

reptiles at once. It is its business to incubate latent sympathies as well as develope latent intellects. It has been said of one of the "best students" that ever graduated that he never had time to attend anything but his own commencement exercises. Heaven grant that he may have time to be present at his funeral!

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THERE is apt to come a time at the goal when one wonders why he has run the race and what he has gained by it. After commencement is over, when the Senior sits solemnly facing the realities, the things that are, he is apt to begin to wonder how much his sheepskin is worth and what it stands for. When he tries to remember what a cosine is or the difference between a gerund and a gerundive he is likely to think it does not stand for very much. But it does not matter much whether he remembers the second aorists in Kappa or not, he will have forgotten them all in five years, anyway. But if he can get more pleasure out of the good things of life than he could four years ago, if he is better company for himself, then his education is worth his diploma and the blue ribbon too. The end of existence is to feel clean and lofty pleasure, not to know difficult facts. The race for knowledge has often been compared to the old Greek torch race in which the runner must all through the race watch that the flame of his torch did not go out. Too often in the hurry of the race the torch is forgotten and the maddened runners remember only the distance and their speed, and reach the goal with only a blackened stump in their hands. The man who reaches the goal with his heart and sympathies dead within him is to be pitied. It had been better for him if, like that old Greek runner who went mad from the dazzling heat and whiteness of the race course, he had sat quietly down by the way-side and watched the blessed fire of his torch burn out. The distance one man can run is nothing to the infinite distance of space. It

is the torch that is everything, all, that is greater than all distance, greater than the universe itself, that is the God in man.

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Strange, that faculty we have for becoming attached to things that are everlastingly getting us into trouble. This beloved sheet has made me more enemies and lost me more friends than any other one piece of rashness I ever had on hand. It has made havoc of everything generally, and called down the wrath of my professors upon my head. And yet I am rather fond of it and its typographical errors. If I dared offer any advice to the new editors, it would be this, if you want to star in your classes, resign from the HESPERIAN. A man can not serve two masters, and the HESPERIAN thy paper is a jealous paper. It will cause thee sleepless nights, monopolize thy time and demand thy exclusive attention, teach thee profanity, and cause thy absences from thy classes to be as numerous as the sands of the sea or the marriages of Lillian Russell. But if you really want to make a martyr of yourself, and do your country some good to your own possible injury, this paper is a good place to empty your philanthropic zeal. You must not expect to receive a martyr's crown, though, for you won't get it. You will find that as the merit of the paper increases the merit of your recitations will decrease in exact ratio. But if you can stand to lose a little for the paper, take for your motto, *Ipsa Glorior Infamia*. I glory in my shame, and go in and fight it out. Go in and win big. The paper is worth sacrifice, it's been a good paper, and its going to be a better, Make it the greatest paper anywhere in the Northwest. Give it time, and labor, and enthusiasm. The best you have is none to good for it. The HESPERIAN is a duty and an obligation. Don't let it sink an inch, lift it higher. It may not be for your gain, but it will be for the University's, and that, after all, is "the greater glory."