

has not yet entirely recovered, she will begin her work again.

Did you see Nelson catch onto a girl at Wymore park? Well I should smile.

"Post No. 4, twelve o'clock, all's well. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

A nocturnal pistillate equine—the night mare. None but scientifs will understand this.

Eternal loafing is the price of flunking; but he who cram-meth studiously shall recieve 60.

They say that Pound has invested heavily in oil to keep his flame going this wet weather.

Miss Stratton, '87, visited friends in the city last week. She is teaching school in Ashland.

"Shouting Cooley, the Whirlwind of Camp Thayer" is the title of a new novel coming out shortly.

Fourteen street-cars and eighty-seven other vehicles were broken down on Eleventh street, Wednesday, May 16.

Benton, always remember that the number of note books carried is in inverse proportion to the amount of work done.

Tinker thought he had got the slickest girl at the military ball, but when her husband came around later in the evening he wilted.

That sham battle was elegant, especially when the G. A. R. men went for our battery. You should have heard Fletcher whoop.

We understand Dr. Brace has received an outside offer, and intends to leave us. We hope he will reconsider and conclude to remain.

The Wymorites and Governor Thayer seemed to be very much in love with the cadet battalion and considered it the lion of the celebration.

Do not ask Frank Carpenter for a lock of his hair. Your request will only meet with a refusal and exemplify your ignorance of the tonsorial art.

The authorities were heard grumbling about the length of the bill which the Soph botany class handed in for efficiently pruning the pines on the campus.

The Scientifs have petitioned for a bulletin board in the lab. on which to record by innings the scores of the games played Wednesday mornings in chapel.

The cadeesses used the boys belts to drill with a couple of times, and when Fletcher came to put on his belt he had to take it in three holes before it would fit.

On Friday, May 25, Co. D appeared with the boys on dress parade. The girls did themselves proud and covered themselves with glory and presperation.

Don't you accuse the Scientifs of apathy. All who survived their blowout are willing to admit anything if only they can escape any more demonstrations.

Voice of a co-ed in a mixture of fear, anxiety, trouble, and terror: "Now don't you run off with him, because I don't know whether I can get him there or not."

Its too bad that the co-ed encampment was broken up, but Miss Smith couldn't leave her mother and the faculty thought the other girls had better not leave their mothers.

McDonald has had sore lips since he retureed from camp. He says the Wymore girls powder. McD. has a number of sympathetic friends who recomend T—bb—'s two lip salve.

It was a rare spirit of truthfulness that induced the "powers that be" to put the motto "semper paratus" on a building in which there will never be any recitations—our armory.

It may not be true that John Green has undertaken to assuage his sorrows by means of strong drink, but we must confess that when we accidently overheard him the other day ask the historic cow in the museum for the pleasure of a waltz our suspicions were slightly aroused.

The latest volume of the Johns Hopkins publications received by the University library contains an article whose author signs his name Amos G. Warner, Ph. D. Every student will feel the proper amount of pride in noting the fact that Mr. Warner has completed his postgraduate work.

L. H. Benton was absent from school the first part of this term. He has now returned with a nut brown tan, a cynical smile, a classic physiognomy, and a replenished pocket book. During his absence his office of praetor of the laboratory was filled by Mr. Stoughton and Mr. Scofield.

Russell and Tingley on their last geological trip passed over the same tract which A. H. Bigelow passed over last year, and, carved in two foot letters on a perpendicular cliff of sand stone below Plattsmouth they found the inscription:

CLARA CRAMPHORN.

The Palladian and Union boy's debating clubs have each within itself been having war. The Pall boys tried Thomas Hall for stealing a photograph, and the Union boys tried to impeach their president. The practice in paruamentary law committed therewith was good, for everybody had to "get right down into Roberts and dig."

On Saturday, May 12, the Business college nine played the Prep and Freshman nine on the corner of Eleventh and South streets. At the close at 5:20 the score stood 13 to 20 in favor of the Business college boys. The playing of the University boys was marked by heavy batting, while that of their opponents by excellent fielding.

These are the days when the fame of the members of our faculty has spread abroad in the land. Now that Yale or Harvard are attempting to engage several of them, it may not come as a surprise to the student body to learn that Cornell college has been making great efforts to secure the services of our efficient janitor, Mr. J. Green.

Among the other excitements of camp life a ball game between the Wymore nine and the boys was an important feature. After the fifth inning the score stood 37 to 14 in favor of the University nine, much to the surprise and chagrin of the Wymorites, who, before the game, had gone about proclaiming how foolish and idiotic the boys were in attempting to play their club, and how easily the boys would be "done up."

In some other column the innocent reader may find an item written by the local editor, purporting to tell about "the great big six-foot rattlesnake that got in my bed, and I killed him, gentlemen, after a terirfic struggle." Now comes one who says that he killed it and put it in Pete's bed before the latter gentleman retired. Thus the gentle reader is again reminded that all things earthly—even Peterson's stories—are vain and illusory.

Among the old, miserable, forgotten legends which still cling to a languid existence, that one of calling THE HESPERIAN the *Student* is worst. Among the students is one, and we rejoice that there is but one, who continually inquires if we have seen the *Student*; when the *Student* is coming out again, etc. This rubbing salt into our lacerated spirit is the quintessence of woe, and if that ancient individual knew how he mutilates our soul he would stop out of very sympathy.