

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

D. W. Hawksworth '95 of Detroit visited university friends during the holidays.

George C. Shedd '93 of Ashland, spent part of his vacation visiting university friends.

J. S. Smoyer '99, spent the holidays visiting in Lincoln. He is teaching in the Seward high school.

V. P. Sheldon '99, of Nehawka, attended the wedding of F. J. Gustin during the Christmas holidays.

"Bud" Hamon '98, with the Simmons Hardware company of St. Louis, Mo., was a university visitor last week.

J. F. Stolz '99, principal of the Mead public schools, brought his senior class to the university last week, on a visit.

Miss Lucy Green '98, who is teaching this year in Keokuk, Ia., spent the vacation with her parents in Lincoln.

Chas. W. Taylor recently elected superintendent of schools at Geneva, was in Lincoln on business last week.

A. A. Bischof '98, law '00, has been appointed clerk of the finance, ways, and means committee of the State Senate.

Geo. Burgert '98, assistant principal of the Syracuse high schools was a university visitor during the Christmas holidays.

Wm. E. Brooks '93, instructor in mathematics in the Omaha high school visited the university during the holidays.

Ed. Fletcher '02, expects to join his brother in the near future at Pekin, Ill. He will be employed as assistant chemist under his brother.

J. V. Wolfe '92, has been visiting at the university. He is now assistant superintendent at a sugar factory at Caro, Michigan.

Miss Lillian Newbranch '99, a teacher in the Randolph, Neb., High School, spent Christmas vacation with her parents in Lincoln.

A. M. Randolph '95, visited at his home in Lincoln and at the Alpha Theta Chi house during the vacation. He is principal of the high school at Pipestone, Minnesota.

S'guard Anker, U. of N. '00, is superintendent of the schools at Martinsville, S. D. He has been there but three months but has done considerable work in building up the schools.

Clarence Fletcher '92, who has been employed at the beet sugar factory at Pekin, Ill., in the capacity of chemist, has accepted a position as chemist for the glucose factory at the same city.

Walter Christenson of Fremont, formerly a student in the university visited at Delta Tau Delta rooms last week. He was on his way to Golden, Colo., where he is attending a mining school.

Hal. Beans, who for several years was assistant and special student in chemistry has been at the university visiting friends. He also spent a few days in Omaha with his parents. Mr. Beans is now instructor of chemistry in the University of Idaho, situated at Moscow.

H. R. Tucker '99, attended the state teachers association December 27-30. He is principal of the schools at Lead, S. D., and has recently organized a cadet battalion. They have two large companies and are progressing rapidly.

Roy D. Reed has been spending a few days visiting his university friends. He stopped off here on his way to Chicago on business. He is now employed as assistant superintendent of construction for a large beet sugar factory in western Washington.

T. A. Williams '89 and '91, died December 23, in Washington, D. C., from heart failure. Mr. Williams taught school in the state for some time and afterwards was professor of botany in the South Dakota agricultural college, from which he was called to the government service in department of agriculture. At the time of his death he was assistant chief of the division of astrolology and was sure of higher honors had he lived longer. He was 35 years old.

New York City was the scene of a reunion on Christmas Eve, of several members of the Nebraska chapter of Phi Delta Theta. A banquet was given at The Arena and covers were laid for eight. Those present were Dr. J. T. Westerman, Dr. A. B. Lindquest, Tom Wing, P. W. Russell, C. L. Stone, J. T. Sumner, E. R. Davenport, R. G. Kirby, and W. W. Clark. Messrs. Kirby and Clark are not of the University but their homes are in Hastings, Neb., and they are at present artists on Harper's staff. Several toasts were responded to recalling old times at the Uni. Dr. A. B. Lindquest received congratulations on his recent appointment to a position on the House Staff of the New York Polyclinic Hospital to serve for one year from January 1, 1901.

Miss Sallie L. Furnas, our teacher of voice, is a lady thoroughly trained for the position which she occupies. While pursuing the literary course at the University of Nebraska she also studied in the voice department of that institution. Later she continued these studies in Chicago where she was instructed by Signor Vitteria Carpi, Mrs. Harriet Dement Packard and other prominent teachers. Furthermore, Miss Furnas has had a thorough course in piano and harmony and is a skillful accompanist. Miss Furnas is also an experienced teacher. Before coming to Hedding she had given private vocal instruction in Lincoln, Nebraska, and had met with marked success as a teacher in the Metropolitan Conservatory of Chicago. Pleasing and attractive in manner, she is winning popularity as a teacher in Abingdon. In addition to a large class of private pupils, she has charge of the Congregational choir and is director of the "Hedding Choral Union," composed of fifty voices. From a number of press comments we clip the following from the Nebraska State Journal published in Lincoln: "Miss Sallie L. Furnas, daughter of George W. Furnas of this city, has been placed at the head of the voice department of Hedding College, Ill. She has been studying voice culture in Chicago for several years and is well qualified as an instructor. Miss Furnas is a granddaughter of ex-Governor Robert W. Furnas."—From The Hedding Graphic, Abingdon, Ill.

No semester paper will be required of students in American History III, this term. This will make the closing month of the semester much easier for students in this course than usual.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME

THE SOLILOQUY OF THE RETURNED STUDENT.

When the days are short and gloomy,
and the sun gives frigid light,
When the star-beams shoot like needles,
through the snivering night,
When the cold deaf earth is shrouded
in its robe of white

And the clouds are frozen foam,
When the storm-king drives his chariot
down the icy street,
And his hungry dogs go howling round
about your feet,

When the traveler finds about him
naught but ice and sleet,
Then 'tis good to have a home.

When the sunlit windows glimmer like
to crystal gold,

When the whole house cracks and shivers
in the crunching cold,
When the tribes of elfs and goblins,
spooks and ghouls become most bold,
And the ghosts do nightly roam,

When the mournful wind goes wailing
round about the door,
And the snow through cracks and keyholes
gently sifts upon the floor,
When the world without is frozen to
the core,

Then 'tis good to have a home.

When there's lots of coal and kindling,
and the fire is blazing bright,
And the sitting room is flooded with a
warm and mellow light,

And the children romp around it,—
what a jolly sight,—
Like a merry hippodrome—

When the cellar's full of apples and
the pantry's full of jam,
When the attic's full of popcorn and
the smoke-house full of ham,

And you've got an invitation just to
come home and cram,
Then's the time to just go home!

When the cupboard's full of goodies
and the mince and pumpkin pie,
When the fatted calf is ready, and
Christmas draweth nigh,
Then you feel a funny feeling, and
heave a heavy sigh,

And vow you'll cease to roam;
When the young folks, and the old
folks, and all who 're in between,
Gather round the family fireside and
tell of how they've been,

While over in the corner a Christmas
tree is seen,
O, then it's fine to be at home.

And when you're safely sheltered from
the windy cold,
With the family all together, the young
folks and the old,

And the rosy gates of Christmas morn
bright angels do unfold,
Under Heaven's beauteous dome,
And when the love of Heaven seems to
breathe upon the air,

And the birds and beasts and people
are happy everywhere,
Then 'tis good to pause a moment for
words of praise and prayer,

And thank God for Home, sweet
Home.

—C. F. YODER,
University of Chicago, Dec. 12, '99.

THE MAIL BOXES.

It is around the mail boxes more than any other corner at the University that every phase and variety of the student may be seen. For however different we may be in most respects, we all have at least one thing in common—the man is indeed an odd genius, who does not take an interest in the little box bearing the first initial of his name, and even though we may be almost sure that we will find nothing, there is always that delightful feeling of uncertainty, which the dabbler in a lottery must feel—"perhaps I shall draw a prize"

It is interesting to stand back and watch the "procession" which, at certain hours of the day, comes to this rendezvous. First, we see the boy

or girl, who has never before been away from mother, and who comes eagerly, turning over with nervous fingers the bunch of all sorts of papers, letters and notices, hoping that some of the home people may have decided to send a line to the University, although only that morning a good fat letter had been received, and the disappointment seems to be deep and bitter.

Next appears the brisk student, who runs the political side of University life by his clever wire-pulling—in a business-like manner he runs over the mail in his own box, and that in the box of the organization, which he happens at that moment to be managing, takes out several letters and hastens away as briskly as he has come.

Then there is the student who is already late to class, but he must stop a minute longer to inspect his mail box and in his desire to hasten this operation he usually succeeds in scattering most of the letters on the floor, and he really has not the time to pick them all up, he leaves a few lying around and springs up the stairway, four steps at a time.

The one who aggravates us most is the leisurely student—he strolls up to his box and although there are perhaps twenty others waiting for the same package, he turns over each letter, reads the inscription to see that there has been no mistake, and carefully replaces the whole bunch, but he has taken so long that some less calm individual has had to rush away without looking for his letters, for fear that the class room door will be locked and the translation made with such painstaking care go for naught.

Another man, of the aggravating type, is the one who is not satisfied with looking in his own box, but must needs examine the boxes of all his friends to see how much mail they are receiving—this idle curiosity is most unpleasant.

We must not forget the engaged girl—she not only receives voluminous packets every day at home, but the infatuated youth, whose ardor has not yet had time to cool, sends tender little missives to the University mail box as well, and she turns away with beaming face and light step.

And so they come and go—new classes bring with them new fads, but the mail box is a fad that never grows old.

It is a great mistake of a young person to be indifferent to his reputation. The one who says, "I do not care what people think about me," is on dangerous ground. He shows that he puts little value on the judgment of those who know him, or he cares but little for himself. Such remarks are often made in the spirit of mere bravado. They are not the real convictions of the one uttering them. No thoughtful person can ever be indifferent to public opinion. All persons must come, at this age, in touch with society. We can not become hermits. But our relation to society is what society thinks of us. A person who is despised by his fellow-men can do them no good, and in return they feel that they can do us no good. It was probably on this account that Jesus asked his disciples: "Who do men say that I am?"—Ex.

An improved Pony brake will be set up in connection with the 25 h. p. experimental engine to aid in the making of duty tests.

ALLEGRETTI & LOWNEY

... Chocolates

At Rector's Pharmacy

N.W. Cor. 12th and N Sts. Lincoln, Neb.