

# THE NEBRASKAN.

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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.

Students should make it a point to see that the suggestion of our registrar is carried out—that all should be properly registered, with the correct street and number given, in the office. The obligation of the executive to look up a student who is not properly registered, is a tender question. The student who is so careless as to neglect such instructions deserves all the delay that usually occurs in getting word to him. But the trouble that the registrar and her assistants must undergo as a result of his negligence, is another side of the question which must be considered. Surely the office would be justified in not making any attempt to find such a one.

Owing to the unusual business depression this year, the task of publishing the Sombbrero will be harder than at first supposed. To prevent it being a financial failure, every student must shoulder a little of the responsibility. There is such a large number of our students who let these things pass as not concerning them, that no enthusiasm or interest is displayed at all as to the probable outcome of this enterprise. True the business managers have been elected to take the financial responsibility of the publication of the Sombbrero. But unless a little more care and interest is shown by a large number, it can be said justly, that the business managers were solicited to take charge under false pretenses. This is really what it amounts to. A student should not reason that he can get along without a copy of the Sombbrero, therefore he will not get one. He should reason that he must not permit himself to be without one, and make a sacrifice somewhere else to procure a volume.

The work of the department of publicity is doing for the university will probably result the most beneficially of any that can be directed toward advertising the university favorably. It is the object of this department to procure interesting articles on university subjects, and send them to various newspapers and periodicals, which are glad to receive them. The Omaha and Chicago papers will be supplied with interesting matter from our university. Besides these, the home papers and the Western Newspaper union are well supplied. The latter company print the inside pages of nearly every country weekly in Nebraska. A great deal of university matter finds its way into these columns, through the department of publicity. This matter could not be put in a better space, as it affords state news to every reader of country papers in Nebraska. Professor Taylor has charge of this department, and he is pushing it with all of his characteristic business sagacity. All the members of the journalism class are assigned special subjects, from which they are to work up special articles. As credit is given for this work, the students have the time to inquire into their topics and get details and facts that the ordinary writer would not stop to inquire about. Professor Taylor would be glad to receive articles from any of the students, with a view of having them published in some of the numerous publications to which he has access.

You can get all the news all the time by subscribing for The Nebraskan. Only one dollar a year.

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### HAIRS FROM A BALD HEAD.

Wendell shuffled his unknocked entrance into the sacred sanctum of my room as boldly as usually does the arrogant Wendell.

Not considering him or his slabbering gabble equal to my reading, I greeted him with silent mutation and continued to study from the book before me. Because of which he, my self appointed visitant called me a "confounded old boor" and other vague epithets more or less complimentary. Lounging in otiose freedom upon the table opposite he favored me with a pitying quizzical stare, then my injured inward self gave a joyous bound, for even through the intensity of study I recollected that job of jell on the table and by intuitive digestion felt that Wendell was sitting upon it. Retaliation's tonic warmed me from feet to head and half way down again. Wandering now from study in spite of myself, I revelled in the delights of a revenge as full and complete as that of the gods. I waited in anticipatory raptures till my baited sucker-fish should feel the iron. While I was thus hugging myself in an ecstatic spasm of delight, he slipped down from the table, so also did the cloth, pasted tight to Wendell. Then he broke in on my jubilant convulsions, not only to "confound" me again but also to make some heated remarks about my household economy, for which I have not yet forgiven him.

It made him shiver to see Madam eat, to hear Madam eat, to know that Madam ate.

Madam's jaws were broad and strong and worked clean and quick, like springing steel traps. The folds of rubbery flesh on her massive jaw quivered and shook when her large teeth clicked together in vicious champs. Madam's eating tools tossed food into her yawning maw as meat is flung into a wild beast pit. She had a way of glaring at her food before attacking it, very similar to the wild hyena as it tears its prey, or like the blood besmeared cannibal as he turns his spitted roasting uncle. No one supposed that she was young. Linda changing the dishes, snickered and said she thought the Madam must have been self made and old made—then she snickered again and spilled a dinner. The Madam never smiled, a smile might derange the workings of her jaws and spoil the rhythmic bear-trap action.

He was a little lad of twelve years. In the cab of the great dead engine he worked the levers and dreamed that she lived and moved to his touch.

Every day he came down to the shops and climbing into the seat of the master-hand prepared to pull No. 4 over division I for a record. "Jamming her down into the corner," he gave her a "bite of fog". Leaning far out of the window and straining anxiously ahead, his eyes mark nothing but two lines of gleaming rails, and streaks of landscape swishing by like troubled waters rushing to the plunge.

On this long level stretch he hooks her up another notch and sets the throttle full against the guard. The quick sharp chuck of her panting breath as his old 800 feels the touch, rings like music to his ears. He is chilled to metal, a part of his flying machine—trembles with delight—pats the levers impatiently, whippers excitedly to the flashing wheels, urging them faster, faster.

"Clang a tang" yell the bridges, "clippit" chirp the switches, "chuck a chuck a chuck" that's a flock of sheep piled high on the pilot. "smack, spack" a farmer's wagon broken to splinters. "Arooh arooh, aroo aroo" the end of the division, in the fastest time in the world.

From my window, all the scene is dead, a dull flat view surely. The moribund trees and shrubs in the nakedness of their desolation stand as butts for the rude jokes of the vulgar wind. Those houses across the way, mutilated dead trees stuck together with still deader nails, stare at me with a graveyard stare, and make me sick for home. The pedestrians, the people, what are they but automatic overcoats bundled about with collars and stiffened with the cold? Even the creatures of burden work mechanically back and forth, mere steam puffing machines.

But in the trolley cars there is life, in them truly is animation. They come crawling up nose to nose and greeting in maundering familiarity pass by each other on the little sidings and spitting fire like sulphurous oaths, creep growling around the corner and away. For even the trolley car, like man and beast, when worked without rest grows cross and obstinate and in its touchy moods growls and grumbles about its task like a pampered dyspeptic over his food.

Some men are born with brains; some acquire brains, and others have brains thrust upon them.

Those who are born with brains are the students who for a brief time grace the university. Those who have acquired brains are the profs who hammer on the brains of the wise; and those who have brains thrust upon them are the brain weary business men, who are forced to brave the product of finished brain which

the profs, who have acquired brains, turn out from the walls of the uni where those of inherited brain fret the profs who have acquired brains as they teach in ceaseless rotation those who have inherited brains, and who are destined by a great brained Creator to inflict their brains upon those who are to have brains thrust upon them, and being thus afflicted have been known, individually and severally, to rack their brains for maledictions to heap on those, who having acquired brains merely follow out the wish of an all Powerful in fitting those who were born with brains to the task of thrusting those brains upon whom brains have been said to be thrust.

Will and I strolled out over the southern hills this afternoon. Everywhere I looked I saw nothing but the deadness of the view, and all was to me but the dead shape of a departed life. Every thing felt so dreary that I regretted the course our walk had taken. I missed the gaudy colors and warm fulness of nature in her bloom and saw the winter's colors and skeleton landscape.

But Will, contrarily gazed in rapture on the beautiful blendings of soft gentle colors, and delighted in the exquisite harmony of earth and leaves, raving over the sky filled with the holy radiance of the dying sun. The stubble birds fitting and chirping about the brown faced flowers; the sturdy old stalks survived their time, and the flowers and the bright flame of the prairie fire were happy strokes in his beautiful picture.

I saw the tumble-down shacks wherein dwell mankind less amply provided for than most brutes, and seeing I bitterly reviled the social system that allotted such life to the working majority. Will looked upon the picturesque and unique in the workers' abodes; the cheerful glow of the family circle, and life free from the cares of greatness, and in mock philosophy moralized on the beneficent general economy by which these were provided with sheltering roofs. G. E. T.

His Politics—Mr. Meekton had sat through the political discussion without saying a word. "Don't you take any interest in this campaign?" a friend inquired. "Of course, I don't hear anything else at home." "What's the opinion there?" "It's variegated. My wife is for gold; my father-in-law wants the free and unlimited coinage of silver and my oldest son won't be satisfied with anything except bimetalism with an international agreement." "And what position do you take?" "Me? Oh, I just sit by and holler for the Monroe doctrine."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Hayfork—who had summer boarders: "Yes, Mrs. Hayseed, the ignorance of city folks about country life is just amusin'. Ye know I had two families from New York last season." Mrs. Hayseed: "Yes, I seed 'em galavantin' around." "Well, it's an actual fact, them people brought toothbrushes with 'em, jest as if we were such savages out here as not to have sich a simple thing as a toothbrush in the house."—New York Weekly.

Teacher: "Have you finished your composition on what little boys should not do in school?" Little Johnnie: "Yes'm." Teacher: "Read it." Little Johnnie (trembling): "Little boys when at school should not make faces at the teacher, and should not study too hard, 'cause it makes them near-sighted, and should not sit too long in one position, 'cause it makes their backs crooked, and should not do long examples in arithmetic, 'cause it uses up their pencils too fast."—Nuggets.

Little Willie: "I won't play with Tommy Jones, 'cause he's naughty." Mamma: "That's my little man. What has Tommy done?" "He laughed when another boy swung our old cat around by the tail." "Who was the other boy?" "Me."—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Blacklock: "Which ob dem is de nighties' in yo' opinion, Mistah Cuttah, de pen or de swode?" Mr. Cuttah: "Well, in de fust place, I's nevah been in de pen, an' de secon' place, I don't fink de swode is in it wif a razzah."—Detroit Free Press.

Booming the Gas Business—Manager: "How many single daughters has that man Boomer?" Clerk: "Three." Manager: "Add \$5 to his gas bill, and see that the meter at his house is geared higher."—Detroit Free Press.

Tommy: "Maw, what are the 'early Christians'?" Mrs. Figg: "A man who gets up and builds the fire for his wife to get breakfast; ought to have a right to the title."—Indianapolis Journal.

Don Cameron's lunch counter, 118 South Eleventh street.

Teacher: "Now, we have Daniel in the fiery furnace. What then?" Boy: "Well, it wasn't hot enough for him."—Detroit Tribune.

It was beginning to look like rain. "Noah," called out the usurer who had accommodated the ark builder with a small loan, "when are you going to settle that little account?" "I think," replied Noah, putting his head out of a window in the side of the vessel and scanning the heavens, "I shall be able to liquidate fully in about forty days." And he drew his head in again.—Chicago Tribune.

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