

life was a stern reality and as if the sternness was embodied in the monotonous cry of "three strikes and out," "six balls, take your base," and "dead ball." Well, to those that like it, base-ball is no doubt a noble pastime. The Drifter does not like it. Therefore by a simple logical influence it does not appear to him to be so very noble as it might to others. Hence the enthusiasts will please pardon this somewhat dubious notice. "Every one to his taste" and no bruised fingers in ours.

The societies are about to indulge in the luxury of a joint program. It is the first that has ever been attempted in N. S. U. The fact is that the feeling between the societies has never before been of the kind that would permit of any such affair being successfully arranged. But now, we regret to say, everything is running as smoothly as the most pious quaker could desire. The joint program has good material on it and will in all certainty go off with *eclat*. There was a time when such an affair would have caused more fighting than could be described in anything save red ink. But, alas! forever past!

Arbor Day this year went off rather tamely. The two frats had bushels of fun, and the great double jointed conundrum going the rounds is "which ought to get up the cream?" It has not yet been decided and probably never will be. It makes little difference either, for even a judgement should be voted against one the other could never profit by it, since it would be easier to draw tears from a board fence than any such a frivolous matter as cream from a Nebraska fraternity man. Next year, it is to be hoped that the ugly cottonwoods that bedeck the campus may be taken up and a general tree-planting ensue to fill up the vacant holes with trees that are of some beauty and value.

New arrivals descend of the year in which the botanists sally forth from their winter haunts and lay in a fresh stock of "*Astragalus Uryocarpus* and *Antennaria Plantaginifolia*. There is almost any amount of unadulterated enjoyment to be derived from this study. If one has, any where in his soul, a lingering, retiring love for nature, botany is sure to draw it out. Remember that to do any good in any thing one must be an enthusiast. For a student to set about collecting the required thirty-five botanical specimens for the professor, is absolutely of no value to him if he does it merely as a task. Any sensible student ought to be disgusted with such an insignificant slowing as thirty-five botanical specimens. But many have great difficulty in finding even so many. The fact is that two hundred and fifty different species of flowering plants can be easily collected about Lincoln before the tenth of June. To encourage home industry, the Drifter promises to set up the cream, soda, pie, lemonade and Cole's Great Mammoth Condensification of Inexplicable Monstrosities, to all who succeed in making a fairly exhaustive collection of our Flora before the end of the term. Here is a chance to make a fortune without labor, capital or intelligence.

The boys are talking over "Field Day." Last year we did not indulge in this anniversary or whatever it should be called. Perhaps enthusiasm died out a little. No wonder, for we passed through the ordeal three times

within as many months the year before. It is a good plan to make arrangements for some games. The Drifter suggests that a bowl-fight, rope-pull and greased pole ascension comprise a good part of the "exercises." This will be original in style and improving in tone. Give it all attention, we beg of you.

What right has the festive small-boy to invade our campus on Sunday and raise Cain with his games of ball and other boisterous occupations. It would be a good thing if no one was allowed to turn the northeast block of the University grounds into pandemonium but our own base-ball and foot-ball fraternities. We advise the special policeman who has charge of the University property to kill a few boys and make the world better.

The Physiology class gazed with horror on its instructor as he vivisected an unhappy dog before its eyes. Those who were there report an awful scene. Nine tenths of the girls gave one screech and fainted on the floor. It must have been exciting.

Campus Canards.

Chancellor is back.

Barnard and Mercer were up to the state convention.

Turn down collars are triumphant. Even Allen wears one.

The preps have been struck with the usual spring fever—botany.

Frank Myers, once a member of '85, visited alma mater last week.

Our old and now distinguished friend, Miss Minnie Parker has returned.

The physiology class cut up a dog with considerable disgust and small profit.

C. A. Warner of the class of '86 of Hillsdale college called upon us last week.

Miss Mary Leonard has returned from Cincinnati, where she has been studying music.

Some fifteen or twenty of our intellects play base daily on S street when there is no preventing mud.

Knight and the devil went on a duck hunt last Saturday, and secured twelve ducks and an appetite for dinner.

The official name of our institution is the "University of Nebraska." All others are not genuine and should not be used.

The society secretaries are sinking under the excess of work that always comes to these officials during the spring term.

The half boiled remains of the stiff have been removed from the basement. It was quite an appetiser to those that viewed it.

Two thousand sheets of theme paper have been purchased by the University Printing company, and it makes our head ache to think of the work it will take to cover all this with the regulation slush. The themes hereafter prepared by the students will be put on file and kept to inspire awe in those too lazy to read them.