

SUMMER ON A WHEEL.

(Continued from 1st page.)

boundless gulf that separated me from all that I had. Far out there beyond the water was Nebraska. I was facing an unknown world. I looked and looked until the sun was gone and then, swinging myself on my wheel, braved the new world. The twilight lasted until I came to a little village. There were but three houses, a blacksmith shop and a store.

I could go no farther that night so I inquired at the little store if there was a hotel in the place. Of course there was none; and after debating with himself for a moment what I could do for the night, the fat old storekeeper came to the conclusion that he could keep me over night. There was no other place, he said, so I brought in my wheel and prepared to enjoy the hospitality of my first acquaintance in my "new world." And I did receive hospitality. He was a bachelor and did his own housework. He had a general country store which included a postoffice. He sold everything from candy to cod-liver-oil, that is, when he had a purchaser. But he told me that they were few and far between in that town.

He set about getting supper. On a little gasoline stove he fried potatoes and bacon and made coffee. And if I ever appreciated those three commodities, it was then. The change in the air had made me ravenous. After supper I sat on a cracker box and told him about Nebraska and the plains, and he was astonished. He had never been out of Michigan in his life and the description of our "boundless prairies" seemed to him improbable. A few inhabitants strolled in and eyed me curiously and I had to "spit" my little tale over again for their benefit. They were curious, but not impertinent. They admired my wheel and opened their eyes when they lifted it.

And thus I spent my first evening in my new world. And I found the inhabitants thereof not very unlike Americans after all, and I began to feel more at home than I felt on the Michigan bluffs. In the morning I started early. The country for miles was heavily timbered, and the road ran in and out among the great pine trees, which lifted their heads in proud stateliness many feet in the air. I always thought of our elms as large trees, but they could not be compared to these. Early that morning I came upon the most enchanting scene ever I had seen. As I climbed to the top of a slight elevation a long, low valley appeared before me, in the center of which rested a narrow lake, robed in its white mists. The many indentations of the shore were marked by the dark fringe of pines. The noble hills in the distance formed a worthy setting for such a gem as this lake was. I looked and looked, and forgot how the time was flying. All at once, as a scene on the stage is parted, the low clouds of the morning parted and amid sky colorings which no artist could have painted, changing like the colors in a kaleidoscope, the sun arose. In the language of the Rev. E. Haughton, "It was swell." For the next hundred miles I struck sand, sand, sand, till I couldn't see anything but sand. I walked about one hundred and ten of those hundred miles. It was all of six inches deep in the roads and wet and sticky. The country was very pretty. Every few miles a little wooded lake would come in sight. But I didn't see the lakes, I was thinking about the sand. Victor Hugo's man in the quick sand had a snap compared with me. Nebraska clay roads will do for me.

(Continued next week.)

DANCING SCHOOL OPENS.

Miss Ferguson, who conducted the dancing school so successfully in the Lansing theatre dancing hall last fall, has returned and is again ready for business. Many university students will testify to her ability to teach the Terpsichorean art to awkward individuals.

New pupils can come in at any time. Regular lessons are given Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. Anyone intending taking dancing lessons should consult Miss Ferguson as soon as possible. She may be found at the hall from 4 to 6 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, or at her residence, 1640 G street.

As Miss Ferguson has the use of Lansing hall, parties desiring to secure it for dancing purposes may do so by arrangement with her.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of The Nebraskan.—In the last issue of the Hesperian on page 3 there appears an editorial criticizing Lieutenant Pershing in his appointment of officers in the Corps of Cadets. To the old students who had the pleasure of knowing Lieut. Pershing personally there is no need to answer this unjust and untrue attack, but to the new students who had not that pleasure, it is but just to Lieut. Pershing and the military department to say a few words in reply.

For the past two years it has been my pleasure to be in a position to know how these appointments are made and I assure you that the question of "pulls" and "stand ins" has nothing to do with them. It is impossible for one who has not been in such a position to know or conceive of the difficulty and perished the careful painstaking labor the careful pains taking labor that is the appointments in the corps of cadets. In the first place the credits of every one of the members of the corps have to be gone over, and then their military record is taken into consideration. It is from the results of these labors that the appointments are made, and the records have been arranged by Lieut. Pershing with such care, and they have reached such a degree of perfection that the making of these appointments has almost the certainty of a mathematical problem. But there is one thing certain; the question of "pull" or "stand in" never arose in the mind of Lieut. Pershing when making these appointments.

I do not believe that the statement made in the third paragraph of the editorial is true. During the four years of the Pershing regime I have been closely connected with the student body but I never heard of any such "widely prevalent and deep-seated feeling" among the students, that the editorial mentions. Neither has there been any "such unfair discrimination" in the appointment of officers of the battalion as The Hesperian would lead you to believe. It is true that such men as the editor of the editorial under discussion hardly ever get any office in the battalion but it is their fault. It would most certainly be "unfair discrimination" for such men, who use every means in their power to get excused from military duty, to get an office if there was a man eligible to the same office who had always taken an interest in the corps of cadets and worked for its greater development. It has been my experience and I think the experience of others, that as long as you treat the military department right you will receive as fair treatment as you will in any of the other departments of the university, which is as much as you can ask.

JOE P. BEARDSLEY.

We would advise the young ladies of this institution not to leave their diaries where they may be read by everyone. This week one was found giving a great amount of valuable information as to how she liked R—, her age and all her plans. The young lady is not in school this year and should have seen that her diary was not.

Anything on The Nebraskan desk is regarded as public property. Last year on account of an accident, our mucilage was put into an empty ink bottle. As a result many wondered why their fountain pens would not work readily since they had just filled them. Our mucilage bottle is safe thus far but watch out!

The new library building is lighted entirely by electricity, no gas fixtures being put in. Saturday evening the lights refused to work causing much inconvenience to those studying within. The steam pipes will be in by Saturday night. This will entail extra work upon the force now engaged in running the heating apparatus.

Go to Constancer's barber shop, 1019 O street. First class workmen employed.

Ed Young's for new cigars, pipes and tobacco—1204 O street.

Burlington's personally conducted excursions to Utah and California. A Pullman tourist sleeping car will leave Lincoln every Thursday at 12:35 p.m. for Denver, Salt Lake, Ogden, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Only \$5 for a double berth Lincoln to Los Angeles in one of these cars. Remember there is no change of cars. For full information and tickets apply at Burlington & Missouri depot or city ticket office, corner Tenth and O streets.

G. W. Bonnell, C. P. & T. A.

For the latest style hair cut go to E. A. Rickner's, s. e. cor. 12 and O street.

Best quality regulation white cadet gloves are 10c at the Ewing Clothing Co., 1115 and 1117 O.

Don Cameron's lunch counter, 118 south Eleventh street.

The latest shapes and patterns in neckwear just received at the Ewing Clothing company, 1115 and 1117 O.

An Offspring of Necessity.

"A wedding present, eh?" asked the dealer. "Is your friend a clubman?" "Yes, he's a member of two clubs." "Are you a married man, sir?" "Yes." "Well, I'd like to show you a clock invented by a friend of mine. It is peculiarly suitable for a married man who belongs to a club. But first you must give me your word of honor that you will never reveal the secret to any one except a married man whom you know has reached home not earlier than 2 a. m. twice a week for three consecutive weeks. If any woman discovers the secret of the invention, its prospects are ruined."

"I am afraid it is doomed. However, I promise."

"Well, this is the idea. When a man intends to stay out late, he presses this little spring—so innocent looking, you see, that it will escape the sharpest feminine observation. The clock at once begins to lose time. The hands move with just half their usual rapidity until 3 o'clock in the morning. Thus, if the spring is pressed at 9 p. m., the hands will show 12 o'clock when the correct time is 3 a. m. After 3 o'clock the hands will move with twice their usual rapidity until the time lost has been regained and no longer. At 6 a. m., therefore, the clock will be right, and thereafter it will jog along sedately 60 minutes to the hour just as if it never had been engaged in a conspiracy to deceive a trusting wife."

"Suppose a man gets home at 4 or 5?" "It will be of less service to him of course. However, we have 4 a. m. and 5 a. m. clocks constructed on similar principles, though I think the 3 a. m. clock is best suited for average requirements. My friend is striving to invent a clock which will stop running slowly and begin to regain time automatically the moment a man begins to look for the keyhole, but at present the project is little more than an iridescent dream."

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that he secured my order.—Truth.

Two Kansas Beverages.

If an Abilene paper correctly reports the testimony given last week in a whisky trial before District Judge Humphrey, a new drink has been born in Kansas. A witness upon the stand gave testimony as contained in the following cross examination:

"What did you drink?" was asked. "Hop tea." "What was it like?" "Hop tea." "Did you ever drink beer?" "No, sir." "Don't you know what it is like?" "No, sir." "Have you drunk anything that resembles hop tea?" "Yes." "What was it?" "Pillwink." "Well," went on the county attorney, "what is pillwink like?" "It is like hop tea," was the answer. And all the attorney could further get out of that witness was the statement that pillwink tasted like hop tea, and hop tea tasted like pillwink.—Kansas City Journal.

Human Consistency.

"I have killed 100 men in battle," said the warrior. "What a great man!" said the men. "What a brute!" said the women. "But they were mostly Indians." "The survival of the fittest," said the Darwinian. "The valor of greater numbers and heavier arms," said the satirist. "And I—I killed only one," said the murderer. "Hurry him to the electric chair," said they all with absolute unanimity.—New York Recorder.

At the Golden Gate.

"No," she answered, "I do not love you." "But," he persisted, with the energy of despair, "I have been convicted of murder most foul." The San Francisco society girl shook her head. "True," she said, "but upon merely circumstantial evidence." "In a matter as important as the disposal of her heart she could not be too careful."—Detroit Tribune.

A Contented Client.

"I tell you what, Heymann the lawyer is a cute fellow and no mistake! I ought to know, for he lately defended my son." "How's that? I thought your son had been sentenced?" "Yes, but only for a twelvemonth!"—Kladderatsch.

Taken Too Literally.

Her Husband—How fond you are of millinery, my dear. I wish I were a hat or a bonnet. His Wife—I wish you were. I could change you for another when I got tired of you.—Fun.

The Ewing Clothing company are the popular priced clothiers of Lincoln. A call will convince you. 1115 and 1117 O.

Don Cameron's lunch counter, 118 South Eleventh street.



Let Us Shoe You

Sanderson-Schulz and Davis

1213 O ST

Elite Studio

226 So. 11th St.--Ground Floor.
Special Rates to Students.

VIA THE UNION PACIFIC

"The Italy of America,"

Southern California has very truthfully been called; with its fruits and flowers, a Veritable Summerland.

Students, when you want to go home either to points on the main line or to

NORFOLK MADISON CEDAR RAPIDS FULLERTON ALBION, ETC.

Always take the UNION PACIFIC.

City Ticket Office 1044 O Street.

E. B. SLOSSON,
General Agent.

J. T. MASTIN,
City Ticket Agent.

First Nat'l Bank, Walter Hoge
... PRINTER
1115 P Street, Lincoln
CARDS, PROGRAMS, INVITATIONS
Good Work. Prices Reasonable.

Columbia Nat'l Bank,
LINCOLN, NEB.
Capital, - \$250,000.
Surplus, - 100,000.00

OFFICERS:
N. S. HARWOOD, President.
CHAS. A. HANNA, Vice-President.
F. M. COOK, Cashier.
C. S. LIPPINCOTT, and
H. S. FREEMAN, Ass't Cashiers.

DIRECTORS:
N. S. HARWOOD, J. D. MACFARLAND,
CHAS. A. HANNA, T. M. MARQUETTE,
JOHN FITZGERALD, JOHN H. AMES,
D. W. COOK, J. L. CARSON,
F. M. COOK, A. B. CLARK.

J. B. WRIGHT, F. E. JOHNSON, J. H. McCLAY,
President, Vice-President, Cashier.
JOHN AMES, Ass't Cashier.

W. F. COLE,
Proprietor
Capital Hotel Barber Shop
Corner 11th & P Sts.
SHAVING 10c.

See the bargains in winter underwear which will be offered Saturday at Bak-ers Clothing house, 1039 O street.

THE
COMMERCIAL BARBER SHOP.
DOES THE BEST WORK.
The Finest Bath Rooms in the City.
Students' patronage solicited. Agency for the Best Laundry.

120 North 11th Street.

H. W. BROWN, DRUGGIST.
Books and Stationery,
College Text-Books.
And a Complete Stock of
Standard and Miscellaneous Books

217 SO. ELEVENTH ST.

J. A. SMITH,
SUCCESSOR TO
W. R. DENNIS & CO.
Hats, Furnishing Goods

First-Class Goods at Reasonable Prices.
1137 O ST.

The Lincoln news agency, headquarters for news, magazines and novels. Harper's Century, Munsey's, Scribner's, Cosmopolitan and other periodicals always in stock. N. E. corner Eleventh and O streets, Richard block, J. E. Pearson, manager.