

## NONDESCRIPT.

## ARBOR DAY.

This day is one of the annual epochs of University life, and was never more thoroughly enjoyed than this year. Recitations were dispensed with and each class tried to make it a day of rejoicing. Promptly at 10:30 the students assembled in the chapel. The Chancellor announced that neither the Hon. J. Sterling Morton nor Ex-Gov. Furnas could be present. Thus, while it deprived us of able addresses, it gave the entire day to the students to carry out any program desired. Prof. Bessey gave a short talk on the scientific side of trees, confining himself principally to the mammoth ones of California. The Chancellor then told of the impressions he had received from some of the forests and groves while he was travelling in Europe. He paid a glowing tribute to England's greatest statesman and closed with an exhortation to the students to each year observe the day set apart by the law for the planting of trees. Directly after the chapel exercises the several classes assembled in the hall and marched to the places previously chosen for their trees. The Preps to the tune of "Captain Jenks" beaten upon tin pans walked manfully onward and planted their tree and one of their badges amid great enthusiasm and some moist earth. The Chancellor spoke a few words of encouragement but the effect of his speech was spoiled by addressing them as Sophomores and referring to them continually as the Sophomores. Notwithstanding this unintentional slam upon the class the occasion was a joyous one for the little folks. Geo. Spurlock, Miss Ruliffson, Miss May Roberts and others spoke on "The Philosophy of the Universe," "Woman Suffrage" and other live questions of the day.

## THE FRESHMEN

also came to the front with a tree, one end of which they solemnly planted in a ground squirrel hole and gently but firmly pressed the dust and ashes around it. This accomplished, they retraced their steps a little and viewed it with melancholy satisfaction. Forsyth, Webber and Gambee added to the gloom of the occasion by attempting to orate, but this was too much for the long-suffering audience and they left the speakers addressing the already too tired shrub and strolled over to where the

## SOPHOMORES

were quarrelling about who was to dig the hole for a strawberry plant which they supposed to be a Virginia Creeper. When this arduous labor was finally accomplished Kleine Polk who was to take charge of the shrub found out that he had lost it, but after a moment's hard thinking he remembered that when the Junior band passed he had dropped it and followed them around for some time. The plant was recovered, after a prolonged search, in the hall-way where it had been trampled upon by every member of that dense throng, with one or two exceptions, and it looked pretty sick as also did this more or less intelligent class, but it planted it just the same.

## THE SENIORS

then aired their proverbial lack of class harmony and spirit, some by stalking around the campus trying to impress strangers with their importance, while others sulked at home and grumbled at a mercenary world incapable of appreciating genius. The principal event of the day, however, was the demonstration of

## THE JUNIORS.

They had provided themselves badges of white cloth upon which was printed '87 in blood, and had a very determined ap-

pearance. They formed in front of the Chancellor's office immediately after chapel, headed by the cadet band. In addition to the regular members of the band were Messrs. Fulmer, Eddy, Wheeler, Wiggenhorn and Drum Major Perrin, who had procured instruments through the kindness of the Lieutenant. Some of the Sophomores and Preps attempted to arrest their progress in the halls, but were soon overpowered by the Junior muscle. The class then marched around the walk in front of the building, preceded by the band playing the lively strains of "Montrose." When they reached the spot selected for the planting (in the middle of the half-circle directly in front of the building) the excavation committee, consisting of Miss Roberts, Miss Daley and Mr. Eddy, went industriously to work and soon had the hole of sufficient depth. During the digging Mr. Wiggenhorn sung a solo, accompanying himself with the drum. The tree, a beautiful elm, which was in the care of D. T. Smith, was then placed in the hole with great precision and care. A bottle neatly covered with red ribbon and containing the following articles: Clark's standing in French, Miss Daley's grade in German, the names of the committee on arrangements, portrait of John L. Sullivan, autograph of John Green and Gerwig's moustache was placed under the tree by Frank Wheeler. The anointing oil was poured on by C. S. Polk, after which the dirt was thrown in, each member of the class doing part.

The orator of the day, Paul F. Clark, was then introduced who delivered with his characteristic vigor and grace the following eloquent address.

Fellow members of the class that shall astonish the world! In the name of liberty, patriotism, the University and John Green I greet you. We come together to commemorate a custom which is as old as humanity and Susan B. Anthony. We know that the idea of planting was known in Biblical times, for we read that Moses was planted with the bulrushes; we read again of a prophet who said on such an occasion "Wake, peazle-tree and harp." Romulus and Remus, after they had been tossed about by the turbulent Tiber, were caught by the overhanging branches of a box alder, and each year thereafter they planted one of these beautiful trees in the Forum at Rome.

Our own J. Sterling Morton claims to have originated the American tree planting day, but we know that the Pilgrim Fathers planted the tree of Liberty on Plymouth Rock, and Benedict Arnold, Jefferson Davis and O. B. Polk assisted in planting treason. So the palm cannot be awarded to our friend from the pork packing city.

Fellow Juniors, it is fitting that we do this today, for we are the solid portion of this intellectual center of western culture. The other classes are "flashy." The Freshmen wear their beautifully carved dime and strut about like policemen in daylight; the Sophomores are proud of their microscopic pin of brightened brass; and the Seniors those, who are able to bear the weight, wear rings with a proud these-cost-a-dollar-and-a-half look. But the Juniors have no such gaudy emblem to blaze before the world. And when I think of this I cannot refrain from quoting that familiar verse from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope;"

"The June bug has its wings of blue,  
The firefly wings of flame;  
The Juniors have no golden hue,  
But they get there all the same."

It is said that things never change—at least the poet says

"We are the same that our fathers have been,  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,  
We drink the same streams that our fathers have drunk  
And we think the same thoughts that our fathers have  
thunk."