

A long array of pawnbroker's balls swung in the breezes about Ninth and P streets. Richards' block and Burr's block were huge holes in the ground. The Windsor Hotel had not been built, nor any of the larger buildings about Eleventh and M streets. Beyond Thirteenth street, there was not a brick building. The court house yard was a corn field, and the capitol grounds a dark, deserted meadow of timothy. The B. & M. and U. P. were the only railroads that entered the city.

The medical college was a more or less private affair organized by the physicians of Lincoln with the hope that it would ultimately receive legislative encouragement. But successive legislatures failed in their inscrutable wisdom to see the need of a state medical school and it died. It had its principal base of operations in what is now the reading room, and a number of hypothetical bases in various quarters of the University and of the city. A partition stretched across the long room near the first window and divided it into two unequal parts. There was a door in this partition high up against the ceiling. It was reached from the small compartment by a rickety stairway, and as one passed through admitted him to the upper tier of seats in the "amphitheatre." This stretched onward before him and downward by successive degrees until it ended at a railing near the farther end. Here were the lecturer's table, an operating table with revolving top, a red sheet-iron stove and a skeleton. A corner of the smaller compartment had been cut off by another partition and formed a little room which was used as a "skeleton closet." A dozen or so skeletons were kept here. They hung suspended from the ceiling by hooks screwed into the tops of their skulls. The partition was not above seven feet high and it used to be my great delight as a prep to strike the strings above the partition with a long pole and look through a knot-hole to see their legs dangle. Here in these rooms the more or less rough aggregation of fellows that composed the

body of "medics" held their seances and performances to the horror of Saturday evening debating clubs and to the terror of the city. For they were so careless that toward the end the citizens of Lincoln became justifiably incensed. This carelessness was in some cases little short of criminal. Surely, allowing fragments of human bodies to be thrown out on the campus could be called nothing else. This was what happened on the occasion of the first real dissection the boys had. But it was their first experience with a real "stiff" and they were not so much to blame after all. It seems they had determined on preserving the bones of their subject to make a skeleton, after they had learned all they could from it in the dissecting room. To this end, they set up an old stove one night in the basement, concealed their subject and prepared to boil it the following night in an old wash-boiler. There were no chimneys nor stove-pipe holes in the basement, but the smoke was allowed to escape into the air and easily found its way out through a system of old ventilators. But lo! and behold! The next night the head of the subject was gone. They were struck with consternation and hid everything at once, for where would it be found. A day or so went by, and one afternoon it was found out on the east side of the campus, where it was being kicked about by a crowd of small boys and "preps." That evening Lincoln was all enflamed by the news that a man had been murdered upon the University campus, and that his body had been cut up and strewn to the four winds. Sheriff Melick armed himself with an order from the court, ate his supper, and came in hot haste, attended by a mob, to forcibly close the University. Mr. G. B. Frankforter was a student of chemistry at that time. The laboratory was in the rooms directly opposite the executive offices. Here he was at work in the evening when the ball began. His light must have attracted the attention of the mob and aroused their ire, for the laboratory was invaded by some bricks.