

THE NEBRASKAN.

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

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

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With a victory over Missouri, Nebraska's chance for winning the pennant this year are the brightest she ever had. It must be understood right here, however, that it is going to take the hardest kind of work on the part of everybody. The team has received a great deal of encouragement lately, but there is some work to be done yet on the financial part. A number of the students have not kept their pledges, and a large amount of the subscription money remains unpaid. Otherwise the team is in good shape and ought to give the Kansans a hard tussle. The result of the Iowa game is no criterion of Kansas' weakness. The ball was on Iowa's ten yard line three times, and the only score made, was made on a trick play. This year however, we have one safe guard from over confidence. That is Coach Robinson. He is stingy with his praise for the boys' work, but it is because he knows his business.

Next Saturday occurs the game with Wesleyan. They report up there that already three hundred tickets have been sold for the occasion. This is very good, and the university should see that she is not behind in patronage. Of course almost everybody wants to see how some of those fancy plays were made down in Missouri. Well come to the game tomorrow and see. Wesleyan hopes to score against us, perchance to beat us. Of course we are confident, and think they will do neither. But everybody should see that our boys do not lose from lack of encouragement.

Coach Robinson deserves the greatest praise for the way he took care of the men on the Missouri trip. The most scrupulous mother could not have taken better care of them. We can feel confident that we will not lose the Kansas game for the same reason we lost it last year—lack of training. The Nebraska university congratulates Brown upon the gentlemanly coach she graduated for us.

"ANY OLD THING."

The gloom and quiet that prevailed about the Nebraskan office last week, has been dispelled by the customary letter from Will Johnston. I don't know whether Will just wants to let us know that he reads the "Rag" or whether he is really in earnest. Inquiry at the mailing department elicited the reply that Mr. Johnston's paper was probably thrown into the Billings mail sack as usual, and the boy who hauls the sacks from this office did not notice whether it fell out or not. He is sure however, that the sack was not so full but that the cord was properly fastened.

He had been home three days now since he had been initiated into the frat. He flaunted his pin on the most conspicuous corner of his coat lapel. Still it did not excite any comment. Finally in sheer desperation he had to announce it at the dinner table that he was wearing a fraternity pin. "Oh! is that what that is?" spoke up his father. "I thought it was one of those buttons that you get with a package of cigarettes."

Girl (jumping up and down excitedly on the outskirts of the crowd receiving the football heroes) "Oh, dear, we won't even get a taste of those boys."

WEDDING BELLS '96.

His many old friends and classmates will be glad to learn of the marriage of Daniel Rich '96. The happy bride is Miss Grace Hawk of Grand Island, a last year's university student. Mr. Rich is at present employed in the electrical lighting works of Kearney Nebr. The nuptial rites were quietly solemnized at Kearney. The ceremony was characterized by its beauty and simplicity, and the lack of all ostentation. Only a few of the most intimate friends were present to witness the happy event.

"But, pa," protested the Baptist deacon's boy, "haven't you always taught me that it was wicked for any one to dance?" "Well, what if I have?" his father said sternly. "Oh, nothing," sobbed the boy, "only I can't help it, if you cut me with that switch."—Somerville Journal.

HAIRS FROM A BALD HEAD.

Since he got his wheel his ideas in regard to the stability of the universe have undergone a change. He had read with but slight interest of the earth wobbling on its axis, but now he knew that it really did, for when riding straight ahead the street often made a startling jog which seemed to shoot the curbstone out in a curling line like the unfolding of a cat-tleman's whip. This curious phenomenon was dangerous as well as annoying, for in addition to that "gone feeling" there was ever the liability of colliding with something solid.

One day while riding down a steep hill the whole opposite side of the street, even the buildings and door yards came rushing towards him. As the curbstone passed dizzily beneath, it caught the wheel from his grasp and bore it onward; the sidewalk passed like a shadowy streak of gray, the picket fence ducked slightly, just digging his ribs in its erratic course; the stone walk bobbed up to bump his whirling head, and the earth smiling broadly at its little joke, turned once more to its mad dance about the sun.

Those deep gleaming orbs set in banks of onyx darkness possess a fascination for him. The pale glimmer of the shifting light sifts in through his window and creeps across the figures on the carpet.

Up above the world he lives alone, tolling hard while others sleep; sleeping when others wake. The rays on the floor and on the wall remind him of the moon which used to shed her beams across his bed-room in the long left distant home. He wonders in a musing way, why he never sees the moon any more. Somehow he feels that he left the moon and her mellow light, and the sun with its warmth and cheer when he turned his back on that blessed spot called home. He feels that in the world there is no light for him, save that from the magnetic wires.

The town clock marks the turn of the night; the light on the wall, slips silently away and is swallowed up outside.

The sun stood high in the glittering heavens; the level mesa stretched away to the hazy range of the Uinta, hot as a furnace top—a boundless reach of fiery hades, threatening death to all that dared to brave its power.

Cesspootch had gambled and lost. Money, blankets, beads and gaudy sombrero gone. Cesspootch had nothing left but pony and bridle. The mounting tide of fire water in his seething brain, arose and engulfed his reason as he strode sulenly forth from the sutlers' to where his patient little broncho stood sweltering in the cabin's shade.

Mounting, he lashed him viciously and headed away from the agency toward the distant mountains. The pony galloped easily for a time but soon began to lag in the awful heat. The great bronze savage, boiling within and baked without, sat like a bronze statue, with no sign of life, save occasionally to ply the merciless quirt.

"Clippity clip" pattered the pony's feet in the dry growth of drooping sage brush; swish, swish, hissed the wicked quirt. Poor little broncho was running now with drooping head and clumsy feet. His eyes were bulging and dully glazed; the clanking bit rattled in his parched mouth. He no longer sweat, the muscles of his haunches twitched; his dry little hide seemed fairly to crackle with each convulsive bound.

On a slight rise the pony strikes his blind feet into the yielding sand, staggers, stumbles and goes down, his last breath escaping in a shuddering groan.

The Bohemy man lives in the little house just back of the break in the hedge.

All day the little brown woman busies herself about the house duties. On the approach of evening the children watch from the sun tinged window for the glint of the dinner can coming over the hill, flashing the Bohemy man's return from work. Then they rush out to greet him with joyous welcome, and he with great loving smiles calls them pretty petting names in the guttural roll of the mother tongue. At the cottage door the rattle of the supper things, denote the busy are inside.

But some days no sun message gleams from the hill, night blackens the road and shrouds the twinkling lights of the distant town, and the Bohemy man comes not. Life and brightness leave the little wife and dull dread oppresses her; the sleepy children grow wakeful with fear, for they know that father has stopped at the "drinkin' man's."

The dusky twilight and gathering clouds cast a sombre shade on the human habitations beneath the evergreen in the silent city of the dead.

They stand so lonely and forsaken up here in the gloom; those staring stones, some erect in stilted dignity; some leaning, nodding in their slumber; others sunk down and prone upon the earth, succumbed to old age.

Over those deserted streets hovers a sense of waiting. Years are but as days with the solemn faced dwellers of this hillside rest. In peaceful oblivion they lie there with faces turned toward the heavens—old men and women who toiled a long time for compensations of which

this is the greatest; other men and women who strove to make their livings lives, and finished early. Among them lie little earth children whom the Good One had destined to keep sinless, unsullied and free from the dust above. All wait unmindful of the flights of time, for the call to cast aside their shrouds and march forth upon the hillside.

The Reverend Dr. Fourthly was painting one of his highly colored word pictures.

First, upon his canvas of imagery he streaked a background of nouns and verbs, then he daubed on adjectives and pronouns in that bold reckless style which gained him note. With a crook of his outstretched fingers and a twist of his extensively expansive mouth, he brought order out of chaos, and beheld it was a wicked boy, to sum up the doctor's words "a perfect type of the bull dog."

Again he juggles a great gob of inexpressible verbal expressions and creates a good little boy: "a perfect blonde, with high prominent forehead; pure transparent skin and cheeks so thin that it seemed the light would shine through hem; a body so frail and spiritual it barely sufficed to keep the soul in its wrappings."

"From out his great angelic eyes shone the expression of a young deer or of a Jersey calf." GERMAIN E. TOWL.

BASKET BALL, 1896-'97.

(Official Basket Ball Rules.)

RULE I—GROUNDS.

Section 1. Basket ball may be played on any grounds free from obstruction, said grounds not to exceed 3,000 square feet of actual playing space.

RULE II—BALL.

Section 1. The ball shall be round; it shall be made of a rubber bladder covered with a leather case; it shall be not less than thirty nor more than thirty-two inches in circumference; the limit of variability shall not be more than one-fourth of an inch in three diameters; it shall not weigh less than eighteen or more than twenty ounces.

Sec. 2 The ball shall be provided by the home team; shall be tightly inflated and so laced that the ball cannot be held by the lacing, and otherwise in good condition.

Sec. 3. The ball made by A. G. Spalding Brothers, and bearing the stamp of the secretary of the A. L. N. A. shall be the official ball.

RULE III—GOALS.

Section 2. The goal made by A. G. Spalding Brothers shall be the official goal.

RULE V—OFFICIALS.

Section 1. The officials shall be a referee, two umpires, a scorer and a time-keeper.

RULE VII—REFEREE.

Section 5. The referee shall be the judge of the ball. He shall decide when the ball is in play, to whom it belongs, and when a goal has been made.

Sec. 7. Whenever the ball is put in play by tossing it up, the referee shall stand so that he shall throw the ball in a plane at right angles to the side lines.

Sec. 8. The referee shall call time when necessary by blowing a whistle.

Sec. 9. The referee shall call a foul when any officer is addressed by any player other than the captains.

Sec. 10. He is the superior officer of the game, and shall decide all questions not definitely falling to the umpires, but shall have no power to alter a decision of the umpires when it is in regard to matters under their jurisdiction.

Sec. 14. The referee shall disqualify men according to H. 29 and 38.

RULE VIII—UMPRES.

Section 4. The umpires shall be judge of the men, shall call all fouls, except as provided in Rule 7, Paragraph 9, and notify the offenders.

Sec. 5. The umpires shall make their decisions independent of each other, and a foul called by one shall not be questioned by the other.

Sec. 6. Whenever a foul is called, the umpire calling it shall call time by blowing a whistle, and indicate the offender. He shall notify the scorer of the player fouling and the nature of the foul. The ball shall then be put in play at the point where the foul was made. (Rule 7, Section 8.)

RULE X—TIMEKEEPER.

Section 2. The timekeeper shall note when the game starts and shall blow his whistle at the expiration of twenty minutes' actual playing time in each half.

Sec. 3. Time consumed by the stoppages during the game shall be deducted only on order of the referee.

(Balance of Rules Next Week.)

Jinks: "Well, if ever there was a fool that man is one. He's worth a cool million, yet there he stands waiting for a newsboy to bring him 2 cents change out of a nickel he gave the boy for a 3-cent paper." Blinks: "Well, he is a fool. Of course he'll never see that boy again."—New York Weekly.

Space and Temperate.—A footstep sounded upon the stair. "I shall be cold and distant with him," she murmured. It would be easy to be cold, since the janitor never started the steam until October 1, but how to be distant in a flat of that size was not readily apparent.—Detroit Tribune.

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