

thize with him in the suddenness of the blow, and hope that he will soon again be among us.

"Say, Russell, why don't you pay your debts;—and, by the way, always remember that  $H_2SO_4$  and  $FeS$  produce sulphuretted hydrogen.

H. T. Westerman has been, and still is, sick with pneumonia. His mother has arrived in town and is with him. No doubt of his recovery is entertained.

Our friend John occasionally gets mad. Friday night January 20, at 10:30 p. m., it was our good fortune to witness the best sample of Græco-Roman ire that we have seen for a long time.

The State Agricultural society held their annual meeting in the museum, at which meeting considerable popcorn was lavishly scattered. Two burly sophs were kept busy popping corn for three prep girls.

"I don't blame the Junior that went sleigh riding with you on a hand sled, but I blame you for taking him," was the remark of a prep as he refused an invitation to attend a class social not long since.

The blizzard of January 12 was a "scorcher." Parts of it are still stalking about in the persons of "colds." Anybody desirous of seeing an example of its power should step into this office—it's been swept.

Numerous long curls of hair of varying shades have been distributed among our young hopefuls. One of our noble Seniors carries an assortment of various brands in his inside vest pocket on the left side.

You ought to have snuffed the air around Barris when he tried to take castor oil for his cold. It would have had a stronger and more lasting effect on you for good than all the sermons you ever heard or ever expect to hear.

It is asserted by good authority that one of our fellows of the engineering course went to the opera house some time ago and got into a desperate flirtation with two ladies of color. Congratulations and oysters are in order.

We are glad to see our old friend Jenkins around occasionally. He is lawyering down at Bennett, and when he was here last he went to chapel. He also gives special terms to students, and will get them out of all scrapes at half price.

The scientifs have been, of late, laboring severely over the classification of several new species of the University fauna and flora which have appeared in their midst. They hope to soon have a classification completed, when it will be given to the world.

We occasionally drop into the Y. M. C. A. reading rooms, and are glad to see so many students there. It is a good place to loaf and a good place for the boys to spend their spare moments. The latest papers and magazines are always on hand, free to all.

D. D. Forsyth has been dangerously ill with pneumonia. He has had the best of care and is rapidly recovering. The students have well shown their regard for him. He will have no cause to complain of the welcome he receives when he returns to his work.

There is not much doubt that the United States is the great country of the world and equally beyond the shadow of doubt is the fact that Nebraska is the main state of the Union. No one presume to deny that the U. of N. is the center of Nebraska. The minds of none could for a moment harbor any thoughts toward the botanical laboratory but that it is the center of the University and all concerned know that Weber's

table is the center of the lab. Hence said table is the center of the world. Bacteria and slime moulds of the latest style kept constantly on hand at all hours. (Extract from Senior logic class.)

A. H. Bigelow is an editor. As such he frequently makes flying trips to Lincoln. It is rumored that the last time he was down however he was not on pecuniary business, at least not of a paying nature.

The Botanico scientifs received a scare by seeing a huge quantity of smoke emerging from the floor. After tearing up the floor, calling up two hose carts and carrying all destructible things out into the snow, they found the smoke was caused by a leaking hood in the laboratory below.

Prof. Edgren spoke the scientific club on Volapuek, January 14. He does not think that the language will ever amount to more than a simple medium of communication. Nor does he think that it should. After his lecture the club, which had decided to take up Volupuek, voted not to do so.

The classical club met Saturday, January 21, in No. 3, and elected the following officers: Prof. Barber, president; N. R. Pound, vice president; C. S. Lobingier, secretary; the other officers continue through the year. The following motto was joyfully ground out: Tous thisaurons tou pali sophon andron aneliton.

Some time ago a couple of hoodlums came into the botanical laboratory and after looking around awhile began disarranging the specimens, fooling with the reagent bottles, etc. They then went up stairs and "monkeyed" with the chemical balances until one could not distinguish a ton from a milligram. We are always glad to receive visits from citizens and will do our best to entertain them and make their visits pleasant but we hope that they will not imitate the actions of these hoodlums.

Of late, in our midnight peregrinations about the city we have frequently noticed the decadence of the canine tribe. Ferocious dogs no more spring at us from out dark alleys nor confront us with gleaming fangs before the temple doors of our goddesses. We are allowed to go in peace wheresoever we list. This strange fact has puzzled us greatly, but when we remembered that the scientifs indulge twice a week in mince pie, the mists were blown away. When before was darkness all is now light.

Monday, January 24, at 5 p. m., as our local editor entered the office for his paper, he was suddenly set upon from behind the door by the two typos. They seized him by the throat, bore him to the ground, and holding a shot gun and a physics to his head, demanded "copy or your life." Struggling marfully, he succeeding in wresting aside the weapons while he called for help; but when his co-editors arrived, he was found senseless. The scoundrels had fled. The police are on their track and lynching is feared. LATER—The two typos were seized near Denver, Colo., and only the strongest efforts of the police prevented lynching.

It has been said that the class of '88 has no spunk, but that class exposed the lie last Thursday night, yes, exposed it to the weather with mercury 15 below. In other words they loaded themselves into a four-horse sleigh and started for Miss Gumar's residence, four and a half miles south-west of town. Sleighing was not extra good in some spots on the road, and when the party reached the water works beyond the asylum they learned that the road farther on was impassable; so, after warming in the engine room, turned back and besieged Brown's for oysters. Toasts were proposed and re-