

# THE NEBRASKAN.

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ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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Address all Communications to THE NEBRASKAN, University of Nebraska.

We want some songs. We want them for that Missouri game. A dollar rate to Omaha will be secured, enabling many to attend. We have never beaten Missouri. We hope to this time, but our team must have support in every way. If you haven't the money, you can help with your brains. If you have both, help with both.

If we get another "singing school" started it is going to raise some enthusiasm. In the popular vernacular, "any old thing" is what we want. THE NEBRASKAN is ready with its space to publish any "tolerable" production. You can help. Will you do it?

There has been a growing spirit in the University of Nebraska in favor of debating organizations and opposed to oratorical associations. Last year arrangements were made to hold annual debates with Kansas University, which proved an honor to both institutions in the debate which was held in Kansas last June.

This year a greater interest is shown in the work and thirty-one have registered in the preliminary debates, which will determine who is to represent Nebraska in the next debate, which will be held in Lincoln. All the students should turn out to these preliminary debates and help this good work on. There is nothing more helpful to a student who wishes to become efficient in public speaking than these debates, and we should do all we can to aid them. Among the important steps that the University has made this year is the founding of this college debating association, and it is hoped that it will prove a success.

We know how to receive a victorious foot ball team. We did it last year in a manner that was entirely satisfactory to all. Why can we not do it this year? The result of the Denver game, whatever it may be, should not have any influence with the amount of enthusiasm we are to raise on the team's return. The boys are coming back from their first trip. Now is the time to show your enthusiasm. There is no cause for waiting until the end of the season before any demonstration of our appreciation of the team's work is shown. We want to do it now. At the beginning of the season, when it will count, is the proper time.

There ought to be a mass meeting called for Friday or Saturday afternoon or evening. That rope we used last year is stowed away in one of the Co-op lockers. It is within easy reach. Let a committee of two or three be appointed to make the proper arrangements, and with the co-operation of everyone we ought to have another "howling success."

If all that can be done to that mass meeting with very little time and trouble, a program can be arranged for the reception of the team. This ought to be done. It is our duty. Let some energetic fellow get hold of this project and push it along—it's a good thing.

Why do not our wheelmen organize a club? Judging from the number of wheels we see about the campus every day, we think an organization of this sort could have a large membership. Both the University and the wheelmen would be the gainers. Some good bicycle races could be arranged for field day, interesting wheeling matters could be discussed, possibly with a close organization some accommodations for the wheelmen could be secured. Then one would not have to be wondering if his wheel was safe when he ought to be listening to a professor's lecture. Moreover the social advantages which the members would obtain would alone be worth what little trouble it takes to organize. Permission to use a room for regular meetings could be easily secured. Here discussions and a good social chat could be held, bringing men with a common hobby together. They would know what to talk about. Who ever saw two wheelmen, although they be total strangers, who could not thoroughly enjoy themselves in a conversation pertaining

ing to affairs bicycle. Now that the suggestion has been made act upon it. You can form an organization with the knowledge that its members are all of the right sort. To be sure there are local city wheel clubs, but as a rule the class of people that make up their membership does not appeal to our professors and students. Speaking of our professors, there are many of them who will thus be brought into closer relationship with a number of their students, if they will but join in establishing such an organization.

**DIRECTIONS AT THE MAIL BOXES.**  
The mail boxes are placed in the hall simply to mark a spot to congregate on. After you have assured yourself that there is nothing there for you, just turn around where you are and gossip with your neighbor, who has just approached. Be sure and stand with your back close to the boxes, so no one else can examine them. If it is just after chapel time, pay careful attention to this position.

If you do not take a college paper, do not forget to look at the name on each one. If you observe carefully, everybody does this. Of course there is a little disappointment expressed on their countenances at this neglect on the part of the managers in overlooking them, but they make up for it by taking one out of the box anyway. This is all right. Anything that happens about those mail boxes is all right.

Before leaving assure yourself that the executive clerk has not made a mistake and put your mail in someone's else box. Look into the boxes above, below, or at either side. Then do not forget your friends. Look through the mail in their boxes. You may be a little curious, perhaps, so look through the remaining boxes before departing (there are not many left). Anything that might have dropped to the floor, leave there. The next individual will probably think it is his own and pick it up. Don't hurry away. You have plenty of time.

### AROUND THE CAMPUS.

The Quarter-back, the Banjo Fiend, the Gilded Fool and the Star Idiot were in a group near the south door, talking about the races. They had all been out to the park the day before—that is, all except the Star Idiot, but since he was an exception to all general rules he was never counted in. The reason why the Star Idiot was not out was because he did not know that the races were on that particular day. He had read the advertisements and had a vague idea that they were to come off sometime, but he did not think of looking for the date, and, of course, no one told him, because they never told him anything—it was too useless. The Gilded Fool was evidently very much worked up and his stammering talk was full of "home stretch," "broken tandem" and "man in blue suit." Whenever the Gilded Fool was intensely interested his tongue never seemed to work right, and today his speech was very incoherent. He was one of those very nervous people who get excited over nothing and when anything interesting occurs are on the verge of insanity. The Gilded Fool's laugh was partly exuberant and partly hysterical.

"What made me tired," said the Quarter-back in his usual drawl, "was the way they cut us out of that last race."

"But the riders had to catch the train," broke in the Gilded Fool.

"Catch nothing," sniffed the Banjo Fiend. "Don't make that sort of a drive at me. I'm from Missouri."

"Why, I thought you were from Dakota," said the Gilded Fool, innocently. The Gilded Fool could never grasp the meaning of a slang phrase until after everyone had abandoned it on account of its age and humor, except in its simplest stages had no charms for him.

"I heard an awfully funny story yesterday," began the Star Idiot, in his nerve-racking monotone. "It was about—" Just then the door opened suddenly and the Social Struggler swept in. She did not notice the group near the radiator and was about to hurry on when a shaft of light from the closing door shone on the fraternity pin of the Banjo Fiend. She turned around with a winning smile, which was the result of long and diligent practice, and greeted them individually and collectively. The sparkle of a frat pin had a wonderful effect on the Social Struggler. She had been brought up to believe that a frat pin was the symbol of everything desirable in mankind and she consequently took great pains to speak to the possessor of every badge. The fact that she was a frat herself did not have anything to

do with the magical effect the pin had on the mind and actions of the Social Struggler. The Gilded Fool did not notice the Social Struggler; he was too busy telling the Star Idiot how "the second feller passed the first one and then they were caught up with by the feller in blue and the tandem wasn't in it and the man in blue beat by a half a wheel." Of course the Star Idiot did not know what he was talking about, but he gave him his undivided attention and looked very interested, which was enough for the Gilded Fool. When he did turn around he was quite effusive and asked her if she had seen the races. She replied in the negative of course, since she never went much of anywhere except where the Gilded Fool was her escort.

"I want to tell you people a story," began the Star Idiot, who seemed determined to be heard. "It was awful funny and—"

"Your English is bad," said the Banjo Fiend. "You should not mix your adjectives with adverbs." The Star Idiot was not in the least hurt by this interruption and was going on when the Sweet Creature came around the corner and shut him off again, much to the relief of the rest of the crowd. The Sweet Creature was looking for the Perfect Blonde, but was not at all disappointed to run into the Quarter-back. The Gilded Fool immediately began to tell her how the "man in blue won the mile open by a half a wheel." The Banjo Fiend was meanwhile growing restless; he did not care to hear the Gilded Fool tell his tale for the thirtieth time, and besides he saw the Star Idiot watching his chance to tell his story, so he broke away and went over to the mail box to talk with the Politic Maid. He did not admire the Politic Maid very much, but she had a charming cousin in school, and it was a good plan to stand in with the family.

The group by the radiator had been augmented by the Shy Youth and the Ladies' Man, and they were all doing their best to choke off the Gilded Fool. When he had told them for the hundredth time that the "man in blue came over the tape and a half ahead," his breath gave out and he was compelled to discontinue his narration.

"I heard an awfully funny story," began the Star Idiot again, "and it was just—" but that minute the chapel bell rang and the Star Idiot's story was never told. H. S.

Fred Clements (in the gallery)—"Say Bratt, throw up a song book." Bratt does not understand and so goes up to the gallery and wants to know what is the matter. "Oh! Why I want to sing," says Fred. Bratt goes off with a sorrowful countenance and says, "I'm glad I'm here."

All the literary societies seem to be adding good members this year. In the Delian society this is true to a marked degree. The fraternities are also getting some of the brightest newcomers. From which we judge that a large percentage of our new students are bright, energetic young women and young men.

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