

Literature and Events, Fiction and the like—who read by topics, in other words, the present arrangement is confusion worse confounded.

If a student wishes to read the Philosophy magazines for example, he must wade through the whole collection in order to find one magazine here and another there.

Why cannot the magazines be classified in a scientific manner?

IN GIVING place to Mr. C. M. Skiles communication in this issue, THE HESPERIAN prints the views of a good, faithful and staunch barbarian alumnus, who agrees with us that the way to fight the frats is to fight them. THE HESPERIAN is a barbarian paper, representing the democratic views and beliefs of the University plebeians. As such it is glad to receive such articles as that of Mr. Skiles', and hopes that more will be forthcoming.

Union Girls' Capers.

It was announced last week that the Union girls would give their annual program, Friday evening, Feb. 28. As is the custom on such occasions, the girls carried the slate and did their part quite manly. However, the girls did not post a program, although they were confidential enough to tell Searson and Shreve about the program, and thus induced the boys to work all Friday afternoon on Union hall, arranging curtains, etc. Searson and Shreve now say, "What fools we mortals be."

When the boys called for their young ladies in the evening each of the girls had some excuse to take the innocent lamb of a boy to the home of Miss Anderson.

The girls had prepared a vacant house, near Miss Anderson's for a genuine time. Dancing and games were indulged in till a late hour. Refreshments in the shape of hot weinerwursts and trimmings were served by the young ladies.

Go to Rector's for your hot soda.

A Blushing Rose.

I plucked a rose that blossomed in a vale,
All wet with dew and blushing deeply red,
And carried it with reverential love
To one who blushes as red as any rose,
She held it gently in unjewelled hands;
And softly raised it to her laughing lips:
Then if I could, I would have given worlds
To be the rose and blush a deeper red.

—J. A. S.

"Born Short."

William Hawley Smith says that people are born short. When they are born short they can't do some things as well as they can do some other things. Under such circumstances it is unjust to try to make all conform to any common system of training, since such a system will unavoidably tax some of these shortnesses. He says it is tyranny. And he says, "Oh, what's the use, good people?"—and stamps his foot. "You know it."

Yes, we know it. We were born short ourselves. Don't we know it? Those horrible Friday afternoons, when we stood with tottering knees, twisting our fingers together, and watching the little boys giggle, while we gasped, "You'd scarce expect one of my age—" Those long recesses, when we looked at that hideous, green Harvey until lines at slants, and copulas on little stems danced over the dusty blackboards. Ah, William Hawley Smith, if you had but come a little sooner!

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There is a boy who was born short. He walks with a curious, halting step, lurching first one shoulder, then the other, forward. He holds his head down, his shoulders stoop together over his chest—what there is of it. He makes you ache with sympathetic uneasiness when he stands before you. But he can't help it. What's the use, good folks?

There is the drill sergeant who would stand that boy up and try to make the lines of his body conform to prescribed lines and curves. He would put the youth into a