

"Sown in the barren soil of adversity."

'Tis said that Mrs. Johnson and Ev. Eddy will graduate this year.

Ask Miss Daley about that Eddy-Daley conversation at the Senior banquet table.

Mr. Reavis went home to see his family last Saturday. Came back Tuesday.

Ask Old Harry why he did not turn the gas off last Friday evening at the regular time.

The Medic commencement day will soon be here. Another crop will then be turned out to experiment upon the innocent people.

A Senior announces his commencement oration subject, as "The incompatibility of the promulgation of a thought with Senior perturbation."

We understand that Mr. W ggenhorn has invited the Seniors down to Ashlaad and will pay all expenses. Truly his generosity is without parallel. They'll go!

Last week Professor Nicholson was called to Omaha, to make an analysis of the air in the rooms of the public schools. We did not learn the result of his analysis.

There was a show at the opera house Friday evening—very peculiar kind. Fl—r has worn out a pair of \$9 pants, kicking himself—for skipping society that evening.

Robertson has made the the proposition to the Senior Class that if they will bear the expenses, he will publish a commentary upon Henry George and dedicate the work to '87.

Mr. Cōwing who put in the steam heating apparatus was lately seen about the University. He cast pensive glances toward the girls but they seemed to have forgotten his charms.

Prof. Sherman wants to know who rendered that beautiful(?) solo at his window one day about 2 a. m. last week. He wants to talk with the gentleman and give him some good, friendly advice.

A second delegation from Peru came up to see us. They claim that the first delegation were selfish and let no one know that they were coming, else more would have come. We hope we have not received the last installment as yet. All come!

Conway MacMillan of '85, stopped over in Lincoln on his way home from Johns Hopkins. He goes to take a position as teacher of botany in Minneapolis. He was almost irresistible with those eye glasses and that downy beard. We trust the girls of Minneapolis are not more susceptible than U. of N. girls.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A student of Rockford Seminary being asked for the derivation from the Latin verb possum, suggested the animal possum as a very probable one.

"A Burlington girl who is a great talker, says that it is better to be engaged in conversation than not to be engaged at all". *University Quarterly*.

A small boy in Lincoln, caused quite a sensation the other day, by quietly transferring a card bearing the words "take one," from a lot of hand-bills to a lot of oranges.

A studious soph. a little enraged after having failed to get the translation of a Greek sentence, exclaimed "I can't see why Crito could not have done this talking in English!"

The Athenian Oratorical Association of York college has been ressurected and has held its local contest, preparatory for the state (?) contest (Doane and York,) to be held at York, March 10th.

"The only difference between great and obscure men is hard work." How true this is of student life. In most cases it is not the flickering brilliancy that succeeds, but steady, constant, hard work always wins.

The male students of the University of Mississippi are petitioning for the removal of its twenty women students.

O the blindness! We feel inclined to say with Puck, "what fools these mortals be!"

Young man—"Is it true, doctor, that smoking cigarettes tends to soften the brain?" Physician—"There is a belief to that effect, but with all our boasted modern scientific appliances, it can never be verified." Young man. "Why, Doctor?, Phys. "Because nobody with brains smokes them." *Sedgwick Lit.*

EXCHANGE.

"*The Signal*" is a pleasant paper to read but we should be afraid that those five columns of poetry (?) would spirit it away.

The *York Collegian* wants to know, "How we can awaken an interest in our literary societies?" Visit us and get some pointers.

Coup d'Etat, you would be more interesting if you were not quite so local. Where is the fertility of your brain displayed when you take up half the paper in locals, sem. notes, etc?

The *College Student* is sorely in lack of original material to fill up its columns. Its poetry has gone the rounds of school readers for years, and its jokes seem generally to be quoted from the almanac.

The *Pacific Pharos* has a "stunning" new dress an expanse of sea, and a majestic steamer in the distance which is earnestly gazed at by several pensive seals on the rocks. Is there any significance in it?

The *Critic* must be something harsh or satirical any way: lets see. Several paragraphs (apparently editorials), a comic story, geographical puzzle, a poem on "a kiss" and what not. What comes next? What's in a name?

The February number of the *University Quarterly* contains an address entitled "American and other Judicial Systems," delivered at the opening of the Law School in New York. It is well worthy of perusal for its exhaustive research and pleasing style.

Such stacks of exchanges! How are we ever going to plow through the wise, witty and sublime articles hidden by the blue, yellow and variegated covers? Still worse, how can we do each justice in our short columns? It bewilders the poor brain even to think of it.

The Ed. of the *Doane Owl* says,—¹²"The editors of college journals cannot justly be considered responsible for every thing which may appear in the columns of the paper with which they are connected." We hope not, else what would become of the reckless Ed. of the *Owl*?

Why do colleges try to disgrace themselves by their papers? Here come a lot of little four-page things, as the *Hillsdale College Herald* and *Weekly Univ. Courier*, that are filled up wholly with nothing. Why doesn't such trash find its way into the waste basket and leave its college with a respectable reputation?