

newed—a Sophomore has succeeded in unravelling many of the problems that for ages seemed beyond the mind of man—wonderful theories of mind, thought, being, are set forth in eloquent language, every word and gesture calculated to make still grander the great truths.

Our discourse, to be concise, we will divide into three parts under these headings: (1). The Journey. (2). The Object. (3). The Sequel.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill.

In the first place Jack and Jill went; Jack didn't go alone, neither did Jill. They did right in following the scriptures, Gen. 2:18. If it were in modern times Jack would tug along with two pails, while Jill entertained her gentleman friends, or went to the theater. But maybe Jack might meet all the other Jacks and go to hear Maggie Mitchell, while all the poor Jills, who had had their hair frizzed and got a new dress for the occasion, were tacitly invited to entertain trig. for the evening. Yes, and there were more tears than sines and cosines on the paper. However, we don't want to be hard on the Jacks; we have heard of expeditions, feasts, chips—and then some lovely gowns float before our mental vision, some haughty faces, upturned noses, as several Jills sail into society. The thought is plain, axiomatic. Jack and Jill should go together. Jack goes first, for 'modesty is woman's courage,' besides if there are any stones or obstacles of any kind in the road, he must, of course, remove them. But suppose Jack is a darling little Freshie. You big Soph. Jill, it is your duty to protect him, in the absence of mamma.

They went up the hill, not down into a puddle for their water, but way up where a bright spring bubbled. That is the reason why Byron or George Elliot—I don't recollect which—anyway it was some great man—said, "There's always room at the top," because nobody, or only a few, get there. Yet the good is there, dear friends, and so let us press forward, faithfully performing each duty allotted to us, so that gradually we shall rise until on Pisgah's height we are just without the gate of heaven, and all the world be neath us! Yet it is an immutable law that he who flunks day after day, fills the margin with translations, skips recitations to go on a bum, or talks on the stairs, he who thinks it smart to cruelly quiz an innocent tutor, to pass daily the HESPERIAN office and never remember his subscription, yea, when it is his turn in society, thinks it brilliant to have a sore throat, he, *he* is the villain, and will, as he deserves, though having started for the clear spring, stumble and roll clear down, scratch a few eyes out, knock off a dozen patches of skin, smash his nose, and land finally in the mud puddle where the rest of the dead beats like him are passing their miserable existence here.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.

They went after something. Yes, and they walked like it too. They didn't perambulate, like a certain tall Soph. and sweet preppy go home to dinner. Yesterday, as I was meditating upon the cause and effect in the rise and fall of empire I was rudely awakened. They passed my room. Had they walked as fast as they talked they would have been swifter than Pegasus. They walked so slowly that my thoughts, all forsook me and my eyes turned instinctively in search of Cynthia and "beautiful starlight."

Poor Jack and Jill didn't get there. Oh, the cruelty of fate! So merrily and eagerly they set out, and now—failure. Poor Jack! Perhaps his crown was too heavy. Misfortune loves a shining mark. That brings to mind a dear friend who after

cramming for forty-eight hours steadily, and saying to everyone that nothing was expected, as it was not conscientious to cram, (a mental reservation of '98 or die,' meanwhile) and was rewarded for arduous labor by this title:

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FINAL EXAMINATION—70
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Surely, O Jill, thy woes are the common fate of all. Then a tiny bird told me of a sweet co-ed—two bitter enemies who were to call—a pair of cuff buttons, five cigars, and a bunch of toothpicks, the price of an introduction—loud rap—co-ed appears—hasty retreat of a rascal.—Oh, it is too touching, —my heart o'erflows.

"A weary time of longings unfulfilled,
And this is life!"

Be patient and you will reach the top—

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill.

HALL HAPPENINGS.

- Have you heard Reavis roll?
- Bert Woods enters '90 again.
- Ask the girls how to breathe!
- Captain Gerwig, if you please.
- Have you watched the awkward squads?
- Mathewson is an adept at stealing barrels.
- Cadets are to be inspected about May 1st.
- Our friend Guy does not seem to materialize.
- Briggs sports a new hat, of a color for contrast.
- Beach is back again and to stay a while, he says.
- Cora Fisher, '86, has accepted a school near Raymond.
- Miss Minnie Boyer teaches school at Malcolm this spring.
- Club No. 3 is no more. Died from lack of funds and cook.
- Miss Josie Young is acting as a country schoolmarm this term.
- Miss Lottie Pollard has returned to school after a lengthy absence.
- Miss Wilder, of Kansas University, was a visitor with us last week.
- D. T. Smith spent most of his vacation nursing a pet upon his upper lip.
- Bert Clark was accompanied to Lincoln by his mother who made a short stay.
- Miss Dryden, who spent the vacation in town, made a flying visit to Sutton to see Miss Clark.
- Last issue seems to have used up the energy of the board, judging from the way copy was handed in.
- The Seniors proved so obstreperous last term that the Chancellor has turned them over to Tutor Caldwell.
- Fulmer has parted company with that long flowing mane—excuse us—beard, which has so long been the pride of every co-ed.
- The University boys seemed to take a greater interest in the election this spring than ever before. A large number voted, but many of them were challenged.
- Wheelock sported that same old upper lip ornament around the halls for a few days. They say he handles cash over the counter in a bank at Blue Springs, whither he moved from Beatrice.