

OUR COLLEGE NEWS.

We hope our exchanges will appreciate the many "puffs" of our editor-in-chief and return the compliment.

At the sociable Thursday evening, several of the students occupied the vacant seats around two of the tables, and prepared for a social game of euchre. The Chancellor came, ordered up the trumps at both tables and played it alone. They concluded it was of no use to play against such a champion and withdrew.

SOPH translating Greek Testament.

Senior:—Does that edition contain the original Greek of both the Old and the New Testament? Soph (astonished)—No. It is the Oxford edition of the New Testament. Senior: Ah! beg pardon; thought it was the Old Testament.—I wanted to see Second Corinthians.

THE CHORUS.

"Little fraud, chews tobacco,

Little fraud, chews tobacco, etc."

Has been changed by some ingenious student, so as to read—

"Little Prof. chews tobacco,

Little Prof. chews tobacco, etc."

HON. DANIEL VOORHEES, of Indiana, is to deliver the commencement oration at the University of Missouri. We congratulate the committee upon their selection of an orator, and can assure the students of our Sister University that a rich treat is in store for them. Voorhees is one of the most accomplished speakers in the West.

The question of dormitories for students of the University has been discussed somewhat in the STUDENT and perhaps more by the Faculty. We are reliably informed that the Faculty will present to the Board at its next meeting a carefully considered plan for giving ample accommodation to students who desire such rooms, and there is every reason to think the Board will carry out their recommendations. It is expected that large additions of students in the Agricultural College will be made in the fall, and some plan like the one mentioned above will be a necessity.

We are pleased to announce that the "Hesperian Paper Association" have purchased a considerable quantity of type which, in addition to the amount already on hand, in the vicinity of thirty pounds, makes quite a printing office—a large item over one hundred pounds. This is encouraging. We have long had in our mind's eye a printing establishment connected with the University, that should furnish enough work to assist young printers who are desirous of working their way through college. Probably no place is superior to a printing office for fostering a desire to scholarly attainments. Many of the most brilliant minds in the respective fields of philosophy, statesmanship and letters, commenced what was their college course as "devil" in a printing office, and their college days were over when their term of apprenticeship had expired. They are represented by such men as Franklin, Greeley, Banks, Washburne, (our present minister at the court of France,) and others. Their graduating day was not celebrated by a grand oration, but they could express their ideas on paper in respectable English, besides spell the words and punctuate correctly. It is now in order for some man to immortalize himself by donating a press.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PIERIAN SOCIETY UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

BY GRIMES

A society there was—which is not now,
And the same was composed of ladies;
But for a very strong reason
They adjourned last season—
They will meet again in—the Andes.

The reason they give, is no reason at all—
To my notion of a reason for dying;
But the one that they give—
Why they could not live
Was, they died from lack of breathing.

Why they ceased to breathe I'll never tell;
To give a good reason is not very easy;
But I'll give, as you'll see,
The one that may be—
They breathed not from being so lazy!

A society there was—which is not now,
And the same was composed of ladies;
But, alas! they are dead—
You've their epitaph read,
Come, strew their grave over with lilies.

A TOUCHING SCENE.—At the second meeting of the Palladian this term, occurred one of the most touching little scenes we ever witnessed. Upon the President's table stood a beautiful statue of Jo, with his large pipe in his mouth, his poodle dog at his feet, and his long trusted sword by his side. Under Jo's ponderous foot was a little note written in a very delicate feminine hand. Said note explained what Jo meant by assuming to occupy so prominent a position. But now comes the "touching" part. The Secretary had never tried to read fine writing before, and at first made awkward work of it. We were not "touched" yet. But he had at last finished reading the note to himself, and with trembling voice said: "Mr. President, (greatly affected) I have a communication (drops a tear) which I will read whenever the Society are ready (uses his handkerchief) to hear it." It was called for. Jo had been smoking away during all this time as unconcerned as though he thought his tobacco would last forever. The Secretary, amid an uproarious silence, then commenced to read the note. He had read scarcely a line, however, before it became plainly visible to all present that he was deeply affected. Still, in a broken voice, he read on; Jo continued to smoke away, much of it finding its way into the Secretary's face. At last, completely overcome with smoke and feeling, his manhood gave way and he wept like a child. Then the tears flowed profusely. "Some who were not used to weeping
Turned aside to hide a tear."

And the critic, a hard hearted youth, hid two tears. The most terrible silence then filled the room. At last the stillness was broken by a motion to re-fill Jo's pipe; motion unanimously agreed to, and Jo commenced smoking again. Now the members had become weary, and the hour late; his friends refused to let him have any more tobacco when that pipeful should be gone, so a motion to adjourn was adopted, and they left Jo where they found him. We were the last to leave the room; the smoke was rising in graceful curls above his head, and as we left the room, he answered our "Good night, old fellow," with "farewell my boy, think of me as
"Smoking the happy hours away."

Mrs. Livermore's lecture—the battle of money—is said to be excellent.

PERSONAL.

Luther Kuhlman's school is out.

Homer Walker has gone to Seward.

Miss Rosine Hubner is attending school at Peru.

W. H. Davidson has gone up to Sarpy County.

Geo. McClintock is local editor of a paper in Kansas.

W. H. Taylor left for home, Bloomington Illinois, February 2d.

Watson has sold out his interest in the Farmer and commenced the study of law.

Prof. Aughey lectured at Peru last Friday evening, for the benefit of their Literary Societies.

SOME of our exchanges are continually harping on the talent of their lady students. We don't say much, but we think an awful sight of—what our girls can do. They could give a prince the mitten and never blush, nor have a "previous engagement." So far as looks are concerned they can't be beat—and we don't say this to flatter either. They won't haze the green Fresh, but there's one thing they have done that was entirely uncalled for, and which, sooner or later, they will regret: They have actually forced one modest youth into the Baptist choir!

FRIDAY evening, February 28th, the Palladian Hall was well filled to listen to the contest between Messrs. A. W. Field, T. H. Worley and Ed. Woolley for a prize offered by the Society to the one of those three who should deliver the best oration. It was a new feature in the way of society entertainments here, and proved very successful. After roll call, Mr. Field was called upon and responded by delivering a well written oration on the subject of fanaticism—what it has done, what it will do, and the remedy. Mr. Field's oration was well written, and showed that it was his own production, telling many wholesome truths. It was not thoroughly committed, which did much towards detracting from its real merit. Ed. Woolley took the rostrum and, as is ever the case when he is called upon by the Society to discharge any duty, did well. His oration was characteristic of its author; the notion advanced regarding the past, present, and particularly the future, accords so precisely with our own that we are not competent to judge of that part. T. H. Worley told us about the Virgin Queen—or in other words, puffed England's old queen in such a manner as to take the prize. The debate on the liquor question was rather spirited after the question was thrown open to the House, but the regular debate was very "tame," the debaters being volunteers. The entertainment upon the whole was enjoyed by all, and the Palladians are jubilant over their success.

THE efforts of the Lincoln Lecture Association have thus far been very successful. The first lecture, by Charles Bradlaugh, though he labored under many disadvantages, gave general satisfaction. B. F. Taylor was the second on the course, and told "what made him do it," in one of his happiest efforts. Then came Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and as a matter of course, the spacious Opera Hall was well filled with Lincoln's best to greet the greatest lady reader in the world. William Parsons told what he knew about George Stevenson and his steam engine to the delight of his audience.

Mrs. Livermore speaks February 11th, at the Opera House. Don't miss it.

OF the many pleasant reminiscences that students will have of college life, probably none will be remembered with more pleasure than the sociables, given from time to time since the opening of the University. The first sociable of this term was given by the Adelpian Society on Thursday evening, February 26. It is not expected that there will be much excitement at a sociable. If the students meet, talk a little, walk around the room and perhaps play "blind-man's buff," the sociable is pronounced a grand success.

But if that is what constitutes a success, the Adelpian sociable was more than a success. We did not arrive until late, but found the company enjoying the party more than is usually the case—probably for this reason: In our school, as is the case everywhere, there are a greater or less number of students who "lack some of that gamesome spirit which is in Antony." They have not read Mrs. Holmes, the Waverly's, and a host of other novels—and never saw a dancing school in operation! so of course they are totally unfit to talk to the ladies. They can't make a graceful bow to save their lives. All they know, or can talk about is a lot of trash concerning dead Greece and Rome; and would rather be groping around after some old rusty book telling of Hannibal, Caesar, Themistocles, or some other mysterious (to some) character. We don't think the Adelpians will consider themselves misrepresented, when we say that many of their members have been foolish enough to throw away much of their time reading such nonsense. The Adelpians it would seem, had thought of this, and were prepared to entertain all. For the more staid and sober, checkers, chess, and other games were provided. For the ambitious youth there was pleasure; on either side of the President's table are suspended large portraits of America's two most illustrious citizens, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. We do not wonder that young men looked and wondered, as they stood captivated before the portrait of the great Kentuckian. What a noble countenance! how commanding that figure! and as he turns to look at Massachusetts' pride in the opposite corner, it is not strange that he should say to himself,—"Clay, that sentence of yours will live forever, and its worthy of you: 'I'd rather be right than be President!'" They look at Webster and then, "The Union forever, one and inseparable," is the first thought. They admire Webster and pass on to reverence Washington and Lincoln. How the mind will fly back to Mommouth, to Trenton, the history of our Independence, and at last to the tomb on the banks of the Potomac. One glance at our martyred President touches a tender chord, and again the old hero is reading and meditating over the Emancipation Proclamation. But we have followed these ambitious gentlemen too far; besides, its no place for us, so with congratulating the Adelpians upon having such members, we betook ourself to a place more congenial to our tastes, and habits, and the manner in which we were "raised." This we found in the room adjoining the Adelpian Hall. Here most of the young ladies and gentlemen were marching (?) around the room to a lively tune on the organ. We were in our element then. When it was time to go, we had spent a very pleasant hour, and after voting the sociable a success, the company broke up with "Home, Sweet Home" by the ladies.