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SUMMER ON A WHEEL

FROM LINCOLN TO PRINCETON

L. H. Robbins Describes His Two Month's Trip on a Bike—in-teresting Description.

Perhaps everyone who ever owned a wheel, has at some time or other been filled with a desire to go somewhere, to take a long trip on it. When he was a school boy he may have gone to Waverly or Roca. Who can describe the delights of such a trip. What preparations are made the night before; his wheel is cleaned until it shines; his riding suit is carefully placed where he can get it on quickly the moment he arises; his cold breakfast is spread out on the table; his little knapsack is filled to the minutest detail with things which he possibly might need. Needles and thread, buttons, cord and liniment all go to swell the knapsack. When these are ready, he retires early to rest. But thoughts of pleasant anticipation interfere with his slumbers, and it may be after midnight before he finally goes to sleep. In the morning, long before sunrise, he is on the road. He does not enjoy it as much as he thought he would. The air is cold and damp, his fingers stiff, and he is so sleepy. The bread and butter tasted dry; he did not wash when he started, and altogether, he feels like going back home again, and finishing his slumber. But when the sun rises he begins to warm up. His joints are limbering—the bad taste has left his mouth and he feels better. He rides all day and returns home dusty, hungry and tired. He forgot his oil can and his wheel creaked half the way; his wheel ran away down a hill and skinned his knees, and now he is utterly disgusted with wheel riding. He does not look at his wheel for nearly a week; but about Friday of the following the "fever" attacks him again and a country wheel-ride looks just as attractive as it ever did. Saturday finds him on the road again and Saturday night finds him just as sick of his wheel as ever.

Maybe when he becomes older he rides to Omaha, Beatrice or Fremont, and he receives much glory from those rides.

I had passed through all of these elementary stages, and when last June came and the St. Louis company was disbanded, I felt ready for a long mer outing on my wheel. Preparations were made as on the Roca trip all kinds of things were purchased, which would in any way aid to the comfort(?) of such a ride. Farewells were said and on June 13, dressed in a pair of bloomers, an old coat and cap, and a sweater, I left Lincoln on the Rock Island. Iowa was crossed in a night and the first streaks of dawn found me standing on the Rock Island, Ill. depot with my wheel. I picked my way out of the city and by sunrise was on my road to Chicago.

The ride across Illinois was uneventful. Illinois roads are certainly considered road and were decidedly the best of any ridden over except New Jersey roads. The evening of the first day brought me in sight of the Illinois river. From Deureau the road followed this river. The roads were sandy, but the banks of the river were very beautiful and pleasing to the eyes of a Nebraska boy. The cities of Peru, LaSalle and Morris were passed through the next day, and Joliet ended that day's ride. The next day was Sunday. The road followed the great Michigan-Illinois canal. This is a new drainage canal and is blasted out of solid rock its entire length. Hundreds of men are employed on it and all along the road they were seen resting in the woods or sitting around a beer keg. Every half mile for thirty miles was a saloon. They were built of lath, barrels or anything that happened to be near by, and they followed the canal.

The proprietors probably made fortunes, as the men were mostly foreigners, drinking men and single, and the greater half of their wages went for drink.

About noon, wheelmen, first in parties, afterwards alone, were passed, most of them wore racing costumes, had sponges in their mouths and rode very hard and looked, not at the beautiful country, on the road sides, but at their front wheel.

The saloons along the roadside were very noticeable. All of them were filled with men and women who desecrated the Sabbath by their coarse laughter. The last twenty miles into Chicago were as level as a floor and the roads were macadamized. Signs of the city's nearness, were on every hand. Within four miles about twenty signs were seen saying that exactly ten miles lay between them and certain stores in the city, from which it was inferred that the city was four miles broad. Railroads came in sight, all seeming to be radii with one common center. And soon the city itself came in sight with its tall spires and elevators.

Chicago was taking her weekly rest. The streets were crowded with all sorts of people in their Sunday clothes. Groups of cyclists whirled by; swell carriages drawn by proud horses ran smoothly over the asphalt pavement. The parks were full; the benches were all occupied by men and women enjoying their only holiday; little children with happy faces and clean white dresses romped on the grass despite the big black-browed policeman who watched them.

Down by the lakeside was another kind of humanity. Here on the broken benches of the lake front parks were poor outcasts, tramps and men out of work. All had that dull, fixed, hopeless look on their faces as they gazed far out over the lake to where the returning yachts and pleasure steamers showed dimly, and a few feet away, along that grand street, Michigan avenue, went scores of elegant equipages, as luxurious as money could make them; and in them sat women and proud, handsome men. They, too, were looking out on the shining surface of the lake, but they did not see their poor fellow-men, who were nearer them. The grand buildings gazed out over the lake and they saw it all, the splendor, the suffering, the pride, the degradation.

These were my first thoughts, and I wondered what the thoughts of those two extremes of society might be. But it was six o'clock and I was hungry, so I hunted up a hotel and soon was cleaned up and had eaten a hearty supper.

Chicago is so near that there is no need of describing it. I spent four days in the city and took a steamer one morning across Lake Michigan. At St. Joseph my ride really began. I left that town late one afternoon. I had been unable to obtain a map and so had to trust to luck and farmers' directions. It is strange that the average farmer is so little posted on the geography of his own locality. I often was obliged to depend on their directions and very often found myself several miles out of the way by so doing. I asked two farmers within a mile of each other how far it was to a town. The first one said "three miles straight ahead;" the other, "go back, turn to your left, go six miles." Another farmer in New York was asked which way it was to Freeport. He said, "Right straight till you come to Widow Patton's, then turn up and you'll be there." But I am rambling.

There are a few occasions in a person's life when he feels utterly dependent. He feels heavily the fact that he alone is responsible for what may happen to him and that there is absolutely no one near on whom he can call in need. This was one of them. I struck out up the Michigan bluffs and stopped a moment and looked back. The lake glistened in the light of the setting sun. A white mist was arising from the water and enveloping the low lands before me. The lake seemed to me a great

(Continued on 4th page.)

THEY LEAVE TO-DAY

FOOTBALL TEAM'S FIRST TRIP

Sioux City, Salt Lake, Butte and Denver Will be Visited—How They Will Line Up.

The foot ball boys are busy today, making preparations for their long trip west. They leave this evening at 6:05 for Omaha via the B. & M. whence they will go to Sioux City over the Union Pacific. Fourteen players, the coach and manager will make up the party. Sandy Griswold, the well known sporting editor of The Bee, will join them at Omaha. The game at Sioux City will be played Saturday afternoon with the Athletic association team of that city. From there they go over the Union Pacific to Salt Lake. They have no game scheduled here so the boys will just look over the city. Wednesday, Oct. 16, they will meet the Butte team on their own grounds. This game the boys think will be hotly contested, as the Butte team has been in practice all summer. In that burg the cool weather permits this. It will be remembered that they defeated the University club team of Omaha last July, notwithstanding that Thomas coached and captained them, but even three of our own men, Oury, Whipple and Hayward were with them.

From Butte the team returns to Denver where they meet the Athletic association club of that city Saturday. They expect to reach Lincoln Monday with the scalps of the three teams dangling at their belts. The men who will go were selected after practice Thursday evening. They are: Whipple, left end; Shedd, left tackle; Wilson, captain, left guard; Keller, center; Bud Jones, right guard; Hayward, right tackle; Shue, right end; King, left half; H. Jones, right half; Thorp, quarter; Fair, full back. Substitutes: Packard, quarter or end; Wiggins, half or end; Dungan, tackle or guard.

SOME MEASUREMENTS.

Some interesting measurements have lately been taken in the office of the physical director, where fourteen of the foot ball men have submitted themselves to scales, tape, calipers, etc. The method of procedure is this: the age and weight are recorded, then the total height and the height of various parts of the body. The length of upper arm and forearm, the length of foot and the total reach of arms are interesting items. The tape then shows the girth of head, limbs and trunk, and calipers show the breadth and thickness of different parts of the body. The heart is examined to see whether it is equal to the strain and the rough-and-tumble of foot ball, and the lung capacity in cubic inches is obtained by the spirometer.

Of the fourteen men thus measured, Thomas is the heaviest, weighing 184.5 lbs., and Whipple the tallest at 6 ft 2 inches in bare feet. Pace is the shortest and lightest, but makes up for it in other ways. Whipple, being the tallest, has naturally the longest arms, and his finger tips would just meet round a tree-trunk whose circumference was 77.2 in. This by the way, is precisely the height of the tallest man in the University. Large feet are well represented, there being five pairs that are over eleven inches long; but, of course this is essential in a lot of kickers. Corby has the biggest head, Humphrey the biggest neck, Fair leads in a chest expansion of 5 1/2 inches and a chest capacity of 330 cubic inches, though Whipple crowds him for the last honor. Of the shortest men, Pace has a relatively long trunk, pointing to large staying power, and Shue has the best and largest arms. Thomas has a massive thigh 23.5 inches around but Dungan's shoulders are the broadest, and he could probably carry more men down the field than anybody else.

These and all the rest of the separate items, when plotted on a chart com-

plied by Dr. Seaver from 2300 men, make some interesting curves, showing the relation of the individual to the student type and also the degree to which the individual departs from his own standard of symmetry. An interesting feature in the different curves is the relative size of feet and head. One man's feet place him in the 99 per cent class, which signifies that only one out of a hundred students has larger feet than he; while the girth of his head shows that 90 out of a hundred have bigger heads than he. Another comes into the 90 per cent class with his feet and the 25 per cent class with his head. Still another cannot get on to the chart at all with his feet while his head places him in the 40 per cent class. This peculiarity is so marked that in the average curves representing the whole 14 men, the feet come in the 90 per cent class and the head in the 40 per cent class. (Question. Is this a characteristic of foot ball men?)

A glance at a man's curve shows his low points at once. Thomas has a small neck, Humphrey a small chest capacity (making up for it in size of stomach), Hayward and Corby have small wrists. Shue is diminutive in height but his girths are fine. Whipple is low in girth of arms. Fair makes the best curve, his measurements grouping themselves about the 80 per cent line, i. e. he is a large man and exceptionally well proportioned. Thomas is also large and well built but his line shows more variations. Clapp makes the third best curve varying above and below 85 per cent though his age is much below the average.

The object of these measurements is with the co-operation of the men concerned, to see what the effect of a season's foot ball practice will be and to compare the curves made later with those made now. Probably the girths will be somewhat smaller as the men "train down."

Aside from the measurements, photographs were taken of a number of the men, showing on a single card a front, side, and rear view of the subject.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The glee club starts in better condition this year than ever before, having most of the old men back again, some splendid new material, and a competent director. The examining committee put a great many new voices through the test last Thursday night and report very good results. There will be five and possibly six vacancies to fill this year and there are four or five new men for each new place. The men who sang last year and intend to sing this season again are Clements, Farmer, Randolph, Albers, Tucker, Porter, Manly, Langworthy, Norton, Jones, Spooner, and Bancroft. Lenhoff has decided not to sing this year.

Some excellent new music has been arranged for the club during the summer, and the program will be composed of the best songs ever attempted by a glee club. Concerts around the state are already being looked after and the boys prophesy a better time and more concerts than ever before.

'97 MEETS.

At a meeting of the class of '97 Thursday afternoon Miss Halse was elected president vice A. W. Carpenter, who has left school. The advisability of getting out the Annual was discussed. It was the sense of the meeting that nothing but hustling among the students and faculty would enable them to get it out. A committee of ten was appointed to investigate, and report upon the advisability of issuing the *Sombro*.

The Greeks were quite busy Friday evening, three of the fraternities each increasing their numbers by three. Phi Delta Theta received Irwin Davenport, B. D. Whedon and J. T. Sumner; Beta Theta Pi initiated Ed Cramb, Frank Rainard and Fred Tullis; Phi Kappa Psi tried it again and Ed Elliot, F. A. Korsmeyer and T. A. Mapes are now wearing pins.

COLLEGE SOCIETY

DOINGS OF THE FIRST WEEK

Y. M. C. A. Apple Social—Kappa-Kappa Gamma Receives Chancellor MacLean

College society circles have been quite active the past week. The reception given at the Conservatory Wednesday by the Ladies' Faculty club was quite an enjoyable affair. The freshman and Sophomore classes promise a joint social in the near future. With a couple of fraternity receptions promised in the near future the outlook for next week is for continued activity.

THE KAPPA RECEPTION.

At the residence of Miss Maud Risser the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority gave a reception to Chancellor and Mrs. MacLean the evening of the 4th from 7 to 10 o'clock. The house was prettily decorated with smilax and cut flowers. The receiving party was composed of Chancellor and Mrs. MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Risser, Misses Broadly, Ena Ricketts, Richards, Whedon. The Beta Theta Pi, Delta Gamma, Sigma Chi, Tri Delta, Pi Beta Phi, Delta Tau Delta, Phi Kappa Psi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Phi Delta Theta fraternities were all represented at the reception. Misses Maggie Whedon, Margie Winger and Addie Whiting served refreshments. The Kappa Kappa Gamma young ladies have cause to feel proud of the way they welcomed the chancellor and his wife.

BATTALION NEWS.

There are several more appointments to be made. Wonder if the Heppertan expects itself to be consulted.

Ike Pace says that the small edition of Blackstone is like his Bible, hard to read on account of the small print.

The registration in all departments amounts to nearly 1100. Before the end of another week we will have about 1200.

The old men are impatiently awaiting drill with the new artillery pieces. Captain Guilfoyle has the reputation of being one of the best disciplinarians in the army.

The old men are being drilled in the squad. The first quarter of the hour with the rifles, the next half in marching and the last quarter in the setting up exercise.

A. H. Rose is hunting a private secretary to attend to his union correspondence. Mr. Rose has a sample union which weighs ten pounds and is eight inches in diameter.

W. A. Richmond, '94, who ranked as first lieutenant of company "B," is now teacher of science in the Fort Collins, Colo., high school, and also commandant of the corps of cadets.

Mr. Abdell, the tailor, remarked that he could tell every one of the old cadets who came to be measured by his full chest and square shoulders, erect head and well developed form in general. This was expressly noticeable on the members of the Pershing Rifles.

A VALUABLE PRESENT.

State institutions are very seldom noticed by philanthropic individuals looking about for worthy institutions upon which to bestow their wealth, but the University of Nebraska has been recognized at last. J. R. Webster, a lawyer of Lincoln has donated the library forty-six very valuable volumes on primitive religion and mythology. Their value aggregates over \$200 and they make an addition to the library which will be appreciated.

Miss Jones says that they are just the kind of books that are needed—only two of them are duplicated by volumes now in the library.

Mr. Webster is a college man and a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. He has set an example that we hope others will follow.