

We would like to warn students against walking on or near the railroad tracks. For, being so accustomed to the noise in the library, they would scarcely notice that made by an approaching train.

Tutor Hodgman is musical—very. At all hours of the day and night his clear, (dinner) bell-like voice charms the residents of 1504 S St. and the surrounding country. It is said that he carried off about all the honors at the recent Messiah concert.

A great many have cautioned us concerning the expediency of allowing the treasurer of the HESPERIAN ASSOCIATION to control the funds of that corporation without giving bonds. For the benefit of those who have any doubts on this point we would state that Mr. Gerwig deceives his looks—he is honest.

The cadet band is very quiet this term, but they are practicing three times a week, and intend to astonish Captain Codding next spring with the sweetness of their music and correctness of tune. We understand that Allison is leading cornetist. Breech blows solo alto, consequently Knight is not much missed.

No one who attended Adelaide Moore will question the fact that Con McMillan earned his ticket. His tumultuous applause at the wrong time somewhat disconcerted the actors, still he showed the right kind of spirit and his desire to fulfill his part of the contract. Con's reputation as an applauder is beyond question.

Why is it that we have so little college spirit? Why do we walk around like a funeral procession? If a stranger should visit us who did not know the facts, he would conclude that we were a lot of dyspeptics or consumptives who had come out here to die, instead of a number of young, vigorous, able-bodied men and women. Something is wrong.

A certain member of the preparatory class was very anxious to have one of the instructors decapitated. She proclaimed this desire in the halls one day, and even called upon a full-fledged professor to act as executioner. The cause of such an insane desire was simply a severe examination. At the present writing the instructor is still alive and uninjured.

One cannot with impunity fool with electricity as a student of the Physics class will testify. He got upon that chair with glass legs in the presence of the class the other day and became so thoroughly charged that not only the hairs of his head stood on end, but a few suspiciously long ones over his coat followed suit. He was intensely disgusted and the class smiled audibly.

The speakers who will hold forth tonight, are, as near as we can find out as follows: Governor Dawes, Ex-Gov. David Butler, Professors Hitchcock, Nicholson and Howard, and the following students: Miss Gage and Messrs. Will Owen Jones, Geo. B. Finkforter and Dwight Moore. After the speaking the society halls will be thrown open and a social time will be indulged in. No student should miss it.

It seems, that by some inconceivable blunder, the girls and boys were seated on opposite sides in one of the Roca-bound sleighs and when the vehicle collapsed, the fair ones were thrown not very gently into the arms of their escorts. "Gros-sie" Polk was deposited on a neighboring snow drift where he lay fifteen minutes anxiously waiting for some one to fall into his arms but was disappointed and caught a bad cold besides. He has our sympathy.

A small, one-horse establishment down south tears its hair over the fact that THE HESPERIAN "don't amount to much out side its covers." Our esteemed contemporary has hit the

nail on the head except that the effort has no point. Of course THE HESPERIAN doesn't pretend to be much outside of its covers. The consolidated brains of five editors are exerted to crowd the material inside the covers, and it is indeed unfortunate if their product is so thin that it will not stay there.

The report of the contest was badly mangled by the *State Journal*. Barrett's "Luther" was made "Butler," to the intense disgust of that gentleman. Other mistakes there were in profusion, the most noticeable being the omission of the name of Miss Mary Leonard from the list of the musicians. Our usually staid and reliable friend Wheaton was the man responsible for the article, but he could not have read the proof, as he is a temperate man. The fiend who did it had evidently been mixing nose paint, the fumes of which clouded his judgment. (Figure of speech.)

It is a great pity that some of our seniors are so frisky. They are far from being models after which the "Preps" may pattern. It is scarcely becoming to the dignity of seniors to throw waste-paper baskets at each other, when they are supposed to be studying. "Such rowdyism is not to be tolerated in room No. 5," remarked the Prof. Allen faced the music manfully, but Miss Myers couldn't act a lie, so came to the rescue with "I did it; I threw the basket." In the meantime Foree and Miss Fisher were trying to see who could blush most, and look most innocent. Miss Fisher came out ahead; Foree then turned pale, Allen went out to get some fresh air and Miss Myers laughed. But when it was all past, they each breathed a sigh of relief and took a solemn vow to conduct themselves in the future as becomes members of the Senior class of a State University. Hereafter they will only smile on rare occasions.

Time, Saturday at 2:30 P. M.; place, Lincoln; persons, twenty-four Palladian friends of Anna Keys; destination, Roca with a big "R;" armament, two four-horse sleighs and sundry oyster cans. These conditions being given, the imagination may easily solve the remainder. To be sure, a thaw had struck the snow, but not our feelings; the bare places only made the snow better appreciated—as Will Carleton says, "To appreciate heaven well, 'tis good for a man to have about fifteen minutes of hell"—and the ruts in the drifts only added a good prospect of the only remaining essential to complete happiness, an upset. We didn't ride all the way there—of course not. Part of the time we were out, engaged in the delightful pastime of putting snow down each others' necks, and it is affirmed by one load that there were eight inches of solid snow in the bottom of their sleigh when they reached Roca. Rocaites have had some experience before, but several were seen to faint away and others ran for shelter when the melodious strains of "We're going to sell peanuts in Ro-Egy-ca-pt" assailed their ears. After recovering they assured the reporter of the party that they thought it was a winter cyclone. The party found their amiable hostess well fortified against attack, but succeeded in storming the—supper. An evening crammed with fun and a party stuffed with supper filled the remainder of the evening and the Keys mansion. Those of the party who had reached years of responsibility had agreed to have the co-eds safely in Lincoln before Sunday and the party turned their faces homeward shortly after nine o'clock, calling down blessings on the heads and hearts of those who had so hospitably entertained them. But alas for expectations! and woe to plans! The addition of supper had so increased the avoirdupois of the party that, before they had gotten out of Roca, one of the sleds gave way. For some moments consternation reigned supreme but by the united efforts of the two drivers and Fletcher, the break was repaired and