

THE NEBRASKAN.

A Weekly Newspaper Issued Every Friday Noon, by the Students of the University of Nebraska.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

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The Nebraskan will be sent to any address upon receipt of the subscription price, which is one dollar a year. Contributions are solicited from all.

Address all communications to The Nebraskan, University of Nebraska.

Attention cannot be directed too strongly to the advantages which debating clubs and the training in elocution and public speaking offer in this university. The ability to express one's thoughts readily before an audience is in the majority of cases acquired rather than natural. A fluency of language and terseness of expression are qualities which the world is more and more demanding of the college man and woman. The thoughtful public asks for something more than rhetorical phrases. Speech must be accompanied by richness of intellect. The thoughtful will tolerate no other kind. Where may we get the training necessary for this efficiency? The public is not a fit object upon which to experiment. We must go elsewhere. A society or class of those who are all united in their efforts to reach the same goal affords the best advantages. Each one is eager for the training that comes from mutual exchange of ideas and criticisms. So there is a feeling of general co-operation.

The debating clubs in the university give every student a splendid opportunity for training in public speaking. Demosthenes when questioned as to the best method of oratorical training is said to have replied: "Practice, practice, practice." Time has demonstrated the wisdom of his saying. This discipline must be included in every well-rounded course of study. So to the new students; and others as well, the debating clubs cordially extend invitations to visit and join in their meetings in this noble work.

A week from tomorrow, the football teams of the university of Nebraska and of Doane college, will meet in this city. With a possible exception, this will be the only interesting game that the majority of our students can expect to witness. It therefore behooves us to make the most of it. There is really a good chance here to bring out some of our "moss back" students, and show them a good time. Everything is conducive in making this date the most enjoyable one of the year. Here are two colleges which are to meet in good natural rivalry. Doane has always shown her enthusiasm in sending a large delegation to Lincoln to witness this annual struggle. What ought Nebraska to do on her own grounds? At the least calculation, there ought to be eight hundred university students witness this contest. The coming struggle is surrounded with all the college accessories to make it the most enjoyable. Those of us who pine for the opportunity of seeing one of the big eastern games, can make this one just as interesting. If we put a little of the college tone to it, rather than that of a funeral, the students of this university can be treated to the best sample of what college life means.

Well, we are at the same old stand crying for college songs. This time it is the Doane game that is bothering us. Everybody is going to be right here on the spot, and there is no reason in the world why we can't have some well organized shouting and singing. The Nebraskan's columns are open to all, and next week we expect to print some choice selections. Now show your loyalty by trying to concoct some unearthly conglomeration of words that won't mean anything, yet that will make lots of noise and sound horrible and wonderful.

We must remember that on the day of the Doane game, that we are hosts. This implies all in reference to ourselves as opponents, as it does to the host of the highest society. True, Doane did not give us a good example to copy after, but it might be that we could do fairly well if we attempted it in our own ignorant way. As an exemplary university, we should try it at least.

It is to be hoped that the University Glee club will organize early this year. The good work done by the club in past years is certainly recognized. It is a duty which we owe to our Alma Mater to make this undertaking one of the best

of our college doings. To be sure, the club has not received the financial assistance heretofore necessary, but we may truthfully predict that this will not happen the ensuing year. Every loyal student recognizes that a good glee club fills an important place in college life. It not only speaks highly of those who are members, but it reflects honor on our university. All the leading universities are enthusiastic in this respect of college doings. Certainly no little time and money is spent. Although working up a good glee club may mean some sacrifice on the part of the students, yet it is a matter which ought to be encouraged and made a success.

The usual complaint is made of students disregarding property rights. It is to be expected that among a large number of busy students, there will be a slight feeling of carelessness in daily affairs. When an overworked student comes rushing out of a recitation and finds his hat is gone, and a poor one left in its place, it is to say the least, provoking. Of course it is always simply a mistake, but it's queer the trade is always one way. Few leave a good hat in place of a poor one! If it is college spirit to appropriate what does not belong to us, let us restrict our efforts to looting the enemy. We are all poor financially and equally unable to purchase extra hats and umbrellas in these hard times. Let each and every student regard the property of others as well as of himself. By so doing, unpleasantness and possible trouble may be avoided.

Some means ought to be invented to prevent aimlessly wandering students from intruding themselves so suddenly upon a filled recitation room. Not mentioning the disturbance to the members of the class, the look that comes over the face of such an intruder, incites pity and compassion from the unprotected public. Of course he is not to blame for supposing that such and such a room is not occupied. Oftentimes it is necessary for him to know, and there is one way of finding out—to make a fool of himself for a moment. Either a pane of ordinary glass ought to be substituted for the ground glass now in the doors of the various recitation rooms, or professors should have some means of posting a bulletin on the outside, that would inform would-be intruders, when a recitation was in progress.

As a university we lack a means of gathering together under the form of an organized body. We have no "student-body" as such, a fact that has been much deplored on several occasions in the past. The Nebraskan expects to have an article next week, written by a former Stanford student, descriptive of the student organization that is employed at that institution, to bring all the students together under one organization. The Nebraskan intends to insist in this matter and to try and have some system introduced here that will answer the purpose. As it is, there is no way of having anything definitely acted upon by the university, except through a mass-meeting. If an organization is perfected, this unsatisfactory and troublesome method can be abandoned.

AROUND THE CAMPUS.

The Youthful Philosopher was never satisfied unless he was surrounded by a few adoring satellites. It was his greatest ambition to have his bright remarks repeated far and wide, and attributed to him. He was in this, partially successful, as his bright sayings, such as they were, and his studied similes were sure to be repeated a good many times—by himself. He rejoiced in the knowledge that he was appreciated—admired would be a better word, although they meant the same thing to the Youthful Philosopher. On this particular day, he was much gratified with the size of his audience. He stood in the small enclosure surrounded by three campus seats, while seated on the benches with more or less grace, were the Spring Poet, the Star Idiot, the Gilded Fool, the Low Comedian and the Scrub Chemist. The Youthful Philosopher looked over the group beamingly like a Sunday school teacher surveying a class, until his eye rested upon the Star Idiot who was dangling about on the bench as if he had been dropped out of the tree and stayed just where he lit. The Youthful Philosopher knew that the Star Idiot should have been in the lab at that hour, and he thought some reproof was necessary. So he said slowly, "I suppose you know—" this was certainly a safe supposition where the Star Idiot was concerned—"that it is a disastrous practice to skip lab?"

"Yes, I know it," argued the Star Idiot cheerfully, "but I knew I wouldn't learn anything if I did go."

This was certainly an unanswerable argument, so the Youthful Philosopher chose to ignore it. At that moment the Professional Flirt floated out on the south steps with all her colors flying—the possible exception of the colors she had put on that mornhug and which were not intended to fly. She was looking for the Youthful Philosopher, though she pretended she wasn't. On the other

hand he felt quite relieved at being so well gratified. He sat down on a bench and was about to unload some original observations when he was interrupted by the advent of the Cracked Tenor, who saw the Scrub Chemist and the Low Comedian and decided that it would be a good thing to sing, "She May Have Seen Better Days."

"Let's sing 'em a line," said the Cracked Tenor, adjusting his hat so that it looked a trifle worse than it did before. "Well, what shall it be?" said the Scrub Chemist.

The Youthful Philosopher began to look much worried. The Professional Flirt was still on the steps ready to pounce on him and make him walk down town with her. If such a thing as this did happen, the Youthful Philosopher knew what would be the sad result. He didn't have very much money with him, but he wanted to keep what he had. On the other hand he felt it was asking too much of his nervous system to remain while the hastily improvised trio sang eight or ten verses of a popular air. He decided to make an appeal to the vocalists, from the other source he knew there was no hope.

"I wish you fellows wouldn't sing. A trio don't sound nearly as well as a quartet. Wait until another man comes along. A trio sounds as if—"

He was suddenly interrupted by the Perfect Blond coming up behind them on the walk with the Dear Thing beside her. The Perfect Blond was piloting the Dear Thing around to see she didn't get lost. The Dear Thing really never should have been allowed to venture out without a nurse, but the Perfect Blond made a very good substitute. The Perfect Blond was glad that the boys were all close together so that one broad smile of recognition was enough to satisfy the lot. The Dear Thing tried to bow and smile to each one separately and as one might expect was not remarkably successful. She nearly walked through the wire fence which keeps the preps out of the pasture, and she entirely forgot to speak to the Spring Poet, whereat, the artistic soul of that individual was much bruised.

"I wonder where the Debutante is?" asked the Gilded Fool by way of saying something. The Youthful Philosopher didn't seem to know and moreover, didn't seem to care, whereat the Gilded Fool was visibly surprised.

Just as the Youthful Philosopher was beginning to feel safe once more, the Cracked Tenor saw a figure in a football suit walking from the armory and whistled wildly on his fingers until he succeeded in calling his attention. The Youthful Philosopher gave a weary sigh when he saw it was the Baritone, for he knew that "She May Have Seen Better Days" was going to be sung now unless a cyclone or an earth-quake would be considerate enough to come along and save him. The Baritone sauntered along toward the benches trying to look unconscious of the figure he made in his new costume. The Baritone couldn't play much football but he looked pretty well in a football suit.

The singers were just clearing their throats and the Scrub Chemist trying to get the key. The Youthful Philosopher wondered if he could sneak into the Co-Op and get under the counter before the Professional Flirt saw his escape, but he abandoned this plan as useless, when relief came from an unexpected source.

"Can I sing with you fellows too?" sang out the Star Idiot, in his wheezy falsetto, "I never did sing any but I think—"

"No!" bawled the Scrub Chemist, "Go climb a tree."

The Scrub Chemist was not usually so fierce but the Star Idiot had made him lose the key, and as the Scrub Chemist didn't often get the key, it was mortifying to lose it.

"Now start'er up," said the Baritone, adjusting his hot-tailed football jacket. The Youthful Philosopher looked wildly about him. The Professional Flirt was still standing on the steps as if she were glued there. She evidently intended to get her prey if it took her all afternoon to land him.

The quartet was just drawing in their breath for the first discord when a voice came across the campus in a long drawn "Line up!"

The Baritone jumped up and started down the walk on a run, while the Low Comedian took up his basket and rushed to Shakespeare class. To the unconcealed joy of the Youthful Philosopher, the quartet was broken up. He was just sitting down again when the Gilded Fool saw the Professional Flirt on the steps and he immediately started in her direction, followed by the Star Idiot.

The Youthful Philosopher knew that anything that was ever besieged at one time by the Star Idiot and the Gilded Fool could not escape for an hour at least and he murmured as he pulled an aged briar pipe out of his pocket, "Saved again."

Maudie: "They say that Charley Goanes is awfully sweet on you." Clara: "Nonsense! I wouldn't be seen in his company." Maudie: "I suppose that is the reason why you always turn the light down when he calls."—Boston Transcript.

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