

Professor Fred Morrow Fling read a scholarly historical thesis entitled: "Mirabeau—a Victim of the Lettres de Cachet." The professor was at his best, and as he read with characteristic eloquence, his scholar audience sat almost spell bound. Those present were impressed profoundly with the scholarly analysis and careful original research. Profuse compliments were received from every side. The University should indeed feel proud of the places her scholars are earning in the field of original thought and research. It is at just such gatherings as these that our professors can let the thinking world know the standard attained in our "far west" University.

Saturday J. H. McGuffey went to Crete in behalf of the U. B. D. C. and arranged two debates with Doane. The first will be held in the Uni. chapel February 22.

Dental parlors of Dr. Hodgman over Harley's. Reduced price to students.

Fred Lyons '95, the irrepressible, is editing a republican paper in Georgia. Fred, in a letter to Prof. Caldwell, was very enthusiastic concerning his prospects, and delighted with the climate and country. He is located in a boom town—a nothern soldiers' colony.

It is fitting that Horace Greeley Whitmore should strive to gain name and fame in the newspaper field. Whether he will do so with a gold bug sheet all the pops and silver democrats in school are inclined to doubt. We may be sure, however, so long as Horace Greeley controls the Lincoln Herald it will be a newsy, well written paper. A more energetic and competent editor could not have been found for the administration organ.

LAW SCHOOL LOCALS.

Harry Bailey was elected president of the junior class at its last meeting.

W. L. Williams is to be one of the contestants for the Chase and Wheeler oratorical prize next Saturday night.

Party lines are as firmly drawn as ever in the junior class. The faculty decided that the first two organizations were irregular. At the third and last meeting of the class a president was finally elected after three hours of wrangling. With the filling of this office the meeting adjourned.

Bixby's Retreat.

I take my Sanskrit lexicon
My hieroglyphic key
My Greek and French and Latin "Dicks"
With grave alacrity,
I put my glasses on my nose
I'm rattled, hot and huffy,
Before next year I have to read
This note from John McGuffey.

I blew my dollars six for pants to do for Sunday wear
And so I didn't go home to sit in ma's new rattan chair.
As here I stay and study hard, sweet visions flood my
brain,
My homesick heart turns somersaults, I long for home
again,
I see cranberries disappear in brother's hungry maw,
I see the gobbler hide his face by getting into pa.
All helpless here, and worse than that, as if by demons
called,
I study, dig, and delve, and work until my head grows
bald.
So let the home turkey disappear, my head be cleared
of hair,
One day a scholar bald will sit in ma's old rattan chair;
And as he sits, he'll meditate—full wrinkled then his
brow—
The ratan used to be on him; he's on the rattan now.

I have a plan
By which I can
Save one-half hour each day.
During chapel I'll go
To the study below
In the rooms of the Y. M. C. A.

When Gabriel blows his trumpet,
As he will—I've heard it said—
I'll stand near by when Science Hall
Gives up its silent dead.
And tho I cannot pay back debts
In time allotted then,
I want to shoot that dried buffalo
To have him stuffed again.
For if I do not bank him up
And patch his breken bark,
They'll not know he's the same old stock
That rode in Noah's Ark.

If I were 'funny' Bixby, and pushed his taughing
pen,
I'd dip it in some 'funnier' ink, and try my hand
again.
Then would I scribe a hugest joke—do my most
veriest best,
Till every button-hole would broke from every
coat and vest.
I'd have myself arrested then to save you all from
death
And in the mostest funniest pen, I'd draw one
sober breath.