

**Diamond Dust.**

The first regular scheduled game was played Saturday between the Board of Trade Team, composed of the best players in Lincoln and the University team. All but three of the Uni. team were pitchers, all the others having gone home to spend the spring vacation. Considering the patched up condition of the team, the champions of the University played good ball. Swartz pitched good ball although he was a little wild. Moore behind the bat covered lots of ground in fact stopping nearly every pitched ball—and some wild ones, but he dropped more than he should. The infield played together well and showed the effect of good coaching and practice in their team work. Moore and Rhea led the team in hitting—securing three hits each.

The next game will be with Tecumseh, Tuesday, April 19. Tecumseh is the best amateur team in the southern part of the state, and ought to give us a good game.

The team's hard luck has struck them already this year. Liebman is on crutches with a wrenched knee; Cowgill is laid up with a lame leg; Wells, with a smashed finger.

"Splinter" Rhea is showing up well in the field, and hitting like a leaguer, scoring three hits in the last game.

Rhodes, the new first baseman is fielding his position equal to famous "Deacon." He is also hitting fairly well.

Manager Ryons is putting up a new line of bleachers along first base. This will accommodate all the old "cranks" who want to be as close to the game as possible.

John Cochran, law '95, has been secured to coach the team for the remainder of the season. While in the University he was considered the best batter in the state. He will make an excellent man to give the boys team work and coach them in batting. With the great quantity of new material, Cochran ought to put together a team that will hold its own with any college team in the west.

H. A. Lafler '01, who is now employed by the Crete State Bank, was an enthusiast at both the oratorical convention and contest last Friday. Mr. Lafler expects to again take up his University work in the near future.

*All the Swell Styles in \$3 Shoes. Foot Form Store 1213, O Street.*

**BIXBY'S RETREAT.**

Write Denis—on the hopes of Mr. Ellis.

And now for the interstate.

Mr. Brown (the bright eyed boy from Doane): Do you hold a degree from any College?

Applicant: I have a diploma from the Defunct Business College of Hayseed Creek.

Mr. B: You are debarred from contesting with Doane for that course is equal to hers.

Kinton, you two may be *one* all right and she may be *won*, but it will take a lifetime to make street car conductors, grocery men, innkeepers, and other such prosaic individuals tumble to the racket.

We never thought you'd do it,

Prof. Taylor,

But may you never rue it,

Prof. Taylor.

May your pleasures be replete,

May your married life be sweet,

And your wife a perfect Treat,

Prof. Taylor.

The University is forging its way to the front. Its faculty are winning recognition from every quarter and its students receive marked consideration on all occasions and in all places. Not once nor twice have we startled the literary and scientific world by our achievements, but lately honor has fallen to us in a new field. Mr. Oliver Thomas Reedy, familiarly known as Ol, who has recently joined the editorial staff of the Boston Fashion Plate, has an article in the Easter number of that periodical that does credit to our institution. He deals with that masculine conundrum, feminine head gear, and describes the Easter bonnets of nineteen devotees of fashion with such precision that the initiated might find each hat among a thousand.

**MILLENNIAL DAWN.**

When will that longed for day roll in  
Proclaimed by bards and sages  
The climax of our fondest dreams  
The vision of the ages

When students act like gentlemen  
Of some new-fangled school  
And yield a meek servility  
To sticks where men should rule.

When common sense is honeyed o'er  
By the wand of some magician  
And happy mortals cease to know,  
Or doubt a politician.

When I, in some secluded nook,  
Like him I think so looney,  
Shall read my French in azure eyes  
And be a trifle spooney.