

UNIVERSITY TYPES.

Shakespeare's Seven Ages Reduced to Four in This Highly Classic Vicinity.

The Mighty Vastness Lying Between the Callow Freshman and the Lofly Senior.

The Widely Imaginative Fresh Transformed into the Wide-Foreheaded Wisecrack.

Shakespeare has seven ages, but here at the university we recognize but four, and for the infant, school-boy and lover we have freshmen. They come from all over the state, with no real knowledge of school life, but thrilling ideas obtained from exaggerated accounts of hazing, town and gown fights and all the invented fiction with which some students love to regale small boys at home. They are the most incongruous class in the whole university, not having yet had the influence of higher education with its horses, bores and Yale panoramas. There is first of all the important freshmen, who think and act as if they owned the world. The glorious independence caused by being away from home makes them feel so lofty that some have even attempted to give the professors advice. These are the kind who spend their vacations as book accretions, and with the persuasive logic and insurmountable cheek thus obtained, come back again to the "U" prepared to dispute with any of the faculty the correctness of their view of the whole range of science. They take great pride in escorting strangers about the campus and in buildings, and incidentally mention the vast requirements in all manner of learning. They cultivate intellectual attitudes, and try by symmetrically poisoning their feet to throw their large heads into greater prominence. A stranger would take them for seniors, but a student passes them with an amused smile and thinks of the time when he, too, was fresh.

In contrast to these are the dude freshmen. A study of mental philosophy, with its teachings of the unattainability of infinity by the human mind, has not yet stopped their mad attempt to reach the sun with their collars, and not yet being acquainted with the physical law, that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time, they endeavor to make their suits and shirts unobtainable. He poses in the hall, and gracefully supports the side of the building while an admiring chorus—at least he imagines it so—of ohs and ahs are uttered by awestruck beholders. He does not go in for brains, for he has none, but wishes to be thought of as a philosopher. Toilet is not quite complete without a sheepskin.

Our attention is next attracted, and powerfully attracted by the hayseed freshman, who comes to college with a red nose, to teach the school of the district in which he lives. To him the main building is the largest structure possible to be produced by man, and "Regents' folly," across the Manitoba track, something even more grand in his imagination than its present form, a professor, which at the present time is like it in usefulness, is simply immense. It is this class who worry the life out of the registrar, and are highly incensed and insisted that a diploma from the academy at Wayiack, which certifies that they have successfully completed their course in reading, riddling and rithmatic, will not admit them to the sophomore class.

The hayseed student is a dude after his fashion. He carefully poises his slouch hat on the side of his head, inclined toward the left eye, or if the wind is chilly, he dons a straw one, and mounted up the university path, his lower limbs increased in trousers two sizes too large, in which are prominent creases. These creases he carefully preserves, to show that the unmentionables are new and bought at a store.

There may also be mentioned the literary freshman, who aims on graduating to be a Demosthenes or Pitt, who bores his friends and fellow members of the societies by long harangues, with no settled purpose but an indefinite longing to spread himself. To the freshness of young men, the literary and debating societies owe their existence, but as each takes his turn at spouting, in these, at least, he can be tolerated.

If a freshman studies hard, passes his examinations and does not get suspended, he becomes at the beginning of his second year a sophomore, and well he justifies his name for a wisefool never existed. Take for instance a certain sophomore journalistically inclined, who has done his best to devour his mortal and judges himself greatest of them all. This same sophomore is inclined to be a masher and to protect himself carries a young cord wood stick.

He might be called a masher, in that he is called a cane. This is the one that was summarily appropriated by the freshmen. The sophomores are truly bold. In the early fall months, when the students had the exceedingly bravely to stand from midnight till sunrise fighting ghosts and ana-the-matizing a certain other class which had visited them and unkindly taken some nuts off their carriages. On this occasion they developed a power of ex-

pression which they could not have acquired in years by practice in the rhetorical department. Truly bravery is a great thing and sophomores can never hereafter be accused of being afraid of the dark. According to the calendar it is at the end of the sophomore year that the university is composed and can choose whether he will be a bachelor in arts, science, agriculture or any of the other departments. He sees no striking difference as a consequence of being in one of the said colleges, but he finds out that he must reduce his conditions to two. At this point many fall by the wayside in their frantic attempts to pass an examination requiring 65 per cent, with only 50 per cent. of knowledge. This som-

tan with various mechanical processes, might mention that after the condition examinations laundry employes often wonder who it is imbecile enough to cover his cuffs with fine writing.

But after one has safely gone through all these little unpleasantnesses he becomes a junior. He is not compelled to attend chapel. He can elect some of his studies. He carries on most of his studies by lectures, which is probably the most labor-saving invention, from student's point of view, ever discovered. At this stage the student becomes so-called an thoughtful and gives out that all worldly vanities are brought to him, and that nothing can sever him from his studies, but those who in junior years have had experience doubt this very much. As you sit in one of the lower benches and survey the juniors you are impressed with their trifling appearance and the great attention they pay to the choir. The junior year is perhaps the quietest in the whole course, but it is like a calm before a storm. The senior has many weighty responsibilities. In the first place there are class day elections, and in the skillful management of these many a student could give valuable pointers to his juniors. There is no such ennobling enterprise as the carrying on of a class election. All sorts of deals and

trades are proposed and made, and all sorts of bargains come back on without the slightest hesitation. It has become of late the style for those most actively engaged in such proceedings to sign over the evils of trading votes.

The senior is ex officio a candidate for every office of honor or trust which it is in the power of the student to give. With his sleek and winning manners he boldly electioneers among the lower classes, and tells them how the office he is being thrust upon him, and he will kindly honor them by accepting their votes. Some think that the insurance agency and wearing a plug hat are necessary for this, but it is by no means certain. In this way does a student progress till he reaches the age of graduation, in which he reminds one of the slipped pantaloons and his big manly voice turns toward childish treble as he tries to speak his little piece on commencement, in which he settles the honor question, the spirit of the times and several other congenial affairs. As a culmination he gets a piece of parchment decorated with some goodlooking printing and several hen-tracks, made by faculty signatures, tied up with a blue ribbon, and then he can pay to fresh soph junior and senior role.

MENTION OF MEN. Col. John T. West is soon to go to Europe, where he will meet Tom Lowry upon the latter's return from Egypt. Recently the colonel received a letter in which Thomas hinted that it was an impossibility to get any good wheat in the old country. He took the hint, and immediately shipped several cases of the choicest brands to Paree, which will be painted a roseate tint in honor of the two cronies.

Con De Wan, who has gained considerable prominence as a leader in labor matters, has become the victim of a bronchial affection that has impaired his health to an extent which renders his removal to a less rigorous climate imperative, and Con's fiery denunciations of the oppressions of the poor will not be heard in the Trades and Labor assembly debates this winter.

John Lamb is another well known as an earnest worker for labor's cause who has suffered a great affliction. He is one of those unfortunate mortals whose lives are almost cursed by the inheritance of weak eyes. John's devotion to the cause and the fact that he is a student of the law, especially shot, the other two being for Ed Stokes, proprietor of the Hoffman house, and Charles L. Davis, known in professional circles as Alvin Jostlin.

Pete Zahnen, since he has become manager of Barge's Annex, has taken on an amount of adipose tissue that is somewhat astounding. When asked why he did not take exercise or take anti-fat the other day he indignantly replied: "Do you think I am crazy? I am getting fat on purpose. How would it look for a lean man to be running a restaurant? The sight of him would be giving the place away."

John C. Mann has gone to Chicago to engage in a quail contest. George H. Clark having backed him up \$1,000 to eat thirty quail in thirty days. It will be remembered that Joinnie, last winter, performed this feat with the greatest ease to win a small wager made by Lawrence Hayes, who carefully watched and each day devoured his bird in the presence of three appointed judges. When he finished his thirtieth he ate an extra quail for good measure. At no time during the trial did he suffer the slightest disinclination to face his bird, and was in the best of health all the time. He took no extra exercise, and made no attempt at dieting.

R. B. Forrest is quite well known among the attorneys and politicians of this city. But there are few that know that he was the exception of being a lawyer in the celebrated Zora Burns' murder case in Illinois, three years ago. He was county attorney of Logan county at the time that was committed one of the most famous crimes known in the country. The suspicious arrest and trial of Carpenter are all familiar to the newspaper reader. The good-headed stick Mr. Forrest carries so proudly was presented him by the citizens of Lincoln, as a token of their appreciation of his conduct of that case.

Col. Abbott Blunt, the gentleman who sits in a double-breasted coat and writes those "sharp and cynical flings that bite and sting," which sometimes enliven the Tribune's turgid editorial columns, has a sepulchral cast of countenance, and is apparently as retiring as a diffident maiden. He seems to shun ray scenes, and with the exception of being a lecturer at the dime museum, has the reputation for being a recluse. To the astonishment of his friends he appeared at the typographical union ball in a howling dress suit and danced—well, those who witnessed his performance say they never saw dancing before. He waltzed like a fairy, poiked like an angel, and skinned off the floor in the zallip like a swallow. But when Monie Musk, Fireman's dance and Virginia reel were reached in the programme it was then that Blunt puzzled him so. Blunt appeared at his best. He worked in little side steps, and cut pigeon wings that took one back to the days in Ole Mazory when at corn huskings the close of the harvest was celebrated.

A Distant Relation. Lowell Courier. Housekeeper to her Marketman—So Mrs. Judge Briarty next door is a relative of yours. Marketman—What put such an idea as that into your head? Housekeeper—I think she told me so herself. Marketman—Oh, I see. She probably told you that we were "connected by telephone."

The president sat in his easy chair. With Lamont as wife as could be, and the president's wife sat over there, with her sewing upon her knees. Said the president: "Dan, here's a job for you. My head for the problem's too thick. Before you retire, I wish you would do a sum in arithmetic."

With twenty-five congressmen lost this year, which seems to be nearly our fate. Where will we be—say, Dan, do you hear? In the autumn of eighty-eight?" Dan bit at his nails, and scratched his head. For the obnoxious puzzled him so. "Why, maybe, perhaps," he stammered and then declared that he didn't know.

The sweet little lady over there. Looked up, but not at the men. And softly said, with a faraway air, "His teeth will be cut before then."

The president looked before him straight. "My teeth will be cut by eighty-eight? I thought they were cut long since."

The sweet little lady hung down her head. So bus with seams and fells. And, blushing a little, she softly said, "I was thinking of something else."

—New York Sun.

THROTTLE AND SCOP. Random Chat Among Minneapolis Members of the Two Great Brotherhoods. Stories Told at the Reading Headquarters by the Boys of the Double Rails. Personal and General Notes of Men and Matters of the Railroad Brigade.

TOO LATE. On every road since railway trains To turn their wheels began, At every station you will see A solitary man.

His brow is damp with beaded sweat, Most earnestly he wants to go— The man that's always left.

If the train that's due at 1 p. m. Should wait till half past eight, There'd be one man come down to go Just thirty seconds late.

Just at present some of the boys are telling a good story in which one of the conductors running between Minneapolis and St. Paul figures conspicuously. A few days ago a neatly-dressed young man boarded the train and when asked for his ticket replied that he was an engineer in the employ of the company and had lost his pass. The conductor passed on and informed the brakeman that he believed the fellow was a fraud. "Well, we can find out anything we want to," said the brakeman later passed through the car again. Passing by the young man, he asked: "What time is it?" Pulling his watch from his pocket the young man replied: "Half past one. This settled it, and the young man was compelled to pay his fare. "You see," said the conductor, in speaking of the affair, "if he had been a railroad man he would have said 1:30, and not half past one."

Milwaukee brakemen are at present enjoying much sport at the expense of a green brakeman who is not as bright as he might be. He was sent back by the engineer a few days ago to open a crossing. He accomplished his task by tearing down panels of fence. He was next seen out on the pilot of the engine with a broom trying to brush away the fog from the headlight, so that the engineer could see the rails. The boys say that a day or so later he was sent ahead by the conductor to cut the train in two. After waiting a reasonable time for him the conductor went ahead to see what the trouble was, and to his astonishment found the brakeman, hatchet in hand, between two cars chopping away at the link.

The new uniforms of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul passenger train men are pronounced "just too cute for anything."

The Railway Trackmen of North America met at Council Bluffs, Ia., Thursday and Friday, and the interesting sessions.

William Warren Goodell, the oldest locomotive engineer in America, died at Sedalia, Mo., recently, at the advanced age of 83 years. He was on the track for fifty years. Many Minnapp railroad men will remember him.

Some seventy-five railroad men attended the railroad Y. M. C. A. Thanksgiving dinner.

There was a pleasant social entertainment at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Thanksgiving. An attractive programme was given, the following parties taking part: Misses Gerie and Myrtle, Misses Gerie and Myrtle, Campbell, Miss Mattie Young, Master Guy and Miss Maude Briarty, A. A. Powers, W. J. Omons and J. T. Smith, Joseph Chapman, Joseph Woodbury, Joseph Moore, T. F. Judd.

The officers of the Locomotive Firemen's Lodge No. 82 are: F. X. Hohl, master; W. T. Nichel, secretary; W. E. Richmond, financier.

W. E. Johnson has been appointed trainmaster of the Cannon Valley, Pacific & St. Paul division of the Minneapolis & St. Louis road, vice W. J. Allen, resigned.

J. E. Smith, secretary of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, has resigned and is succeeded by C. L. Gooding.

In speaking of the recent firemen's convention in this city the Locomotive Fireman's Magazine has the following to say of F. X. Hohl, master of Northwestern Lodge No. 23, Frank X. Hohl was the originator in all conventions. He was on duty day and night, never lost his patience, was always ready to wait on one more, and in our opinion is responsible, in a very large measure, for the success of the convention. Brother Hohl is a conscientious and honorable, and our order has a right to be proud of him.

The officers of Minneapolis Lodge No. 270, Locomotive Firemen, are: S. B. Thompson, master; W. L. Higbee, secretary; D. Lucas, financier. This lodge meets at the hall on the corner of Franklin and Bloomington avenues the first Sunday and the third Saturday of each month.

It is said that all the employes of the Vandalla system of railroads, with their families, are once a year granted free passes over the road. That is clever. The Minneapolis railroad men think this would be a good plan for the roads centering here to follow, as it would help promote harmony and good feeling all around.

"Yes," said a veteran conductor, "a great many women do flirt on the cars. I suppose that time hangs heavily on their hands during a long journey, and they hardly know what to do with themselves. Under the circumstances it is quite natural for them to fall into conversation with their fellow travelers of the opposite sex, and having made a beginning it is very easy for them to become silly. Let me tell you about the worst case of flirting I ever saw. It was about two years ago, down in Ohio. On my train was a young woman dressed in deep mourning, and at the beginning of her journey having a heavy black veil over her face. She was apparently of a lively disposition—a cheerful soul, always disposed to look on the bright side of life and to make the best of unfavorable circumstances—and it was not long before she remarked that time hangs heavily on their hands during a long journey, and they hardly know what to do with themselves. 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