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GIRLS' CLUB AFFAIRS

The special girls' issue of the Nebraskan offers a good opportunity for a review of what the Girls' Club is doing. It is with a feeling of satisfaction that we make the announcement that the club has advanced very decidedly this year and that it now stands on firm ground and looks forward with unbounded hope to a future of greater helpfulness, wider activity, and closer fellowship between the members.

The struggle which almost inevitably accompanies the childhood of new enterprises is drawing to a close. We are assured by the increasing interest and active part which all the girls are taking in the work of the club that what was once a beautiful dream is now a splendid reality. We have worked out a constitution suited to our particular needs as Nebraska girls. We have solved the problem of entertainments to a certain extent. But it remains for the girls of the next few years to perfect these entertainments, and suit them to their sole object, a closer social life and stronger sympathy among all the members of the Girls' Club.

It would be pleasant and profitable to renew each of the social functions from the reception for new students in the fall, the breakfast in the State Farm grove, and the luncheon before the great Kansas football game up to the activities of the last few weeks. But we must content ourselves with looking at the larger movements.

The most serious work of the club is that of helping worthy girls by means of the "loan fund." The annual dues are 35 cents, a sum well suited to everyone's pocketbook. Ten cents of each payment of dues is reserved for current expenses. Twenty-five cents goes into the "Loan Fund." Our faith in the value of this work has been very much strengthened this year by the expression of heartfelt gratitude which has come from girls now out of school who have enjoyed the benefits of this fund. The money has been returned in every case, frequently with a gift of ten dollars to the fund.

The last few weeks have been full of work and interest for the club. Timidly at first and then with an ever-increasing confidence in our power we planned to send a delegate to Wisconsin to represent us in the conference of Girls' Clubs there this summer. After much boosting from optimistic members of the board word was sent to Wisconsin that Nebraska would send a delegate. And then the work of getting subscriptions began in earnest. Each girl was asked to give a dime. Needless to say, subscriptions were not restricted to that popular price. Lorena's ever-present smile increased to vast proportions as the money (putting it mildly) began to pour in. Everyone was more than willing to help.

The election on Tuesday revealed the fact that Miss Daniels, our president-elect, will represent the club at Wisconsin. The club looks forward to hearing about her visit next fall. We shall be in better touch with other

The results of the election are already so generally known that only a word is needed. The new board will find themselves in the position of early settlers in a new country. The pioneers, that is the boards of the first hard years have done their work

faithfully and well. But earnest thought and devotion is as much needed now as ever before for we want to make Nebraska Girls' Club one of the greatest organizations of its kind. The digging, which is connected with a position on the board is more than compensated for by the pleasant companionship which the intimate contact with other girls all working for a common ideal and object, means. A still greater compensation is the unselfish joy which a faithful board worker feels when she sees from living results that she is doing a real service to the girl of her class and college.

Patronize Our Advertisers.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH THEME

Inspirationless and stupid I sit. The hands of my 59-cent alarm clock point to one hour after midnight. In her soft bed my roommate sleeps peacefully, while I adjust the cold cloth on my head and strive to think of a theme of mechanical invention. Not being of a mechanical turn of mind, I do not know the difference between a cog-wheel and a boiler. (Perhaps there is no such thing as a cog-wheel—I am not certain.)

I agree emphatically with a former professor who said, "There are no new plots." More than that, there are no new stories, no new ideas, and my old ones are chronicled in twenty-four previous attempts. My eyelids droop, my hand is too nerveless to guide a pen, my eyes ache and my head has grown enormously large and heavy. If I could only keep it from bobbing in such a silly way—

The hands of the nickel-plated clock have ticked their way around to 1:37. The end has come. I am senseless, witless, thoughtless, but I have finished my required number of themes—I hope.—EX.

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PHARMACEUTICAL GIRLS

ENTERTAIN

Miss Mildred Young gave a slumber party Tuesday night at her home, 1035 So. 14th St.

Miss Barbara Osborne gave an Orpheum party Wednesday night.

Last night an informal evening was spent at the home of Miss Nell Ward, 2500 Garfield St. May day decorations were used and progressive games were played.

The Girl He Could Read

Like a Book

"I can read that girl like a book," said the far-sighted man to himself. She thinks I am crazy about her. I won't call for several weeks just to bring her to her senses." He pictured to himself the disappointment and surprise of the girl. After four weeks and nine days, he decided that he had been a little hard on her, and in a particularly generous and affable mood he went around to call on the "poor little thing." He had some elaborate explanations all ready to refute her pitiful reproaches.

She met him at the door with a smile. There was a sort of friendly cordiality about her manner that made him feel strangely ill at ease. How the conversation drifted toward Wagnerian opera he never could recall.