

THE NEBRASKAN.

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

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There will be no issue of The Nebraskan next week, owing to the Thanksgiving recess. We'll eat turkey at home.

Everyone appreciates pluck and grit. Whether it is shown in a football game or not, it is always appreciated. But people would rather see an exhibition of good common sense any day. Hardly a report of a football game is printed which does not read, "Though badly injured he stayed pluckily in the game to the last." Now this does not show as much bravery as it does common sense, if the man in question would retire from the game. This is especially true near the latter part of the game. A man who is injured is likely to sustain a permanent injury while at the same time he may save the game by modestly retiring and allowing a sound substitute to take his place. The new man is fresh and in good condition, and it stands to reason that he can put up as good a game as an injured man. We hope our Nebraska boys will not give us an exhibition of such foolishness for the sake of making a "grand stand play."

It is to be hoped the chancellor's lecture course will not be permitted to pass into oblivion this year. The advantages to be derived from such a course are recognized by every one. To have scholars of high standing in the educational world to deliver a lecture to the students occasionally is certainly instructive as well as entertaining. We all long to have something outside of the monotony of daily recitations. It ought not to be a difficult task to get a lecturer at least once a month, to talk upon subjects of vital concern to higher education. By so doing we come in contact with practical men as well as educators of high rank. The lecture course will enable us to get speakers of good reputation to address the student body, when otherwise all efforts would practically be a failure. Let us keep up the lecture course. It certainly will be conducive of much good.

The university has reason to feel proud of the number of alumni who have received higher degrees from European universities. This certainly testifies not only to the efficiency of the training done here, but also to the impulse given to higher education. German universities are recognized as being thorough and pre-eminently fitted for instruction in the specialties leading to the degree of doctor of philosophy. This year, two graduates—Messrs. Avery and Senter have passed with honor the examinations for a doctor's degree at Heidelberg, Germany. And the Nebraskan deems it fitting to extend to them her congratulations. The creditable work which our alumni is doing in the foreign universities cannot fail to give our university a good standing as an institution of higher education. Educators realize the importance and necessity of this advance training; and the number of graduates who are taking to specialization from this university; let alone others, is deserving of commendation. It is to be hoped that our alumni of the future receive as much creditable recognition in their study for higher degrees in foreign universities.

This is the age of fads. They are not confined to college students. Every community is affected by them in a greater or less degree. Sometimes the general public will be carried away by a wave of ridiculous enthusiasm because of the delight of having something new. These fads however, are local in nature and after a brief, but rapid life come to a sudden end. The fad which is at present agitating the student body is the great problem the seniors are trying to solve, as to how they shall distinguish themselves from the lower classmen. It is very important that a particular kind of hat or a badge or a gold-headed cane be adopted as an insignia of distinction. As the seniors have agreed upon wearing sombrero hats and carrying gold-headed canes, it is a relief to be able to tell at a glance the difference between them and the freshmen. No one will be in fear of committing the unpardonable error of mistaking a senior for a "prep." The seniors with their mortar boards will enliven the appearance of the student body

as well as follow the usual custom of the class.

Preparations for the Iowa game should not be allowed to lag for an instant. Get together, practice songs and yells. Prepare to make a noise that can be heard across the football field. The Iowa men make a strong team this year. It has been proven that our men need encouragement to give them the spirit to win a football game. It was because they lost their courage that the Kansas game was lost. Karl Randall has been designated by Manager Oury, as a committee to see that the proper arrangements are carried out for the Thanksgiving day event. If you intend to go, give him your name. It is desired to get a rate of one dollar and ten cents for the round trip. This will also give us a special car which could be decorated with the university colors, and which would leave Omaha at a time designated by the committee. It is hardly probable that so low a railroad fare can be obtained, but it only takes the crowd to get it. If enough are no willing to go, a rate of one fare can be secured any way. A mass meeting should be called to get the students together and put a little enthusiasm into them. Then committees can be appointed to see about theatre tickets, and securing a section for the university contingent, rates can be secured from some good restaurant, and a neat saving would result to those who can afford to go. This will be the most enjoyable college event of the season, and every one possible who can go by denying himself something else, should join the crowd Thanksgiving morning at the depot.

AS IT WERE.

It was just between two afternoon classes and the walks were quite deserted. The Idle Apprentice lazily turned from the Nebraska hall where he had been watching the workmen build the old shack over from the top instead of the bottom. He had been watching the half baked bricks of which the building was composed dropping three stories to the ground, he had got some dried mortar in his eye and had sworn genially at the workmen in consequence, and in various other manners had been enjoying himself. The process of dismantling the building and displaying to the curious populace its inner sins as well as its outer ones, made the Idle Apprentice feel melancholy, and he turned to go to the main building with the hope that he might see the Queen of Hearts, between classes. So he started up the walk but he only got a few steps before he stopped short. When anything amused the Idle Apprentice he always stopped and looked at it. It made the enjoyment so much keener. The little lath that served as a walk between the sidewalk and the colossal observatory was enough to move to laughter anyone less susceptible than the Idle Apprentice.

"This must be a part of the gym apparatus," said he to himself. "It looks as if it might be used as a tight rope practice. I fancy it would take a sword walker to keep his balance on it during wet weather."

After recording these ultra-brilliant ideas, the Idle Apprentice decided that he was in a very jocular mood and he began to cast about for something else to stare at as he walked aimlessly toward the main building. After making some original reflections on the architectural beauty of the east steps as they lost themselves in the imposing snow shed at the top, he turned his critical gaze elsewhere.

"This is a mighty fine forest," he told himself as he looked at the motley array of leafless twigs that hung around loose between the steps and the Co-op walk. "This is the most dejected lot of scrub—I mean shrubs—that decorate our Eden like campus. They are like a good many of our preps—full of hope and promise, but not much to look at."

It hadn't been such a very long time since the Idle Apprentice himself was a prep, but as there is nothing like the scorn of a lately graduated prep for his former class, his feeble attempts at cynicism were excusable. He decided to sit on a bench between the library and the main building to see the people as they passed, between classes. He started slowly in that direction when he saw the Daughter of the Regiment prancing around the corner of the building in her little military stride. The Idle Apprentice did not lift his cap because he knew she would not recognize him anyway. She never took pains to speak to any boy unless he held some rank in the battalion, and the Idle Apprentice did not even drill. He walked on toward his chosen bench when he saw the Statuesque Countess walking arm in arm with the Back Number, and coming straight toward him. The Statuesque Countess was really not one of the nobility, but she was haughty enough to deserve the title. Neither of the girls greeted the Idle Apprentice very effusively, but he didn't care much. It was not much in the line of the Statuesque Countess to greet boys with a glad smile, and the Back Number had quit being effusive when she first showed signs of becoming passee. When she quit pretending to be overjoyed at meeting the different fellows she lost her grip and when she lost her grip she became a back number. There is nothing like the chain of natural sequences.

"Why aren't you cramming for tomorrow's exam?" asked the Back Number by way of saying something.

"O I had business," said the Idle Apprentice. "I was in the Co-op to settle a bill."

"Do you really mean that you paid them?" asked the Statuesque Countess incredulously.

"That wasn't what I said," answered the Idle Apprentice. "I went in there with that intention, but when I found I owed so much, I— a smothered ejaculation from the top of the south steps drew their attention that way. It was only the Prospective Cherub who had fallen down on the steps. He caught his heel on the top step and tumbled in the most natural and easy manner conceivable. He would certainly have rolled to the bottom if he had not been lobsided. As it was, he rolled against the railing where he lay trying to figure out which was north. When he finally regained his normal condition, he crawled up on his feet again and wobbled down the steps. He didn't brush his coat. He didn't even swear, in consequence of which the Idle Apprentice was much disappointed. He knew the Prospective Cherub was scrupulously sanctimonious, but he had hoped for a little something. Just then the class bell rang and the Idle Apprentice looked at his watch to find that it registered exactly ten minutes to four. The Idle Apprentice had a most remarkable watch—it always kept exactly with the gong. It was one of those kinds of time pieces that excited a jeweler's pity, but it was a great thing to go to school by. The Idle Apprentice was greatly in doubt. He didn't know whether to break away from the girls he was now with or take the chances of getting something better to talk to between classes. He chose the latter course finally, and told the two girls that he had a recitation and started toward the library. As soon as the Back Number and the Statuesque Countess disappeared, he sat down on a bench and waited for the string of students from the library. Pretty soon the Society Girl came sweeping along but she did not choose to speak to the Idle Apprentice, so she pretended to be looking up toward the third story. Then came the Debutante closely guarded on either side by the Baritone and the Gilded Fool. The Idle Apprentice heaved a little sigh as they went past, but he was not yet discouraged. Then came the Social Struggler all alone. The Idle Apprentice smiled as she passed, and rose to his feet, but it didn't get him anything, as she was hurrying to collar the Gilded Fool. The Idle Apprentice sat down again and waited. Pretty soon there came along the Sweet Creature, the Dear Thing, and the Girl with a Future. The patient waiter on the bench had not the moral courage to stand up before three of them, so he watched them meekly as they passed him. The crowd was now thinning out and he began to think he wouldn't see the Queen of Hearts at all. The Professional Flirt came stalking down the walk with the Undiscovered Genius. He was her latest catch and she was parading him. The Idle Apprentice still waited but there was not another soul had passed for ten minutes.

"I wish I had sense enough to keep what I've got," he growled as he got up from his bench. "Here I've warmed this bench for fifteen minutes and haven't got so much as a pleasant look. I guess I'd better learn to take what I can get," and he walked aimlessly up the walk in quest of the Back Number. H. S.

LOST—A Virgil and a Freeman's Gem to Miss Margaret Davis, 1227 S. 8th St. Will the finder please return to the author.

NEW BOOK ON FOOTBALL. Camp and Deland's Book Receiving Some Flattering Press Notices.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company have just issued from their press "Football" by Walter Camp and Lorin Deland. The book comes in tasteful binding in red or blue according to the college colors of the reader.

Walter Camp is too well known here to need any mention. His co-worker, Lorin F. Deland, has for several years been Harvard's head coach. He was the inventor and perfecter of "flying interference," and no one in the world possesses a better theoretical knowledge of the college game, complete from both practical and theoretical points of view.

At the outset the history of American football is told completely and thoroughly, as it has never been told elsewhere. The changes which evolved the American game from the English Rugby are explained in detail, and their value in the game's development shown in full.

After a short chapter devoted to the spectator the book takes up the game as it relates to the player and coach. One general comment covers the whole of this department—its completeness. Every possible information concerning the game, from descriptions of plays to a dictionary of football slang is comprised within the four hundred closely printed pages of this section. After glancing over the pages one is forced to believe that there is nothing of importance in the American game which has not been commented on. It is, as it was intended to be, a thorough treatise of the game in all its aspects, the first one ever published, and the last one anyone is likely to attempt for some time.

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