

confidence of the faculty, and it becomes an additional honor to become a member of the team. When these suggestions are carried out, I verily believe that a course in athletics for the ordinary man is one of the most valuable courses that is offered at a University.

The clause No. 16, which I do not favor, reads as follows: "No game of any kind shall be played with professional clubs, or with clubs which permit any of their members to receive payment for their services, or with so-called athletic clubs." If this clause was adopted it would be a source of wrangling, because those matters are matters of fact, and not of law, and could never be known absolutely, and, besides, it might be for the material advantage of the club to play an athletic club at some time, and it is not well to have your hands bound, and for my part I can see no immediate need for such a measure.

I think I could anticipate the main objections that will be raised to this scheme, but in answer to them all I say that if the faculty are willing to grant us some of their powers, let us take them. The faculty will be in poor shape to go back on anything that is advocated by the board of control, and I am sure there will be no need of it.

The University of Nebraska is beautifully situated in many respects for athletics. She is a very potent member of a very excellent league, and, with proper management, the raising of the needed funds would not long be a source of disquietude at all. The football team of 1894, of which I am collectively and individually proud, has made an enviable reputation for itself in the metropolis and throughout the state, and I hope, and confidently expect, that in the future the athletic teams of the University of Nebraska will do honor to our state and serve to advertise abroad the mighty prowess, the high degree of scholarship, and the vigorous manhood of its students. Yours very truly,

FRANK CRAWFORD.

"A YEAR AGO"

It will be great fun for those happy mortals who were here last Charter Day, to come back ten years from now and tell the wondering seniors what a vast amount of real, all-embracing college spirit, of unfettered enthusiasm, of scarlet and cream bunting and ribbons and flowers, we displayed; how all our cousins and uncles and aunts and dearest friends were here to look at us; how we endured more speeches in one forenoon than we will ever stand in all our lives again—all for the sake of the cause; how we yelled and sang and cheered for the Uni. and ourselves for a whole week—to shorten the tale, how we celebrated our Twenty-fifth birthday. We doubt if you will find anyone then to believe the story. Even now there are probably incredulous preppies and all-knowing freshies who declare that such a glorious time could never have been. But it was—and more. Looking back on it with a perspective of just a year, of course the occasion appears still luminous—with scarlet and cream. We all remember how the proceedings opened informally with the Union, Delian and Palladian program in the chapel, where the faculty held forth in such gorgeous array, and the make-up of the Chancellor was so particularly fetching that the audience howled. The real Chancellor considers it the great mistake of his life that he missed the fun that night. Then we remember the rest of the show—the Junior ball, the learned address of our own Prof. Howard, the dainty reception by the ladies and their treatment of the inner man, then the Latin and Greek plays and the orations and the Glee Club, and everything else; we remember it all,—all, thank Heaven, except the thirty speeches.

Ten years from now we will not remember so much. Perhaps just a few shreds of scarlet and cream will string across our vision, then the substitute chancellor in that wild dance with the substitute registrar,—no one packed in the chapel that night will ever forget the sight,—then the banana stand which decorated the Roman street where