

Notes and Comments

THE SOLOONS.

It is queer about university appropriations. They get knifed right and left from the first instant they come within sight of the capitol.

Ours is not the only university which has to contend with the "economy" of the state administration. The U. of M. daily appeals, with tears in its eyes, to the solons of Michigan to deal with the university as they ought to deal.

Here in Nebraska there is no danger that the university will get more money than it is entitled to. First the regents make a conservative estimate of what the income of the school will be, then they ask for an appropriation of a few thousand dollars less.

The bill is referred to the proper committees in both houses; they guess that the income will not be so large, cut down the appropriation a few thousand dollars and report with the recommendation that the bill be passed as amended.

The minority, which has not had a chance at the bill, now gets in its work and the majority, to be generous, rolls a few little logs and the grand total is reduced a few thousand more (or shall I say "less"?). Then the professors in the university are appointed state geologist or chemist, etc., and it occurs to some brilliant thinker that their salaries and expenses ought also to come out of the university appropriation. So the school itself loses another thousand or two. This happens in both houses.

A conference committee is now appointed, which adjusts all the differences by compromising on the smallest amount. The bill may then be passed.

When it comes to the governor he ascertains by a mathematical process the entire amount which has been appropriated by the legislature, reads a few selections from his campaign addresses upon the subject of "strictest economy," decides that it will cause less trouble to cut down the university, and divides its appropriation by six.

We should all be thankful that there are not three houses in the legislature and that there is no board of revision to pass upon the bills before they go to the governor. The governor himself should also be thankful, for then there might not be anything left for him to veto.

AN EASTER LAY.

The college student home for vacation went to church on Easter morning.

With some people here it is the regular thing to be surprised when they hear that one has gone to church. The student had not kept count of the number of times he had gone to church this year, so it may not be said that he went to church for the first time, on Easter morning.

It was in the little church at home, where he had gone to Sunday school, and spoken "pieces" on Christmas and Children's day.

The spirit of spring was in the air, and the mud was deep upon the crossings. The little birds sang in the trees and the gay flowers on the hats nodded in the glad sunshine. For it was Easter.

It was too nice to go to church—or rather too nice to stay when you got there.

Within the little church gay flowers bloomed upon the altar and the wall paper on the ceiling hung in streamers and festoons. Down the side of the wall ran the stains of the water which leaked in the last time it rained, and all was peace.

How delightful to sink back in the old seat where he had slept so oft in days gone by and listen to the latest preacher. How pleasant to hear the door squeak as the congregation grew in size. What joy to hear the wheezy organ wheeze, and watch the choir as it started on the handicap races! What excitement in the fear that they would finish together!

How different from the big church in the city! He sat as in a (bad) dream.

The minister rose and announced his text.

In came a little farmer woman with two little girls. One might have been a year old, but at this time she was at least two. Twice had the summer's sun, or some rough instrument passed over her, peeling the top of her little pug nose. Little sister was younger—just old enough to be ornery.

The big little girl took off her hood and mussed her molasses-candy hair; the little one rubbed its soiled little paw in its mother's face and began to talk in opposition to the preacher.

"Hush, you naughty girl, or the man will come with a big stick."

The racket subsided and the sermon could again be heard. Twice was this little incident repeated, but the third time the kid called her parent's blazer, and when mamma could not make good and the big man did not appear with the big stick, all discipline vanished.

Little sister got mamma's watch, but big sister took it away, and there were squalls. Mamma attempted to mediate in the dispute and bumped the big one's head against the back of the seat. Then the music began—a beautiful duet, rising higher and higher, louder, clearer and louder, till the little building fairly rang. Mamma's face flushed (was it with pride?), took a daughter under each arm and marched quickly down the aisle and out into the glad sunshine.

And there was some gladness in the little church.

Pennsylvania is agitating the matter of establishing tennis courts on the campus. This department of spring athletics has been hitherto entirely neglected there.

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