

ed a stream of tobacco juice at the stove and began his story.

"After meetin' last night, I walked a piece with Brother Smith and left him just opposite the court house. When I wuz about a block from home, it seemed to grow lighter all about me. I looked up and seen something a-going through the air about two thousand feet above me. It wuz over a hundred feet long and had three big wings on each side. There wuz a large headlight in front and I heard a strange whizzing sound. I started back to tell Brother Smith and when I looked up agin, the thing wuz gone."

A suppressed titter which abruptly changed to a smothered cough was heard from the edge of the group. A boy left the store, slamming the door behind him. The Deacon paused, gazed into the faces of his breathless listeners, took a long breath and continued his story.

GEORGE W. KLINE.

Your Sketch Book—Where Is It?

THE HESPERIAN is always ready to give the glad-hand to our young writers of prose and verse. This year, we have watched closely the work in English, ranging from Daily Themes to that done by the Freshmen; and from time to time, we have been glad to reproduce anything we thought characteristic and of general interest.

We have often been disappointed to find that some of us who can certainly think worth while when we try are satisfied to stultify ourselves by writing themes or verse, simply to gain credit,—a standard which would shame an intelligent district school child.

Again, it is certainly remarkable how so many of us think the same thoughts on the same subjects and express them in the same phraseology at the same time.

With the past era of our great western

life scarcely closed to us and with the vast resources of our NEW WEST open before us like a vast encyclopedia of all things new, we content ourselves to read the mediocre and conventional which lie under our feet.

Whether this discouraging sameness is due to so much heterogeneous absorption of magazine ideas and newspaper rot or whether we are placed by our college work upon such a common level that our thinking material is of a hopelessly monotonous color, it is very difficult to determine; but there must be some reason for our lack of originality in our spasmodic attempts to be *literary*.

Does not the greater part of it arise from a lack of definite purpose to develop our most characteristic desires to express ourselves?

Can we expect to give off during the school year something from our minds which has been crowded into narrow corners by the grind of six-days-in-the-week or which, perchance, we have not stored in them?

Why not carry a sketch-book home with you and come back next fall loaded with some thoughts of your own for your next year's work in English? Fill your books with your happiest thoughts, make character studies, work in some characteristic colors, and sketch some plans for next winter's themes. You will be surprised to find how much better you can plan when you are not under the pressure of three or four professors; and you will find the work is more recreative than lying in a hammock or mooning.

Do this well, and you will be your own best friend; your English instructors won't have their enthusiasm so sorely tried; the lives of the theme-readers will be more endurable; and THE HESPERIAN'S pages will always reflect pictures that will be a credit to all of us concerned.

Don't forget your Sketch Book.

THE LITERARY EDITOR.