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Blessed are the digs; for they shall be called the pets of the faculty.

Blessed are ye when ye are rusticated for attending the skating-rink and marrying a graceful pot-wrestler: for ye shall never be afflicted with diseases of the brain. Ye have no brains.

The DRIFTER killed a man the other day. He asked us if "Macbeth" was practicing at the University this evening." We found on inquiry, that he called the Orchestra "Macbeth" because "it murdered sleep." Justifiable homicide.

And now our exchanges begin to flaunt a bloody shirt over the Northwestern, Inter-state, Collegiate, Oratorical, Association, (Heavens! what a name!) and they curse themselves and their constituency for various unheard of sins. We imagine that DePauw and Knox will be the most wrapped up in a holy calm of any of the Northwestern—Inter-state—Collegiate—Oratorical—Association—organs. Say, what is oratory, anyway? Is it of any use to any body? Did oratory ever accomplish anything of value? If so, when and where? Daniel Webster used to harangue the gray-beards of Congress, but he did not get to be President. Demosthenes paralyzed Philip and "died at the hands of an assassin"—himself. Cicero annihilated Cataline but was in time, himself annihilated. Oratory may be fun to the audience, but it is death on the speakers. It is bad to be beat in a big contest like the one at Columbus, but it is much worse to get there. The DRIFTER will rechristen himself "Dennis" if any of his fellow editorial drudges can point out some valuable result that attends the successful college orator. Some of them are preaching in unknown localities; some of them are "copy-holders" on country newspapers; some of them are dead-beats, who think they have a reputation and are trying to live on it. We are proud of infant Nebraska's infant orator. Look what a record K. S. U. made when she was first admitted to the Northwestern, Colle— — — — —you know the rest—. She took the royal prize. That was her ruin, for now she will be continually looking out for another wind-fall. We are content with our goose-egg. It was a fair decision and shows up the progressive west in an enviable light. In wind we surrender to Indiana or any other state of the effete east, but when it comes to real energy—the kind that makes a city double its population every six years—then we walk up front and remove the drapery from the bush, while our gasping rivals look on in helpless amazement.

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

John Green arrest a man for crossing the campus.

The recipe by which Knight tunes his violin.

Another mysterious trio asking Prof. Hicks about a lump of iron-pyrites treasure.

A university Glee-Club.

A collection of college orators bottled for exhibition.

Josef Cook on roller-skates.

Another lunatic call the University an infidel school.

Stoms singing "Rock of Ages."

A repetition of the "Bope act."

The sight of two hundred dollars for the STUDENT.

A first prep in love.

Churchill making his Sunday evening call.

There is a romance about camping out that touches the heart of the average student. The whole cadet corps intends to take in the city of Beatrice, much as they did the village of Milford last year. They will live on roots and forage among the barrel annexes of Beatrice hotels. They will sleep on the soft side of a stone-quarry and the rain will gently trickle down through their canvass tents from evening until the dawn of day. They will steal chickens, flirt with the cows and ride stray horses. They will have a royal good time and will not get over it for a month. That is, in other words, they will enjoy the privilege of learning the comforts and luxuries of a genuine uncivilized existence. To commune with nature is always pleasant. It is most pleasant when a crowd goes along to keep you company in communing.

Something of a treat is in preparation for the students of N. S. U. Those who have been here for several years will look forward with especial pleasure to the lecture which ex-Chancellor Fairfield will deliver in the opera house, June 3rd. We who knew Dr. Fairfield would go a dozen miles afoot to hear him give one of his popular and scholarly addresses, and those who have entered the University since he left the helm will not be willing to miss the opportunity of seeing and hearing a man who saw the U. of N. through the darkest days of its history.

An interesting relic has been discovered by Prof. Furness, the great Shakespearian scholar. It is a soliloquy of Hamlet, given by him in his bachelor's hall at Wittenberg and during his college days. We append a few lines to show its value as unravelling knotty points in the Prince's character.

"To flunk or not to flunk?—that is the question;

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the quiz and query of professorial pluckers, or to tuck cribs inside the vest and collar, and by reference get there? To fail,—to miss—no more; and by a miss to say we end the labor and the thousand sleepless nights that students groan in,—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To fail,—to miss To miss! perchance get fired!—ay, there's the rub; for when we're fired we needs must get to work and earn our salt. There's the respect that makes us stick by college liberty; for who would ride the cows and milk the mules; the knock-kneed mill, the sweet voiced 'separator' who'd reap the potatoes, dig the wheat and corn when he might loaf upon a college campus unless examination scared him? * * * * *

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Possibly some of these chilly mornings and evenings will induce you to look at W. R. Dennis' line of underwear.

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Students, when you want a first class shave or a bos hair cut go to Sam Westerfield's corner of O and Twelfth Don't forget it.