

Lyric Theater

TONIGHT, 7 to 11 P. M.

Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2:15

OTIS OLIVER
And His PLAYERS in
"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE"

Shows—Continuous—Comedy
New Features Between Acts
No Waits—Come Any Time
New Prices—15c 25c—Any Seat

THE COLONIAL

MONDAY—THURSDAY

ANNETTE
KELLERMAN
—in—
QUEEN
—of the—
SEA

Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9
PRICES 5c, 10c and 15c

RIALTO

Big Show and Good Music
MONDAY and TUESDAY
See D. W. Griffith's Famous
Little Actress,

DOROTHY GISH
In the Charming Paramount Play
"Battling Jane"
"Nothing But Trouble"
A Rollicking Comedy
Post's World Travelogues
Allies' Official War Review
Pathe World News.
Concert Orchestra
Jean L. Schafer, Conductor
Shows State—1, 3, 5, 7, 9, p. m.

Orpheum

PHONE B6631
ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE

Orpheum Circuit Vaudeville
2:15—Twice Daily—8:15

WILBUD FLORRIE
MACK & CO. MILLERSHIP
"A PAIR OF TICKETS" & CHAS.
O'CONNOR
& Comp'y of 8

EL-BRENDEL & FLO BERT
"WAITING FOR HER"
News Weekly
Orpheum Orchestra
Matinee—25c, 50c.
Nights—25c, 50c, 75c.

LIBERTY

VAUDEVILLE
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,

J. K. EMMET & CO.
In the Musical Gem
"WISHLAND"

KENNEY & RHEA
In "A Divertissement"

WELLS & CREST
In "THE YANKEE and the WO
In "The Yankee and the Wop"

GIBSON & BETTY
Comedy Vocalists
"THE ROSE OF WOLFFVILLE"

A Merry Tale of the West
The Liberty News Weekly
Braders Price Orcheera
Three Shows Daily—2:30, 7, 9
Mats. 15c; Night 25c; Gal. 15c

Society

PERSONALS

Mrs. Lull of Leavenworth, Kansas, spent the week-end with her daughter, Estelle Lull, at the Gamma Phi Beta house.

Mr. Taylor, instructor in the department of rhetoric, is ill at his home in South Dakota.

Sorority pledging will be held Saturday, November 23, between the hours of eleven and twelve.

Betty Riddell spent Saturday and Sunday in Beatrice.

Evelyn Newbranch, who visited at the Alpha Phi house for several days, returned to her home in Omaha Sunday.

Lieutenant Bramer, commander of the S. A. T. C. at Kansas University, spent Sunday at the Kappa Sigma house.

Marjorie Colwell went to her home in Pawnee City for the week-end.

Genevieve Welch, '18, of Central City was in Lincoln for the week-end, and returned to her home last night.

Mrs. C. M. Sherwood of Red Cloud has been the guest of Lucille Nitsche at the Pi Beta Phi house.

The Chi Omegas entertained informally for S. N. T. C. men Sunday afternoon.

The Achtohs entertained at dinner Saturday evening in honor of their alumnae, fifteen guests being present. Among the out-of-town guests were Carrie Moodie of West Point, Kathleen Morgan of Omaha, and Mrs. Max Buest, who has been in Washington, D. C., for the past three months with her husband, Lieutenant Buest.

Owen Crane, '16, who was buried Monday, is the third pharmacy graduate to fall victim to the influenza within the last two weeks. The other two were Harry Prouty, '12, of the Smith Drug company, and Mark Bly, '14, of Hampton, Nebraska.

Wilson Bryans, '19, spent yesterday in Omaha.

The Achtohs sorority entertained thirty S. A. T. C. men Saturday evening at the Army and Navy club under the auspices of the War Time Community Service League. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Selleck, Dr. John W. Carter, Mrs. E. J. Dole, and Miss Louise Munchow.

DAILY DIARY RHYMES

By

Gayle Vincent Grubb

"LEMAC"

A lot of the flappers have never known
The sight of a massive home,
With the beautiful paintings and
works of art
Like the wonderful halls of Rome

And? Well, I'm but a common bloke
And have lived but a common life;
I never have roomed on Richman's
row
And missed all the common strife.

But the other day I stood at awe
In a handsome, spacious house;
As I twirled my hat with my eyes as
keen
As the headlights of a mouse.

Ah! The beauty, and the touch of
wealth,
The magnificence galore,
The draperies, the bearskin rugs,
A Camel on the floor.

That Camel! How I mused upon
Its life as there it lay;
I could seem to see the desert and
The scorching sun of day.

And here, upon the polished floor
To be trampled on by all,
It lounged and seemed to say to me:
"Come take me from this hall."

Resist? Ah, no, the call was far
To great for even me;
So I snuck it out the door and fled
As fast as I could flee.

I finally stopped to lamp the beast
A trifle used but neat;
Then I lit it, drew a drag or two
And walked on up the street.

Dollar for Doughnuts for dough-
boys.

"Nothing to it," they said after St.
Mihel. That's Morale.

THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN UNABRIDGED

(Continued from page 1)

fusion abounds!"—this last in a voice so falsetto that, had Campagnini, the greatest director of grand wopra south, north, east, or west of Council Bluffs, heard her, he would have induced her to sign a life-long contract as head shrieker in all his mad scenes.

At this juncture, Reggie, Jr., in an enthusiastic attempt to establish a new speed record between his plate and the sugar bowl, overturned the catsup bottle and sent a stream of erstwhile tomatoes oozing across the immaculate table cloth. At the sight of this Mrs. Snooper turned pale and registered a corking faint.

Three minutes later, after the traditional dash of cold water, Mr. Snooper's better half regained consciousness and declared a state of war would soon be brought about by a man dressed in a soldier's helmet and a military mustache. Glancing at the overturned catsup receptacle and the crimson pool on the tablecloth, she predicted much bloodshed.

Next day, news of the Arch Duck's ill luck appeared on the front page of the SQUASH CENTER JACK-O-LANTERN in howling headlines. And later in the week the same medium announced Austria's declaration of war on sad behalf of Serbia; thereby confirming the tea grounds-catsup premonition of several evenings back.

Current conditions proved aggressive to Snooper's sense of international justice and he packed his soldering torch and monkey-wrench in a tin traveling bag preparatory to a jaunt to Washington, R. T. (Note: The "D. C." which has hitherto followed the name, "Washington," will henceforth be entirely done away with. The "R. T." stands for "Red Tape" and strikes the ed. as being much more appropriate.) And with the stony countenance conducive of determination, and which snappy story writers consistently snap about when sending their heroes off to war, Mr. Reginald Snooper boarded a Washington bound train.

Upon arriving in Washington, Snooper made haste to arrange an interview with Bill G. McAdoo, secretary of everything. The latter personage fixed a confab between Snooper and his, McAdoo's, father-in-law.

Snooper felt as much at ease in the presence of the president as a polar elephant would feel at a tea dansant. The executive shot a few questions, such as: "How many rivets are used in manufacturing the average tin garden sprinkler?" and "Are galvanized public drinking cups in a leper colony less sanitary than soda fountain spoons anywhere?" Mr. Snooper answered the questions as deliberately and as clearly as Caruso renders "K-K-K-KATY" in "Carmen."

In view of these unquestionable qualifications, Mr. S. was fore-with commissioned a Lootenut in the Intelligence department of the United States government. A casual glance at Mr. Snooper, however, would hardly cause one to connect him with that branch of the service. He looked like a plumber and a plumber is a plumber whether he tries to disguise himself inside a dress suit or no! But if the world harbored fewer plumbers and radiators, more of us would be directing the course of Rolls-Royces from the rear seats, instead of steering that wrist watch type of motor car personally. Even Rockefeller, that oily dictator of wealth, said as he convalesced from the shock of the amount charged for blow-torching his initials in the gold stopper for his diamond-diamond-studded bath tub, "Even I, in my maddest money-money-making moment, never pulled that much!!!"

Let's get back to Washington and Mr. Snooper.

In the southeast pocket of Mr. Snooper's jeans, on the day he arrived in Washington, there rested \$800.62. Now the question arises, why were there \$800.62 instead of \$800.65? I'll explain: In Chicago Snooper sent Reg. Jr. a post card with the picture of the stockyards on one side of it. Reggie, Jr., had always shown a fondness for cows and the scene on the post card, "A Sunset at the Stock Yards," had about nine million cows in it and Reggie, Jr., ought to be cow'd for life. The card itself cost one cent and you know the average price of a two-cent stamp. That's where the three cents went, so that point's settled!

Eight hundred dollars and sixty-two cents, if you know Washington as I don't, will not begin to compare with

the purchasing power of three raw oysters in Juneau, Alaska. It has been passed around on the quiet, that Washingtonians of spasmodic residence, pay more for two eggs and a waffle, than Squash Center, Nebraska's pay for an incubator! And when Snoopers overseas orders came at the end of two weeks, he was down to free lunches and park bench boudoirs.

The overseas orders read in such a way that he was to go to an "Atlantic Port," which is the new name of what was once New York City, and embark on a journey scheduled to terminate at Potsdam. Reaching the latter place, Snooper the seuent, hastily transformed himself into a German laborer by eating frankfurters highly seasoned with garlic. He lost no time in presenting himself at the employees' entrance to Potsdam Palace, and hiring out as the Royal Plumber to the Most Hellish Household.

The editor's story ends at this point. He presents, with exclusive right, and no apologies whatsoever, the first recognized account of THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN written by a plumber whose first hand knowledge of the Emperor in his private haunts was gained through an improvised telephone system connecting all rooms that contained radiators in the Palace at Potsdam.

The first installment will appear in an early issue, or as soon as the society editor slacks up and comes across with some space.

HAND GRENADES

O! DEATH WHERE IS THY STING?

Lots of fun reporting for the "Rag!" You come home from school with that great and glorious feeling of nothing to do 'til tomorrow, and go to dinner with pleasureable anticipation of spending twenty-two cents and the evening at the movies, but alas! your rosy dreams are not for long. You are called to the telephone. The angry voice of ye editor asks why you have not written a story for the next day's outburst of the paper, and in irate tones demands that you come at once to ye office and create a few columns of filler.

With a sigh of regret you leave your dinner unfinished (curses! there was chocolate pudding for dessert) and execute a little marathon in the direction of the campus. At the gate you find a stalwart guard, who will not let you enter without a pass. Of course you forgot it. The guard is most unreasonable—smiles, pleading, threat-

ening.—in fact nothing will persuade him to let you in, so you race home for the pass.

Again you reach the campus, and with a withering glance, you show the guard the pass. You enter. Very much out of breath you reach the office where you are greeted by the icy stares of your contemporaries, great clouds of tobacco smoke, the clicking of typewriters, and occasional spasm of conversation.

You start to write, but have some difficulty in persuading genius to burn. Finally said genius burns, and glows brightly while you write page after page. You hand your effort to friend editor who tells you that your writing is absolutely unreadable and insists that you type the story. Your one-fingered struggle with the typewriter is so painful to relate. Again you give your story to the editor, who reads it with a scornful eye, and corrects with a merciless blue pencil.

And then!!!! the next morning you overhear the remark that there never is anything in the "Rag" and that the reporters must be accomplished loafers. "Oh! death, where is thy sting?"

The man who is looking for work now finds "Welcome" on every door mat.

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There's Zip to it, Boys!

HERE'S the yell master of them all—the campus favorite with college colors in stripes across the breast and sleeves. There never was a more attractive design—never a better made, a better styled, or a better wearing shaker sweater. It's a



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