

As time goes on the race problem is assuming greater proportions. Before long this question will have to be settled once for all and settled, too, regardless of party. In our humble opinion the negro is not to blame for his down-trodden condition. It is the prejudice portion of the white race who are to blame. The South has always acted tyrannically toward the negro, notwithstanding the fact that both races have been placed on an equality. Why was a bill introduced in congress to encourage the emigration of the negro from the United States? May not the two races live here in harmony if each will act fairly toward the other? Would it not be better to encourage emigration from the South to other parts of the United States, and in order to do this offer inducements to the negro which they will be glad to accept and by which they may be benefitted? Some make the objection that the negro will soon be aspiring to the high offices of our government. Should we neglect their education and oppress them on this account? We think not. The people of the United States will not bestow their highest offices upon those who are unworthy, and if the negro is worthy then we certainly think that he should have the same rights as his white brother.

Henry W. Grady was the most brilliant leader of the New South. But he was a man, who above all others would have had reason to deplore the result of the late civil war. His father died in the battle fighting in defence of those same doctrines of which Mr. Davis was the great champion, and when the war was done and his disheartened countrymen had returned to their homes to repair the ruin which five years of rapine and plunder had wrought, we find young Grady patiently enduring their hardships with them and struggling to eke out an existence for himself and his widowed mother. In 1876 having pushed to the front by his own perseverance and ability, he was chosen as editor-in-chief of the greatest southern newspaper of today, the *Atlanta Constitution*. His bold and fearless editorials soon won for him a national reputation. He had become thoroughly convinced that sectionalism was wrong and he did not hesitate to express his convictions. But three years ago, in an address on "The South" at a New England banquet Mr. Grady made himself famous by these words: "I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty Hand, and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war." His policy was to teach the people of the South to concern themselves no longer with what had been lost, but busy themselves with what they might find to do; to consecrate the memories of the war, but to exert the strength of their minds and bodies to the building up of the "New South." He put his heart and soul into the future of his country; he revered the memories of the past but saw the dangers which might result from the bitterness of sectionalism; he placed himself as mediator between the two hostile factions and endeavored to mitigate race and sectional hatred. He represented the ideas of progress and the future. His followers in the South are rapidly increasing in number and the prospect is bright for the destruction of the old sectional hatred.

D. W. B.

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MISCELLANY.

Quite a number of the university students have commenced a course which will injure the University if not stopped. I refer to playing pool and billiards. Almost any Saturday night these students may be seen in various billiard parlors in the city indulging in a social game. While there may be no harm in the games themselves, yet the class of men who loaf in such places is generally a degraded set, and their influences cannot be good. A reform should be instituted. At present the University of Nebraska has an excellent reputation for morality, and no loyal student, be he frat or barb, will do anything to mar its present good name.

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About a year ago THE HESPERIAN had a good deal to say concerning the fact that a large number of young "sassy" ladies in Lincoln were attending the University for appearance sake. We are glad to note that at present the number of such is small. Yet there are a few. The others have quituated and can now go out into their fashionable circle and truly say, "When I attended the University at Lincoln, ah, don't you know." Some kind of provision should be made against such people. The idea that a person can come to the University now and register for only one study is shameful. If some regulation were passed making it necessary to take at least twelve hours a week, these people would not come. Their attendance is a detriment to the institution. Their five dollars matriculation fee will not recompense for the injury they will do in the long run.

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We have a plan to propose which we think would put a stop to the loafing in the halls and the noise resulting from it. Let the regents see to the fitting up of the gymnasium for which an appropriation was made. Then let there be an understanding that if the students want to loaf there is the place to go. There they could talk love, war, religion, politics, or anything they wanted and would not disturb the classes. There is something in the nature of a person that makes it terrible to have to sit down in the reading room with a solemn face until the bell rings. There is a nameless something within you, which makes it necessary that you should occasionally go somewhere and indulge in a little physical exercise or a hearty laugh. At present students have no place except the hallways in which to rid themselves of the superabundance of this feeling. The faculty should be considerate in this matter. The boys should not be blamed if in their frenzy it becomes necessary for them to climb the radiator pipes or attempt to kick the ceiling in the hallways. Let the gymnasium be fitted up and a place provided for those who want to loaf a little while, and the faculty can rest assured that the noise and loud talking in the halls will cease.

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I saw her at a literary society meeting over two months ago. I fell desperately in love with her at first sight. After the debate was over and recess had begun she waited a few minutes with a girl friend who had accompanied her and spoke to a few of her acquaintances. I watched her every movement to see whether I might not catch her eye and get a gentle smile from her. She was beautiful. To my notion she was the most beautiful maiden I had ever seen. I gazed intently on her. The slate-bearer came by with "Don't you want to scratch the slate?" I did not hear him. I stood there enraptured. Soon I saw her leave the room. I awoke from my dream and exclaimed with the poet:

"The spell is broke, the charm has flown"

I returned to my room. My roommate arrived soon after.