

THE NEBRASKAN.

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Something must be done and done quickly in order to stir up some enthusiasm for the Doane game. There seems to be an opinion prevailing, that this game is to be merely for practice. It is quite the contrary. Despite its insignificance, as we are wont to say, Doane ranks well both in and out of the state as a college. One thing is certain. It has a football team this year. It is not only the material that is there, but what is just as important, it is the enthusiasm. From present indications, Doane will have as large a following at the game as we ourselves.

Doane is "laying" for us this year. They have hired a coach for two weeks—just to beat us. They are straining every nerve to do it. Every student who stays away from the game tomorrow, will help the Doane men beat us. Our players must have your support. And the athletic association must have your support. Are you going to give it?

In these times of lack of interest in university affairs, nowhere is it more noticeable than as shown toward the proposition offered by the business managers of the Sombbrero. A prize of ten dollars has been offered for the best story—the second prize, that of having the honor of its publication. Another prize of five dollars is offered for the best poem. Although these offers have been given all publicity possible, no noticeable returns have resulted. In consequence, the time has been extended till January 15. This will give every one a good chance to compose a winning story.

The Nebraskan congratulates the Palladian society upon her silver anniversary. Her members have every reason to rejoice upon the society's good record and achievements. She is today as she has ever been, in the foreground in social and literary work. The university recognizes her good work, and the fitting character of her celebration, in suspending classes today. In securing ex-Chancellor Fairfield to deliver the anniversary address the society did wisely. Let every student rejoice in the Palladian society's great birth-day. Whatever may be our opinions upon literary work, we have but one sentiment, "long live the society."

There has been a noticeable bit of encouragement in football matters during the past week, but there is no feeling of confidence as to the result of the Doane game. The fact is that our boys are "mighty scared." They have good cause to be however. Doane remembers the unmerciful drubbing we gave her last year on her own grounds, and they are going to exert every effort to beat us. To this end, they have hired Charley Thomas as coach—a man above all men whom we fear in that position. Not on account of Mr. Thomas' superior ability as a coach, but for the reason that he is most acquainted with our players and our style of playing. He has a football coach to back against however, so we feel secure in this fact.

An increased attendance means so much more encouragement for our players. Who is there, who was at the Doane game last year and does not remember how our boys made gain after gain, all from the fact that a crowd of "rooters" stood at the side lines and encouraged them in their plays. No better demonstration of the spirit the crowd can lend to our players, is needed, than this one. To be sure it made some of Doane's gentlemanly-nolleemen rather angry—but they got over it after the game. So if everybody comes along tomorrow, and brings his football spirit with him, it means success for our team.

The discouraging prospects of our football team has resulted in one advantage. The continual urging has brought out men who have heretofore confined themselves too closely to their studies—both for their own good and the good of the

team. Their presence on the practice field is of a two-fold advantage. The team has not only been strengthened to a considerable degree, but the standard of the scholarship of the football team as a whole has been raised. If this is continued, there will not be nearly so much complaint on the part of the faculty when the time for a good long trip is at hand.

The Nebraskan wants the students of this university to keep under consideration its suggestion of last week—to form a student organization that will include every attendant of the university. When the advantages of such an organization are taken into consideration it will be seen how great is our need of such an institution. Talk this suggestion over with your neighbor, and see what he thinks of it.

AS IT WERE.

The Youthful Philosopher had never been built to work. Had he been built originally for a worker there was certainly some flaw in the architecture. It would have been a very difficult task to tell what he was built for, and as no one took enough interest in his affairs to find out, his dormant ability if he possessed any, remained shrouded in impenetrable mystery. His most marked characteristic was his placid indifference—here he showed he was a philosopher. Moreover, he took great pains to let other people see it—here he showed that he was youthful. He really admired very few people or things except that worshipped and adored the Youthful Philosopher. Oh yes, there was his pipe which was much the strongest friend he had, and which he loved with much ardor because it never grumbled when he tried to be cynical. The Youthful Philosopher was not really a cynic, and never succeeded in convincing anyone that he was, excepting possibly the Dear Thing, who was the incarnation of credulity and the Star Idiot who did not know anything one way or another.

He was coming out of the library where he had been studying the advertisements in the back of the magazines, and was congratulating himself that he didn't have to work any that afternoon. The Youthful Philosopher often received his own congratulations in this way, however, because he never considered that he needed to study unless he was in immediate danger of being bodily ejected from his classes.

He stood in the bottom library step, and looked to the north end of the campus where there was a surging black mass of students falling over each other in a constant endeavor to see all the players in the football practice game—like a crowd of school kids following up a migratory dog fight.

"Here," said the Youthful Philosopher, "I am amused to see my esteemed fellow creatures following their natural bent of acting like sheep. Although I am not shepherd, I think I will walk over and watch them from a distance."

He stepped down the remaining stair and started, when someone running up from the ground floor, collided with him violently, nearly knocking him over the scraper. The Youthful Philosopher partially regained his equilibrium, felt his back hair to see if any was jarred loose and looked to see who his assailant was. It was the Prince of Liars.

"Hello," said the Youthful Philosopher, "is that the usual way you come up the steps?"

The Prince of Liars grinned. "Going to watch football?" he asked.

"No," said the Youthful Philosopher. "But I'm going to watch the people watch the game. Where on earth did you get that hat?"

"Oh, my roommate took mine by mistake this noon and I have to wear his. It's a little small isn't it?" and he quickened his pace a little as he looked back at the library.

The Youthful Philosopher happened to know that the Prince of Liars didn't have any roommate, but he remained silent. They approached the west steps and they both saw that standing in the doorway were the Social Struggler, the Dear Thing the Society Girl, and the Professional Flirt. The Youthful Philosopher feigned to be very busy watching the players, because he didn't care to take the trouble to remove his hat. He took his stand on the stone walk a few feet from the steps where he knew he was safe from intrusion from everyone except the Professional Flirt whom he knew would get him if she happened to want him anyway. Flight never saved anyone from the Professional Flirt, it simply delayed capture.

The Dear Thing was exuberant on the steps and it required the united efforts of the Society Girl and the Social Struggler to keep her from falling over the rail every time the ball was passed. Anything that bordered on excitement was enough to throw the Dear Thing into the first stages of hysteria.

"That full-back plays a mighty heady game," remarked the Prince of Liars. "Oh, yes," said the Youthful Philosopher indifferently. He always made it a point to agree with everyone. Argument besides being invariably useless, usually wearied him.

"He don't make the most out of his position though, I used to play that position

myself and happened to make a fine record too," further volunteered His Highness, unblushingly.

"Indeed? I hadn't heard," said the Youthful Philosopher, inwardly praying that he wouldn't try to tell about it.

"Yes it was three years ago in Indiana, and—"

Here he was interrupted by the Gilded Fool who came brushing past him. He was going past without speaking when he suddenly thought of something—a remarkable occurrence, truly—and came back abruptly.

"Who is that fellow playing quarter?" he asked.

"I don't know," said the Prince of Liars. "I wondered because I thought a little coaching would bring him out," explained the Gilded Fool.

"Yes, it possibly might," reluctantly assented the Prince of Liars. "If he doesn't improve in a little time I think I shall go out and train him myself. When I was in California three years ago I used to play a pretty fast center rush myself." (His Highness weighed about 130 pounds.) "The coach wanted me to—"

Further digression from fact was checked by the Gilded Fool's laughing straight in his face.

"Where did you get that hat?" he asked.

"The Prince of Liars was much displeased and a little mortified, for he took great pride in his personal appearance such as it was.

"Why this hat is one my uncle sent me a week or so ago. He evidently has forgotten what size I wear for you see this is a little small," and the Prince of Liars crammed the much abused deer on his head with the air of a man who is unjustly persecuted.

The Gilded Fool's attention was called by a few excited shrieks from the vicinity of the Dear Thing, and turning around he met the gaze of the Professional Flirt who gave him an enchanting smile calculated to annihilate the whole masculine sex whenever it was brought into use. The smile completely hypnotized the Gilded Fool, and he straightway slid up the steps and surrendered.

"That girl seems to be quite popular with the young set," remarked the Prince of Liars after he had gone. "She has often tried to get me in her train but of course I step aside to make room for the other fellows."

The Youthful Philosopher was getting terribly bored and he made no effort to conceal it. He looked over toward the library as if in search of something quieting to think about, when he saw the Excitable Person came running bare-headed down the library stairs, eleven steps at a time, and make for the football field with his hair waving joyously in the breeze. He stopped when he saw the intellectual countenance of the Prince of Liars, and came toward him on the jump. "Where did you get that hat?" he cried a great deal louder than he needed to have done.

This question seemed to be getting ages and the Youthful Philosopher groaned audibly. The Excitable Person had called the attention of the group at the top of the steps and they looked down in semi-interest.

The Prince of Liars for once seemed at a loss.

"This belongs to one of the football boys," he began, "he was afraid to put it in his locker for fear it might be swiped and so—"

"I should think he would be, if you were around," snorted the Excitable Person with a great deal more force than elegance.

"You swiped that hat off my table in the library and you know it, and if you ever steal my hat again I'll—"

Just then the wheezy gong in the main building went off. The Excitable Person did not stop to divulge his dire threat, but started back to the library at the top of his speed, tightly grasping his recovered hat in his hand.

"Your memory seems to be pretty poor about your own clothes," remarked the Youthful Philosopher dryly, looking at the hatless Prince of Liars. "I believe if I were you, I should get the janitor to lend me a hat until I could write to my uncle for one that I could always identify. As it is, I think I will leave while my own head gear is safe."

And as he left him, he grinned—the Youthful Philosopher did.

"Come in dis instinct, Ephraim. Ef you don't quit playin' wid dat brat ober dar across de street you'll git jes as low as a Yale college student! Come in, I say, dis instinct."—Ex.

Man of Family: "That burglar-alarm is a grand success; wouldn't part with it for a mint of money. It went off at 1 o'clock this morning." Dealer: "Eh? Did you catch a burglar trying to get in?" "No; but I caught my daughter's young man trying to get out."—New York Weekly.

"Ducky?" "Whatty?" "Do you think I am making any progress in courting you?" "No, you are not even holding your own." Tableau!—Texas Sifter.

Mrs. G. (as her husband departs for a club meeting): "If you're any later than midnight, I shan't speak to you!" G: "I hope you won't, dear!"—Bazar.

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