

they will deliberately lie. Often do we hear it exclaimed "how I adore Shakespeare and Milton" when the speaker never in reality had seen, either, of these poets. Not the faintest knowledge or appreciation had he of them. To be sure he may have pursued the printed page which is the visible manifestation to the physical eye of their thought, but more than this he did not comprehend.

This simulation in letters is not one whit better than in fashion: the motive is the same. The man who affects indifference as to personal appearance and dresses slovenly need not look so contemptuously upon the "dude", he may be just as egotistical, as selfish, as little-as narrow-spirited only in another direction. To be sure the former consoles himself that he does not bestow his precious time upon such trifles as dress; he heartily despises those that do, he cares for higher things. It does not occur to him that he and the "dude" are one in spirit. He does not see that he is equally a victim of "vanitas vanitatum." Men fail to perceive this general principle that "the sentiment from which it sprang determines the dignity of any deed, and the question ever is not what you have done or forborne, but at whose command you have done or forborne it."

DRIFF.

"That giddy Sophomore" has been at it again. He was seen on the corner of O and 13th late one night and was watched. Pretty soon he ambled in an uncertain way over to where the painted hydrant adorned the landscape. Then bracing up with a herculean effort he apostrophized the inoffensive water-works appendage. "Wha' yer out f'r thish time o' night, Izhd like to know? Yer mizh'ble, green Freshm'n yer ought t'be 'ome in bed. Wha' d'ger mean 'bstruct'n zhe'public 'ighw'y? Whasser masser wizh yer? Don't talk t'me zha'way. I won't be 'nshulted by a Freshm'n. C'm on 'fyer wanter zhdug." Then he fell over on the stolid and impassive object of his wrath. When he arose he felt of his wounded head, made an incoherent remark about the villanous state of society when a Freshman was allowed to wear brass knuckles and then silently faded away into the encircling darkness.

How do some people live? There are poor, brainless unfortunates in Lincoln that, by all rules of common-sense, ought to perish from mere inanity, or hate themselves to death. They manage to survive someway by means of various time-killing inventions. The latest of these is known as "progressive euchre." The DRIFTER does not object to euchre. He is a "eucharist" himself. But there is such a thing as carrying a good institution much too far. When a lot of elderly gentlemen and ladies get together and play a shrieking, howling game called "progressive euchre" there is room for the cynic to ply his unpleasant vocation. In the first place there is or ought to be, a better way for men and women to spend their time. If there is not, where are we anyway? Again supposing there is no better enjoyment for the dudes and dudienas of Lincoln, why should they not have a day appointed for a general suicide all around? It wouldn't hurt the city very much and it is impossible to imagine the euchre players in a sadder condition than at present.

Speaking of euchre reminds us of a little joke. There are two unsophisticated boys in N. S. U. who are deeply

interested in Palaeontology. One day the professor of that branch of science invited them to accompany him into the country for a two days jaunt among the "fossiliferous" rocks of the Cretaceous Epoch. They went. At the farm house, where the party spent the night, there was want of room. One bed was was all that could be utilized. The professor suggested that the three candidates for the bed should play a game of cut-throat euchre and that the one who was froze out should do his snoozing on the floor. A well-worn deck was at once produced by the senior geologist and a hand was dealt out. The boys were about to raise a howl about the deck being stacked when the lady of the house stalked in. "Gentlemen I don't allow any one to play cards before my children!"

A professor and two students, all church members. What a reputation they must have made in that farmhouse!

These society sociables are not monotonous at all. The novelty of going into one of the halls and standing around in an awkward, bashful way for three long hours, will probably never wear off. The Prep. takes his dose of sociable in a frightened, wish-[—hadn't—come sort of a style. The Freshie in a subdued, gloomy and tired—of—life state of mind. The Sophomore is boisterous and attempts to be jolly. He tells horse stories and unswallowable lies about his own muscular ability. The Junior, parts his hair in the middle, flirts desperately with the girls, prances up and down the halls in what he imagines is a very vivacious manner and pretends to enjoy himself. The Senior goes to observe the frivolity of mankind. He reflects that all is vanity and sheds big tears into his plug-hat when he thinks of the awful gulf between himself and the mass of mankind. His philanthropic soul swells up in sorrow for the light-headed, gum-chewing crowd about him. Take it all in all, the society receptions are as sad as the widow whose husband died two days before he renewed his life-insurance. Is there no way to reform these consolidated periods of depression that, by courtesy, we call sociables?

The State Teachers Association has been giving a series of entertainments in the college chapel for the past few days. Many of the students have attended because there is a tradition going the rounds that Nebraska school ma'ms are handsome. Some of the boys have already lost their hearts on the fair instructors of youth that lately assembled in the Capitol City. It must be admitted that the dear girls are somewhat cheeky. The DRIFTER turned a corner and brought up against a little knot of feminine pedagogues—perhaps there was dozen of them—and before he had an opportunity to retreat, he became the centre of attraction. Each individual schoolma'm placed a pair of "Bostons", vulgarly known as nose-pinchers, astride her nasal organ, and simultaneously they bestowed a cold and clammy stare upon the unfortunate who had come upon them so unintentionally. He got away, but has scarcely recovered from the shock of brain-fever brought on by the episode. It may be true that the University boys are inclined to flirt with the visitors but that does not justify the excessive gall displayed by the ones who are rightfully not flirts, but flirtees. A schoolma'm is a vain thing for safety—especially a Nebraska school ma'm.

In college life we encounter almost every type of man and woman. To some we can offer nothing but