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ARCH H. DINSMORE, Editor.  
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"How iss your boy Fritz getting along in der college?"  
 "Ash! he is half back in der football team and all der way back in his studies.—Ex.

TRADITIONS BUMPED.

The days of the old county fair have gone. At last the Y. W. C. A. is to put on a stunt, which men may patronize without being subjected to the old time "Oh! Do please! Yes, won't you buy a chance?" "Get some fudge for the ladies," and "Hit the nigger baby—three throws for five."

"History never repeats itself," has often been heard, but University men long ago grew skeptical. Five or six years of the traditional holdup "county fair" drove them into the dumps. Now, however, they are invited to attend an up-to-date party to be given next Saturday evening. To help kill traditions, the affair has even been transferred to the Temple building.

If for no other reasons than to see whether or not the "artists" on the program will beg for alms in these new quarters, the great masses are planning to attend the newborn "Trail" on Saturday evening.

THAT MOONLIGHT EPISODE.

A misunderstanding among some students calls for an explanation of the "moonlight dances," which have caused so much comment during the last week. The dance at the freshman law hop, in which the lights were gradually turned out until a midnight darkness made dancing uncomfortable was not on the program of the committee. Some "wags" or "stags" tampered with the switchboard in the hallway at the Lincoln. They alone were responsible for the presence of the "midnight" dance. In justice to the committee in charge, and to the chaperones of the evening, this fact should be known to the students, who have misunderstood.

Only a few dances have been held at Nebraska where this irregularity occurred, and it would seem that the poor arrangement of the Lincoln hotel lighting system was more to blame than anything else. Human beings are so constructed that when temptation is left in their way, with no lock and chain, they will sometimes meddle. The dimming of the lights was, no doubt, meant for a joke. It is hardly probable that the meddlers thought they were doing anything seriously out of the way. The responsibility for the whole affair, it would seem, centered in the poor location of the "open" switch box.

Students in the University of Nebraska have high ideals. The new-fangled dances do not prove popular with them. All University dances are carefully chaperoned, and nothing is tolerated which would not be considered proper in the best society. It should be understood, furthermore, that such extreme dances as the "Grizzly Bear," "Turkey Trot," and others of low class variety, are tabooed at Nebraska, not necessarily

by edict, but certainly by the general sentiment of the student body.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Searle F. Holmes, Editor.

THE INITIAL CALL.

A Story.

George was about to pass a milestone in the course of his college social career. It was his first milestone, and it loomed up threateningly before him. Imagine carrying on an intelligent conversation with a young lady who was versed in the intricacies of a social etiquette—not only one, but many such young ladies.

Entirely too quickly for George, to whom sudden illness would have seemed a blessing, the little group of callers neared their destination.

"Now, son," said the brazen Senior who drove him to his fate, "the girls will probably ask you where you're from and how you like school; no doubt they will assure you that you have joined the best fraternity, etc., etc. While they're doing this you must be thinking of something further to say, for these are standard freshman questions and like all good things, are limited. Whatever you do, however, do not look at your watch, it's a fatal error."

George's heart went out to the senior—maybe the term "son" was one of endearment, not a subordinating one, as he had imagined. He became almost joyful as he approached the scene of his tryout; he seemed to possess an unlimited store of conventional remarks.

The senior blithely pushed the door bell; there was a flutter within, a scraping of chairs and several feminine shrieks. Almost immediately the little band on the porch divided itself into the fearful and the bold; George allied himself with the fearful.

Nervously he stepped within, he was not allowed even a moment to straighten his necktie, but was ushered from room to room with bewildering alacrity. In vain he tried to check the maddening flight, only to be informed that he "must" meet Miss \_\_\_\_\_ in the next room. If he could have time to collect his store of conventional remarks! At last he was invited to take a small and very uncomfortable looking chair. He did so thankfully.

He was promptly questioned along the lines that the senior had predicted and his hopes were rising, when suddenly he felt that something was wrong—an ominous silence hung over him like a cloud and befogged his brain. His jaw dropped—he had forgotten his store of conventional remarks. Unconsciously his hand went to his watch pocket and was groping there when the warning came to his mind. Dropping his hand wearily, he scanned the room distractedly; his eyes lit up as they fell upon a school pennant.

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that school last year," he said hopefully. A slight smile flitted across the face before him—

"That's a girl's school, you know." George looked at his feet. The cold perspiration stood on his brow.

"Well, Miss \_\_\_\_\_, we must be going." The deep voice of the senior reached George's ears. Never had there been a sweeter sound. Eagerly he arose and uttered a similar announcement, merely substituting "Say" for the lady's name. But George was the victim of a cruel fate which grasped him on the very eve of his liberty. He made feverishly for the door, but, alas, his progress was arrested. Catching his foot in a small, wrinkled rug, he sprawled ignominiously on the floor. Blind with anger and mortification, he grasped the nearest hat and fled, he knew not where. With incredible agility he slammed the door and bolted from the hive of giggling femininity.

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Hurrying down the street, George glanced furtively back at the home of conventional remarks, at the scene of his entrance to society; he thought of its interior. Never had an exterior looked more attractive.

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