

*Campus Canards.*

"I'm sick!"—*D. D. Forsyth.*

That the Talmage lecture comes so late in the season as the twelfth of March is a most fortunate occurrence for the impecunious student. He can then soak his winter clothing with some degree of complacency.

The song portion of the chapel service could be greatly improved by doubling the present number of hymn books. Six students can hardly imbibe enough inspiration from one small book to enable them to warble harmoniously.

To-day the University is fifteen years old. She has donned long clothes and high-heeled shoes, and now wants a bustle, an overskirt, and about ten yards of new ribbon. The trim little maiden has worked faithfully for Mother State, and should be rewarded with these trifles before her next birthday.

The Sigma Chi recently received a "barbarian" to its bosom. Two other students who received invitations to mount the sacred white elephant felt it their duty to decline with thanks. They were afraid that the height of the quadruped would estrange them from their humble fellows who remain on terra firma.

The pin of the new Phi Delta Theta Eating Club consists of a shield-shaped meat platter on which is placed a delicious spread consisting of boiled cats eyes surrounded by some Greek viand, name unknown. Over the platter is suspended a huge carving knife. The whole makes a very pretty and appropriate emblem.

One of the happiest marriages of old students this paper has ever recorded took place in this city two weeks ago. The parties most deeply interested in the ceremony were Mr. John N. Dryden and Miss Helen Holmes, both too well known among our readers to need a word of introduction. The *STUDENT* extends its ink-begrimed paw, wishing the young people all the felicity ever granted to inhabitants of this sphere.

A "Fat" preparatory student who is noted for his social qualities, has extended his circle of acquaintances to the police force of the city. One of the brass-coated, blue-buttoned angels of justice called at his room the other day, and after a pleasant little interview borrowed the young gentleman's revolver. Thus far he has neglected to return it, and the injured student thinks of cutting his acquaintance.

The weeping economists who lose so much sleep over the unwholesome and scrimped diet of student bachelors, should take a meal with some of that class. The *STUDENT*, or at least this portion of it, made the experiment the other day. The quality of the food and the cleanliness of its preparation was enough to make an ordinary boarding house heartily ashamed of itself. "Baching" at the University of Nebraska is a success.

The date of the Palladian oratorical contest is at last fixed with some degree of definiteness. It will take place on Saturday evening, March first, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-four. The contestants number six, the Senior and Freshman classes having two representatives apiece, the Juniors and Sophomores one each. This will be the first contest of the kind in the history of the institution and cannot fail to draw a good house.

The readers of the *STUDENT* will please notice that the new head at the crank of this department is not a humorist. He cannot be funny, and sincerely hopes that if he makes any attempt in that direction outraged public opinion will cause his speedy banishment. A sober and truthful narration of the events of our college life is all that we can promise.

The young ladies of the Palladian society have organized a "sure 'nuff" debating club. Regular meetings are held Saturday afternoon, at which time feminine eloquence fairly fills the hall. The officers of the new organization are as follows: President, Anna Saunders; Vice President, S. Glen Talbot; Secretary, Mary Jones; Treas., Cora Fisher; Critic, Mary Campbell. When it comes to the question of co-eds, the Pals claim to hold a full hand of queens.

"As the years glide by," they seem to vie with each other in giving the exterior of our University the hardest slap. Biting frosts and scorching suns have so loosened and faded the red paint on the brick-work, while the gentle rains from Heaven, or some other locality, have washed the coal dust from the roof and spread it in artistic lines over the mansards and cornices. Of course we are not complaining. Students as a class cannot appreciate architectural beauty and the state is too poor to possess it, anyway.

The presence of the Cadet Band in the gallery, a dozen or more students on the floor, and two University boys among the contestants at the recent awkward race at the skating rink, evidently justifies a report of the proceedings in these columns. The first initiate in the slippery art to make six rounds of the rink was entitled to a pair of expert club skates. Five determined young men, among them Clark and Johnson of the Freshman class, entered the arena and allowed the treacherous rollers to be attached to their pedals. When the word was given, Johnson started off bravely, but fearing that a skate was becoming loose got down to fasten it. His haste under the circumstances was quite natural, though we failed to see how he could tighten a skate strap with his head resting on his coat tails and his feet describing parabolas and ellipses in the air. It was soon accomplished, however, and the young man proceeded on his way, sitting down every few yards for rest and reflection. Not caring to win the prize, he spent his time in amusing the audience. Clark, on the other hand, wanted the prize. An intense yearning for that glittering pair of club skates could be read in his countenance as he carefully strapped on the rollers and balanced himself on the chalky floor. At the sound of the bell he was off like the wind and by main strength and awkwardness took the front place in the struggling procession. With arms swinging like an old-fashioned wind-mill and feet describing every kind of a curve known to mathematics, he pushed forward, now and then dexterously brushing up the chalk from the floor and placing it conspicuously on the back of his coat, until on the third lap the nearest competitor was more than a round in the rear. Then a broken skate compelled him to retire and endure the agony of seeing the prize awarded to another. The race should have been repeated. It was absolutely certain that Mr. Clark would have been victorious had it not been for the accident, and the entire audience was fully convinced that the honor belonged to him.