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J. A. SMITH,

Fine Hats & Furnishings

-- Goods --

That are up-to-date, and the best values in the city. FINE NECKWEAR, lined and unlined GLOVES, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY. Sole agent for DUNLAP'S celebrated HATS.

1137 O Street.

A Special

SUIT SALE

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Today at

Baker's Clothing House,

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THE PALACE  
DINING HALL

Is the PROPER PLACE to get your Meals.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

ALL YOUR FELLOW STUDENTS BOARD HERE.

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

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Office 1100 O St. Basement, Richards Block - Yards, 14th & Y Sts  
Telephones 343 & 488.

MISS FERGUSON

Has opened the second term of her

DANCING SCHOOL

In the LANSING THEATRE DANCING HALL.

Regular lessons given Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, beginning at 8 P.M. She may be consulted at the hall from 4 to 6 P.M. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Residence, 1640 G Street.

Nebraska  
Pant and Suit Co.

West hall 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. HOLOOM, Cutter.

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SUCCESSOR TO

W. R. DENNIS & CO.

Hats, Furnishing Goods

First-Class Goods at Reasonable Prices.

1137 O ST.

Go to 117 So. 10th St. for R. R. and Steamship tickets.

POVERTY AND PRIDE.

Mr. Mink—Have you called on the new neighbors next door?  
Mrs. Min—Indeed I haven't, nor I won't neither. They're the trashiest kind of people—poor as church mice, I'll warrant. They send their washin' out.

"What of that?"  
"I s'pose they is ashamed to show the rags in their own yard."

Got What She Wanted.

Papa—Where is the little dog I brought home to you yesterday?

Little Dot—I waded it to Tommy Traddles for his kitten.

Papa—Eh? You told me you wanted a dog.

Little Dot—Yes. Tommy told me he liked dogs better than cats. That's what I wanted a dog for.

Willing to Assist.

New Son-in-Law—Ahem! You remember, Mr. Oldchapp, you said that after we were married you would assist me in the matter of furnishing a home.

Mr. Oldchapp—Certainly, my boy, certainly. Come around the corner with me and I'll introduce you to a friend of mine who is in the installment business.

Beauty is a Curse.

Little Ne.—Mamma says th' preacher says beauty is a curse. What does that mean?

Little Brother—That means if men and women was all ugly they'd never be any more fightin' and quarrelin'.

"Why wouldn't there?"  
"Cause nobody wd ever marry anybody."

An Observing Friend.

Winks—That job you have now is a soft snap, is it?

Jinks—Um—rather.

"Nothing at all to do, have you?"

"Well—er—not much."

"Good pay, too?"

"Very fair. How do you happen to know so much about my job?"  
"I notice you stick to it."

What Two Girls Got.

Mrs. Nuggs—My darter went to all them revival meetins last week, and—she got a husband; regular case of love at first sight. They're to be married next month. Did your darter get one, too?

Mrs. Puggs (sadly)—Naw, she didn't get nuthin but religion.

Very Like Grown Folks.

Little Dot—I made a doll's swing today, and I asked Ethel May to lend me her doll to try it with, an' she wouldn't do it. She's just the meanest, stingiest thing I ever saw.

Little Dick—Why didn't you use your own doll?

Little Dot—I was 'fraid it might fall.

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.

Girls Not Wanted.

Mother—Why don't you want to take your little sister coasting with you?

Little Boy—Little girls isn't any good at coasting. Every time they strikes the bumper an' gets thrown up in the air an' upset an' run into they cries

P. R. BRAUN,

129 SOUTH TWELFTH STREET.

Ladies' and Gent's

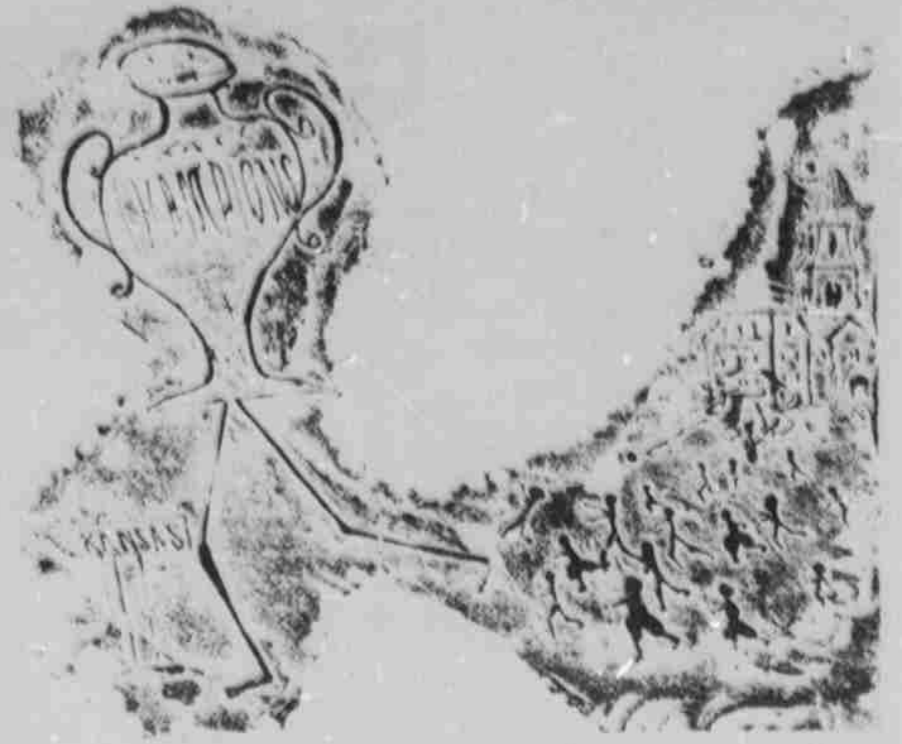
Grill and Oyster Parlors

REGULAR MEALS  
25 CENTS.

Short Orders a Specialty  
All the Delicacies of the Season

A Call will Convince You.  
Open All Night.

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



THE WAY IT LOOKED.

The following account of the Kansas game is taken from the editorial page of the Evening News.

The large crowd that turned out to witness the football contest between the representatives of the state universities of Kansas and Nebraska was doubtless something of a surprise to the athletic association. It was in fact a magnificent turn-out, and indicates that the university spirit is growing much stronger in Lincoln year by year. A large proportion of those who were present doubtless failed to understand just why eleven young men should remove all traces of civilization from their countenances and dress in costumes that were not recherche by a block and a half, for the purpose of bucking up against an equal number from abroad similarly attired, seemingly but to have the opportunity to fall over one another. They knew not at all why the entire twenty-two should make running jumps toward one another, but they did know when Nebraska was using the exponents of real culture from the Populist hot-bed to enrage the face of the gridiron, and great joy thronged their beings.

A considerable number of those present, not counting the students, were witnessing their first professional game, or more strictly speaking the first game played by trained football players. They saw eleven young men wearing bloated bloomers and hosiery that was carefully copied from a sign in front of a North Tenth street tonsorial establishment line up opposite eleven others attired similarly save that the excitable red of the Nebraskans' hosiery gave way on the Kansas call to a deep, comprehensive red. On the line-up it was easily discernable that the Kansans had been better trained, their hair was longer and they bore more visible injuries than the young disciples of higher education from this state.

Suddenly some one tossed out a ball, then some behemothed individual butted it with his foot, and the whole crowd came together with a rush that demonstrated the value to a football player of eating his meals at a student's boarding-house. Then for half an hour or more they worried and harried that little piece of pigskin, chasing and pushing it up and down the field. Every once in awhile it would escape from its tormentors, but immediately some one would pounce upon it and then the rest of the crowd would fall upon him in all sorts of picturesque poses. It was here that the intense pleasure of being the full-back was demonstrated, this matted-top gentleman having the exquisite joy of a twenty-yard run before he could throw himself on the frenzied heap of comrades.

After the captains and the umpires had pried the heap into semblance of individual humanity again, there would usually remain some one or more of the belligerents stretched out on the ground. Then the game would stop until the wounded men had been swabbed out by an athletic-looking little fellow, who piloted a large, temptingly proportioned bottle around. As soon as his nose or leg was pulled back into place, he jumped up and they went at it again. This time they would line up with their heads implanted in one another's person, some fellow would give out a sum in arithmetic, then the ball would fly from one to another, the fellow getting it last attempting to steal out of the mass, while his comrades elbowed or held the remainder of the opposition. If he couldn't get out of the push he would toss himself forward and then the balance of the crowd would toss themselves on his person. Sometimes one crowd would push the others down to one end of the field, and then that crowd would push back. Once in awhile the crowd would say something about a touch-down, but the only thing resembling that from the grandstand was the attempt of a youthful student to finger an incipient outbreak of mustache.

But there was really lots of sport just watching these enthusiastic boys arrayed in scarlet and cream (which, by the by, is very apt to be mixed up in the mind of the populace with red and white.) It is to be presumed that these young men had other apparel even if it were not visible. And there was a fascination about watching the herculean struggles of the extended athletes lean on the ground, although it is a pastime that the majority of us would

decline to take part, even at the remunerative figure of \$20 a minute.

It is only when one gazes upon the highly-upholstered football players, and notes that they wear shin guards, nose-guards, rubber between their teeth, a bandage around the top of their head, as well as in numerous other ways indicate that they are about to enter into a conflict that promises something besides a fight with pillows, that one recalls with distinct suggestions of amusement the remark of Chancellor McLean that the press exaggerates the brutality of football.

Burlington's personally 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.

Fountain pens at all prices, from \$1 to \$4.50 at Herpolsheimer & Co's Book Department.

Frey & Frey, the popular florists, are located at 114 So. 13th street.

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

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.

Burglar (appearing unexpectedly)—Lookin' fer anybody, gen'?

Man of the House (on the warpath)—Ah—why—er—excuse me—yes—no—Why, you see, the fact is, the doctor—er—told me to take exercise with Indian clubs; I—er—must have gotten his pistol by mistake.

The Astute Office Boy.  
Office Boy—There was a man in the front office wanted to see you, but I felt pretty sure he had a bill, so I told 'im you wasn't in.

Jinks—What made you think he had a bill?

Office Boy—Oh, he had a sneakin', hang-dog sort of a look.

Unavoidable.  
Reporter—Was that accident unavoidable?

Railroad President—Certainly, sir, certainly. No one to blame. You see the watchman had two crossings to look after, half a mile apart. You can't expect a man to be in two places at once, can you?

A Smart Woman.  
Mother—Mary on us! How did you tear that lovely new suit of clothes all to pieces?

Small Son—I was throwin' stones at that new neighbor's cat, and it ran under their barn, and then she gave me ten cents to crawl under and chase it out.

Well Worth Reading.  
Roaming Journalist—I hear that the present owner of the Daily Blowhard is a rich old snoozer, who made a fortune on hams. Does he ever write anything worth reading?

Blowhard Man—You just bet he does. He signs the checks.

Had a Good Time.  
Mrs. Wayback—Did you go to the theater while you was in the city, Joshua?

Mr. Wayback—No, Mariah, I couldn't find no theaters somhow. The only place I could find was a dime museum—but I saw that six times.