

OUR *Alma Mater* has been getting some new clothes. Last Commencement we were really ashamed of the old lady when we brought our friends around to introduce them to her, on account of her shabby appearance. But with her new apparel she is as neat and tasty as could be desired. Yet with the pleasure of the new come regrets for the old. The painter's and kalsominer's brush has painted out so many familiar sights and old landmarks, the hand writing on the wall so fearfully and wonderfully made as to inspire almost as much awe as that at Belshazzar's feast, the target at which "the boys" practised squirting tobacco juice, the chinks in the plastering where our orator's arguments hit, our initials which we had carefully and painstakingly carved on the back of a chapel seat as with bended head we duped the Profs into thinking we possessed a reverential spirit—all these are gone and in their place is a monotonous cleanliness that is positively ghastly.

DURING vacation Chan. Fairfield devoted himself to the raising of funds for the erection of a young ladies boarding hall. Although the impression at first was about as one of the friends of the University expressed it "I don't know of a soul who would give a dollar"—yet through the Chancellor's energetic efforts the citizens of Lincoln were made to see the advantages and necessities of the project and with their usual liberality—which has now become far-famed—contributed every dollar that was asked for. Such an open-handed public spirit cannot but redound to the possessors in intellectual and financial welfare. The gratitude of the entire state is due Chan. Fairfield and the city of Lincoln for their untiring efforts to make this state's intellectual centre worthy of its name.

One of our juniors was rash enough to enter a contest in slang slinging with one of the street gamins of the city, but retired after the first round with precipitation

and as he vanished around the corner the victorious urchin shouted—"Hi! the University kid"—"Shoot the chinning"—"Cork up, chicky, you've too much wind-pudding"—"Carom yourself cully you've got the G. B."—"Sombod'y's there Moriah"—"Ki! yi! too muchee damn foolce"—"Do you tumble to that racket?" And if a servant girl had'nt thrown a mattress out of a Commercial window and extinguished him for the time being we don't know what we might not have heard.

THE Chancellor had occasion to visit one of the Bachelor's halls in the Tichenor the other day and on rapping at the door was greeted by the salute "Come in if you want to and stop banging the door." In compliance with that request he opened the door and dodged the boot-jack which one of the inmates flung at him before they discovered who it was. Of course those degenerate young ruffians were profuse enough in their apologies and with a hearty laugh at their mistake the Chancellor made known his errand and departed.

THE Chancellor recently took occasion to make some very severe remarks on "hazing." If necessary they were very appropriate, but as far as our knowledge goes the idea of introducing this outrageous custom only exists in the brains of one or two empty headed individuals in whose minds nothing ever takes tangible form. We hope the time has gone by when the students of the Nebraska University will assist in raising emeutes or flying in the face of the institution's discipline.

SOMEBODY has been stealing lumber from the Ladies Hall and a night watch has to be kept. We suggest that the girls mount guard over their property. Any one guilty of stealing the almony of Lincoln's liberal citizens ought to be held under the artesian well a while and afterwards treated to a coat of tar and feathers that would last him through eternity.