

Lion is awake! He roars all over the piano for ten minutes and the rapidly ascending crescendo runs indicate that the doughty Chevalier has climbed a telephone pole with more agility than could be expected of one in so unsteady a condition. The brilliant allegro trills announce that he is trembling with terror and afraid to come down. Now there is a long double rest. Vivid chords. "Great Heavens! What a mistake! It is not a lion. It is a Bologna sausage with its tail cut off." The Chevalier faints and falls to the pavement below. The music howls down the key-board, and goes into strong convulsions when it has reached the bottom. Yells of murder! Fire!! Police!!! are heard in the distance. The music grows wilder and wilder, and as the swaying, struggling mob closes around the prostrate form and the Cops club everybody and everything indiscriminately, and as the blood-smeared special reporter of the STUDENT is seen dashing through the madly-fighting crowd, with a pistol in one hand and a pencil in the other, the music becomes absolutely uncontrolable and the fantasia ends in a scene of uproarious confusion that baffles description.

We have just been reading one of those heavy works on Political Economy that are so common now-a-days. It rejoiced in the title, "The Problem of Social Life." Now we have given a little attention to this subject—yes, considerable attention, and we have come to the conclusion that successfully dodging the Candy Kitchen is the real problem of social life. How well I remember the first time I ever set foot upon its mosaic floor. There was a crowd of boys going home from debating club one evening and some one spoke of the Candy Kitchen. There were only twenty-three cents in the whole company, so seven of us dodged the others and went around to the kitchen by back streets. We filed in and were just preparing to put up our watches for ice cream, when we noticed the other boys sitting around a table on which was one glass of lemonade. There were four straws however. The recognition was mutual. It was hard to explain. We had told them that we were going to the Methodist prayer-meeting when we left them, and the whole affair was very disagreeable.

Campus Canards.

The Thursby Concert netted \$51.80; no more and no less.

A Sophomore's example of synecdoche: "Pass the butter."

Two more weeks and the horrors of examination will be upon us.

A. L. Frost, '85, will be absent from these classic walls during the coming term.

The Senior Engineers have entered upon a study of the plans of the Plattsmouth bridge.

The conservatory of music gives a "recital" in the college chapel on Tuesday evening, March the fourth.

The Anglo-Saxon class has been bankrupted by the purchase of imported text books costing \$3.75 apiece.

W. G. Keim, the bonny blue eyed blonde, formerly of the class of '89, was visiting the co-eds of this institution last week.

The new cut of the University, ordered by our job department, has arrived. It is a "darling."

To be struck with a wash-bill in a crowd of fellows is the only thing that has indented Johnson's cheek thus far.

A. O. Taylor, '83, has returned to Lincoln. He is a sober benedict, now, and will inhabit his possessions east of the city.

Farmer, '86, med, has hied himself away to hide himself in the town of Friend for the medical vacation which is approaching.

B. F. Johnson is again on his pedals. His illness has been a very serious and complicated one, hence hearty congratulations are appropriate just now.

The janitor and his assistant have decorated the ceiling over their chandelier in the highest style of art. Their room is one of the most pleasant in the building.

Our walks are the muddiest places on earth, except our Lincoln crossings. As soon as the frost is out of the ground any one attempting to cross them will never be heard of more.

The young chemist who attempted to cut Sodium in water was astonished at the commotion caused by this rather unusual mode of procedure. The same old story: he didn't know it was loaded.

Chancellor Manatt says he hopes to be able to read an examination paper from every student of the University. He is not acquainted with our style of writing or he would entertain no such hope.

The Band boys are rehearsing assiduously these days and when spring-time comes will undoubtedly be in condition to hold the bouquet. Their music is of a higher grade than ever before used in the University.

The astonishing discovery has just been made by the "lits" that a thoroughbred stiff has been an inhabitant of the building for over three months. We congratulate the meds upon keeping an important secret in such a statesmanlike manner.

The Charter Day speeches published in this issue are but a small portion of the proceedings of the celebration; nevertheless, they are long enough to crowd out the medical and exchange columns. They also came very near driving the local department to the wall.

Both societies are at work on their June Exhibition classes. The present year will evidently be an "off" one in such matters, as the Opera House is to be torn down and the city has no hall large enough to contain the usual audience. We hear that the Seniors are to spout in the open air or under a circus tent.

A very pleasant little gathering was held in the headquarters of the janitor on Wednesday evening February 27th, the occasion being the twenty-third birthday of his assistant, Mr. Bisbee. A double quartette of ladies and gentlemen illumined the "den" with their presence and enjoyed an evening of hilarious enjoyment.

'86 has made arrangements to indulge in the wild, reckless species of dissipation known as a candy pull on Tuesday evening March fourth. The affair is to take place at the residence of Miss Clara Caldwell, and, as is invariably the case with the doings of this class, will be managed by the young ladies. Every Sophomore girl is a brick.