

The Laboratory had its first explosion on the first inst. A little scare in the halls about the smoke was the only result. Later—Since writing the above we learn that the explosion was not in the Laboratory, but Prof. Anghey was testing some (Augh)il when it exploded.

What unfeeling clods of humanity some of our students are! The other evening a sleigh load of them drove up to the house of one of our young lady students and sang "Come to the Window," etc. She began to tell them to wait a minute and she would be there, when off they drove!

The three Clarks, viz: Paul, Don and his brother George, procured a dashing little cutter a short time ago and skipped out to the penitentiary and the insane asylum. Paul says they have very cosy rooms out there, and if a little closer to the University, he would endeavor to rent one.

We have a few brilliant legislators in the house this term. One of them the other day offered a resolution that ten cents be charged per *head* for admittance to the lobby, the proceeds to go toward paying the hotel bills of defeated candidates for the senatorship. The wonder was that it was ruled out of order.

A Freshie describes his co-ed as like unto a mighty magnet. He says when he attempts to step out for a sniff of fresh air, or to go to the P. O., he loses entire control of himself and must yield to this powerful magnetic influence, often times being drawn several blocks away from home, and returning only with the most serious difficulties.

The average Junior is irresponsible. The other Sunday one of this genus, together with a Soph, attended church. The contribution box soon found them out. As the Soph was dutifully pulling out his pocket book, the Junior checked him with the remark, "I wouldn't patronize those things; they don't pay a good dividend."

We would like to kindly suggest to the many defeated would-be U. S. senators who had their little pieces all written out and learned by heart in case the burdensome honor was thrust upon them that they preserve them. They have spent no little time in their preparation, and, possibly in the near future, by making a few slight changes in their construction, they will just answer the purpose.

Freshman physiology class. Professor: "What is a remarkable difference in the respiratory movements of man and woman?" Freshie (promptly): "The astounding dissimilarity is this: In man, the principal organ called into action during respiration is the diaphragm; while in woman, the ribs are the chief agents during the respiratory movement." Professor (smiling): "We infer from this, then, the reason of woman's being made from a (spare)rib."

The vast army of lobbyists who have been with us during the great senatorial christening (of blessed memory!), patriotically sharing our burdens and boarding house hash, have loided their robes about them and noiselessly stolen away to the bosoms of their neglected families. Since their departure business at the hotels has taken a tumble down the financial gamut like the price of linen breeches in January. But, alas! they have not gone to stay. On the re-assembling of the legislature they will again bob up serenely thicker than frogs on the classic banks of the river Nile.

A few weeks ago when the mercury was trying to find the back door of the thermometer and had got down to 25° below, a Freshman dreamed that he was the North Pole and that James Gordon Bennett was trying to cut him down. When he awoke he found that his roommate had kicked him out of bed. He comes to school on crutches now.

The other day in the Physics class the professor was electrifying the students by passing a glass tube near their faces. All were shocked till he came to a Soph. He didn't feel it. The professor tried again. Not a fibre moved. The professor gave him up, remarking, "Young man, you have an uncommonly 'ough face." "Oh," said the Soph, "you were passing the tube over my cheek!"

The other day one of the brightest of our college luminaries went out walking and (wonderful to relate!) gravitated at the house of one of the co-eds. He got to talking, and becoming quite enraptured in his conversation, forgot to take his leave. The co-ed became tired, and when 12:30 arrived, she started up and said in tones of affright: "E—, didn't you hear the fire bell?" He took the hint and left at a 2:40 rate. N. B.—He has not been heard of since.

At the Hesperian election on the 31st, the following officers were chosen for the coming semester:

President—J. H. Holmes.

Vice President—W. F. Bisbee.

Secretary—E. O. Levis.

Treasurer—Charles S. Allen.

Editors-in-Chief—Minnie E. Coddington, A. G. Warner.

Literary Editor—G. W. Botsford.

Associate Literary Editor—A. L. Frost.

Local Editors—Will T. Mauck, E. J. Churchill.

Business Manager—W. C. Knight.

No doubt the language would seem real harsh to not a few students if the assertion were made that some real, genuine pilfering is being carried on in our midst every few days, and more to spare the culprits' feelings than to spare the truth we will refrain from making the assertion. This much must be said, however, that some person or persons are continually "borrowing" our shoes, mittens, scarfs, and, in fact, all such essential pieces of attire with which the average student is generally blessed. Strange to say some are so extremely negligent that they entirely forget to return such property. Others, who are not entirely addicted to this pernicious habit, have a weakness for trading, and in many instances when a trade is made, one of the parties being absent, the exchange is very inequitable.

A short time ago a host of the younger students, regardless of party lines, held a sort of agricultural conclave in one of the basement rooms for the purpose of discussing the means, conditions and circumstances most favorable to a healthy production of beard. We are not very well informed as to all the proceedings of the meeting, but judging from the numerous downy sideburns and mustaches that have so recently sprung into existence, we conclude that a solemn compact must have been entered into, at the close of the meeting, that all members of the association should, between now and the Ides of March, strain every effort to grow an exuberant beard. The majority will probably pull through if another blizzard don't set in right away, while nothing short of extremely careful hot-house nurture will save the insipid productions of others.