

surely then some of them are taking very unnecessary precautions. There is just one explanation left. They all felt so sorry for the first fellow who yielded to the fashionable barber, that out of brotherly charity for him they agreed to share his conspicuity and his misery. And like all brother philanthropists, dress reformers, etc., they forgot to consider the misery of the rest of us who have to look at them occasionally.

There is something coming down the stairs. It is coming loudly and rapidly, with a swoop and crash. It seems to have legs and arms, a great many of them, but what in the name of John Jones is it? Be careful, get out of the way, it is coming five steps, six steps, eight steps at a time! Clear the track! Why! it's nothing but a boy, after all. There are whole regiments of them here now—the boys who come swooping down the stairs and go swooping up again. They labor under disadvantages which will not be removed until the legislature provides some other place for the crowds to congregate. But still they labor, and it is great fun to watch them if you are at a safe distance. They seem to have implicit confidence that you will be, and it is best not to disappoint them. There is something scientifically fascinating about the way they gather momentum as they sweep on their way.

The only trouble is, that they are a little in the rough yet. They need encouragement and training. They don't quite come up to their capabilities, which are about twenty steps at a time. Why can't the professors of acrobatics and gymnastics over in the armory arrange a course in stair-jumping? It need not be compulsory. The aspirants could save all their muscle till class time. It would be a thrilling sight to see Co. X come down the stairs twenty steps at a jump and one to wheel on at the corners. The stairway, which was wickedly defrauded of its ancient rights as an acrobatic arena when John Green nailed those horrid blocks along the banisters, would regain its old

time glory, and the awkward squad would never be heard of again.

There has been a great mistake made as to the duty and mission of the professors of this growing University. The citizens of the state think a professor is a grave, gaunt man with spectacles on the end of his nose, who sits in his class-room hour after hour and hears the children recite their little lessons and looks sternly at the fractious boys and girls. The regents imagine it the duty of each professor to manage his own department. The amiable faculty hold the belief that their several duties are to teach something less than twenty-five hours a week if they can. The registrar knows it is the one prime duty of each professor to send in the senior's credits. But these dignitaries are all at fault. The student body is the court of decision, and the way they put it is, "The profs. are here to be bored." If you can't do it during class time, see him later. Wait ten minutes to ask him where he said the lesson was, to tell him your firm conviction that he was mistaken on some point in orthography, to discuss with him whether Macbeth was a gentleman or a knave, to make corrections in your Anglo-Saxon grammar, do anything you might have and should have done in class, just to keep him busy and bored. Prevent him from going to chapel if you can; stop him in the hall, visit him in his den, corner him on the stairs and proceed to make his life one long and tedious bore. It is what he is here for—evidently!

PRELIMINARY DEBATES.

The following are the special rules adopted by the executive committee to govern the debates preliminary to the Kansas-Nebraska debate:

I. There shall be four divisions, or classes, consisting of eight debaters each, to be known as division A, division B, division C, division D. Lots shall determine the division in which the respective debaters shall speak.