

gretted. In the future systematic work must be done in this line, and no plan seems to promise better results than that of keeping up class organizations after graduation. In a sister University, where difficulties similar to our own have arisen, every class appoints a permanent historian, or secretary, whose duty it is to correspond regularly with each member. This class officer can thus furnish at any time thoroughly reliable statistics. With the steady increase in the size of our graduating classes comes the necessity for the introduction of this, or a better, system of recording the joys and sorrows, the triumphs and defeats, of those who have left the Alma Mater to engage in the real business of living.

The Republican State Convention, which convened in this city on the 13th inst., was an uneventful gathering, as the offices to be filled in the coming election are not of sufficient political importance to arouse a great amount of enthusiasm. The University, however, had interests at stake. That these interests were carefully guarded is shown by the fact that convention, without a dissenting vote, renominated Regents Chas. H. Gere and Leavitt Burnham, men who have for years been connected with the Board and who have always shown an active interest in, and friendship for, the University. When an assembly of five hundred men from every county of Nebraska shows its appreciation of the needs of the University and its unquestioning confidence in the officers in charge of the same, as was enthusiastically done in this convention, we begin to feel a strong hope that the politician will soon cease to have aught to do with the management of this institution. Through weary years we have fought in the convention and the legislative hall the demagogue who hoped to turn the University into a manufactory of political capital. We must fight him in the future, but convention, like the one just held assure us that we have reached the beginning of the end.

ONE of the perplexing questions connected with college life is the management of the literary and social societies. The necessity of keeping the membership strong numerically leads to the "working" or "spiking" of new students; and this has undoubtedly become the most prominent of all the evils that beset the student body. This phase of society work causes the loss of more time than does laziness. It results in innumerable broken study hours and not a few restless nights. In our own community the evils of the practice are noticeable, though we believe are as yet in the budding stage. In other institutions where the organizations are more numerous and the competition more fierce, the opening weeks of the year are marked by a strong struggle that could neither be

more bitter or ludicrous. We trust that the young men and women of this western university will appreciate the fact that there is a taint of dishonor in the action of the "professional spiker" whether he labors for a literary society or for some other organization. His friendship is largely affected and will not long continue after a refusal to join; his arguments he knows to be one-sided, and his entire course is that of a crafty politician. He may secure "experience" and "knowledge of human nature" in such work, but he is not developing a high degree of manhood and not fulfilling the purposes for which a man should attend the University. Let the professional worker for the society interests be banished and the law of natural selection receive a trial.

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MISCELLANY.

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The Senior now is enquiring anxiously what he can find to do in this mad Bedlam of a world, after he is graduated from his "alma mater." A perplexing problem, and one not easily solved. He had hoped in his Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years that some very desirable position would be offered to him, nay almost forced upon him, immediately after completing Senior-hood. But alas, when he reaches that point in college every opening, yes every crack and crevice, frowns upon him behind double-barred gates of triple-plated brass, guarded in addition by a veritable Cerberus.

The dreams he had in childhood as to what he *should* do after attaining manhood are quickly dispelled and the imperative question what he *can* do, and immediately, presents itself all too vividly before him.

There are probably five teachers for every place, so the outlook is not encouraging in this direction. Business is over-done. It takes ten years and a fortune to get established in law. The prospects of an M. D. about as flattering.

The only ray of hope comes from the railroads. With powerful and influential friends one might get a chance to kill weeds, mend ties and shovel sand on a section. This position would be easily lost if there was any competition. The disheartened Senior begins to think that although it is supposed there is a niche for every one in this world, *his* must have been filled up. His condition of mind is truly pitiable. He knows he is expected to do something, but what that something shall be, he is in as great a maze about as Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield," the execution of Charles I.

The Philosophy of "blessed be nothing" begins to be attractive to him. He wonders if Prince Gautama was not a Senior, and to escape its perplexities formulated the doctrine, "Nirvana." This seems reasonable. For who would not gladly enter this state to be rid of ugly visions ever present to taunt his pusillanimity? Verily one is even challenged upon his right to live, and expected to give voluminous reasons to prove it,—a task very much like replying to an after-dinner toast; admitting of various results.

Well, if one has overrated himself, he might as well admit it when made palpable. There is a wholesale destruction of ideals and hopes, but these being bodiless, cause no serious delay in the affairs of the world or the universe. He himself still continues to live also. In fact a man seldom dies from blasted hopes, disappointments, unrequited love, all the stories of "Lauras" and "Beatrices" to the contrary.

The stern thing which life requires is something more than idle dreams, feeble sentimentalism. There is a higher field