

general horizon. The "wild and woolly west" idea would certainly receive a severe shock.

The faces of the following, formerly familiar at the university, were seen about the halls during vacation week while the State Teachers' Association was in session:

'88—Roscoe Pound; Cornelius Jansen, Jr., who is teaching a German school near Geneva; J. A. Barrett.

'89—Professor C. B. Newcomer, of Cotner university.

'89—E. E. Gillespie, T. L. Hall, E. R. Holmes, Hugh Lamaster, H. C. Peterson, A. E. Wagner, Miss Jennie Wolfe.

'91—Miss Fannie Baker, A. A. Faurot, C. C. Fletcher, J. W. McCrosky, C. D. Shell, W. J. Taylor, Per Axel Rydberg.

The following former students: A. D. Church, '89, Miss Cross, '93, Miss Hopper, '93, Miss Shotwell, Miss Pierce, Mr. Bouton, Miss Hall, of Verdon, Miss Wing, Miss Eva Shutz.

The Red Cloud, (Neb.) *Argus*, says: Mr. Randolph McNitt has opened a law office over Deyo's store and holds himself in readiness to serve those who may have need of his legal services. Mr. McNitt has acquired a circle of friends and is known as a young man of steady habits and of natural and acquired ability.

Harvey Shotwell, an old Palladian who has been for the last three years at Seattle, Wash., has been visiting near Lincoln for a month past. He returned, last week, to Washington, where he has work as a civil engineer.

Rev. J. H. Worley, '80, is delivering a very interesting lecture on China in various parts of the state. He looks forward to returning to that country as a missionary before long.

Harvey Shotwell recently returned from the Pacific coast where he has been engaged in engineering work. After visiting here a few days he went to Iowa.

'88—O. B. Polk has located in this city and anyone wishing to be helped out of their legal difficulties will find him awaiting them at 1127 O street.

'85—Professor Conway G. McMillan, of the University of Minnesota, and wife were visiting his old home in this city during vacation.

Mrs. Glen T. Babson, '88, is one of sixteen Seward citizens to contribute a chapter to a serial story to be published in a local paper.

'88—F. W. Kramer, now right of way man for the B. and M. R. R., has been working in the Black Hills.

N. M. Graham, a student last year, and brother of R. H., is county superintendent of Clay county.

A. A. Reed is the genial gentleman who grants certificates to the teachers of Gage county.

'89—Al. Pizey spent the holidays visiting friends in western New York.

'88—Henry Wagner is principal of one of the ward schools of Beatrice.

'91—Miss Ida Bonnell is working in her father's office in Chicago.

In Memoriam.

BURT BONNELL.

Amid the gladsome greetings and exchanges of best wishes on New Year's morning, came the sad message—Burt Bonnell is dead.

It is not easy to associate the grim shadow with one so young and full of life as Burt. The writer recalls him vividly

as she sat by his bedside, the last day of the old year, when he seemed so appreciative of all that was done for him and so sure that he would be better on the morrow. Was it not so? Shall we not rather say: On New Year's morning Burt Bonnell began the expectant life of some higher good than we know of. It is God's task now to make the heavenly period perfect the earthly. This thought envelopes us and we exclaim with Emerson:

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again."

As a student in the university his conduct was upright, pure, and without reproach. Had health permitted him to remain he would have graduated as one of the brightest members of the class of '92, but God gave him a higher work to do.

There is another grave now in the quiet cemetery at Chicago and mother and brother and sister are again united. May the stricken friends and the bereaved father be solaced by the blessed hope of immortality. "Life is probation, and this earth no goal but starting-point of man."

"Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands;
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?"

There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

MISS FLORENCE BRISCOE.

Among the faithful students who have trod our halls these many years, the eye followed none with more immediate recognition and involuntary approval of the animating spirit—unassuming and unselfish, yet lofty and true—than in the person of Florence Briscoe. To trust her was to meet no disappointment. She was one of those supporting members of society on whom it was natural to lean, whose punctuality and preparation her instructors could count on, whose best satisfaction was good work for its own sake and who never failed, when occasion offered, to extend a helping hand for the Master's sake. For years she has carried studies in one or another branch of the curriculum—latterly devoting herself especially to the art course, which she pursued with talent and untiring industry, until a serious trouble of the eyes cut short her work. The heavy trial was patiently borne, and when three months ago an improved condition seemed to warrant it, the happiest hopes seemed to be fulfilled in her entering the Art Institute of Chicago with full appreciation and appropriation of its larger opportunities. Alas! There she met the shadow which somewhere "sits and waits" for each. Her spirit bowed to the summons; the palette and the pencil dropped from her hands and earthly life ended on the threshold of its abundant promise in bitter mysterious obstruction.

As we believe, as our faith teaches to such spirits "sudden the worst turns the best." "They enter the realms of love."