

DIRECTORY.

Business Directory—Every loyal University student is urged to patronize these Nebraskan advertisers, and to mention the Nebraskan while doing so.

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Lincoln Typewriter Ex.  
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**The First Trust & Savings Bank**  
4 Per Cent Interest 4  
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Bring Your Next Job of Printing to  
**VAN TINE PRINTING CO.**  
and Get Satisfactory Results  
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TYPEWRITERS SOLD AND RENTED  
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A SPECIALTY

**Quality Counts THAT'S WHY FRANKLIN'S ICE CREAM IS SO POPULAR**  
We make a specialty of fancy creams, sherbets, Ices and punch for Frat & Sorority parties. Whipping Cream always on hand. Bell 205. Auto 8181. 1816 N St.

**Electric Shoe Rep. Factory**  
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Saves you Time & Money

**Hot Drinks**  
are now in season. Do you know any place where you can get as  
**QUICK SERVICE**  
as you can at our new store? No need of being crowded.  
**Lincoln Candy Kitchen**  
14th & O  
s. W. Corner

**CORNELL ENGRAVING**  
LINCOLN, NEB. CO.  
249 N 11th St.  
PHONE AUTO 1916  
**DESIGNING HALF-TONE AND LINE ENGRAVING**

# Periodical Drinkers

**Bankers, Business and Professional Men, Mechanics and Farmers Who Go on a Spree Once in Three Months, Six Months, a Year, or Longer, Have Formed the Drink Habit, and Are Cured by the Neal Treatment as Easily as is the Habitual or Excessive Drinker, or the Nervous Man Who Has to Drink From Becoming More Nervous.**

## CURED IN THREE DAYS

The business man who finds that his craving for drink is an annoyance and a nuisance, should take the Neal three day drink habit cure, and quit

Continued from Page 1  
**THE NATURE OF OUR ENJOYMENT OF TRAGEDY.**

marriage and endless bliss in Heidelberg. I felt a reckless, dare-devil pleasure in Karl Heinrich's first student duel. I read of all-night merry-makings, and only coveted more for the sake of his delight in them. Not a lecture did he attend; not a book did he open. But the joy of life waxed even stronger in his heart, and the heart in turn expanded, and became friendly and tender toward all living things. As the months passed he changed from the shrinking boy he had been into a joyous, commanding young figure, respected and sought after by his comrades.

At the height of it all, and before the first semester had ended, there came the thunderbolt. His grandfather was seriously ill, and sent for him. But it was a hopeful farewell Karl Heinrich bade his little Kathie. He would return—oh, soon! Yet the old grandfather lingered on for weary months; telling over and over to his grandson, as he lingered, of the iron duties of those who are set apart to rule; of the loneliness in which they perform their duty; of the stern destiny they must not flee.

My heart cried out at the blindness and the mistakeness of such teaching. But step by step I was forced to admit that there was only one way for Karl Heinrich. He had not the clearer light, and he must live up to what light he had. And when at last he gave his consent to the alliance on which his grandfather had set his heart—the young heir's marriage to a high-born cousin he had never seen—I had no thought of reproach, but only a poignant reflection of the dumb agony Karl Heinrich himself endured. Kathie could find, by saying one word, others who would faithfully love and cherish her.

Two years passed slowly by after the old man's death. Meantime Karl Heinrich coldly and conscientiously fulfilled his duties as reigning prince, while the youth that was in him died the death of suffocation. A few weeks before the date set for his marriage a wild, irresistible impulse drove him back to Heidelberg for just one more day of happiness. Oh, that dreary day, with its bitter disillusionment! I felt each additional disappointment before it appeared, and shrank before it. Kathie alone was the same; and yet she was not the same. She was sad and quiet; tearless; resigned. She loved him as before; and she gave him up.

All night long they sat in Ruder's garden, clinging to each other, silent; in the gray dawn they went their separate ways.

And it was not far from the gray dawn when, now that the spell was broken, I laid my head down on the table, and, completely unnerved, sobbed so uncontrollably and so long that I woke my mother, who came downstairs and gave me the scolding I richly deserved.

And I had been reading German? I

did not know it. I had not been reading anything—I had been living! I was Karl Heinrich! I was Kathie! For the moment I felt that it had all happened, and happened to me. Why? Because in the same case I would have done the same, felt the same, said the same. Let the conditions of our lives differ as day from darkness, Karl Heinrich, Kathie and I were one and the same heart, were own brothers and sisters—nay, nearer and closer than brothers and sisters in the ordinary sense.

And right here lies, for me, the explanation of the mingling of pain and joy that tragedy inspires in us. The pain is real; it is not an attenuated, sentimental, dishwatery feeling; but out of the very reality of the pain arises the joy. For the pain we have felt brings to us like a living thing the unity of all human hearts, and, from that, the intrinsic worth and nobility of sheer human feeling. The historian and the political economist may rank our little tragedies, our ordinary life-histories with their heart-aches and disappointments and failures, as small and petty things not worthy to be compared for interest and value with world-movements and the destiny of nations. Too many of us, in the gray light of the workaday world, cravenly agree with them, and sigh at the sordidness of our lot; but there are a few moments of our lives when we wake up to the glorious truth that the worth and the reality and the sublimity of life are in the individual living of it. Then we see that we ourselves are grand, heroic, noble, in so far as we live up to the light we have, and do our duty as we see it.

So it is when good literature stirs our souls. We see, or rather feel, in the characters of the story and in ourselves, an apotheosized humanity; and we turn back into our humdrum daily paths with a new strength, a new dignity, a new reverence for ourselves and those around us. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

**THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.**  
Long it wound,  
And far it wound,  
And over stony paths;  
And thru the meadows filled with hay—  
That was the Road to Yesterday.  
A child was there,  
A school was there,  
But cross-roads there were none.  
The world about seemed bright and gay—  
That was the Road to Yesterday.

A cloud appeared,  
A moment neared  
The lonesome path, and passed.  
The noonday sun diffused a ray  
Upon the Road to Yesterday.  
Hand in hand,  
Their faces fanned  
By Indian summer winds,  
A boy and girl passed on their way  
Upon the Road to Yesterday.  
Helen Mitchell.

tute or in the home. Call or write The Neal Institute, 1502 So. Tenth St., Omaha, Nebraska, for copy of free book and contract. Everything strictly confidential. Bank references.

**BIG MASS MEETING FOR Y. W. C. A. GIRLS**

MISS THERESA WILBUR WILL SPEAK TO GIRLS IN TEMPLE.

**"DAD" ELLIOTT WILL SPEAK AT NOON**

Series of Meetings Held This Week for University Girls Has Been a Great Success—Good Speakers and Large Attendance.

With such leaders as Miss Florence Parmelee and Miss Theresa Wilbur to head the movement, the Y. W. C. A. religious campaign is assuming greater proportions than any similar movement ever instituted in the University of Nebraska.

The biggest meeting yet held will be held this evening from 7:15 to 8:30 in the music hall of the Temple. Every university girl is urged to attend as it is to be especially interesting to them. Miss Wilbur will speak and Miss Vera Upton will sing.

"Dad" Elliott will speak at the noon meeting in the Y. W. C. A. rooms today.

W. D. Weatherford and "Dad" Elliott spoke to the girls of the university yesterday afternoon on "What It Means to Be a Christian." The music hall was crowded and all of those who attended were deeply impressed by the forcible manner and the common sense of these two gentlemen.

**Campaign Started Tuesday.**  
The campaign started Tuesday with a mass meeting in Hays hall. Miss Wilbur was the speaker of the evening, and chose for her subject, "Our University Life; Is It Such that We Would Like to Have It Produced in All Parts of the World?"

The talk was based on the impressions that Miss Wilbur received when she recently attended the "World's Student Christian Federation" at Oxford, England, at which meeting thirty different countries were represented. About seventy-five girls attended the meeting and all were impressed by Miss Wilbur's forcible way of speaking.

The noon meeting in the Y. W. C. A. rooms Wednesday was the most successful of the year. Over ninety girls attended. The meeting was led by Miss Wilbur. The discussion was based on Psalms 68-19.

The workers in the campaign gave a six o'clock supper in the association rooms Wednesday.

**Miss Parmelee Led Meeting.**  
Miss Parmelee led the noon meeting yesterday. Miss Parmelee is the foremost Y. W. C. A. speaker in the state and is very popular with university girls.

Miss Wilbur met with the ladies of the faculty last evening at half past seven. Her object was to interest these ladies in the big movement that is now going on.

Your car fare would pay for a nice lunch at the Boston Lunch. Why go home?