

## Written for the English Seminar

The Story of the Bridegroom and the Angel.

By D. G.

There's no use denying that I was discouraged that afternoon. I had a lot of notes to make up, there was a German exam, coming next day, and worst of all, I hadn't the ghost of an idea for my English Seminar story. Our instructor had told us to have the outline of an original story ready to hand in at the next meeting of the class, and here, two days beforehand, I hadn't the least idea of what I was going to write about.

As I sat at one of the library tables, drumming my fingers and staring into space, the door opened to admit the Bridegroom and the Angel. I didn't know their real names, but they were a couple that used to wander around the campus in such an absorbed fashion that anyone could tell they were just married. I had known a number of cases where the wedding preceded the college course, and I put this down for one of them. The man was tall and grave, with earnest dark eyes and a deprecating smile. He seemed rather slow usually, but once in English Lit., when the rest of us were abusing Guenivere he woke up and pitched in with a splendid defense. I rather liked him for that, though I didn't agree altogether with him. The girl was tall, too, though not so tall as he, graceful and pleasant, with a sense of humor that used to upset her dignity comically sometimes.

Altogether they were an interesting pair, and it came to me like a flash to write a story about them. Of course I didn't know anything about their real history, but I was sure there was a very pretty romance there (though our instructor hates love stories) and I determined to work it out.

The idea tickled me so that I went out and bought a nickel's worth of salted peanuts on the strength of it. All the afternoon I kept thinking about it and evolved quite a number of good ideas about their courtship and the way they came to go to college. I told my chum about it, but she was unsympathetic.

"What nonsense!" she said, "maybe he beats her at home for all you know."

In spite of her scoffing, however, the story progressed beautifully. I handed in my outline, which the instructor said was suggestive. Then I wrote out a couple of chapters and the result was better than I had hoped for. I disposed of their preliminary history all right, and then struck a snag. For that exasperating couple absolutely refused to do a thing out of the ordinary on which I could hinge the climax of my story.

Day after day I stalked those perverse beings down corridors and around corners. The affair grew exciting and I neglected my other lessons in the hope of hitting some helpful clue.

I blundered into people on the stairs and talked absent-mindedly, and I'm afraid I was horribly rude, trying to catch scraps of conversation between the two. But it didn't seem to be the least use.

Finally, one day, I came up the library steps determined to let the thing alone for awhile and pay some attention to my other work. It was just past the noon hour, and as I went into the hall, there was the Bridegroom coming down stairs to meet the Angel, who was just emerging from the cloak room.

"How's Baby," I heard him ask abruptly, and when she answered: "Worse, I think," it seemed to me that her voice quivered a little. I hurried on into the library, all my imagination at work again. A baby ill, too—supplied just the necessary impetus to my tale. I spent most of the afternoon working it up artistically.

After that, you may believe, I watched more eagerly than ever for some other stray bit of information. The English instructor was dunning me for the rest of my story, but I held him off for a few days, in hopes of hearing a real good climax for the little romance. I was not disappointed.

One morning I came up the walk just behind the Angel, and Helen Keane, whom I knew quite well. The wind was blowing too hard for me to catch their words came very distinctly, but I heard something about "Baby," and then the Angel's voice "died yesterday

morning."

The end at last! Poor little woman! I spent two or three minutes in pitying her; then I remembered that the story was waiting and I hurried to finish it up. I did wonder momentarily why the Angel should be at school at usual, but decided that she must have come in just to speak to the Bridegroom. He was one of the correctors in the English department and probably had to do his work as usual.

After I found that Helen Keane knew the Angel I lay in wait for her, for I was very anxious to hear all about the baby's death. Running across her one day in the library I sat down by her and nodding toward the Angel, who sat at the next table, asked casually:

"How does she bear her loss? Was it not very sad?"

Helen looked at me in amazement. "Who—Mabel?" she demanded.

"What are you talking about? I don't know what loss you mean?"

"Why she told you," I returned, "that her baby had just died. Thursday morning it was. Don't you remember?"

Helen's face was a puzzle. "Baby?" she repeated, blankly. Then her face cleared and she began to laugh. "Oh, I know. Why, 'Baby' was one of her brother's puppies. He had a litter of four, and one died last week."

"But I heard her tell her husband—" I began weakly.

"Husband!" cried Helen, in a sort of whispered shriek.

"Yes, husband," I repeated more firmly. "That tall, dark, sober fellow that goes around with her all the time."

Helen seemed on the point of a collapse.

"Good gracious!" she gasped. "I must tell Mabel that. Husband! Why that's her brother Don. One of the best fellows that ever lived. I'll introduce you to him some time."

Well, I was what you might call flabbergasted. To think of my pretty little romance coming out in that way. But the story was finished and handed in by that time, and I got a good mark on it, anyway. Part of the instructor's comment, though, was rather funny, under the circumstances.

"The story is very well handled," he wrote, "but I would advise you, another time not to take your characters and incidents from life in quite such a wholesale fashion. The sketch is apt to be too easily recognized, which is sometimes unpleasant for the author. Try to allow your imagination and constructive ability a little more play."

## "ONLY A SUB."

It was the afternoon of Thanksgiving day. The sun shone brightly from a clear sky, and the air was crisp and frosty. The immense grandstand at Woodlawn park was crowded with an impatient stamping crowd, all straining their necks for the first view of the warriors as they returned to the gridiron. The first half had been played, and the score was five to nothing in favor of Culver, and the rooters in Brandhurst's side of the grandstand were beginning to look nervous.

At last a wild shout from the bleachers announced the return of the men. Amid cheers of excitement and an occasional shrill cry of feminine delight, the husky fellows trotted onto the field, each team followed by their coaches and trainers. The Culver men were resplendent in orange sweaters, but Brandhurst's men were attired in rather motley fashion.

Avery, the captain of the Brandhurst team, kicked off, sending the ball to the twenty yard line. Hill, Culver's big half back, caught the ball and returned it ten yards. Culver lost the ball on downs and almost immediately regained it on a fumble. Thus the play continued until only seven minutes remained to be played. At first Brandhurst held the defenders of the orange and white pretty well, but now the ball was slowly but surely approaching Brandhurst's goal.

On the bench where Brandhurst's substitutes sat excitement ran high. Not a sub had been put in, and all the fellows were wild to get into the game.

It was Culver's ball. They were on Brandhurst's ten yard line, two downs

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and two yards to gain. "Seventeen, four, six, twenty-seven!" shouted Culver's captain. A wild shout went up from our side of the bleachers as we saw they had not made the two yards. When the fellows piled off, Waite, our left end, who was at the bottom of the pile, sat nursing his left leg, his face drawn with pain. "Hang it, it's my bum leg," he muttered, savagely gritting his teeth as he hobbled off the field. "Hey, there, Fritz!" shouted the coach at the substitute's bench, and a young fellow jumped up alertly. Jerking off his sweater and grabbing his headgear, he ran into the field. His square jaw had a determined set, and his wide blue eyes gleamed with the fire of battle as he took his place at the left end.

The men lined up; the signal was given. Jones took the ball and vaulted high in the air over the heads of the players. One long wild yell of exultation arose from the crowd—he had gained six yards. Two more downs, with slight gains. They were now on Brandhurst's twenty yard line, and only three minutes longer to play.

The captain's voice rang sharp and clear as he shouted the signal. The men darted quickly into their places. The ball was passed to Avery. With a quick leap he was out of reach of most of the men. Dodging here and there, he saw a clear field before him, when suddenly Culver's heavy right end darted in front of him. "Oh, Lord, was it all up with us now, just when we saw victory so near?" The immense crowd of spectators were silent as the grave. Then another man, with a bound reaches the tackle. It is our sub. They collide and fall heavily to the ground and the sub lies still, while Avery dashes down the field, and amid the deafening cheers of the rooters, makes the touchdown.

"Hi! Ki! Hi! Ki! Hi! Ki! Ya!"

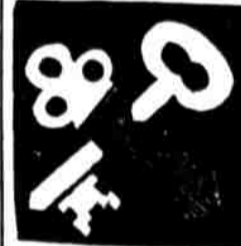
Brandhurst! Brandhurst! Rah! Rah! Rah!" shout the rooters, wild with joy. Avery kicks goal and makes it. "One—two—three—four—five—six!" yell the rooters.

"Oh, look, Jack," gurgled a pretty coed in the grandstand. "Who is the poor boy who is hurt?"

"Oh, I don't know; he's only a sub," answered her brother impatiently, as he turned to join in the general cheer. "Who's all right? Av-er-y! !!"

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