and oratory, no, not even if he were two. We have nothing to say against the One, he is generally a pretty wide awake fellow with lots of good points, but we object to the principle of the thing. It is undemocratic and un-American. It is bad for the oppressor and the oppressed. It is rather strange that young men of undoubted intelligence and good sense can find such apparent satisfaction in winning unhonored honors and ungilded fame. It is such a very small thing to run the politics of a college. Most students with brains enough to antagonize a college ward boss are either too busy to worry with it or else they have no taste for such juvenile scrambles, anybody who is willing to devote his time and his conscience can be great in college politics.

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The Junior Promenade created a new epoch in social life in the University. There have been University dances before, but one would feign forget them. The Fraternity dances have generally been very creditable affairs, but regular University dances have been few in number and fewer in merit. The first University dance I remember was a senior promenade given by the class of '91. It was given in the Armory and was a promenade in the literal sense of the word. People were invited there to walk. The floor was cleared to give them room to walk, and patrons and chaperons were provided to see that they knew how to walk. The furtive throng assembled and amid the traditional blaze of lights and bursts of music the guests pro-