

The Daily Nebraskan

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Editorial Remarks

The Nebraskan's exchange editor is led to remark that the University deserves congratulations on its escape from serious epidemic this year. While a bad period of colds and like afflictions preceded the Easter recess, there has been no repetition of the smallpox scare of two years ago, and no such destructive ravage of typhoid as afflicted first Cornell and later Stanford Universities. Deaths have been remarkably few, and the health of the University public on the average good.

To work or to work the profs; that is the problem.

The little reminders of delinquent subscriptions The Nebraskan has been sending out the past two or three weeks have not met with quite as liberal a response as wished for. A majority have responded, but many more might with profit to us and a clearing of conscience for themselves remit the moneys called for by the bills they have received. The people on The Nebraskan have made a vallant endeavor to give subscribers a good paper this year. Will the subscribers kindly reciprocate now by remitting promptly and enabling the business manager to meet all his bills at the end of the year?

It is a wise student who knows his professor's pet hobby.

More attempts than the uninitiated are aware of have been made to find a good place in the second semester for cadet encampment. Twelve or fifteen years' experimenting has left it where it now is—just in the right place to thoroughly divert the masculine mind of the University from examination-week study, and allow the young ladies to complete the monopolization of P. B. K. preparations. The only remedies now proposed are two: by the authorities, patient endurance; by the students, abolition. The former is the more likely of acceptance, and will probably continue to be the only consolation offered the aggrieved cadet.

Convocation Notes

Program for the Week:

Thursday—Dean Sherman: Emerson.
Friday—Miss Laura Dana Puffer: Organ recital.
Prof. F. A. Stuff, chaplain.

Yesterday's Exercises:

Dr. Wolcott spoke yesterday at convocation on the progress of the college of Medicine. He was of the opinion

that it is the duty of every University student to know something of the courses and to use influence and present arguments why a student should come to this University in preference to any other school.

A question is often asked, said the speaker, why the medical college was placed at Omaha. Mainly because of the clinical advantages offered in the cities of Omaha, South Omaha, and Council Bluffs; for, without clinics, the study of medicine for practice would be next to worthless. Again, some say that there is another school in Omaha. Does this not hurt our school? No. Creighton is a denominational school. It draws a certain class of students of that creed, which would not otherwise attend any other school. It is not a direct competitor of ours. Students go there who are not financially able to come out of the city for three or four years and attend the University. It is a good thing for the University, for the medical fraternity of the state to have such an affiliation.

The Omaha Medical College formerly held high ideals; but it was hard to live up to them. But now the closer we live up to them under the new affiliation, so much the more nearly will Creighton have to approach the standard set by us.

The medical course, said Dr. Wolcott, comprises seven or eight years. Now, why these long courses? In the first place a broader knowledge is obtained. Now-a-days men must have more than a mere knowledge of medicine and surgery. Money put into a medical education is an investment—a payment. The faculty men at Omaha are strong, capable of giving the best of instruction. At the recent graduation exercises thirty-nine received degrees. There were nine prizes and honors given. Of the prizes all three went to former University men, and of the six honors, three went to our own graduates, two to men of university training elsewhere, and one to a man with no university training, which facts show the value of strong training.

Then, again, the method of clinical operations is far superior to that of any other college. The class is divided up into small groups and each one of these works at different times. Better results are obtained, because one case thoroughly understood is worth seeing fifty operations. The sectional clinic is not adopted anywhere in the west except at Omaha. After graduation better advantages for practice are offered. The surrounding country offers excellent opportunities for practice.

Don Cameron's for a square meal.

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

Lincoln Shining Parlor, cor. 11th & O. Ladies and gentlemen.

Campaign hats, shirts, and duck trousers at Mayer Bros.

Little Gem hot waffles served at the Merchants' Cafe, 117 North 13th St. We have a large student patronage.

University Bulletin

THE JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE debate takes place Monday night, at 8 o'clock, in Memorial hall. Question: "Should labor unions be incorporated?" Admission, 10 cents.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Debating association will take place Saturday, May 23, in the old chapel, at 2:30. All members should be present, as there is important business to be transacted.—J. M. Paul, Secy.

The Music Sense.

There is a girl at our boarding-house who plays on the piano. Last year there were a number among us who studied at the Conservatory of Music, but they have all gone away, thank Heaven! and only the girl who plays is left.

Every Sunday afternoon, and on evenings through the week, now and then when our friends drop in to see us, we prevail upon her to play. She always demurs, saying that she has not learned anything new since the last time we heard her. That is quite true, but her

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The University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois

music has the delight of friendship which has proved itself worth while; simple, delightful and beautifully melodious, it carries its message straight to its hearers, uninterrupted by any baldfaced technique. Occasionally, it is true, our musician attempts her grandstand play—that is when she is overcome by unusual awe for her audience. At those unfortunate times, some of her every day worshippers thoughtfully recall her to her truer ideals by asking her if, when she has finished that performance, she will kindly favor us with something that has a tune.

She can tell you all things through that slender repertoire of music. One day when I was trying to write a sketch about a thing I'd heard, a thing which happened in an iron-shuttered mad house on a lonely sea shore, I asked her for the selections that I wanted—now sad, now weird, now merry with an unnatural mirth—and she played the whole scene for me. The instructor kindly said that the little sketch was potent; the power lay not in my pen, however, but in the skillful fingers of the piano player. Another time, I wanted a strain of martial music, which should tell how a woman, tempted by the intoxication of a new free life flung suddenly open before her, still fought the fascination, the wild exhilaration, and went back to duty and the man to whom she owed her loyalty—went back rejoicing that she had been true and courageous.

Before the musician caught the spirit of the thing, I hardly saw how she could refuse to pass through the gate way so miraculously opened before her, but the sweet, true tones of the piano, calling up snatches of old marches, relentless, faithful and strong, showed me the way.

There's a little religious melody she plays, "with variations," and the girls' heads droop with a thought, perhaps, of the sweet, quivering mother's voice that sang the words so long ago. Then she changes into a merry fantasia, caught in passing the dime "musee," and every foot taps the floor. She changes back again to the sentimental waltz, full of rich, sweet shadows, and reminiscence dawns upon the faces of one or two of us who have, it may be, lived more than the rest. In dreamy fancy it keeps coming to me that the strains say to them in hauntingly sincere, hopeless comfort, "The heart that has been broken once, can never

be broken again."

Now this girl who so wonderfully draws the soul out of the old instrument that our landlady says, "I guess there's nothing the matter with the old piano after all, if the right person gets hold of it;" who so skillfully kneads the ivory keys with her slender fingers—she is by trade a school teacher, and not one of the sort who soothes the savage breast, but rather thumps the saucy mouth. She is, moreover, a student, and not a musician in the ordinary sense of the word—praises to the powers that be! We couldn't stand her in the house if she were—she'd crowd our nerves to desperation.

This brings me to my text—I've been long enough getting to it: a musician must know more than music. She must know the poets, in order to get the deepest fullness of life's passion, the thing she would represent in sound. If she find time for mathematics, the technicalities of her studies will grow easier. If she investigate science, the greatness of the world which she seeks to embody will give a power and scope to her being which cannot but show forth in her playing. If she study psychology, she will understand so much the better how to sympathetically influence the human mind in its sensitive sheath. She can do no better than she is. Her deeds can be no greater than her thoughts, her messages no sweeter than her personality.

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