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University of Nebraska College of Medicine

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The Pulse

REPRESENTING THE
STUDENTS, ALUMNI AND FACULTY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

Vol. IX

NOVEMBER 25, 1914

No. 3



WHAT a piece of work is
man!
How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculties!
In form and movement,
how express and ad-
mirable!
In action, how like an an-
gel! In apprehension, how like a god!
The beauty of the world! The paragon
of animals!

—SHAKESPEARE.

The University of Nebraska

College of Medicine

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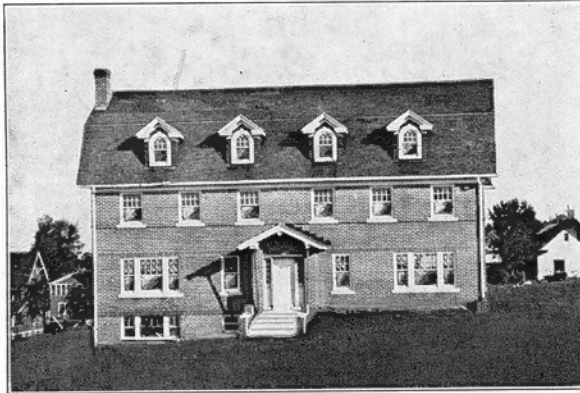
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OMAHA, NEBRASKA

FACULTY, STUDENTS
AND ALUMNI:

Can you offer any sugges-
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subscriptions or ideas to
make The Pulse a greater
success?





PHI RHO SIGMA CHAPTER HOUSE
Dedicated November 14, 1914



The Pulse



Vol. IX.

Omaha, Neb., November 25, 1914

No. 3

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

The vast, alkalai plain stretched on in the blinding glare of the sun. It was midsummer; and Arizona. The lizards basked upon the stones and watched the shimmering, dancing horizon with wide-open, unblinking eyes. So lazy and contented were they, that they waited until the hoof of the traveller's horse was descending upon them before whisking into their retreats. But the lizards were unnoticed by both man and horse; the horse was accustomed to them, while the man's curiosity had long since been wiped out by the discomforts of the desert. His throat was parched and dry; his eyes hurt from the blinding glare and smarted from the sting of the alkalai dust, which hung about the moving horse in a thin cloud. All morning he had followed the faint trail which connected the two settlements, and now, it seemed that he must give up after all. He thought of his home in the shade of the cool forests of the Great Lakes and cursed the Justice that had sent him on this errand, which he felt must be futile. Here and there, at long intervals, he had come across the gruesome relics which his predecessors had left along the line of travel—their bones. As he passed the next one of these, he dully wondered how many more gleaming skulls he would have behind before he needs must sink from exhaustion and accept their grinning invitation to stay with them and watch this dreary expanse over which they kept ceaseless vigil. Even the traveller's horse must have felt the fruitlessness of the search, for he stopped and stood with drooped head. "Damn it," barked the man, "I'll get him yet, if only to beat this desert." The words came from his cracked throat in a hoarse whisper. He unscrewed the top of his canteen and moistened his lips and tongue with the few remaining drops of water. Then he roused his horse and followed the faint, dusty trail once more.

A few minutes later the man espied a dark object upon the sands ahead. "Must be the well they told me I'd run across," and the poor beast was urged onward. But the find was merely a dead horse. As it had fallen, the canteen which hung on its flank had been crushed, and now lay beside it; already it served as the dwelling of a fuzzy tarantula. The traveller examined the horse closely, despite his dizziness from the heat. "That's his horse; tallies to description. Gray, wiry, black tail, split ear. "I'll follow the trail—the tra-il," and he sank beside the horse.

When he came to, the vast desert lay dark and cool under the

steely glitter of the stars. "Time to get up," he muttered sleepily; "there's that everlasting six o'clock whistle," and he strove to rise.

"Lie still, you dude; that's only a coyote you hear; you're in Arizona now and not in New York or Chicago." He allowed himself to sink back upon the ground and lie still while he looked at the speaker. There was his man, the man for whom he had nearly become the desert's toll."

"How did I get here?" he asked; "I remember finding that dead horse, and—"

"You had a pretty close call, and have now learned that in Arizona a man is supposed to wear a Stetson and not a golf cap. I suppose that you ought to thank Providence that that sunstroke didn't make an end of you. If I hadn't heard your horse whinney, you would have been a fit subject for a barbecue by now."

The traveller was wary; he knew that he must make his capture before his identity was made known to the other man. To do this, he must call the fugitive's attention away from him. He slowly reached into his pocket where he kept a pair of handcuffs. Clearly he had not been searched, for they were still there. He quickly formulated a plan.

"So I'm at the water-hole at last. I'm thirsty; can you give me a drink?" He watched his chance, and while his rescuer was helping him to another drink, there was a sudden click. A curse escaped the prisoner as he stared at the handcuffs which glittered in the faint light. The man in the golf cap rose weakly to his feet and drew his revolver. "Yes, bo, we're in Arizona now, but you're soon going back to Wisconsin with me. I hate to do you this way after the trifling service you've done me, but business is business." The man chuckled as he removed the revolver and cartridge belt from his prisoner's waist.

The native of the alkalai plains seated himself on a rock which was near the steep bank of the arroyo in which the water-hole was situated. "That was a pretty mean turn you did me then, wasn't it, pardner?" He was at ease and smiled at his companion. "I almost wish I'd left you with that other carrion out there," pointing toward his dead horse. "Are all sheriffs like you?"

The man in the cap winced under this. "No use getting nasty about it, see?" he retorted. "When I get my orders, I carry them out, I don't care how. The law's the law up North."

"Well, I ought to know Northern men by now; they're all alike, judging from the two specimens I've seen lately. It seems as though that guy I put out of his misery up there might be your brother, you two act so much alike. Say, do you think I'm sorry that I killed that hound?" he asked, leaning forward suddenly. The sheriff lighted a cigar, and in the glow of the match he saw the man's hands working convulsively in the manacles. "Why, I'd do the same a hundred times over. When a man breaks up another man's home, why shouldn't he be hunted down like the dog that he is? What would you have done,

had you been in the same fix that I was? No, I'm not trying to get sympathy from a man like you; but, anyway, I've got to tell someone.

"The Southern people," continued the prisoner more calmly, "are hospitable. So when Brownlee came down through business, we asked him to remain with us. He stayed a deuced long time, and then he managed to extend his trip considerably beyond his former intentions. Well, to make a long story short, I had a sister. She was good and warm-hearted." Here the narrator stopped and gazed across into the blackness of the lonely expanse of sand. For a long time he sat silent, and the sheriff, not knowing what to do, did the best thing—nothing.

"Well, you can guess what happened," he continued. My father, who loved the girl, soon sank under the blow, but when he joined my little sister in death he carried the promise of my vengeance to her. I followed Brownlee up North. Did I give him a chance to defend himself? When you are about to shoot a cur for pulling down a stray calf, do you give him even a chance to run? Well, Brownlee had his him. Scarcely noticing this, the sheriff's ward calmly stretched him. And if that fool horse of mine hadn't broken his leg I'd a' still been running. Now we'd better have breakfast and take a small nap. It's no use trying to follow the trail at night. We'll get back before tomorrow evening."

The Northern man was reluctant to assent to this proposal, for he feared this man who looked at death so coolly, but feeling his ignorance of the Arizona plains might lead them into another predicament such as he had been in that morning, decided to choose the lesser of the two evils. So he growled a reluctant assent. Drawing his revolver, he seated himself, determined that the man should not slip away from him. Scarcely noticing this, the sheriff's ward calmly stretched himself on the sand along the eastern bank of the arroyo and was soon asleep, as his deep breathing showed. Despite the sheriff's resolve to stay awake and keep watch, he grew sleepier and sleepier. Before he knew it, he, too, had dozed off to sleep.

He was awakened by the sun as it crept above the bank and shone full in his face. The other man was still asleep, but the snakes and lizards were coming out to bask in the warmth of the sun, which climbed higher and higher. The sheriff prodded the other man with the toe of his shoe. The sleeper arose and yawned. "Slept pretty late, didn't we? I always sleep late in the open air. Now, if you loosen my hands, I'll cook breakfast. Oh, you needn't be afraid—haven't you your revolver?" he added, as the sheriff started to refuse.

Soon the odor of bacon and the aroma of the coffee-pot greeted the sheriff as the prisoner deftly prepared breakfast. Despite the rapidly increasing discomfort from the heat, the two strange companions breakfasted heartily. Clearly the thought of death did not rest heavily on the prisoner's mind. As the last of the meal was nearly gone he suddenly arose and gave chase to a strange-looking bug which had emerged from a crevice in the rocks. It was captured in his hat.

"Ever seen one before? No? Well's it's a Vinaigaron. The

Mexicans had rather face Old Nick himself than one of these. By the way, have you ever studied Entymology?"

"No, I hated the stuff. Botany was my nightmare in college," the sheriff made a wry face at the recollection.

"Well, then, presently I'll show you something funny. Now I wish you'd write down in your notebook for future reference. V-i-n-a-i-g-a-r-o-n is the way it's spelled and when you get back to civilization look it up, just as a favor," he smiled in a strange way at the sheriff.

As he said this he picked up the insect, which resembled a scorpion, but was much larger, being about two inches long. Before the sheriff could stop him, he had rolled up his sleeve and roughly placed the Vinaigaron upon his arm. In a twinkling it had bitten him in a couple of places. Then the sheriff brushed it off with his cap and mashed it with a stone. He turned toward the prisoner, who was seated on the ground holding his arm and gazing at it with the strange smile still on his face. The sheriff saw two purple spots, resembling bruises, rapidly growing around the bites. The man, still smiling, turned toward him.

"Well, pard, I hate to disappoint you, but here's where our roads part. I'm afraid you'll have to go back to town yourself. As for me, the coyotes'll have a good meal tonight. And don't forget the the Vinaigaron. So long."

The poison had rapid effect on the prisoner. In a few minutes he lay still.

Before he mounted his horse and retraced the weary miles back to the settlement on the railroad, the guardian of the law laid the man out and covered his face. "Poor devil," was his comment, "I guess they'll have a regular reunion in the next world tonight," and he took one last look at the man who was now beyond his reach.

A few days later he handed his report to the authorities in Wisconsin. Not long afterward he came across the word "Vinaigaron" in his notebook, and after a diligent search found it in a book on entymology. He read the following account:

The Vinaigaron is a member of the arachnid group of the arthropoda, and closely resembles the scorpion. It is found in the southwestern part of the United States, mostly in Texas and Arizona. There it is also known as the "whip scorpion." Contrary to the general opinion, its bite is not fatal, but the poison affects the victim by causing a paralysis which is so complete as to resemble death, while discoloration occurs over a considerable area around the sting. But this effect soon passes off (in one and one-half to two hours) and besides a severe headache and nausea, no further effects remain. A certain species, found in Mexico, is said to cause death to the Mexicans from its bite, but no reliable data can be gathered on this ground.

After reading this account, the sheriff mused a long, long time.

R. G. BREWER.



Alumni News Notes

Dr. J. H. Goodnough, '14, has located at Rock Springs, Wyo.

Dr. W. A. Rush, '12, of Malvern, Iowa, was in Omaha this week.

Dr. Clark Phillips, '12, of Dixon, Neb., was a recent visitor at the college.

Dr. Louis Penner, '04, recently returned from post-graduate work in the East.

Dr. Claude L. Wills, '06, of Anselmo, Neb., visited friends in Omaha the past week.

Dr. George Buol, '10, of Ravenna, Neb., was in Omaha on business November 12 and 13.

Dr. Warren L. Hummer, '04, of Greenfield, Iowa, devotes his spare time to raising fine horses.

Dr. Clarence Rubendahl, '08, is spending several weeks at Alliance, Neb., with his parents.

Dr. E. J. Updegraff, '99, has fully recovered from his very serious illness during the early summer.

Dr. A. B. Lindquist, '01, spent last week in Chicago, dividing his time between the gold courses and the clinics.

Dr. S. A. Swenson, '10, of Oakland has an article on Pneumonia in the November number Western Medical Review.

Dr. A. P. Overgard, '00, of Fremont, was elected secretary of the State Auto Association at the recent meeting in Omaha.

Dr. A. Westervelt, '14, is visiting his parents in Omaha and expects to choose a permanent location in the near future.

Dr. Willard K. Clark, '97, of Niobrara and Miss Eunice Cornell of Peru, a teacher in the Niobrara schools, were married in Auburn, Neb., September 23.

Dr. C. R. Kennedy, '05, read a paper entitled "Roetgen Examination of Kidneys and Bladder," at a meeting of the Omaha Roetgen Society, November 12.

Dr. Poynter, '02, and Dr. Cutter, '10, are charter members of the new chapter of Alpha Omega Alpha fraternity. Dr. Blaine Young, '14, was elected as representative of his class.

Dr. H. B. Lemere, '98, of Omaha read a paper on "Malignant Disease of the Tonsil" at the November meeting of the Eye and Ear section of the Douglas County Medical Association.

Dr. J. Arch Edwards, '04, of Cokeville, Wyo., was called to Glenwood, Iowa, the latter part of October by the death of his father. He has been visiting Omaha friends during the past week.

Dr. L. W. Morsman, '06, of Omaha made a trip to Mexico this summer, where he is interested in a banana plantation. He had no difficulty in going through the war zone and reports a very interesting experience.

The good example of our Alumni Association is spreading. A University of Virginia Alumni Association was recently organized to bring together the alumni of that school and to further the interests of the school in the South.

Dr. Roy A. Dodge has bought from Hastings & Heyden an \$8,000 home in Kountze Place, at the northwest corner of Nineteenth and Spencer streets, where he will make his home. The property was formerly owned by E. T. Hayden.

The October number of the Nebraska Alumnus is at hand and is a very interesting publication, representing, as it does, the entire alumni body of the University of Nebraska. The enthusiastic editor Guy E. Reed, seems to be the mainspring of its success.

The "Proceedings of the Fifth Annual Alumni Week" are now being prepared for publication, and promise to be of even greater scientific value than the Alumni Publication Board first hoped. It behooves each alumnus who is not already a member of the Alumni Association this year to make sure of a copy by sending his dues to Dr. Roy Dodge, Secretary, 446 Brandeis Bldg., Omaha.

ECHOES FROM VASSAR COLLEGE.

"Well, for the love o' Mike! Can you ever guess the excitement that is raging here this very minute? I doubt if you can. In the first place, as I was writing, a little while ago, the air began to get dank from something out of doors. I stood it for a while and then shut the window; but it "started to begin" 'to get danker and stronger, and I was beginning to say G-O-U-P, and not in a joke either; for I sure felt gopy. So I ran into the next room with your letter, crying Mephitis Americana! Well, the other girls were feeling gopy, too, and I decided that the vile little wretch wasn't in my room. But to put in some explanation before I proceed. You see we have chapel every evening but Sunday, and then in the morning. Every one is compelled to go and it is an offense to cut. On Sunday nights they have dark music, that is, all lights out and organ music. This service is optional. Tonight as the music was pouring forth in awe-inspiring melody some girls in the rear of the chapel began to giggle and then became hysterical. The lights were turned on, and there were the girls standing on the seats in wild chaos, while a dainty (?) little skunk was scooting in and out among the pews, swishing his fragrant tail to and fro! The chapel was emptied quicker than it could possibly have been in a fire. We are all hoping it will be so strong that we can't attend for a week at least. Maybe they will have to bury it, though methinks that is rather stupendous. But I know some of the girls will have to burn or bury their clothes or we won't let them stay. Murder! Oh, this is too much excitement all at once; don't you

think so? I hope this letter will not smell funny; but if it does you will know the reason why. "_____,"

The above is an extract of a letter from a Vassar freshman.

MEDICAL CLUB.

The first meeting of the Medical Club at which a program was presented proved to be a very interesting one. The Dispensary was discussed by the students and faculty in a perfectly frank manner. Every angle of its work was exposed.

George Hoffmeister gave a splendid comparative report of the dispensaries of this and other A-plus schools of the United States. W. R. Galbreath emphasized courtesy of student to patient; D. B. Park, a closer relationship with hospitals; while William Shepherd discussed the relation of the student to the Dispensary Staff. Drs. E. L. Bridges, Kennedy and Cutter each spoke of their experiences in dispensary work and expressed satisfaction with the outlook here.

FACULTY NOTES.

Dr. H. B. Hamilton, who is now doing some special work in the Boston Children's Hospital, is expected to return about the last of the month. He will doubtless bring some new ideas for the Pediatric department of the Dispensary.

Dr. Guenther gives a paper before the Sigma Xi fraternity at Lincoln November 20 on "The Application of the Electrocardiogram."

Dean Bridges and Dr. Cutter are busy these days gathering and compiling statistics on university hospitals.

The office boasts of a splendid likeness of Chancellor Avery on its walls.

NEBRASKA ALPHA CHAPTER OF ALPHA OMEGA ALPHA INSTALLED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.

The Nebraska Alpha Chapter of Alpha Omega Alpha was formally installed at the University Club in Omaha Saturday, November 14, 1914. The Chapter membership consists of the following members of the faculty of the College of Medicine:

Dr. Willson O. Briggs, Dean.

Dr. Oscar T. Schultz.

Dr. Charles W. McCorkle Poynter.

Dr. Irving S. Cutter.

Dr. Palmer Findley, of Illinois Beta, who becomes a charter member of Alpha Omega Alpha.

Dr. James Douglas Pilcher, of Ohio Alpha (Western Reserve).

Dr. Chester H. Waters, of New York Beta (Cornell).

Dr. Blaine A. Young, who was formally elected to receive the honor as representative of the class of 1914.

Alpha Omega Alpha is a non-secret fourth-year medical honorary

society, membership in which is based entirely upon scholarship and scientific attainments. It was organized in 1902 by Dr. William W. Root, who is at present secretary and treasurer of the Grand Council. The society occupied the same place in Colleges of Medicine that Phi Beta Kappa occupies in Colleges of Arts. Its definite mission is to encourage high ideals of thought and action in schools of medicine and to promote the best in professional practice.

Election to membership will occur from the Senior class shortly before commencement. No more than one-sixth of the membership of any class will be elected.

Of the twenty-seven A plus schools in the United States Chapters exist only in seventeen, namely:

University of Illinois	McGill University
Northwestern University	University of Chicago
Jefferson Medical College	Western Reserve University
Washington University	Harvard University
University of California	Johns Hopkins University
University of Toronto	Columbia University
University of Michigan	University of Minnesota
Cornell University	Syracuse University

No new Chapters have been granted since 1911 until the granting of the present Chapter to the University of Nebraska. Election to membership occurs on a strictly scholarship basis.

The officers of the National Fraternity are as follows:

Russell Burton-Opitz, President, Columbia University.

B. Carl Huber, Vice President, University of Michigan.

Dr. William W. Root, Secretary and Treasurer.

The founder, Dr. William W. Root, was largely instrumental in bringing to the attention of the Fraternity the remarkable progress made by the University of Nebraska in true scientific medical education

DISPENSARY.

The announcement that the Simon-Binet Method of Measuring the Development of the Intelligence of Young Children would be used in the Pediatric department resulted in a flood of inquiries and cases. Parents of backward children from all over Omaha and vicinity have responded. The work is not yet fully organized, but a number of cases have been examined. Students may acquaint themselves with these methods by consulting a copy of the work found in the medical library.

FIRE!

Big excitement!!! Sunday evening, November 8, the annual fire in the coal bins took place. However with our handy "jack o' all trades," "Doc" Dorsey, on deck, it was all over in a jiffy.

= The Pulse =

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= □ □ □ EDITORIAL □ □ □ =

Thanksgiving recess begins Wednesday noon, November 25, and ends the following Monday at 8 a. m. We are truly thankful.

At a meeting of the Regents December 7, the question of the hospital building for the campus here will be one of the propositions considered. It is very likely that they will, at that time, recommend to the legislature an appropriation of \$150,000 for a new hospital building and power plant. All friends of the school will be expected to help in this movement. Let the slogan be: "A University Hospital by 1916."

We feel that the dedication and opening of the Phi Rho Sigma fraternity house is another evidence of the healthy growth of our school. The chapter house was built and furnished by alumni and other men closely associated with the school. They are men of business as well as medical men. It is, to a considerable extent, an investment based on the resources and rating of the school. In this light every contribution to the house, to us, becomes an expression of faith in a great future for the medical college.

GENERAL CONVOCATION.

Dr. Nelson M. Black, an ophthalmology specialist of Milwaukee, gave an illustrated talk on "Transmission Qualities of Certain Colors of Glasses." Dr. Black is an authority on this subject, having entered the field twelve years ago as a pioneer in solving the problem, scientifically of protecting the eye from injurious light. Stokers, steel workers and welders have already been greatly benefited by this work. He proved that the ultra violet was the offending ray. In his lecture he

projected the spectrum on the screen and showed the efficiency with which various colored glasses absorbed the ultra violet band and at the same time illustrated their applicability by pointing out the relative degree of lessened acuity of vision, which they produced. The color, as shown by this experiment, most practical is a light yellow. Another difficulty met with was in securing a glass in which this color was not precipitated upon grinding.

After January 1, 1914, the new regents are:

J. E. Miller, Lincoln.
E. P. Brown, Arbor.
P. L. Hall, Lincoln.

The latter member has just been appointed by Governor Morehead to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Charles S. Allen, who has removed to California. It is of interest to us to note that the man who takes his place is a medical man. Hon. P. L. Hall, M. D. (Rush Medical), formerly practiced medicine at Millard and Meade, Neb. At present he has retired from the profession and is in the banking business at Lincoln.

The retiring members of the board are:

Hon. Charles B. Anderson, Lincoln.
Hon. George Coupland, Elgin.

Regent Coupland has probably been the most frequent visitor to the medical college of the members of the board. It is with regret that the faculty and the students note his retirement.

PREMEDICAL SOCIETY AT LINCOLN.

The Premedical Society at Lincoln ranks among the best in the university. Over fifty attend the Friday evening meetings and report a very enjoyable time. This year the society is on a very firm basis, and is going to have some meetings of vital interest to the medical student. Among the prominent men who are expected to address the organization this year are: Dr. Stevens of Lincoln, Dr. Lord of Omaha, besides many others skilled in surgery and medicine.

President Updegraff sends the following communication:

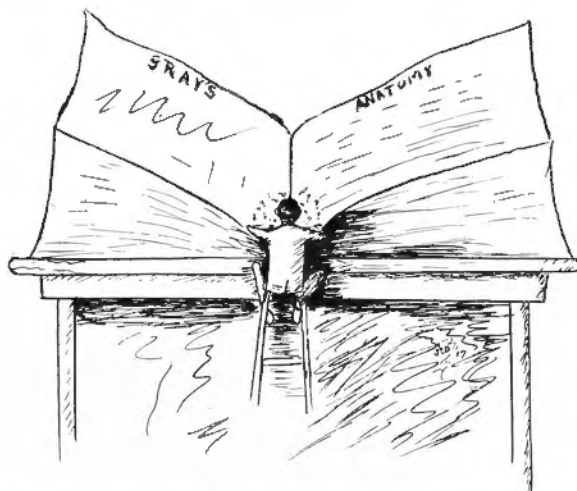
"The Society was first brought into action early in the year when Oden, the man delegated last year to look after the interests of the Society, called a meeting. The following officers were elected: Howard L. Updegraff, president; Constantine Oden, vice president; George Cultra, secretary; Victor Dakin, treasurer. Dean Wolcott made a short speech in which he heartily endorsed the society and spoke of the excellent equipment, and the A plus rating of the University College of Medicine.

"A smoker held at the Delta Upsilon House proved a grand success. Membership cards were issued and enrollment started with a boom.

"Through the kind offices of Dakin, a trip and lecture at the Orthopedic Hospital took place October 21. An excellent lecture was followed by the presentation of honorary memberships to Drs. Barker, Wolcott and Orr. Every man in the bunch enrolled in the society that night. A trip through the hospital was followed by a dance, which did not break up until the milkman came.

"At the next meeting the pins were presented. They are made up of a skull on an N made of bones, and are sterling silver. Lectures by Drs. Stevens and Williams were announced and a trip to the asylum scheduled for the near future. A lung motor demonstration was also promised. A great deal of pep, together with a democratic spirit, is in evidence. This is especially gratifying in the Freshmen, who are turning out in good numbers.

The Society extends its well wishes to Omaha and the 'gang' of last year."



A Freshman's First Conception of Anatomy.

STAINS AND SMEARS.

Prof. Pilcher to pharmacy class: "Is there any one who has not been to the board?"

After a moment's delay, Losey opens his eyes, stretches and replies: "Why-er-ahem, I haven't been up yet, doctor."

Dr. Pilcher: Sleep on, I didn't mean to wake you up."

Since Prof. Willard announced the "star chamber quizzes" there has been some "tall scrambling" for the reference books containing the best drawings with labels. So far no one has been able to monopolize them. Just as you were at the critical point of labeling your

work, the book disappeared from under your attentive gaze. And as you looked up bewildered, the dear professor was seen retreating to the farther corner of the lab. with the treasure under his arm.

Miss Shaum has been studying very hard. We don't know why, but the other night she had a terrible dream. She dreamed she was in the land of neurones. The "Red Nucleus" was passing by. "Where are you going?" she asked. In sombre tones the ghost of that dreaded Ruber replied, "To The Thalamus." The early milkman dropped a bottle on the pavement below and our fair co-ed awoke with a start.

Senior to Undine who has just lighted a King Pall Mall: "Don't blow out your cheeks when you smoke, Clyde. It makes you look fat." "I can't help it; I used to be a cornet player."

Sherwood in preparing for the final in neurology has exhausted all his material in searching for the origin of the soul.

We always knew that Geissler was a demon on an "Indian." A week ago he tried to knock a street car off the track while performing his daily stunt entitled "Exceeding the Speed Limit." The rumor was first spread broadcast that he had concussion of the brain. We are glad to state, however, it was only "laceration dorsalis pedis simplex."

Professor in Physiology: "Mr. Brix, kindly name the accessory muscles of respiration."

Aage, our expert daetytologist: "!!!!—I don't quite understand what you mean."

WE KNOW WHY—

Dr. Johnson watches the tennis court during the Clinical Path. laboratory periods.

People wear "jaundiced" glasses—Dr. Black told us.

Some young doctors do not wear whiskers—they spray their clothing with disinfectant so that they will smell busy.

Dr. Schultz's alcohol barrel does not blow up when he uses it for an ash tray in the laboratory—it is empty.

TENNIS.

A very interesting tennis tournament has just been completed at the Nebraska College of Medicine. The courts have been the scene of many hotly waged contests.

The surprise of the tournament came when "Pedie" Thompson, a Freshman, beat Obie Meyer, the school champion, in three hotly contested sets. It was a fight from start to finish. Both players showed good form, Thompson winning by only a small margin.

The finals between Thompson and Cassidy went the limit of five sets, the first four being close, both men playing spectacular tennis at times. Thompson, who appeared to be in better form than Cassidy, took the last set comparatively easy, and with it the championship of the school.

The results of the semi-finals and the finals were as follows:

Wildhaber vs. Thompson	5-7, 5-7
Cassidy vs. Andrews	6-3, 6-3
Thompson vs. Cassidy.....	7-5, 3-6, 6-4, 3-6, 6-0

There has been much speculation as to who will take the championship in the spring tournament, as the Freshman class has shown up some exceptionally good players among who are R. Thompson, Cassidy, Bantin, Gifford and Delzell.

FRATERNITY NOTES.

Saturday evening, October 31, Phi Rho Sigma were entertained at a hard times party and dance on a farm west of Benson.

On November 3 the new Phi Rho Sigma House was opened. Drs. Potts, Wherry and Anderson were present and gave the boys some very interesting talks.

The active chapter entertained for Phi Rho Sigma alumni and faculty at an informal dancing party Friday evening, November 13.

Though all the new furniture had not arrived, the new Phi Rho Sigma House was officially opened for visitors at the "House Warming" Saturday evening, November 14. The house was thronged with over two hundred visitors. The reception was followed by an informal dance. Every one seemed highly pleased with the chapter house. For the benefit of those who were not able to be present, we may say that this is one of the finest fraternity houses in the country. The four-story house is furnished with every modern improvement. The basement is to be fitted out with a pool table and boxing room. On the second floor an indirect lighting effect has been worked out. The third floor has been divided into eight study rooms. The top floor is the dormitory.

A clergyman at the front door of the Phi Rho Sigma House: "I beg pardon, but is this the Child's Saving Institute?"

□ □ CLASS NOTES □ □

SENIOR NOTES.

We were not supposed to study the first week. Then came Ak-Sar-Ben, Alumni Week, and finally the Teachers' Association, so we have fared well for excuses for unprepared lessons. The outlook is rather gloomy between now and Thanksgiving.

The Seniors have begun to develop talons and a wonderful sense of equilibrium, due to adjusting themselves to clinging to the racks provided in the operating rooms of some of the hospitals. Some, however, believe that our developments are more comparable to the qualities ascribed to the squirrel.

A dull grind mingled with grunts, labored breathing, a few cuss words, a painful silence and then a repetition with a few spluttering exhausts—Obie appears on his motoreycle.

Harriet can make a brilliant recitation on "shingles," but she asks too many questions in clinic.

Abe is not quite clear when he makes his comparisons with a "full grown nut."

Robert: "Say, doctor, I don't quite understand acute internal hemorrhagis pachymeningitis."

Some one laughs and Bobbie curtly replies: "I have nothing more to say, doctor."

One consolation is that we have it on our predecessors for recitations on skin diseases. Wonder why? Inquire of the back row.

Heard in clinic: "My! That woman moves like she was going to church and was afraid that she would get there in time to hear the sermon. Guess who.

If you want any information ask O. D. Johnson. You may have to wake him up first, though.

Moser has a distinct liking for Clarkson clinics, but his interests are not always in the clinical cases.

JUNIOR NOTES.

Dr. Manning: "Mr. Horton, how many fingers will be admitted normally into the mitral orifice?"

Fred: "Why, about three fingers!"

The doctor: "No, my boy; you must be thinking of some other measurements you have been taking lately."

If you want to sell aluminum ware this summer you can advance the argument that enameled dishware will often crack off and cause appendicitis.

Scene, Room 303—Enter Dr. Hollister, two bells. Immediately the three-ring circus is started.

First Question: "What about the prognosis in this case, Webb?"

Answer: "Why, doctor, if they die in five or six days they have a better show than if they die in one or two days."

Second Question: "What should be done, Mr. Shepherd, with carrion teeth?"

Answer: "You should pull them and fill them."

The Doctor: "But, Mr. Shepherd, would you put your treatment in that order?"

Third Offense: "Mr. Hanisch, how effectively do the organs excrete bacteria?"

Answer: "Well, I hardly think so, professor."

"Mr. Andrews, what is Metschnikoffs Law?"

Enlightening reply: "I remember, but don't just recall it."

Dr. Bridges: "Mr. Flory, what is another name for jaundice?"

Some member of the class: "Flory is absent."

Dr. Bridges: "Well, that is not a very common name for it, is it?"

Dr. Hull: "Why, a blind man can diagnose varicose veins—when he can see them."

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

A thousand cheers! Neurology is over. Let's all go home Thanksgiving care-free and celebrate. The big mix-up will be "Tom and Jerry."

You'll have to hand it to Losey for being strong on post mortems instead of anti mortems. When it gets to be second nature, it must be good.

Wanted, an explanation: Why Wildhaber and "Gad" Farman are not allowed to visit their "Respectives" over at the Wise.

Whoever wants to have some good knowledge of Neurology simply go to Doc. Talcot, for he has more on hand than he can hold.

Who is the Octopus that pulls off so many comical "boneheads" in the class? (Semi-lunar.)

Brix, the Pharmacist, drank a quart of aromatic elixir when he

was asked merely to taste it. That is what is called a "temperance taste." He used to keep Peruna.

Why Red Martin would rather be a druggist: Doctors can write prescription for kisses, but druggists are the ones that fill them.

FRESHMEN NOTES.

You can tell a Freshman now as far as you can smell him, which at this time happens to be quite a distance.

In a recent embryology quiz we discovered that Wier's heart was situated just anterior to his yolk sac.

We understand that some of the Nu Sig Freshmen show good form in the art of hustling "chicken."

Beede, Westover and Myers have decided to buy the C. C. C. pool hall, as they think it will be cheaper to buy it than to rent it by the week.

The upper classmen will have to subside now when the Freshmen begin to talk tennis.

We understand that a new fraternity is soon to be organized in the college, the Gamma Gamma Sigma. It is one of the oldest national fraternities in existence, the only initiation requirements being the ability to chew up a five-cent plug of "Horseshoe" in half an hour. We are sure that there are several who could qualify at a moment's notice.

THE LIBRARY.

Miss Compton, assistant librarian at the University Library at Lincoln, visited the library of the medical college a few days ago. She was very much pleased with the excellent manner in which Miss Wilson has rearranged the library. During the recent Nebraska Teachers' convention, the building was thronged with visitors. Doctor Cutter, as he showed them through the school, was in the habit of saying as they entered the library, "Here we have the laboratory of—Oh, I mean the library."

Of late several magazines have been received from the European countries. Evidently all the scientists have not departed for the front.

ROSTER

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Barry, A. C.....H. 447.....County Hospital
 Greenberg, Abe.....Red 4885.....538 So. 24th St.
 Johnson, O. D.....H. 5351.....4120 Dewey Ave.
 Keegan, J. J.....H. 5351.....4120 Dewey Ave.
 Kerr, R. H.....H. 6390.....551 So. 24th St.
 Mason, Bessie.....H. 6673.....3109 Pacific St.
 Meyer, C. A.....Wal. 1471.....4223 Farnam St.
 Moser, R. A.....Web. 3801.....5805 Florence Blvd.
 Orvis, Harriet.....H. 6700.....720 So. 38th St.
 Young, A. J.....W. 2464.....Swedish Mission Hospital

JUNIORS

Andrews, R. K.....H. 7154.....602 So. 41st St.
 Aten, W. B.....D. 2476.....Wise Memorial Hospital
 Bastrom, C. H.....D. 2342.....2423 Cuming St.
 Curti, R. E.....D. 2476.....Wise Memorial Hospital
 Flory, P. J.....Tyler 1442.....2501 Farnam St.
 Fuller, C. R.....D. 8721.....Helen Apts., No. 41
 Galbreath, W. R.....Tyler 1442.....2501 Farnam St.
 Geissler, Paul.....Immanuel Hospital
 Hanisch, L. E.....Wal. 1868.....2120 No. 48th St.
 Moffmeister, G. W.....H. 6276.....403 So. 42d St.
 Horton, F. L.....H. 2216.....721 So. 37th St.
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 Webb, A. H.....H. 5351.....4120 Dewey Ave.

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 Davis, J. C.....D. 730.....2114 Cuming St.
 Farman, G. F.....T. 1442.....2501 Farnam St.
 Higbee, D. R.....W. 6836.....2015 Grand Ave.
 Johnson, J. A.....W. 814.....2003 Wirt St.
 Lake, L. B.....H. 90.....2904 Leavenworth St.
 Martin, O. W.....H. 6156.....3555 Leavenworth St.
 Montgomery, E. C.....D. 6135.....2313 Douglas St.

Nedergaard, N.	Wal. 670	University of Nebraska Bldg.
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Ross, A. J., Jr.	D. 3404	2411 Harney St.
Salisbury, F. S.	T. 1442	2501 Farnam St.
Schaum, L. L.	H. 5822	3515 Howard St.
Sherwood, R. G.	H. 5351	4120 Dewey Ave.
Sigworth, D. C.	H. 5351	4120 Dewey Ave.
Talcott, V. V.	H. 5351	4120 Dewey Ave.
Way, C. W.	H. 5351	4120 Dewey Ave.
Wildhaber, W. T.	T. 1442	2501 Farnam St.

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Bocken, F. E.	T. 1442	2501 Farnam St.
Brandt, Mrs. E. H.	H. 3928	
Brewer, R. G.	W. 2114	4228 Farnam St.
Burman, G. E.	D. 3901	24th and Dodge Sts.
Cassidy, W. A.	H. 2194	4118 Farnam St.
Davis, S. K.	T. 1442	2501 Farnam St.
Delzell, W. R.	T. 1442	2501 Farnam St.
Dewey, J. R.		524 Park Ave.
Dow, A. J.	H. 2261	5008 California St.
Edson, L. M.		418 So. 1st St., Council Bluffs
Eusden, R. B.	H. 7504	105 No. 42d St.
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Frandsen, C.	H. 5351	4120 Dewey Ave.
Gifford, S. R.	H. 844	420 So. 36th St.
Hollenbeck, C. F.	H. 7504	105 No. 42d St.
Hough, J. W.	H. 90	2904 Leavenworth St.
Johnson, R. E.	W. 2946	2314 No. 25th St.
Kingery, L. B.	H. 3561	415 So. 42d St.
Kline, P.		2108 Chicago St.
Losey, R. R.	H. 6276	403 So. 42d St.
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Thomson, R. Y.	T. 1313	Sanford Hotel
Vieregg, F. R.	H. 6178	2716 Capitol Ave.
Walker, H. H.	H. 69	2957 Harney St.
Wiegand, G. L.	H. 7504	105 N. 42d St.
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