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Girard college educates one thousand orphans annually. The Amherst faculty "came down" with \$200 for the base-ball club.

Of eight \$200 scholarships at Cornell, four were captured by lady students.

Princeton claims over seventy post-graduate students. Of the two hundred and sixty students at Johns Hopkins, one hundred and fifty are college graduates.

The new laboratories erected at Leigh are said to be the finest in this country and equal to any in the world. A new course in advanced electricity has been started there to meet the needs of the coming age.

Professor, to class in surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left—is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind? Bright student: "I limp too."

The class of '88 at Yale is distinguishing itself by performing feats of daring that have not been equalled since a somewhat notorious class along in the '50's left the college. The banner of '88 has been triumphantly raised to the tops of the highest buildings in New Haven, to the disgust of the Sophomores.

WISCONSIN.—Daily chapel exercises have been discontinued, and a vigorous protest from an alumnus appears in a late number of the *Press*. He rightly claims that no arguments in defense of the exercises is needed.—A new chemical laboratory is needed, but the Legislature does not appear to be in the mood to grant it.—The seniors unanimously recommend that a cooking school be established in the state.

CALIFORNIA.—A new way of collecting Athletic Association dues has been devised. The lock of the Gymnasium is to be changed and new keys issued to those not in arrears. The *Occident* board can't raise the cash, hence the growl.—President Reid has sent in his resignation to take effect August 1st.—The Cadets are in need of a dressing room. As the majority of the students are dudes of a more or less pronounced type, they should have it by all means.—Two small buildings for the School of Mines are about completed.

KANSAS.—The Junior ball was a success.—The preps amuse themselves mixing overshoes in the halls.—The *Courier* is responsible for this: He was a Senior and was giving a young lady a sleigh ride in vacation. He mentioned that he was connected with a paper at college. She thought that seemed absurd, and when he looked surprised, added that he "hadn't shown much familiarity with the press." He took the hint.—The Senior class and one of the literary societies have been enjoying a little intestine discord. In fact, the times there are bloody at this time every year.

The Surging Sea.

Break, surging sea, about the lonely shore!
O dimly heaving plains, thro' darkness sweep!
Thy restless waves, with morning stars roofed
o'er.

Their incommunicable secret keep,
Impenetrable deep!

The eldest years on time's oblivious verge
Saw thee thro' tempest-weltering night uplift
Great mountainous continents amid thy drift,
And their tall peaks submerge;
The vast, abysmal, wandering fields moved on,
Whelming the wasteful wreck of the old world
undone.

And still round mortal shores thy billows roll,
And shall thro' long, long ages, yet unborn;
Lone splendor of the sense illum'd soul,
Eternal moaning of the spirit lorn,
By strokes of loss outworn;
Thy terrors image our blind mortal state,
Dark with impending doom and whirling woe,
And monsters in thy bosom come and go,
And death is thy fell mate;
Ah yet, this sun and storm, gray ocean roll,
Love clasps thy mighty tides in his profound
control.

Surge on, thy melancholy is not doom!
Surge, O wan sea, into the golden day!
The moru is breathing off thy purple gloom,
The isles lift up their promise, dim and gray,
Love holds his dauntress sway!
Thy ripples kiss the shore with lips of foam,
Thy waves are dawning soft—the winds blow
free!

Keep thou the eternal watch, O dear, dear sea,
Those far lands I must roam!
Lo, 'tis the sunrise—and the sphered stars move,
Singing unseen, like thoughts thro' silent
love.

—GEO. E. WOODBERRY.

The manner in which the combinations and factions at Kansas University quarrel and fight and raise the place that Ingersoll says don't exist, is enough to sour milk or stop the best clock ever manufactured. One literary society is entirely controlled by one of the factions, hence sweet peace rules in that organization. In the other society both combinations are represented, and the unpleasantness therefrom is perceptible even at this distance. Just now the agony is over the selection of the June class. The matter was decided a few weeks ago, but according to the peculiar constitution of the society the class can be changed at any meeting in March. Accordingly the faction beaten in the first battle took care to be on hand in full force at the following meeting, surprised their opponents by nominating new men for the the positions, and actually succeeded in securing their election. What occurred at the next meeting we are not informed, but if the air was not laden with music the indications were deceitful.