

STURGIS GETS HARD KNOCKS

Ag Student Finds Working in Cruel World Full of Interesting Events.

A letter from Paul T. Sturgis was received by Professor Chase yesterday and given over to the tender mercies of the Nebraskan. Sturgis was a junior in the College of Agriculture last year, and is out knocking up against the hard, hard world instead of returning to University the first semester. His letter is self-explanatory, and is reproduced below:

Sioux City, Iowa.

Prof. L. W. Chase:

Dear Sir—This is not an application for a job, as I have had, all the jobs I can handle. I haven't had any traction engines to handle yet, so that accidents in this line have been rather few. It has been my great misfortune to have been frequently and sadly misjudged. Everyone in this town thinks that because I have been seen flirting with a transit on various occasions I am a full-fledged engineer. Instead of a lowly agriculturist, and they have put me to work on some job where I have to figure my head off. This year I was given a transit and level and a set of blueprints for a five-story concrete building, and told to line in the pier footings and give them grades. It was like running a clothesline on a dark night.

After that was finished I tried newspaper reporting and lasted two weeks; had the church run, and I know why they call it a run now. Those preachers had me on the run all the time; one was up in the office looking for me one day, but I saw him coming. Quoted one on the immorality of tight skirts and got in bad again; announced a K. C. picnic a week before it was held (all Irish, too).

I am now in a creamery holding my breath for fear that they will ask me to make a Babcock test before the book comes with the instructions. I have stalled them off so far by pressure of work, and here is hoping they don't ask me to make some BUTTER, for if they do I will be billed for a new job. Have written to the dairy department for the shortest little short course they ever gave; hope it gets here in time.

Sincerely,

PAUL T. STURGIS.

OFFSIDE KICKS

By the Cheerful Grouch

FRATS

A frat is an aggravated form of sociability, living under a common roof and a common name, and pointing with pride to its distinguished pledges and honored alumni.

Frats are divided into fraternities and sororities. In many instances, however, the distinction is indistinct. Many a house with auriferous hen-tracks on the front door can not be classified by an examination of its front porch and parlor.

Frat pins, which are cheaper than engagement rings, and don't have to be fitted, are worn by frat men over the fourth floating rib. On frat women they climb several notches higher. Instead of pins, pledges wear buttons and pillowā.

The name of the frat is placed at the head of each chapter. (Rather a novel idea, that chapter thing.) The hieroglyphics attached to each Hellenic habitat are one of the greatest incentives to the study of the classics. After a student learns to distinguish between one of these places and a shoe-shining stand he becomes fired with an ambition to learn more about the cabalistic symbols. Before the fire goes out he has found out that a streak of lightning, a pitchfork, and a hook and eye, minus the hook, denotes the resort of Sigma Psi Omega.

Female frats are composed, if you can call them composed, of pulchritudinous pippins, productive of prestige, and the other sisters, "who are not exactly beautiful but have something awfully attractive about them." These latter, by the way, possess Kansas farmers and trust magnates for paternal ancestors.

A close approximation of the amount due on the first chapter house can be made by observing the ratio of offensive to defensive players. (No offense meant.) Prospective pledges have been discovered who qualified for both the Venus and Hetty Green classes, but none has ever survived the rushing reason.—Daily Kansan.

VOTE FOR

John T. Marshall

of Panama

FOR STATE SENATOR

REPUBLICAN TICKET

He is a pioneer of the county. He believes in developing the resources of the community and will consistently stand for a business policy in legislation. Do not fail to vote for John T. Marshall next Tuesday. A banker and a thorough going business man, energetic, able and of good sound judgement.

Mr. Marshall is a loyal supporter of the State University.

Table d'Hote Dinner Sundays

THE U OF N CAFETERIA

Will serve a table d'hote dinner in the west room on Sundays. The price will be 35 cents. Chicken dinner 40 cents. This does not effect the regular Cafeteria plan which will also run on Sundays.

MAIN FLOOR

TEMPLE BUILDING

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

AT

WESTERFIELD'S CAFE

213-215 NORTH 9TH ST.

MEAL TICKETS \$2.00 AND UP

LITTLE GEM HOT WAFFLES AND MAPLE SYRUP A SPECIALTY

WE CATER TO VARSITY STUDENTS

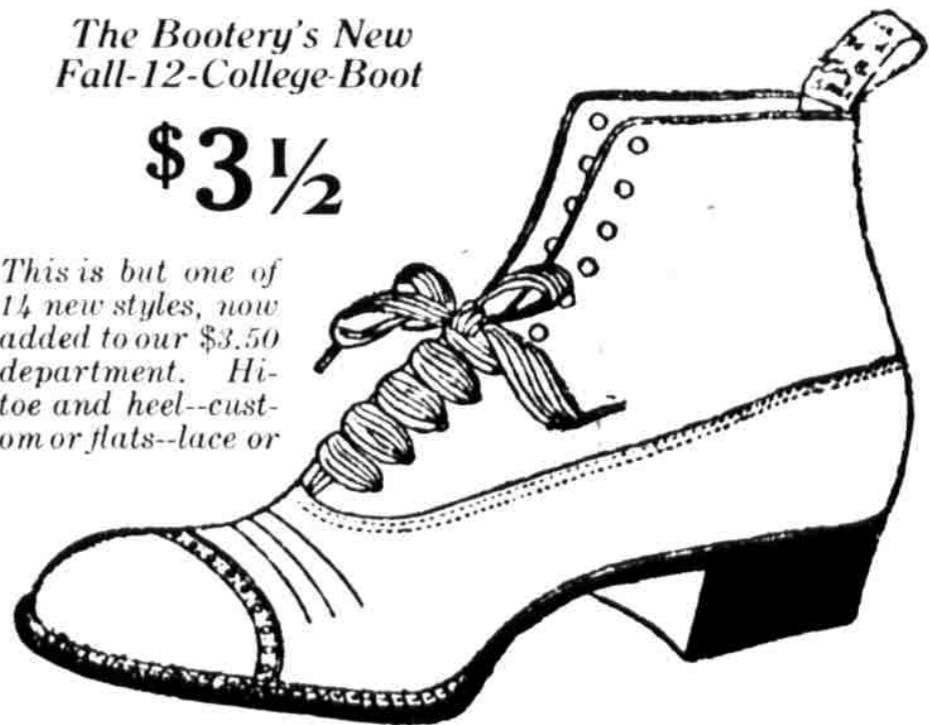
Special Agents "THOMPSON" SHOES \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00

THE "CADET"

The Bootery's New Fall-12-College-Boot

\$3 1/2

This is but one of 14 new styles, now added to our \$3.50 department. Hi-toe and heel--custom or flats--lace or



buttons--tan or gun metal. Sure a nifty lot for three-fifty. For drill or street-wear--the Bootery's Cadets are sure the proper Boots. They are the very keenest for three-fifty--Ask about the Cadet--See them in the windows.

144 No. 12th

MEN'S BOOTERY

The College-Man's Shoe Store

144 No. 12th