

THE NEBRASKAN.

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We want all to know that we have more space to fill than an over-worked staff can conveniently do. Will you help us out? Write something, but make it interesting. We confess we do not want heavy articles on the silver question and tariff. Something light and interesting, something that others will like to see in print. See what you can do for us.

We call attention to our first issue with pride, confident that it will receive the praise it merits. Even some of our learned professors were heard to remark, "Well, that's the best looking college paper yet issued at this university." You heard us mention something about "small type." This is the said type. To tell the truth (we always do) The Nebraskan is set by Linotype machines, which accounts for that clean and neat appearance. We only hope our enterprise and determination to give our readers the best college paper at the lowest price is appreciated.

O, where is that courtesy of the student body, the chancellor congratulated us upon Tuesday morning? Surely it is lacking in that class in English? We blush to think of how that professors of the faculty of the University it in public. This class numbers nearly two hundred and fifty and here just where consideration for others is most needed, it is most noticeably missing. In reading such a list of unfamiliar names, it was next to impossible to pronounce them all correctly, yet a majority of the class sat and giggled like a lot of fourth grade scholars whenever a name was mispronounced. Gentlemen should have sense enough to curbed was laughable, still it was not necessary to go into hysterics over it. Gentlemen should have sense enough to abstain from applause at another's "break," even if they are unable to restrain their laughter.

It is evident that our stock of college spirit is running low. Did anyone notice that no football practice was held Tuesday evening? Because not enough candidates for positions on the team turned out. This is a deplorable state of affairs. The prospects last week were considered the brightest that we ever possessed at the beginning of a season. The boys are thoroughly equipped with sweaters, etc. A pleasant and extensive trip has been planned and the expenses guaranteed. Enthusiasm and rivalry for positions kept the boys at work last year and made them invincible. Scarcity of material is a condition that should not threaten us with these bright prospects in view.

We do not wish to be considered as calamity howlers, but merely the facts are stated. Our team has pulled out of worse holes than this. We can come out victorious this year if we go at it the right way. There are a dozen husky fellows in school who ought to be rolled around the foot ball ground a few times then they would wake up and possibly play a position on the team. We plead for these fellows to come out and play. A good shaking up will do them good. If everybody who was not built to play would come out and encourage the players at practice, they would be working an untold benefit toward working up a victorious foot ball team for the season of '95 for the old U. of N.

The time has come when there should be a little more care shown in making promotions in the military department of the university than there has been of late. This department, like all others, should be run in such a manner as to give all who enter an equal show for advancement. But is it? If class standing, credit and military form are all the requirements needed for promotion, and they should be, there certainly has been lack of painstaking care in making promotions.—State Journal.

Now the State Journal needn't mind about our military appointments. In the first place, class standing, credit

and military form are not all the requirements, nor should they be. Each individual cadet's military record for the entire year is gone over—each demerit noted in making the promotions. It is to be noted that some members of the 'Varsity lifelines fared better than non-members, and this is but right. The drill some of these men experienced last year was more rigid and did them more good than nearly all of the required drill. Furthermore, by entering this company, these men showed themselves anxious to drill and that they were interested in the work. It is fitting that they be rewarded by promotions. After a cadet's credits are looked up, the next consideration is his military record, and fitness for the position. The amount of drill a man has had figures largely in this.

As a rule, the appointments this year give as much satisfaction as they generally do. Of course, it is possible a few deserving men were overlooked, but as a rule it was their own fault. Some had not registered, others had not taken pains to correct mistakes, which might have occurred in the catalogue. It may be put down as a rule that the capable and deserving get there anyway so they may depend upon it that merit will be recognized sooner or later.

Around the Campus.

This morning the halls seems more than usually lively. To the casual observer in the main building each morning seems to be much busier and noisier than the preceding one, but on this particular day the noise and bustle was almost appalling. The Amateur Thespian slowly sauntering along was struck by the strangeness of the situation. He was so surprised that he was almost on the point of questioning some one as to the cause of the commotion, but he instantly dismissed the idea partly because he never asked questions and partly because he knew that anything he did not know himself would be too grave a question for anyone else to answer, so he wisely concluded to look around him for his explanation. He put a black derby on the back of a very curly head of hair—he knew he should never do such a thing indoors, but it was lots easier than holding it in his hand and anything that had the nature of work did not commend itself to the Amateur Thespian's artistic soul.

The only two persons who were sitting down were the Social Struggler and the Gilded Fool. They were perched on the radiator near the door. Presently the Shy Youth timidly picked his way up to where the Amateur Thespian was standing.

"What are they making so much noise about?" he asked in his incoherent monotone; "what are they doing?" "They are not doing anything," answered the Amateur Thespian dryly. "They are merely prancing through the halls to make a noise. Poor fools."

The Shy Youth did not answer the last ejaculation of the Amateur Thespian. He rarely said anything unpleasant and when he did, it was in a low, mumbling tone which no one understood. He was quite sure of not offending anyone, in this way.

The couple on the radiator were very much pleased with each other's company, and their insipid conversation, interspersed with little shrieks from the Social Struggler and inane laughter from the Gilded Fool, went on swimmingly. The Social Struggler liked the Gilded Fool in every sense of the word—that is, she liked him because he was gilded and because he was a fool. The relations of the Gilded Fool and the Social Struggler were quite amusing. She smiled on him because he took her out and he took her out because she smiled on him, and as smiles came seldom toward the Gilded Fool and invitations were rather scarce for the Social Struggler, their friendship meant a great deal to them both. They made a very interesting study of mutual monopoly.

"It is a shame to let those two go together," said the Amateur Thespian, indicating the enamoured pair on the radiator. "The Gilded Fool would make a real nice harmless child if he were only left alone."

"Why? Isn't the Social Struggler all right?" asked the Shy Youth a little surprised at the tone of the Amateur Thespian.

"Not for little boys. Many an indigent youth supposed he knew what it was to be strapped of every cent, until he met the Social Struggler. She is a systematic puller of masculine limbs,

her system is sometimes a little bad and her method a little cheap, but what she lacks in tact and grey matter she makes up in intensity."

"Oh, what of it," broke in the Ladies' Man, who had just appeared on the scene. "Don't blame the girls. We can't get along without 'em and we can't get along without 'em, you know."

"I hardly think I would make that as a general assertion," said the Amateur Thespian. "We have never tried to get along without them, but I am sorry to say, most of us have tried to get along with them."

Just then the Quarter-back came toward the door, closely pursued by the Princess Pocahontas. He was almost at the door when the Social Struggler called to him. He turned and came back with some ill grace. He had hoped to escape both girls, but Fate seemed against him. As soon as the Princess Pocahontas saw what was happening, she also went to the radiator and began to talk to the Gilded Fool, not because she had anything to say to him, but she did not trust the Quarter-back out of her sight. The Princess Pocahontas was not much of a manager, but that she was a hard and earnest worker was shown by the hard and earnest way in which she worked the Quarter-back.

The Amateur Thespian was vastly amused at the turn affairs had taken and he regarded the group with a generous pleased smile. He was about to explain matters to the Shy Youth, who seemed a little mystified, but just then the Politic Maid came sailing along (perhaps floating would be a better word—anyhow she always gave the impression of stepping on air).

"There she goes," said the Amateur Thespian, "and if you hurry up you can walk down to the car with her."

The Shy Youth wavered a little and then with his timid little heart in his throat he went after the Politic Maid.

When the Amateur Thespian turned and looked at the group on the radiator he was so tickled that he laughed aloud. Some of the Quarter-back's boy friends were leading him away to talk musical matters over, although the reproachful look in the eyes of the Princess Pocahontas would have brought tears to the eye of a statue.

"By George," said the Amateur Thespian to himself as he slowly went out doors and down the steps, "that poor girl is having awfully hard luck. This is the second time in a week that the Quarter-back has escaped her," and he laughed again as the Princess Pocahontas came out the door looking lonely and heart-broken.

A few moments later the Amateur Thespian saw the Shy Youth come down the walk with the Politic Maid. "Well, it seems that he caught her," he soliloquised as he lit a cigar. "Or else she has caught him," he added as he noticed that the Shy Youth was carrying eight large books and an umbrella.

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