

from Cotner did not appear at Vine street on time we favored the inhabitants with several selections from our repertoire of college and class yells, and started on to meet the cars. Owing to the time lost in pushing the cars up heavy grades, we did not arrive at Bethany Heights until about 8:30. The time spent in traveling was by no means wasted however, as we had time to learn and rehearse the Cotner University yell and work off a little surplus vocal energy. The announcement of our arrival that we gave was a hearty rendition of the Cotner yell immediately followed by our own University yell given in a manner that it re-echoed from the dormitory the college building, and we believe we even heard an echo from the clouds, no there were no clouds, there was too much beautiful moonlight for that. Our reception was as warm as could be desired. The program, which was certainly a credit to the societies, was followed by an invitation to an oyster supper at the dormitory. Many of the students took advantage of the opportunity to examine the building while the "old folks" were eating their oysters.

The two societies have very pleasant rooms set apart for their halls and expect to furnish them immediately. It seemed like reading one of the first chapters in the history of our own societies to see the unfurnished rooms and hear expressions of enthusiastic hope from so many of the students.

The Cotner University building is a very neat one indeed and as we gazed upon the nicely finished inside work, we almost wished that our own University was not limited so much by rapid growth that it is necessary to spend all to facilitate work and none for decorating. After supper which was of course a minor item with us, we spent the time very pleasantly in forming acquaintances with the students of Cotner and a few from Wesleyan who had not yet departed for home.

Coming home we had just as much fun as going out, even though we were deprived of the pleasure of pushing the car up steep grades. All the songs known to the students were sung, yes, with pangs of remorse we admit it, even "Annie Rooney."

At present we are looking out for another special program at Cotner. To Cotner—Come and see us: We'll give you a sample copy of THE HESPERIAN and let you play with our new gymnasium. To get even with you we'll come out some time and run races on your great big campus.

THE CANE RUSH.

On the morning of October 18 this entertainment opened with the rendition by "Old Sol" of one of his exquisite "Dago" sunrises; next came the co-eds, closely followed (wherever they went) by the Seniors, Juniors and Preps. Soon after that charming little ditty entitled "Pie Canis Pie" was rendered by the botanical seminar; this patriotic aggregation of p. g's. entertained the rapidly gathering multitude by opening up the "tossing" period, characteristic of all field gatherings of the students. Then the fun began.

A determined effort was made to toss Professor Hunt, but the professor fell over against Pound, '88, and the only result of this attempt was a pressed specimen of the botanical seminar. J. G. Smith, '88, was the next victim of the tossers and soon after they paid their compliments to the *Bee* reporter. Policeman Ireland, Chief of Police Melick and Police Judge Houston were among the number who laughed with the boys after they had reached *terra firma*, also N. Z. Snell '82, and Drs. Geiger and Green, the latter having been chased to his sanctum in the boiler-house before he would submit. Mr. Ellis, of Cotner University, was sent skyward as a testimonial

of the good feeling existing between the students of the two Universities. At about this juncture the thirty visitors from Cotner favored us with the following choice selection:

"Cotner! Cotner! Cotner! the!
Cotner Uni-versi-ti!
Don't you see?"

For some inexplicable reason there was a noticeable absence of

Hobo-hobo-hobo. Who?
N. W., N. W., N. W. U.

The botanical seminar informed us that notwithstanding the fact that a white cork hat with long red streamers gave to T. A. Williams, '89, the appearance of a book-agent picture of Henry M. Stanley, yet "*Non cum dipteris dorsalibus afflicti sumus.*"

At this critical juncture all of the side-shows were removed from the area and the judges, Professcr T. M. Hodgman of the University and J. D. Brunner of the Lincoln Business College, accompanied by Dr. A. G. Warner of the University, referee, took their places on the field. '94 appeared under the guidance of an escort of p. g's. and announced their arrival with "What's the matter with '94." No one seemed to know. They were soon followed by '93 escorted by a detachment from the band, and entering the field singing that classic song of which the first lines are "I feel like, I feel like, I feel." The opposing classes, thirty-two Freshmen and twenty-five Sophomores took their stations opposite each other at a distance of about fifty feet from the cane, a heavy fork handle held by four brawny Freshmen ably assisted by four by no means inferior Sophomores. To relieve ourselves of the task of describing the costumes after the rush we will describe them as they appeared one minute before the first signal, by stating that they were extremely picturesque and apparently durable.

At 10:28 a. m. Dr. Warner favored the multitude with a few taps upon the the big drum, and the nine minute struggle commenced. A description of the following few minutes would be impossible, the contestants in parties of two and upward were soon scattered around the centre of the scene, where thirty determined, muscular classmen were straining every nerve to get or keep a hand on the cane, for the honor of their respective classes. Varied were the attempts to get the cane, men ran from a distance and threw themselves upon the struggling group, others climbed to the top of the pile and sought to force their way downward to the cane by sheer weight. Clothes were torn and feet and fingers were trampled upon but no one complained. At the end of nine minutes a few vigorous strokes upon the drum brought everyone about the cane to a fixed position, every muscle was strained but the struggle was ended. The work of sorting out hands and tracing them back to the class to which they belonged was begun, and in a few minutes the referee announced the result, " '93, thirteen hands—no fouls, '94, twelve hands—no fouls."

The Seniors joined the Sophomores in the class yell of '93:

"Ash-ta-da-cha cha ti!
Tra-yah nay-a-ti!"

the Freshmen withdrew and '93 led by W. F. Wolfe bearing the cane, the prize of victory, marched away singing the significant strains, "I feel like, I feel like, I feel." The singing was tamer than before the rush, there was more bass, one could see that the feeling, physically, was different, and the tones of the singers were found to be about two octaves lower. We would give a few words to the description of the costumes, but they were principally borrowed from the bystanders and some of the fits were unique.