

versity Experiment Station. The Library of the Department of Agriculture has several rare works difficult to obtain ordinarily. These include works on beet sugar, irrigation and one volume Colmella's *De Re Rustica*, published in 1535 on general agriculture.

Few people, whether connected with the University or not, have an adequate idea of the amount of what may be termed "outside work" that comes to the Department of Chemistry. This work comes in the form of requests for addresses, requests for information, often of an expert character, and requests for analysis. Since January 1, 1893, over fifty requests for analysis alone have been filed by the professor of chemistry. The majority of them are for analysis of cattle foods, dairy products, sugars, syrups, waters, soils and minerals. In many cases, to give the information asked requires the work of an expert for a week.

L. H. Davis, '95, Exchange Editor of the *NEBRASKAN*, started home Monday, March 6. On the evening of the 8th, when he arrived at the house, about nine miles from Bronson, Kansas, his father was unconscious and died before morning. Mr. Davis was a prominent landowner of Southeastern Kansas and from the active interest he took in politics was widely known in his state. He was a prominent Mason. A very peculiar circumstance in connection with his death was that he dreamed on the same night and while apparently in good health, that he was in the cemetery surrounded by the greatest concourse of people ever assembled in Bronson. His dream was fulfilled within forty-eight hours. Davis, '95, has a very large circle of admiring and devoted friends in the University and he and his family have their sympathy. The *NEBRASKAN* especially wishes to express its sorrow and regret that one of the most efficient members of its staff is in trouble. Davis will not return to the U. of N. this year.

The NEBRASKAN for the rest of the school year, including this issue and a copy of the SOMBRERO, for SIXTY CENTS. See Whitmore.

Sand Burrs.

THE SPECTACLE FAD.

Fair haired co-ed with face so sweet,
Pretty hands and dainty feet,
Thou dost seem to me complete
As you trip along the street.

Yet my wit cannot devise
Why you, of all,—so bright and wise,
Should'st wear that horrid glass disguise,
To hide from view your lovely eyes.

The cholera will be here this summer, they say,
We wish there was some one who could keep it away.
Dr. Billings should see this long felt want and fill it.
He should cholera microbe, and learn how to kill it.

COUGH AND COFFIN.

It was a cough
That took him off;
It was a coffin
They took him off in.—*Ex.*

High on the throne of English Lit.
Peterson exalted sat,
He eyed the class; he paused a bit,
Then warbled through his hat:
"The mighty characters here drawn,
Surmount the common level,
And most of all, for brain and brawn,
I do admire the devil.

Oh how odd, if Tucker guesses,
That some day he'll win caresses,
That he'll gain the hope he presses,
That, "There's music in the hair."
When from custom he digresses,
With his Paderewski tresses,
He should also put on dresses,
Same as other "women" wear.

SO QUOTH THE CLASS HOODOO.

"Class Day programs are such a bore,
—Never could see what they had them for,
—Think I want to act a fool,
Telling my friends what I've learned in school?
Besides, the guys that get high marks
Will nail all the places—the hungry sharks,
The class can't do itself justice, I fear,
When 'the bright lights' only of the class appear.

"The class ought not to be ruled by a clique,
The plan I propose is to have a picnic,
In which *everyone* of the class can take part
And shine to advantage, the dull with the smart.
We'll camp near Milford's placid lake,
And stuff ourselves with pie and cake,
Oh 'Ninety-three's nothing if not progressive,'
And a *physical feast* is surely expressive.