

cause them to demand more wages than they can earn. It is annoying to sit idly by and let the corporations snatch from the hands of others their daily bread, but so long as they raise no objection railroad employes should not step in and demand that which they have no more right to than the company itself.

This jealousy on the part of employes is one of the main causes of strikes, and when once a strike is inaugurated it becomes a game of "freeze out" which usually results in defeat to the strikers. They hold out manfully for awhile, but speeches and resolutions become hard fare in the end, and they are compelled to yield to their greedy masters. If our great guns in congress and elsewhere could be persuaded to kick the block away from the conservative "political capital" ladder that is bracing them up, and set to work to remedy this great evil which has taken such a deep hold upon the institutions of this country, they would receive the lasting praise of their benefactors. The nation would be on solid footing, and the people would be happy. We are waiting. Who will raise up and say strikes must go.

STRAY PICK-UPS.

"Oh! is that Kleine?"

Woe to the Junior monument.

A tuneful lyre—Frank Manley.

"Keep in the middle of the road!"

Say, Cope, Lieut. Dudley tumbled.

Cabinets reduced to \$3 per dozen at Hayden's.

Voice of co-ed in distance: "Oh look at the large ears on that horse!"

They say that the Senior girls make better cow boys than the Senior boys.

Any fellow that will go out botanizing on Saturday with a damsel ought to be —.

James Foree, class of '86, came around on Arbor day to listen to the spouting, etc.

Hoagland was heard to grumble, because, as he says, the slate bearer imposes on him.

Specimen of Smith's commands during the march: "Forward, follow the mob, march."

Prof. Bessey has received an offer from a large eastern college which he is considering.

"Mr. Russell please get your foot out of the way so that I can see what the company is doing."

The authorities have instituted a windmill at the embryo "Science hall" to lighten the labors of the men by pumping aqua.

Miss Estella Polk, sister to our friend Kleine, and Miss Effie Snell of Greenwood visited the University, Friday, April 27.

If you want to hear a lie ask Tingley (minor) about the grasshopper that came to life again and kicked his (the grasshopper's) legsoff.

During the firing of the salute the sponge head of Co. B's staff came off in the gun and hence Co. A detachment fired seventeen of the twenty one.

About 40,000 fellows come down every day and want to know if we have a ball. Now, once for all, we have no ball; we never had a ball, we never shall have a ball; we don't want a ball; we wouldn't have a ball if you were to give it to

us; we don't know a ball, we don't care for a ball; we never were introduced to a ball, we wouldn't know one if we should see it.

Since his return from his geological trip *Capillanous Californicus* is frequently heard to mutter soft words of admiration for one of Gage county's fair damsels.

We think that it would be well to inform all whom it concerns that John Green's irises are flaunting the University colors in the faces of the assembled multitude.

A new use has been found for absolutely worn out almanac jokes. They are translated into French, and used for a text-book under the caption of "Anecdotes Nouvelles."

Pound has quit his regular work in chemistry and is now devoting his time to concocting philters and potions which "do abuse the delicate property of youth and maidhood."

For it maketh the Seniors wrathy,
When they don their cow-boy hats,
To have some envious Junior,
Get up and ejaculate "Rats."

Go and ask Russel to spring the "Iago" gag on Tingley. Everybody, especially those who have Junior Shakespeare, will greatly enjoy it. He charges nothing and it will pay every student to give him a call and enjoy the joke.

The Juniors went down to Roca in double "rigs," of course taking it easy by the way. Arriving there they took supper, and enjoyed the open-hearted hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Keys until about eleven o'clock, when they drove home in the bewitching moonlight and their buggies.

Mr. Bert Wheeler has been in Omaha for the last two weeks enjoying his easter vacation. He reports that the girl is still waiting at the foot of the stairs—*H. S. Register*.

The above may be an item of interest to the girl of the U. of N. who seems to have unconsciously fallen into the habit of her Omaha sister.

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—that rivals in sweetness, the appearance of our co-ed cadets in their new uniforms. An ordinary unmilitary girl has no show at all. There is only one thing lacking now to our complete happiness from a military standpoint, and that is permission to take the co-ed company along to camp.

We heard that some Aztec mummies from Arizona are on exhibition on O street between Twelfth and Thirteenth. This information immediately knocked the bung out of the barrel of our reason, and a stream of thoughts gushed forth. Among them the most prominent was, that around the University are several fossils that would grace such an exhibition.

A gypsy camp is for the time being located near the fair ground, and the proverbial curiosity of woman is again exemplified in this fact, namely, that the gypsies are getting rich. A number of our co-eds visited said camp in order to get a view at their uncertain futures, particularly as regards old maidhood, etc. Ask Misses C—, R—, L—, and T—, what the fortune teller said.

It is rumored that our friend, Frank Carpenter, has had quite a controversy with the girls concerning a meeting of theirs held every Sunday afternoon in the University building. They have waited on Carpenter and asked him to come up Sunday afternoons, and open the building. While he is and, as we know, has always been willing to accomodate us to the best of his powers, he thinks that this is asking a little too much. He puts in about fourteen hours daily here, must remain late on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings to close up after the meetings, and we do not blame him for wishing his