

ago the prospects for athletics were indeed gloomy. There was no cash, no hope, no enthusiasm. Now there is a plethora of each, except, of course, that instead of *hope* we have good, solid, satisfying *certainty*. Three months ago there was even talk of abandoning foot ball for the year; there is no such talk now; there never will be again. The Uni. "leven" has played a clean, honest, invincible game; they have played themselves into the hearts of everybody connected with the university from the Chancellor down to the janitors, and above all, they have downed Kansas and won that pennant. Here's to the eleven with three times three and a tiger!

THE twelfth biennial report of the Board of Regents of the University is now out, and it is a plain, practical, business-like statement of present University affairs. No student could do better than to send a copy of this report home to his parents, and another to his home paper, *requesting editorial comment*. It should and must be kept before the people that the University of Nebraska is in a position never before known in the history of education; that it is face to face with the danger of absolutely being compelled to drop almost one-half its students because it is not able to receive them. Think of it; a state university, a public school being compelled to cut its attendance in two for lack of funds and accommodations! To do this means deep and lasting disgrace to the state of Nebraska. Let it once be generally known that our state is threatened with disgrace, and that the legislature alone can prevent it, and the people will see to it that the legislature does its duty. "Parsimony in education is liberality to ignorance, suffering and crime."

THE HESPERIAN always has believed, and always will believe, in college spirit. It believes in pranks. The more fun the better has been its motto. Student life is weary enough at best, so when anything is cute, funny or witty, it will receive our support. A large limit should be given college students, but they should not be entirely exempt from punishment. The demonstration Monday night before Thanksgiving, accounts of which

have been going the rounds of the press, was a reminder of early days. To catch the president of the Senior class and secrete him for the evening was cute. It was an old trick, and one which Mr. Lyon should not have allowed himself to be taken in on. To pen up Messrs. Oberlies and Hildreth was amusing and not in the least objectionable. To "fake" the Seniors' hats and canes was worthy of a safe breaker. Indeed it is almost impossible to think that a member of the class of '95 would be so careless; yet we did it. But, then, to break the locks on a man's private building is an amenable offense. To bolt in a crowd of ladies and fight like Cushman Indian is not of any particular credit to a college student even if he is a junior and short on credit. The fact is, the boys forgot themselves. A common every day respect for ladies should have restrained them. A looker-on would have thought they were swipes from some livery stable and not bona fide or questionable members of the class of '96. Boys, nothing should be said against you up to a certain point, but you passed that point. There is just one more feature that should be criticised severely: It was a daring bit of business to walk into a private house, wake up the inmates, grab the keys out of their hands and lock the stolen property up in a room. If a clerk down town had done such a thing he would probably have been arrested. The affair is all the more flagrant from the fact that no student roomed at the house. Sport is sport, and rowdyism is rowdyism, in college as well as out.

—♦♦♦— A LIBRARY COMMOTION.

And the Little Red Book-worm Wiggled—

IT was a dark, still night late in November; the sort of night, when spooks like best to wander and spirits of evil are disturbing the plans of men. But two amiable young men, as they walked briskly along twirling their new canes and dressed in their Sunday clothes, were not thinking of spooks or evil spirits. No. Their thoughts were piously fixed on higher things. They were thinking of the girls they had left behind them, and the lemonade and waxed floor and