



"AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF YORE."

The History of Civilization in the University.

The University yard, with its flag-stone walks and well kept lawns, is a thing of beauty now. It was a horse pasture eight years ago. It is hard to understand how this could have been so, but so it was. The citizens, livery-stable keepers, teamsters, draymen, horse doctors, and farmers of North Lincoln had made it the common receptacle for decrepit nags. Indeed it became so well known for its excellence as a barn-yard that the faculty were at last driven to the necessity of requesting the city council to construct a pound that should relieve the pressure and receive the overflow.

The campus was like one of those gauze fly-traps, so common in country districts some years ago. It was surrounded by a dense uncut hedge of osage orange and arbor vitae. If a horse once got in, he would be forever unable to get out. And even if he could find an exit, he never would make use of it; for the yard was covered with a magnificent growth of red clover. Even the students' entrances were made impassible to him by a series of posts set in the earth. I always believed that the member of the faculty that proposed these posts was not the "professor of science." They did not keep horses out, but in; and whoever proposed them must

have been unacquainted with the analogous hydrostatic laws governing the behavior of liquids in a closed vessel under pressure. The red clover was cut several times during the summer and stacked up. These haystacks and the main building constituted the University.

I forgot to state that I expect to be believed concerning events of which I was an eye-witness. But I assume no responsibility for tradition.

In those days, Lincoln was either a Venice of mud or a Sahara of dust. There was not an inch of pavement, sewer, street railway, or electric wire in the town. The cadets used to have target practice on the bottoms between the corner of Twelfth and N streets and the region now occupied by the State fair grounds. The city stopped short off at Seventeenth street where the bottoms of Antelope Creek began. The cemetery was away out of town on O street where the Rock Island railway now crosses. We, who were inclined to science, would occasionally take our dinners and extend our botany expeditions as far south as the Home for the Friendless, feeling elated at having scoured so much prairie and explored so many gullies. In the city, things were equally primitive.