

story was that of a man—Irish without doubt—who claimed to be an American citizen, but who incidentally told that his mother was in Dublin. Now the man had already told that he was a native of New York. Said the consul, "When did your mother go back to Dublin?" "Sure, she has never been out of Dublin all her life," answered the Irishman.

Then the speaker told of the land of the French. "France is the most beautiful country I have ever yet seen, and no matter how much time you spend in travel, every day it will seem more beautiful, every day it will seem more sublime. * * * The color of that part of France (which contains Mont Blanc) could never be described in any way." With a word about the economical streak in the Frenchman's make-up, and about the abiding character of the French Republic, the venerable chancellor concluded with the statement that, after all, he could think of scarcely any land where it would be so desirable to live and end one's days as Nebraska.

The address was received with much pleasure by the entire audience. All were interested and instructed and old friends were glad to see that Chancellor Fairfield still was in the prime of life. A short account of the address is given here, in place of the full text which it was hoped to print, owing to the request of Chancellor Fairfield and his intention to publish it later as a magazine article.

The Oratorical Contest.

CHAPEL, FRIDAY MORNING.

It has certainly never been the good fortune of any one to see more of the really impressive and supremely ridiculous combined, than were united in the exercises in the chapel, Friday morning. Very indefinite announcements had been made. There was to be—well, something after chapel, likely to prove more delight-

ful than class work or bench work. So everybody came to see what was up. Many alumni and old friends of Chancellor Fairfield were present, but the student body was not the least abashed.

By pre-arrangement, Chancellor MacLean and his honored guest came in late. To fill in the time, each Professor who took his place on the platform received something like an ovation. Prof. Ward mentioned the suggestion of Chancellor MacLean that the students give the university salute when the old Chancellor came in.

When at last the Chancellors appeared all talking and laughing ceased, the student body rose as one man, and gave the good old yell as it had never been given before. Oratorical or foot-ball victories have never aroused the impressive, thorough display of true college spirit let loose on this occasion.

After the first yell you might almost have heard a pin drop for a few moments while the old Chancellor stood looking at the great student body. Then another roar of the cannon and the students took their seats again.

The chapel exercises were conducted by the old Chancellor and were most impressive and fitting. After the song "Blest be the Tie that Binds", Chancellor MacLean made a few very fitting remarks speaking of the significance of anniversaries, especially of this one, the virtual anniversary of the opening of the University's doors to students. He urged all to make the holiday a real holiday.

He recalled the fact that all of the chancellors of the University are still living, and are men who have been of use to their country in various ways. He spoke of Chancellor Fairfield's long and great record of services both before and after his term of six years as Chancellor, and urged the students to appreciate the sacrifices made for the Univer-