

"ANY OLD THING."

Manley has a new suit!!
You may scoff and you may laugh.
It was brought at Browning King's
For three dollars, sir—and a half.

There is a young Falls City student who had a rather inconvenient experience last Sunday evening. He was bound for Lincoln, but as his train slowed up at a small station to allow another one to pass, he noticed an old feminine acquaintance through the car window. He immediately left the car to bid her "Happy New Year" and other things. In his ecstasy he did not notice the train that left the station, carrying with it his grip, overcoat, rubbers and Christmas goodies. He saw that he was in for it however, and made the best of his enforced stay. He awakened his roommate the next morning at three-thirty, with the story that his train was delayed by snow drifts. He said nothing about his long wait in the cold for a freight.

A rather facetious crowd had gathered in the joint. They had been talking frivolously of most things in general, when one of the number exclaimed, "Well I don't know whether it is more fashionable to commit suicide or have appendicitis."

"I don't see why a fellow can't have that operation performed while he is well and sound, and he would be in much better shape to stand it" observed another.

"I think" spoke up Snyder, "that it is just the same as dehorning cattle, and I don't see why, after succeeding generations, we cannot breed a race, that would be removed from the possibility of having appendicitis."

HAIRS FROM A BALD HEAD.

The pretty girl in the picture, half buried in a wilderness of flowers, smiles down upon me as I write and I know that I am not alone. I like to have her there. What matters it though her reputation is notoriety and her morals free as the curls of her wind blown hair? A thing of beauty is a divine creation, a thing to worship if the ideal be not de-idealized by familiarity. When I gaze on her I am no student of character; no exponent of damnation, but a mere God-created man admiring in half awe, a creative masterpiece.

I have no desire to know this woman; the picture holds me at a proper distance wherefrom I am shielded of any coarseness or repulsive ungrace of manner which might appear to shock and shatter fond fancies on closer knowledge.

I will not look beneath this lovely exterior. I care not to know what thoughts however low or lofty are born of her intellect. I will think for her; I will furnish intelligence, character, morals, and proper environment; hers only to give that incomparable gift, beauty. Let her smile forever that same broad, generous, soul-involving smile, its presence is like a light, and holds in it nothing but blessing.

He stands so stiff and straight by the steps of the sleeper, that haughty colored porter.

The pomposity of his bearing is ludicrous in the extreme. He stands so unbending in his unbending lean stretch of vertice altitude, proudly certain of the glitter and dash of buttons and uniform. Frowning upon questioners and directing them with a pre-emptory wave of his hand. He interposes his advice with alacrity to the woman with the pretty daughter, and officiously conducts them to their train. He stops the hurrying travelers demanding a sight of their tickets, well-nigh to burst from the elation that the sense of the petty right gives him. He calls the proposed destinations of the trip in a jangle enough to bewilder even a dutch interpreter. He strikes an attitude to awe the old lady who is not sure of her train, and who hurries flushed and nervous from one buttoned official to another.

The porter is a ridiculous combination of buttons, unadulterated gall, petty conceit, and overbearing officiousness, bound up in rams' wool well fettered with brass.

He was a lad who lived in dreams and came to live on earth but in brief and fleeting spells.

He dreamed himself a great and world famous traveler. Every day with a regularity that was pathetic he came about the depot platform, strutting from one train to another in order to attract attention and set the people wondering whether he went. But always his train stood upon the north track. In a few minutes it would pull out for the west, the golden west enshrined in its halo of mysticism. He would mount the steps and track through the car and finally find a seat to his liking; put his hat in the rack and lean back upon the cushions with a specious assumption of indifference to things local while he studied out his proposed route in the train guide. When the train started he would jump, scud out the door and leap down the steps, cramming the railway guide into his pocket as he walked away, and ordinary commonplace boy again. G. E. T.

Miss Hattie LaFrance of Fullerton who was in the university last year, was the company of Miss Bessie Tynan during the teachers' convention.

HOW "ROBBY" SAW THE SHOW.

Our genial and ponderous coach generally knows enough to come in out of the wet but last week he got into a box where he couldn't pull out and the funny part of it was that he didn't know anyone was on to it.

It was about 8.30 New Year's night and the Funke opera house was jammed full of the most heterogenous rabble. It looked as if every seat was taken and there were people packed in the aisles and the orchestra pit. Everyone who went there was anxious that no one else should know they were there and everyone was sneaking behind the back seats and pulling their overcoats around their faces. The play was "Woman against Woman," the management watching two of their female rangers for a finish fight. The curtain was just ready to go up but there seemed a dead calm as if something was being waited for. Just then a shrivelled little usher came down the aisle all the length of the house followed by the coach who looked as big as a church. This sort of wholesale ogling did not seem to please "Robby" and he turned all the hues of a revolving prism. The usher soon found him his little seat and after stepping upon eight or ten harmless people he sat down like a crushed mass of apologizing misery.

Now at one of the Bittner shows every right minded person goes out during the acts and come in between times to see the vitascope but the coach couldn't do this because he was hemmed in on one side by a box and on the other by a dozen women and he had to sit in chilly perspiration and see the fight of "Woman against Woman" to its happy ending. He had the pleasure of knowing that everyone in the house was aware of his presence and also that he couldn't get out unless he chopped a hole in the floor and fell through. When "Woman against Woman" comes to town again the coach will try to find something else to do with his thirty cents.

A WONDERFUL ADVANCE IN MANDOLIN MAKING.

The new 1897 Washburn mandolin is creating a perfect furor among artists and amateurs. It is so far ahead of any mandolin ever heretofore constructed that it never fails to awaken the most enthusiastic encomiums and expressions of surprise mingle with the praise, for the new Washburn mandolin fairly oversteps the line of expectation, and with its rich mellow tone marks out a field of its own. How the makers of the Washburn achieved this triumph is an interesting story. It seems that a year ago they began a series of experiments, having in view the production of a mandolin one finer than anything the world had yet heard. First, all the experts in their employ were called upon for ideas and designs. Then having gotten a special studio filled with plans and models, invitations were sent out to prominent mandolin players, teachers and connoisseurs to assist in the work. Expense was not spared. Some of the most valuable ideas came from the great mandolin soloists—such men as Tomaso, Shaeffer, Wells, Best, Sutorious, Hazen, Bouton, Turney, Page, etc., and it is hardly too much to say that nearly all the available mandolin talent of the country contributed something to the new 1897 Washburn Model Mandolin. So today it stands upon a pinnacle—raising a new standard of mandolin excellence. For the time it has been before the public its sales are phenomenal. A beautiful new catalogue (fully illustrated) telling more about this mandolin, and also giving full particulars of the 1897 models of Washburn guitars, banjos and zithers may be had by addressing Lyon and Healy, Chicago—Chicago Musical Times.

THEY VISIT OLD FRIENDS.

During the holidays, the halls of the university were not empty. Aside from the teachers, many alumni visited their former classmates.

Otis Weeks '95, loafed in the Co-op as he used to do, when military affairs did claim his attention. He is working at Portsmouth New Hampshire.

Harry Barber '94, and Allen Fling who jointly run the Nebraska City high school visited their friends.

Eugene Sherman '95 and wife did not forget that there were people on the earth, and made their friends glad by a short visit.

Miss Myrtle Wheeler visited friends in Lincoln a few days before she left for her new field of work, as teacher of history in the Omaha high school.

Miss Emma Boose '96 visited in Lincoln during the holidays.

THE LUNCHEON ROOM.

The proprietors of the university luncheon room announce that they are better prepared than ever to serve strictly home made goods with convenience to all. A sample bill of fare is:

Soup	5 cents
Oysters, one dozen	20 cents
Oysters, one half dozen	10 cents
Plum pudding	5 cents
Sandwich	5 cents
Sandwich	3 cents
Bread and butter	2 cents
Pie	2 cents
Coffee, tea or cocoa	4 cents
Milk	4 cents
Two doughnuts	3 cents

WARDE AS KING LEAR.

The revival of "King Lear" by Mr. Warde at the Lansing on Saturday should awaken delightful memories, and arouse an active interest even among those who have given Shakespeare little more thought than they bestow on any of the other old poets. Unlike many of the other Shakespearean plays, this one has been little abused, at least on the American stage. It has been associated with great names, and the archaic style of the tragedy and vast opportunity of the title character has kept the play out of the hands of the Philistines. The only American actor since Forrest's time, whose name was prominently associated with the character of King Lear was William E. Sheridan, who died in Australia some seven years ago. Lear and Louis XI were his great roles, and he held a potent sway for years through his splendid representation. During his last tour he was supported by his charming wife, Louise Davenport. Since Sheridan's death the play has been seen a few times, Edwin Booth played it occasionally during the season of 1886-87, and, while his performance of the old king was an admirable one—the best the American stage has ever seen, some declare—the bill was never so popular with the public as were several of the others of his repertory. The last revival of Lear was made during the first year of the Booth-Barrett combination, Mr. Booth acting Lear and Mr. Barrett playing Edgar. It was given only a comparatively few times, however, before it was withdrawn, and a joint-star repertory confined to four or five plays. If Mr. Warde's revival is as elaborate, and if his characterization of Lear is as great as report says, he should find the tragedy a profitable one, for it has been so long absent from the theatre that it now possesses the merits of a novelty.

It is not surprising to know that Mr. Warde has been successful as King Lear, for he is a student of great earnestness and an actor of great force; and to these qualities it is said that he has added a much finer discrimination than he possessed in the days when he confined himself almost exclusively to heroics.

Speaking of these revivals reminds me, that in spite of all the obituaries and epitaphs that are being written these days for Shakespeare, the bard is very much alive on the English speaking stage. Henry Irving's revival of Richard III, and "Cymbeline" will be the great legitimate events of the London dramatic season. In New York Mr. Mansfield's production of "Richard III" and "The Merchant of Venice" are holding their own with his other revivals of familiar dramas. Daly has given a great setting to "As You Like It," and the devotees of his theatre are again sighing over Rehan's Rosalind. Mr. Daly has in preparation a revival of "Cymbeline" and Margaret Mather-Pabst has selected the same play for her reappearance on the stage. E. J. Henly to be the Iachimo. Thomas W. Keene is holding his own playing Shakespear almost exclusively. Walker Whitehead, who has not yet acquired metropolitan ways, is a potent factor in the two and three night stands. Julia Marlowe-Tabor still keeps the great bard in the lead. These, with many others who take up Shakespear incidentally, are certainly doing something to preserve to the stage the greatest dramatic poetry ever written.

There will be a grand ladies' bargain day matinee Saturday afternoon at 2:30, when Mr. Warde and company will present "The Merchant of Venice." Prices, 50 cents for any reserved seat in the house; children, 25 cents. Evening, "King Lear," prices, \$1.75, 50c, and 25c. Reserved seats on sale Thursday morning, 10 a. m., theatre box office.

A HISTORIC TELEGRAM.

The original copy of the first telegraphic message revealed upon Nebraska soil was sent to the historical society by ex-Governor Furnas. It reads—St. Joe, Aug. 29, 1860: R. W. Furnas—We are most happy to return your greeting. The thermometer is at 100 and rising like —. You ask the news. Douglas stock fully up to the thermometer and rising as rapidly. St. Joe drinks Nebraska's health. Pfouts and Cundiff, editors of St. Joe Gazette.

The squire—Why are your hands always in your pockets?
Ne'er-do-well—I don't like going about with nothing in them.

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