

THE NEBRASKAN.

A Weekly Newspaper Issued Every Friday Noon, by the Students of the University of Nebraska.

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It won't do any harm if you go out and cheer the boys a little during practice games. With the prospect of the coming league games and the one with Michigan, a little encouragement will not be amiss. The boys have been doing some good conscientious practicing, and they deserve anything in the way of praise you have to bestow.

Bull, last year's center rush for Pennsylvania, is coaching Iowa this year. We are anxious to see what Iowa will do against Kansas tomorrow, then we can tell if her coach is doing the work he is credited with doing. We are not afraid of bucking our own Mr. Robinson against any of the crack players of the east. In fact our manager had offers from both Patterson, who is coaching Missouri, and Bull, but he took another man instead. We do not think that his choice will ever be regretted.

The library is presumably for the use of those who study and not those who want to visit and have social chats. Too much of the latter is going on for our own general good. Consequently it is becoming a nuisance to those who are industrious and have no idle moments to indulge in friendly talks. No one can realize the annoyance that constant whispering and laughing has upon those who are putting in earnest work. It always draws one's attention from the subject in hand, and hence is more harmful than good. So long as the library is instituted for reading and reference to periodicals, let us make it comfortable for the most earnest student. Much complaint has been made of lots of these social visits occurring daily between the alcoves. Those who want to take up co-education must go elsewhere. If they will kindly do that, possibly unpleasantness will be avoided.

Of course the most intense interest is taken in the outcome of the Missouri game. Everyone is aware of the feeling that Missouri has against the university of Nebraska. Missouri got so mad last year because we beat them—even when they had Bliss of Yale to coach them—that they at once declared they would pull out of the league. So they did. But after they got to thinking it all over, they did not quite see how they could ever get even with us—with them on the outside. So they came in. And now they are waiting for us—waiting to give the team from the university such a drubbing, that she will never recover. In coming back into the league, Missouri showed her good sense, or rather it was a reprimand to the hasty officers of the association, who acted without authority. As for Nebraska, she has the best feeling possible toward her sister university, and despite the unwarranted articles that appeared in some of the St. Louis sporting papers, Missouri is no doubt ready to extend a very pleasant welcome to the members of the team when they arrive there next Monday.

The gold and silver factions in the university have arranged for a series of debates upon the money question. It is needless to say the discussions will be animated, instructive and entertaining. Both sides have put forward their ablest campaign orators and a good thing awaits every student of political and economic questions. It is to be hoped, however, the debates will be on a higher plane than the average public discussions. There is no reason why they should not, but every reason why they should. Students are especially seekers of truth and ought to aim to inculcate it in the minds of others. So much misrepresentation is resorted to daily, that it is hard to tell the false from the true argument. Let our boys make these discussions worthy of university students. Look at the questions from an economic and public point of view. And with such a lofty purpose in view, the debates cannot fail to be profitable to the most intense partisan. Let every student come out and hear these economic discussions. Remember the wellbeing of our country is involved. In such exciting times no one can honorably

disregard the political thought of the hour. Come and the logic and knowledge of our boys will do you good.

Well it is settled that the Thanksgiving game is to be played in Omaha despite our hopes. The manager of the University club is still demanding unreasonable terms, but they have to be met. The sporting editor of the World-Herald Alfred himself last Sunday from an Omaha standpoint. In reference to an article which appeared in the Nebraskan—something mean about the said management—he says: "The young man who has written for the Nebraskan has certainly been misinformed when he talks of the 'outrageous terms' and 'subsidizing' for the terms on which the two football elevens play in Omaha should certainly be satisfactory to any team. The University club through Frank Crawford, has the management of the game. The club furnishes the park, pays for all advertising, pays the gatemen and ticket sellers and in fact bears the entire expense of the two teams playing here with the exception of their travelling expenses and their hotel bills here. The net receipts are equally divided between the Nebraska and Iowa teams and the University club."

Let's analyze these "satisfactory" terms a bit. "All the expenses of advertising"—getting out some posters, probable cost five dollars. "Pays all gatemen"—this means that two men will be given each a complimentary ticket, and possibly fifty-cents. "Pays all the ticket sellers."—cost about the same as the gatemen. All this expense is borne by the University club. Only their hotel bills and their traveling expenses—\$300—has to be borne by the teams. Yes this is certainly very reasonable, very satisfactory to any team. We have to apologize. Our 'young man' was misinformed. He got his information from the manager. But maybe it was only a mistake on the part of the young man's judgment. He couldn't tell reasonable terms when he saw them. That's where he was wrong.

WHY NOT US?

A movement has been inaugurated by the glee club looking to the publication of a book of songs for the glee, mandolin and banjo clubs to be distinctive of Stanford and its life. The plan is to have the work undertaken by the student body through a committee appointed for the purpose. All the songs that have been written will be gathered together, and new ones solicited; it is possible that some inducement may be offered to incite the Stanford muse to action. Professor Pasmore will have supervision of the work and will arrange the songs for the various clubs. —Palo Alto Daily.

MY GUEST.

(With profuse apologies to Stephen Crane.)
There stood beside my bed last night
A grim and ghastly shape,
With hollow eyes rimmed round with fire
And heavy lips agape.

His hands were taloned like a hawk,
He grasped his livid breast
And tore it and I saw the heart
Of my blood-freezing guest.

'Twas black and withered and it hung
As heavy as a stone,
I shrieked with fear and cowering lay,
The heart it was my own.

The gruesome shape passed out the door
I awoke and rubbed my eyes,
And swore a solemn binding oath
To eat no more mince pies.
—William Reed Dunroy. In the October Clack book.

The senior pressed his bearded lips
And scowled a scowl, dark dread and sour,
For he was counting his credit slips
And singing, "I need thee every hour."
Ex.

Lives of croakers all remind us
We can make our lives a post,
And departing leave behind us
Feelings of relief and rest. Ex.

The Only Way.—He had a worried look on his face, and remarked, with a sigh: "I suppose there is no use in expecting that everybody will ever be satisfied." "No," replied the man with the campaign buttons all over him, "not unless this government makes arrangements to have two or three vice presidents instead of only one."—Washington Star.

Corporal (to soldier).—"Why is the blade of the sabre curved instead of straight?" Private—"It is curved in order to give more force to the blow." Corporal—"Humbug! The sabre is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it was straight how would you get it into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?"—Fliegende Blätter.

"Pat, what has become of the potatoes I told you to plant?" "O! got rid of 'em, sorr. The petaty-bugs was threatened, an' O! tuk 'em up so's whin they got here they'd pass on. Whin they're pashed on, O!ll plant 'em agin. Th' only way to keep off this petaty-bugs, sorr, is to fool 'em."—Bazar.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Have you all thought what a hollow thing is fame? One painter paints her as an ever fleeing bubble; but we must remember that many times that bubble is caught—caught and broken. Then what has man to pursue? His—bubble—is—gone. "Despair and die," says the tempter. "Live and learn the meaning of life," whispers hope. Yes, he who paints victory and fame with the sadness of all ages under the gay ribbons and bright crown—he paints truly.

In a cradle, a baby lay, with wide open eyes looking out into the world. The babe seemed studying, wondering what it desired. Suddenly it threw back its head, clenched its tiny fists and let out a howl, piercing, discordant. Now, the babe is happily drinking milk from a little spoon. How eagerly it eats, until it wishes no more; and how it coos and laughs! How cute it is! And now it sleeps; a pretty smile lights its dimpled face.

The child is a youth now. He sits with one of Cooper's novels in the corner of a room near the hearth. "Joseph, Joseph come and finish your work, come, quick now. Come or I shall whip you." Down goes the book with a slam. "Hang it all mother! What makes you always call me just when I'm in the most interesting part?"

The work is finished and how happily the boy takes up his book to continue his broken story.

The boy is a man now. All day long he has been looking over his book shelves and those of the city's great library. All is so old. All that Emerson, Browning, Carlyle, Christ, had to teach him he has mastered; and, yes, they are tasteless. In his soul the great man longs for food. "Give me, oh give me more," he cries and ever his cry grows louder and ever his cry grows deeper.

When his trouble is learned by his wife she sits and thinks long and earnestly, long and earnestly she thinks. "Dearest where did Emerson and Christ find their great truths? Maybe there is somewhat there for you to learn." And the great man pondered.

The next day he was again happy and as he came home to his wife he reverently kissed her brow and whispered, "Dearest you are my savior," and so another great man was born into the world, a new king, and he knew it not nor cared.

Have you ever seen dogs play jokes on each other and have you ever seen nature play jokes on her subjects? Yet the poor fly which sticks to the fly paper sees not the joke therein; nor do we. Nor do we see the joke in pulling one wing off of a fly and watching it buzz as many a small boy does. We call some many jokes, pure cussed meanness. However, when we get a good joke we laugh at it. Thus as boys we laughed when a smarty walked about with "A Fool" pinned on his back, or "Kick Me" on his coat tail.

And when we were young we looked with great awe on Polonius, who could rattle off so many wise bits of advice to his son. Yes Polonius was a sort of god. But when we grew older, we only considered Polonius one wise man, along with the rest of them. And now, as we look back at him we laugh at the old pompous guy. What! is our golden image become our foolish jester!

Why is it Polonius has so changed? He symbol a great man to himself; to us he is an ass.

There is still another way of looking at Polonius, which after all is the true way. Polonius thought his long list of memorized sayings and the quoting there of shows what a little man he is and we (we great enough) can only be sorry for him. So all jokes are things for tears not for laughter; can we but see them in their highest symbolism.

E. A. G.

JUNIOR ANNUAL NOTES.

The Annual board is hard at work and is gradually getting a start at collecting matter for the book.

Contributions are needed badly. Contributions of every kind and from every body is what is wanted. Send in jokes, drawings, suggestions, thoughts, pictures, stories, poems, and any old thing.

If any one has any annuals from other colleges which they would kindly let the board use during the spasm, they will be very gladly received by the editors. Any such left with Mr. Barret in the historical library, basement of library building, will be safely and carefully kept.

Juniors should have their pictures taken at once. Arrangements have been made with the Elite Studio to do this work. If any junior wants a dozen photographs, he can get them now for \$2.50, regular price, \$4.00. If you don't want any pictures, go and sit for one any way, and it will cost you nothing. Every Junior must have his picture in the Annual, and this way will accommodate all. Owing to the low price, the photographer is anxious not to have second sittings necessary, so all are urged to go for their picture in their choicest attire and to "look pleasant."

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