

# 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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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 exercise given in the chapel by the state officers and certain members of the legislature, upon the evening of the electrical exhibit deserves a word of praise. It is fitting to impress our lawmakers and their constituents with the character of the university and the nature of the work the students are doing. Such exercises can not fail to bring the people in close touch with everything being done here. The truth of this is seen in the appreciation manifested by those legislators present. They were made to feel that they were a part of the university. We certainly enjoyed the timely remarks made by those who favored us with speeches. We are confident of the fact that when people of Nebraska understand the university and its work, there will be no hesitation to satisfy our wants, in assuring a free and healthy educational growth. A duty devolves on us to make known our purpose. And certainly the chancellor has left no stone unturned in accomplishing this end. He is to be commended in the success that has crowned his efforts in the charter day exercises. The Nebraskan appreciates the kindness of our legislators in lending their hearty co-operation in making our twenty-eight birthday an event long to be remembered. The modern economic world recognizes a profit which belongs to the business man and a surplus which belongs to society.

There are about forty young men in this university, who today, are thinking that they are about the littest rag in the wash. Those are the young men who rushed a lot of resolutions through the Union Boys debating club last Saturday evening, which endorsed the football bill. Speaker Gaffin has introduced into the house. They represented that they expressed the sentiment of the student body. From all inquiries that have been made, it is impossible to get the names of those who were present at that meeting. Prominent members of the debating club say that at the next meeting, the resolutions will be turned down hard, and the blotch removed from the name of the Union boys' debating club.

The practical way the Nebraskan took to show that it had space, seems to have made some people squirm. This certainly is not the way our kindness should have been taken. Our contemporary, if they think they are doing all right in their management of their sheet, should not have gone immediately to mud-slinging, but should have considered the act of the Nebraskan as an advertisement for them. They have shown that even they themselves, think as little of their own sheet as the public at large.

The Nebraskan extends a hearty congratulation to the new fraternity in our midst—Kappa Sigma. The eight charter members are well known as men who command respect from the student body as well as from members of the faculty for their scholarly standing, and moral character. We hope that Kappa Sigma will maintain the standard of men she has started with, and this will assure her an enviable position among the best fraternities at this university.

If you have tried him once you found that Westerfield did the right kind of tonorial work. He has been the students' bar ber for seventeen years. 117 North Thirteenth street.

You can get all the news all the time by subscribing for The Nebraskan.

## SPOTTED TAIL'S TREASURE.

Spotted Tail, Mrs. Spotted Tail, and the little papoose Spotted Tail were having a howling high time. Spotted Tail furnished the howling, while Him Sam in Washington City contributed to the high time.

It was allowance day on the reservation, the agency headquarters, a dirty collection, and the tribes had all gathered at the lion of rude huts set promiscuously about in the sand on a rise of the plain. It was the time for them to receive their semi-annual apportionment from the government.

Liberal portions of fire-water from the sutlers, the purchase of gaudy blankets and the novelty of a cooked dinner at the restaurant, did nothing to tame the wild Spotted Tails. They set out after dinner to take in the town before returning to the tepee village far out on the plain. They had money and they wanted to spend it! They were filled to the brim with whoops and howls and were ready to expend them on the haze of the sultry air.

The white man had sought the shady side of whatever would give a little shade, but not to rest, for every man had busy schemes hatching for the assistance of the red man in relieving him of his money. The streets were given over to the swarth barbarians who strode from place to place, fairly wallowing themselves in the luxuries and high priced novelties of agency civilization.

Mrs. Spotted Tail, with the youngster strapped to her back, kept close by the side of the yawling head of the Spotted Tail tepee; she carried the greater part of her share of the fire water in the jug upon her shoulder, while Spotted Tail reeled beneath the full weight of his internal burden. Lurching and reeling down the street, unmindful of the wiles of the bunco man or Mexican Monte fascinators, they came at last to the undertaker's where they paused and gazed in sheer amazement.

Standing in front of the dingy shop was an old black hearse, long since gone out of use and now playing the part of a trade sign. It still retained though in a somewhat bedraggled condition, the sombre plumes that gave it precedent in funeral celebrations.

To the curious Indians examining it with delight, it was as gorgeous a show as they had anywhere seen. Spotted Tail the white, granted maddening ejaculations of approval for the decoration of the Mrs. Spotted Tail. The droop of the rusted plumes; the crest in front and the gilded crosses aside; the glass doors though gritted over with stains of sand, and clutched by knobs of tarnished brass; all charmed the simple folk and plain.

The undertaker, standing in front of his shop, noted the ingenuous delight of the Spotted Tails, and pitied the poor gullible things. It was the one man in town who was not gaining at their expense. Even when Big Thompson shot Lame Elk over the card-table, the boys had jugged him out of his deserts by facetiously burying the Indian in the sand. The undertaker's face was long and sadly reproving when he saw the devices and sharp practices by which his neighbors enriched themselves; decried their want of moral virtue in stooping to cheat the guileless children of nature. "Better," said he, "to live in poverty always, than be enriched by wealth so darkly gotten."

Spotted Tail looked from the hearse to the undertaker, then he reeled over to where the man stood, and drawing a dirty leather pouch from under his blanket, took out fifty dollars and thrust it in the other's hand, pointing meanwhile to himself and then to the hearse. The undertaker had once asked forty-five dollars for it, but exposure to the weather had heightened its value. He shook his head and looked absently down the street, keeping a good grip on the money in his hand. The Indian crammed a bunch of bills, a hundred dollars, on the first, the yielding fingers closed on them, but the undertaker's head kept up its negative wag. Then the Indian with a scowl on his brow and a snarl between his lips dragged forth another hundred and angrily cast the empty pouch at the other's feet, whereat the undertaker nodded emphatically and slipped hurriedly into the shop, while the Indian with a lightened face and a joyous whoop, lurched off with all speed to bring his team, leaving Mrs. Spotted Tail to guard his new found treasure.

He soon returned at break neck speed, driving the hot ponies at the snap of the lash. Quickly hitching them to the hearse and unmindful of the deserted wagon, he loaded Mrs. Spotted Tail and the papoose inside, and locked the door on them. Then he sprawled into the seat, and the proudest Indian on the reservation, he drove at full head three times through the dust stifled street, and with one long parting whoop, headed through the blaze of the high noon sun, for the brown skin hut of his village home.

The wrinkling air like lambent tongues of livid flame, leaped scorching about them as they jolted in dizzying flight across the untracked prairie. The brain of the maniac driver was whirling an unchecked dance of crimson demons snapped and reeled in surcharged lightnings across

the field of his glaring eyes. He had no ear for the screams from within or for the wild mad blows belted on deafening glass; he heard but his yells of ghoulish glee beating on the smothered air. He could not know of the mad creature within, whose wild cries gurgled from her death grappled throat, as she beat with unflushed knuckles and blood lathered head on the thudding panes of soundless glass. Her horrid yells of tanning reason lipped frothily rosprib a,lac Mif breRRR thundered echoes; for her ears alone bursting surges of blood limped frothily across the lines of her shriveling face. She raved with the furious fear of the trap bound beast; she hated the child that drank in gasps her scanty breath; she thrust it fiercely into a corner; she crushed upon it in her raging up and down within the narrow wall of the hurching charnel house,—the wild tigress at bay buys life at cost of young, but only in the surge tide of death falling stupor.

Spotted Tail drove into the village with a flare and a flourish, circuted twice about the lodges to call out the wondering tribe, and brought up in the center before the ashes of the Council circle. Startled and gesticulating bucks and squaws huddled about, cringing at a distance, and stared with lost wits at the ghastly load within the blood matted glass.

GERMAIN E. TOWLE.

### THE NEBRASKAN ADVERTISERS.

We wish to call the attention of the Professors and students to the local merchants who advertise in The Nebraskan. Every firm represented here is guaranteed reliable, and patronage that is extended them, will be appreciated by the manager of this paper. When it is just as convenient, let them have your patronage. You will benefit by it as much as any one.

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