

If the gentleman thinks any person of ordinary intelligence will infer from his statement that those who translate Greek are thereby more apt to go to Hades he is probably wrong; yet that is exactly what he would have his hearers think. But of one thing he may be sure: as far as the east is from the west, so far are Sam Jones and his thoughts and his words—rude, irreverent, sensational and uncouth as they are—from the thought of colleges, college men and cultured people. We are inclined to think that an instinctive recognition of this difference prompts Mr. Jones to his tirade against colleges. To refute his statement would be worse than waste of time; nor is it profitable to notice it at all except as it betrays with unusual plainness the craving of the man for sensational popularity and the unscrupulous way he takes to get it. There is a not inconsiderable class to which the rant of Sam Jones against colleges will be welcome; but it is a class which would give equal applause to one who would denounce religion itself. Though such unreasoning attacks will almost inevitably fail of their object, yet they have an indirect effect in strengthening a prejudice which already exists, and they should be deprecated by all who have at heart the true welfare of education and religion.

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NONDESCRIPT.

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SPRING POEM.



BY JOHN GREEN.

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ÆSOP'S TWENTY-THIRD SYMPHONY.

A Student and a hackman became engaged in a Controversy which resulted in Blows. The student was Small, but he struck His opponent and Knocked him into the Gutter and Cracked his Sknll. A policeman at once arrested the Student for wearing a weapon called a Brass knuckle. At the trial it was Proven that the only Thing the Student had in his hand was the Senior Ring, whereupon the prisoner was discharged with an Apology from the court. It is a blessed privilege to Be a Senior this year.

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THE LIE CONVENTION.

The Amalgamated Society of Lies held a special meeting in the bell rope corridor last Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. The meeting was called to order by Mockett's Bear Story, who stated that the object of the session was the reception of new members and a general revision of the membership roll. After the reading of the minutes, the first candidate was brought in by W. S. Perrin and introduced as follows: "I was walking down town the other day with a young lady, which was not an unusual circumstance, by the way, when we came to the very muddiest crossing in Lincoln. The mud was six inches deep, at least. I had just blacked my shoes, and thought I would go back, but the girl rushed ahead, so I stopped and watched her. She got along pretty well until the middle of the street was reached. Then she

got stuck and gave a yell that fairly shook the earth. It drove the mud back in a steadily widening circle, and as soon as the diameter of the circle was equal to the length of the crossing, I just stepped in and walked across without soiling my shoe polish in the least. The lady was also extricated by the effects of the yell, and we continued our walk with great satisfaction." The applause that followed was tremendous, and the chairman remarked that nothing equal to this narration had been given to the world since that little affair in the Red Sea a few thousand years ago. It is needless to remark that this lie was at once elected to full membership by acclamation.

The next aspirant for immortality was vouched for by the Honorable D. D. Forsyth, who said: "The mud has been awful during the past month—just scandalous. One afternoon about five o'clock I got on a street car to go down to South and Fourteenth Streets after a maedchen to bring to society. Had to start early because I wanted to get back in time. O, my! but it was muddy. I got in the mud up to my knees before I got to the car. Then after the car started the mud spattered on the windows so thick that it got as dark inside as a stack of black cats. Broke me all up. I knew the cranky president of the society would call to order at eight o'clock, and by the darkness I judged it was half past seven before we had gone three blocks. But that wasn't the worst. The driver was going so fast that he couldn't stop at the end of the line and the car plumped down in the mud and sank until there wasn't any of it in sight but one of the ventilators. We poor idiots inside didn't know it though. It wasn't a bit darker than before and we thought we were on a switch waiting for another car to pass. I started to get out, but a darkey by the door said "Law bress you, honey, jess be pashent. De nex' cah'll be 'long d'reckly!" So I sat down and went to thinking. The ventilator worked very well but the car got pretty warm and in less than four minutes every body in it was asleep. I had some horrible dreams, but didn't wake up until a man stuck his head in the door and yelled at us. It wa the next morning by that time. They had been at work all night digging the car out and just got it back on the track as the clock struck seven. I tell you, friends, that was a cold day for me. I tried to explain to the girl but she was as mad as hornet and even hinted that I might be lying about the accident. You bet I'll never ride in a street car again, and hope I'll not see any more mud very soon. It gives me convulsions." Forsyth edged away booking as though he had swallowed a saw mill and it was not agreeing with him. A dead silence fell upon the convention and when a co-ed White Lie timidly rose and moved an adjournment it was carried without a dissenting voice.

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THE EXAMS

Yes, the examination blizzard is upon us, and the occasion may be called a melancholy one without the use of a single hyperbole. It is a cold week, a very bleak and tempestuous epoch in college life. The cloud that rests over the students is a very dark one just now, and none of them can see a particle of silver lining except the few who are lucky enough to stumble upon this paragaph. At an enormous sacrifice of self-respect we have secured advance copies of many of the lists of questions that are to be used in the inquisition of the present week, and we give them freely and fully.

The Junior Physics class will give: (1) The method of calibrating rhe Holtz machine by means of the theory of potential. (2) An estimate of the number of Volts of elicticity obtainable from a cat's back with a sine galvanometer, pro-