

lawyers even, is the great body of intelligent men and women, now numbering many hundreds, scattered through nearly every state of the Union, who received the final years of their education here and who now help to make the United States the most intelligent nation, and Nebraska one of the most intelligent states in the world.

Our state stands alone in some of the advantages offered. She is almost alone among the states in giving to her citizens the higher education without cost. Some of our departments are hardly equalled in the United States for completeness and thoroughness, and in no place are all possible advantages placed so freely and easily in the hands of the students, trusting so much to their honesty and truthfulness and refusing to allow the possible few who will make unfair use of their privileges to subtract anything from those of the rest. I may add also that no institution has ever taken a more advanced stand in allowing to women their right as citizens to all benefit paid for at public expense.

And now it is my pleasant duty to express publicly to Chancellor Manatt the hearty welcome of the students of this University—a welcome which he has seen on every face and heard from every tongue, since his arrival. We hope and expect that the relations just entered upon will be pleasant and long continued. With a united faculty working in unison with united body of students we may expect great things from the University of Nebraska. With a far-sighted policy, including the public schools of the state and the higher educational machinery in one symmetrical whole, with a hearty and interested appreciation of the system by the people of the state, which we may expect as students continue to form a greater and greater per cent of our population, this institution cannot but become a mighty power for good, whose effects will increase and multiply as the years go on.

Drift.

We have a pleasant duty to perform. (Devil, take the ink-bottle round to the grocers and have him fill it with liquid honey.) That is, to express our unqualified approval of the remarks recently made concerning fraternities in one of the college papers—a paper which for good and sufficient reasons does not exchange with the STUDENT—and which various causes prevent us from mentioning in a more specific manner. But anyway the erudite author of the remarks referred to, placidly inserted a hard-baked brick into each of his coat-tail pockets and firmly yet politely sat upon the whole secret society system. And not in a blind, hap-hazard way either. Far from it. Judging from the candor and dogma of his interesting statements, he must have given hard and continuous study to his subject from his earliest youth to the present time. And with remarkable success too. All the theories that he advanced were original, highly original. We do not suppose that there is a man in the United States who would be so base as to deny this, or so hardened as to claim them for his own. After we had read over the afore-said remarks some half dozen times, we thought we grasped what the eminent gentleman was aiming at, and then we gave one prolonged shriek of delight, rushed into the embrace of our overcoat and tore up to the University to pay our devotions at the shrine of

genius. In our delight we offered the gentleman a three pint flask of fuming nitric acid, with the assurance that he might drink it all and we would pay the expenses. He courteously declined. Then we grasped his hand and with eyes streaming with tears of joy, expressed to him our deepest thanks, in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion, for the immeasurable good he had done the whole down-trodden class of students, in his masterly blow at a disgraceful and crying shame. Just think of an association of young men whose sole object is continual practice in climbing a greased pole! It is outrageous. It is the very depth of abandoned impishness. And it is generally acknowledged that this is the universal custom of all college fraternities. Then, again, the contemptible wretches will not permit every one to ascend their pole! If they would set it up in the campus and send neatly engraved invitations to the faculty and students to indulge whenever the spirit should move, why then, the whole business would not appear to righteous citizens as such unhallowed dishonor and such inky-hued villainy. Oh! for a pen tipped with molten steel and boiling tar with which to scourge these fiendish fraternities as they deserve! Cur-r-r-s-ed be all things that they won't tell us all about! WHOOP!! Now turn a bucket of ice-water down our back and we will write on a subject that does not excite our wrath so intensely.

They say Chemistry is a fascinating science. Well it is, and the Drifter will always recommend it as interesting and profitable. That reminds us of an interesting item. You see the Prof. gave as work for the Sophomore class the analization of the salt-water that comes from our artesian well. The class labored long and diligently and was engaged several days. Finally one handed in his results to the Professor. They were as follows: Water, salt, salt-water, H₂O, more water, NaCl, more salt, brine, Hydrogen, more water, Oxygen, Chlorine, more water, Sodium, more salt, Chloride of Sodium, Hydrogen Oxide, liquid ice, more salt and salt and water. It will be perceived that this analysis is exhaustive. It was also exhausting—to the unhappy Professor.

The Drifter was conspicuously present at the concert. Now he does not intend to put himself forward as a great musical critic, but he can say with truth that he was most pleasantly entertained. Miss Thureby sang well. She did not bring in any Italian though; and thus caused many of the audience to feel insulted. Even if there is no one in Lincoln who can understand Italian, it is not comfortable to be slighted by a great singer in so pointed a manner. But De Kontski was the star. His last piece, The Awakening of the Lion, was simply grand. You see, the theme (that's what they call it I guess) was as follows. Enter the Chevalier in a state of elevation. The music staggers in an uncertain manner up and down the key-board and now and then reels up against a triple-base chord to shiver and swear at the Lincoln mud and the evening papers and other obnoxious things. "Whash zhat onisidewalk (hic) Izhd like to know?" music trips up into the seventh octave with a gently questioning air, "It izh a lion, I wil! wakimup." The Chevalier then tickles the monarch of the jungle with his gold-headed cane. Music soft and gentle with occasional excited jumps. Crash!! Bang!!! Agthgdtbptioooooo!!!! The