

Orpheum
WED.—THUR.—FRI.—SAT.
PERCY BRONSON and WINNIE BALDWIN
"LEVITATION"
BOYCE COMBE
WILL J. WARD
and Five Symphony Girls
ROYAL GASCOIGNES
Jean-BELL & WOOD—Ollie
LYDIA BARRY
Kinograms Topics of Day

RIALTO
MON.—TUES.—WED.
Addiph Zukor presents
BILLIE BURKE
—In—
"SADIE LOVE"
A Paramount-Artcraft Picture
She couldn't make her love behave
Pathe News—Topics of the Day
Pathe Review
CLARE BRIGG'S COMEDY
"A RAINY DAY"
Rialto Symphony Orchestra
Jean L. Schaefer, Conductor
Overture—"Fingals Cave"—Mendelssohn
"Dance of the Nymphs"
By Miss Flavia Waters and Birlis
Shows Start at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9
Mats. 15c Night 30c Chil. 10c

LYRIC
LINCOLN LITTLE THEATER
MON.—TUES.—WED.
The story of the love of a young man for a beautiful girl and a touch of mystery.
OLIVE THOMAS
—IN—
"The Spite Bride"
A drama of Youthful impulse
Also Good Comedy, Travel and
News FEATURES
Miriam Frosh's Lyric Orchestra
SHOWS START 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9
MATS. 15c; NIGHT 30c; CHIL. 10c

VAUDEVILLE
MON.—TUES.—WED.
TRACY, PALMER & TRACY
The Veritable Trio in
"ECENTRICITIES"
DELMAR'S LIONS
Man Eating Monsters in
A SUPREME NOVELTY
FOUR DANCING CRESEYS
A Terpsichorean Quartette
in "Dances Past and Present"
FAIRMAN & PATRICK
in Irish Wit and Song
EDITH ROBERTS
in the Christie Special Comedy
"HE MARRIED HIS WIFE"
ANNE LUTHER
in "The Great Gambler"
LIBERTY NEWS WEEKLY
Brader and the Orchestra
3 Shows Daily—2:30, 7:00, 9:00
Mats. 15c Night 30c Gal. 15c

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For The
NEBRASKAN

BUBBLES

A column devoted to the promulgation of those little things that bob up for a minute and then are gone.

As an illustration, one man remarked to another: "I took a girl out to dine the other night and it only cost me 75 cents," and then the other man asks the inevitable "How was that?" Whereupon our hero of the first part answered, "That was all the chicken feed I had."

But as the Orpheum manager remarked "That joke didn't draw a crowd."

Now that one has disappeared, we will give an imitation of a magazine editor calling for a story: Oh, Henry.

Preceding from the imitation to the more serious things of life, we will consider history for a minute. History does not show who invented the cloth hat and from all indications history will repeat itself and not try to.

During the great epidemic of straws that seem to be going the rounds, we have yet to hear of a strike in a match factory.

Nice little girl

Nice little pin,

To flirt with her is no sin.

One more comment. The man with vaseline on his hair is a slick "guy." After the above, he requested that no flowers be sent and passed quietly into oblivion.

Dr. Hyde in Psychology: Mr. Atkins, distinguish between the brain and the mind.

Mr. Atkins: The brain is an abstract thing while the mind is concrete.

—and Harold wondered why they laughed.

SHORT STORIES

"The race riots in Chicago remind me of the same sort of excitements that ran around Atlanta when I was living there as a young man," said George McDaniel recently. "My brother and I were both mechanics—owners of smooth and virgin sheepskins. We shared the same office and lunched at the same counter. In the midst of wild confusion, one day a wounded negro rushed into our office and begged for protection. This was freely granted, for we had no race

A visitor at the capitol was accompanied by his small son. The little boy watched from the gallery when the house came to order. "Why did the minister pray for all those men, papa?" he questioned. "He didn't. He looked 'em over and prayed for the country," was the answer.

A small boy who was playing at the end of the pier fell into the sea, and was only rescued after great difficulty by an intrepid swimmer, who dived off the end of the pier and succeeded in getting the boy into a row boat. Half an hour afterwards, much exhausted by his effort, the rescuer was walking off the pier when a man came up and tapped him on the shoulder. "Are you the man who saved my son Ike's life?" he asked. "Yes," answered the much-exhausted hero. "Then," said the father in indignant tones, "ve're his cap?"

A "regular" from a western army camp returned to his home in the east recently on an extended furlough. He was entertained extensively by his former companions and friends. One evening he told the boys about the Indian's great love for whiskey. "Why, the way them Indians love whiskey beats anything you ever saw," he remarked. "I once met a Cheyenne on his pony. 'Give me a drink of whiskey; I'll give you my bridle for it,'" he says. "No," says I. Then he offered his bridle and saddle and pony, all in a bunch for one drink." "Well, wouldn't you give it to him for all that?" asked one of the boys. "Well, not much!" said the soldier emphatically; "I had only one drink left."

Leoncavallo possessed a fund of humor which once landed him in an awkward predicament. Visiting incognito a provincial theater where "Pagliacci" was billed, he found the stall on his left occupied by a music lover who applauded freely throughout the performance, and as the curtain fell remarked to his neighbor, "What a masterful piece!" The composer, being in the vein for a joke, replied: "Nothing of the kind. Speaking as a professional musician, I can assure you that the opera is one mass of plagiarisms. The cavatina is practically all Berlioz. The opening duet is taken from Gounod. The finale sounds like a bad imitation of one of Verdi's finales, and so on, from beginning to end." Leaving the town by train the next morning, Leoncavallo bought a local paper at the bookstall and found therein an article headed: "Confessions of a Plagiarist, Starring Admissions by Signor Leoncavallo." His neighbor was a journalist who happened to recognize the composer.

(Continued from Page One)

HARRY KIRK WOLFE FELLOWSHIP FUND

funds at any early period, and it seems to me wholly appropriate that alumni, who wish to express practically something of their obligation to their alma mater, should pass on in this form the benefits they have received. The graduate council this past year addressed a note to the regents, calling attention to this very need and requesting them to make it public in the hope that from time to time commemorative fellowships might be established thru private benefaction. Certainly it would be most admirable if the first such fellowship could be obtained in Dr. Wolfe's name."

Editor Harvey E. Newbranch, '96, published an editorial in the Omaha World-Herald shortly after Dr. Wolfe's death which read in part:

"Every inch of him Harry Kirk Wolfe was a real man and a great one. His influence will live in Nebraska, through the lives of those who have known his inspiration, for many years to come. The worth of his services can never be estimated in money for they were priceless. The university in which he was a tower of lower of strength should not allow his passing to go unnoticed."

After the launching of the movement to establish the fund Editor Newbranch writes:

"There are many men and women in Nebraska, in all the west, throughout the land, who have known and benefited immeasurably from the inspiration of personal contact with Harry K. Wolfe. It is these who can esteem it nothing but a great pleasure to contribute to the little fund that is to bear his name. Their task of love and gratitude will not be ended with the raising of the fund and the making provision for its administration. It will be their further duty to help in the weaving of a tradition about that fund and the fellowship it is to support—the tradition of brave and patient devotion to the truth, of the open mind, of unblemished character, of the generous heart, of kindly unselfish service, of the courage to fight unflinchingly for lofty ideals, that Dr. Wolfe exemplified so superbly. If throughout the years there could be ever one student in the University of Nebraska not alone supported by this fund but inspired by its meaning dedicating himself in his fellowship to a discipleship, thus insuring that the influence of this truly great man might abide with us through the generations, there could be no way of guessing the far limits of its beneficence."

Contributions are in order for this movement and its fulfillment will satisfy a need which cannot be overstated. Show your faith by contributing.

Bronchitis is singled out by Major G. A. Soper, U. S. A., as the most significant disease of the war, not even excepting influenza, on account of (1) its direct impairment of efficiency, (2) its relationship to other respiratory diseases, and (3) its aid in spreading other infections not strictly respiratory. In the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal he states that while always common in armies as "barrack cough," it was almost universal in the army and navy camps of 1917 and 1918. It usually began about ten days after the arrival of the men of whom many had an acute period of lowered efficiency and it persisted for months as a hard, explosive cough. Its seriousness as a forerunner of pneumonia was not usually realized. Exposure wet feet and sudden cooling have been suggested as causes, but Dr. Soper finds instead that bronchitis is a crowd disease—probably more certain so than any other. People living in the open and under ordinary conditions in cities are quite free from it. Those who change from isolation to crowding seem to be most susceptible and the soldier, coming from ordinary uncrowded surroundings lives with crowds in barracks, amusement resorts, mess halls, instruction rooms and even in places where he makes his purchases.

Co-Edna—"Do you think you could learn to love me?"

Stude—"I don't know, dear but I passed in calculus last year."—Daily Cardinal.

They were crossing to France and the ship pitched and tossed about in an unusually bad storm. Most of the passengers had sought refuge below, but little Miss Sturges, an elderly spinster, was braving the terror on deck. As the gale increased in fury, a chivalrous physician from the lady's home town came to her. "Pardon me, Miss Sturges, but it seems to me you might be in some trouble. Can I help you? Have you chosen your life preserver?" "Oh, doctor," cried the maiden lady, with a gurgle of joy, as she tumbled into his arms, "how sweetly and romantically you have expressed it."

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Colored Driver: He's a awnry mule, ma'am, an' he ain't lame. He's just standin' at parade rest.—Life.

"Robert," said the teacher sternly, "did your father whip you for what you did in school yesterday?" "No ma'am," said Robert, "he didn't. He said it would hurt him more than it would me." "Nonsense!" replied the teacher, "your father is entirely too sympathetic." "Oh, I don't know," said Robert; "paw's got rheumatism in both arms."

One reason of the success of Charley Schwab lies in the fact that he thinks and acts quickly. Once an acquaintance approached Schwab and the conversation went like this: "Say can you let me have five or ten—?" "No—?" "—minutes? I think I can show you how to make some money." "—objection, old chap. You can have twenty, if you want."

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