

# HESPERIAN STUDENT

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No. I.

Want of confidence is want of goodness, in other words it is a firm belief in the original and total depravity of our neighbors.

Conversation in elocution class:—*Teacher*: What is affectation? *Student*: It is affecting to hear a pupil speak his words distinctly and mind his punctuation marks. Affectation is sympathy for the piece.

McCarthy's History of Ireland, just published, is impartial and accurate but unproportional. The author while evincing great capacity for labor in the collection of materials shows little discrimination in selecting the fittest for his purpose.

The bones of Shakespeare are at last to be disturbed. The vicar of Stratford will allow the grave to be opened for the purpose of comparing his skull with the bust and portraits of him. It is also suspected, without reason however, that something may thus be found that will throw light upon his life and writings.

The taste for original work in science and literature at our University is growing. Certain students have collected and classified with care and labor the flora of this and other regions, forming herbariums of which even the specialist might be proud. Others are distinguishing themselves for their researches in entomology.

Several circumstances indicate the increase of luxury at the University. Witness for example the elegance of the society halls, the matting of the hall floor and other such comforts. The prep no longer walks alone. He has his solace too. But of all luxuries ever invented, the most luxurious is that of the co-eds who send their photographs to examinations instead of appearing personally. Surely we sit on the very pinnacle of refinement!

The societies are fields for literary works. Microcosms they are, moving in regulated orbits around a centre—that of literary excellence. They should not be a rendezvous for intrigue and malignant rivalry. A friendly generous competition is healthy but strife prevents the true aim of the societies and gives even to the literary taste of the members a certain morbidity which is very unpleasant and prepares the way for distrust of our fellow men.

An advertisement appeared some months since of a "Life of Poe," the poet, by G. E. Woodberry to be published some time during the autumn. The author has now taken the work actively in hand and we may hope to receive soon a better criticism of Poe's works than any heretofore made. Perhaps no man is so competent in this as Mr. Woodberry. He possesses a wonderful crit-

ical acumen, a refined and elevated taste and an extensive and accurate knowledge of literature. He is a born critic and we can confidently look for a unique work from his pen. He has spent the summer in the composition of a poem of considerable length which also will be published when completed.

How strange it is that even our best periodicals even now contain so many articles that extol to the skies that so called "practical education" which is no other than surface culture. One says:—"Does the clerk prize his ability to read Virgil or Goethe more than he would the ability to write a business letter?" True education does not gild the surface, but it makes golden the soul of man. We want not men with monkey brains, who can by the mere art of imitation perform surface work, but men with great, comprehensive working minds built up by the severest exercises in the classics and sciences, power of mind, concentration of thought, attention to one thing long enough to think it out; breadth, culture and intellectual growth are what we want.

Not long ago there was a melon steal, which was not of the ordinary sort, for it happened at noon-day and was supported by the fair sex as well as the "gentlemen." A dozen or more students who were awaiting dinner at a certain parlor, saw a stalwart Fresh walk into his room, which was across the street, with a large melon. The girls suggested that the melon be stolen, to which the assembly agreed and the most cunning thief, which was one of the boys, was selected to commit the unkind but necessary deed. The dinner bell was rung and Mr. Fresh who was boarding at this place immediately responded and the laughing crowd seated themselves around the table with the exception of Mr. —. He was secreted in a place appropriate for his scheme. As soon as the knives and forks commenced to rattle Mr. — went to the room, hypothicated the melon and reported it the kitchen, where the melon was prepared for the table and in due time was served. Mr. Fresh partook of the melon quite sparingly, no doubt thinking of the large one at his room, and remarked that the melon was not excellent and if he was to select one he would find one much superior in flavor as well as in looks. Those enjoying the joke could not help laughing to hear him pass judgment upon his own selection, and what was once his own melon. Being excused from the table he made haste to his room, no doubt intending to feast upon a choice melon. In a few minutes he was seen to come out with a horror stricken countenance and look about, as if in search of foot-prints. While thus engaged he was informed by a co-ed of the joke and thus it ended. Since that time not a co-ed has been known to assist in eating stolen melons or engage in hooking them.