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NELLIE

ELSON'S COMPANION.

It was late when Elson left the club. As he paused on the steps to turn up the collar of his overcoat and button his gloves, he wondered that time had flown so swiftly. It seemed that he must walk home, for not a cab was in sight. As he waited, a belated car scurried past on its way to the barn, like a frightened rabbit. An arc light on the corner sputtered sharply and died out. The big clock in the hall of the club clanged dully twice. Elson heard the janitor snap the lock in the door behind him.

He must walk—there was nothing else for it. The prospect of a two-mile stroll through the snow was not inviting; still, there was the comforting assurance of a bed and a fire at the end of it. A fire! Gad, how cold it was! Elson shivered and pressed his hands to his tingling ears. He tried to light a cigarette, but the wind blew out the match, and tore the paper from his lips. He shivered again, but facing the storm, he started out.

It had stopped snowing, but the twisting wind whirled the heavy flakes through the empty streets, and piled the white stuff in great drifts 'n the alleys and sheltered places. Once in a while, as the flying clouds parted for an instant, Elson could catch a momentary glimpse of the moon, just completing her course in the western sky. There was little solace in these stolen peeps, however, for the sudden light caused wild, hurrying, unearthly shadows to appear. They seemed to dog Elson's footsteps, and then to vanish when he turned to watch them. Elson was not easily frightened; he was not frightened now, he told himself. Still, he was not accustomed to wander about the streets at 2 o'clock in the morning, alone and in a blizzard. The cold, the wind, the twisting snow, and the elusive shadows were a combination to which he was not used. It all seemed unnatural and uncanny.

Elson tried to whistle, but the wind cracked his puckered lips and drove his breath down his throat. He tried to hum a jaunty drinking song, but his struggles against the gale were tiring him, and the tune came only in jerks. Exasperated, he set his jaws, jammed his fists into his pockets, and pressed on harder than ever.

The sudden movement caused the gold in his pockets to jingle faintly. The clubman's luck had been good that evening, and not all of his winnings were in paper. Immediately a new fear assailed him: what a night for a hold-up! He would be easy picking for a thug. Why the devil hadn't he gone to a hotel, or spent the night with Harris? He'd be lucky to get out of this scrape with a whole skin. Next time, he'd have more sense.

A dog barked. Elson jumped as tho shot. Then he laughed foolishly. He had been drinking too much, he told himself, and this all-night business was wrecking his nervous system. He was doing what he had never done before—he was losing the last remnants of that well known nerve which had been his chief stock in trade for so many years. The knowledge of this frightened him only the more. There was no use evading it; he was afraid of the dark. Childish though he knew the fear to be he felt it conquering him.

"If I walk in the middle of the street," he said to himself at last, "they won't catch me off guard, at any rate." He continued his walk down the car-tracks.

Suddenly, as the moon broke thru the clouds for an instant, Elson saw a man going in his own direction on the walk to the right. At the same time the stranger saw him.

"Good morning!" the latter called cheerily. "Beastly weather, isn't it? Wouldn't you like some company?"

Elson accepted the invitation gladly, and joined the stranger on the walk. Now he was ashamed of his fears of a moment ago. He could see that his companion was a gentleman. Doubtless he was laughing at him. But Elson was not the man to make lame excuses.

"There's been too many hold-ups here lately," he confessed frankly. "I'm carrying more money than I felt safe with alone. I'm glad you happened along."

The stranger laughed lightly. "I know how it is," he said. "If you hadn't been out there, I should have.

(Continued on page 4.)

UNIVERSITY BULLETIN.

November.

Wednesday, 14.
Dr. Bayler of Denver.
Thursday, 15.
Football, Freshmen vs. Sophomores, 2 p. m.
Class football on campus, 11 a. m.
Friday, 16.
Football mass meeting for Kansas.
Saturday, 17.
Nebraska vs. Kansas, on Campus.
Tuesday, 20.
Football, Juniors vs. Seniors, 2 p. m.
Saturday, 24.
County Fair, Armory.
Nebraska vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Cross-country meet at Chicago.
Monday, 26.
W. J. Bryan.
Tuesday, 27.
Football, final class championship game.
Wednesday 28.
Prof. G. E. Barber, "Roman Portrait Sculpture." (Illustrated.)
Thursday, 29.
Vacation begins.
Nebraska vs. Cincinnati, on campus.

English Club Elects.

The English Club met Saturday evening with Miss Miller. Professor Ford announced his policy as president of the Club in an address in the business meeting. The following new members were elected: H. W. Craig, Fay Hartley, E. H. Johnson, A. E. Long, S. M. Rinaker, E. M. Sunderland, Bess Van Boskirk, Prof. F. W. Sanford.

The program consisted of the reading and discussion of two sets of original poetry.

McVey Printing Co., 125 No. 12th st., has turned out some neat work for University organizations.

Ye olden candlesticks and ye new ones, too, at Harris', the jeweler, 1137 O st. He's reliable.

Green's barber shops excel all others in the west. Entirely modern and the best work assured.

Why not take your baths at Chris' Bath House, corner 11th and P Sts.?

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