

DRIFT.

There is one thing sadly lacking in our University. We refer to the want of interest taken in college songs and singing. There is nothing which an old student, coming back to visit his *Alma Mater* "after many years," hears with so much pleasure and emotion as "the old songs that the boys used to sing." How many long forgotten memories awaken into youth when the responsive chords of the heart are swept by the old-time associations. Around a song may cluster the happiest, best and holiest recollections of a life-time. The care-worn man who returns to N. S. U. and goes back in thought to the time when he was an active worker in the college world, will not remember any distinctive song by which to make real the dreams of the past. As a matter of duty to ourselves, to posterity, we should not fail to enliven the languishing spirit of music that dwells in our midst. "Somebody strike up a song, please."

A Prep crawled through the transom while we were gone to dinner and left the following conundrum on the hook;—"Why is a No. 10 gum-overshoe like a plaster cast of Julius Caesar? Because neither can talk through the telephone." We are laying for that Prep.

In the spring-time the thoughts of students turn towards jokes and midnight escapades. The dignified, but withal, human senior hums over to himself,—

"Backward, turn backward, Oh! Time in your flight!
Make me a Sophomore, just for to-night.
Wisdom, high-standing restrains me; Alas!
Would that I were not held down by my class!"

If contempt for evil-minded tricks did not grow with the capacity for invention and execution, the senior class of any college would be a terror to civilization and a "barrier to Progress."

Conversation between the "Supes."—

"Why did Desdemona kill Othello?"

"Because he was mashed on Emilia and she was jealous of him."

"But Emilia was a man."

"O yes; so he was. But wasn't it good when Emilia ran out and cut Iago's leg?"

Yes, you bet! That was immense."

FABLE.

A Crow, One Night, went to the Roller-Rink. He hired the Last Pair of Skates to be Had and went out upon the Floor. Soon a Fox came in and tried to get some Skates but failed. But in nothing Dismayed, he approached the Crow and said:—"How Beautifully you skate! I have never before witnessed such Grace and Ease and Rapidity." Then, puffed-up by the Flattery, the Foolish Crow essayed a Toe-Spin; and they carried him out—Twelve Baskets full. But the crafty Fox secured the Skates and enjoyed himself till the Hour of Closing. This Fable teaches the Folly of Fancy Skating.

At the euchre party.—

"What's a club?"

"I pass."

"Make it next."

In class-room, next morning.

"What's a Rhizopod?"

"Not prepared."

"Next!"

Striking similarity.

HIGH.

High-toned;—the chapel choir.

High-bred;—at 15 cents a loaf.

High-grade;—a hoary-headed six-footer.

Hymeneal;—an altitudinous hash-slinger.

High-tragedy;—murder on Pike's Peak.

High-art;—painting the roof.

High treason—the University campus.

Hymen;—Goliath and Chang, the Chinese giant.

DYING WORDS.

"The air is rather close."—Desdemona.

"Drinking will cause my death."—Socrates.

"I am choked by a sine."—Mathew Maties.

"I shall not lie in the grave."—Ananias.

"I am not well-heeled."—Achilles.

"My tale must ever be unknown."—The Missing Link.

STORY OF A LIE.

The N. S. U. champion prevaricator held an impromptu contest in equivocation with the Doane College liar and was downed. The history of the sad affair is interesting.

It was on the train that was carrying the contestants to their native villages and the time was about half-past three A. M. The Lincoln liar rushed into the smoking-car and aroused the Crete athlete who was sweetly slumbering on the soft side of another fellow's grip-sack.

"Say, wake up! Frightful accident this evening down near Lincoln! Two students of the University killed! City in mourning!"

"Ah-h-h—what is it? What d'yer want?" was the sleepy response.

"There's been a terrible holocaust on the Nebraska City railway!—You know how like lightening the trains run on that road;—this evening two of the most promising young men of the state,—Sophomores in the University—got on the train to make their first trip as travelling agents for St. Jacob's Oil—the Great German Remedy—"

"Well, what was the racket?"

"You see, they looked out of the windows and saw the white mile posts flying by and, very naturally, they mistook them for a long stretch of tight board fence and tried to swing off the car to put up a few bills advertising the Great German Remedy. Of course they were instantly hurled into eternity and have not been seen since."

"Great Heavens! what an awful affair! It reminds me of a story. Some years ago a friend of mine was editor on a college paper over in Iowa. The paper was out of debt and—"

"You need not go any further with that story," said the N. S. U. liar. "That's the most atrocious falsehood in existence. Take the belt, it's yours." 'Twas ever thus.

A WARNING TO THE BOYS.

"I wonder who deposited that banana peel in the path of my wandering footsteps?," said Osric Smith, in a muttering tone as he circled down the massive, winding, oaken stair-case on his shell-like ear.

Upon the tessalated mosaic of the hall below stood Mabel McCafferty. She laughed with the fiendish laugh of a laughing fiend—that is, she laughed fiendishly—as the flying form of the fated Osric shot into her field of vision.

The spark of life left not his manly bosom until he had telephoned a parting word of advice to his darling brother who was running a skating rink in Omaha. That word was what is now revealed to all.