

OUR INTELLIGENT SISTERS.

Hello!
Hello!
I haven't seen you for quite awhile.
No? I haven't seen you.
Where have you been?
Oh! I've been home.
So have I. Have you seen the new frat?
No.
Haven't you really?
No. Have you?
No. They say they're real swell.
Oh! They must be, they have such a pretty pin.
I don't think it's half as nice as our's.
I don't either.
Have you seen Ralph today?
No.
Why he's been in the halls all the morning.
I haven't seen him.
Well, I must go.
So must I. Good bye.
Good bye. I've got a class.
So have I. Mine's Shakespeare.
Mine's I'schycology.
How do you like it?
Awfully. There's such a nice young man has charge of the lab.
Is there? What's he like?
Oh, such pretty eyes and curly hair, and he's awful big.
I wish I took Pschy—
He's awful nice.
Well I must go. Good bye.
Good bye.
Good bye.
Good bye. He tells me when we are going to have an exam.
Oh! How nice. Good bye.
Good bye.
Good bye.
Good bye.
Good bye.
(And so on until they disappear in their respective class rooms).
H.H.E.

THE ROSE IN HER HAIR.

There's a scarlet rose in my lady's hair
And her gown is silken white;
On her cheek there's a delicate rosy glow
Like the birth of a ruddy light.
There's a pale white rose in my lady's hair
And her gown is leaden white;
Her cheeks are pale, and her slender hands
Are clasped together tight.
There's a phantom rose in my lady's hair
And her gown is misty white;
Tell her no more in all the world,
Save in my dreams at night.
William Reed Dunroy.

THE FACULTY ON WHEELS.

Up in the morning at break of day,
Ere the hours of toil begin,
The mathematician hies himself away
For a quiet country spin.
Deeply absorbed in thought profound
He reflects as the pedals fly
That he travels each time the wheels go round
The diameter's length x pi.
Swiftly the man of classic lore,
With his brain to rest resigned,
Chases the morning mists away
And scatters the dust behind.
As he guides his wheel with steady hand
Wherever his way may go,
He gently murmurs in accents bland,
"Rotam currentem amo."
—The Miami Student.

The Chancellor has promised the managers of the foot ball team that he will excuse anyone from class Tuesday afternoon who wishes to attend the Doane game, (provided they attend). The class in English 3 will go in a body. How about that recitation Tuesday? Verily the Chancellor ranketh the English department.

Burlington's persons'ly conducted excursions to Utah and California. A Pullman tourist sleeping car will leave Lincoln every Thursday at 12:15 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.

The Smith-Premier Typewriter Co. have moved their office to 135 So. 11th Street, where they are showing their NEW MODELS Nos. 2, 3, and 4. If you have not examined them come in and do so. A full line of typewriting supplies handled. Telephone 439. C. W. Eckerman, agent.

Go to Constance's barber shop, 1010 O street. First class workmen employed.

What's a Man to Do?

Lonesomeby — Hello, old man! Thought I'd come around and condole with you. My wife is also away.
Widowly—Don't be sarcastic. It's not the loneliness that worries me, but the matter of letter-writing.
Lonesomeby — How so?
Widowly—Well, if I fill my letters with declarations of love, and tell her how much I miss her, she'll come home to enjoy the sentimentality at closer range; if I write an indifferent letter, she'll come home to see what's the matter; and if I don't write at all, she'll come home to see if I've run off with another woman. So what's a man to do?—Truth.

What Put It Out.

"Accidents?" said the old sea captain. "No, we never have any to speak of on this line. Why, one trip, about a year ago, the ship caught fire down in the hold and we never discovered it till we got into port and began to unload."
"That's strange. What put the fire out?"
"Why, it burned down through to the sea and the water put it out. Couldn't burn the water, you know."
And the captain walked away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought to ask why the ship did not sink.

Colored Remarks.

De mos' dangerous hole in a man's pocket is at de top.—One drop ob scandal will spread ober a whole lifetime.—A good menny men malk deir bes' time on de wrong track.—Cupid is allus represented as a baby because lub so frequently dies in hits infancy.—Gib de people two pieces ob gossip at once an' dey'll 'cept de one wid de mos' slandah in hit.—Ef yo' wanter git eben wid an enemy fo'get his existence an' go toe wurk too amount toe sumthin'.—Arkansas saw Thomas Cat.

Old Memories.

Little Girl—Gran'pa says he remembers w'en the snow was so deep it was up to his waist.
Little Boy—When?
"Oh, ever so long ago!"
"Mebby it was w'en he was a little baby."—New York Weekly.

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

Matilda Maloney—She's takin' on a lot of airs jist because she's old enough ter wear a corsick.
Ethel McSwath—Yes, but she ain't no heavy swell, fer no real aristocrats don't never wear their corsicks on de outside of der clothes, like dat.—Truth.

The Villain.

He said he would gladly drown for her,
To the depths of the sea go down for her;
But alas! when she pleaded
For bonnet she needed,
He hadn't a single half-crown for her!
He said he'd be proud to die for her,
Through water and fire to fly for her,
But, when out they go shopping,
Although she's near dropping,
He bears not her basket (heaped high) for her.

Couldn't Take the Chances.

"I'm going to give up my place at this here restaurant," said a Broadway waiter, with a look of disgust on his face.
"Why?"
"Why? Why, because they insist on my eating mushrooms before the customers to show them they're not toadstools."

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

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.

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



HE isn't versed in Latin, she doesn't paint on satin,
She doesn't understand the artful wickery of eyes,
But oh! sure, 'tis true and certain she is very pat and pert in
Arranging the component parts of luscious pumpkin pies.

She cannot solve or twist 'em, viz.: the planetary system,
She cannot tell a Venus from a Saturn in the skies;
But you ought to see her grapple with the fruit that's known as apple,
And arrive at quick conclusion when she tackles toothsome pies.

She couldn't write a sonnet, and she couldn't trim a bonnet,
She isn't very bookish in her letter of replies;
But she's much at home—oh, very! when she takes the juicy berry
And manipulates quite skillfully symposiulums in pies.
—H. S. Keller in Truth.

PIPES.

At Ed. Young's, the best variety, and news and cigars, 1204 O street.

Had Learned the Lesson.

"At last I understand," sighed Mr. Homeflat, wearily, as he put a slat in the bedstead, and saw that it didn't fit.
"Understand what?" said his wife, hammering the tack into the carpet.
"At last," answered Mr. Homeflat, "I understand the true force of that phrase, 'a moving scene.'—Chicago Record.

Danger.

"Still, my heart, still."
The shadows were swiftly falling and already the chill of night was upon them.
"Still, my heart, still."
Simply, yet intensely, he told her of his love.
"Still, my heart, still," she whispered. They were in a strange hammock, and the way her heart was acting scared her almost to death.—Detroit Tribune.

It's Nice to Be a Father.

Batche—Are you ever troubled with a roaring in your ears at night?
Pappe—I should say I am.
"What do you do for it?"
"When it gets so that I can't stand it any longer I get up and walk the floor with him till he quiets down and goes to sleep.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Whom to Consult.

Doctor (to Patient)—What ails you?
Patient—Indeed, I don't know. I only know that I suffer.
"What kind of a life do you lead?"
"I work like an ox, I eat like a wolf, I am as tired as a dog and sleep like a horse."
"In that case I should advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon."

Matrimonial Item.

Col. Yerge:—I hear your son is going to get married.
Judge Peterby—Yes, he is about to become a Benedict.
"Why don't you make him wait until he is older and gets more sense?"
"Humph! If he should get a sensible spell he would not marry at all."

The Junebug's Trials.

Teacher—Give me the name of some quadruped.
Tommy—A dog.
"Mention another."
"A June bug."
"A June bug has six legs."
"What's the matter with pulling off two of them?"

A Cranky Patient.

Doctor (to patient)—I don't wish to frighten you. If you have no objections, I would like to call in a couple of my brother doctors.
Irascible Patient—All right! If you need any assistants in murdering me, call in your accomplices.

An Eloquent Woman.

"What did your wife say when you got home at two o'clock in the morning?" asked Pete Amsterdam of Mr. Westside, the day after the club dinner.
"What did she say? Why, she has not finished talking yet."—Ex.

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