

fair co-ed hired the brother to steal the hat in order that you might stay longer. Of course you were grateful to her and all that.

But the next time you called you might make the discovery that the kid brother had taken the handle from the door bell. Did you not feel reluctant to believe that the co-ed had hired him to do that? Perhaps this same brother previous to your call, locked the door and hid the key. Were your suspicions ever aroused? You are not at all embarrassed when the small brother slips under the piano and makes the room echo with impromptu solos, by which his sorrow and anger are alternately evinced.

The small brother is always in a position where he can watch proceedings when you prepare to leave. He is furnished with a good supply of table talk for the next day. The small boy can see more things through a keyhole than an ordinary student can see through a bay window.

It is doubtful whether a small brother can ever be forgiven.

Consolation may be had by hoping that he in turn may be brought to grief, through the plottings of some one else's small brother.

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A cadet officer despises the small boy of this city. He looks with contempt upon the youngster, roaming the streets and playing marbles in back alleys. The cadet has good cause for such feelings.

The small boy, however, admires a cadet officer. He deems the cadet to be a great man, worthy of emulation. Yes, the fact that the small boy imitates the cadet, is too true. This is what rouses the cadet's wrath. But the small boy can never understand why such enmity should exist between himself and the cadet.

One of the cadet officers donned his new uniform the other afternoon and started to the campus. Brass buttons, white stripes, gold cord, etc., made him an attractive object. Indeed, he was fair to look upon. He marched with precision and soldierly step. In his mind he regularly called out, "Hep, hep, hep!" The cadet thought he was getting there. So was the small boy.

The cadet was half-way to the campus before he realized how important a position he was holding. But with this knowledge came disgust, rage and chagrin. At that moment he would have exchanged his uniform for the patched clothes of a bricklayer's clerk. He would have preferred the position of a Lincoln scavenger to that of a cadet officer.

As the officer swung around the corner he encountered a motley procession. It was composed of seven small boys, two tin horns, one tin pan, two drums, one wooden gun and one tin sword. This procession was a campaign club of Young Americans; rather, they were young heathen in the officer's opinion.

The procession of small boys halted and gazed at the officer with admiration. As soon as he passed that procession turned and followed in single file, to the noise of the tin pan, horns and drums. In vain the officer swore and prayed. That procession was with him to stay. Every kid exerted himself to take as long step as possible and make as much noise as possible. It was seldom they had such a chance to march under the command of a uniform officer, and a University senior at that.

The small boys procession followed the officer down to O street. Then a kind policeman, after enjoying the fun for a few moments, dispersed the procession. The cadet officer went on his way with sadness in his heart. You cannot hire that officer to wear his uniform down town again for love nor money. Such is the greatness that is thrust upon a cadet.

UP PIKE'S PEAK.

It is my purpose to tell my student friends of a trip I took, in company with a party of well known Lincolmites—a trip very common here, that is as to destination, not so frequent as to the time and way of going. How well I shall succeed the result must show; credit the mistakes to the nervousness of "a green hand."

At precisely 5:25 p. m., on Friday, July 20, 1888, the following party left Manitou for a walk up Pikes Peak: Mr. T. Marsland, Mr. Herbert Marsland, Misses Ethel, Gertrude and Fannie Marsland, Guy O. Hale, Eugene Brown and the writer—all, as I said, of Lincoln. Our outfit consisted of food for three meals, rubber coats, and a photographic apparatus, while each carried a staff five or six feet long, to aid in climbing over rough places. We started off in good spirits, and soon reached the iron spring, where we met some people, who, seeing us equipped for a journey, asked our destination. On being informed that we were going to try to walk to the summit of the Peak before sunrise next day, they exclaimed with astonishment, equalled only by their grammatical inexactness, "What, them girls!" "Them girls" assured them that it was their fixed purpose to make the ascent, and we left them wondering what insane asylum had broken loose. Just as we reached the "Toll Gate" we met Rev. Dr. Curtis, and his hearty greeting and sincere good wishes did much toward removing the unpleasant impression left by the scoffers at the iron spring.

The road to the Peak leads up over three huge terraces, each three miles or more in length, and all more or less precipitous. Half a mile above the iron spring the trail begins, and begins very steeply, too. For the first three miles the ascent is as abrupt as any on the whole road and some of it is pretty steep, I can assure you.

We climbed steadily for two hours; when we came to the top of the first terrace. At 8 o'clock we reached the Half Way House. Here the inquiry made at the iron spring as to the purpose of the young ladies was repeated, and with the same lack of grammatical exactness. We rested for a few minutes and then went on again. We walked steadily for an hour and stopped to eat lunch and to rest for the hard climb before us. We built a fire, and, after we had eaten, we lay in its cheerful blaze, and talked, and sang, and told stories till eleven o'clock came. Then the word was given, "Forward March." Just as we started the moon came out from behind the clouds, and added her glories to the night-shrouded beauties of the landscape, while her full brightness made the trail much plainer and the walking easier. For an hour the walking was fairly good and we got on famously, but soon we struck the second terrace, and then again we had to climb, this time over stones and fallen trees. For an hour this lasted, and to add to the fatigue and discomfort of the uphill road, was the lack of water. One a. m. and we were at timber line, at the big spring and nearly to "Windy Point." To the right and above was the bare mountain; on the left, the silent forest stretching down to the valley through which we had come; ahead, and a little to the left, Lake Moraine glittered frostily in the moonlight; the whole a picture of transcendent loveliness.

It was now tolerably evident that some of the party were going to "play out," and that those who did reach the top had a hard climb before them. Still we all kept on till 2 o'clock. Then three of the party gave up, and after finding a sheltered nook in the rocks, bade the rest go on without them. It was 2:15 when we left them and started on the last stretch to the summit, over the third and steepest terrace. It seemed as though each step must bring us to the top, so