

fortunate, indeed, in the way of reading matter. Besides the university library of fifty-eight thousand bound volumes, and the law school library of four thousand volumes, there is the city library of sixteen thousand volumes, the state law library of thirty-three thousand volumes, and, finally, the state historical library of one hundred and four thousand volumes and one hundred and ten thousand pamphlets. These libraries are arranged so as to duplicate one another as little as possible, and I find that in the department of economics, at least, they are surprisingly comprehensive.

A very unfortunate affair occurred here last hallowe'en night. A crowd of several hundred of the boys who had gone out for a little jollification allowed their enthusiasm to swamp their judgment. They broke into the laundry of the young women's dormitory and appropriated a quantity of lingerie. Decking themselves out in the stolen garments, they paraded State street until dispersed by a squad of police. The next morning the young women's self-governing association passed resolutions declaring that the ladies would receive no callers and accept no engagements until some one had paid the penalty for the outrage. And—would you believe it?—they lived up to their resolutions astutely. The bottom fell out of the military hop and various minor schemes of entertainment. The embargo has only just been removed after the publication of a long list of suspensions. Perfect candor compels me to admit that the ring-leaders of the linen-stealing gang were fraternity men. I might add that the "Police Gazette" took cognizance of the affair by a full front page cut of the boys dividing the spoils.

It may be interesting for you to know that Professor Thurber, once of Nebraska, holds a more or less subordinate place in the English department here. Professor Franklin, who formerly assisted Professor Caldwell, is availing himself of the advantages afforded by the state historical library in the preparation of a thesis. Mr. Munro, who graduated from the Nebraska university in the early '80s, and who for eleven years occupied the position in South Omaha now filled by Dr. Wolf, is here taking graduate work in economics. I often see students perusing Dr. Fling's outlines of European history. I am much pleased with the city, the people, the university, the staff of instructors in economics and my work.

ALDEN EDSON HENRY.

PRINCETON LETTER.

Editor Nebraskan-Hesperian: College spirit is unbounded in Princeton university; in fact, the students of this institution are considered the most enthusiastic of any in the country. It is a revelation of college life to a student from the west. There always seems to be plenty of time for parades, bonfires and big mass meetings, and the whole student body from seniors to freshmen turns out to these events.

Enthusiasm was awakened at the first of the college year by a "rush" between the sophomores and freshies. The contest was held around the old cannon in front of Nassau hall. The freshmen took their position around the cannon and the sophomores labored with might and main to dislodge them. The laurels were about evenly divided when the bell sounded the recall. Both sides, however, claimed victory and taunted each other with defeat.

The freshmen and sophomore base ball game was the next event to arouse interest. This game is always preceded by a parade lead by a martial band and seniors dressed in grotesque costumes. Everybody attends this

game, as it is considered the "funny" event of the opening days.

The Yale-Princeton foot ball game is, of course, the greatest event of interest for the year. The fact that Princeton only lost one game during the season, and that by a fluke, and that Yale tied Harvard, aroused enthusiasm to the intensest pitch. For a week previous to the game the practice between the 'varsity and scrub teams was witnessed by large crowds, sometimes as many as two thousand people turning out to cheer the players.

During the game professors and students financially embarrassed, men and women, stood about the bulletin board to hear the man with a megaphone read telegrams from the game. It was rather a woe-begone looking crowd while the score stood 10 to 6 in favor of Yale, and it continued so until the lucky kick from the field by Poe in the last two minutes turned the disappointment into joy, and cheer after cheer rang from the crowd. Then "Jerry" Osmond, the 260-pound philosophy professor, and slim "Sister" Orris, professor of platonic Greek, threw their arms about one another and danced up and down in loving embrace, totally oblivious of the ludicrous figure they made.

The people from town and surrounding country, from the lower strata of society to Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the ex-president, come to the celebration of this victory. An immense pile of wood fifty feet high was heaped up around the cannon, covered with tar and oil and set afire. Trees within a radius of forty feet were set on fire by the heat. Fireworks, ringing of bells, shooting of anvils and speeches by members of the team completed the celebration. This bonfire, by the way, was one of the cheapest and best ever had in Princeton. Three hundred dollars was spent for fuel, while the year before \$900 was expended.

The annual "cane spree" completes the list of most important events for a display of enthusiasm. This contest consists of three students from the freshmen and three from the sophomore classes struggling by relays for the possession of a cane. The contestants grasp the cane and the one who gains possession is, of course, the victor. Strange as it may seem, this contest frequently lasts two or three hours. Each side is in training for about six weeks for this contest.

WILL J. LOWRIE.

AN ADVENTURE.

Three smart young men and three nice girls,

All lovers true as steel,  
Decided in a friendly way  
To spend the day awheel.

They started in the early morn,  
And nothing seemed amiss,  
And when they reached the leafy lanes  
They in like  
rode twos this!

They wandered by the verdant dale  
Beside the rippling rill;  
The sun shone brightly all the while;  
They heard the song-bird's trill.  
They sped through many a woodland glade,  
The world was full of bliss—  
And when they rested in the shade,  
Theysat intwos likethis!

The sun went down and evening came,  
A lot too soon, they said;  
Too long they tarried on the way,  
The clouds grew black o'erhead,  
Down dashed the rain! They homeward flew,  
Till one unlucky miss  
Slipped sideways—Crash! Great Scott!  
The lot  
Wereallmixeduplikethis!



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