

## The Other Side

### Another Check.

"I'm out of cash: please draw a check"—

Thus ran the freshman's plea—  
"My bills for laundry, books and lab  
Amount up rapidly."

His father read the touching note

And in reply this missive wrote:

"Your bills amount up rapidly:

In that you are correct;

But not for laundry or for books

As you'd have me suspect.

In spendthrift habits you've begun,

Just draw the check yourself, my

son." —Ohio Lantern.

### Two of a Kind.

#### The Obnoxious Man.

Who is he? What a question! Haven't you met him? Of course you have. I met him today on the street. He grinned his usual meaningless grin, ignored my hurried eight o'clock class salute and shouted "Say!" at my back. A half second later found him striding down O street at my side, talking loquaciously about—well, I really don't know what it was about. I didn't listen. I was thinking all the while which hint would be the gentlest and still the most effective; rather a hard combination to achieve, and I hadn't yet achieved it when we turned up Eleventh. Now I ask you, my friend, in all candor, doesn't a lady generally like to have some choice as to her companion on a promenade, especially when that promenade is down O street and up Eleventh?

The obnoxious man is exceedingly dense. He it is who comes to make an evening call and stays—well, stays the limit, because you don't tell him plainly to go. No better reason. Such small things as stifled yawns and casual glances at the clock on the mantel piece have no effect on him.

He's a crank. Quite possibly his hobby is insurance. I met one such. He spent an entire evening in explaining to my small mind the value of insurance in general and expatiating on ten different companies in particular who were so fortunate as to win his confidence. It was very terrible. I remember I had to resort to the time

honored custom of counting imaginary pigs jumping over a rail fence to keep my eyes open. The two hundred and thirty-third pig had landed safely on the other side before the obnoxious man took out his watch. Ever since that time I have shunned insurance as a topic of conversation, looking with suspicious eyes on the suggestion thereof—though I imagine I am pretty well up on the main points.

The obnoxious man is always in the way. To avoid him is impossible. As well try to get out of swallowing your inevitable peck of dirt. And since we know this to be true we fold our hands with a sigh of resignation. So be it. We must honor the way of providence.

#### The Disagreeable Girl.

She's not pretty. She thinks she is. Ten to one she's too tall or too short, too fat or too lean, too red or too pale and capping all, with eyes that don't match the rest of her face.

She bores you. She knows it. She doesn't care. She likes to use adjectives, nice, long, expressive ones—it doesn't matter much whether they're appropriate or not. "Perfectly lovely" and "delightfully charming" are favorites, and may be used in speaking of anything "nice," from madam's poodle dog to the latest book. She is especially fond of "awful" as applied to strong winds and final exams.

She delights in gossip—likes to cor- her you at a party and talk to you about your best friend, slamming him to your face, saying all the mean things she can or can't think of. Then when her imagination and vocabulary are both exhausted she likes equally well to clasp her hands with a telling facial contortion: "Oh, I beg your pardon. I did not think what I was saying. How rude of me. You must forgive me. You won't breathe a word, not one word—I should die," etc. And you bow a grim and silent bow and edge your way down the room, feeling very much as if some one had been stepping on your toes.

She dresses up-to-date. You can see her coming three blocks away and hear her, too. The hat of just the right tilt, the swish, swish, swish of silken petticoat. Have you? Ah, yes; you have seen and heard her. I know it. You may even have wondered why her hair didn't fall completely over her left eye and have indulged in some vain speculation thereon; but I assure you, my friend, she has pinned it securely. It has taken her—well, it has taken her long enough to do it.

She is religious. She goes to church every Sunday—when the weather is fine. She generally enters after the long prayer and swish, swishes down the aisle to a front seat, her attendant meekly bringing up the rear, vowing a mental vow, he'll never get there any more, but—there are others. So she thinks. She is right. The world is full of idiots.

She is two-faced. She turns with the wind. She loves you Monday—when you have chocolates. She loves you not Tuesday—when you have none. She makes fun of the other fellow to you and makes fun of you to the other fellow. You know it: You detest her inconsequence. And still you persist in making a fool of yourself. Why don't you extinguish her? I say that something ought to be done to make this species a little less evident. Why don't you do it? J. B. R.

Dutell's Cigars—that's all.

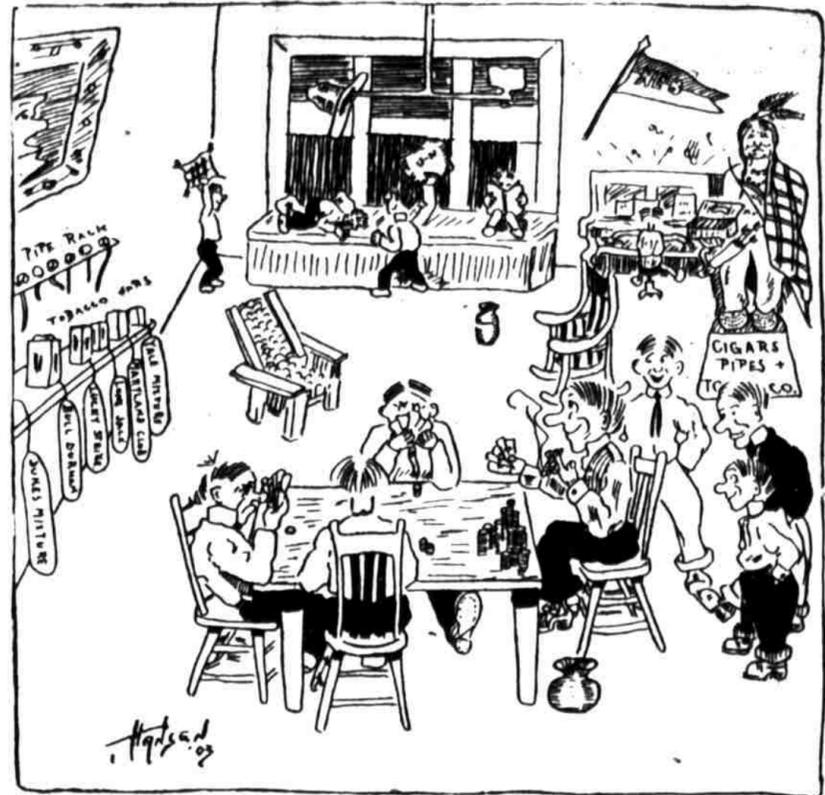
Don Cameron's for a square meal.

Fliegenbaum's Pharmacy, 13th and O.

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## WHEN WILLIE CAME TO SCHOOL.

Number IV of a series of seven cartoons on The Adventures of Freshman Willie.



Sowing his wild oats. Willie insists on taking a hand at poker and has the usual beginner's luck.

Academicus.—"What did you do to the tramp that fainted?"

Medical Student.—"Threw cold water in his face."

Academicus.—"What did the tramp do then?"

Medical Student.—"Expired."

Eat at Don's Cafe.

Ollver Theater Pharmacy.

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C. E. Brown, Dentist. Burr block.

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Burt's Sutorium, 1231 O. Phones 47 and B 995.

He was only a very little cat. So he arched his back and purred loudly when the zoology professor stroked his pretty fur. As I said before, he was only a very little cat.

Have C. A. Tucker, Jeweler, 1123 O, fix it.

It costs but a trifle more to have the "Evans do your washing," but, oh, my, the comfort.

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