

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.

This is the last issue of the Nebraskan for the collegiate year, 1896-7. Those acquainted with the cost of printing, different styles of type etc., can appreciate what the Nebraskan has done during the year. There are very few college papers in the United States that use "Nonpareil" type, for the reason that it is so expensive, it does not fill up space fast enough, and nobody ever notices it. In our own case we can say that excellence has been recognized as the paper has readily met expenses this year, and is ready to start business next year under the brightest prospects in its history.

Our season is nearing its close. The students have for the first time in our history seen college baseball. The team has made its first eastern trip, and comes back with ample evidence that she is strictly in the same class with the greatest college teams of the world. And yet there are a few shallow sore-heads around the university who presume to jeer our players for not winning more games. Had our boys met Wesleyan, Haverlock, Cotner and teams of such a class and beaten them 20 to 10, these same demented persons would have said we had a great team; but when we go against the greatest teams in the country and lose by a single score in a close and beautiful game, they presume to jeer the players. It was a great trip and our boys played great ball.

ANY OLD THING.

"There's one thing a wizard can do"—but that's only one thing. There are several things that nine university girls can do when they feel like it and think that nobody's looking. You know that some say we'd have so much more "fun" if we had the dormitory system here, but they don't live where I do or they'd know better.

It was late last Saturday night—that is I believe it was late for it was after "frat" meeting—and I was just retiring for a snooze until ten o'clock next morning when suddenly out of my east window I saw a stealthy figure tiptoeing her way along the inclined porch roof of the next house. "Some one walking in her sleep," I thought, and called to my roommate to come and see a somnambulistic exhibition. But I was mistaken—the stealthy figure, now brightly lit by the moon, crept along to the next window, stopped, peered in and said in a stage whisper, "I see the ice cream, girls," which was answered by a chorus of "Good!" from another window.

I became interested and taking an advantageous position with a tablet and pencil in my hand I viewed one of the best "gym exhibitions" that it has been my pleasure to see.

The Ringleader, who was on the roof, now called to the Demure One—"take off your shoes and come and help me." Whereupon the other tiptoed to her comrade's assistance and the two quietly pull down the window sash. It is evidently their intention to force an entrance into that room and swipe some ice cream. Meanwhile various expressions of encouragement are forthcoming from the Sweet Senior, the Prep, Chem. and various others in the other window.

Just at this point there is a sound of rattling dishes in the ice cream room and I can see by the shadows on the wall that the owner has come in and is dishing out the cream. "Folled again," thought I to myself, and the Darling One said aloud, "Darn it, are we too late?" Then there was despair in the minds of all save the Ringleader, who almost said "Aber Nit!" for she was hopeful.

The figures disappeared through the window out of which they had come and reappeared in the yard below. It took about two minutes to find that long ladder and about two more to put it up to a south window. Then followed some of the nicest ladder work ever seen outside of the gymnasium. A dull sickening

thud, followed by screams of glee, announced to me that success had crowned their efforts. I don't know how many went in by way of the ladder. The Darling One went over the top sash of the porch window, and got stuck in the operation—that is, I believe she got stuck, for I heard very audibly, "darn it, I can't get in; this confounded screen's coming out!" After capturing their booty the Sweet Senior came running through the yard with a cream freaser in her hand saying "come on girls, I've got it." Then they sat themselves down to feast and had "two spoonfuls apiece." A pow-wow followed, in which many choice expressions and actions were revealed unto the listeners, such as "O gee! there goes my watch" and others equally edifying. At the suggestion of the Sweet Senior, the opera of El Capitlan was repeated, and such songs as "We won't go home until morning" and "Good night ladies" helped make the night hideous.

The only one who did not seem to be enjoying herself was the Post Grad, who from her window, plead with the girls to "come on in," but they only laughed at her and told her to "go to sleep!"

Just at this point I was discovered. The plot had so thickened and had become so interesting that I had revealed my presence. My ardor was straightway dampened, however, for the Ringleader didn't do a thing but turn the hose up into my window. I escaped but the wall paper had a shocking appearance, and I doubt not that they would have drowned us out had not a light appeared in the landlord's apartment. The Darling One saw it and cried, "Gosh! the old man's coming." There was a hurried consultation and the Sweet Senior said, "I move you that we adjourn." The Prep, Chem. seconded the motion, which was put by the Ringleader, and was unanimously carried. The Post-Grad. gave thanks, but the moon, my roommate and I would have voted "No!" had we dared.

Suitor: "I would be glad to marry your daughter, sir, provided—" Old Gent: "Provided what?" Suitor: "Oh, just provided."—New York Journal.

"It's your wife at the telephone," said the office boy. "Tell her I'm out for the afternoon." "He says to tell you he's out for the afternoon, mum."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think Senator Snaggs is open to conviction?" "Well, I dunno 'bout his bein' open to conviction, but he's bin indicted by the gran' jury twict er three times."—Chicago Journal.

New Yorker: "You people are making a great fuss over that man who lived to be 112 years old in your town. I suppose that when anybody gets to be over 100 years old he isn't very particular—just as I live in Chicago as any other place." Chicago Man: "Yes, in fact, he'd a little rather. All his live, enterprising, go-ahead descendants are generally here."—Chicago Tribune.

New Yorker: "Well, would you like to see how they do things in Wall street?" Kansas Cousin: "That's what I would. Where can I leave my watch?"—Chicago Journal.

Spoken Like a Woman.—He: "Do hurry, Mollie; the train leaves in twenty minutes." She (absent-mindedly): "Don't be cross, Jack; it's such bad form to be on time."—Truth.

"In writing shorthand which do you find the more difficult—writing your notes or reading them afterward?" "Neither. The worst difficulty I have nowadays is getting my pay."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Dinwiddie: "I have been reading about the capture of a British expedition by the Sofa tribe of Africa." Mr. Van Braam: "Have you?" Mr. Dinwiddie: "Yes; and I have been wondering if the Sofa tribe has any connection with the Ottoman empire."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Gadzooks: "What do you suppose will be Turkey's answer to the powers?" Zounds: "Feel my biceps."—New York Tribune.

"Brown is a great sufferer from writer's cramp." "Oh, yes. He's all the time thinking he's too great to be what he is."—Detroit Journal.

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