

SKETCHES.

We thought the late HESPERIAN editors were mistaken as to the reason for inclosing the east end of the hall with an ornamental fence. One of the faculty has, at last, volunteered an explanation. After keeping a close watch for some weeks the faculty concluded that too many sacred associations clung about the spot, for the vulgar horde to gather there and profane it by talking of lessons or examinations. They concluded to make it a sort of hallowed preserve to be used by solid couples for especially affectionate talks. The faculty are sorry that the matter has been misunderstood and thus nearly two weeks of valuable time wasted. Hereafter they hope to see their efforts to accomodate better appreciated. All that is necessary is for the male member of any solid couple to hand in the names of said couple to Miss Smith who will then furnish the key and either one or two chairs as preferred.

There was once a college yell. It was in the beginning a peaceable, inoffensive yell. But the students who used this yell abused it shamefully. They gave it no rest either by night or by day. The yell was sent forth in the cold, night air. It was hurled point blank at the walls of the armory, from which it rebounded bruised and sore. The kindly disposition of the yell was changed. It became peevish and melancholy. It began to have revengful feelings against the studens who abused it so constantly. At last the yell became so weary and sick at heart that it grew desperate. It began to stir wrath in those whose ears it was forced to assail. The number of those whom it thus affected grew greater day by day. At last the great amount of accumulated wrath broke forth against the masters of that yell. And they were wiped from the face of the earth. Then was the yell happy, for it lay down among the Archives of history and took a long needed rest. Moral: "Goslow, scientifs."

These are the days when the student, who is "acquainted with Senator —" gets in his work. He becomes possessed with the idea that he ought to let the senator know that he is alive and flourishing. He stalks majestically up to the capitol, thinking every one he passes takes him for, at least, a representative. He charms the doorkeeper of the senate with a patronizing smile. The smile and a large expenditure of cheek gets him inside the bar. Then he picks out the senator whom he is to honor by a visit. The senator is a little busy just then, and Mr. Student thinks he will be polite enough to wait a few minutes. He gets as near his intended victim as possible and leans against a radiator in a graceful, pensive attitude as though he was pondering upon some deep affair of state. The senator ceases to write for a moment. The student takes a step forward and then backs up again as the senator settles down to business. At last he "screws his courage to the sticking point," goes up to the senator, lays his hand on his shoulder and says in his blandest tones, "Why, how do you do, Senator. I'm very glad to see you." The Senator stops his writing, leans back in his chair and looking at the speaker with no very cordial expressson merely remarks, "What's that?" The student's beautiful smile merges into a ghastly grin. His extended right hand is withdrawn. He begins to finger his plated chain. He feels deadly cool in the region of his vertebrae while his face is quite the reverse. At last he stammers out, "I—er—I—I'm James Jones, you know. I—er—that is you met me in B—, don't you know? I come from your county.

Student in the University, you know." By this time the senator has concluded he can't help recognizing the fellow, and holds out a couple of fingers which are seized immediately by the student, whose natural cheek is rapidly recovering. He sits down and begins to tell his views on the question of the day. The senator stands it as long as he can, then excuses himself to "see if there is any mail." Mr. Student gazes around among the law makers, looks to see if there are any girl acquaintances looking at him from the gallery and feels quite satisfied with himself generally. His friend, the senator, does not seem to be in a hurry to resume his seat. At length our student remembers a pressing engagement down town and leaves the senate chamber, wondering if the senator will feel hurt because of his departure. As he walks down town he thinks how nice it must seem to the senator to meet folks from his own county.

PALLADIAN ORATORS.

The sixth annual Chase and Wheeler contest took place in the Chapel, Saturday evening, January 26. The seats were all full both on the floor and gallery.

The programme opened with an overture, "The Burlesquers," by the University orchestra. This was a beautiful selection and was deserving of an encore. but the length of the programme did not admit of that indulgence.

The first orator was W. N. Fletcher. He advanced upon the stage with a firmness that gained the confidence and expectation of his audience at once. He appeared a little stiff and formal at first, but this quickly disappeared in his deliberate, earnest delivery. He had full control of his voice, and his gestures, though few, were well timed. On the subject, "Was He Sincere?" he compared the characters of Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. The question was as to the sincerity of Jefferson in his public utterances; that Jefferson's steady opposition to Hamilton was not from personal animosity; but from his inborn desire to see the success of democratic ideas. He brought forward numerous facts to prove the sincerity of Jefferson's cause.

C. D. Schell followed with an oration on "Henry Clay." Mr. Schell reviewed the unjust censure that Clay had received for his slavery compromise, and held that though his course was not wholly right it was good, and saved the nation by a delay of open conflict. Clay was an orator and a patriot, and his life study was the preservation of the union.

Mr. Schell was a little unsteady on coming on the stage, and seemed to lack confidence in himself. He soon rallied and in parts gave good emphasis, but lacked control of his voice at times, to give a satisfactory rendering of his rather difficult production.

A vocal solo, "Bright Star of Love," by Mrs. J. A. Kilroy, with violin obligato by Mr. Menzendorf, followed.

F. C. Taylor's oration, "The Victory of Arminius," was a well written production. In thought and style it undoubtedly ranked high. Mr. Taylor was a little formal at first, but soon became more earnest and free in his delivery, and had he avoided a peculiar, slightly monotonous, falling inflection at the end of his sentences, the decision of the judges might have been different.

He began by showing the importance of some events in their influence on what follows, and applied it to the victory of the German chief, Arminius, over the Roman forces about 9, A. D., showing that it was the salvation of the Teutonic races in the preservation of Roman institutions; developing and modifying them and preparing them for modern civilization, as being the ultimate results of the victory of Arminius, at the critical point in the destiny of Teutons.