

THE NEBRASKAN.

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University of Nebraska.

The concerted action of the chancellor and the professors to enable those seniors desiring to teach to procure favorable positions is indeed commendable. Yes, it is their duty towards the better and more efficient education of today. They are the leaders in thought. The university graduates, more than all others, are better fitted for instruction in the high schools and to face the new problems of education. The people of the state should be made to realize this important truth. The introduction of new systems and methods in teaching the various branches and the constant addition of literature on the subjects require the training of a disciplined mind to do the most effective work. The wide awake student, with the culture and refinement of a college course, has certainly something to do. The faculty may render much needed assistance in furthering the cause in which they have devoted the study of a lifetime. With the hearty co-operation of faculty and alumni, a mighty band of men and women is arrayed against the shackles of ignorance and paving the way for more efficient work in our public high schools.

The Nebraskan certainly regrets the resignation of Professors Allen and Wilson. In their respective departments they have done thorough work and helped materially in raising the standard and ranking the university among the higher institutions of learning. The success which has crowned their work here has in no small degree paved the way for their new callings.

We recognize the board of regents have no easy task in selecting as worthy men for their successors. But it must be done. Every means should be exhausted within our power to keep professors of national repute. We must not only keep abreast of other colleges, but we should surpass them in the race for leadership. To do so we must hold the great minds that are in our faculty. Let it not be forgotten that students alone cannot make a college great. A university that has a faculty made up of men learned in their specialties must go onward and upward. With the resignation of three of our most efficient instructors this year, we, to be sure, realize no slight loss. While we hope success may follow them in their new work, let every effort be spent to make any such changes in the faculty that will make it stronger and abler.

It has been said from time to time that we lack higher culture at the university. Those coming to us from abroad have told us of the polish and refinement of our eastern sisters. We have heard with admiration of the achievements of their students. So much has been made of their feats in prose and verse, of their orations and forensic eloquence, that we have come to regard the eastern graduate as a higher order of scholar. To emulate is natural. We have longed for higher culture. Thinking it to lie in mental attainments, we have bent ourselves to the acquirement of knowledge and the cultivation of the esthetic. The environment of western life has lavishly supplied us with physical strength and hardihood. This endowment we have augmented somewhat through athletics. But we have labored more for scholarship and refinement.

Yet we notice that an Omaha football game that costs a student dollars to attend is, without solicitation, announced in chapel in a ten-minute speech bristling with college spirit and greeted with the university yell; while a joint debate representing the best forensic output of two great universities, held in Lincoln under the students' noses, where it may be attended for a few cents, is reluctantly given a beggarly mention.

This leads us to believe that we are on the wrong track for higher culture. We must be altogether mistaken as to what we are pursuing. It is John L. Sullivan and not Daniel Webster who is to be our model of higher culture.

ECHOES.

They say that retribution is sure to follow sin.
Now all these old time fables I'm no believer in.
But since I swiped that parasol at church a week ago,
I've had a skinned up ankle that causes me much woe.

"SHORTY" LENHOFF.

THE BALL ROOM FIEND.

He is always present at every dance. If you don't happen to notice him before the dance begins, he is certain to make himself very much in evidence before it is over. He has a small head, an idiotic grin, a pair of razor-like elbows, and two abnormal feet which have a knack of being exactly where they are not looked for. He doesn't give two whoops for "poetry of motion," but he slides down the hall with a gait that is a mixture of the heavy tramp of a hired man and the wild gallop of a runaway giraffe. He wears a pair of cowhide boots with large, aggressive hob-nails on the heels, and he takes great care to leave the imprint of these nails on every satin slipper on the floor. When he meets you on the floor he stands on your feet with both heels and waits there a little space of time while he catches step. If he finds he can't stand on you, he will job you in the back with his elbow or kick you on the inside of the ankle while you are reversing. If you happen to be a girl he will step through your dress two or three times and flatten out your sleeve and walk up and down your foot while you are debating whether to drop dead or yell for the patrol wagon. If, however, you are unfortunate enough to be a boy, he scrapes the shine from your patent leathers and jabs his elbow in your neck.

He objects to the use of a handkerchief in the ball room and he always leaves an X ray photograph of his grimy hand on the back of the light dress of every girl he dances with—a highly original method of labeling them. Whenever he takes a girl after refreshments he always manages to spill a quart of ice in her lap. He never learns how to dance well—it is a pity he ever learned at all—yet he never sits a dance out. He never apologizes and never offers to repair a damage. He is the one human being without a redeeming feature, the one cloud without its silver lining.

"I've always played at poker," said Russel Thorp one day.
"Since the time that I've been old enough
To sit up straight and play.
But I've lately learned a point
On which I've hitherto been green,
For I now know to my sorrow
That a king can take my queen."

"No," said Burt Cosgrove frankly.
"The reason I contemplate coming back to take law next year is not because of the encouragement I have had in that line (although I flatter myself I have been quite successful as a pleader) nor is it because of my intimate acquaintance with the bar, but for the simple reason that I absolutely need the practice."

"This makes me mighty tired," said Kid Langworthy as he looked sorrowfully out of the window at the sheets of rain. "I don't complain about a five or six mile stroll in dry weather, as I have a great deal of youth and hope, but when there is four feet of mud, even my angel temper begins to show wear," and he put his hands in his pockets and went out to borrow DueBoy's rubber boots.

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.

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

Possibilities of An Egg Diet.

A young woman who, during a recent severe illness, lost her hair, and who is now recuperating at Atlantic City, wrote home to her parents that she was eating four eggs every morning at breakfast. She closed by saying that there was no sign of her hair coming in.

In reply the father of the young lady wrote: "Dear —: We are glad to hear from you and are of the opinion that if you keep on eating so many eggs every morning you will grow feathers instead of hair."—Philadelphia Times.

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