

Perhaps the finest musical treat with which Lincoln has been favored this season was the rendition of Butterfield's *Belshazzar* by the Lincoln Philharmonic Society. The actors seemed perfectly fitted for their roles. The grand chorus of one hundred voices in fine training had a grand effect. Miss Potvin, an old-time university student, presided at the piano, which is needless to say was perfectly managed.

Certain parties, whose names we will not mention, have been waiting for some time for an opportunity to burst forth with a strain of invective upon members of the present faculty, and becoming impatient waiting for some real misdemeanor to happen, have pounced down upon the harmless exercises of Charter eve, tied on a long lash and are flailing the air in a great windmill attack upon the faculty with that. "We are not there!" This is the whole in a nutshell.

A few evenings ago an unknown person of the masculine suasion, whose nerve were evidently considerably stimulated with the extract of corn, gained entrance to the university building and wandered about for some time hunting for the bar-room of what he took to be the Commercial hotel. A saucy Prep, who had been watching his freaks, told him that this was a different style of hotel from the Commercial, that the only kind of hash kept at this place is mental hash. The curious stranger not considering his reception very hospitable took in the situation for a moment and then started off in search of the Commercial.

The Freshmen held their usual monthly sociable February 10th, at the residence of Miss Mary Campbell. Though some were compelled to be absent owing to circumstances over which they had no control, the social was one of interest and was characterized with the same energy and enthusiasm as has been shown at every meeting since the organization. Late in the evening (yet Saturday) while the merry crowd still made the parlor ring with music, chatting and laughter, the president, Miss Cora Fisher, brought the gavel down with such a tremendous rap that the noise almost instantly hushed into a silence. She suggested that the class had arrived at a sufficient age to bear a motto, and that they proceed at once to select one. To expedite the business a committee of three was appointed, which after a few minutes decided upon the following:

"DAS KLEINSTE HAAR WIRFT SEINEN SCHATTEN."

It is needless to say the motto was unanimously adopted. The next and last meeting for this term will be held at Miss Mary Hitchcock's.

The season approaches when the small boy becomes a large factor of our community. His books which have kept him a close prisoner at home these long winter evenings, are now discarded for more exhilarating pastimes. The mildewed bag of marbles, the top and whip, which have been hibernating in the musty old garret, are now taken out, polished up, counted and recounted, to see if any of the trophies of the past season's campaign are among the missing. The graphic recital of Caesar's campaign into Gaul and the descriptive magnificence of Virgilian verse to him have lost their charms. No longer racks he his brains with the tangled problems of a Ray or a Loomis. So long as his geometrical eye can approximate to a "gnat's heel" the relative distance from one marble to another and thereby govern the propulsion of

his "law," what cares he for rules and idioms? Yes, the small boy is *sui generis* the small boy, and must be regarded as a necessary evil wherever he goes. But, bless the handsome little rascal! we like him none the less.

The STUDENT office is at present in possession of a strange piece of mechanism in the shape of a printing-press, music-box and poetry-factory combined in one. It was borrowed by our business manager and foreman one dark night lately (during the temporary absence of the owner,) and played a conspicuous part in the minstrel entertainment on Charter eve. Of the "Model" pattern, it is called the "Ode" for the sake of euphony, and is embellished with a New Jersey trade-mark, which of course adds the legal percent to its value. Unlike the Webb Perfecting or Hoe presses, it does not print, cut, fold, paste and dun delinquent subscribers with one impression, but if properly handled it can be made to swear at the editors for copy in nineteen dead languages, including deaf and dumb, which it speaks fluently and in all its native purity. By a slight pressure of the operator's foot on a secret spring in the rose-wood box on which it rests, what was once a printing press is immediately transformed into one of those beautiful instruments so indigenous to the soil of sunny Italy. But the music is not good, the boys leave, and we are sometimes compelled to play to an audience of three-legged chair. Its best hold, however, is poetry, and when it loses its identity in that nothing short of air-brakes can stop it. It is a little out of order at present, as it slipped an eccentric the other day trying to solve the rule of three in Dutch.

The entertainment given in the Chapel on Charter eve by the Palladians in commemoration of the thirteenth anniversary of our University's birthday was in every respect a conspicuous success. The performance consisted of genuine minstrel, together with the usual specialties accompanying such. The principal specialty was a farce on the play of Julius Caesar, as revised by University talent. The entertainment was farce and burlesque throughout, of the highest order but was conducted strictly within the limits of decency and propriety, leaving no just grounds for criticism. Though the evening was very unfavorable, owing to the inclemency of the weather, they were favored with a crowded house, and consequently it was also a financial success. Some of the most respectable citizens of Lincoln were present, among whom we noticed several members of the honorable faculty. All seemed highly pleased with the performance throughout. Pursuant to custom one of Lincoln's journalistic pendulums which oscillates daily at the corner of 9th and P streets, was represented on the occasion by a cranky gentleman, who, we fear, will some day tumble from his Pegasus with a rush of morals to the brains. Prostituting his calling as an impartial critic, he made the occasion the vehicle in which to vent a little private spleen, and sought to make people believe that our entertainment was a highly ridiculous and scandalous affair. That his weak attempt to belittle a society which not long since refused to get down on its knees and worship him as their golden calf, did not voice the sentiment of those present, was amply attested by the loud and deafening applause which greeted each act. The audience was not blinded by prejudice, and did not see the performance through the same lens as did this would-be college reformer. In conclusion, his being an old-time Palladian only makes his offense the greater.