

The Inconveniences of Boarding Out.

Old Grad Instigates a Charivari and Then Concludes to Move

"In the light of several little adventures that have come to my notice of late in which you have taken a prominent part, I had not supposed it necessary to caution you on any subject connected with the problem of graft," the Old Grad began, as he settled comfortably among the cushions of the Sophomore's sofa and helped himself to a liberal pipeful of the latter's fine-cut. "But I have been forced to the conclusion recently that however officious you may be in the affairs of your fellow students, you are singularly lacking in that self aggressiveness and independence which have become synonymous for the term Sophomore.

"I did not suppose, when I advised you to move from your late apartments that you would permit yourself to be inveigled into taking such quarters as these. I admit that they are clean and fairly well furnished, but the noise, my son, is something scandalous. There is a vast difference in being in a joint where there is so continuous a racket going on that one can not enjoy living, and in being where there is such a dearth of noise that one's very hands itch to smash the furniture in order to furnish some excitement. Impose on others all you wish to uphold the honor and traditions of your class, if for no other reason, but don't, as you value ancient Sophomore history, permit others to impose on you.

"What's that? The landlady is responsible for the most of the noise? She quarrels with her boarders, does she? I see I must add another chapter to the series of reminiscences which I have from time to time related for your benefit."

The Old grad paused, and again filled his pipe from the Sophomore's box. Then he slowly lighted it, and puffed thoughtfully for a few minutes, while he collected his remembrances. Presently he continued.

"I once roomed in a joint very similar to this one. It was clean, well furnished and the rent was very reasonable. The landlady was a widow of rather strenuous disposition and spent a good share of her time in quarreling with her boarders. I was a Sophomore at that time and did my utmost to deserve the bitter complaints which she constantly voiced concerning my conduct, but she was not satisfied. The house was so noisy I could not study, yet she accused me of making a large share of the disturbance. I protested her allegations were ill founded, and was forced to spend most of my time in the library in order to keep up with my work at all. My wounded spirit cried out for vengeance. It soon came.

"Along with her other most estimable qualities the landlady had a weakness for 'lodges.' The fact that the fraternity to which her husband had belonged during his unhappy lifetime had beaten her out of the life insurance at his death, did not abate her devotion to the institution and frequently she invited members of the lodge to hold their customary pow-wows at her house.

"It was on these occasions that life seemed darkest to me. It was at these times that the library held me fast within its walls. Then did my anger rise, and jaws set with determination. "One night the crisis came. It was late, and I was returning to my room with bright anticipations of a quiet hour of study amid the sonorous snores of the household. But, alas, as I neared the house, my heart sank within. Another pow-wow was on. Every window shone with light and loud was the merrymaking. I sank down on the doorstep in despair.

"Soon, however, my notice was attracted to a crowd of small boys who had been drawn by the celebration. I had an inspiration. I walked down to the gate and called to them.

"What's the matter with you kids?"

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I asked. "There ain't any cops down this way. Don't you know a wedding when you see one? The old gent's got a whole stack of bananas and cigars in there. Why don't you ginger up?"

"For a minute they stared at me in silence. Then with a wild howl of delight they were off, and I sought the shelter of my room to await developments. They were not long in coming. Soon the most infernal racket that ever met my ears rose from the street. 'Tick-tacks' beat against the window panes. Rosin cans screeched on the doors. Tin pans, horns, a wheezy trombone, a broken snare drum, and other contrivances beyond my powers of description contributed to a din that all but deafened me. Even then the racket was added to by the terrified screams of the company below. Several ladies fainted, and the remainder were in hysterics.

"I sauntered down stairs and sought out the landlady from the howling mob in the dining room. 'Mrs. Black,' I said, putting as much severity as possible into my voice, 'Mrs. Black, do you expect your boarders to submit to such disgraceful proceedings as these? I have remained in your house several weeks already much against my will, and merely out of consideration for your white hairs. But my patience is exhausted. You may seek another boarder tomorrow.

"I must admit that I was staggered at her reply. 'Thank Heaven!' was all she said.

"But my revenge was accomplished. I allowed my kids to continue the charivari with unabating fury for about a half-hour, and by that time most of the guests had sought retreat by the back door. Then I stole softly out and explained that the groom was 'tight' and 'refused to dough-up.' So we went down to the Dago fruit store on the corner and everyone 'had something' on me. Next day the boarders left in a body. I guess that's all, and the Old Grad knocked the ashes from his pipe.

The Band at Chapel

A crowded chapel listened attentively to the excellent music furnished by the University band. The pieces rendered were inspiring and especially pleasant to the musical ear.

These entertainments furnished from time to time by the band are an important and interesting part of our convocation programs, and the crowded house to greet them on ever occasion, together with the hearty applause that follows each rendition speaks volumes of praise and appreciation from the student body for the excellent musical talent displayed.

The leader as well as the players are certainly deserving of much credit for the high standard of music furnished on all of these occasions, and we should show our appreciation by our presence at every event.

These lively pieces have a tendency to lighten the overworked mind and stir the man to lofty ideals, when they carry him away for a few moments from the drastic drudgery and regular routine of school work.

Successful Round Table.

The round table conducted by John L. Webster of Omaha last Wednesday evening was one of the most interesting events of the State Historical society meeting. The subject for discussion was the constitution of 1875. Among those present who took part in the framing of that constitution were Judge Broady, Judge Reese, Judge Pound and Judge Gere. Many questions were asked of members present and many interesting incidents were brought out in connection with it. One of the noticeable features of the meeting was that the twenty-eight years that had elapsed since the framing of the document had made the memories of those present who took part in the convention somewhat vague, so that at various times they were unable to agree.

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Collegiate Alumni Meeting

The Nebraska branch of the Collegiate Alumni association met yesterday afternoon with Mrs. A. G. Warner, 1619 R street. The leading feature of the program was a talk by Mrs. W. G. L. Taylor, in which she gave a description of a recent trip to New Orleans, and an account of the American Economic association, which met at New Orleans during the holidays. The National Association of Collegiate Alumni was organized in 1889-90, and is one of the active societies of the day. The Nebraska branch of this association meets on the second Friday of each month. Any alumnus of the University of Nebraska or of any college or university of equal rank is eligible to membership. The present officers are: President, Mrs. Frank H. Woods; secretary, Miss Compton.

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