

## Rainsford the 2nd

### A Field Day Sketch.

The events were scheduled to begin at 2:30, but by 2 o'clock the crowd was gathering fast. This was the "Pentagon" track meet, where four strong high schools and one academy contended for the crimson pennant of victory. It was, perhaps, the most exciting event of the school year, and few students cared to miss it.

The grandstand behind the wire netting was a sea of colors in every conceivable form, from awkward button-hole knots to daintily stitched pennants which rose and fell continually in restless hands. There was a constant hum of eager discussion, interrupted now and then by a full-throated yell from one school or another. The sunny bleachers across the field were packed with boys whose colors were less conspicuous, but whose keen eyes, under low pulled caps, watched every detail critically. The alumni scattered among them were especially positive in their comments and assertions.

"How's this, Barton?" demanded one young fellow, whose fraternity pin declared him a college man. "I thought Rainsford got out of school three years ago—year after we did. Here he's down for the mile run, same as ever."

The man addressed glanced at the program.

"Kid brother," he explained briefly. "Old Rainey" all over again. Looks just like him too, most likely. Gee, wasn't he a hummer, though. Haven't had anyone to touch him since."

A moment later he turned to say, casually:

"That's young Rainsford—there, sitting by those hurdles. See?"

"H—m," said the first man, critically. "Pretty good build. Little short, but pretty even. But say, he's a kid. He won't make a runner for years yet."

"Don't know," urged Barton, "they say he showed up fairly well in the preliminaries. There's the coach talking to him now."

The autocrat of the field paused a moment beside the hurdles.

"How's the ankle, Rainsford?" he asked kindly.

"All right, sir," was the answer. "I ran down to school this morning."

"Don't fool with it," warned the coach, moving away. As he passed out of earshot, young Rainsford turned to his chum.

"Isn't the ankle that's bothering me. That's been all right for a week. But —"

"Well, what's off? Everybody thinks you'll get it sure, because it was your brother's stunt."

"That's what bothers me," said Rainsford, gloomily, tossing a clod across the hurdles. "Ned, I'm afraid Don's sore about this. He was head push of the track team when he was in school you know, and he made the record in the mile. I guess he thinks I'm trying to be smart, going in for the same thing. Our initials being the same, too, people have mixed us up."

"What hurt does that do?" interrupted his chum.

"Well, lots of people think it's him,

and if I flunk he'll be madder'n hops. He hasn't said a word at home, not even when I hurt my ankle, and I know he don't like it. I wish it was all over."

"Oh, take a brace, Dale," advised Ned, "you're all right. You'll get it, sure."

"But if I don't?" insisted Dale. "Don't cross a bridge until you come to it," was the philosophic reply.

One after another the events dragged along, until at last the mile race was announced. The home high school had not been doing as well as usual this year and this race would probably decide the championship. Quickly the boys came from the dressing tents and lined up across the track. Donald Rainsford, his chin sunk in his sweater and his hands in his pockets, stood near the starter in grim, motionless silence. From the corner of his eye young Dale scanned his brother, anxiously, cold, steady gray eyes, close-shut mouth, resolute jaw—the Rainsford jaw. There was no sign of friendly interest, no word of encouragement.

"Ready," warned the starter, and stooping, Dale braced himself for the start.

The clapping hushed. A moment's breathless pause. Then a crack of the pistol and they were off, running evenly, seeming to the anxious spectators almost to walk. They must go four times around the big track, and each was saving his energy carefully.

A strained, impatient waiting, while the colors in the grandstand rested, almost motionless—they were once around, and passed the watchers to a rippling accompaniment of applause. Another wait—a second approach.

"Barton," "Harris," called the big collegian, suddenly, "Let's give Rainey's old yell!" and his voice rang out, quicky, reinforced by many others. "Rainey—Rainey—Rainey Day. He's our man, just watch him play! He's a peach, he's in to stay!"

Good boy, Rainey!" Dale, just passing the bleachers, heard and winced. The old yell, that had often hailed his brother's triumph. How could they! That would cap the climax of Don's wrath. He sprinted forward a little.

A third time around—the yell again. Dale set his teeth with almost a sob. The boys were running harder now, and everyone of them showed the effort. When they had passed, many of the spectators rose from their seats and pressed forward, watching the runners with anxious eyes.

At last they turned the corner and were on the home stretch. As they came nearer, spurting now with their last ounce of strength, every eye was strained to identify the foremost man. Suddenly a group of boys on the bleachers burst into jubilant shouts. Mansfield of the academy was first, ahead by three yards.

But the home people almost groaned. Dale was fifth, running blindly desperately, but hopelessly outclassed.

Across the line—Mansfield first, the others straggling after—second, third—what did it matter? As Dale reached the line, his face drawn and white, his breath coming in gasps, he stumbled and threw out his arms weakly. A tall figure sprang forward from beside the track and Dale felt himself caught in strong arms and half led, half carried, toward the dressing tent.

"Oh, Don!" he cried, and dropping his head on his brother's shoulder, broke into shaken sobs, alone. Almost before he knew it he was lying face-downward on a pile of blankets inside the tent. For a moment there was silence. Then something hot and wet fell on his outstretched hand and a voice said, shakily:

"Never mind, kid; you'll beat 'em all next year."

#### Men and Women

Men are slower to forgive than women, but they forget more quickly.

Men are as vain as women—the only difference is that a woman's vanity is more obvious.

Women hate mirrors because they tell the truth—but they like to use one occasionally to see if their hats are on straight.

To a woman of any brains or sympathy love-making has an absorbing interest. Never a case so hopeless, never a pair of sweet hearts so unattractive,

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that she is not willing to take a hand in the affair—and a pretty mess she usually makes of it, too.

A man's love is measured by his devotion, a woman's by her forgiveness.

Men are no longer known by the company they keep—but by the company their wives refuse to keep.

For every man that was ever born there exists a woman that can manage him—and often the cleverest men are managed by the most idiotic woman.

Some women are always saying that they like bold, masterful men, and when one comes along and takes them at their word, they call it impudence and rudeness.

#### Find Mammoth Remains.

The geology department has been informed of the discovery of mammoth remains in the vicinity of North Platte. The remains of one entire mammoth have been located sixteen miles southeast of that place. Another specimen is reported thirty miles west of these. The former was imbedded in the wall of a canon about seventy feet above the base. The head alone was visible, the rest of the animal having been buried by a landslide. The tusks were over ten feet long and six inches in diameter. The length of the body was estimated at over sixteen feet and the mammoth was fourteen feet in height. The remains are nearly complete, the tusks alone having been marred by a relic hunter. Not much is yet known of the other mammoth. Dr. Barbour intends to investigate these remains soon, with a view of securing them for our museum.

The Ornithology club met Wednesday night in Mechanics Arts Hall. Prof. Bruner gave a very interesting talk on his summer's work. He reported on the "Cannon Rean" and the "Western Robin," both very interesting birds, that are new to the state. They have never been observed here before.

#### Hood at Chicago.

An article in the Chicago Tribune of September 30th, concerning football matters at Chicago University, says in part: "Hood, the crack third-baseman of Nebraska University, showed up at practice last night for the first time and will try for a place in Stagg's bunch."

A booklet has been compiled and issued by the executive office, containing a list of our faculty who can be called upon for a lecture by parties out in the states. Not only are the names given, but the lecture subjects as well. The arrangement of the book is convenient, and its appearance neat, and it will greatly facilitate the work of meeting the demand for University lectures that come in constantly from various points in the state.

Mr. M. A. Carriher, Junior of the University, is spending his time in Costa Rica, collecting specimens for Ornithology laboratory. He sent a large number of giant grasshoppers to the laboratory.

The new state Y. W. C. A. secretary, Miss Corwin, will visit the Lincoln associations the third week in October, Sunday, October 18. There will be a union rally of all Lincoln associations at the University to greet her.

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