

then they came out and preached compromise! They were solicitous for purity in politics! They wanted to see the best men get the offices! Passing strange, isn't it, that they never even dreamed of "compromise" until they found their dirty work coming home, and saw the offices passing to the enemy! They never pleaded for compromise when they had the upper hand; not they. Purity and merit were iridescent dreams, then. "But oh! what a difference in the morning."

The attempted combine-compromise with the Y. M. C. A.—what a mixing of Puritan and black-leg—fell through as soon as the Y. M. C. A. people saw that they were merely being made a tool of, and so the hitherto stiff-necked and unapproachable blue stockings came into the oratorical election disorganized and defeated. In the hour of adversity they so far humbled themselves as to do what they have never done before,—they asked to be allowed to play in the barbarian's yard! Mr. McMullen, in a pathetic little speech, salaaming humbly to his many barb friends and admirers, pleaded for recognition on the ticket. The frats, he said, had had to fight, heretofore, for everything they got,—now he thought the time had come when they should get things without fighting for them. As the house of lords belonged to the British nobility by right of birth, so elective offices should belong to the Delta Tau Deltas and their friends by right of their Deltaism.

Strange to say, the rude barbarians failed to see things in this light, and the straight barbarian ticket was elected. And apropos of this ticket, Mr. E. G. O. Smith comes out in the last *Nebraskan* and complains that he was not consulted in the naming of the ticket; and so his of lately much injured vanity dubs it the ticket of a "faction," the ticket of one society. We all feel sorry for Mr. Smith and his tribulations. We all honor him for his excellencies. But then, like all of us, he has his discrepancies, and a sneering contempt for everything not the product of his own mental powers is one of them.

As a matter of fact, the ticket elected was represented by two candidates from each society, and one from the barbarians at large. Does that look like a one society faction ticket? The ticket was nominated in a caucus in which all societies and the non-society barbarians were represented. But Mr. Smith did not happen to participate in the caucus—hence his kick.

To show what it amounts to, it may be mentioned that Mr. Smith called a caucus of Palladian boys to bolt the ticket; and the result was a unanimous vote to support the ticket as named. So much for Mr. Smith and his little piece.

Now, in concluding this somewhat lengthy discussion, THE HESPERIAN will say that it hopes for purity and honesty in University politics. It would like to see the merit system adopted. It would like to see the best men get the offices. It believes that offices that are hawked about from fraternity to fraternity and from faction to faction carry with them neither honor nor satisfaction.

If any plan can be devised whereby the merit system can be adopted THE HESPERIAN will favor that plan.

But a system devised by a practiced political faction as a remedy for its own defeat and sprung at the eleventh hour smacks of hypocrisy and insincerity, and deserves the fate that the late "compromise" met; to-wit: derision and scorn and contumely.

Try again, gentlemen, try again. If you were honest you have a good chance to prove it, now, when the heat and passion of the campaign is lulled and stilled, and the white winged dove of peace hovers like a benediction o'er our heads.

The orators who expect to enter the local contest met last Friday and chose judges on manuscript. Judge E. P. Holmes, Judge Tibbets and W. Morton Smith were selected. The following it is understood contemplate entering the contest, Snowden Summers, H. B. Alexander, S. W. Pinkerton, Mr. Quaintance and J. L. Abbott.