

GIRL'S EDITION
The Daily Nebraskan

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The Girls' Edition gives us, once again, the opportunity to inform the University, as a whole, of the many things in which we are interested. By this paper you may see that we are not lacking in athletics. We revel in hockey, in tennis, in baseball, in basketball, and in all kinds of track. Through our girls' club and honorary societies we are able to keep in touch with the affairs of our University, as well as those of other states. Last but not least, we meet the spiritual need, as well as the social, through the Y. W. C. A.

Then, just how do we stand in regard to student Self-Government? We believe in it heartily and prophecy that Nebraska will have it in a few years. Through such control the Honor System and the Point System would, because of the feeling against, naturally follow. In general we will boost anything that will make for a better, bigger Nebraska.

In addition to the above named staff, we wish to thank Miss Ethel Arnold, Mr. A. J. Covert, and Mr. C. S. Hobson, for their help in getting out this paper.

THE ART CRITIC

Scene: The Art Hall during the December exhibition.

At the close of the evening lecture in the Art Hall, one little Freshman slipped away from the other girls of her crowd, and sought out an older friend. "Please, Mrs. Riggs," she pleaded, "may I walk around the gallery with you? I would be so glad if you would tell me about the pictures; why 'The Author' is the highest priced, and all the other things I ought to know, but don't!"

"Why, certainly, Emily," her friend replied smiling. "I am not an authority on art, but probably I can tell you some things of interest." Just then they were joined by a bright-eyed little girl in a tam-o'-shanter and her escort, Raymond Boggs, a prominent university senior.

"Mrs. Riggs," said Raymond, "we would like to ask you about the picture over there—'The Anniversary,' I believe they call it. What do you think they call it? What do you think of it? For my part, I loathe the man's look of foolish sentimentality."

"I like the woman better," Mrs. Riggs agreed; "she has a strong face."

"Strong! Indeed it is! Poor man! She is one of the kind who tie an apron string around a man's neck and lead him around like a little poodle dog."

"Oh, do you think so?" laughed Mrs. Riggs. "Well, anyway, you'll agree she hasn't misused him. What I object to is that his expression is a little too adoring."

"Adoring!" the senior interrupted, "I don't call it adoration. It is fear, fear—timid, trembling, shrinking fear!"

"But," spoke up Raymond's little companion, "Professor Grumann said he looked as if he were sorry the end of the journey was near, because it had been a very pleasant one."

"Pleasant!" ejaculated Mr. Boggs; "pleasant! Tied to a woman like that! I bet the poor fellow'll be only too glad when his time comes to shuffle off the stage. Heavens! Think of living fifty years with such a woman!"

"Well, Ray, maybe you would rather live fifty years with Hilda over here,"

said Mrs. Riggs, pointing to a neighboring picture.

"No, indeed! She's too cold, hard, steely! I certainly wouldn't want her for a wife."

"Probably a good thing," Mrs. Riggs laughed banteringly. "Let me tell you this, Ray, you would stand very little show with the aristocratic Hilda."

"Just as well. I don't want to marry an iceberg."

"Well, maybe we can get your opinion on some of the other paintings. How do you like 'Silver and Green'?"

"Spoiled by that little girl with the stiff neck. And this green telephone pole of a tree just ruins the Paris street-scene."

"Give us your opinion of this girl," said Emily, pointing mischievously to another picture.

"Neck like a giraffe. Whoever would want to marry a woman with



ON THE FIELD.

a neck like that? Really, there isn't a woman on the walls I'd want for a wife."

"Ray takes up the criticism of these pictures from a viewpoint a little different from either Dr. Fling's or Professor Grumann's," observed Mrs. Riggs. "But don't despair, Ray, we are only half way around the gallery. Have you looked at the Lawton pictures?"

"Don't care for them. Stupid, in-

sipid things. Say, though, I had forgotten Lawton's ballet girl. Isn't she a queen? Let's walk over that way! It wouldn't be so bad to marry a woman like that!"

M. C. C.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

The follies which a man regrets most, in this life, are those which he didn't commit when he had the opportunity.

In the average man's opinion the command, "Thou shalt not steal," does not apply to a kiss, a heart, an umbrella, a hotel towel or an after-dinner story.

When a woman dresses in a way to make a rainbow look like a mourning band, you may know that her husband has chosen her clothes according to the taste acquired during a youth devoted to musical comedies.

Why does a young girl always fancy that she must be scintillating, or intellectual, or brilliant, or spicy, or something startling—just as though every man were a "sleeping beauty" who must be waked up by an alarm clock?

The last way on earth in which a man ever thinks of trying to find out whether or not a girl loves him is to ask her.

Once upon a time the first symptom of love was a girl's ability to recognize a man's step upon the path, but nowadays her heart doesn't begin palpitating until she discovers that she can recognize the toot of his motor horn a block away.

To a woman the first kiss is just the end of the beginning; to a man, it is the beginning of the end.

GIRLS IN OTHER SCHOOLS

Women's League Entertains

Mrs. Henry Suzzallo and Dean Ethel Hunley Coldwell will be formally introduced to the women of the university at a reception to be given by the Women's League next Wednesday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock in the Women's League building. All faculty women and women students are invited to attend. This is Mrs. Suzzallo's first opportunity to meet any of the students of the university.

"The Women's League extends a cordial invitation to every Washington woman to come to this reception,"

said May Stewart, chairman of the committee in charge. "This is Mrs. Suzzallo's first social appearance, and all the women should take part in giving her and Miss Coldwell a true Washington welcome." — Washington Daily.

Soph—"Have you a 'Rag'?"
Frosh (searching in all his pockets): "What did you want it for—to wipe your pen?"

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