

**Orpheum Theatre**  
Thursday, Feb. 19  
Seats now selling—  
Mail Orders Received—  
**GALLAGHER and SHEAN**  
(IN PERSON) in **THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES**  
DIRECTIONS BY JOHN GRAY ANDERSON  
PRICES—\$1.50 to \$3.00—Plus Tax.

**VAUDEVILLE**  
WHERE EVERYBODY GOES  
MON.-TUES.-WED.  
Two hours of Fun, Song, Music and Novelties.

**Flarrel Taylor Trio**  
A Duo of Blackface Funsters in **"THE AFRICAN DUKE"**  
Introducing Edith Beryl Swan, Tremblone Soleist

**Golden Gate Revue**  
A Versatile Sextette in SONGS, DANCES and MUSIC  
**CREEDON & DAVIS**  
In the big laugh **"I COULD SMASH YOU"**  
Vaudeville's Favorite Entertainers **HARRY RAPP** and his violin  
A Pretentious Novelty **"THE SPIRIT OF BUDDHA"** Phantasies of the Far East  
**"TEN SCARS MAKE A MAN"**  
CURRENT VIEWS and NEWS  
**BABICH and the ORCHESTRA**  
Shows Start at 2:30, 7:00, 9:00

**RIALTO**  
ALL THIS WEEK  
The Lovable, Fighting Hero  
**THOMAS MEIGHAM**  
In a heart-winning romance **"TONGUES OF FLAMES"**  
**THE SPAT FAMILY**  
In "Laugh That Off"  
Other Entertaining Features  
SHOWS AT—1, 3, 5, 7, 9 p. m.

**LYRIC**  
ALL THIS WEEK  
Laugh and Love with  
**Constance Talmadge**  
in **LEARNING TO LOVE**  
**"WATER WAGON"**  
Sennett's Newest Comedy  
Other Entertaining Features  
SHOWS AT—1, 3, 5, 7, 9 p. m.

**COLONIAL**  
ALL THIS WEEK  
Gorgeous and Fascinating  
**Mae Murray**  
In a dashing romance **"THE FRENCH DOLL"**  
**"THE GO-GETTER"**  
Tenth Exciting Story  
**OUR GANG**  
In a New Riot of Laughs  
SHOWS AT—1, 3, 5, 7, 9 p. m.

**WOMEN RIFLERS WIN MEET**  
Reports from University of Montana Show Nebraska Victory.  
The Nebraska women's rifle team started off the season right by defeating the first school from which reports were received Monday. The University of Montana women were the ones that bowed to the Husker markswomen 470 to 427. The firing was in the prone position with five on the team.  
The gallery is reserved for the women's team on Monday and Tuesday mornings, and all the firing must be done on these mornings. Competition on the rifle team is open to all University girls, and points earned by placing on the team will count toward an "N" sweater.



With skirts becoming shorter daily, hosiery comes in for more than its usual share of attention and one must choose it nowadays with considerable care.

A lovely hose to wear for evening is Rudge & Guenzel's Anne Pennington Rosette Hose. They have gunmetal and French nude with Red Embroidered Roses near the knee. These are chiffon of good wearing quality. You should wear Anne Pennington Rosette Hose for all dress occasions. \$2.50.

A lovely silk stocking for school and street wear is Rudge's Cadet Novelty Hose. A medium weight silk stocking with dark heel. They are showing these hose in several combinations priced at \$2.75.

**If You Never Danced a Step**

Harvey Carroll and his staff of experts can teach you the very latest dances including the newest variations in the Waltz, Foxtrot, and One-step in just a few lessons.  
**Advanced Dancers**  
Learn the Tango and New Foxtrot combinations.  
FOR APPOINTMENT, CALL L-6028.  
**Carroll's**  
Nebraska State Bank Bldg., 15th and O.

**OLYMPIAN STUFF**  
Life around the campus as seen from the Mountain of the Gods.

**ANNOUNCING OUR CANDIDACY**  
Like some other persons, we tried to file our candidacy for the office of junior president at the office of the Agent for Student Activities, but unlike them, our application was not accepted. There seems to be a cabal against us. In spite of the fact that our candidacy was perfectly legal, the Innocents Society held a meeting and declared they would not allow our name to appear on the ballot. And since the Innocents run the school, our name does not appear.

We feel that we could do a more creditable job of planting the ivy than could any other junior in school. No one has ever tried to do it with a monocle in one eye, and no one but ourself is able to. We have a reputation among our friends for being graceful, and fancy we could lend a charm to that ceremony that it has never yet possessed. These, then, are our qualifications.

In conclusion, we appeal to the student body to support our candidacy, herewith announced, by writing in our name on the ballots for junior president. This insidious Machiavellian conspiracy must be overcome; the politics of the campus must no longer be in the grip of those dread octopi, the politicians. One member of Theta Nu Epsilon has already announced that he would support us. We ask that the intelligent persons on the campus give us their votes. May we—may the best man—win!

**AN OBVIOUS CORRECTION**  
I now know that only in fairy tales are there perfect printers and faultless proofreaders. . . . In my portrait of A Patron of the Arts and Letters, published Friday, I was made to say, "He was the Maecenas of the Olympian group. If any of them achieve immortality, he will be famous in literary history." I wrote, of course, "achieve immortality." I would not sully the character of my friend by even hinting that any of his associates would gain note, like Byron, Stevenson, or Wordsworth, by their indiscretions as well as their literature. —SATYRANUS.

**FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF ADONIS:**  
Only a psychologist can understand love; only a fool would try to.

**A PROTEST**  
Dear Claire:  
I wish to admonish you as follows: **CUT OUT THIS TALK ABOUT THE BULLETIN BOARDS!** As the official guardian of these public institutions my back is broke and my fingers froze doing free advertising for all of the uncounted organizations flourishing and otherwise. If you drive these herbeuseous professors into resorting to these aforesaid bulletin boards for vieing with one another in a widespread literary contest you will need a porter house steak for a monocle and a crutch for a cain. I aint a literary man myself and so are some others and I am agin making me suffer for the idlein' sins of others. If you are so anshjus to see them strut there stuff I would sugest turning over the two columns of yours to them. —BILL POSTER.

In response to numerous requests, not including our own, we print today a sketch by Satyrans. As might be expected, it is quite the longest article we have run or expect to run this year.

**PORTRAITS**  
VIII  
**CLAIRE MONTESREY: A MEMOIR**  
I met Claire Montesrey first at one of Basil Barley's fashionable teas. Instantly, I was struck by his tall, stately body, his golden hair, his languid air, and that vague "je ne sais quoi qui plait." When we were introduced, I said, as is customary, "I am pleased to make your acquaintance," for I had heard of this exasperatingly brilliant young man; but he only stared at me blankly through his monocle. Our first meeting, therefore, was not indicative of the intimate friendship which was to spring up between us or of the great influence he was to wield over me.

There is an old saying, that one might as well be out of the world as out of fashion, which applies to more than clothes. Yet Claire dared to challenge the conventions by his every action. He was courageous enough to be critical, radical, and cynical in a society which was complacent, conservative, and optimistic.  
He reminds me of only one person—the Sir Henry Wotton of Oscar Wilde's sardonic "Picture of Dorian Gray." He was more than an amateur egoist. He came, in time, to believe in the sincerity of some of his affectations. He spoke as if he cared for nothing but his whims and his prejudices: he never said a moral, although he never did a wrong thing. He tempered his cynicism by silence. He was a genial skeptic, if there was ever one. He did not, however, succeed in making himself altogether unfeeling, for, as Horace said, though you expel nature with a pitchfork, she will yet always come back.

His cynicism was matched only by his equanimity. He was never interested, never shocked. He was always bored, except when he was talking his nonsense logically. There was nothing he would not attempt or leave undone. His poise was perfect. Pretences, he held, were all that mattered, and, if he had anything to gain thereby, he used either simulation or dissimulation with a mastery that was Machiavellian. This meant, of course, that his instructors and his classmates did not know how to take him, and that consequently he had much occasion to seek the consolation of his art.  
Montesrey was a man of prodigious energy and his output of work was enormous. His poetry was in the manner of Byron and T. S. Eliot. His free verse was characterized by a note of mystic lyricism. His prose was a terse, pithy superjournalism which, on occasions, approached classic gravity. His essays were budgets of epigrams. He trained himself to write for a select circle: he succeeded.

As an editor, he won fame early by the versatility and facility of his pen and the charm of his personality. His Olympian column, first printed in The Daily Nebraskan, was the sensation of two decades. Everyone enjoyed working for him and he had no difficulties with his contributors. His friends were, of course, not critical of his work, and he always said that he had had neither an intelligent critic nor an intelligent enemy.

It is the fashion now to scorn Montesrey, as if he were only the greatest of a company of wits, just as, some years ago, it was the mode for every zany to ridicule Queen Victoria as the most eminent of the Victorians. He had his faults, to be sure; but the time will come, I am bold enough to predict, when we will be proud to say we went to school with Claire Montesrey, the twentieth-century Dean Swift. —SATYRANUS.

We extend a most cordial welcome to the newspaper editors who are the guests of the University during Journalism Week. More power to them! —CLAIRE MONTESREY.

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**5c**  
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THEY must be youthful, carefree and full of the joy of living. They must be bright in color and slender of line. They must be very simple, yet have a look of smart sophistication. You will find that this description fits our collection exactly.  
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TO THE HOST OF NEBRASKA MEN WHO KNOW THE SPLENDID QUALITY OF STRATFORD CLOTHES, THE NEWS THAT A BIG NEW SHIPMENT HAS JUST ARRIVED WILL BE GOOD NEWS! BEAUTIFUL NEW SHADES OF BLUE GREY, LONDON LAVENDER AND OUR EXCLUSIVE "LOMOND HUES" — ALL AWAIT YOUR CHOOSING.  
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Give your pen a drink of **Scrip**  
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**YOU** have bought several fountain pens—now suppose you buy one that is a proven success.  
Buy a Sheaffer Lifetime Pen and put it in your collection. Of all the pens you have ever used it will be the lone survivor.  
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Scene from "Rain"—Orpheum Theater, Tuesday and Wednesday. Matinee Wednesday.

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