

THE NEBRASKAN.

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Truth is apt to hit very hard sometimes. The article written by L. C. Smith which appeared in our issue two weeks ago seems to have partaken of this quality to a great degree. It struck so hard as to cause the editorial writer of a contemporary sheet to lose all sense of honor and veracity that he may have possessed. The space in the last Hesperian which was filled with such derogatory and slurring remarks should be passed over by us with silent contempt. Indeed, it was uncalled for, it showed such littleness and personal spite, it abounded in such gross exaggeration, and assailed one who is so far above reproach in the eyes of the student body as the writer in question has degraded himself below the level of self-respect. We notice it, wondering, perhaps if there would be one person so foolish as to pay the slightest heed to it. If there be one such, the easiest way that person can satisfy his conscience is to apologize to Mr. Smith.

We do not write these words out of personal friendship for Mr. Smith. A natural instinct cries out against an unnatural injustice. There is not one word of refutation of Mr. Smith's statements in the scurrilous article. It is a compendium of spite and untruthfulness. It is beneath the notice of a common sense individual and we read it merely as our perfunctory duty.

We ask, why did not the writer have the courage to sign his name to it? As it is, Mr. Allen, the editor-in-chief, has to bear the blame. He has to "hold the sack," and undoubtedly he would like to tie up the writer in it and hide him from the eyes of the world.

F. T. RILEY.

There is a noticeable degeneracy in military discipline lately. It would be irony to apply the term "military" to the appearance of some of the slouchy cadets who roam about the campus. In our opinion a man who would wear a white sombrero with a cadet suit has very little self-respect. There should be a bracing up in our military department. Charter day is approaching, and we do not want visitors to find us negligent and careless in what we have been proud to point to—our military efficiency and discipline.

We have been favored with another long dissertation on the inadvisability of requesting a college song. We are sorry we cannot agree with "E. W." Maybe someone else can. Here is a small extract from the last communication:

"The fact that the English club was not able to write an acceptable song appears to me to be a strong argument, although I have not been in school long enough to know the workings of this club. There is no use of getting worked up on either side of the question, because, no matter what is done, a college song is not likely to be forthcoming. The various hopeful editors of college papers might write ten columns of editorials begging clamorously and indiscriminately for a college song, or paste placards around the halls or sidewalks, and yet we would be just as destitute of a song as ever. The fact that the editorials say it is not necessary to compose our own music, but can steal music anywhere, shows nothing but the fact that the authors are deplorably and hopelessly ignorant of what a song should be. But of course all this is understood by the majority of students.

"Now it is very laughable to think what sort of a song it is that these hopeful writers wish for. They don't ask much. All they want is an entirely original song, with music which will please the critic class, which will have

catchy yet poetic and patriotic words, which the cadet band can play every time we want to hear it, and which will be simple enough for the entire student body to sing. The combined genius of Mozart, Dudley Buck, Sir Arthur Sullivan and James Thornton could not concoct such a monstrosity of a song as this, but evidently the editorial writers do not know it. More than this, I venture to say that a college song has never been written which could be sung by a real majority of the students of that college. So while the columns of college papers are reeking with prayers for a song, I should like to advise the editors to fill their columns with material that would be more likely to gain something.

"E. W."

JOSHES.

"Pony Tracks" is the latest production from the pen of Frederic Remington. How suggestive the title! It promises to become very popular with college men.

In an uncertain course he propelled the pesky machine. In the dim twilight stood a masculine form, but a decidedly feminine voice sounded therefrom. "Let go th' handles once, John." There was a metallic roaring of the wires overhead, and the sound of escaping air. John had "let go th' handles once."

Our poet, Reed, desires to obtain all general information possible, and if he can pick up anything in a stray lecture he is likely to attend it. Reed is not a chemistry student, but one day he thought he would attend a lecture and get what he could out of it. It was hardly a compliment to Professor White's ability when Reed was inquiring from some of his Y. M. C. A. friends the next day what religious sect the "cyanides" belonged to.

The electricians are telling a good joke on Professor Davis, but we cannot vouch for the truth of it. It runs like this: Prof. thinks he can figure everything out mathematically, and in an idle moment he reasoned that if the fork of his wheel was turned around, it would ride just as easy. He reversed it. One trial was sufficient, however, and the next day the machine resumed its normal position. Prof. isn't telling what happened during the interval.

A contemporary stated that each literary society had two members on the recently elected oratorical ticket. Query: Is O. H. Allen the two from the Dellans?

They had evidently been trying to exhaust all the excitement afloat in the city. They had made a round of the frat rooms and had smoked three or four cigars each and had stayed at Don's a half an hour and eaten all their constitution and purses would stand, and yet they were not satisfied. They had gone to the roller skating rink and held pair of ill-fitting roller skates. After up the Wandering Minstrel while he slid along the length of the hall on a the first round was completed he fell down in a heap and dragged the other two with him and in the scuffle there were three cigars and a part of the Baritone's skate broken, so they decided to get out before they were made to pay for the damage to the floor. It was merely by accident that they drifted into a fortune teller's office to spend what little they had left. The Wandering Minstrel said they were going in "to get new impressions." The Banjo Fiend wanted to find out if the future held out any hope of his being an artist on his particular instrument and the Baritone wanted to know what the immediate prospect was for a certain car line to be extended.

The fortune teller approached the Wandering Minstrel and asked if there was anything he was particularly desirous of knowing.

"Yes," was the answer. "I wish to know whether I was born great, am to achieve greatness or have it thrust upon me."

"You must have been born great," said the fortune teller, "because there is but little chance of your achieving greatness or having it thrust upon you."

It struck the Wandering Minstrel as being a pretty old joke, but he said nothing.

"Moreover," went on the old man, closely studying his palm, "you are about to come in possession of great riches."

"I wonder if he means the Glee club is going to pay me?" thought the Wandering Minstrel, feeling hopeful.

"And you are also going to have an unexpected success," added the palmist. "I guess that means that I will get my hoped-for engagement with the Holdens," said the Wandering Minstrel, with a pleased smile. "There is nothing which is quite equal to being born great after all."

The fortune teller was now looking closely at the Baritone's hand as if he had some difficulty in seeing the skin—which was possibly the case. Finally he said: "You are about to take a long journey."

"Riding or walking?" asked the Baritone, nervously.

"Walking!" answered the old man, decidedly.

"Oh! that is nothing remarkable," said the Baritone, sadly. "I do that nearly every evening. I was hoping that they were going to extend the car line."

The palmist went on to the Banjo Fiend. "You are also about to take a journey," he said.

"I guess that means that the Glee club is going to take their trip," said he to himself.

"You are also going to suffer a great loss," added the fortune teller, slowly.

The Banjo Fiend jumped to his feet. "I'll bet that means that somebody is going to steal my banjo," he cried excitedly; and he immediately resolved to chain that precious instrument to the leg of the bed when he went home. He did not care to hear any more, for the last remark had excited him very much. He stuck his hand in a vest pocket full of gut strings and pulled out a 50-cent piece—part of his rake off from the Glee and Banjo club concert.

When they were on the sidewalk again they looked around for something to do.

"Let's serenade a little," said the Baritone, suddenly.

The Banjo Fiend looked at him with a dry smile—the remark was not so innocent as it seemed to be.

"No," said he, slowly. "I don't intend to walk four miles and a half and split my throat for the purpose of hearing a girl clap her hands feebly once or twice and say it is 'real sweet.' The reward is not sufficient compensation for the labor." And he turned and walked briskly toward his room to look after his banjo.

Ten minutes later the Baritone stood alone on the corner of the street where he roomed. He held his watch in his hand and was meditating.

"No," said he, sadly. "It is too late to start now. I guess I will have to do the next best thing; and he went up to his room and took up his photograph case.

BY AND BY.

What if the times are hard?
They'll be better by and by.
There's no use in having the blues,
The sun still shines on high,
The world is full of fun,
There's far less shade than sun,
Tis better to laugh than cry.

What if your heart does ache?
'Twill get over it, by and by,
But very few hearts e'er break,
Though often we wonder why;
But the heart was made for bliss
And the lips were made to kiss,
You'll be happy if you try.
WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

Ten and 11 o'clock recitations will be ten minutes shorter Monday. During chapel Professor Ward will give a half hour talk on the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity.

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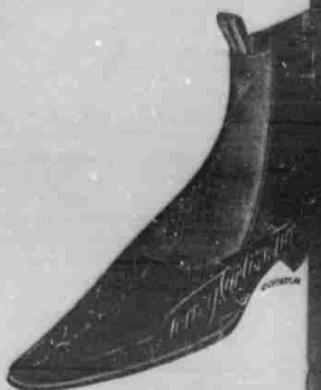
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