

COLLEGE DAYS

James N. Hatch, '92

My Son, you've finished High School now

To College you must go,
To learn the wiles of Wisdom's ways
And the things you ought to know,
To train your mind to think aright
In things of deep portent,
So you can earn your daily bread
And pay your monthly rent.

So let us sit and chat a while
About these college days,
While time is still before you
But which behind me lays,
And listen while your Father tells
Of how things used to be
When he first launched his little bark
Upon that world's great sea.

For when he crossed the campus first
To start his College days
Your Father was a little shy
Not used to Wisdom's ways,
And Alma Mater quite forgot
To take him on her knee
And tell him of the wondrous man
She hoped that he would be.

So Daddy ambled here and there
With wonder in his eyes,
And watched the stately Seniors
In open-mouthed surprise,
And every Toot he interviewed
To get a Freshman Ex.
Seemed like an angel visitant
Regardless of his sex.

But when he saw a real live Prof
Esconed upon his throne,
With seven halos o'er his head
Which all so brightly shone,
An knew the sanctum had been
reached
Of Wisdom's real envoy.
He stood transfixed upon the spot
And wept with tears of joy.

Then gently spoke that worthy Prof
And said, "Pray gentle youth
Why dost thou weep those briny tears,
Hast thou been plucked forsooth?
O, do not let grief wring thy heart
And wet thy sun-tanned cheek,
Because thy Math hath baffled thee,
Or thou hast failed in Greek."

"Full many a youth hath ventured here
To worship at this shrine
Who proved that he were better fit
To herd his father's swine;
So that may be thy calling, lad,
Instead of abstruse learning,
To feed the pigs and mind the cows
And help about the churning."

I do not know what more was said
To close that interview,
But ere I left the halos all
Had faded quite from view;
And why I've never seen one since
May be explained away,
By saying that the styles have changed
Since that eventful day.

And I half b'lieve I would be right
If I should say to you,
That college Profs have changed a lot
Since eighteen ninety two.
A higher type of men now rule
The college faculty,
Excepting you will understand
All present company.

That night within my attic room
I had a talk with me,
I drew some resolutions up
To which I would agree,
But not one word of any plan
To keep the pigs from pining;
Of how I'd mix the food for chicks
To soothe their stomach's lining.

But then and there I vowed a vow
To push on day and night
And not admit a single thought
To shut hope out of sight;
"Go forth," said I unto myself,
"Go forth, O gentle youth
Nor storm nor stress nor awkwardness
Can keep you from the truth."

And I have found as years have sped
That those who help us on
Are often those who most oppose
The plans that we've begun;
And you may find as I have found
To work against resistance
Will often make us stronger men
Than all our friend's assistance.

And so, my Son, as you go forth
To learn and earn your way
Keep on good terms with you yourself,
No matter what folks say,
And if you're told that you're no good,
Don't fly up in a fury,
But whisper to your inner self:
"I'm from good old Missouri."
—Michigan Technic.

Civil Engineering

Though very ancient, the art of the Civil Engineer dating back almost to the origin of Dr. Maxey's puns, it is not with a special desire that you venerate our grey hairs that the Civil Engineering Department comes before you at present.

The Civil Engineering Department at the University of Nebraska, stands on its record in the field of original research and after five years of the most painstaking effort and experimentation is ready to announce that the falling off in the engineering colleges throughout the United States in recent years is due entirely to the growth of the prepared breakfast food as an article of diet.

The youth of today, brought up on pre-digested grape-nuts and toasted corn flakes, wishes also to assimilate his education without effort and without thought. The youth whose father can afford to furnish him a six cylinder auto and membership in a fraternity of "high rollers" is not going to run any chance of getting convulsions of the brain by hard study or having to reason things out for himself.

From the few rare specimens passing through the department who have a willingness to work and a desire to think, the Civil Engineering Department is convinced that the race of real engineers will not become extinct till such time as the war in Europe, or some other such catastrophe, shall force us back to a diet of graham mush and cornbread.

Being Civil Engineers we are peace loving and timid and flee from violence, but let us hope that whatever the nature of the reversion to the food of our fathers, it comes in time so that we of the faculty may feel that we are also engineers and not merely unfrocked "school marms."

Aside from the activities of the research work of the department, we are endeavoring to teach not the fifty-seven special varieties into which the work of the Civil Engineer is divided today, but the elements of Civil Engineering, to enable the ambitious student to build the foundation on which he may later raise the edifice of his particular specialty without fear of its overturning.

Essays on "Pipe" Courses

The entire subject of applied mechanics is comparatively child's play when compared with the stiff courses in the Lit. department, such as "Creative Listening," "The Novel," or "The Theory of Modern Piano-fortes." If A. M. 14 were an elective, thousands

would come from all over the country to drift through it. As it is, it is a required "pipe." No shop work, no lab, no drawing boards to lug around—why, not even a thorough knowledge of theosophy, therapeutics or Spanish 31 is required before taking. All a man has to do is solve kindergarten problems, such as, "given the radius of gyration and the moment of inertia, find what an ellipsoid with gray hair does with a pink striped gyrostator if the action of the torque equals the vector sum of three young accelerations." The average engineer uses the following formula to solve such propositions:

$$\frac{deli}{rium} = \frac{trem}{ens}$$

The Tally

It isn't the job we intend to do,
Or the labor we've just begun,
That puts us right on the ledger sheet—
It's the work we've really done.
Our credit is built on things we do;
Our debits on things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.
Good intentions do not pay the bill.
It's easy enough to plan;
To wish is the play of an office boy;
To do is the job of a man.
—T. P. A. Magazine.

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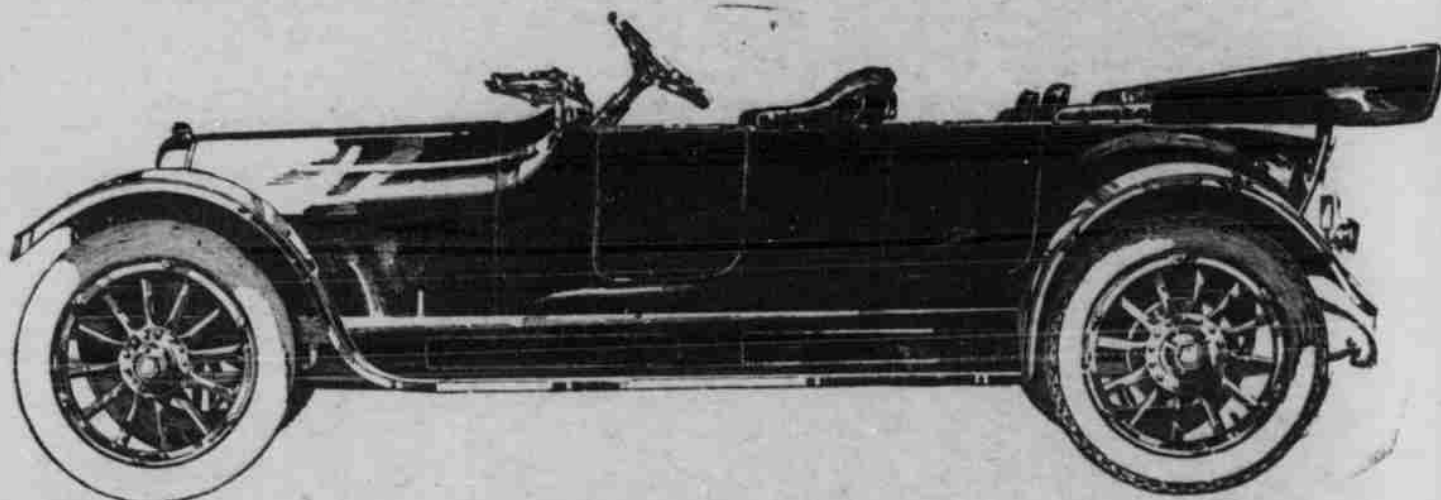
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