

by going to the telephone, but the lightning kept things in such a dance that no reply could be obtained. The class this June consisted of six members instead of the usual eight, and with the music it was abundantly long. The University orchestra did well (so musicians tell us) in the overture and closing piece, but they were a little too long. Vocal solos by Misses Leonard and Dillon and a piano solo by Miss Doolittle also added much to the evening's entertainment. The first of the literary exercises was an essay on Thomas Carlyle by Chas. S. Allen. Mr. Allen has long been recognized as careful reader and thinker, but his delivery on this occasion was a surprise to all and left little to be desired in that particular. The *Journal* criticises him, and perhaps justly, for too many quotations. C. S. Polk's oration on "Religion among the Greeks and Romans" was also well delivered, but possibly the connection between the different points of the production were not so well brought out as they should have been. Miss Talbot's recitation, "The Bridge of Tay," was rendered in a manner somewhat too studied, but yet effective. The debate by J. J. Halligan and Paul F. Clark on the question, "Is Private Property in Land Unjust?" was well sustained on both sides, though the first speaker hesitated at times and made those who were listening forget the line of argument while fearing that he would break down. Miss Fisher's oration on "Our Indebtedness to Stoic Philosophy" began with the horrible announcement that this was an age of progress. After the audience had recovered from this announcement they waked up to the fact that this oration was the most striking and interesting performance of the evening.

During the first two nights of commencement week Providence did not seem to be doing the fair thing by the University of Nebraska. She sent a dust storm for those attending the Palladian exhibition to go in, and then tried to strike an average by sending floods of rain to cheer them while on their way home. To prove that she had no special grudge against this society she filled up Sunday afternoon and the fore part of the evening with a melancholy, dejected kind of a drizzle that kept all but some two hundred heroic souls away from the Chancellor's baccalaureate address. This was given in the University chapel and the Rev. Lewis Gregory pastor of the Congregational church of this city assisted in the services. We have not space to give a synopsis of the address nor would it be satisfactory to do so; it appears in the *State Journal* in a form which will be of vastly more interest to any who desire to peruse it, than in any synopsis we could give.

The number attending the Union exhibition was not reduced by bad weather and the ten hundred chairs were nearly filled. It was apparent however, that the non-central position of the capitol had its effect in keeping people away and we are glad to know that a better place will hereafter be available. What we really need and must have before many years is a chapel that will meet all of our requirements. The U of N orchestra performed as it did for the Palladians. The first of the literary exercises was an essay by Miss Kathleen Hearn entitled, "Auld Lang Syne." A somewhat scared appearance which hurt Miss Hearn's delivery at first, wore off before

the end, and she was able to give full effect to an essay that was rather powerful, although simple in its style, and barely escaping common-place in its thought. Next came an oration "The Crusades," by Miss Sopha Myers. It was short, but compact, pointed, and avoided exaggeration which is a very common vice in treating such a subject. The debate was on the question "Are the Aims and Methods of the Russian Nihilists Justifiable." Mr. J. H. Holmes maintained the affirmative in an animated manner by saying that the Russian Government did not contain the principle of reform, and something were best done before the lives of even another generation had been wasted. A. A. Munro in replying said that the government was willing to reform and that sudden and volcanic changes do more harm than good. (It really seems to us that both of our societies ought to be able to train debaters who could speak off hand, even on the June class, and so break up the monotony of committed debates.) E. J. Churchill next gave an oration entitled "A Mexican Prince." The career of Montezuma was rapidly and strongly sketched. Mr. Churchill has a peculiar habit of giving his many emphasized words in a key higher than the others, which mars an otherwise fairly good delivery. The essay on "Henry David Thoreau" by Miss Nora Gage clearly written and clearly rendered, treated of a man who is not as well known as he should be to American students. The last performance was the recitation of "Torquemada" by Liska Stillman. This recitation, excellently given, made a most pleasing close to the literary exercises. The audience was favored during the evening by a vocal duett by Misses Hattie and Fannie Patmore, and by piano solos by Miss Zade Rector and Mr. Frank J. Benedict (We almost forgot to mention that all the class got lots of posies.)

The address of Prof. E. B. Andrews was attended by a highly appreciative and cultured audience. It was scholarly, showed depth of thought and careful preparation.

Campus Gossards.

E. O. Lewis, of our graduating class came in from the south on Saturday.

Now is the time of dissipation. Colossal fortunes are spent upon soda-water and ice-cream.

The Sigma Chi fraternity has just issued a song book. It is neatly got up and is a credit to its publishers.

The cadets are all enthusiastic about the way in which Lieutenant Townley managed the encampment at Milford.

Many of the students will travel for pleasure this summer, taking a book or a picture to amuse themselves with.

Two more circuses are coming to Lincoln but so late in the season that there will be no students to molest them or make them afraid.

There have been many strange events this year and not the least of these is the fact that the High School graduates did not attack the subject of procrastination. Surely these are times of prodigies.