

PRELIMINARY DEBATES.
(Continued from first page.)

standing army and enormous taxation. Mr. Shuff lacked the force and fluency of an experienced debater.

The judges of the preliminary contest then retired. Returning, they announced the following eight students who will debate again to choose three from their number to represent Nebraska in the final debate: Baker, Green, Barr, Piper, Maguire, Killen, Denton, and Meier.

CHANCELLOR McDOWELL TALKS.

Chancellor MacDowell of Denver led the chapel exercises, and delivered a short address to the students Monday morning. The theme of his talk was long life and good work. He spoke of Gladstone's oration on the Armenian troubles as containing two lessons. The first, on oratory, and the second on old age. The chancellor said in substance:

"Some think the newspaper has taken the place of public speech, but in Gladstone is still found the power and beauty of the human voice. In him and in Bismarck is yet to be seen the strength of old age. The result of tact and regularity in life. The student should remember the power of oratory as the source of glory."

He said that back of the oration must be the man, the message, and the occasion; his theme must be for a good cause, and adapted for the occasion.

In universities, he continued, was the best place to speak the truth, for there good thoughts find fertile soil. The work of young men is usually emphasized to students, but he wished to speak of long life and old age. Every thing should be done to preserve the physical, the intellectual, and moral sides of our lives. Quality and quantity of life should go together. Live long and do all the good possible, and be blessed.

SUGAR MAKING IN NEBRASKA.

Within the past week Professor H. H. Nicholson has had inquiries for four different parties concerning the prospect and outlook for the establishment of sugar factories in this state. This fact shows the general interest of people with means in this question. They are looking for favorable fields and turn first to Nebraska. Among those inquiring was a wealthy man from Japan, who was quite favorably impressed with the outlook in this state.

REV. PARMALOE TO TALK.

Reverend Parmelee, for thirty years a missionary in Turkey, and who has had charge of the distribution of funds to the sufferers in Armenia, will address the students of the university in the chapel next Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock. There is probably no man in the country who is better informed concerning conditions in Armenia than Reverend Parmelee, and the students should therefore turn out in large numbers to hear him.

THANKS DUE THEM.

Those who were instrumental in bringing Chancellor MacDowell of the university of Denver, to Lincoln, deserve and have the thanks of everyone who heard the Chancellor Sunday afternoon and Monday morning in the chapel. For deep thought and impressiveness, there has not been a superior of Chancellor MacDowell in Lincoln for some time.

A PASTORAL IN PHYSICS LAB.

The western sun was joyously dropping behind the smoke stack of the engine house. Its quivering rays struck "Hattie" Hatfield's head as he watched the pendulum of the clock.

"I must take a brace. I am not keeping up my usual record," said Buck McCree to Davvy who was blowing glass. "What's matter?" said Davvy, trying to talk through the glass tube.

"I haven't tried to mash a single one of the lab queens today. I'm not up to my limit," answered Buck.

Orry Kellog sat with his shapely head bowed in thought and a dish of steaming liquid. He had been pondering deeply for an hour. He was thinking sadly how good his five dollars looked when he gave it over to the lab assistant. He remembered bitterly that some of the lab assistants had been smoking good cigars since he whacked up.

"There isn't enough juice on this ticker," yelled "Hattie" from his corner where for five minutes there had been a wonderful calm, considering the source.

Charley Barber sat hopefully eyeing the clock from his stool. He had been weighing some vacuum on a 163-sided scale. It was nearly half past four, which was the time she usually came in, ostensibly to brighten the lab. He looked at a girl who was assiduously chinning Jack Beachy over the table. She had on a celluloid button with the words, "Somebody's Darling" in bold green letters—the "somebody" being especially green. The inscription on the button did not seem to worry Charlie. Evidently it in no way referred to him. The sun crept lower down. He watched the clock.

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TREATMENT AND REASONA-

HAIRS FROM A BALD HEAD.

The devil was mad. His wide demoniac grin was gone, he clashed his fangs, while the slimy froth dripped from the point of his peaked jaw. The frowns over his hair shinned head deepened, and ran half up the standing height of his twitching ears. His pointed barbed tail smote angrily on the molten floor as he sat in state screaming in wild rage at frightened imp-couriers. The sulphurous fumes roiled about his horrid head, and touching puffed away, arching heavily above. On his great naked hide the glare of the lurid flames burned green, and shifting, lit his court. All its gruesome horror stood forth bold in the hovering frame of poisoned cloud.

He lifted his hot voice in screeching query—the pitch browned broilers fell prostrate in white livered humbly, or skidded away down the smoking paths, before the maledictions of the damned chief. "Now curses foster upon you, blood rotted limbs of belov'ing hell! Why in fiery Tartarus! why in the name of the master you serve, did you let that Dante out?"

In my scrap book there is a picture which awes, while it holds me with a mystic charm.

"Through storm on earth to peace in heaven—" A funeral barge alone on a wild sea. The dead girl on her garlanded bier, with her tossed hair loose about her soft white shroud, lies so sweet and peacefully calm in the tumult of angry storm, that the young priest bending reverently over her, seems to have lost his soul in gazing. The old man in flowing robe, with long white hairs flying, fit prototype of breme old Time, feels no human presence as he steers their silent course. Their spirits have joined in some far away clime, with that of the beautiful girl, and the dead with the living dead wanders onward through the waves. Sad and mournful that ever the exit from an unkind world should be so troubled. And the awful aloneness of it, a solitary mark in the circumambient realm of the foam capped waters.

Snider pedalling slowly beside the track, humped himself and steadied his wheel, as the snoring freight swung round the curve, and lined out on the straight. The engine lungeled by him sweeping with it the world of air, and dragging Snider along in the suction. He grabbed the step of the first car as it came along, then tried to hold down his wheel in its mad bounds. The engine quit snorting as they struck the down grade. It made the paper-wheels, gabble, gabble, gabble, and giggle, giggle, giggle, to see Sniders wheel slipping and bumping, and recklessly sliding in the loose washy gravel. The gleam of a headlight just ahead, glaring through the gathering dusk, turns his bones to marrow, and drains his veins. Impossible to ride between the rushing trains! He lets go the car, rolls off his wheel on the opposite side, flounders wildly about the up track, and wiggles off the rails, dragging his wheel with him, just as the western mail howls along the ringing steel.

Old Mr. Wilkins eats, chop-stick wise, with fork and knife, sweeping his unlucky neighbors with raking broad-sides from his extended elbows. He invariably says, "soo-oup" to his coffee from over the edge of the cup, and unconsciously appropriates a part of others' salad, eating indiscriminately to either side of his own. He maunders at the sauce bottle when trying to stop the contents from its stoppered neck, mumbles to Becky and growls hoarsely for "tay." He rises from his chair to capture the cream pitcher, dragging his elbow in the gravy coming back. He puts pieces of bread between his lips and rams them home with his fore-finger. But his love for pie surpasses understanding. With an uncertain hunk on the blade of his upheld shaky knife, and head thrown back, he glides the morsel half the length of his knife between his closing lips. When the wedge of thirty degrees has dwindled to an atom in the corner of his strained mouth, he lifts his plate and mutely demands more. Becky raspingly calls to the kitchen, "Soldier the pie!"—The old man starts nervously, but smiles reassured on the appearance of the ten degree renewal.

G. E. T.
Said the whiskered "med"
To the fair co-ed,
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams are near,
And much I fear
I will unlucky be."

Then murmured she,
"A shore I'll be,
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
And all was well,
For the ship that hugged the shore.
—EX.

THE DANCE IS DONE.
The dance is done, put out the lights
And muffle harp and violin,
Forsake the house, put out the lights
And let the silent shadows in.

The dance is done, the flowers dead,
The laughter ended in a sob,
The kisses silenced the flowers dead
Amidst the echoed music a thro'

The dance is done, the door is shut,
The house all dark, the curtains drawn,
Alas! alas! the door is shut,
And silence greets the livid dawn,
—WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

"ANY OLD THING."

A tall youth with yellow hair was tossing in the delirium of fever. Two strong men were by his bed to restrain him when he became violent. At intervals he thought he saw forms crawling about the bed and swarming over his body. Then he would scream in fear and entreat the men to take away the loathsome things. "See that skinny Epicheirema with the yellow-green head," he yelled. "Take away that Euthymeme with the yellow stripes. There comes that Sorto crawling on my face, kill him! All those Epsyllogisms are choking me with their hairy hands." The suffering of the poor lad was terrible, but the watchers only murmured, "Poor boy, that logic I. is haunting him."

"Say, why are you not at class this hour?" and he approached the bespectacled man resting on the bench. "There's a lecture in the chapel this hour, and ten o'clock classes are dismissed." "Well," came the reply, "I thought you were the man who wrote all these articles for the college papers on the beneficial influences of the chancellor's course." "I am."

"Well do tell! I didn't know they had the dormitory system at the university of Nebraska," and the old man rubbed his spectacles and looked again. "Yes there it is. 'Art rooms up stairs,' guess I'll go up and call on him."

The man who plays football is always open to having something mean said to him. Will McKay is no exception. He played good football during the junior-senior game, and lost a molar in the noble work. But when he was most expecting sympathy, Oury came up to him with, "Hello Mac, did you break that tooth off chewing the rag during that game?" And now they don't speak.

"Who is that distinguished looking foreigner?" the freshman asked of his fair companion. "I don't know," replied the girl who knew more than he did about a printing establishment, "but I saw it written once and it looked like a 'pi-line.'"

Indeed the trials of the editor are great. That man Allen for instance did not like the way we treated him last week. He thought it might seem funny to some people who could recall the time when he was editor-in-chief of a pronounced barbarian paper, and used to write editorials with something about 'institutions being undermined by the Greeks—fraternity feasts and banquet halls and standing by the barbarian guns.' Yes he imagined some people would think he was rather volatile when they read that he had joined a fraternity. Then those Alpha Theta Chis. The editor swears that their membership has increased over four-hundred percent, since their last census was taken. It seems that they did not wish the reputation of "lifting" a barb, and they became extremely numerous in informing us. Well in these cases, its pretty hard to apologize to both sides.

The following contribution to the Nebraskan doubtless originated from the disordered brain of the possessor of an empty fountain pen, and is one of the awful consequences attending the action of the Co-Op in charging a fee of one cent for filling fountain pens.

They filled their pens with Co-Op ink. But the ink on the counter they chanced to spill.

Alas! Alas! to pay for this
The Co-Op now charges a penny a fill.

I wish that I were a fountain pen
Which the Co-Op fills with ink
Then for a penny I could get full,
And have all I wanted to drink.

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