

—Does any one know who committed that little piece of forgery?

—What action is going to be taken in regard to a secret society?

—The young lady who insisted that her name should not go in the paper shall be suited as far as we can help it.

—He now consoles himself with the fact that she is "a natural born flirt," and he has used the dainty note for a cigar-lighter.

—The *Journal* says that "brainless and beardless boys" are writing for the *Omaha Herald and Bee*, derogatory to the University.

—She don't wear a white bodice any more because it was soiled by W—'s hands, but dons a white dress with a black bodice.

—It surely must have been a mistake about that valentine, because Miss — declares she is not an old maid and does not intend to be one, so there, now.

—Is it really necessary that when a student devotes some of his time to theology he must needs keep his throat clear by the use of some of Paul's medicine?

—Considerable has been said about hazing at Colleges, and we copy the following from the "Statutes at Large," the law was passed at the first session of the Forty-Third Congress.

—The student who stubbed his toe on one of those stones on the west of the University is said to have been talking Hebrew—the adjectives he used are unknown in the English language.

"He is rapping at the garden gate, I know, I hear him very plain," is what she used to sing; but we have learned that he now takes the gate in to the front room fire, where it is so comfortable.

—It was pretty rich, he wrote to her, and put up a wager that she would accept—he received "regrets" &c., and while he was performing in society, she walked in with her brother. Imagine his feelings.

—The student who fell down the front stone steps indignantly denies that he had a brick in his hat, and we are left to believe that he was either star-gazing or thinking of that last "previous engagement."

—The student who was talking of bringing a law-suit has withdrawn it. Cause of trouble—two new shirts went to wash—never returned. Result—his girl went back on him—and another match broken up.

—When that student, who talks in his sleep, awakened his chum by talking of "cues" it was supposed that he had reference to the drama; but the other night, when he began to talk of "carom on red" it seemed as though he was at that match game the other night.

—Those square white envelopes that the students receive from the post office, about the last of the week, bearing a one cent stamp, are the source of many surprises and disappointments—surprise that she should accept or disappointment that she did not. But then there is nothing like getting used to it.

—The student who carries a piece of feather around in his pocket-book is causing considerable comment, but the majority of his friends have settled down on two probabilities—either it is a piece of a turkey-buzzard's feather, preserved as a relic of some pleasant hunt, or it is a feather from the hat of some young lady. And now, which is it!

"An act to prevent hazing at the Naval Academy."

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That in all cases when it shall come to the knowledge of the superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, that any cadet-midshipman or cadet-engineer has been guilty of the offense commonly known as hazing, it shall be the duty of said superintendent to order a court-martial, composed of not less than three commissioned officers, who shall minutely examine into all the facts and circumstances of the case and make a finding thereon; and any cadet-midshipman or cadet-engineer found guilty of said offense by said court shall, upon recommendation of said court be dismissed; and such finding, when approved by said superintendent, shall be final; and the cadet so dismissed from said Naval Academy shall be forever ineligible to re-appointment to said Naval Academy."

Approved, June 23, 1874.

Now we expect that the poor little cadets feel awful bad over such a law; it may have been necessary to pass such a law for their government, but if our school keeps on in the even tenor of the past, such a question will never bother the heads of our legislature.

Excursion.—Ye local of the STUDENT was so fortunate as to receive an invitation from the state editorial fraternity, to attend an excursion to Brownville on the 25th of February, and of course we accepted; although we were not fortunate enough to secure a young lady for the trip, we took our handkerchief and started. The train hauled out of Lincoln at one o'clock and about five o'clock we ran into Nebraska City, where we were joined by the representatives of the press of that city, and as we were en route to Brownville we took a list of the people on board but through misfortune lost the same.

When we arrived at Peru we were joined by Dr. Blake, of Brownville, who had provided a place for each one of us to stay. We received a card informing us that we were to stop with Mr. W. H. Small. About half past seven we ran up to the Brownville depot and were welcomed by a number of the citizens of that place, and as we got into the carriages that were waiting for us the city band played several fine airs. We found our host, Mr. Small, to be a perfect gentleman, and a royal good host. After eating supper here, we went down to McPherson Hall where we found the rest of the party. After a little speech-making the ball was opened and the terpsichorean festivities were kept up until the "small" hours. As we left at nine o'clock on the following morning on our return we did not get to see much of the town. But we found their schools in good condition and praise on the tongue of every one for Mrs. Ebright who has charge of the primary school. On the return trip we stopped at Peru an hour or so, to visit the Normal School. We found it all they claim for it and one very prepossessing feature in its favor is the fact that it is set among the hills and trees, which must in the summer time cause it to assume a splendid appearance. While we were visiting the school a number of the students went through a very interesting gymnastic exercise, and if we were allowed to compliment, we would say that the performance of the young lady immediately in front of us was excellent. At half past twelve we again arrived at Nebraska City, where we took dinner, wherever we could get it, and at 2.30 we were bound for home again, and as is usual on Friday eve put in an appearance at society, although the pleasures of the excursion completely spoiled our little recitation.

## THE LOCAL AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

WHAT OUR EXCHANGES THINK OF US.—We clip the following "puffs."

The HESPERIAN STUDENT, with its "Differ with" and "Differ from," and "Our Beautiful Friend," with many other good pieces, furnishes us with rare reading matter. We like the tone and spirit of this paper. It reflects great credit on the editors.—*McKendree Repository*.

The HESPERIAN STUDENT appears in cinnamon-colored overalls. Arrayed in such gaudy plumage the editors feel competent to talk about "the aroma of the Gods," "the warm voluptuousness of Egypt's Queen," and "the cold and uncompromising symmetry of Helen." What do "the Gods" smell like, anyway?—*Williams Athenaeum*.

We're "bad," but as we have taken off our cinnamon suit, and have dropped down a peg or two, we have forgotten whether the "Gods" use "musk" or "jockey club."

The HESPERIAN STUDENT quotes from our report of Dr. Moss's inaugural address, putting in italics at pleasure. The critic evidently does not like the Doctor's ideas on co-education. "His theory," she says, (for we will venture that the writer is a "she,") is just a little musty—but denuded with the mildew of half a century, at least." Now we do not purpose to enter into a discussion on co-education—we leave that to the fair sex. But we cannot help remarking one thing, i. e., that "mixed schools" furnish strangely mixed papers. It might be interesting to discover why it is that no college paper with young ladies on the editorial staff has equaled in excellence papers published either entirely by young men or entirely otherwise.—*Volante*.

Truly the Chicago men might inform us why our editorial staff seems strange; he gives no reason at all.

The HESPERIAN STUDENT is next on the list of those we have marked for a notice. We have one or two things to say against the present issue. In the first place, the "Scraps from my Note-Book" are perfectly disgusting, and the man who would keep such a scrap-book as that, together with the man who would print such extracts from it, should be made to wear for an indefinite length of time the woolen article mentioned under "Cure for Chills, blains, &c." In the second place we do not regard it as orthodox for the January number of a paper to contain an article on "Autumn Leaves." Alas, that we should be compelled to behold this caption in the STUDENT! It is not giving winter a fair chance. Why does not some one write about the beautiful snow? This incessant rustle of autumn leaves among our exchanges is growing monotonous. "How long, O Lord, how long!"—*University Review*.

The first article which this "smiling-faced child of golden hope" referred to, was written by "O. C. D." which initials are quite familiar to all our poetically inclined students. The *Review* "no longer delights in infant food or cradle songs, but in quest of stronger diet has grown into an ambitious youth and" yet, this poor little "smiling-faced child &c.," gulped when swallowing the "Scraps from my Note-Book." Too bad, that the diet was so strong!

The HESPERIAN STUDENT, of Lincoln, comes to us in a new form, it now being in the shape of a magazine. It looks well and is a credit to Nebraska as an amateur journal. It has got a new editor, and he throws down the following in his salutatory: "All hail, blustering New Year! Welcome to these latitudes, thou boisterous cherub, though thy hoary beard shakes many an icicle, and the harsh breath rushes from thy frosty nostrils somewhat too fiercely for an infant." Bad case. If the Lunatic Asylum is so over crowded that it can't possibly make room for him, we would suggest that a wet blanket be thrown over him; might do him good when he gets those spells.—*High School*.

If the editor of this Omaha amateur journal were not so crack-brained he would see that there has been no change at the head of our paper for a year, and if he were not ashamed to put his name at the head of his paper, we might recommend him to Dr. Fuller, the Supt. of the Hospital for the Insane. As it has become known in this city that we occasionally read the *High School*, we assure our Omaha friends that we have plenty of sympathizers watching us—ready to apply the blankets at any moment.

The game of billiards seems to be growing in favor among collegians. Princeton runs four tables, and Racine College has formed a club under the management of an executive committee, who have decided that any member of the Faculty and any student of the College may become a member of the club by paying an entrance fee of five dollars.—*Targum*.

We receive one exchange very regularly and we find it a very interesting (?) journal; but we should think that the printers would run out of "sorts" in setting up the names of the editors—it only has six. The only clipping that we can make from the *Iona Classic*, would be to tell the names of the brave martyrs whose names appear as editors.

We had the misfortune to pick up the following in a Prof's room, and it wasn't a good day for scraps either: "*E pluribus pusillanimous erysipelas nix cum ad infinitum saleratus soc et tsum*." From the last few words we judge that a junior celestial wrote it in a moment of desperation.—*University Reporter*.

The other day a sleepy Junior in the Physiology class had his ideas awakened by the Prof. remarking that he had seen a skull an inch and a half thick. Said Junior clasped his hands and, as a look of ineffable peace overspread his countenance, exclaimed, "that beats me."—*Crescent*.

The favorite *purp* of our Quarter-Master strayed from the sacred precincts of home, and met an untimely end near the banks of the Warrior; and now the roaring falls and the sighing wind sing a sad requiem over his lonely grave.—*Ala. Univ. Monthly*.

We lately overheard a junior give vent to his ideas on mortification in this wise: "I can pray, meditate, and appear downright sanctimonious, but hang it, I would give a nickel to be able to mortificate myself."—*College Message*.

The *High School* with its characteristic energy makes up its locals from a speech of John I. Redick. We admire the editor's pluck, and would send him a tin whistle if it were not for grasshopper times.

—Scene in Art Gallery. Prep., to amateur artist: "Let me see if I know the names of these things. This if a palette, this a rest-stick, and this—is a weasel, isn't it?"—*Sibyl*."

I yearn to be converted,

And numbered 'mongst the band  
Arrayed in robes of glory,

With a chromo in my hand.

—*Niagara Index*.

A Poughkeepsie flirt had an offer of marriage the other evening, and rushing into the hall she called upstairs, "Mother! am I engaged to anybody?"—*Alumnus Quarterly*.

Bachelor exclamation:—A lass!

Maidenly exclamation:—Ah, men!

—*Es*.