

# THE NEBRASKAN.

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The announcement on the Chancellor's board that all bulletins and signs placed on the various bulletin boards must be first submitted for approval to the executive office will undoubtedly do away with the facetious signs that have been noticed there, and nobody is going to be sorry. It is quite proper that such be examined before they are posted—then maybe a few thumb tacks will remain where they were originally placed, and the authors of such works of art saved the trouble of placing their compositions on exhibition.

Our desperate appeals for "copy" have had some effect, but there is much room yet for improvement. We have not seen a good joke for an age—maybe you have an old one in stock that will stand being aired. Let us have it or anything else, local, obituary, a sermon, personal or news items.

In sending anything into this office it is very essential that it be written very plainly on soft paper and with a soft pencil. Type-written copy is very much desired. The Linotype machines make it necessary that the copy be plainly written, as the operator has no time to study out incomprehensible hieroglyphics.

According to reports in the papers at different places where Chancellor MacLean has been lecturing recently, the occasions were enjoyable as well as instructive ones. The Chancellor is a man well adapted to making friends and his visits to various parts of the state can scarcely result otherwise than of great value to the institution of which he is the head. After seeing the Chancellor, hearing his lectures, and making the acquaintance of so agreeable a man, it is but natural for parents to decide that the state university is the school for their sons and daughters.

It is very perceptible this year that the first preparatory department is abolished. It will add much more to the standing of the university when the remaining preparatory department is done away with. In most of the towns of the state there are high schools which will fit students for the freshman class. The university will then be less crowded than before and the professors will be able to give more time to the higher classes.

Another commendable feature was the debarring of special students only under specific conditions. These students not only injured themselves by lack of study, but influenced a large number of very good students to neglect theirs.

Well, don't forget about those songs. Everybody got lots of enjoyment out of the scanty supply last year. You need not restrict them to fit such occasions as football games. The Glee club is ready for some worthy productions. Our college is noticeably lacking in possession of college songs. If half a dozen students are out together they have no song they all know. A good rollicking, cheerful conglomeration of words adapted to a popular air would fit such an occasion very nicely. It would not take much time or brains to produce such a composition. Here's a chance for lots of glory for someone, beside the consciousness of performing an act, so philanthropic in nature, that all his fellow creatures will receive the benefit of it.

An exchange says that the board of education of Kansas City has recently adopted a resolution prohibiting the practice of cigarette smoking during school hours by pupils and that the teachers are making every effort to enforce the new edict.

It would be natural now to add, "this is a step in the right direction," but we think the phrase a little too old for use.

Anyway it is gratifying to note that our southern neighbor is thus entering the procession of advanced civilization. How delightful now must it be for members of that board to enter a school room and not find the inmates with their feet cocked upon the desks, reveling in clouds of blue smoke! As to the prohibition of cigars and pipes the information is lacking, and we are left to judge that these indulgences are permitted. We hope so. We hope that Kansas City board will come down easy upon those abused scholars. Just think of the hardships this restriction puts upon them—not allowed to have a quiet smoke during school hours! Poor things. The shock may be too great—cases of death resulting from abrupt deprivation of the nicotine article, are not unknown. What a risk this board is running for conscience sake! It is possible they may be confronted with a suit for damages—for the amount reaching the legal value of a life.

We bid this board God-speed in its glorious work of reform. May it stand as a shining example for others to follow. The world is suffering for lack of just such conscientious work. May the day be near at hand when it will be impossible to find—in any part of our glorious country—a school house where they are permitted to smoke cigarettes during school hours.

Some of our professors have been known to complain about students entering their recitation rooms after the second gong has struck. Tracing the cause of this practice to its source, we find it to be the professors themselves. As we understand it, the first gong is for dismissal of classes—not a notification that preparation for bringing the recitation to a close, is to be begun. It takes all of five minutes for the average student (but the average student is a pretty slow individual) to go from the third floor of Nebraska hall to a recitation room in the main building. University hall is always crowded during the interval between the first and second gongs, and unless one is actually impolite, it is very difficult to make much hurried progress within its halls.

Many of our professors pay particular attention to the prompt dismissal of their recitations, but there are a few who cause much inconvenience, both to themselves and those under their instruction, by not noticing the time, and announcing the next day's lesson after the striking of the gong.

In this connection it might be appropriately said that many students do not conduct themselves in a manner befitting college-bred gentlemen when they hear the first gong. There is the scraping of feet, closing of books and banging of seats, making it impossible for the instructor to make himself heard above the din—even in finishing a closing sentence. In this way students themselves hinder a prompt dismissal.

### Around the Campus.

The Amateur Thespian had placed his weary feet in an elevated position against the trunk of a tree and had settled himself beneath its shade for a comfortable smoke. It was rather a chilly afternoon, but the force of habit was too strong and despite the weather he found himself in his old position meditating upon the social condition generally.

The tramp of feet on the dried leaves startled him, and turning around he noticed the Legal Light appearing. He hoped he had not been seen by him so he slipped himself around the opposite side of the tree, hoping thus to escape observation. He knew the Legal Light's falling. It was a tendency to talk too much. The Amateur Thespian noticed a worried look on his countenance and he surmised at once that the Legal Light was in search of a victim to tell his troubles to. His attempt to avoid observation availed him nothing.

"Say," began the Legal Light, addressing the Amateur Thespian as soon as his approach was noticed, "do you think U. of P. will beat Princeton this year?"

"Well, that depends," rejoined the Amateur Thespian, speaking slowly and deliberately, as was his wont. "If U. of P. has a better—"

"Oh, come off, now," abruptly broke in the Legal Light. "Don't you think that's a little too old to spring on me? You're about the steenth fellow that has tried that."

"Well, some people wouldn't tumble if a house fell on them," answered the Amateur Thespian, somewhat disgrunt-

led at the failure of his attempt at facetiousness.

The Legal Light did not seem to notice this personal thrust. He seldom did. Many an ineffectual attempt had been made to squeeze him, but they never worked. It was either because he could not apply such things to himself, or that he ignored them purposely. At any rate the Amateur Thespian's josh had not pleased him. So he began again, "How do you think Billy Wilson is going to hold the position of guard and captain the team at the same time?"

"Well, of course that all depends on Wilson," came the evasive reply. The Amateur Thespian's thoughts were far from football and he wriggled nervously under the Legal Light's tirade of questions. "You see, we can tell better at the close of the season," he fiercely continued, hoping that the Legal Light would weary of his nonchalance. But the Legal Light was not built that way. He was thoroughly enjoying himself now. His old friends had avoided him all day and as he noticed the near approach of the hour of 4:30, he began again with another string of questions accompanied with long dissertations upon the football prospects in the east, and the comparative abilities of Cowan and Bliss. The Amateur Thespian was regaled with a review of all the games for the last ten years between Harvard and Yale, with the score of each, accurately stated. He knew he was in for it, so he just kept still taking it all in. The appearance of the football coach at this juncture with a sweater thrown over his shoulders released the Amateur Thespian from his misery. The Legal Light eagerly pounced upon the coach and the Amateur Thespian was left to pursue his meditations in peace.

His cigar had gone out and casting about for means of a light he had forgotten to take a handful of matches from the restaurant this morning as usual) his eyes fell upon the figure of the Banjo Fiend. "Well, do tell," began that worthy, sprawling himself out at full length after the desired match had been produced. "Have you seen the Hot Journ lately?"

The Amateur Thespian had to confess his ignorance of the whereabouts of that high-temperated personage.

"Well," continued the Banjo Fiend, "he wanted me to subscribe. He explained how I was to make \$3 by the operation, but it was too much mental exertion for me to understand it at all, so I had to tell him no. It's too bad a fellow can't support everything, you know, and we must draw the line somewhere."

"Yes, that's a fact—" The remainder of his sentence was cut short by a sounding slap on the back. Turning around he met the smiling countenance of Everett West.

"Half-dollar, please."

"Well, what's it for this time," queried the Amateur Thespian and Banjo Fiend in chorus, both reaching into their pockets for the required coin.

"Well, the A. A. is still a little in debt and we want to pay our share of that cup if we ever expect to get it." He pocketed the coin with the same gracious smile. To himself he thought, "I'm getting ashamed of myself, striking these same fellows over and over again, but then there is only one set of fellows here who are willing to stand anything. I wish we could invent a system that would make them all dig up."

As he turned to go, leaving the two friends happily together, he caught a glimpse of the Legal Light, conversing with the Musical Genius. "It's funny how he gets a second in with those girls" he mentally conjectured as he approached and turned the Legal Light's attention to himself, much to the relief of the Musical Genius.

He had to stand it forty-five minutes, but fifty cents more had been added to the fund and he willingly suffered for the noble cause he was engaged in.

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