

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Professor Caldwell in constitutional history class, Mr. McKillup, gave some of the principal centralizing influences in our history, during the present century. "Scotty,"—The present century? (Great confusion.)

But was that not a natural mistake. It is extremely difficult to break off the habits of speech of the nineteenth century with such abruptness. Unless we were told not one would observe a difference between the two centuries or notice that the old and new had been rung out and in, respectively.

This is probably due to the fact that very few people have had sufficient opportunity to compare centuries just where they join. It takes lots of experience and practice to make a good judge of centuries.

At the ends which join there is no perceptible difference between the Nineteenth and the Twentieth centuries. Both have the same general characteristics and are almost identical in certain particulars, to-wit:

Peace in the Philippines.
Boer war ended.
Cape Colony invaded.
Pat Crowe.
Aginaldo———dead.

There is much more difference between the beginning and the middle of the same century than the adjoining ends of different centuries.

For instance, at the beginning of the present—I mean the last century there were no steam cars or telegraphs, by 1850 these had all been successfully invented.

Would it not be a good plan to make the century division where the real difference is and make it mean something?

There was not such a discussion this year about when the century ends as there was last year.

The 1900 'ers were satisfied that the century was a year old and so said nothing, as a matter of course.

The 1901ists talked about the change and because the others kept quiet there was no chance for argument.

I am glad that a new century comes but once a hundred years. I won't need to write about this subject again for a long time. Perhaps by 2001 I will think of something worth writing. Wait for it.

The complaint is sometimes made that children and young people of the present day are lacking largely in that respect for older people and those in authority, which used to be so general.

An example of this was seen in chapel last Friday during the musical program. Now it must be remembered that when a program is given the professors are accustomed to sit on the floor of the chapel (on chairs of course) and leave the stage or dais vacant for the musicians.

Now it came to pass that last Friday a certain Professor, who shall remain nameless here for ever more (because I take work under him and am afraid that it may come to pass that I will not come to pass if I don't watch out)—That sentence is too long—about right for kidnapping.

Anyhow the nameless Professor took his usual seat on the throne and kept it a long time amidst the applause and laughter of the multitude. The nameless P. was too modest to

take the applause to himself, he noticed that the faculty was not as well represented as usual and wondered dimly whether he would be obliged to conduct the exercises, but his mind was really off some where in the south west corner of infinity.

The laughter and clapping continued until, when the program was almost ended, the Mathematics Man—for such he was—descended from his lofty seat.

Now the point is this, the students informed Professor Mor—the Nameless Professor, I should say, that he was in the wrong pew, but would it not have been more respectful if they or some of them had said "Come off your perch!" or something of that sort which would not have kept the professor guessing? I should think.

A kind friend has donated the following gem of thought to this department, we cheerfully give it space.

So the Arrow-Head—our esteemed contemporary—has made for itself a reputation, and reputations aren't so easily made either. But the Arrow-Head has maligned D. E. Thompson until it has actually made people stop and think when its name is mentioned. What a wonderful feat and how it makes one hesitate to become a great man! It isn't hard to be a great man. Of course not. But it is hard to keep striving young candidates for fame off your back when you have become great. Just think what hideous pictures one is likely to have drawn about himself just as D. E. Thompson has! Even the Arrow-Head has never pointed to any actual misdeed or bit of naughty behavior on the part of our friend Mr. Thompson. Perhaps they didn't know of anything. It didn't matter anyway. D. E. Thompson was being looked at by everyone and could the Arrow-Head get a perch somewhere about him, it couldn't help being seen too, you know. Its a mighty clever trick you know. There's no doubting the fact. And by the way all ye law students—aspiring to fame—take heed at this warning, we may never repeat it. Suppose when you have been admitted to the bar you should begin way down at the bottom of the ladder—say sweeping out Whedon's office—and by dint of your own earnest exertions and your splendid native ability you should pass rapidly up the steps, from the divorce case to the defence of the wronged republic, say—think what would be in store for you. Some new aspirant for fame would do just what the Arrow-Head has been doing with Thompson, when you became a candidate for the senate. Remember Thompson began just as you will without a single cent and hungry. The difference is Thompson began 30 years ago and instead of sweeping Whedon's office he began trucking freight for the Burlington at 75 cents a day. He has succeeded, has made money, lots of it to be sure and made it honestly too. If he hadn't the Arrow-Head or the World-Herald would certainly have said so. Now he is a candidate for the senate and a roosting place for our dear friend the Arrow-Head. What's the use of going to all this trouble of climbing up like Thompson has. The Arrow-Head's way of getting fame is a-way-much easier.

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