

PAL PUNCTURES

Neddie was running for congress. "My opponent," he orated "hasn't a leg left to stand on."

Ida: "Better let him have the seat then."

"Leona!" exclaimed Chesta during the music lesson, "remember you are singing an 'Invitation to Summer.' You are begging it to come, no darling it."

Fossler: "Don't you enjoy listening to the honk o the wild goose?"

Filly: "Not when he's driving an automobile."

O. Jones: "A good wife means everything to a man. She can make a veritable angel of him."

E. P. Stoddard: "Mine came near making one of me with her first biscuits."

She had just returned from a shopping trip to the Bootery.

Prof. Staff: "Do your new shoes hurt?"

Freda: "No, but my feet do."

Janet: "Why do they have knots on the ocean in place of miles?"

Tubby: "I suppose to keep the ocean tide."

Fred (new county) attorney: "Great Sahara! I have a case against a beautiful girl, who is being defended by an exquisite creation in women lawyers! How can I ever convict her?"

Eleanor: "Get some homely women on the jury."

Don was a bit hesitant about enlisting on account of his religion, being afraid of ridicule. On returning, Ben asked him how he got along.

"Fine" said Don, "they never once found it out on me."

Judge Holmes: "Heaven knows how 'Taffy' Williams made all his money."

G. H. Rogers: "Maybe that's why he looks so worried."

During the last summer session here, Harold McMillin took up French, Spanish, Italian, German, Scotch and Syriah. He ran the Y. M. C. A. —

Happy: "Is there anything about these feathers that might bring me into trouble with the 'society for the protection of our feathered friends'?"

Henry: (the milliner) "Certainly not."

Happy: "But aren't they off of some bird?"

Henry: "Well, they are off of an owl, and the owl, you know, is more of a cat than a bird. He lives on mice, you know, so it's all right."

During a lull in his chautauque circuit, Bert was engaged by the Bullock sisters to furnish music for an evening's entertainment. Bert began with an andante movement from Mozart.

Euna turned to Flora, and said: "Isn't that just like these musicians? I hired him to play by the hour, and see how slow he goes."

Deacon: "I've borrowed the phonograph from next door."

Don: "What do you want of it? Are you having a party?"

Deacon: "No, but I have an exam tomorrow, and have to study."

Neddie landed his job in Congress, and was asked: "Do you find that your job is a good berth?"

Neddie: "No, it's more like a hammock: Hard to get into comfortably and still harder to get out of gracefully."

Guide: "This castle was built by Henry VIII."

Paul Connor: "He showed small sense of economy. Why did he build it so far from the railroad?"

Florence: "Won't you join our mission band?"

Amorette: "Me? Why, I can't even play a mouth organ."

Judge Krebs: "The next one to speak above a whisper, in this room, will be put out."

Claire vaulted from the prisoner's box and started for the door. "Hip, Hip, Hoorah."

Mickey: "What do you think of the spring lamb? I ordered it especially for you."

Paul: "I think I have one of the springs between my teeth now."

At the All-Uni circus:

Edith: "Didn't Claire look distinguished in that dress suit, as ring-master?"

Pats: "How could he help it? Jimmie says he borrowed it for him from the football captain, and it had been worn also by two editors, three baseball stars and two of the best half-backs the university ever produced."

E. C. Fisher was staying at a place in Arizona where tinpan, roller towel, and Fels-apha soap were the limit of their toilet accessories. The small boy watched him use toothbrush, nail file, Gillette, wisk broom, and shoe polish. Finally his astonishment burst through his awe and he asked:

"Hey, mister! Are you always that much trouble to yourself?"

We hear a lot about political machinery, but John says he had to scratch his ballot with a lead pencil, anyway.

Henry says that she who laughs last is English.

Daisy: "Isn't there a draft coming in the window?"

James C. (drowsily) "Put it in the safe."

Martha: "Somebody said they thought I was the stingiest person in the world."

(J): "Give my love to the Douglals when you get home, will you?"

Dorothea says she would have bobbed her hair long ago, only she never did like to use so much soap. She says it spoils her complexion. Someone said, though, that she had a wonderful complexion.

Mrs. Slater is absentminded. She met Florence one day and asked:

"Hello, Florence, how is your mother?"

Carol failed to appear at school the other morning. We understand that she was seriously threatened with a history test.

Ted says he is going to flunk Bert in hydraulics.

They sit next to each other.

Prof: "How many sexes are there?"

Pauline: "Male sex, female sex, and insects."

Mr. Shaver (after long-winded proof) "And so we find that the whole expression reduces to zero."

Norma S.: "All that trouble for nothing!"

Paul says he's a regular human dynamo. Everything he has on is charged.

Dwight got stung by a rattler the other day. He bought a Ford without testing it.

"All aboard," shouted the brakeman.

"All aboard," echoed Russel Moore, as he looked out of the car window to see if any stragglers were in danger of being left, and Louis Lightner sauntered along the platform and climbed aboard just as the train started.

"That is the time you nearly got left," greeted Tom Hewitt.

"Oh, you sat right on my cake. It is all mushed." This wail from Nellie Woods or was it Rufus got up quickly.

"It was so light I thought it was a cushion." This tactful remark almost mollified Nellie in spite of the marred beauty of her cake.

"What did you folks do about classes?" asked Sam Anderson.

"Forgot I had any" answered the other Wood twin.

"Haven't missed a class all year" said Ed Rowe. "Think I have one cut coming."

At Roca the party left the train, R. Woods tenderly caring for the crushed cake. Half a mile north of the depot in the Warner woods the lunch baskets were set down. The ground was carpeted with blue violets and dog-toothed violets and Dutchmans' breeches still lingered. Soon everyone was picking flowers, the party dividing into groups.

June in Lowell's part of the country may be the ideal month but in Nebraska what is so rare as a day in May. "Then, if ever, came perfect days" for picnics.

"I'm on the top of the earth. No one can take me down." The challenger was Alta Boose, and the point of challenge, the top of the high wood pile to which she had climbed.

Russel, Tom, Rufus, and a half dozen others were quick to respond. Sam refrained when he saw Agatha's eyes upon him. There was a wild scramble and one winner.

Across the meadows to the old stone house and orchard which marks the sight of the old Warner homestead, the picnickers soon strolled. A ball game came next. The girls were winners and amid the cheers came the startled cackling of hens, Russel Moore was hunting for eggs. The picnic supper in the old orchard with the pink petals showering down upon the table was less exciting than the game but more interesting. In addition to the goodies the girls brought, there were fried eggs, potatoes, baked in the ashes and Ed Rowe ate much more cake than any physician would recommend.

When the shadows began to lengthen, the party climbed the hill to Dr. D. for a brief rest before starting home. Strawberries, ice cream and cake. Two picnic suppers in one day! Yes, and no casualties.

SIGMA GAMMA EPSILON SELECTS NEW OFFICERS

A short business meeting of Sigma Gamma Epsilon, professional geological fraternity, was held Tuesday evening at which time the following officers for the coming year were elected: President, W. G. Gish; vice president, W. W. McDonald; secretary-treasurer, H. R. Knapp; corresponding secretary, Leland Payne; historian and editor, E. V. Hanson.

Following the business meeting a short talk was given by Mr. Melvin Garrett, who since July 1919 has been with the Compana de Petroleo de Angola, in Portuguese west Africa, in geological work. Mr. Garret leaves today for the mid-continent field where he will continue his work in the oil fields there.

Palladians Rout Out the Chancellor For Midnight Announcement

One Friday night stands out in the memory of Palladians of 1903-1904. We all loved our hall in the old main building. It was to us the most homelike place on the campus. On this particular night Chancellor Andrews, our kindly friend had come to visit us.

When our business meeting began, we, of course asked the chancellor to talk. He complimented us on our hall, its furniture and especially the carpet and asked a chance to purchase it should we care to sell it. Then the bomb fell. The old hall we loved so well was to be ours no longer. We could move to the new Temple building but we must raise our share toward it. After carefully explaining the situation the chancellor left us to deliberate upon our action.

No family faced with the loss of a home ever were more gloomy than the Palladians were at that meeting. We discussed the matter from every angle and always came back to the same place—we did not want a new hall—we loved the old one and worst of all we couldn't see fifteen hundred dollars anywhere, but we had to have a hall. Palladians must not be homeless.

We always fared well with the night watch as to late hours, and this night we were given extra time because of the weightiness of the business. It was after midnight when we finally voted to raise the amount.

Our spirits rose and some one suggested that we tell the chancellor. This idea was heralded with glee, so some seventy strong, and lustily singing "John Jones," we swooped down upon the executive mansion about one o'clock in the morning. It took vigorous ringing of the bell before we succeeded in arousing E. Benjamin, as we preferred to call him, from his slumbers. When he appeared at the door in midnight attire none too well camouflaged, we greeted him with the announcement of our decision and several soul rending volleys of "John Jones." We were invited in, for the chancellor was a good scout, but even we who loved a lark at any hour, demurred at such an early morning party. However, the chancellor insisted and in we went. Mrs. Andrews and the maid were awakened, and we were served with hot drinks and wafers. We never knew how the maid felt about it, but by the chancellor and Mrs. Andrews we were cordially received and graciously served and we left bidding them "good morning" and feeling we were on our way to our new hall.

"PAL" SEMI-CENTENNIAL FESTIVITIES FRIDAY

The Palladian semi-centennial festivities are scheduled to open Friday evening in Palladian hall, on the third floor of the Temple. A reception for all Palladians, their friends and the faculty will be given at that time. Special features of the program which the active members will present will include a Palladian pageant, which is the work of Edward C. Fisher, and a group of original Paladian songs composed by James C. Wilson. Other numbers will be selections by the society orchestra and readings by Helena Allen and Luvern Polk.

Saturday from 10 to 2 o'clock open house for members will be held in Pal hall. The evening entertainment will be the homecoming banquet in the hall, with T. E. A. Williams as toastmaster. Those who will respond to toasts are Dr. B. B. Davis of Omaha, Chancellor Samuel Avery, Will Owen Jones, James C. Wilson, Miss Louise Phelps of Clarkson, Mrs. J. S. Hyatt, and several others.

M'MASTER TALKS TO DISTANCE MEN

A meeting of the cross country men was held in the chapel last night from 7:30 to 8:30 o'clock. A short talk was given by Coach J. Lloyd McMasters about training and exercises. Coach Schulte gave a talk about Nebraska's former cross country teams and he told why it was that Nebraska has not won a Valley meet in cross country lately. His reason was not enough training. He said that for a number of years Ames has won every thing along that line and it was because she had every man in god physical condition and there was at least 150 men that stayed out all season and worked hard.

Coach Schulte said if it was possible he was going to give numerals in cross country this year the same as in track. Last year there was six letters awarded and this year he hopes to have ten or twelve men wearing N's that they have earned in distance running.

Captain Williams and Nielson also gave short talks about the coming season and about last year's work.

"PAL" USES WAGON AS MEANS OF LOCOMOTION AND SINGS "JOHN JONES"

May day in the woods may not cure dyspepsia, but it is a fairly good preventative.

A hay rack and a four horse team carried the picnickers to the end of the Pen car line. It was a slow ride, but the moon was shining and no one wished that the road was shorter. The longer the ride, the longer the good time—and the next day's classes were far away. They sang "Clemantine," "Seeing Nellie Home," "John Jones," and "Annie Laurie." Forgotten were the troubles of yesterday; tomorrow was yet to come.

At the end of the car line they waited while the wagon rumbled homeward. The last car would be due in ten minutes. Everything had been well planned. A light came in sight on the track at the crest of the hill. It stood still a few minutes and then disappeared. The "crew" had reversed the car and started back to town.

For the first time, some of the picnickers admitted that it had been a long afternoon and that they were tired. Two miles to the end of the run on South 17th. The group trudged along, quiet for the first time since noon. But when they were once more aboard a street car, no one could have prevented them cheering for the University, Palladian, and Roca and singing the final verse of "John Jones."

Why did they not go by auto some student of today may ask.

Because this was in 1903, and there was not an auto in Lincoln. Picnics and picnic parties have changed with the years, but who will say that those of today bring more joy. The boys and girls of day before yesterday have only pleasant memories of their Palladian picnics.

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