

# HESPERIAN STUDENT

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## TAFFY.

A cross-eyed man, who said that he was going to "vote as he shot," had his ballot carefully put among the "scattering" by the judicious inspector.—*Ex.*

And it came to pass, that in those times the Senior wrote home to his parents: "You had better not come to commencement. I shall lead my class, but the town will be so full of visitors that it will be very uncomfortable for you."—*Ex.*

Our domestic we call Mary Ann.  
She came from the county Carran.  
She, to lessen her toll  
Lit the fire with the oil.  
Now we miss her and also the can.

—*Ex.*

Two Freshmen in the library discussing English literature: First Fresh—"Do you like Dickens' stories?" Second Fresh—"Oh! yes. Those I've read. Especially 'Pickwick Papers' and 'Oliver Optic.'" First Fresh—"Yes, Oliver Optic is a good book."—*Ex.*

There is one interesting item that appears regularly in the college press. It is something about the faculty excusing the editors of the *Bates Student* from rhetorical. Some of our exchanges have printed it not once but twice. Whether this was the result of absent-mindedness or of black villainy we are unable to say. When an article, like the above, has once swung around the circle of college literature it is time to give it a little rest and a chance to recuperate before it again has to make the grand rounds. So we gently suggest to our editorial friends that a collection be taken up for the faculty and the editors of the *Bates Student*, and that they be forthwith placed upon the retired list.

Some of our exchanges have issued their commencement number, made the annual editorial bow and are now in summer quarters. We hope to meet them all when the next college year begins, and we trust they will, when they are again published, be favored with prosperity. The college paper is different from any other journalistic enterprise, in consideration of its being not so valuable now as it will be hereafter. It is in reality merely a compilation of the news, the occurrences and the matters of interest which take place during the terms of school, and with which we are for the most part acquainted before we see them in print. Therefore we do not care nearly so much for our paper, when it is brought to us all moist from the press, as we will in years to come when the perusal of its yellowed pages will bring back to us our college days, and reproduce for us the scenes of long ago. So let us all carefully preserve a file of the college journal, and let no one be without the numbers issued while he was a student and while he was living a student's life. They will be a treasure with which he would not wish to part in the aftercourse of his life, and

as mementos of the days gone by they will be invaluable.

When the *Kansas Review* mildly suggested that the *Occident* was "running out of anti-fraternity fighting material," it afforded the latter paper an excellent opportunity for indulging in sarcasms over the usefulness of journals that know more about the business of other people than they do themselves. If our esteemed contemporary, the *Review*, had only waited until the most recent issue of the *Occident* was at hand, it would not have laid itself open to the scornful paragraphs which it contains, since six pages of valuable space are devoted to an anti-fraternity tract, which charges the secret societies with being the ruin of many a promising young man. Perhaps they are, but they can be blamed with this only in a part of America's colleges. In the remaining portion the greatest evil which fraternities effect is the gradual and certain undermining of the literary societies. It is acknowledged, we believe, that almost all of the secret societies are mere eating clubs and that in by far too many of them liquid, as well as solid, refreshments are indulged in. Let each one judge how much more ennobling and respectable a club of this character is than a regular literary society, and let him make his choice accordingly.

The *Morrin College Review* notices the article entitled "The Future of Canada," which appears in a late number of the *Hesperian*, and hugs itself because Canada is not desirous of annexation while the United States is absolutely dying to get possession of the wealthy and populous country north of its boundaries. According to the *Review* Canadians do not wish to become part of an Unwieldy Nation (with large capitals). Herbert Spencer's observations on Canadians were evidences of his clear perception into character. He said that the inhabitants of the country north of us were very narrow-minded and conceited, and that they know, in their own estimation, every thing worth knowing save one little thing—why is the United States today the most prosperous nation on earth, while Canada, although much older and possessing equally fine resources, is at complete standstill and unable to compete with its southern neighbor in any of the things that go to make a prosperous nation? To outsiders, and especially to British philanthropists, Canada appears as a *for-Lorne* country and it will, no doubt, be much more so when the Duke of Albany crosses the pond—which latter will probably be deferred until Mr. Gladstone retires. To tell the truth it is pretty generally understood that Gladstone would be glad to establish over the Canadians one of their own countrymen, and that he is still—like Doigenes—searching for an honest man. What a pity that he can't find one, and that "the fair Dominion" will have to content itself with Queen Vic's younger sons.