

THE NEBRASKAN.

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

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The Nebraskan will be sent to any address upon receipt of the subscription price, which is one dollar a year, or fifty cents a semester.

Contributions are solicited from all. News items such as locals, personals, reports of meetings etc. are especially desired. The Nebraskan will be glad to print any contribution relative to a general university subject, but the name must accompany all such.

Address all communications to The Nebraskan, University of Nebraska.

NOTICE—All subscriptions should now be paid and collection will be commenced accordingly. Any one wishing to avoid the inconvenience of being "dunned", should notify the business manager before January 15.

The steps taken by the agricultural school in promoting diversified farming deserves a word of praise. The university authorities are sparing no efforts to make this work thorough and effective in bringing about good results among the farmers. And the interest the farmers over the state are taking in this work, shows that they are conscious of the need of more scientific knowledge in tilling the soil. The time has come when industrial classes should be impressed with the importance of training in the different methods of carrying on their respective callings. Scientific knowledge is no less adapted to a successful management of a farm and in securing greater returns for labor expended, than it is in mechanical or professional work. The facilities afforded by the state farm for instruction in diversified farming cannot be surpassed. All that is needed is sufficient funds to meet the expenses. There is nothing that is more in need among agricultural classes than a knowledge of the results reached in the various experiments made at the school. This opportunity is now open to the boys of our state, and it is hoped no effort will be spared in arousing interest among them.

The time for the oratorical contests is now at hand. Despite of the fact that enthusiasm in this phase of college life is upon the wane, we cannot afford to neglect doing our part toward those who desire to compete for honors. That oratory has a place in college doings, no one denies. But for some reason or other it has not received the support and encouragement it deserves, among the students. The societies promise to give fairly good contests this year; in spite of these adverse conditions. Let us be on hand to give the contestants our support and encouragement. It is very desirable that a fit representative be chosen to orate for the university in the state contest. So long as we are a member of the state association, let us see that the most deserving is our representative.

Some objections have been raised by many students, who think their professors who do not require an examination, are placing too much work upon them for examination week. It seems that this objection is well founded. A professor really has no right to require his students to put more than two hours of work upon a subject during examination week. This is putting it rather forcibly, yet no student can go through the ordeal of examinations in one or two subjects, and put in full time on some others where examinations are not required. As long as there is no recess between the semesters, the professors should take this into consideration.

The table of Harvard catalogue estimating average expenses gives four scales of annual expenditures. Low average expenses are put at \$372; moderate at \$472; liberal at \$622; very liberal at \$1,010.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Oxford university, of England has an annual income of six million dollars.

There are five hundred and twenty-five Young Men's Christian associations in the colleges.

There are three women on the board of trustees of the American university at Washington.

Prof. Joseph LeConte of the University of California celebrated his golden wedding January 16. Doubtless many of our geology students will wish him many happy returns.

The students of the university of Missouri are very indignant and greatly excited over the action of the faculty in expelling from college Captain Shawhan and Manager English of the football team. This action was taken because one of the laws of the university was violated by allowing men to play on the team who were not students of the university, and also because the team made a trip into Mexico without gaining permission from the faculty. The faculty have also ordered Coach Patterson discharged and that he shall not be allowed to have any connection with the university hereafter. The other members of the team were allowed to go unpunished but were severely reprimanded by the president. The students have posted notices and called a mass meeting to see what is to be done in the matter, and many of them have threatened to leave the university if the decision of the faculty is carried out.

A PITCHING MACHINE.

C. H. Hinton one of the instructors in mathematics at Princeton, has invented a pitching machine. Properly speaking it is not a machine, but a gun which a man carries in his arms, with which he can shoot a baseball at any speed and give an out-curve, an in-curve, a drop, and a rise, the last, however, being practically a very swift straight ball, for Mr. Hinton has not yet succeeded in overcoming the law of gravitation. He thinks it possible to produce a genuine rise, but to do so would require such a speed that it would be out of the question: For several years ingenuous men have been trying to invent something which might take the place of the pitcher. So far as is known at the patent office, none succeeded until Mr. Hinton went to work. And he makes no such claim for his gun, his present one at least, for he designed it solely for the purpose of giving practice to batsmen without wearing out the pitchers. He is now at work on another machine of a very different character, except in so far as the actual making of the curve is concerned, which he thinks will be not only suited for practice work, but for games also. The gun is of the simplest description, but the results are surprising. In a space of seventy feet Mr. Hinton gets a curve of fourteen inches. This curve begins about twenty feet from the muzzle of the cannon, and is sharp, though not a perfect one, with a decided drop at the end. By wind sights placed on the cannon a person can get as expert in a short time that he can hit a small mark four out of six times, and send the ball over the plate five out of six times, and this with the clumsy experimental canon now used.—Ex.

RANDOM SHOTS.

A lie in time saves nine.
Policy is the best honesty.
Dirt is both cheap and plentiful.
"Sand" isn't.

A cannibal is a parasite—He lives off of other men.

One can get used to anything—Even to an alarm clock.

Love is an itching of the heart which you can't scratch.

Marriage is about the only lottery that cannot be suppressed.

There is only one girl in the world for me. She is the maid on the silver dollar.

The Cuban war has proved beyond a doubt that typewritten dispatches are greater than the sword.

The most lasting footprints on the sands of time are not always made by the fellow with the largest feet.

It seems rather strange nowadays, when everybody rides a wheel, to speak of the different "walks of life."

The eternal fitness of things was once considered important. But by this fine generation, the external fitness is much more sought after.

There are just two kinds of people who can be blissfully, rapturously happy. They are the supremely wise man and the absolute idiot. In our pursuit of happiness we usually emulate the latter.—The Ohio.

Tom Scribbler (desperately)—"Jack, I am sick and tired of writing bad poetry for a living. I shall not cudgel my brains any longer. I have a better plan." Jack Plunger—"What is it?" Tom Scribbler—"I shall make me a sandwich and cudgel other people's brains."—Exchange.

"Maria," grumbled Mr. Billus, looking at the greasy mess that lay on his plate, "I saw the statement in a paper the other day that there are over 800 different ways of cooking potatoes. I wish you would let the girl learn one of them."

HIS RECOMMENDATION.

"He dances well," so said the lookers-on Who watched him in the many waltz; Fair women smiled and waved their jeweled fans;

"He dances well, whatever else his faults."

And all through life he danced his thoughtless way

Was welcomed by the idle laughing throng;

The open sesame—"He dances well!"

As o'er the flower-strewn path he tripped along.

But death reached out and clutched the dancer's feet

The merry music changed to dirge and knell.

And to the gate of heaven he carried in his hand,

The verdict of the world—"He dances well."

St. Peter eyed the dancer's recommend

And slowly scratched his good right ear And said—"You'd better take a lower berth."

Through oversight, we have no dance hall here."

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

REVERIES OF A BENEDICT.

"Thou thrice blessed nicotine!" thought Mitchell, as the blue, filmy veil of cigar smoke floated in fantastic cloudlets or swirled into long transparent lines in the fire light glow. He extended his feet towards the grate, gazed straight into the red coals, and under the tobacco's soothing influence he mused:

"If now in that chair yonder were seated a sweet faced girl with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running around the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of my dreams—and if I could reach an arm around that chair back without fear of giving offence, and suffer my fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck—and if I could clasp with my other hand those white taper fingers of hers that—"

"You horrid wretch!" screamed his wife, "you're burning a hole in the curtain with your nasty cigar!"

And the smoke with all its dreamy visions swept up the chimney in disgust.

L. H. R.

"ANY OLD THING."

One of the members of the daily theme class, in casting about him for a subject to expatiate on, seized upon the chance offered by the establishment of the new check rooms, and writ in burning words the uselessness of a student having his clothing stolen while such protection is afforded. In the rush Thursday morning he hung his coat in the library cloak room and is now going about shivering and complaining. George will hereafter practice what he preaches.

"Hunk" was going up to see Clay Clement Monday night. He was a little late in getting started, and he yelled to the "fellas" to keep a seat for him in the front row of the heaven, sure. In ten minutes he followed. With coat half buttoned he rushed up the gallery steps of the Lansing, giving the ticket seller a quarter, without stopping to look at the surprise on his face. He panted up the winding way, and looked about him for his friends. The audience was smaller than he thought it would be—but where were they? Then he tumbled. The doorkeeper gave him a return check as he went out, but the ticket seller had closed his window. "That darn ten cent show" he muttered—then he sought Parm, borrowed a quarter and saw part of the "New Dominion" with his friends, but his enjoyment of it was marred by recurring thoughts of what might have been.

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Clergyman: "Fo' shame! Doan' yo' know dat honesty is de bes' pollicy?"

Parishioner: "Mebbe so; but, anyhow, chickens am de bes' eatin'."—Puck.



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