

STORIES IN PASSING.

He is rather tall and slim. He still wears a pompadour which with his glasses gives him a fierce aspect—quite effective in the class room in getting much out of the students, but not at all true to his nature.

Outside the class room he is the most companionable of men. There is a great deal of the boy about him (which is an uncommon thing in a university professor), he always has the best tobacco with him and he can wheel farther and tell more stories than any man on the faculty.

He relegates such things, however, to the afternoon. His program is—classes in the morning, recreation in the afternoon, study in the evening.

He says, "In my intellectual forest there is always some new tree to cut down," and it takes him three hours every night to do it.

And therein lies his success.

About the university they tell this story of Prof. Caldwell, of the American history department, and Prof. Fling of the European history department. It was during last summer, immediately after school was out in June, when the excitement of the campaign was growing warm. Prof. Caldwell is a westerner, Prof. Fling spent his early years in the east, and this residence influenced more or less their political views. One day in the executive office the two fell into a big discussion over the issue, and both being great sticklers on the sources decided to settle the matter on historical grounds. So together for two months they pored over everything relating to money since the time of Solomon. After they had waded through the last volume on a hot August afternoon they leaned back in their chairs, wiping their necks and brows.

"Well," asked he of American history, "what do you think?"

"More fully convinced than ever," was the reply of the head of the European history department, "that the silver standard would be a terrible disaster to this country."

"And I," said the other, "that it would be of infinite benefit to the present situation."

And there the matter rested.

I had a dream once that was not all a dream. I remember it distinctly. It was the last day of the fever. The next twenty-four hours, the doctor said, would decide for me. Either the fever would break, or slide over the 108 degree notch and lift me into eternity.

Of course, the doctor didn't put it that way. But it was enough to set me thinking a long time. Then I went to sleep and began to dream—a dream I could make neither head nor tale of. Everything was muddled up in it—the room, my parents, the doctor, and finally the devil. After the latter's appearance the dream began to shape itself, the rest faded away, all but the devil who climbed up on the bed-rail, grinning at me as if overjoyed to be there.

Then change number two was rung. The principal actors still remained, the devil and I. The scene was hell. At east that must have been the place. We were on a pinnacle of celluloid. On other points sat scores of little devils, grinning and chattering like monkeys. I was watching them and failed to notice a huge fire below. But the heat drew my eyes down to it. That fire grew. It sprang upward, eating the celluloid at every leap. It was half way up the pinnacle in a second. In another it was at my feet. Though the agony was something terrible, I was fascinated. I could not move. I could not cry out. It licked about my feet. It scorched my shins. My chest was caving in. My cheeks were cooked. My eye-balls

bulged out like roasted chestnuts. My hair was dropping out. My brain was on fire, still I was dry as toast—not a drop of perspiration.

All at once the pinnacle gave way in a huge flame. Like white hot iron. I dropped through the licking, sputtering fire plump into a lake of melted ice.

The chill awoke me. I was as cold as snow, wringing wet with perspiration. I began to live again.

Five hundred dollars for a story—what an offer! The young man read it and all day racked his brain for a plot. A dozen came to mind but none were worth the price. It was still troubling him when he went to sleep that night.

In his sleep he dreamed a story—his story, the greatest story in the world. It acted itself out before him like a play. Plot, characters, incidents were marked out in every detail. It was a tale of the horsemen in America, a story of brave deeds and perilous adventures. It held him spell bound and enchanted even in his sleep. And during all he knew that it was his story. In the morning he would write it down at one sitting. Even in his sleep he could have hugged himself from delight at his fortune.

It was a dream, indeed, with awakening, everything had flown. Not one character, one scene of the story came to him, and to this day that old Norse tale remains unwritten, locked in the fancy of the dream elve.

Three years ago a young man waiting between trains was sitting in the pretty little city park of Cheyenne, just opposite the state capitol building. Suddenly his attention was attracted. A girl in a blue serge suit and white parasol was coming across the lawn. Of course he watched her and there was just the faintest smile on her lips as their eyes met.

Of a sudden a twitch of pain robbed her face of its mirth and she went down to the ground in a heap. The young man helped her up and to the capitol, where her father had his office. Her eyes were laughing even with the pain. The distance was but two blocks, but it took the two a long time to make it, all on account of the sprained ankle, of course. At any rate it took them a long while, and when they reached the top of the outer steps, the young man's train was coming and he had to cut for it.

He took her hand and without a word pressed it gently and ran straight down the middle of the road for the station.

At the foot of the station street he looked back. She was still on the steps leaning against a column for support. She waved her parasol at him and he answered with his hat. Then he boarded the train with a strange feeling in his heart.

That was three years ago. Today they came back from Cheyenne together and there were just a few grains of rice falling from them as they left the cars.

Three of the fastest friends in the world were the humorists, Bill Nye, Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley. They were all alike in many points of character. They all loved children passionately. They were all off their wits a little—men who would either write poetry or go insane as fate should decide. And there was the same morbid undercurrent in their natures, which drew them to each other.

This morbidness took a strange turn. The three were wont to visit together as often as possible. In their lecture tours they constantly tried to make a Sunday meeting. Then after several hours of wit and pleasant reminiscence they always ended their evening by going down to the morgue and looking for a few moments at the dead.

Then with the same mysterious un-

derstanding, with the same silent, shadowy feelings the three would shake hands and separate without a word.

She was pretty enough, with her dark hair and eyes and full, sensitive mouth, but she had all the beauty for the family as I found out to my sorrow. She did sketch work and was showing me some of her pen portraits.

"What a homely face," I said, picking up one sketch, "that mouth and those big, coarse cheeks, and what a nose! It's positively the most unattractive face I ever saw. What interest could you ever have in drawing such an unbeautiful woman."

She colored slightly but like a fool I did not notice and went on.

"A woman as homely as that should be kept out of sight. Such a long, scrawny neck I never saw. Who is she anyway?"

"Why—why" she began hesitatingly. But just then her elder sister entered the room and I was presented to her. And then I saw too clearly that man should keep his opinion of woman's beauty to himself, saw all too clearly the peculiar interest my fair young friend had in drawing that portrait.

A neighbor's boy went out into the

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