

from the kitchen and gave out paper plates with syllables of words on the back. The syllables were to be matched for partners. The refreshments, consisting of cake, apples and bananas, candies and nuts were then served and appreciated to the utmost. In the midst of this part of the proceedings the smiling face of the chancellor was seen in the door way. He was greeted with an ovation, but after being assured that it was a clapping in he found breath to express his sympathy in heart and mouth with the proceedings.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to singing college and patriotic songs and playing games in which all joined. It was just midnight when the strain of "Good Night Ladies" was taken up by all and the echoes of "John Jones" and the Pall yell went floating through the corridors.—*State Journal*.

#### UNION FEED.

The Unions had their annual Thanksgiving party and feed at the home of Mr. H. E. and Miss Lillian Newbranch last Friday evening. Games were played until midnight, when small tables were set and attention was paid to the bounties spread forth. Mr. H. E. Newbranch acted as toastmaster and did his part most excellently. His many sallies and overflow of high spirits kept the table in one continuous roar. He introduced as the first speaker J. W. Searson who spoke on the subject uppermost in his mind—"Union Girls." Some one suggested that Mr. Searson might have done better were his heart not too full for utterance; and another made the correction that not his heart, but his mouth, was too full for utterance. The speaker seemed thoroughly at home with his subject and we have no doubt he told the truth when he said he had delivered that toast before all the crowned heads of Europe. One of Mr. Searson's most telling sentiments was embodied in the following verses which by some happy chance he found lying on Mr. McGuffey's

table in that youth's characteristic chirography:

All honor to Unions, to the girls be given  
The deference due those roses of heaven!  
When roses of heaven, unfolding May smiles,  
In rapture and beauty, my heart they beguile.  
The words that they speak, like the angels above,  
Breathe forth fragrance sweet in their secrets of love;  
My heart's sweetest music, blest joy of my life!  
Would that one of these girls might become my own sister's chum!

Mr. Barr next stood forth to talk upon a subject given to him by common Courtesy—"Unions." In his toast he said he labored under a difficulty. Mr. Searson had *Union Girls* and some one else had *Love*, so that he was left with a prosy subject. Mr. Barr declared he was rejoiced to be called a Union.

Miss Smoyer very gracefully responded to the toast—"Union Celebrities"—whom she graphically described. Miss Melick, Messrs. Alexander, Newbranch, Shreve, Kinton, Miss Anderson and others were highly complimented by the lady.

Ned Abbott concluded the program with a short response to the toast—"Love." Many students have asked for the brilliant poem written by Shreve on this weighty question. We therefore give it in full:

"Ah, what a curious thing is Love—  
It cometh from above  
And lighteth like a dove  
On some.

But some it never hits,  
Except to give them fits,  
And drive away their wits,  
By gum."

It was 1 o'clock when Mr. Newbranch announced the end of festivities. The crowd then departed with many pleasant memories of the Thanksgiving vacation, 1895.

Miss Etta Gray entertained her roommate, Miss Sadie Smith and Miss Marsland for several days in her home at Fremont. Miss Gray is a delightful hostess, as all who have experienced her hospitality will attest.