

THE NEBRASKAN.

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

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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Price per year, \$.75
by mail, .85
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Merit always receives recognition. It speaks for itself. This is shown in the action of ex-Superintendent Farley of Plattsmouth in securing several of our professors to deliver a course of lectures before the Cass county institutes. These institutes have been arranged by Mr. Farley to aid the teachers in their work as well as to bring them in closer touch with the broader and better education of today. Much credit is due to him for taking hold of the enterprise and pushing it to a success. Although not a graduate of the university he fully appreciates the good work it is doing in the cause of higher education. These institutes are commendable and cannot fail to bear fruitful results. While our professors have but little time for lecturing in different sections of the state, it certainly is true they are good and faithful supporters of all that is worthy in general education.

This is an age of papers and periodicals, and it is inexcusable indolence not to be informed on important topics of the day. It must be remembered the current events of today become history tomorrow. The student who grasps the present as it comes has also the immediate past at his or her command. There is no isolated fact in history nor is there an isolated current event. Then we should not isolate ourselves from the present by giving our whole attention to the text books to the exclusion of our surroundings. Do not be a bookworm! Be wide-awake. Know something of life around as well as current knowledge. By so doing the true purpose of a college education will be realized. Let every student arrange his or her course of study for the second semester so as to gather a knowledge of the current events of the world.

We hope that before another semester ends that the present abominable system of examinations will be abolished. The new plan has proved its possession of all disadvantages propheesied of it. Its only advantage has been that some of the professors not in favor of the new system have excused their classes after a one hour examination, while others have kept within the bounds of the new regulations as far as possible, and held almost ordinary recitations. Yet to the students a trial of the new system has been far from comfortable, and many cannot say they have had even a half day's rest between the end and beginning of the two semesters.

Examinations are generally looked upon by the student-body as a necessary evil, and if they must be tolerated they should be presented in a way that is at least free from torture. If the design is to increase the population of the insane asylums, then let the new system of examination prevail.

It is to be regretted, there are many students who are unconversant with current events. This is undoubtedly a thoughtless neglect upon their part. For it is the wish of all to improve every opportunity and leave no roses by the wayside. But can this be done by constant attention to text books? No. The widest culture afforded by a college education is unattainable without a fair knowledge of current happenings. Our mental horizon must be broadened by general reading and observation. This may be easily done by spending a few minutes daily in acquiring general information, which our library has placed within the reach of all. The choicest magazines and periodicals with their rich stores of ma-

terial are at every students' command. They are surely worth reading. Should we not utilize them to escape a just criticism? The want of time cannot be pleaded. For in truth, some time daily is spent uselessly, which could be used more profitably in reading current topics.

BY THE WAY.

In view of the extreme youth of some of the freshmen, it has been thought best to prohibit the whole class from wearing mustaches on the campus. By order of the sophomore class.

Size a student up by where he sits in chapel. If he goes there for a few moments of quiet and worship, he takes a seat down in front, near the platform. That is, after he has been in the rear seats once. Back there reminds one of the Lansing "nigger heaven." The clamor is like an auction—books dropping, seats creaking, girls giggling. You get a scrap of the psalm sandwiched in with the latest athletic news, and the prayer mingled with bits of gossip about the last dance and some handsome boy in the gallery. One visit is enough.

And now he had come back. Twenty years ago they had been interested in each other. Twenty years ago they had parted. A slight misunderstanding, a word or two, and he had gone away, leaving nothing but a bit of blue ribbon. She was to send it if ever she needed him. How she had treasured that ribbon—dearly, tenderly, as the last token of their love. It was faded and worn, yet she kept it at the bottom of her jewel box. Often she had wept over it when she was weary and felt as if there had been a mistake. Twenty years of loneliness and empty life; and merely a little ribbon holding back the sunshine. Why did she not send it to him? She did not know exactly. At times she almost did so, but something invariably held her back. The ribbon was a part of her life. She could not bear to give it up.

And now he had come back. She was thinking more and more of the ribbon and of him. What memories! What thoughts! It all seemed so long ago. Had he changed? And what of his love? Would he come to her for the faded bit of color? Could she give it up to him? And the twenty years that were gone, what of them?

There is one thing that very young students should always keep in mind. It is this: Keep your mouth shut. It will prevent microbes from getting in and foolishness from getting out.

Speaking of poetry, what is the matter with the following? It is a touching little plaint, addressed by a certain fraternity to one of its members who had gone off and got married. It was entitled, "Wail of the Brothers." It had about twenty verses and the boys who were left were in a desperate state. We give the first and last stanzas: "He has gone from our midst, oh, we plead and entreated, That he would not sail o'er the treacherous wave, But the smiles of a siren our efforts defeated, Our hopes of his future lie low in the grave."

After about twelve pages of this sort of stuff they wind up as follows: "Wail, wail, all ye brothers, wail the departed; Be warned by the fate of the fallen the while, And while weeping for him, in the gloom broken-hearted, Gaze not towards the land where the sirens do smile."

Over at Iowa they say that Missouri is seeking a special appropriation from the legislature for the purpose of securing a nurse and a crate of Mullen's baby food. Success, old Mizzery.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Yorgen Amudthers was again dependent and despite all the good-natured railery and chaffing of his roommate, which usually brought him back to a joyous temperament, he persistently refused to be comforted, or even to appear sociable.

"I believe I'm hoo-dooed," was all his genial roommate could get out of him. But Yorgen had acted in a similar manner and told him the same thing so many times before that he did not pay any particular attention to

him. When bed-time came, however, and still no change in the mood or position of the form sitting upon the edge of the bed with his head bowed in his hands and his elbows resting upon his knees, the patience of the watching roommate was becoming exhausted. Grabbing the disconsolate Yorgen by the coat collar, bringing him rather suddenly out of his reverie, he demanded to know the cause of his trouble, at the same time admonishing him to "act white."

Yorgen looked up rather sheepishly, rubbing and blinking his eyes as the strong light struck them.

"Well," replied his roommate rather imperiously, "what's up?"

"I don't believe those seven years ever will pass," came reluctantly from Yorgen's lips. Again he fell back into his old position, muttering something about being "reported when he wasn't responsible for that distance."

His roommate yawned and assuming an expression of resignation carelessly inquired if he intended to tell him his troubles, and what did he mean by "those seven years."

Yorgen braced himself for the effort, while his roommate tilted his chair back and put his hands in his trousers pockets. He appeared to have no interest in his friend's troubles. He knew that after he had related them his usual jovial disposition would return. That was enough. Yorgen began slowly.

"I have had lots of hard luck since I came to the university. Mother told me when I broke that looking glass I'd have seven years' bad luck. But it seemed to culminate today. You know Helen?"

To this declarative statement, uttered interrogatively, his roommate nodded affirmatively. He had never been introduced to "Helen," yet from his friend's rapturous descriptions of her, he considered himself fully acquainted with her. Yorgen resumed:

"You see, it was just after 'lab' and I thought I'd go home with her; its only two blocks. I forgot my watch was fifteen minutes slow. We were crossing Thirteenth street, which is without a paved crossing, when Helen's rubber came off. The mud was awfully thick there, too. I handed her her books and stooped to put her rubber on. I had just got it fully off, when the 'assembly sounded' and I had to cut and run for drill, or else be reported for being late in formation.

"I was sorry to leave Helen that way. Wonder if she got out all right, and if she'll ever speak to me again?"

He gazed into the face of his roommate for an answer. The incredulous smile he saw there was sufficient.

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