

Prof. Bessey lectured at the State University of Kansas recently. The Courier of that place contains quite an extended account of it.

Washington's birthday was not celebrated very enthusiastically by the students of N. S. U. Celebrations and classwork do not harmonize very well.

The first year classes in German and French are receiving thorough drill in pronunciation, which is something unusual, but is none the less acceptable.

Symptoms of spring fever have already appeared; it seems as though that usually reliable weather prophet, the groundhog, certainly made a mistake this time.

We regret to say that on account of poor health Miss Hattie Curtiss has been obliged to leave her work at the University. It is to be hoped that her absence will not be of very long duration.

With the approach of spring comes a very suspicious odor which permeates the building. It evidently emanates from a room on the first floor; and that room isn't the laboratory as is generally supposed.

"Why is studying Physics like sitting down in a basket of eggs? It is fruit-less". This was handed us by a melancholy member of the Junior Physics class, whose name we suppress on account of his family, who are respectable people.

There has always been a spirit of rowdiness manifested in and about the halls on Friday evenings. This has heretofore been attributed to the "town boys," but at the present time we think it may justly be charged to some of the students.

The Sophomore class will, in the course of human events, probably give a French play. The careful drill they are receiving under Prof. Edgren would make this not at all a difficult thing for this class to do and it would be appreciated by the public.

It don't take a very sharp man to stick in the ground now days. Why, just the other day we came across a Senior whose attachment to the moistened earth was so great that without losing his rubbers it was absolutely impossible for him to extricate himself.

Those ambitious students who expected to receive credit for a whole term's work in Spanish, by studying three weeks, were greatly disconcerted when the Prof. remarked "I can't think of giving you credit for more time than you actually worked." It is cruel, but just.

As a rule students do not squander much time or money going to the theater, but when a first class troupe favors the city with an entertainment, the University is generally pretty well represented, as the number of flunks the day after Robson & Crane's appearance will attest.

We were dreadfully shocked the other day to see a "candy kiss" drop from the pocket of our estimable friend, J. S. Green. Under our reproachful gaze he became painfully embarrassed, and plead that he couldn't help it if the girls got mashed on him and gave him such things. Beware John, Beware.

THE HESPERIAN hears with regret of the prospective departure of three of our most estimable students. Mr. J. C. Bonnell and family will remove to Burlington, Iowa. This will involve the withdrawal from the University of Misses Lizzie, Jennie and Ida. A remonstrance might be in order.

Some people are so accomodating. Now, for instance, take McCance. He is so accomodating that one day when the mud was four inches deep on the crossings he deliberately seated himself and cleaned the walk with his new suit of clothes. It is seldom you meet a man so willing to sacrifice himself for the benefit of others.

The office is draped in mourning. An opportunity has been lost which perhaps will never again come to us; so we feel blue, and are inclined to think that the "god-star of our fate" has gone back on us. We didn't attend the meetings of the editorial association; thought it wouldn't pay. But alas! the Commercial gave them free entertainment, and we are out. This is another evidence of the hard luck of editors.

Miss Ethel Marsland entertained the members of the Freshman class, on Feb. 20 at her home—"way out east" on O St. It is said that many forcible expressions were indulged in after leaving the street cars, when it became apparent that they were still three blocks from their destination, and the mud exceedingly deep. A few rubbers were lost, but aside from this the youngsters returned in good condition after having spent an evening very pleasantly and probably profitably.

Seven happy Juniors, little thinking of the fate in store for them, entered room No. 4, a few days ago, prepared to make a brilliant recitation in Physics. But alas! Woe and misery was awaiting them. Examination questions were before them. One glance at the blackboard was sufficient, and with a despairing cry four of that class sprang to the door and vanished; thus three remained and suffered untold agonies before the close of that awful hour. "Must such an experience be repeated?" is the now all-absorbing question.

They say that Fletcher was "the noblest Roman of them all" among the supes in the "Comedy of errors." When he frowned down upon the audience, with that look of proud disdain, some of the more timid thought seriously of leaving the Opera House, for fear of giving offence if they persisted in staying. But Forsyth, our own Forsyth! How our heart swells with pride and our eyes fill with grateful tears when we think of his martial bearing and his if-there-be-three-among-you-who-dare-face-me-on-the-bloody-sands look. Sublime!

An adventurous co-ed of the Sophomore class having a desire to know something of the future, had recourse to the old custom of hanging a wish-bone over the door. The library door was the one chosen for the purpose. The mute fortune-teller was placed in position and the co-ed entered the room, took a seat at the table and watched the door with feverish anxiety. At length the door opened and lo! our co-ed, with the wildest consternation beheld the form and features of an eligible middle-aged professor. What followed can be better imagined than described.

In a note to a member of our staff, Mr. A. G. Warner, now studying at Johns Hopkins University, states that the denizens of the Chesapeake shore expect western men to astonish them with Indian stories. Assisted by J. H. Holmes he has thus far supplied the demand for romances, but their combined intellects are about to give way under the burden. The note closes with a request for reinforcements in the shape of the body of the author of "Storm Beaten." When both Warner and Holmes run short of lies, there is something wrong with the solar system.

A novel method of preservation from torture has been adopted by the N St. boarding club. Some of the members of that club were suffering from a severe mental strain caused by efforts to perpetrate jokes or puns upon their fellow boarders. In order to save such ones from untimely graves, an ordinance has been passed to the effect that "He who shall presume to relate a stale joke or originate a pun, shall be fined in the sum of ten cents for each and every offence. All money accruing from such fines shall be expended for oysters as soon as a sufficient amount has accumulated to purchase one gallon." They have nearly enough money in the treasury now, and have appointed March 5th as the day for oysters.