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Beginning in a Parlor Car.
(Continued from page 2.)

serve you right, you bally chump."
"I'm afraid my ignorance is as dense as yours," she replied with a girlish laugh that became her immensely, "but we've gotten along famously, and there's no use in being stiff. Thank you, I shall be delighted to take lunch with you," with mock formality.
"That'll be splendid," he said enthusiastically, "but did you notice the old maids?" as he glanced at the mirror.
"No, indeed! And I'm not going to—they make me think of chaperons and things."
"They are nuisances!" he agreed cheerfully.
"Shall we go in?" he said, after a moment's pause. "The cafe car is just behind this one, I think."
And a moment later Carstairs was sitting at the little table in the cafe car opposite her, and thanking his lucky stars for the adventure. He gave the order to an attentive colored waiter, who grinned knowingly, said "Yes, sir, yessir" and then hurried off to the kitchen.
"Will you excuse me for a moment?" kerchief in the other car."
"Can't I get it?" Carstairs asked, half pouting.
"No, thanks. Its in my grip," and she was gone.
Carstairs settled back in his chair to wait, when the smiling steward came towards his table.
"Is your wife ill, sir?" he asked, solicitously.
"My wife?" Carstairs ejaculated. Then, choking back a smile, and rising to the occasion, "No, she will be back in a moment."
"Great snakes, but that was a facer," he said to himself as the steward retreated. "My wife! I guess that's poor! My wife!"
Then she returned, and he came back to the commonplace realities of lunch, but every now and then a fleeting glimpse of a black face peeping at them excited his risibilities.
"What are you laughing at," demanded the girl, gaily. "Is my hair down, or is there a smut on my nose?"
"Neither," he hastened to assure her, "And I'll tell you when we get back to the other car."
"Tell me now," she commanded.
"No, I daren't," he replied, with a smothered laugh. "It'll keep very well indeed."
After lunch, when they were back in their seats again, she said with a smile:
"Now, what were you laughing at in the other car?"
Carstairs choked back a grin, and, as he picked up a copy of the "Bachelor" which lay beside him, he said:
"Well, when you were gone, the steward came up and asked anxiously if my

wife were ill. I—Oh, say, this is too much!" and he shook with laughter. The "Bachelor" in his hand lay open to a story beginning "When We Two Are Married."
"The impudent thing!" she said hotly. "What did you say?"
"I? Oh, I was dying to laugh, but I never cracked a smile—said, just as solemn as an owl, 'No, she'll be back in a moment,' and he burst into fresh peals of laughter."
"Well! Of all things!" Then the humor of the situation struck her, and she joined in with a ringing laugh.
"Of all the situations!" she said at last, wiping her eyes. "But what were you laughing at in here?"
"This," and he held up the open magazine. Then, catching a glimpse in the mirror of the women behind him, he added, "Did you ever see curiosity incarnate? Those women would give a farm down East with a pig on it to know what amuses us."
"Well, it's none of their business," she began indignantly, then began to laugh again. "What will they think of us?"
"They probably think we are crazy," said Carstairs, cheerfully, "but we're not—at least I hope so. I say, though, let's read this story."
"All right, let's," as the children say," and she settled herself to listen. Carstairs read well, and moreover, he was interested in the story.
"He reads awfully well," thought the girl, "but what will he think! That awful negro!"
Just as the end of the story was reached the porter called out "Winters."
"Why, that's my station," said Carstairs, rising hurriedly. "I'm going to stop a few hours to see a friend," in answer to her look of inquiry.
"I can't thank you enough for making the trip so pleasant," she began.
"Indeed, the obligation is all on my part," he broke in. "I've had an awfully jolly trip, and one I shall remember."
"I shall always have a pleasant recollection of it," she said simply.
The train stopped and Carstairs followed the porter with his grip down the aisle. Before he went down the platform to where his friend was trying to quiet his horse, he turned to raise his hat. She was standing in the vestibule, and waved her handkerchief, then ran back into the car.
"Who was that, old man?" asked Forbes, interestedly, as they shook hands.
"Oh, just a girl I knew who was on the train," replied Carstairs guardedly.
Carstairs thought of the "girl on the car," as he called her more than once during the weeks that followed, and went over the incidents of the trip many times.
Commencement week came at last, with all its crowded events. Wednesday evening was the senior prom, but Carstairs' relatives were all too far away, so he was to go alone.
That morning, as he sat on the steps of the library, reading his Daily "Collegian," in company with some fifty other young gentlemen, he found this item:
"Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williston and daughter, Miss Margaret, of Hartsboro, are in town for the week, the guests of President Wilkins."
Carstairs read it again, to make sure, then stuffed the paper in his pocket, and came to his feet with a jump.
"What's up, Cars?" asked a neighbor, astonished at this display of energy.
"Oh, I've an idea," replied the sub-



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ject of his inquiry, running down the steps.
"Hang onto it—it'll be lonesome," called the other after him.
Carstairs' head was all in a whirl. She was in town—and of course she would be at the Prom! Who had her dance card? Would she remember him? His wife! and he chuckled a little at the remembrance.
Down at the gate he ran plump into a short, stout youth in tennis flannels, who began excitedly:
"Say, Carstairs, I was just looking for you! Didn't you say you didn't have company for the prom? Well, the governor has an old classmate here—oh, it's a long story, but he has a daughter with him, and the governor wants me to get her a squire, and I'd take it jolly kind of you if you would and— that's all," he concluded, quite out of breath.
"That's all, is it?" repeated Carstairs, eying the president's son calmly. "Well, I'm not much of a squire, but—I'll accommodate you," he finished cheerfully.
"Will you? It's awfully fine in you. Can you come over to Ex hall, and meet her. She's over at the governor's office with my sister."
Carstairs walked along beside the breathless youth in a sort of day

dream, from which he was only awakened by hearing young Wilkins say:
"Miss Williston, may I present Mr. Carstairs? He is to be your escort to-night."
"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Carstairs," came in a well remembered voice, and then, "Why, its the man on the car!" she cried, and he broke in quietly:
"Then you haven't forgotten?"
"No," she said softly, "and you?"
"Hardly. But let's escape from this scholastic atmosphere. It's enervating. The Lane is always cool at this time of day."
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