

An Exciting Chase and Its End

The Old Grad. Relates a Tragedy That Happened in the Philippines

The old grad was one of those gallant warriors who had risked their lives in the service of their country in the Philippines, and now he liked to break the monotony of the sophomore's student existence by sometimes relating to him tales of wild adventure and hair-breadth escapes in which he had figured during his term of service. The sophomore had come to know what to expect when the old grad's pipe went out between his teeth, and his eyes assumed that far-away expression that betokened reminiscence. But he had learned, too, that the story would come in due time, if he only waited patiently enough, and that the old grad was not to be hurried in his recital. So tonight, as he saw the last faint whiff of smoke rise from the old grad's pipes, and saw his eyelids close half-dreamily, he composed himself till the old grad should begin his story.

At length the old grad's eyes opened a trifle, and he removed the pipe from his mouth.

"I was reading this afternoon of the capture of General Algerando, the famous Filipino chief," he remarked casually.

The sophomore exhibited no interest in this announcement, but the old grad continued, notwithstanding.

"I had almost forgotten the existence of the senior, in spite of the important role he once played in the drama of my life. But as I read the news, visions of that wild chase in which we both figured so prominently recurred to my mind. Once more I saw the senior's swarthy face of steel glaring over me beside that never-to-be-forgotten stream where we met for the last time. Again the gleam of savage triumph lighted his eyes as he saw victory in his grasp. How his long stillets shone in the sunlight as it hung suspended in his hand above my face! What a villain he was!"

The old grad stopped and gazed silently at the bright flames in the sophomore's fire-place. Again the sophomore waited patiently, and again his patience was finally rewarded.

"My regiment was stationed at that time in the comparatively level region of the San Juan valley. That part of Luzon was not very thickly settled, yet we officers made the acquaintance of several charming Spanish ladies in the neighborhood, with whom we spent many enjoyable afternoons while we were off duty. There was one senora especially who soon completely won my heart. Her father's residence, however, was a distance of over twelve miles from our camp and I was seldom able to see her save on those occasions when we made up a party for the purpose of holding a dance at her villa. The insurgents were constantly on the alert, and it was not safe for a small company, to say nothing of a single person, to venture far from the fort.

"My infatuation finally reached such a height, however, that one evening I felt that I could stand it no longer without a sight of my sweetheart. I stole cautiously past the guard, ran quickly to my horse, which I had purposely picketed some distance away, and rode off in happy anticipation of my coming pleasure.

"Alas, as I topped the little hill that overhung the farm, a scene of desolation such as I can find no words to describe met my horrified eyes. The insurgents had taken an awful revenge for our host's hospitality to us, and the farm-house lay in smoking ruins.

"Like a mad-man I dashed down to the smoldering building to discover, if possible some sign of my sweetheart. In vain! Not a human being was in sight. With heavy heart I turned to remount my faithful horse.

"Suddenly a savage cry sounded in my ears. I turned in my saddle. A band of perhaps a dozen Filipinos was approaching at full speed, and gaining on me at a rate that sent a chill through my bones. But my horse was a good one and for probably six miles the race was even. Suddenly, however, one of my pursuers' horses stepped into a concealed rut and broke his leg. After that they gradually dropped behind, till at last, when we were about two miles from the river that separated me from my friends, but two were left.

Even as I watched these two, one horse, dropped from sheer exhaustion, and only one foe remained. It was the man who afterwards became one of the most famous of the Filipino leaders—Alonzo Algerando.

"Suddenly a thought struck me. I could have kicked myself for being such a fool before, but instead I shouted for joy. Saved at last, I thought turning in my saddle I leveled my revolver at my sole pursuer and pulled the trigger six times in rapid succession, confident that one shot at least would take effect. Imagine, if you can my chagrin and despair as I saw him still gaining on me, entirely unharmed. I unstrapped my rifle from the saddle and turned to try my aim once more. But we had been at target practice that afternoon and I had forgotten to reload the magazine. I hurled the thing from me in disgust.

"We were now but a few steps from the river. I felt my horse falling under me. I tugged my sheath knife from my belt and tried to pull open the blade. It had caught on something, however, and in despair I threw it away.

"At last my horse staggered and fell. I cleared myself of the saddle and started off on foot. I looked behind. My enemy was in the same plight. But he was a stronger man than I. Soon I felt his hot panting breath on my cheek. We had reached the bank of the river. I plunged in. My pursuer followed. Summoning all my remaining powers, I swam with all my strength. I reached the shallow water on the other side. But here strength left me. I sank down exhausted.

"As I raised my face in resignation to Heaven, the triumphant grin of my antagonist met my eyes. With a last despairing hope I remembered the little pen-knife my mother had given me for a keepsake. I reached for it."

Here the old grad coughed and opened the case for his pipe. He carefully deposited the sacred meerschaum in it and placed it in his pocket. At last the sophomore could restrain himself no longer.

"What happened. What did he do?" he asked.

"Who? Oh, the Filipino?" the old grad answered in surprise. "Why, he killed me, of course."

For several minutes no sound was heard save the muffled protests of the old grad and the maddened curses of the sophomore. Would the jury have called it justifiable homicide?

COLLEGE DEBATING WORLD

Colorado college is trying to get a debate with Kansas.

Johns Hopkins and Brown meet in debate this year for the first time.

The fourth annual Wesleyan-Williams debate was won by Wesleyan.

In their seventh annual debate in December Brown and Dartmouth will argue the immigration question. Each college has won three debates.

In selecting judges for the Harvard-Yale debate, the following method has been adopted: Yale submits a list of twenty-six names from which Harvard selects six, from which six Yale chooses three.

At Northwestern the faculty rules that the students shall concentrate their efforts in intercollegiate debate to the two contests in the Central Debating league. Of this league, the members of which are Chicago, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Northwestern, Northwestern won the championship last year.

Kansas is interested in seeing the projected Mississippi Valley Oratorical association get successfully organized. In letters to Nebraska officials, Professor Frasier, assistant professor of public speaking at Kansas, is urging Nebraska to join and help get public address off the flower-pot, spouting basis on which so-called oratorical contests hereabouts have so far been conducted.

At Harvard a new university debat-

ing union has been organized to take the place of the junior and senior debating clubs. The club consists of members of the junior and senior classes and other members of the university interested in debate, excepting freshmen and sophomores, who continue to have their separate class clubs. The constitution of the new university debating clubs provides for weekly debates on a plan similar to that followed in Prof. G. L. Baker's course in debate, out of which have come the men who defeated Princeton eight years in succession and Yale three-fourths of the time. The faculty controls the new club, which in turn has charge of the intercollegiate debates.

Excursion For Thanksgiving.

The Burlington announces a rate of one fare and one-third round trip from Lincoln to all points in Nebraska for students and teachers of the University of Nebraska. Tickets to be sold November 25th and 26th, and good to return to November 30th.

The above rates to be made only upon presentation of certificate signed by proper officials of the University certifying that applicant is a regular student or teacher of the institution, and that rate is desired for applicant's individual use in going home for his vacation. Certificates shall be countersigned by Secretary of Lincoln local passenger association for which a charge of 25 cents will be made on each certificate.

This is the first time rate that has been granted for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Business Meeting of Y. M. C. A.

Tuesday evening November 24, at 7 o'clock the members of the association will meet in business session. This is one of the most important meetings at which members will be asked to be present. Every member is not only asked to be there, but he is urged to make a special effort. The meeting will close not a moment later than 7:45, perhaps earlier.

Chairmen of committees are urged to see that each member of their particular committees shall be present.

Professor Stuff's class in "Elaine" will have an examination next Friday which will cover the entire work gone over. Professor Stuff wishes all back work to be made up at this time.

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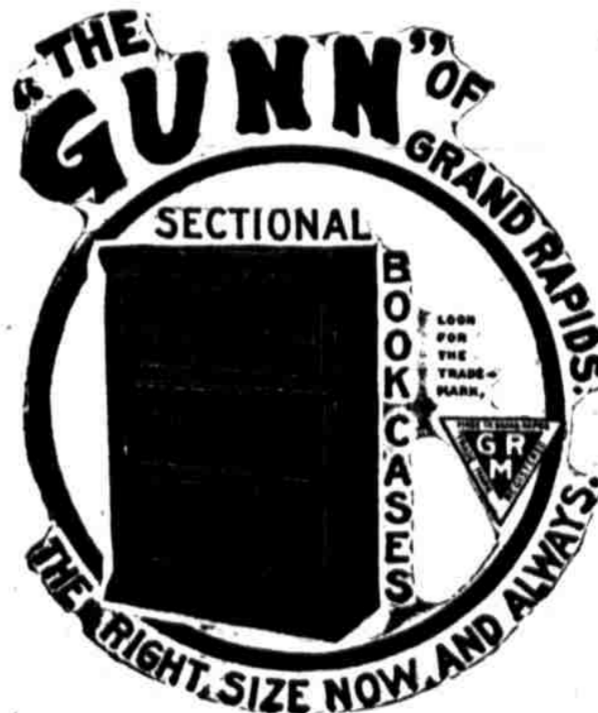
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