

The Frying Pan.

I heard a co-ed say that she thought the interment of old Plymouth was really funny, you know. Now that was more than one could expect. It did seem reasonable that our sage instructors who would still admit that they used to be boys might at least scatter some stray twinkles from their eyes. But a girl!—why, it takes a fellow's breath away. Such vandalism, such surplus of wicked energy, such kidishness—that is what the girls should say. How could they be expected to see what fun it was for a lot of boys to get together,—“hush!”—slip along—“sh!”—keep cool—“sh!”—over the fence, behind trees,—“down for your lives!” spades, spades—“sh sh!”—dig, dig,—“flat on the ground, sh! sh! there John” and so on? I didn't see the larking done, but this I know, 'twas lots of fun.

President Shurman charmed us. He made us forget the bad things about the modern university even while he talked of them. He inspired us. It wasn't so much what he said; we have heard it many times before, the most of it; it wasn't even the way he said it, though his manner was pleasing in the extreme. But we felt his greatness in the air, as it were. Because of him, we even liked Cornell somewhat better than before, for Cornell isn't altogether so western as boasted. We're ahead of them in some ways. For instance, would any paper be at all likely, when giving a list of U. of N. people anywhere to leave out the ladies? It is about the natural thing with any eastern college of even pretended co-education to talk of “men;” Yale men, Harvard men, Cornell men, not U. of N. *men* nearly so much.

And when we see the Cornell “Widow” we are moved to pick up the HESPERIAN and even the RAG and hug them to our breast. Imagine an extra vapid edition of the Sombrero every week or month—that is the Cornell of it. Silly, idiotic, effete. That isn't the western style—not yet. Measured on the faculty side Cornell is strong and great—but we wouldn't trade. We would like a little of the private beneficence. Just suppose, now, some one would donate a thousand dollars to build a safe place for old Plymouth to be kept

in. But we will worry along, and the U. of N. may be a source of pride to every citizen of the state—after being properly punched up to it.

THE COOK.

Company F Wins.

In the athletic competition between Companies E and F on the University campus Saturday, Company F carried off a large majority of the prizes, winning five out of the seven events. Though the result is rather one sided the competition was very close all through. The winners in the different events are as follows: relay race, Co. E; three-legged race, Collet and Reed of Co. F; egg and spoon race, Hopewell, Co. E; sack race, Crawford, Co. F; accoutrement race, Weeks, Co. F; bucket race, Stroock, Co. F; tug-o-war, Co. F. After the competition was over Co. F grabbed the rope used in the tug-o-war and made off cheering to the armory, followed by Co. E. Here delicious ice cream and cake were served to both companies by Mrs. Stotsenberg. The contest was very interesting and amusing from first to last and was watched by a large crowd.

All the teachers in the Fairbury high school are U. of N. graduates.

Inspector Crabtree visited the high schools at Nelson, Edgar and Hebron last week. He will read a paper on “Laboratory in Education” before the Central Nebraska teachers' association at Kearney this week.

Members of Union society met Monday at 1:15 p. m. and elected the following officers: President, Mabel Dempster; vice-president, G. E. Hager; recording secretary, F. Van Valin; corresponding secretary, Lou Smith; treasurer, Mr. Rose; critic, Annette Abbotte; sargeant-at-arms, Mr. Evans.

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