

hard. The natural impulse, when sighting a freak, is to throw something at it just to see it jump. Next to increasing street car rates, it is the duty of our council to pass an ordinance compelling these boys to have their hair cut or go to jail. The world has had enough to make it sad without this blcoming array of unkempt intellectuality that tends to provoke riot and bloodshed.

Cut off, I pray, those ringlets fair,
Of long, uncombed pneumatic hair,
Dress up your heads and then begin
To cultivate the brains within.

—*State Journal.*

Our own and only Professor Hunt who used to terrorize the unsophisticated freshie is running a farm in the ground (of Nebraska) near Syracuse. All old students who remember the professor will be pained to learn that his weight is reduced to two hundred pounds.

Seeing our German professor rush up eight flights of stairs, bending beneath a load of books and examination papers—seeing our Virgil professor make a bee line for Nebraska Hall, threading his way through the writhing sea in the halls, one is forcibly reminded of several things. In the bills that our august representatives in legislative halls send in loving remembrance there is always a large item for the salaries of pages. A picture comes before us. Imagine one of these poor men who cannot spare from the common fund the University appropriation—one of these "friends" of us all, with his fair maiden pages to bring him the paper and to stand by his throne,—imagine him in the annex behind the wire door. Fancy him in one of those inquisitorial chairs in the German room. Fancy him standing, as one poor youth did, with chattering teeth before the door of the English room, faltering, "Is the Lord in?"

Whose fault is it?

A FOOTBALL STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

They did not think they would win, but they went to Lawrence any way. They got down to work and scattered the grass hoppers all over the field. The news came over the wires "12 to 6 in Nebraska's favor." We

never beat 'em before. Last year they simply ignored us to the tune of 12 to 0. So when we played horse with them this time the boys could not stand it. I mean the boys up here. They just went out on the campus and allowed their enthusiasm to ascend to the skies. Something else went up toward heaven also that was worth more than enthusiasm, it was our old backless chairs. Shade of W. O. Jones, come back, and the Palladian carpet is all you will find that was your contemporary. Those two old chairs, those dear old stools, those precious old relics are gone. But boys, we are glad you took 'em. We would have burned them long ago but it seemed cruel to thus treat them in their old age.

CHAP. II.

Monday night. It comes over the wires, "Nebraska 6, Ottawa 0. The sluggers, the professionals are downed. We immediately thought of our new chairs that we had bought this day, would the bcys attempt to burn them too? No, they raked up an old hen coop somewhere, got some Vanity Fairs out af their pockets and they (the Vanity Fairs) were soon nearer heaven than their editor will ever be. But enthusiasm on Monday night is different from that on Saturday. The old bell rung, to be sure, but it sounded somewhat indisposed. A look at the bonfire disclosed a few slim, shivering specters up against the black back ground. A few spasmodic yells, and all was still.

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Two hundred enthusiastic students at Stanford University have each given \$2.50 toward the construction of a "noise making machine," to be used at the next athletic contest between Leland Stanford and the University of California. It is to be a monster horn worked by a steam blower, and made of galvanized iron. It is to be fifty feet in length, with a diameter of ten feet, and will have a thirty-two horse-power boiler.—Ex.

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The conscientious freshmen work
To get their lessons tough;
The juniors flunk, the sophomores shirk,
The seniors—ah! they bluff. —Ex