

THERE is one great central fact in university politics that stands out bright and clear in the surrounding fog of gloom and bitterness, "kicking" and complaint.

It is this: the men who go into the fight determined and prepared to win, clad in the armor of self confidence, armed with the longest poles, invariably knock the persimmons, while the other people, who never begin the fight until after the battle is ended and the spoils distributed, stand around and growl at the "professional politicians"—who get what the growlers wanted to get.

It is not the man who stands under the tree with open mouth, expecting that the gods, because of his superior goodness, will drop the fruit therein, who goes away with the satisfied feeling. It is rather he who gets up early in the morning, gets him a pole and hies him to work.

The barbarians have done nothing during the whole year but stand around and look nice, laud their own virtues and denounce the "frats," and as a consequence, a knowledge of their own goodness—and assininity—is all they have got out of the scrimmages. The "frats" have worked, and let the other folks do the talking, and as a consequence have earned their just reward. And the defeated (?)—how can he be "defeated," who never fought a battle?—stand in the corridors and bemoan the injustice of mundane affairs! It is to be sincerely hoped that they will one day tire of child's play and "goodness," and get down to work and fight the devil with fire. It is to be hoped that they will learn that two things, and two things alone, are necessary to success in politics—organization and work. When they learn this; when they learn to go to the mountain, since the mountain, it is plain to see, will not come to them; they must rout the opposition.

Think of it! The barbarian element of the university outnumbers the fraternities about ten to one, yet the ratio of victories in plain, practical college politics is about ten to one the other way! With such facts as

these staring them in the face the barbarians have no right or occasion to complain; the fault is theirs; the remedy lies with them. It is ready, plain, it can be used; will they use it?

"Oh, for a Douglas, then!  
One blast upon his bugle horn  
Were worth ten thousand men!"

ON Christmas Day the Omaha Y. M. C. A. football team played our eleven on the former's grounds. The game was fairly attended, and the *Bee* made up for the cold weather by giving us a warm "roast" the next morning. We cannot believe that the boys who played such a gentlemanly game a month before deserved such a write-up. The game was rough, but good natured. No one lost his temper, and no one was injured. It would be well if Omaha papers showed more loyalty to Nebraska and less fondness for sensational criticism. But there was one feature in connection with the game which cannot be too highly commended; the all-university banquet tendered our eleven in the evening was a highly appreciated expression of the friendship and good will which the alumni of both eastern and western universities feel towards the U. of N. The projectors of the banquet deserve the thanks of every loyal student. It is to be hoped that this will not be the last gathering of the kind.

THE HESPERIAN congratulates its contemporary on its Christmas number. We recognize merit when we see it, the more especially when it comes from an unexpected source.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the disgraceful gambling of last year will not be repeated when the local contest comes off next month. We, as students, cannot afford to compromise our fair name with such questionable indulgences. A State University is not the place for anything but sterling honesty.