

The post at the south entrance will be missing some day to the great joy, no doubt, of all ladies who visit the University.

The Nebraska hall is nearing completion. The contractors are confident that they can have it completed by the 1st of January.

We don't blame Dales for posting a notice on his door requesting the howling mob which usually congregates there, to stay out.

We have a joke on Fletcher, which we will mail to any address free upon receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage and packing.

The chemistry students about all wish that some philanthropist would come along and smash all the glass in the book-case doors.

H. T. Conley, an old student who is practicing law up in the extreme north western corner of the state, was in Lincoln, November 22.

Well, at last we have got a sidewalk from the lab. to the east door. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they get there just the same.

The non-commissioned officers this year are required to wear stripes. A new lot of swords has been procured by the military department.

Professor B—, in the second prep. Latin recitation,—“Does anyone know the age of Mr. F. H. Woods?” Miss Fletcher—“He is seventeen.”

The museum in the Nebraska hall is well worth seeing. It promises to be all that could be expected in a museum. Cases and cabinets will soon be put in.

Professor Hicks visited the Aurora high school a short time since with the purpose of placing it, if possible, on the accredited list. His mission was successful.

The blessings of poverty are well exemplified in the case of the non commissioned who has but one pair of trousers and can hence wear his nice, new stripes all the time.

We clip the following from the *Occident* of Berkeley Cal.: “One more new student has been added to '92's already long list, L. E. Benton of Nebraska, special agricultural.”

The executive committee of regents had a session to consider ways and means. Not being among the initiated we are unable to give any information concerning the meeting.

Now let all the students weep and wail, tear their hair and gnash their teeth, as they consign to consecrated soil—let us hope—our Thanksgiving holiday. *Requiescat in pace.*

Tom Hall—“May I have the pleasure of your company, Miss D—?” Miss D—“O, give us a rest.” The boys all concur in thinking that an apology is due Tom from said lady.

A curious little plant of the order *cucurbitaceæ* has been sent down from Buffalo county. It is a species of wild indigenous watermelon or pumpkin, and, as it has never before been found in Nebraska, it is of considerable interest.

A new exchange meets our eye. It is the *De Pauw Advertiser*, Vol. I, No. 3. We notice the name of G. M. Spurlock as Secretary of the publishing association and assistant editor. Some of the upper classmen will remember him as an old U. of N. student.

Ernest Newton, a former student who is well known to the University force, especially to John Green, and who is now editing a paper, *The New Eden*, in eastern Colorado, visited the University, November 24. John Green threw a monkey wrench at him.

S. D. Killen, of the class of '87, who has for the past two years been studying law at An Arbor, Michigan, has returned to Lincoln and was admitted to the bar November 21. Success to you Sam. He reports all right in Michigan and that Luke Cheney is flourishing.

The meeting of the Hayden art club in chapel Tuesday evening, November 13, was attended by a few of the students. The audience was quite large and the entertainment of great interest. A poem was read by Mr. Cox of the *Evening Call* and a paper on pottery and porcelain by Prof. Lloyd.

The Union musicale drew a jammed house. The program was a success. The back part of the hall was filled with a mob of boorish “hoodlums” and irrepressible country dudes whose room was evidently more desired than their company. To say that the performers were annoyed is putting it mild.

Capillaceous has of late been developing an astonishing ability for historical research and critical insight. This was exhibited in a lecture to the chemistry class wherein he attempted at length to decide whether Paracels, the chemist, died from the effects of a cracked skull, of a broken neck, or of the jim-jams.

Students who have a good imagination and are well acquainted with Jared Smith will be pleased to know that Jared had the exquisite pleasure of taking a couple of prep girls home from a botanizing tour the other afternoon with the big bay farm team and the old spring wagon. The girls enjoyed the ride, but did Jared?

Clark—“Well, I will declare! Smithers, how you have picked up lately.” Smithers—“Yes, yes; things were bad enough with me a little while back, but I happened to run across the advertisement of B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Virginia, and they put me in a position to make money right along. If you know of anybody else needing employment, here is their name and address.”

The Freshman program of the Union society was in its way a success. It seemed a physical impossibility however for a freshie to express his thoughts in the language of Addison, Pope, and Dryden. Perhaps they consider these writers old and musty, and think the English of the saloon and prize ring preferable. The freshies were nicely checkmated by the sophs however.

If there is anything in this world from which we hourly pray all the gods of Olympus to deliver us it is the professional punster. In any conversation whatever, in any place and on any topic he continually pops up his old weazen, grinning face like a jack in the box and perpetrates some joke as miserable as himself. The power of making puns is not to be coveted for the punster is seldom a favorite.

The person who most vociferously cries “chestnuts” forgets that there is a dozen of heavy chestnuts afloat and in everyday speech and habits. Of these “chestnut” is itself the worst. Next after that come slang expressions as “It makes me tired,” etc. All actions such as groaning at a joke and firing brick bats at the perpetrator thereof are chestnuts which for age are superior to the mummies of Egypt.

If John Green—our own John—could see himself as others see him, he would occasionally hunt a hole to give himself time to reflect whether or not he was always justified in thinking that the earth was his. While we have the greatest respect for John, we have sometimes doubted whether he owned more than nine-tenths of the University; at least we have tried in our imagination to think of the state as owning one-tenth.