

THE NEBRASKAN.

Weekly Newspaper Issued Every Friday Noon at the University of Nebraska.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

F. P. RILEY, Managing Editor

ASSOCIATE

Miss Jo Laffel, Society Editor
C. L. Hoff, Military Editor
J. C. Hoffmann, Local Editor
E. E. Adams, Local Editor
L. D. Martin, Local Editor

EDITORS

S. B. Smith, Business Manager, P. D. Wild

Price per copy, 5 cents
By mail, 25 cents
Price per month, \$2.50

Address all communications to THE NEBRASKAN, University of Nebraska.

There is no question but what the Missouri game will be the game of the season. Ask any of the players what kind of practice they have had this week and they will tell you it is the best they have had this year, and that their team work is superior to what it was at the Iowa game last Thanksgiving.

This means a great deal to those intending to go to Omaha tomorrow, and it means that if you are not going you ought to go. Anyone who has made up his mind to go Thanksgiving and not tomorrow should change it right now. The Missouri game is the one we want to win. If we stand a ghost of a show for the cup this year we will have to play a pretty stiff game tomorrow. Missouri is in the field to win. So are we. The game will be the best of the season. Again, few, if any, have seen Missouri's team, with their tiger-striped sweaters. They all are a little curious to know what a team can do that has been coached by a real live eastern college football player. Laurie Bliss' fame has extended abroad. He boasts that he has a team which would give some of his old eastern friends a hard tussle. With its \$5,500 appropriation and imported coach, what ought they to do!

But if Nebraska wins! What a hoist for each spectator that he was really there! He saw how that last six inches was made—saw the long run of Nebraska's right or left half—the machine-like interference. And it's all his own glory to tell to room mate or prof., parents or friends. He helped with yelling at a critical time—he urged them on. And what a time he had, with all his yelling, excitement, railroad ride with a jolly crowd.

The Pershing Rifles have taken a definite step toward securing the Armory for university military dances. They have appointed a committee. What the members of this committee have accomplished by this time we do not know, but we were informed by one of them that he went down town to see a stenographer about getting a petition. The stenographer was out and the petition is not yet drawn up.

We hope the Pershing Rifles meet with success in their request. Of course the securing of the Armory for such purposes will be a difficult matter probably, as it is not the province of an educational institution to encourage such amusements. But if the demands are reasonable their request ought to be complied with. There is no harm to be done. It would not do, however, to throw open the doors of the Armory profusely and too generously for such occasions. The number of times it could be secured should be limited to two or three during the school year and should be given for military socials only. Even once might suffice (if it couldn't be secured oftener). Then an annual military ball could be given by the whole battalion and made the feature of the year in affairs military.

This use of the Armory ought certainly to be granted to some organization for some occasions during the year, and as the Pershing Rifles have started the agitation, it ought to be granted to them first.

AFTER this date THE NEBRASKAN subscribers will find their papers in boxes provided for the purpose in THE NEBRASKAN office. For the first few weeks before our subscription list was well filled, we could afford this general distribution by means of putting them in the boxes in the main hall. Our philanthropy in this direction ends with this issue. If you want your paper left in the boxes upstairs leave your name with one of the editors or at the office. If you think it too much trouble to go down stairs, we will be very willing to do this. We will put it upstairs and guarantee that you receive it. There is a way of squelching the paper thief that proves

very effective. A little publicity, which we would just as soon donate him as not, will fix him so he will not desire to take another paper very soon. To take another's paper is a little thing, but it has caused us lots of trouble and we mean to stop it. But remember you can have your paper upstairs if you want it there.

AROUND THE CAMPUS.

If the Amateur Thespian was not permitted to remain unmolested that afternoon, it certainly was not his own fault for he had taken every precaution against intrusion. He had chosen the bench farthest from the walk and sat with his back turned squarely on the passerby. He had just taken a fresh cigar from his pocket and was lighting it in a painstaking manner when he heard the gong ring in the main building and he remembered that he had a class in Shakespeare. He did not, as one would naturally expect, jump up from his seat, throw his cigar away and hurry into class. He merely elevated his eyebrows a little and blew a thin cloud of smoke into the air in a meditative fashion. "Evidently," he said to himself, "that bell means that my class is about to take up and if I don't get in there pretty soon there is a strong possibility that I will be marked absent." This startling conclusion seemed to amuse him and he blew another cloud of smoke into the still air to show how far he was above such petty things as the praise or censure of any professor. He looked at the carpet of leaves at his feet and at the sun, shining through the thin fleecy clouds. "It is really a sin to look one's self in doors on a day like this," he soliloquized gravely, "and since I don't care to add any to my generous category of original sins, I think I had better not go in at all today." He seemed quite pleased at his own brilliancy and smiled in a self-congratulatory sort of a way. To tell the truth, the Amateur Thespian rarely prided except as a result of introspection. To invent such a plausible excuse seemed quite unusual to him, for although he had prided himself a great deal as a philosopher and a cynic, he had heretofore made no pretensions as a logician, and the new led opened up to him pleased him vastly. He had certainly discovered a new talent and he began to blow a series of rings by way of celebration. He was feeling very comfortable when the Ladies Man came along in his affected gait.

"When is the Dramatic Club going out?" said the Ladies Man, coming up behind him rather abruptly.

The Amateur Thespian took his cigar from his mouth and twisted his head around to see who it was, then he turned around again and blew some more rings into the air. He was always provokingly deliberate when he was annoyed. Presently he said in a dry tone, "Did you ask that because you wanted to know or just because you thought it was a good opening speech?"

"O," replied the Ladies Man on whom such a remark was beautifully lost, "I was just wondering. I was thinking there were some parts you could act out of sight. For instance, I think you ought to do well in the 'Isle of Champagne,'" and he grinned inanely at this astounding display of wit.

The Amateur Thespian did not pay the slightest heed to this fling. Champagne was far too serious a subject with him to admit of frivolous comment. He felt quite relieved when he saw the Shy Youth, the Commissioned Officer and the Studious Kid coming from one direction and the Baritone sauntering up from the other, one hand slipped into a vertical trousers pocket. The Commissioned Officer sat down on the bench by the Amateur Thespian and looked furtively at the cigar which he had stuck up in his mouth at an angle of forty-five degrees. The Amateur Thespian could easily tell what was going on in the mind of the Commissioned Officer, and he said, "No, I haven't another one. This cigar was given me by the Banjo Fiend," and he took it between his first two fingers and gazed at it affectionately.

The Commissioned Officer was cruelly disappointed, for the Banjo Fiend not only smoked good cigars, but he gave good cigars away, which is rather surprising.

"How am I to see all the races next week on that?" said the Commissioned Officer, as he took twenty-eight cents in very small change from his pocket and surveyed his pile critically.

"You probably won't," said the Shy Youth sagely.

"You might hit the fence," sug-

gested the Baritone, in a tone implying that he had but very recently outgrown such tricks himself.

None of these gratuitous suggestions seemed to commend themselves to the impetuous Commissioned Officer, and he continued to gaze pathetically at the meager array of coin in his hand.

"You might put your pile on the races for the first day and win enough to go the remaining three," said the Amateur Thespian, as he knocked off the ashes of his cigar onto the trousers of the Ladies Man.

"You would stand more chance of losing than winning," suggested the Studious Kid, who always figured every thing out mathematically.

"I suppose I might borrow it, ventured the Commissioned Officer timidly.

At this gentle hint they all made haste to change the subject.

The Amateur Thespian felt a commotion on his left, and looked to see if the wind had sprung up, but it was only the Professional Flirt sweeping up the walk. The Ladies Man abruptly left the group and hurried in her direction. As she passed, she gave the Amateur Thespian a lightning glance with a pair of innocent looking blue eyes, which was supposed to capture everyone who saw it. It had very little effect on the Amateur Thespian, who had no heart to speak of and did not rave over a girl "whose art," as he expressed it, "was so glaringly apparent."

The Ladies Man thought this glance was meant for him, and was consequently much elated.

"Why is it," said the Studious Kid, gazing intently over toward the south steps where the Leading Lady was charming the New Student, "why is it that the old girls always chase up the new fellows to waste their smiles on?"

The Amateur Thespian laughed shortly.

"Yes," said the Commissioned Officer, "and why do the old fellows rush the new girls?"

"I don't see why you need to ask both questions," said the Amateur Thespian.

"Why not?" asked the Commissioned Officer and the Studious Kid, simultaneously.

"Because," said the Amateur Thespian calmly, "the one is the natural sequence of the other. You see it is this way," he added, taking a long puff on his cigar so that it would not go out while he was speaking, "when a new girl comes here she is generally rushed to death, that is if she is a good looker, or can give the impression that she is, and if this lasts to the end of the year, she gets into her silly head that she is about as right as they make 'em, and that she was cut out and fitted as a popular society girl. Well, next year they are surprised to find that a little of their wonderful popularity has been lost in the shuffle, but by helping themselves on, they can still hold their place. On the third year, however, all their former flames are after new girls, and he is forced to grab some new fellow or go without any, and"—here he took another puff on his cigar—"they generally 'grab' with great alacrity."

"That's right," acquiesced the Baritone, "this social swim has a great current. The first year a girl is always held up, the second she helps herself with a little assistance, but after that she must grab some new swimmer or drift onto the bank of oblivion."

The Baritone felt quite pleased with his simile, and even looked up to the Amateur Thespian for approbation.

HAL STARRETT.

R. BRUCE MAGEE,



Scientific Optician.

1105 O STREET,

LINCOLN, - - NEB.

HUTCHINS & HYATT

SELL ALL

COAL

At Reduced Rates.

1040 O St. Telephone 25.

"It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man."

How many know the origin of this saying?

Anyone bringing the correct answer to our cutter, L. A. Bumstead, will receive tickets for the pressing of one suit or two pairs trousers.

Let us add that our tailors are the best to be had in Lincoln, and we make strictly up to date clothing, perfect fitting and satisfactory wearing.

Let us make your next suit.

Our prices will agree with your ideas of economy.

Paine, Warfel & Bumstead, 1136 O St

THE CONSERVATORY DINING HALL

Corner 11th and R Streets.

Will Seat 80 People.

Regular Board at \$2.50.

Tickets \$3.00.

R.I.P.A.N.S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

If You Don't Know It

It is time you learn the advantages of dealing directly with the manufacturers. It is not alone the saving in price that is of consequence although that is a big item, but it is the certainty of satisfaction and the guaranteed quality and fit that the makers of the clothing alone can give you.

Our clothing is practically to order. If it isn't right, we are the sufferers, and we make it as right can be. We don't permit anyone to make better goods.

We have a Full Line

Of Furnishing Goods, always correct in style.

As also we are leaders and the only practical Hatters in the city. If you wish to have the correct style cut on us and see for yourself.

BROWNING, KING & CO.,

1013 to 1019 O Street,
Lincoln, Neb.

Nebraska Pant and Suit Co.

West half of Trunk Factory
1227 O St.

All Wool Pants Made to Order

First-class and guaranteed to fit, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, and upwards.

Business Suits

\$15, \$18, \$20, and up.

Overcoatings and Vestings

AT POPULAR PRICES.

Goods sold by the yard and ends for boy's pants, etc. Few uncalled for pants and suits at your own price.

O. R. OAKLEY.

O. N. HOLCOM, Cutter.

JACK CLARK,

129 SOUTH
TWELFTH STREET.

Ladies' and Gent's

Grill and Oyster Parlors

REGULAR MEALS
25 CENTS.

Short Orders a Specialty
All the Delicacies of the Season

A Call will Convince You.
Open All Night.

J. A. SMITH,

SUCCESSOR TO

W. R. DENNIS & CO.

Hats, Furnishing Goods

First-Class Goods at Reasonable Prices.

1137 O ST.



TWO TRAINS DAILY

BETWEEN

LINCOLN

—AND—

Auburn, Falls City,

Atchison, St. Joseph,

and Kansas City.

City Ticket Office, 1201 O Street.

H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen'l P. & T. A.
F. D. CORNELL, C. P. & T. A.

Go to

California

in a Tourist Sleeper.

It is the RIGHT way. Pay more and you are extravagant. Pay less and you are uncomfortable. The newest, brightest, cleanest and easiest riding Tourist Sleepers are used for our

Personally Conducted Excursions to California,

which leave Omaha every Thursday morning reaching San Francisco Sunday evening, and Los Angeles Monday noon.

You can join them at any intermediate point. Ask nearest ticket agent for full information, or write to

J. FRANCIS, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.