

STRAY THOUGHTS ON ALL TOPICS

The Grau Opera, seven dollars. Well it might as well be seventy. You see I am only a freshman.

We do wish Mr. Kimball would play a real long piece in chapel every morning when the new organ is ready. Just think how cultured we should all be when we can glibly discourse on musical topics, of having heard such and such selections of Mozkowski, De-Koven, etc.

The school spirit displayed by the Medics at the Kansas City game, would be a valuable object lesson to the students here. The bleachers were bright with colors, organized bands of rooters blazing with red and yellow, filled the side-lines. There were doctors in all stages of development from the New specialist and the Professor of Indigestion and Appendicitis down to the freshmen who had just assumed glasses and were getting used to calling one another "Doc."

From the time their team entered the field until each man reached his home after the game, their yells and songs continued—except when the captain was giving signals.

Their enthusiasm had one unpleasant feature. They were especially noisy when Nebraska had the ball. Captain Brew was frequently obliged to tell each man the play because of the din. This was done intentionally and in spite of the officials' efforts to secure quiet. The leader and worst offender in this display of rowdiness was a professor by the name of Dr. Rae, who is old enough to know better. His action shows him to be absolutely devoid of the instincts of a sportsman and a gentleman.

COMMUNICATION.

My Dear Mr. Editor:

The girls thought it would be so nice if some one wrote to you about calling. Not about your calling, tho' of course we shall always be glad to have you call, but about calling itself. It has bothered we girls awfully.

If a gentleman wants to rest or study on Sunday that settles it. No one comes to see him and if they do it does not matter how he looks or anything. And he don't need to seem pleased to see them either.

I don't think they call on each other and if they do and one is busy he can say so and it is all right.

But a girl is expected to be at home on Sunday whether she is carrying seventeen hours besides Gym. and has been out three evenings in the week or not. I will tell you what happened at our house last Sunday.

We were to have dinner at 3:00 o'clock, before that the boys began to

come and we had to excuse ourselves one or two at a time and dine in relays. It was after 5:00 before I had my dinner. Of course we like to have lots of company, but it does seem that there ought to be some way planned so that we could have Sunday to ourselves if we liked.

Very sincerely yours

P.S.—The girls don't know that I am writing this and I do not wish them to, so please do not print my name.

Editors Note—Our fair correspondent has touched upon one of the most important topics of vital interest to the student body, it should be thoroughly discussed. This department is open to any one who desires to write upon this subject. We shall next week offer prizes for the best plans to overcome the difficulties of which the writer complains.

There is a good joke on Mr. Harry Thurston Peck, the robust editor of the Bookman. Of course everybody knows, although Mr. Peck doesn't admit the fact, that H. T. P. writes the answers in the Bookman's Letter Box. By the way, buy this box and read every letter. They are better than the letters you are in the habit of receiving from a friend at home. But to stick to my text, in the November number of the Bookman, Mr. Peck has an article which he wrote after an evening at the club. And in this article he waxed eloquent over a "nine on the football field." Those of us who read the article smiled a little, but we had heard of such schemes before and didn't write him a letter. But somebody did of course, and Mr. Peck's reply would do justice to the professional apologist. He actually acknowledged the corn and everybody is taking him seriously. His many moods will be his ruin yet. He ought to write a Latin Grammar. Dr. Hale's new classification wouldn't stand with Harry's. And that reminds us that Harry Thurston Peck is a very great man and a noted Latin scholar and a poet too.

One of the brightest, best looking, neatest dressed freshman said to me the other day, "What is the matter with the Frats here anyway. They are the slowest, dullest lot of people that I ever ran across." Well I agreed and told him so on the spot. "They certainly are slow about getting on to a good thing." Then I asked him if he had received a bid and he said "No." "Neither have I," said I.

P. S.—Frats take notice—Apply by letter or person to box office, this department.

Ikey now doth wear a pipe,
Quite a little beauty;
For since he is a sophomore
To wear one is his duty.

Ikey bought a little sack
Filled with dark tobacco,
Filled his pipe and lit it, too,
Happy little Jacko.

Ikey strutted forth at large
Up and down the campus,
Puffing smoke out through his nose,
Blowing like a grampus.

Ikey winked at all the girls
He was wont to flatter;
Felt a pain beneath his coat—
Heavens! What's the matter?

Ikey's pain got worse and worse,
Seemed to cramp beneath his vest.
He made a rush, got to the window—
Reader, you can guess the rest.
—Ex.

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