

HIS COSTLY DERBY

Abundant Reasons Why Owner Clings to Headpiece.

Merely as an investment it must be conceded as deserving care, and is worthy of respect as a thing of value.

It is only a derby, beginning to have the permanent duskiness of a pench, in spite of frequent trips to the hat specialist for rehabilitation. It has no claim whatever to any individualism, outside of the initials, which are inside and don't show anyway. It does not do me justice, either. And at any angle I place it, it gives me a topheavy appearance.

Because anything that costs as much money as that derby, deserves not only care as an investment, but respect as a thing of value. People don't laugh at the Kohinoor diamond, do they? They never poke fun at the Great Ruby? Then why should they be amused at my derby?

It cost a great deal of money. The first time I bought it, I mean when I selected it in the hat shop and paid for it, supposing that it was wholly mine, the price was four dollars. The paying over of four of my dollars to the hat man gave me, at least to my simple, one-track mind, sole right and title against all pretenders until the end of the world. But only a simple mind could believe a thing like that.

Alas, like many other things in this surprising world, it was not my derby. It never has been and probably never will be. For I have been buying it ever since the first sale in the shop, almost like one does on the instalment plan. Only the instalment plan entails a set expenditure each week or month; you know just what it is going to be and can be prepared for it.

But when you get your derby from a hat boy or hat girl in hotel, restaurant, theater or wherever the grafters are permitted, you do not know what it will cost you. It all depends on the hauteur of the hat boy or girl in charge. Some of them have the appearance that anything tendered less than fifty cents would be faux pas beyond thought. Then the surroundings play such an important part in gauging the amount of blood money, or hat money, just as you desire to designate it. A mass of towering palms, much marble and occasional rugs, means a ransom. Less marble and only one or two palms mean less indemnity. And simple mahogany and no palm mean ten cents.

Why do men ever select such a piece of headgear in the first place? I know why they hang onto it after they get it, but what can be the reason for wanting one in the beginning? They are not beautiful on or off the head. They are hard to keep clean. Also they dent very easily and grow shabby without an effort. It is a mystery.

There is no sentiment in my case toward my derby. I respect it, the same as I respect anything that costs a lot of money, but I don't love it. I don't gaze at it with the tenderness I bestow on my tulip bed, nor do I look at it with the fondness which my old briar pipe inspires. These I would not part with.

But anyone who will advance to me one-tenth the sum which I have paid out may become the owner of one black derby, a trifle fuzzy perhaps, but still capable of exciting the envious eyes of hat boys and hat girls.—Harry Irving Shumway, in Judge.

Just as Well.
"I am unworthy of you."
"Ah."
"Totally unworthy. But I shall try to make myself worthy."
"Why bother? I am perfectly willing to go through life with that understanding."—Kansas City Journal.

That Little French Girl.
Nothing is more characteristic of the Yanks than the letters many of the boys send home announcing they have fallen in love with "a little French girl" and will send their sweetheart's picture later. Then follows a photograph of a six- or seven-year-old sweet-faced child the soldier boy from America is protecting and making happy. Humor and sympathy make a great race.—Detroit Free Press.

Getting Along.
"Does your office girl seem to catch on as a boy would?"
"Practically, yes. She doesn't smoke cigarettes, but she has become interested in baseball and learned to whistle."

Make 'Em All Pay.
Publisher—My dear young lady, do you know that only two novels out of twenty pay for the publishing?
The Girl—Oh, very well, then, I'll write only two.—Boston Transcript.

British engineering and shipbuilding trades unions have asked for an advance in wages of 100 per cent above pre-war rates.

HIS PATH ONE OF BLESSINGS

Beautiful Legend of "Holy Shadow" Might Well Serve as an Inspiration to All.

It is a French legend, so old that we do not know when it was written, or rather when it grew. We may not believe in the miracle giving, but in the heart of the story lies an exquisite pearl of truth. And thus runs the old legend.

A very long time ago there dwelt upon the earth a saint so good that the angels themselves came down from heaven to see how any mortal could live so holy and beautiful a life. They found a man going about his daily duty in simple faithfulness, diffusing an atmosphere of love as the star diffuses light, and the flower fragrance without being aware of it. Watching with eager interest, they saw that two words summed up his day. He gave and forgave.

Not that these words fell from his lips, but they were expressed in his pleasant smile, in his kindness, forbearance and charity.

Then the angels prayed to God, asking, "O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles!" The answer quickly came, "I will; ask him what gift it shall be."

So the angels asked the holy man, "Would you like to have the touch of your hands heal the sick?" But he answered, "No; that is God's work." Again they asked, "Would you like to convert guilty souls, and bring back wandering hearts to the right path?"

"No," he replied, "that is also the work of God. I pray; I do not convert."

"Would you like to become a model of patience, attracting men by the luster of your virtues, thus glorifying God?"

Still he answered, "No; if men should become attached to me they would be further from God and estranged from him. The Lord has other means of glorifying himself."

Filled with astonishment, they cried: "What, then, do you desire?"

The saint smiled, and asked in turn, "What can I wish for? That God give me his grace; with that shall I not have everything?"

But the angels insisted that he must choose a miracle, or have one chosen for him.

"Very well," he said at length, weary of their importunity. "I wish that I may do a great deal of good without ever knowing it."

How were they to carry out such a wish? Finally they hit upon the following plan: Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind him or on either side where he could not see it, this shadow would have the power to cure disease, soothe the pain, and comfort the sorrowing.

And so the wish was fulfilled. When the dear old man walked abroad, his shadow, thrown on the ground on either side or behind him, made arid paths moist, gave fresh greenness to withered vegetation, brought back music to the parched, dried-up brooks, and roses to the pale cheeks of suffering little children, and diffused joy everywhere.

The saint went simply about his daily duties, knowing nothing of the blessedness of his falling shadow. At last his very name was forgotten and he was reverently called "The Holy Shadow."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Deadly Spiders.
We have in this country a small spider, commonly known as the "black widow," which is very deadly. It has red spots on its abdomen. There is no question of the fact that its bite is often fatal.

Rather odd is the fact that this species of spider is found in most parts of the world. In New Zealand it is called the "katipo;" in Santo Domingo the "red rump." Not only does it kill, but the death it inflicts is inconceivably frightful. The brain is affected, and a dropsy of the skin may distort the victim's features to such an extent as to render him unrecognizable.

Darwin Vindicated.
"Do you believe in evolution?"
"Surely. I have seen some remarkable examples of development from the lower forms of animal life. Only yesterday I saw a recruiting officer change a lounge lizard into a regular man."

The Investor's Innings.
"I could paper a room with the valuable stock certificates I have bought," remarked the unlucky man.
"Don't do it. Avail yourself of a sure thing at last and paste up war savings stamps."

Main Sport of Family.
Member of the draft board—Madam, you say you want your son inducted into the army, although he is the main support of the family.
Complainant—No, sir, I do not admit that. I said he was the main sport of the family.—Judge.

She—You say that you have never been in love. How near have you come to it?
He—I was married once.—Boston Evening Transcript.

S. A. T. C. LADS WRITE LETTERS

(Continued from page 1)

ber of letters written upon other than Y. M. C. A. stationery. If one could really make an accurate check of the letters written at this post he would undoubtedly find that the amount expended daily for postage would go well over the \$45.00 mark; which conclusion is arrived at by multiplying three cents by 1,500, or the number of letters written during the average day by the S. A. T. C. members.

CAPTAIN HUBKA LEADS WARRIORS

(Continued from page 1)

pigskin chasers Nebraska has ever had.

He was elected to the captaincy about a week ago, taking the place of Elmer Schellenberg, who was elected acting-captain when "Dusty" Rhodes was called to Camp Funston in the draft last summer. Hubka is a junior in the university but is not in the S. A. T. C.

When asked the outlook for Saturday's game with the Fort Omaha balloon school, Captain Hubka said the prospects are good for the Huskers to roll up a big score, and that the team is working in good shape.

MCCONNELL WRITES FROM PRISON CAMP

Private Frederick McConnell, the first Omaha man to be captured by the Germans, is tasting life in a prison camp at Lagensalza. Private McConnell is a graduate of Nebraska University in the class of 1912. He took an active part in school affairs, being the editor of The Daily Nebraskan during his senior year. A letter written to his father from the prison follows:

LANGENSALZA, Aug. 14, 1918.—Dear Papa: Before this life was a sin-cure. The wound is to the spirit more than to the flesh. Amuse myself by thinking of Bunyon and Lord Byron, though we are not in chains or in prison darkness, and I hope the imprint on my life will not be as serious as it was on theirs. Naturally those of us who have one are thinking of career. Am allowing myself eighteen months here, but don't expect it to be ruined. I wonder now long Hume will wait, and if the theatre in America still survives. Grouped here with some languid English, whose company in the present predicament is preferable to that of the noisy tribe of Americans. Glad to say that I was selected for officers' training school and would have left for Paris a few days after my capture. Your faith justified. Imagine how different things might now be. Acknowledge your fine letter of June date. Sorry it was lost with the rest of my things. Am allowed to write this much weekly. Don't worry if mail is irregular. I shall sandwich in a letter to a friend occasionally. Best love to dear mother and Gretchen. I know you are having your trials, but may you prosper. Am well and safe and without complaint.

FREDERIC.

McConnell entered the service last February. He had made a previous effort to get into the army, but was rejected on account of a slight physical defect. He went to Camp Lee for training and arrived in France May 1. The letter to his parents was written August 14, just thirty days after he was captured, but was not released by the British censor until October 15.

McConnell graduated last year from the Carnegie School of Technology, after which he became assistant manager of the Arts and Crafts theatre, Detroit, Mich. The Mr. Hume referred to in his letter is manager of the theatre. Mr. Hume has assured McConnell's parents that his job will be waiting for him when he returns.

The best wish that we can make for the Germans is that after we have licked them we trust they will be good without watching, but we expect to watch them for some time to come.

The only real good German of the near future is the German who is put where he cannot do any harm.—C. F. Jones.

Rudge & Guenzel Co.

GIRLS!

Make Preparations to Protect Your Complexion Against the Ravages of Winter Winds During This

Toilet Goods Sale

Not only rare Sale Prices much less than regular, but general advances all along the line are expected very soon. It will pay you handsomely to anticipate all your future needs in this sale.



Pond's Vanishing Cream, at a jar 15c. Colgate's Vanishing Cream, the tube, 20c. Ricksecker's Cold Cream, the tube 19c. Aubry Sister's Beautifier, the jar 50c and 90c. Gourard's Oriental Cream, the jar, \$1.39. Mistletoe Cold Cream, the tube, 19c. Elmd's Honey and Almond Cream, the bottle, 49c. Jergens' Benzoin and Almond Lotion, the bottle, 30c.

POWDERS

Thry's French Rice Powder, the box, 25c. Roger & Gallet Violet Face Powder, a box, 65c. Ricksecker's Attar Tropical Face Powder, a box, 89c. Derma Viva Liquid Face Powder, per bottle, 45c. Jardin de Rose Face Powder, the box 40c. Regua's Depilatory Powder, a box 19c.

TALCUMS

Jap Rose and Perin Talcum's, the box 15c. William's fine Talcum Powder, a box 17c. Empress Rouge 19c. Zadora Lip Sticks 19c. CARONA, cleans gloves, laces, etc., the

bottle 15c, 21c, 45c and 89c. Aladin Soap Dyes, in various colors, a box 9c. Every Sweet, prevents perspiration odors, a bottle 22c. HAIR BRUSHES with good bristles and ebony finished handles, each 50c. Creme Oil Toilet Soap Compounded from Palm and Olive Oils. In this sale three bars 24c. Palm Olive Soap, a bar 10c.



special lot with soft, medium or hard bristles at each 20c and 25c. **PERFUMES** Hudnut's dainty Lily of the valley, Sweet Pea and White Lilac odors, an oz. 60c. COLGATE'S PERFUMES in various odors, the oz. 50c. Ricksecker's Locust Blossom perfume, an oz. 50c.

Ricksecker's LA VEE PERFUME A dainty, lasting, Handkerchief odor, the oz. 39c. All Nail and Hand BRUSHES 10 OFF PINAUD'S

delightful, fragrant Lilac de France Toilet Water, special at bottle 79c.



Pinaud's Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic, the bottle 69c. Ricksecker's exquisite Toilet Waters in Sublime, Violet, Theodora and other odors, the bottle 69c.

Rudge & Guenzel Co.

Announcement

¶ This notice is paid for by the First Congregational Church not for profit but just to let University people know that they are more than welcome at its services. ¶ Dr. John Andrew Holmes, who has made a specialty of preaching to State University students and professors during a period of ten years, has charge of the service at 10:30 every Sunday morning. ¶ At 12 two student classes, one for student girls, led by Mrs. E. L. Hinman, one for both men and women, led by Dr. Hinman. ¶ The Young Men's class meets at 9:30, instead of 12:00. ¶ The subject for next Sunday's sermon is, "Joshua gives orders to the Sun." ¶ At 6 the Young People's Society give a fellowship luncheon and at 7 its regular meeting is held, which is attended principally by students. ¶ Sometimes also there is an evening service at 8, as occasion requires. ¶ Come to everything. You will feel at home.

No matter what you say

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

CHAPIN BROS., 127 S. 13th :: B 2234