

From what he said we gathered that he was in search of a distant land where he might rest in the peaceful security of knowing his own thoughts before any one else became cognizant of them. We promised to give the requested advice, and he departed in a somewhat calmer mood. Then we arose, rubbed the ink off our face, pulled our necktie around in front, and sauntered down town in search of news.

We espied a small and dirty, but very business-like specimen of the rising generation with a huge bundle of "sample copies" of the *Saturday Night*. Now experience had taught us that this apparition was a blessing somewhat disguised. So we collared him and compelled him to hand over one of the illustrated weeklies. We are well aware that people who pretend to cultivation do not yearn after this paper with the whole intensity of their souls but in this they merely display a pitiable ignorance. Your humble servant would no more think of refusing a "sample copy" than an interest in a silver mine. In fact each and every one of the alliteratively entitled novels—and there are usually three of them—is a source of mirth beside which the complete works of Mark Twain sink into unmentionable insignificance. Never refuse the proffered sheet again, and when you have read all about the Dukes and Duchesses disguised as Comanche Indians, and the detectives and Jew pawn-brokers of New York, and the maiden with "wondrous beauty e'en" (they always say 'e'en') "more radiant than the soft shining crescent orb of night," and the various embellishments of thundering oceans, canal-boat pirates and road agents thrown in free of charge, then you will lean back against a convenient gate-post and "enjoy yourself."

A Prep came up behind us as we were absently planning some means to do away with the slate system, and enquired if we had "heard that real good story about"—He got no farther. We knew what was coming and instantly prepared his mortal frame for the verdict—verdict justifiable homicide.

Talking of Preps reminds us that we would rather visit a prep class once a month than a circus twice a week. It is much more intellectual, and probably more moral. The first thing that strikes one in a class of this grade is that the scholars hold up their hands when they want to say something. They learned this in the country schools and will probably recover from the effects of such unnecessary knowledge before they graduate. Let us hope so. Again it is a matter of remark that the whole character of a student may be readily summed up from the part of the room in which he sits. Up in front now, right under the eagle eye of the instructor sit the "digs." They never whisper, never look secretly at their books or cuffs, never draw pictures of the teacher and throw them over to the girls. Not they. They hang on to every honeyed utterance of the solemn intellectual head of the department with an awful dread lest they may lose something, and generally behave themselves in a theoretically commendable way. The scholars in the next row back are a little less staid and not quite so studious. They cannot always resist the temptation to whisper to each other when the teacher has his head under the lid of the desk looking for an ink bottle or a steel pen or something of that sort. But they are good fair young people usually. After this,

as we go farther toward the rear of the room the change is more rapid, and in the extreme back row is congregated a set of boys who match pennies, play "old sledge" and poker, fire off parlor matches and make themselves generally useful as well as ornamental. The girls who habitually stay back in these sinful regions flirt desperately and continually, chew gum, and eat peanuts during the whole hour. They always—both of them—flunk without the slightest inconsistency until they are suspended. And when they are, their long suffering teacher goes down town and in thankfulness of spirit gives himself a treat at the nearest restaurant.

But where the college students shine with electric-light radiance is not in the classes, but in the literary societies. By the way the editor has made a discovery. Literary societies are merely ingeniously contrived schemes for giving every student a chance to grapple with the French Revolution before the admiring eyes of a public audience. Oh! how we hate that revolution. No one can write a two page essay on the most trivial subject without dragging in that despicable historical incident. Give the French Revolution a decent burial and put a 300 ton tombstone over the grave, and let the government detail some troops to watch the cemetery night and day to circumvent the plans of resurrectionists. Then and then only will the editor enter the hall of either society without awaiting with trembling expectancy and hopeless melancholy the never failing orgies that are held over the remains of the French Revolution.

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Mit me zu jenem Tanz?"
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Mein Ueberrock und Pantz!"

—Berkeleyan.

Students it will pay you to examine the pictures made by Kelley & Co. before sitting elsewhere. Have you seen that daisy University Panel they give gratis?