

# THE NEBRASKAN.

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

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However strongly the Missouri football players were justified in striking Empire Dean of Iowa, their action will go on record as one of the accumulating blotches which are being added to the already questionable sport of football. That the deed was ungentlemanly, is putting it too mildly. Henceforth Missouri will hold a position in football circles that will not be enviable. Missouri has not heard the last of that disgraceful fight on Franklin field.

Many a student knows to his sorrow what a grand rush there is through the halls of the central building at the end of classes. Our days as students, are full of rush and hurry from morning till night, at the very best. Can't we do something to help on the work begun by our faculty when they gave us ten minutes between classes. Is there any real use in forming in little groups at this particular time of day to save your country or demonize the dress-maker? Some body by the merest chance may have a little business on hand quite as important as yours and may wish to pass you. Let's have a little more thought for the comfort and rights of other people.

It takes all the enthusiasm that the veriest crank can command to look forward favorably to Nebraska's chances of winning the football championship. Kansas ran up a score against us that will be almost impossible to wipe out at the Thanksgiving game. From the present outlook for the team, this might come to pass. As a whole the team is firm in its belief that Iowa will be beaten at that eventful game. The result of the Missouri game, does not show Iowa up so strongly. The Saturday previous, Missouri played a hard game with the Vanderbilt team. Beside, Missouri played her greatest game against Nebraska. There can be no doubt of this. While Missouri was in bad shape at the Nebraska game, she pulled herself together in wonderful shape and put a up brilliant game. It was not expected that after she could meet the discouragements, and win from Iowa. Nebraska is the strongest team in the league today, barring only her liability to fumble and become unsteady.

Is it too much to expect that one place about our university building should be kept sacred to study? At times one almost longs for the good old days in the old library where no one dared to breathe for fear of disturbing—no not his neighbor, but the librarian. Those days are gone. Take up your books, find a pleasant place all by yourself in the library, and settle mind and body for work. In a moment you are made painfully aware that you have neighbors. They laugh and giggle in a most inane manner and indulge in gossip idiotic and useless. Sometimes a well directed frown avails you much and peace reigns supreme for a second but no longer. Such neighbors are not long susceptible to such mild restraint. For the sake of common politeness if for no better reason take it upon yourself to correct growing evil, and have more regard for others. Many can take this reproof to themselves if they will.

It will not take a great stretch of imagination on the part of Nebraska players to picture to themselves, that Missouri crowd rushing upon the field at the hint of an unfair decision. In fact, Manager Oury can testify very emphatically that the Tigers' admiring rooters, are always willing to lend a helping hand in case any of their players are in need of such. The college spirit of those Missourians is an enigma to his more cultured western brethren. It can be expected that the editorial eye of Mr. Pok, will be directed toward that little village of Columbia in a few days.

"Say, father, why have all the pictures got frames?" "Why, you little fool, so that the artist may know when to stop painting, of course."—Pflgende Blatter.

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### HAIRS FROM A BALD HEAD.

Hank Lewis came up from Salt Creek bottoms yesterday to save the country. There was an indescribable sensation in his panting bosom. Hank thought it was patriotic emotion, a physician would have said "soda biscuit."

When he reached the corner of Twelfth and O streets, he could contain himself no longer. Like a true citizen and a soldier's son he at once proceeded to defy the combined powers of anarchy and repudiation.

Never as long as his head waved above the sod on his grave would he suffer the country for which his father had fit to pass into the hands of a lot of political bumtooters, men who had sneaked in to power on a wave of misunderstanding. "Gentlemen, I am a sample of the mediocrity of this country, a class different from those sneaking hounds that would sell their dirty birthrights for a pair of pants." What he demand is a dollar that is as good today as it, was tomorrow. "I am an honest man. I pay my debts if I owe a man a solitary nickel. I am not the fellow to repay his kindness to me with a nickel worth only fifty cents. No never! never!"

Outside the cold lazy fog crept to the door and rolling slowly down from the roof curled about the lurid lantern and over the dimmed panes of the shadowy little waiting room.

Penniless Pete stretched in a serpentine position over the iron arms of seats not meant for beds, tries to force from them a little rest. Failing to sleep he sits up, shivers, studies the steady old clock in the corner and catching a bold sign of the operator's handwork, slowly puzzles out. "Ladies will not and you are requested not—to spit on the floor." Again he spelled it through, then with the dawn of understanding, a half humorous glimmer lightens his scrubby face. "Dat doant apply old man, ef yeh aint got no terbac."

He shivers again, gazes drowsily at the toes of his mismatched shoes, and attempts to retire further into his old clothes, wrapping like a turtle into its shell. His chin sinks to the dirty red neckerchief the clock forgets to tick and ticks softly, and Penniless Pete is whirled away on a dreamland vestibuled, luxuriously reclining in the softest chair.

My brother's bed is empty. The slanting gray of the moonlight shows the cold of its still repose. Where before it used to enfold close the tousled locks of his naughty head, his pretty head, the coverlid glares garish in the ghostly white.

O dumb mouthed river, you who hold my brother tonight, let not your crossing struggling currents toss him, but carry him safe, like a fairy king in elfin hands beyond the mire and its filthy slime and the treacherous holds of the slinking sand, to a clean cut crag in your silent deeps. There into a fitting niche bear him, lay him down gently and kiss him light lovingly, then glide away softly, reverently, still, and leave him alone with God in his sleep.

The wind whirled about the corner and up the street. It flopped the sticky bill about his pasty trousers and smeared the gluey dough over the heroine's flaming cheeks and stuck the daring hero fast to the telegraph pole. "Damn," angrily muttered the youthful bill-poster as he jerked and fussed to arrange the troublesome bills. He was a little fellow, dressed in a shiny glutinous armor that cracked when he moved. He was far too small to manage the unruly sheets tossed by the malice of the winds. He strove awkwardly to make two hands do the work of four. The dripping daub-brush held at rest in his busy arms while his hands struggled with the sheet, streamed its slimy load over his cap and down his neck. The bill fluttered above just out of reach, or would close about him like a winding sheet on a sticky mummy.

It lies on his back on the hillside.

Dead years ago when the hoarse-lunged charge thundered up that fatal slope, a rifle-ball tore through its pulsing life walls.

Now the uncomfortable bones lie bare on the rocky soil with grinning skull turned in unblinking stare to the sun, at night scaring the fleeting moon by its spectral shape.

The bony claws of the outstretched arms grip the sod in a senseless grasp, clinging to earth like a mother found child, slowly melting in backward growth into the clay again, whence it came.

The uniform clings with falling hold to the shrinking stock of whitening bones, while the gilded cap with its mottled front pillows the empty head—dry and whistling in the curious winds. G. E. T.

A teacher in one of the suburban public schools was giving the children a short lecture on the national system of finance. Holding up a pasteboard disk cut to the size of a silver dollar she said: "Note the size of this, children. It is merely a pasteboard imitation of a dollar. If it were a real dollar what would it be made of?" "Free silver!" piped a little girl on the rear row of seats.—Chicago Tribune.

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### A QUEER RACE.

I saw the queerest race today  
Out at a county fair.  
The riders all were tiny tots.  
The racers all were rare.

I saw a little winsome maid,  
With flying yellow hair  
Hold fast and ride around a ring  
Upon a big brown bear.

Another one laughed loud in glee  
And raced around the track,  
And she was seated fearlessly  
Upon a lion's back.

And one rode on a tiger fiece,  
Another on a deer,  
While others rode on prancing steeds  
Without a sign of fear.

And round and round the track they rode,  
All at a rapid pace,  
And no one beat, tho' all tried hard  
To win the funny race.

At last the racers came to rest,  
The music ceased to sound,  
And all the little tots went home  
And left the merry-go-round.

William Reed Dunroy in Youths' Companion.

### ONE THING AND ANOTHER THING.

The prodigal son without the fatted calf—the runaway bicyclist with pipe stems.—Princeton Tiger

Math—Tute—How do you make V equal X? Sporter—Well if I knew I wouldn't be busted so often.—U. of M. Wrinkle.

Grid Iron mathematics—Freshleigh—How many men are there on a football team? Senior—Ten and a quarter.—Cornel Widow.

Caller—Is Miss Bloomer in? Servant—No, sir. Caller—But I just saw her come in. Servant—Yes, sir, but she saw you first—Yale Record.

"I don't see where it comes in" Saying which the man with a jag gracefully tossed his night key into the gutter and fell asleep on the door mat.—Princeton Tiger.

Prof.—Boys, don't stand there loafing. You should be at home studying. Student—We are not loafing. There are only three of us and it takes heaven to make a loaf.—Ex.

Small boy—Hurry up! man killed! D. Bowery "What tell"

Farmer Bill "Do" Princeton Tiger.

"That's an idle argument," said the professor as the freshman stated his excuse for not having prepared his lesson. "In what way sir?" asked the student. "Well it won't work around here," replied the professor.—Yale Record.

Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a Boston man was shot at by a burglar and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck. Mrs. Spriggins—Well what of it? Mr. Spriggins (meekly)—Nothing; only the buttons must have been on.—Boston Traveler.

"I tell you, sir, the election of McKinley means the return of prosperity!" "How do you know?" "Great Scott! I bet every dollar I have on him!"—Roxbury Gazette.

Still Proud: "Yes, brethren," said the convert, "I am an humble Christian now, but in my unregenerate days I flatter myself that you wouldn't meet a finer or more thoroughbred sinner in a day's walk."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"May I kiss you, Miss Jane?" "I am sorry to see, Mr. Briggs, that you, too, are affected by the prevailing cause of business depression." "And that is?" "Lack of confidence." Then he kissed her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume. "Well," said the young man, standing first on one foot and then on the other, "I suppose I'll have to be if I marry Mamie."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Elder Keepalong: "You ought not to let the political situation disturb you a single moment, my brother. Providence is watching over the affairs of this country." Deacon Ironside: "I don't know, elder; I don't know. I'm afraid providence doesn't realize the full extent of the danger this time."—Chicago Tribune.

Clara: "I wonder how Edith came to marry that horrid Mr. Kressus, after having been waited upon by that charming Charley Dudekins. Charley was so fond of music, and Kressus doesn't know enough about it to turn over the leaves of music for one." Aunt Susan: "Perhaps not; but Mr. Kressus can turn over the leaves of his check book most beautifully."—Boston Transcript.

### THE GRAD'S LAMENT.

This is the way five dollars looked  
When my father's cash I burned;  
But this is the way that five looks  
Now that it must be earned.  
—Cornel Widow.

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