

AROUND THE CAMPUS.

(Continued from 1st page.)

Gilded Fool, however, was very much in earnest and felt that he had certainly struck the key-note of the whole financial distress.

"Why is it?" suddenly broke in the Baritone who had been heretofore looking intently at nothing through the window, "that girls so often hate each other without cause?"

The Baritone had not spoken to anyone in particular, but the Amateur Thesplan knew that the remark was intended for him—questions of that kind always were—so he answered a little wearily: "I suppose you mean without any apparent cause, don't you?"

"I suppose so. Yes," asserted the Baritone, doubtfully. "You could understand it if you knew the rule—"

"Do you mean it is all according to a general rule?" broke in the Ladies' Man.

"I mean nothing of the kind," said the Amateur Thesplan, exasperatingly. "Women never follow general rules. They are continually surprising to those who do not understand them and disappointing to those who do. If ever a rule should become general with them they would signalize the occasion by breaking it. But," he added, turning to the Baritone, "girls hate each other because they can't help it. Take for instance the case you are thinking of, that of the Society Girl and the New Arrival."

The Baritone colored a little at this. It was the case he was thinking of, but he did not think anyone knew it. However the Amateur Thesplan knew more than he was given credit for, which was often not much. "These two girls," he went on, "can't get along together because they realize they are fighting on the same plane with the same tactics. They each realize in the other a dangerous and well-equipped rival and woman-like they won't run the race out fair, but try to push each other out of the way. The fact that they are both brunettes and both popular with the same crowd of boys makes the fight all the harder. A girl will hate another girl merely because she is pretty."

The Ladies' Man sniffed incredulously. "Why is it then," said he, "that a pretty girl is always taken into a fraternity? I should think the other girls would not vote for her, according to your explanation."

"Well," said the Amateur Thesplan, indifferently, "it's partly because they are afraid some one else will get her and crow over them and partly because they are ashamed to acknowledge their jealousy. Their motives in this case are the same as their motives everywhere; easy to see if you don't try to go too deep for them."

He carefully put his cigar back in his mouth and blew a heavy cloud of smoke into the thick atmosphere. "There isn't a single girl in college," he went on, putting his feet over on the Star Idiot's hat, "that is especially pretty who is really popular among all her sex. Except," he added, his face brightening as he spoke, "except the Queen of Hearts."

The Youthful Romeo lay listlessly on the cushioned window seat, propped up with pillows. He certainly has a good right to lie down for he had walked out to call on the Debutante. He had not found her at home and was consequently melancholy, aside from being fatigued. He was gazing pensively at the ceiling with a far away look in his eyes.

"Look at him," said the Quarterback, who was standing against the wall with his hands in his pockets. "She would really feel complimented if she knew how hard he was thinking of her."

"He would give 'all the world to be near her,'" quoted the Commissioned Officer with a laugh.

"He couldn't very well do that," remarked the Amateur Thesplan, dryly. "He doesn't come any nearer owning the one than the other."

There was a general laugh at this, but the Youthful Romeo did not look up. He was too pre-occupied.

"Yet she wouldn't stay at home when he called," said the Baritone, and then raising his voice to catch his attention, "that is a thing I wouldn't allow!"

Something in the last word made the Youthful Romeo look up with a start. But when he saw he had mis-

understood, he regained his equilibrium.

"Why don't you get some girl who lives closer to you?" went on the irrepresible Baritone. "Are they so hard to get that you are forced to go out on the frontier for them?"

"They are no harder for me than for you," retorted the Youthful Romeo, hotly. "You chase with the Society Girl because no one else can stand you." The Youthful Romeo could be brutal when he chose and tonight his ill-temper made him ungentlemanly.

"They say," said the Baritone ostensibly addressing the ceiling, "that he joined the glee club just to get his voice in training to serenade her."

"She wouldn't take my voice for a buzz-saw, anyway," sneered the Youthful Romeo, very pointedly.

"I doubt that," said the Baritone.

They probably would have mixed with each other in another second if the Shy Youth had not interfered.

"I don't blame the Youthful Romeo for standing up for her," whispered the Commissioned Officer to the Studious Kid. "There isn't another girl in school that makes the stir she does—except the Queen of Hearts."

Before there could be any further hostilities the Gilded Fool got up and looked at his watch. "I will have to go home," he said sadly. "Papa doesn't like it when I am out after 10."

When the Baritone and the Amateur Thesplan were going to bed that night, the Baritone was feeling a little worried for the Amateur Thesplan. "Why is it," he said, "that you are always roasting the girls when there is no cause for it? There isn't a girl in school that you don't roast, is there?"

"No, I guess not," said the Amateur Thesplan very dreamily. "Except," he murmured, half asleep, "except the Queen of Hearts."

HAL STARRETT.

(The End.)

PIPES.

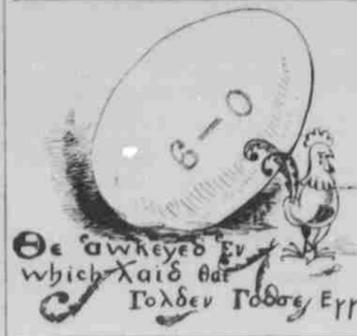
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Beating the Egg Tariff.

The Tombstone Prospector says: Since the duty on eggs has been the rule many devices have been thought of for manufacturing them. The idea of a Nogales man is, however, the only feasible scheme up to date. His proposition is to feed hens on the cheap grain of Mexico and have them lay in the United States. For this purpose a long building will be placed on the line, half in Mexico and half in the United States. They will feed and water in the Mexican end, and when they want to lay they go to the further end of the building, and in that way escape paying the duty. The projector of this enterprise came from Maine.

Pertinent.

The force and value of a remark depends largely on the age and standing of the person who utters it. Leslie Robinson is a boy about 4 years old. His father was employed for a few days by two maiden sisters, who had some work to be done about their place. One of them, wishing to see him, said to the other, "Where is Robinson?" Leslie overheard the question and responded at once in a very demure and drawing manner: "How—would—it—do—to—call—him—Mr.—Robinson?"



The Ewing Clothing Co. are showing the best values in \$8 and \$10 suits and overcoats in Lincoln.

Mermaid—Come with me to the coral groves and I will give thee pearls and jewels rare.

Tramp—And git wet! Say, Mermy, keep yer jools.—Truth.

A Sure Sign.

Wife—I am quite confident we are going to have callers this evening.
Husband—Why do you think so?
Wife—The baby's so cross.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

No Decrease.

The crease in men's trousers is gone; Such is the burden of rumors. But there's no use feeling forlorn, Look at the increase in bloomers.

Why He Did It.

The deed was done; a bright flash in the grate and all was over. Mortimer Maxwell had burned his uncle's will. He and his three brothers would inherit the estate equally.

Why did he do this thing? His uncle had loved him and had treated his wild escapades with leniency and when the old man realized that his health was failing, his heart yearned for the handsome, wayward youth, and he made a will leaving his entire fortune to Mortimer Maxwell.

It was this document that fell into the young man's hands. After he read it he buried his face in his hands and remained for some moments in profound thought. Suddenly he started up and cried: "It must not be! My brothers shall never have an opportunity to contest this will, and let this princely fortune be devoured by the greedy voracious of the law! Nor shall they lay the flattering unction to their souls that they have bluffed me into an amicable settlement."

And he destroyed the will as above mentioned.

Then he went forth into the air with the free, glad step of a man who thinks he has a level head.—Exchange.

Some Truths About Truth.

There are few persons to whom the truth is not a sort of insult.—Segur.

Truth, like a medicine, must be qualified for the weak and infantine.—Zimmerman.

What we have in us of the image of God is the love of truth and justice.—Demosthenes.

Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions.—Emerson.

Some people look upon truth as an invalid, who can only take the air in a close carriage, with a gentleman in a black coat on the box.—Holmes.

The greatest truths are commonly the simplest.—Malesherbes.

Those Long Nights.

The clock struck Jan. 1 and then Feb. 15, but still she was alone.

The Esquimau wife slept but fitfully, starting from a troubled dream every two or three weeks.

"Will he ever come?" Presently, however, she heard a familiar footfall.

"Tanked again!" she groaned. "It is hardly ten weeks since he was drunk before."

It was very late.

The gray dawn was already breaking, and in less than a month it would be broad day.—Detroit Tribune.

A Pretty Mystery.

Just why it is so there's nobody knows, But its truthfulness none have denied.

The young lady's shoe that is apt to disclose The daintiest foot and the prettiest hose Will the ofttest come untied.

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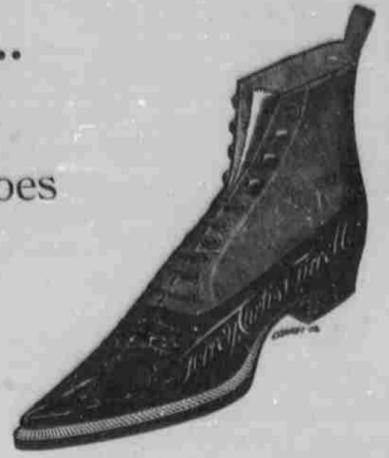
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"Sometimes I think I shall never, never marry," said Miss Buster in a burst of confidence.
"Oh, don't despair," replied Miss Flip; we read in the bible that Naomii was 580 years old when she married."

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