

JUDGMENT TIME FOR "CROWNED CRIMINALS."

The poor enslaved masses of Europe dare not speak, so let us speak for them. Those whose wretched bodies are today food for cannon are dumb, but the crimson streams that flow from their lacerated flesh shall run crying "Mercy!" to all the children of men. Those wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths, now open their ruby lips to beg the voice and utterance of the tongues of men, and this speaking calls for the demolition of every rotten throne and vengeance upon the crowned hellions who use men as pawns and nine-pins.

Let us not forget that we, too, have stalking about our land a "robustious, perriwig fellow," whose blatant tongue cries for increased armament upon American shores and armed vessels to sail the seas.

Let us blush that we have two members of the cabinet of a peace-loving

not menace our peace, our health and our prosperity? Do we not pay for it, as well as must the enslaved masses of Europe who for a hundred years to come shall groan under the heavy load?

The answer is already seen in the increased cost of our living that was already distressing. It is seen in the ruination of our import trade—a calamity (to all but the protective tariff advocate, who is not supposed to see very much of anything that requires thought). But worse than these, it is seen in the black cloud that enshrouds the mind of the world.

Yet, let us not despair. It was Emerson who said, "Every thought thrown into the world will modify the world." So let the democratic spirit of the world center its power of thought upon the idea that when another decade shall have passed into history every detested crowned head of Europe

JOKERS HAD THEIR INNINGS

Telephone Prank That Left English Office Man Decidedly Not in the Best of Humor.

Before the eyes of a leading London stock broker there appeared for a few brief moments visions of fortune, fame and honor. He was sitting in his office when the telephone bell rang.

"Hello," he answered. "Oh, that is Mr. Plank, is it not? Why do you smoke your cigars through a holder?"

In some astonishment the broker put his cigar down.

"No, no, do not put it down, and if you do, find an ash tray for it."

This was so uncanny he shifted his chair slightly from the instrument.

"Do not move away," continued the voice, "and do not tug so impatiently at your mustache."

Down went his hand.

"Who on earth are you?" shouted the broker, "and how do you know what I am doing with my cigar and hand? You talk as if you could see me."

An amazing reply came: "I can see you. There you are, twitching your tie straight. As a matter of fact, I have invented an instrument which enables you to see over a telephone wire, and I am talking to you because I cannot finance the idea myself and want you to float it on half shares."

The possibilities of the scheme were immense. The broker, for an instant, saw himself dealing in vast orders for government departments. He saw big orders for foreign rights. It was one of the miracles of modern science. The capitalist would make a fortune, and—then he glanced out of the window across the street.

Beaming down at him from a window, overlooking his office, was a row of grinning faces, among which he recognized two or three fellow-members of the house.

Hastily he slammed down the receiver. The rosy visions faded away, and sadly he drew back out of sight.

Around the Old Drum Stove.

"Ever see any big snowstorm when you was young, Uncle Cy?" said the wit behind the counter.

"Sure, I did," cackled the old man. "I seen some whoppers. I remember one where th' snow wuz six feet above my head. Yessir."

"Oh, nonsense, Uncle Cy. That's impossible. There never was such a snow."

"It's true, I tell ye."

"It couldn't have been."

"Yes, 'twas. Six feet above my head. I guess I ought to know. I wuz down cellar at th' time!"

Divorce Made Easy.

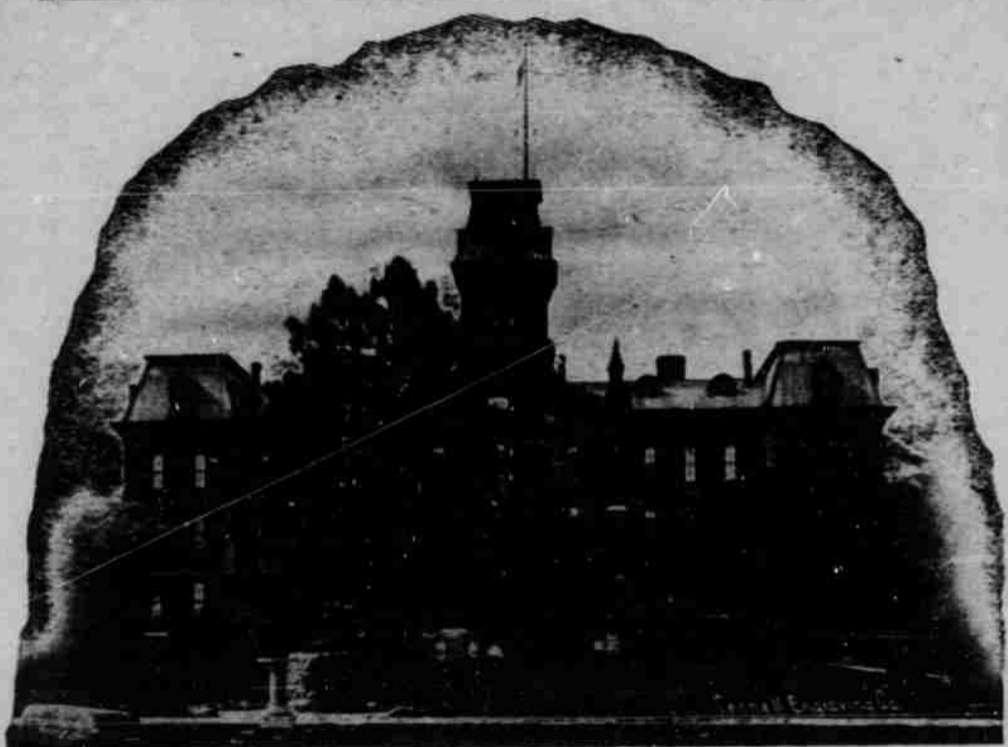
Two Mohammedan natives quarreled, and in great heat one cursed the religion of the other. To court they went, and the judge in an ecclesiastical court, it seems, declared that, since the man had cursed his own religion, he must be considered to have voluntarily renounced Islam. Therefore, as the law does not allow a marriage between a Mohammedan woman and a man who is not of that faith, the judge ordered the man separated from his wife! This is commended to our divorce lawyers in the United States!—Living Church.

Switched the Beverage.

Two old Scotch fishermen, having imbibed overmuch, were on their way home, and overcome with a great desire to sleep, accordingly they stretched themselves on the warm beach sands and were soon slumbering heavily. The tide crept in, awakening the one nearest the water as a wavelet dashed a quantity of the salty liquid into his mouth. Half asleep, he started to arise, saying: "It's time we wis awa' out o' this boose. They're changin' the drink on us."

Wanted to Know His Fate.

Of the criminal court, London, the acoustic properties are not so perfect as they might be, and there is a decided echo from the walls. Some time ago Judge Rentoul sentenced a prisoner to six months' hard labor. When the judgment was passed "Six months' hard labor" was echoed from the back of the court.



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President base enough to ask that our army and navy shall be increased in efficiency and power until their strength shall awe the world.

At this moment, however, the advocates of this infamous doctrine are silent. With Europe's streams running red with blood; with her industries languishing; with already weeping orphans and widows in despair; with the achievements of a half century of peace scattered to the winds and civilization set back a thousand years—surely that doctrine reeking with the bloody filth from deep, dark pits of shame, has received its death-blow. For let us not forget that all these nations have pursued that savage policy. For decades these nations, under the lead of the "war lord" of Germany, have been preparing for peace by increasing and perfecting the implements of war. Let us remember the infamous lie and fully know that to increase armaments and amass munitions of war is the greatest incitement to war. That is the inevitable effect of the policy of the war gods.

Oh, shame! Oh, infamy unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Is not this treachery of crowned heads of no concern to us? Does it

shall have disappeared. I would not speak as Cromwell did of Charles I, "We shall take off his crown and with the crown his head, but rather in that more civilized speech of the aged Conventionist in Les Miserables, "I would vote the death of the king, but not the man."

Yes, I believe this horrible world catastrophe will awake a world-democracy that shall overthrow every crowned head, and over the portals of the federation of nations shall inscribe the rights of man. If this horror cannot arouse the Spirit of Democracy to such achievement, what in the name of righteous heaven can do it?

However, if such be not accomplished, the world will, at least, as a lesson learned from this dark day, agree upon universal disarmament. Therefore let not America indulge in the dangerous folly of increasing hers. —Laurie J. Quinby, in The Public.

Wanted Men.

Several good college men to work for us this fall. Apply at Ludwig's, 1028 O street. 1-3

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Subject, "The Fundamentals of the Religion of Democracy," a sermon for youth.

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