

*Personalia.*

Geo. Cadman is teaching at Papillion this winter.

F. J. E. Smith spends the week at home, Boone county.

T. P. Livingstone returns to his home at Plattsmouth this week.

Mr. W. H. Cole is among the few who will not return to the University this semester.

"Mr. Wimberly will not be in the University this term." He is teaching in Butler county.

Frank Garlock finds that he will be "needed on the farm," hence he does not return this term.

F. A. Wood has gone into the Missouri Pacific offices at Omaha. His connection with the University is therefore at an end.

Mr. F. J. Benedict has been transferred from the cadet battalion to the band. F. J. is admitted to be the leading musician of the University.

B. L. Burr will resume his studies in the University next year. At present he is employed in Wm. Garretson & Co's book agency, corner of P and Tenth streets.

Married—On Sunday, January 15, Mr. Edson Steele and Miss Emma Burgner Ed was once a member of '81. His old cronies will be surprised to hear of this his latest break.

B. B. Davis came up from Plattsmouth and remained here last week. Too much small pox down there for the schools, so when they closed he had an opportunity to visit *alma mater*.

Another old student has committed matrimony. The event occurred in the city last Tuesday evening, and Mr. Will N Hawfey and Miss Lizzie H. Carlidge were the contracting parties. Congratulations.

*Exchange Bric-a-brac.*

Yale *News* thinks that Vassar will have no foot-ball team this season.

Students at Rutgers ask for a shorter summer vacation and longer winter recesses.

Two new students this term.—*Illinois College Rambler*.

Egad, what a boom!

The maudlin ravings of the Lincoln *Democrat* over the recent decided change in University affairs are very edifying indeed. The communist in charge of that sheet should have been sent to the insane asylum years ago.

The second number of *Doane Owl* for the year is on our table. The local department seems to be neglected, and the literary articles too artificial. Otherwise even "we" could not improve it much.

The local of the *Central Collegian* pays too much attention to his own dear self and the charmers in a neighboring seminary. "Girls" and "ye local" will do to write about once in a long while, but as a regular thing become tiresome.

We grant that the *Bates Student* is a good magazine. It also has a good bit of cast-iron cheek and enough self esteem for all practical purposes. It may be in good taste for a paper to copy two or three columns of favorable notices of itself, but there are people who think differently.

The *Berkeleyan*, California University appears with a few improvements and suggestions of more to follow. Typographically this paper is a success, and its whole make-up shows an originality very creditable to its managers. It arrays itself with the students and against the Faculty in a decided manner.

Harvard dedicates the following to the vanquished Yale Freshman base ball nine:

"Fumble, fumble little nine,  
Muff the balls along the line,  
Way up in the air so far,  
How you wonder what they are—  
Fumble grounders, muff the fly,  
On the diamond, in the sky."

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls, I heard just the best thing to-day. It was too funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Prof. Mitchell—oh dear, I can't remember what she said, but Prof. Mitchell's answer was just too funny for any use; I forgot just exactly what he said, but it was too good for anything."

The following wail is from the University of California. We have "been there," and know how to sympathize. "The *Occident*, of course, wishes to get articles from the students. That is a thing that every college paper sighs for and generally sighs for in vain. The student is the hardest person in the world to stir up on such a subject. College editors without number have tried it and failed most dismally."

The *Collegian and Neoterian* is not pleased with the *STUDENT*, and the *STUDENT* is happy to state that the dislike is mutual. The abundance of locals and the discussion of live topics which crowd out old orations and essays from this paper, are in accordance with our ideas of what a college paper should be. The old fossil from Wisconsin evidently has a different ideal, for it is composed almost entirely of literary (?) matter and clippings.

*Pungent Pencilings.*



'Oss car Wild.



This is the chair on the chapel platform. It is always occupied by the Chancellor. It looks lonesome among so many chairs, though the boys think there is a chance for a change before long. Have charity upon them.



This is a text-book and a dictionary. They are Greek. The Freshman begins to turn over the leaves and swear. He'd as leaves wear out the book as not. When he thinks he has a Greek root he is referred to another part of the dictionary and it takes him ten minutes to find one word. That makes him rue-it.



These are the "delicious bivalves" you read about. When you bi-valves wink at the waiter and he will bring you only a half stew, but if your girl finds it out you will have a whole stew. The restaurant is an inn-stew-to-shun.



It is a student's trunk. What is in it? One pack playing cards; "Locke on the Understanding;" "Harper's Classical Library" translations; some old poker chips; banged up skates; bunch of notes tied up with blue ribbon; last summer's straw hat; bottle of bad smelling perfumery; rules of the Board of Regents; oration on the "Conservation of Energy;" three famous actresses; a door knob; Oss car Wilde's poems and a Bible.



What is in the barrel? It is indeed hard to tell. It may be flour and it may be whiskey. Let us play it is whiskey. There is a great deal in the imagination. You should not bear ill feelings against a man because he likes whiskey.



The pretty album. Let us look at it. Is not the lady beautiful? She is an esthete. Her hair falls like two pan-cake on each side of her head. She dotes on the lily (powder).