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RAMBLING TALKS.

"We are all here!" All aboard for another three months' cruise in seas yet unknown and unexplored, in search of delightful *Terras Incognitas* of Knowledge! "We are all here"—festive Prep, frisky Fresh, complacent Soph, sedate and most decorous Junior, and—your pardon! Excuse our forgetfulness! We were about to say something about our right-reverend, spectacled Seniors, but alas! where are they? Why these vacant seats? Echo, as usual in such cases, answers "where?" and "why?" but refers us to the good people of North Platte, and to our granger friends in general, for a more satisfactory answer to our conundrum; therefore we recall the jubilant statement at the beginning of this sentence, borrowed from Mr. Sprague for poetic effect, and substitute the doleful confession—"We are *not quite* all here."

Yes, sir, certainly we are stronger in numbers than heretofore. The promising family of our good Mamma, through the usual intervention of Providence, has "suffered" a notable increase. Among the ranks of our freshies and preps, both masculine and feminine, we observe many faces strange and hitherto unseen among us. Welcome, ye new recruits!

"But has the number of students increased as largely as you anticipated, from the opening of the 'New Farm,' and the institution of dormitories?" Interrogates Growler.

Well, no. We are a little disappointed in the increase, we admit.

"O, you are 'disappointed?' Be so kind as to explain the reason for this failure, the people demand an explanation!" continues Growler, (up in Omaha, of course).

In the language of Solomon (?) we reply "Go to the *grasshopper*, thou sluggard, and be wise!"

But hold on a bit. We have switched off the track we started in on. Like a Methodist revivalist, we never could stick to our text for three consecutive sentences.

If we remember rightly, we were about to say something about the time's having arrived for unearthing our musty mathe-

matics, resurrecting our Greek and Latin authors, blowing the dust off the backs of our lexicons, and twisting our lingual member into frightful gyrations in vainly attempting to *parlez vous Français* and *sprechen Sie Deutsche*. We are glad of it. Let us roll up our sleeves and go at it with a will. We have much to do, while time is precious, and the golden opportunity is *Now*.

Of course you do not feel as refreshed as you would like, after two months and a half's rest. Why? Because the lurid heat and scorching blasts of this unprecedented summer in Nebraska has wrought fearful havoc with your anatomical systems. Bless me, some of your physiognomies are as thin and peaked as a convalescent shad's, after a fit of the jaundice! But these cool autumnal zephyrs and a little healthy mental and physical exercise will make you thrive again.

How about the Literary Society? It's all very well and extremely laudable for you, my earnest friend of the genus "dig" or "book-worm," to "knuckle down" to the rigid substantials of your college course. Stuff your cranium with square-cornered, unleavened science, and musty classic lore, as much as you please; but depend upon it, you can get more real knowledge, even of this kind, into your soul, if not into your noddle, by spending a goodly portion of each week in "society work," learning to utilize what you have learned, and allowing the broadened mind a chance to plume its pinions for loftier flight.

How many are going to work with zeal for the society this term, with the determination of making it a place of more than usual interest and profit? What part are you going to play—the Worker, the Shirker, the Nuisance, or the Bore?

Please define our terms? Certainly, with infinite pleasure. Just glance at this classification:

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|-----------------|---|-------------------|
| Society members | { | Genus 1. Workers. |
| | | " 2. Shirkers. |
| | | " 3. Nuisances. |
| | | " Mongrel, Bores. |

The worker is an axiom, *i. e.* he is a self-evident proposition. We seldom need mistake him for a spurious article—nor a spurious article for him. Yet mistakes do happen. As in Geometry, some fools don't know an axiom when they see it, and are continually trying to shirk a square demonstration of a proposition by declaring it self-evident, which is neither the fault of the axiom nor the proposition, so with the case in hand.

The leading characteristics of the genuine worker are originality, individuality, sincerity, and earnestness. He may be as odd as "Dick's hat-band," and as awkward as a pair of bars and yet be genuine.

The worker always has his allotted part ready, in his own peculiar style. He (or she) is always "on hand" at every meeting, and will occasionally neglect a ball, a festival, a party, a drive, a flirtation, or other *important* affair, for the welfare of the society.

The worker will make a sacrifice for his society. He (or she) would as lief pay \$1.50 for a new picture for the hall as to spend \$2.50 for cigars, gloves, "switches" or cologne water.

The worker don't complain, that he has no time to prepare. He feels that it is his duty and his most vital interest to *take* time for this work, even if something else

is temporarily neglected.

The shirker is harder to describe—he has more shapes than Proteus. We will picture two or three *species* for you, which will lead you to detect the whole *genus*. If a declamation is required, this sort of thing will not try to commit it until Friday afternoon. Of course it is then too late to prepare anything new, so he "looks over an old one"—"Sparticus' Speech to the Gladiators." Now this identical, grand, old piece he has butchered on exactly seventeen different occasions. In fact he committed it when a little boy, and has kept on committing and reciting it ever since, and *failed* every time; for if he is a true shirker, he is sure to drone it out to the tune of the "Old Hundredth" while some fellow-member *lines* it for him at irregular intervals.

We have known one or two cases where the sufferers retaliated by conferring upon their persecutors the lofty titles, "Sparticus," or "Rienzi," as *pseudo* patronymics.

If an essay is required, a shirker will chuckle with satisfaction, to think he can palm off some old, second-hand, class essay, which his professor compelled him to write, as a special effort. Your shirker has several admirable traits of character—prudence, economy, and cunning. He believes in "killing two birds with one stone." He usually chooses some high-sounding biographical or historical topic for his disquisitions. It is a peculiar fact, that his style and words always sound mightily like some article in his "Classical Dictionary," or "Chambers' Encyclopedia." The only originality he manifests is in distorting his copy with his frightful rhetoric, daubing it over with his abominable syntax, and barbarous orthography, and in disgusting the listener with his execrable pronunciation of words, as intelligible to him as the dialect of a Kickapoo warrior. Another pretty dodge resorted to by very cute shirkers, is to contrive, or borrow, a caricature, or humorous parody on an essay, of a dozen words in length, and costing five minutes mental labor, and then to offer it in lieu of his expected performance. He hopes to cheat the society and hide his low cunning and sloth behind the smile which his buffoonery excites. We pity the poor wretch!

The nuisance, thank Heaven, is a rarer genus. When you see a young man or woman attending society every evening, apparently with the sole purpose of whispering, snickering, giggling and otherwise trying to insult certain speakers whose style does not exactly suit him, or her, you may conclude that you have "spotted" a nuisance. If, upon further inquiry, you should find that the *thing* in question never works for the society itself, and that the persons it annoys are among the staunchest, most sensible members, though, perhaps, a little prosy, then you may be morally sure you've treed the right bird.

Your nuisance criticises and maligns the literary standing of every worker. Is he afraid of retaliation? Bless you, no. He has no literary standing or reputation to be destroyed.

The bore is a mongrel, because he partakes of the nature of the worker, the shirker, and the nuisance. He is a sort of a batrachian, who changes his form by the process of natural development, and often comes out at last a genuine, earnest worker. The man who tires you by long, dull speeches, but often full of thought, is

a bore. The member who reiterates a single idea in a multitude of forms until it assumes ponderous proportions, whose sweetness is entirely too long drawn out, is of the same species. The beginner who stammers, blushes, and blunders until you feel as if you were sitting on a cushion of first-class nettles, belongs to the same category. But we *can* endure the bore. The Society is a hospital in which his malady, by skillful treatment, is generally cured. We have seen one or two incurable cases.

If we have made our classification clear you may now answer our question, and *classify yourself* accordingly.

God bless the ladies! Without the dear girls what a cheerless, dreary waste were life! Ah! eternal Sun, ah! everlasting, fairy Moon, what were your enkindling rays, or mild, soul-inspiring beams, without the soft radiance of woman's smile? We have always loved the girls, alas! we fear too dearly for our spiritual welfare. They have made a polytheist of us; for in each one we see a divinity enshrined. Why, we know not; but our adoration is certainly of the purest and most unselfish character; for never in our life, to our certain knowledge, has a solitary one of the delightful creatures deigned us a single gracious smile, in return for our allegiance.

But what we want to say is this: The Adelphean society is fortunate in possessing a large membership of young ladies. Their readings, and essays, and music, to use their own sweet vernacular, are "perfectly splendid." But we have a suggestion we would like to make to them with all due deference and humility. Why not join in the debates also? If Buttlions and Plumeo had not irrevocably decided that such words can not be compared, we would say, "that would be more perfectly splendid still." Would not the clashing of woman's wit, in polemical discourse, be mutually beneficial? Are we not here to educate our minds to meet in common the great problems which after life will bring? Will not man and woman, side by side, as never in the past, have to meet and answer all great questions of political as well as domestic economy, in the near future? Such are the signs of the times. Then, ladies, why not associate together in acquiring *all* kinds of knowledge?

Do not for a moment imagine that we have the audacity to suppose, that we should come off victorious from such a combat. Ah! no, we would not hope that; we are in search of conquerors, not victims, and, then, methinks 'twould be passing sweet thus to shift this mortal coil. We could kiss the hands that dealt meet chastisement for our temerity, and then

"Fold our tent, like the Arab,
 And as silently steal away,"
 into blessed oblivion. We trust the ladies will take our suggestion kindly, and consider it favorably.

Neither Salt Creek nor the Antelope offer the most excellent advantages for boating. Indeed we feel quite confident that Nast will never vilify the students of the Nebraska University with caricatures of the inordinate development of their biceps, on this score. Well, there is no use wailing over this. Make the most of circumstances, which are not so bad after all. If water is scarce for arm-development