

A sense of humor is the rudder that keeps the ship of matrimony from being wrecked in many a domestic storm.

The heart is like any other muscle—the more you use it, the more agile it grows; and the oftener a man falls in love, the more easily and lightly he seems to do it.

Mysterious cards calling for funds to fight conscription in Ireland are being circulated in New York under the alleged patronage of the Geraldine club, an Irish organization. The creation of a revolution in Ireland whether conscription is put into effect or not is said to be the object of the leaders of the movement.

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PERSONAL
Dean Winchester of the United States geological survey is in Lincoln for a visit of two or three days with relatives and friends. Mr. Winchester was graduated from the University in 1907, and has since been in government service. This summer he has been scouting through Wyoming and Utah in search of oil bearing shale. This rock when roasted gives off the crude oil. The government believes that in a few years oil will be worth enough to warrant this more expensive means of getting it. None was found in Wyoming, but Utah is full of the shale. To date, the government has refused to withdraw any of this land from entry, on the theory that it requires a manufacturing process and therefore the land is not strictly mineral bearing. Mr. Winchester is now on his way to Washington for the winter. Since he left a third little kiddie has arrived and the father has not seen him yet.

The Sigma Alpha Iota sorority gave a dinner party at the Lincoln hotel last evening. About fifteen plates were laid.

Robert Simmons, '15, Law, is in law business in Gehring, Nebr.

Ida Daris of Omaha is spending the week-end at the Delta Gamma House.

Leo Felman, '17, of Fairbury, is in Chicago in the advertising business with his brother.

Carleton Young, '17, Lincoln, will enter Hamilton college this fall.

Mr. Ewing, secretary of the Y. M. M. C. will continue his work in London, England, as secretary of prisoners' war camps, for the present time.

L. L. Ewing, '15, of Harbine, Nebr., is teaching school at Dalcine, Nebr.

Stanley Marsh, 15, of Crete, is principal of Havelock high school.

"Sometimes," remarked the Man on the Car, "the Will of the Majority makes less noise than the Pessimism of the Minority."—Toledo Blade.

It takes a man of great courage to be a judge at a baby show.

It's as difficult to find a friend as it is to lose enemies.

Probably more intellectual women would marry if they were asked.

Every time a man gets it in the neck he realizes how little he amounts to.

Some men get rich because of their ability to separate others from their coin.

Ever notice how easy it is for a person inflicted with insomnia to go to sleep when it is time to get up?

If you happen to hear a woman praising a man's wisdom it's a sure sign that he is not her husband.

A man never thinks of marrying, Dearie, until his heart begins working faster than his head and its emotions out-pace his judgment.

Somehow, too much intellect goes to a woman's head and makes her so dizzy that she can't see she is getting on a man's nerves or trampling on his vanity.

A man endows the woman he loves with wings, a halo and a pedestal and then leaves her to stand in a niche in the wall, while he runs off to see what other women are like.

NEVER AGAIN FOR HIM!
MR. BURLISON DECLARES HIMSELF IN STRONG TERMS.

Good Reasons Why He Should Make Resolution Not to Bring the Sunday Dinner From the City—
"Why, Henry!"

There was the look of a man with a troubled soul in the face of Mr. Henry Burlison when he reached his home one Saturday evening. The smiling face of his wife did not lessen the look of grim determination in the face of Burlison. A wife with far less intuition than Mrs. Burlison had would have discovered that something had gone wrong, and Mrs. Burlison asked, "Why, Henry, what has happened?" Burlison stepped into the vestibule of his home and dropped the suit case he carried to the floor with a dull thud. His voice had an edge like a blade as he said:

"Something has happened that will never happen again if I live to be so old that Methuselah will seem like a kid when compared with me. This is the last time I save 15 cents by taking that suit case downtown with me on Saturday and bring home our Sunday dinner in it to save express charges—the very last time!"

"But you haven't told me what happened."

"You would have seen what happened if you had been with me just as I reached the subway stairs. I s'pose I had forgot to push down the clasps that help to hold the suit case together, and the thing was so crammed full that it was too much for the self-locking arrangement, and the thing opened right at the top of the stairs."

"Why, Henry!"

"You'd say 'Why, Henry!' if you had seen a six-pound Philadelphia capon traveling down those stairs, followed by three big yellow grapefruit and half a dozen apples!"

"Why, Henry!"

"A bunch of celery rolled down two or three steps, and a man racing down the stairs stepped on it and slipped, and he threatened to sue me for damages! You will find the print of a woman's boot heel on that pound of butter, and I left the dozen eggs I had bought on the subway stairs, for I would have needed a shovel to have scraped them up after they had rolled down six iron steps! One of the grapefruit rolled between the feet of an old lady going down the stairs, and she gave a yell like a maniac and called for the police! A grinning idiot caught up one of the grapefruit and fung it up toward me, and two other men pelted me with the apples!"

"Oh, Henry!"

"The bottle of maple sirup spread over six of the steps, and the people carried it home on the soles of their shoes; and the paper came off the soup bone I had bought, and I left it lying at the foot of the subway stairs. All is, this is the very last time you ever hear of me saving 15 cents in that way! My lacerated feelings are worth at least a quarter, and—"

"Oh, Henry!"

"I left half of my stuff in the subway, and the other half will taste bitter to me when I think of that gaping, grinning, giggling, tittering mob that saw me standing there with my empty and open suit case in my hand and all that stuff traveling down the subway stairs!"

"Why, Henry!"—Judge.

Use for Onions.
Onions are good for cleaning steel articles that have rusted. Rub the rust spots with a piece of onion and leave for 24 hours. Wash and polish with bathrick dust, moistened with turpentine. Wash again in suds and scald with clear water. Knives that have rust spots of long standing should be plunged into an onion and allowed to stand for some time. Finish the cleaning process as above.

Work Demanded of Recruits.
The English recruit is expected to put every rifle shot into an eight-inch ring at 100 yards. The territorials must put 80 per cent of all shots into a 12-inch ring at that distance. The French soldier is required to put half of his shots into an 12-inch ring at the same range.

LIKE THE EGYPT OF OLD!
Country Has Seen Little Change While the Rest of the World Has Been Advancing.

In journeying to Assouan from Thebes the traveler cannot fail to be impressed by the two beautiful temples of Edfu and Kom Ombo. The former, situated almost midway in the journey, is of special interest because it is the best preserved of all the Egyptian temples. It was a center of the cult of Osiris, whose death and rising again was celebrated every spring within its close. The festival began with deep mourning. Processions of priests marched around the walls deploring the death of their god in the contest with the evil one. In the sanctuary lay the mummy, personified by a priest, while a priestess who represented Isis wept over her dead lord and begged for his return. At last the resurrection morning came, the mummy arose, and joy reigned among the worshippers. Again processions formed upon the walls and, marching with banners and musical instruments, proclaimed the risen lord to those who stood about.

A few miles away is Kom Ombo, the beautiful temple of Sebek, the crocodile god, whose devotees hated the worshippers of Osiris as fiercely as in later times the followers of the prophet hated the Coptic monks whom they found before them in this very valley. Like Edfu, it dates from the days of the Ptolemies, who built both buildings on ancient sites. The rulers of that time were Hellenists, but their architecture was that of ancient Egypt, so firmly rooted in the land were the old dynastic traditions. Persian, Greek and Roman came and carved their names upon the temples, but left no mark upon the unchanging spirit of Egypt. Not even today is there any alteration, for still the houses in the villages are built as of old, and over them rise the pigeon towers, veritable pylons, exactly like the towered gateways of the ancient temples.—"Royal Temples of the Nile," by William Warfield in Travel.

Coal From the Arctic.

A few years ago, the idea of getting coal from Spitzbergen, one of the most desolate islands of the Arctic ocean, was a topic for romancers of the Sunday supplement type. Now it is a fact of considerable moment in many of the world's markets. A single company, financed chiefly by American capital, mined nearly 40,000 tons of coal from Spitzbergen last year. The deposit of fuel in the far North is said to be singularly easy to work. It comes in a single seam about four feet thick, stretching along the coast for 30 miles. The surrounding rock is so solid that timbering is not needed. The temperature is always below the freezing point in the present workings, which does away with the need of pumps. In fact the only real difficulty is that of getting men—and motion pictures have gone far to solve that problem. Yet for every ton of coal in Spitzbergen there are ten in Alaska of at least equal quality, closer to a hungry market. The arctic zone won't make a real dent in the fuel market till our big northwest territory gets in action.

Notes From Commerce Reports.

A German patent has been granted to H. Stefferis for making a lubricant from beet sugar molasses.

American interests are about to erect factories in China for the manufacture of dried and desiccated eggs.

The Krupp works are making a burglarproof safe, constructed of steel, which required one and one-half hours with an oxyacetylene flame to produce a hole two inches in diameter in a plate one and one-half inches thick.

The government oil fields of Chubut, Argentina, produced in 1914 more than 275,000,000 barrels of oil, which was refined there.

The world's coffee production in 1914 was 893,000 tons, a decrease of 92,000 tons from 1913.

Walked Three Miles in Sleep.

Although never rated as a chronic sleepwalker, Mrs. W. A. Johnson, wife of a farmer living near Salina, Kan., rose about four o'clock a few mornings ago, dressed herself and walked three miles to a hospital in Salina, where, still asleep, she fell exhausted on the steps and was later found by nurses.

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