

"dee cop" than a fish has of a world without water. Space forbids me to even hint all the characteristics of New York. But you are all familiar with them. Who does not know the Bowery confidence man, the Fifth Avenue dude "doncher know" who rolls up his trousers because it rains in London, the New York "cop" with his "doh carrier" face who waits until you are robbed then hammers you over the head for it, with the comfortable remark, "whats the matter wid yez," the irrepressible and ubiquitous street arab, the Tammany "healer" who wears glass diamonds and spring bottom trousers, the priest "fat and well liking," the larger number of polished looking clergy, the immense number of beautiful churches, and block after block of substantial business blocks and palatial residences? All these, combined with a continual rush and noise of heavy drays over cobble stones, elevated trains, and carriages from one's conception of New York. These characters and characteristics are familiar to us all and we are apt to think of them as overdrawn or fictitious but they are real and New York without them is like Hamlet without Hamlet.

I will tell you a few words about my Seminary and then close after asking pardon for so lengthy a letter. This is called the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal church founded in 1817 for the purpose of educating candidates for orders. It is well endowed and has comfortable quarters for about 150 students. Of all the many Seminaries of the P. E. Church both east and west there is not one more fitted to prepare a man for the high office and calling of priest. Our students here are all degree men, most of them from eastern universities. I will say for the honor of the old U. of N. that I have never found myself at a disadvantage among them. I would not today exchange my degree for that of any eastern University. I would be glad to welcome any old University student at 157 Ninth Avenue.

WILL T. BROWN, '91.

### THREE DAYS OFF.

On the evening before St. Valentine's day at six o'clock, all the rules and regulations governing the students of Nebraska University were set aside, the synchronized time piece under the glass case in the Chancellor's office was stopped, and the cerebral wheels that any visitor to the buildings on common days, hears in motion long before he enters the campus gates, were allowed to cease their grinding in order to give both oppressors and the oppressed time to celebrate. The University of Nebraska was preparing to get triple-plated with the very best kind of silver in the market—free silver. The aggregation of Solc is in the last legislature would not give her enough of the other kind, so she determined to make use of the material on hand, scarlet and cream silver, hurrah silver, anniversary silver and oratorical silver. In this attempt she was successful as the world has declared.

February 15 was Charter Day, but February 16 was officially a holiday, since the authorities regarded it impossible to get satiated in one day. For once, they wished to let the students have their fill of excitement, and for once, they did all in their power to provide sufficient means to accomplish that end; for all of which the "student body" would feel grateful, if it were not a fact that the celebration was prepared for the fathers and mothers of present and prospective students. This fact kept gnawing at several hearts until they hatched a plot of revenge, which was perpetrated on Wednesday evening, February 14.

On the evening of St. Valentine's day, the members of the three literary societies gave a "hot tomolly" program in the chapel. It was indeed fitting for the students to open the celebration. They rendered scenes from "real and unreal" University life, which were given mostly in pantomime. They offered the faculty up as a sorry sacrifice in the chapel platform, which place, be it said to the unorganized public, is little frequented by those wise men. The magnificent audi-