

NOTES FROM MANLEY'S DREAMS.

Narrow Escape of the Senior Class—The Senior Play as it Might Have Been; They Write Another.

ACT I.

(Enter sheriff and deputy from main building; carrying out last piece of furniture. Tack up sheriff's sale sign and exeunt. Enter clerk. Stands astonished at the sign. Hurried exit and re-entrance dragging acting Chancellor. Both stare at sign.)

Clerk. That sign, do you see it? Do you know what it means?

Acting Chancellor. That sign? I can't make out what it all can refer to. What does it mean?

Clerk. It means that there is no more University. Its bankrupt, in soak. They close it upon the first day of school. That's what it means. I'll have to hunt another job. Where's my hat?

Chorus. The building is locked. And the furniture is thrown out. And the Chancellor is put in jail.

Acting Chancellor. As you all know I am simply acting as the head of the University in place of our departed Chancellor. He has left you, his children, his dear boys and girls, fatherless; but he has not abandoned you because of heartless indifference. A common cause has called him away. Our beloved university, our family roof tree, as we may call it, is about to have a three ball sign over the door, and our Chancellor is making a wild effort to raise money to pay the interest. He is out on the road selling soap.

Newspaper Man. I beg your pardon, did you say it was soft soap?

Acting Chanc. No, Ivory Soap.

Act. Chanc. Won't anybody go for Miss Smith? [Enter Miss S.] Nobody needs to go for Miss Smith. She is perfectly able to come without an escort.

[Miss Smith seats herself and begins registration. Re-enter clerk, also two students with a cigar machine.]

1st. Student. Is it money you want, old sport? If it is, then we're your people. Me and my pal here gives you ten dollars a day for right of way for this machine during registration week. What do you say, is it a go?

[Enter farmer, old maid, maiden sister, and daughter and heifer.]

News. Man. Subscribe for the Rag, only one dollar a year. Thirty columns Journal reprint. Culture and agriculture. Side talks with boys. Latest methods cow punching. All for \$1. I've got your name down. Here's the first issue. Want to settle in advance?

Farmer. Young feller I read the Sknylkill Popocrat and the Bible and don't want no darn bumcum. See here! you Susquehanna Althea peach orchard, I didn't bring you up here to gilly round with city fellers. You just say long with Sary and Brindle and don't let me catch you with any chaps again.

(Approaches Miss Smith and stands speechless.)

Miss Smith. Well do you want anything here?

Farmer. Well me and Sary was a thinkin', that is Sary was a thinkin', and I agreed as how we ought to have some learnin'. That is Sary and my girl Susquehanna Althea here, and I thought I orter be around for Susquehanna is sorter young and shy like, and her ma being dead.

Miss S. Indeed, I don't see as I have anything to do with that.

Farmer. Oh, I hain't got no intentions ma'am Hannah does very well without a ma, but as I was a sayin' we allowed to join the university,—and I lowed I'd take the agriculture on that farm what the state rents free. And Brindle here is a first rate heifer, and I thought she ort to have the new fangled dairy school.

Miss S. Have you matriculated?

Farmer. Have we matriculated, Sary? Gosh all fish hooks.

Enter Bloomer girl on wheel,—tries the nickle in the slot machine.

Old Maid. Abner, do look at that. It is perfectly scandalous.

Farmer. Don't mention it, Sary.

Bloomer Girl. O, i'm off my luck today. Give me a light, Toby.

[Enter sheriff and deputy. Slaps chancellor on the back.]

Sheriff. Sir, I come officially to notify you that the buildings, grounds, fences and traditions on block—in the city of Lincoln, county of Lancaster, and state of Nebraska, which said buildings, grounds furniture, fences and traditions are commonly called by the name of the University of Nebraska, will be offered at public sale at 2 p. m. on the 20th day of September in the year of our Lord 1903.

Clerk. The blow has fallen. What do you think we are going to do now?

Acting Chancellor. What we always do when we can't think of anything else,—call a mass meeting. Never mind we must have the meeting, and hear the ideas of our boys and girls. (To clerk.) You will now call the huge assembly into the chapel.

[Clerk runs around the campus with a dinner bell yelling O! yez, great mass meeting, etc. Enter students from all sides.]

Bloomer Girls. Why take the University and deed it over to Teddy Smith.

Acting Chanc. Why he is most unreliable, most unreliable. He is an entirely unresponsible person.

Bl. Girls. That's why we want him. A university without a reputation is better than a reputation without a university.

Acting Chanc. I will leave it to the students.

Chorus. Do it! Do it!

Acting Chanc. I will then accept your decision. Myself and the faculty will draw up the papers on the spot. Where is this man?

Miss Rostonia Ibsen. I can't say he is like any one I have ever heard of. He isn't much of a scholar.