

Campus Canards.

Warm.

Beatrice!

Thermometer is rising.

"Poor little Nebraska!"

Ice cream and lemonade.

More trouble about coffins.

Spring fever has broken out.

A strawberry feed once more again.

Knight has laid away his crutches.

The girl's joint program was a success.

Ask Knight and Frankforter about Calculus.

And now the June orators perspire under their neckwear.

E. E. Spencer of Crete has been in town some time since our last issue.

Last message of a Sophomore:—"Tell mother I died for my history."

Miss Aldrich of '84 appears as a contributor in the *Chicago Courant*.

The Cadet Band wants to go to New Orleans but Canada won't consent.

Query: Why is it that Conley always falls down the stairs of 1228 T St.?

Paul Clark the great rival of Andy Bayliss, led the tooters on "Ascension" day.

The notorious Will F. Wiggins made his presence known about the University last week.

C. C. Smith came in to get a solution of the great question, "Does death end all?" by Jos. Cook.

J. N. Dryden the great wonder of the 19th century was seen wondering about the streets of our town.

E. O. Lewis '84 is recuperating his health and taking up timber claims in the far western part of the state.

B. F. Johnson still carries his assessing papers and creates the impression that he is a man of business.

It is rumored that Rev. Charles French of the Freshman class is about to form a matrimonial copartnership.

Chromo No. 3 is actively engaged in lopping off the surplus branches of the cotton woods that adorn the campus.

Dan. H. Wheeler's moustache was seen in the Omaha Glee Club which assisted in the entertainment of the Mendelssohn's.

"Prof. Nielson; I should like you to have that Laboratory moved to the northwest corner of the campus." Another sudden death.

Dr. Bell who has been travelling through Colorado since the Medical commencement, is in town attending the State Homoeopathic Society.

Dr. W. H. Farmer the sweet black-eyed, medical graduate has located in Indian Territory with his bran new plug hat. "Heap big medicine man."

The library has just received complete files of the Quarterly and Saturday Reviews, together with other valuable books. Another luscious morsel for the index fiends.

Wouldn't it be a good plan for the faculty to interfere and prevent the campus being made a public resort? The language one may hear any afternoon is not exactly appropriate for the place.

Powell, one of the 85s of S. U. I. has been looking over the University in the spare hours that he could find during a week's stay in Lincoln. We are glad to have made his acquaintance.

There seems to be a dearth of news at present. Are the students asleep? Let's stir up something,—paint the roof, have an HESPERIAN entertainment; anything to break the monotony.

Our drum major appears decked out in a bran new suit, or a bran old one adorned with all the paraphernalia of his rank. The suit may be six sizes too small for him but then Paul expects to grow.

The work on the new building is progressing rapidly. The excavation is already made and stone is being hauled for the foundation. Were it not for the loss of time we might enter an injunction and have it moved to the back of the main building.

Allan W. Field of the class of '77 and Mrs. Field (May B. Fairfield, '82) have been blessed above all the other alumni of this school. The blessing came in the form of twin babies, a boy and a girl. As a commentary on the value of higher education this fact is invaluable.

The strawberry festival given by the Union girls was a success, financially and socially. The tables were decked out with exquisite taste and were waited upon by as handsome girls as one could wish. The bill of fare consisted of strawberries, icecream, lemonade, and cake.

At this writing the cadets are preparing for a raid upon Beatrice. We feel sorry for the hospitable people who have so kindly taken an enemy into their midst. The foraging expeditions that will go out from camp will be a caution to Beatrice for all time to come. The boys are industriously gathering together the utensils necessary to camp life. The following is a partial list of the necessities: five tin cups, one dozen dark-lanterns, one fish hook apiece, two washpans for the camp, four iron kettles, etc.

THE MODERN JOHN GALPIN.

Tom——is a citizen of terror and renown. A dandy tutor e'en is he of famous Lincoln town. Tom——'s friend said to him, though tutors we have been these many weary months, yet we no holiday have seen. Tomorrow is our bumming day, and we will then repair unto Rollin's hostelry, for the famous grays, a pair. Now see him mounted high upon his nimble steed, full slowly pacing o'er the roads with caution and good heed. And fair and softly Tom he cried, but Tom he cried in vain. The snorting beast began to trot which caused him awful pain. Away, went Thomas nick or naught, away went hat and cane; he little dreamt when he set out, to have to grip the mane. On like an arrow swift he flew shot by an archer strong. So he did speed, and so must I to end my little song. The moral is, dear readers, as all of you can see, don't try to ride Old Rollin's horse, unless you skillful be.

G. W. Botsford of '84 has returned, from Johns Hopkins and is now spending a few days with us. The local pumped from him the following facts. Johns Hopkins,