

cared much whether you woke up or not. You reformed from that habit of falling into a reverie, however, when you made acquaintances among the young lady students.

The board of editors held a meeting last week. This may not be a startling announcement, but it has some relation to what followed. The editors never adjourn from meeting to meeting. They generally get into a racket and adjourn as fast as the typos succeed in throwing them out of the door. As a result, THE HESPERIAN office is somewhat demoralized after a board meeting.

This particular meeting, however, was full of disaster. Full of disaster—nothing more. This may be a rather broad statement but it is true, nevertheless. But this has nothing to do with the case. The meeting progressed finely until the local man began to feed on some scientific chestnuts. Trouble arose in a moment. For a few moments editors, chairs and tennis rackets covered the floor and a share of the campus. When the local man had received sufficient punishment a survey was taken of the damage done. Two window lights and the glass in the door were broken. When the chief engineer of the boiler room appeared, considerable brimstone was scattered around. The exchange man crawled into his trunk, the editor in chief climbed through a window, the other editors vanished. This is the reason why our front door is decorated with pieces of dry goods boxes instead of plate glass. Yet the abode of THE HESPERIAN is not to be sneered at although the carpet is not new and part of the furniture was stolen from the library. Come down and see if this is not true.

COMMUNICATED.

MR. EDITOR: It seems to me one great fault of the students of this institution is that they devote too much attention to dress, and are apt to judge a man too much by the clothes he wears. I think we ought to be charitable in these matters. Of course every one owes it to his self respect to preserve an appearance in keeping with the demands of taste. He should wear a neat celluloid collar and perhaps cuffs, or he may even wear linen without thereby laying himself open to the charge of foppishness if he is discrete and economical in the matter of having it washed. I don't think a man should be branded as a top or a dude who wears the same collar and cuffs all week. It isn't right. But while we all admit that everyone should keep himself up to this standard, I don't believe it is just to utterly condemn a man because he don't conform to our views. If a man is all right in every other respect I don't think he ought to be condemned because he wears good clothes. I believe he may be a good man, notwithstanding the fact that he wears a tailor made suit and shows a decided predilection for clean linen and a nail brush. This matter of neatness is often not entirely a man's fault. He may inherit a tendency towards it, or it may be the result of surroundings in early childhood. Some people grow into a love of the use of a set of brushes until it becomes almost as fixed as the taste for bread.

Of course, Mr. Editor,—it would be much better if we could all go by the same standard, but that is hardly possible, and in the absence of such possibility I think we should treat one who has a hereditary tendency towards neatness or even beauty in dress with the same tender, charitable consideration as we would one who has a tendency toward liquor. If properly handled it may be overcome to such a degree that the victim will make a man notwithstanding its baneful influence.

RUSTICUS.

STRAY PICK-UPS.

Lieutenant Griffith will be here pretty soon.

Mr. Ellsworth has returned to school again.

Every prep in town was playing tennis Saturday.

The Unions are going to have a new grand piano.

The Juniors did not dance as they thought they would.

The windy freshies were pretty well soaked on hack fares.

Now let everybody get out and rustle for a College of Law.

W. S. Perrin, '87, appeared around the University, last Friday.

The millenium is at hand for Webber is getting up a dance.

The regular opening of the Wesleyan University is October 24.

The Cadettes tried to march in double time and failed ignominiously.

We had a pleasant call from Mr. Eagleson, and he "set 'em up" to the candy.

There is but one swine plague and Dr. Billings is its prophet.—J. G. Smith.

The slate bearer is abroad in the land with a vigilant eye and an unblushing cheek.

The chemical department periodically leaps on the neck of the physical department.

Locals are so scarce that we came near copying part of a dime novel to liven up this column.

A. G. Warner, '85, one of our alumni, has been appointed to the chair of political economy.

Webber keeps the prohibition question constantly before the people—especially the Unions.

Another alumna will probably be in the senate this winter—a big brother of C. S. Polk.

Will Marsh, one of our old students, has deserted the Wesleyan where he had first started.

Mr. John Dryden, '84, and family from Kearney were seen around the University this week.

Its wonderful what enthusiasm some of the students show over properly dedicating the new armory.

Stranger. "Mr. Fogarty, are you an undergraduate?"
Fogarty. "No sir, I'm a Sophomore."

All are glad to know that Professor Edgren is rapidly recovering and will 'ere long be with his classes.

We can now see the Nebraska hall. The cause of delay in the east end is the non-arrival of the marble pillars.

The early cold weather made them adjourn at the Wesleyan and made us get up steam rather early this year.

Three hundred and ten students registered this fall. This is the largest number ever registered for any one term.

THE HESPERIAN people buzzed the regents for an advance of \$90 for the University advertisement. They did not get it.

The Philodiceans asked the regents for the old museum for a hall but did not get it. It has been promised for a library.

The class of '92, in accordance with a habit formed last year, have commenced having jolly times. A leap year party at Miss Pound's, with after adjournment for eatables, took place last week. When the rain came up the noble