

**The Daily Nebraskan**

Property of  
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA  
Lincoln

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Subscription price \$2.00 per year,  
payable in advance.  
Single copies, 5 cents each.

Entered at the postoffice at Lincoln,  
Nebraska, as second-class mail matter,  
under the Act of Congress of March 3,  
1879.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1915

THE "REDS"

The army of the "Reds" returning from their victorious contest five hundred strong looked the part of real soldiers. Tired and begrimed, they marched with slow and steady beat. This was the first touch of real service that the cadets have experienced this spring, and many of them no doubt had their first inkling of the unpleasant possibilities of the life of the men who have to fight. It is barely possible that a certain amount of this vigorous training would have a tendency to make our young men pacifists rather than militarists.

TRACK

The organized effort to boost spring athletics is commendable. Aside from developing athletes who will uphold the reputation of the school in track, it is a good thing to interest the young men of the school in track athletics for their own physical development. This is the time of the year when every one feels the need of exercise, and the sprints, distances, and weights afford excellent opportunities for getting it. Encouragement from those in charge is stimulating. The call issued by the athletic department seems to have received promising response. Many men who have never before taken any interest in athletics have joined the squad and some very good material has been found. The opportunities are good this spring for making the team and men who are in any way interested in track should put on their suits and take their place in the squad. It will be good for the individual; it will be good for the school. At present the squad numbers nearly fifty. We need a hundred. You need an hour every day for exercise—take it. Join the squad.

Through Denmark on a Bicycle

Last summer I spent five months at my mother's summer home in the northern part of Germany, and it occurred to me to take a bicycle trip through Denmark. I picked out as my destination, the most northerly town on the Danish peninsula, which is a bathing resort named Skagen.

As to equipment for the trip, I already had a good strong German bicycle and, in addition to this, I bought a sort of waterproof bag which I could strap on my back, and in this I carried my extra clothing and toilet articles.

I started out bright and early one Monday morning, the later part of July, and traveled in the direction of Denmark, which was only about thirty miles away. I took my time at first and rode along slowly, taking in the sights. The country I was passing through was densely populated, where the main industries that were carried on were farming and dairying. Now

and then I would pass through a dense beech forest and about every fifteen minutes would come to a small town. The people that saw me gazed after me as if they wondered what kind of a specimen of humanity I was. I had on a pair of corduroy trousers and a flannel shirt and they probably had never seen anyone rigged out like that before.

A little before noon I came to the Danish-German frontier and I was requested to dismount by a Danish custom official who thoroughly went through the contents of my bag in search of dutiable articles. As he found none, he allowed me to proceed. A few miles further on I dismounted and ate my lunch which I had taken along from home. Riding on for about ten miles, I came to a town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, where I decided to stop for the night. Being able to speak the Danish language fairly well, I had no trouble getting accommodations.

After breakfast next morning, I continued on my journey. I was now riding along an excellent macadamized road that was about five times as wide as the ordinary country roads of this country. All I had to do was to follow this road and it would take me within fifteen miles of my destination. My only trouble was to find my way out of large towns and on to the right road again. To do this I had to make a number of inquiries, which were always willingly answered.

That day I rode through more or less hilly country and passed a large number of beautiful lakes. Often I would become thirsty and would stop at some farm house for a drink of water. The people were always very curious and would ask me all sorts of questions about my past, present and future history. When they learned that I was from the United States, in two out of three cases they had some relative over here and they would ask me if I knew so and so in Portland, Maine, or St. Paul, Minnesota.

At about four-thirty that afternoon I came to the city of Aarhus, which has about 175,000 inhabitants and is the second largest city in Denmark. As I had already ridden about fifty-five miles that day, I decided to stop there for the night, so I looked around and found a good hotel. Immediately after dinner that evening I went to bed, as I was pretty well tired out.

Next morning I was off again bright and early. Just after leaving Aarhus I struck up an acquaintance with a Danish drummer who was riding along in the same direction. He told me he was making a complete tour of Denmark on a bicycle, selling goods for a firm in Copenhagen. It was his ambition to leave for America as soon as he could make enough money to buy a ticket. We rode together for about twenty-five miles and then I had to leave him, as he stopped off at one of the towns that we reached.

The farm houses and barns along the road had thatched roofs in many cases. The thatch is nothing more or less than straw which is tightly packed together. It is perfectly water-proof and makes the buildings which it covers exceedingly comfortable, cool in summer and warm in winter. It is upon these thatch roofs that the noted stork builds its nest. The farmers build a support for the nest on the edge of the barn roof and if a pair of storks like the location they will build there. The nests they build are huge in size, being larger than an eagle's, and they are strongly constructed of dead briars, twigs and branches, all tightly woven together. It is the belief in Denmark that the stork builds only on the houses of people who are happy and contented, and that if the occupants of the house commence quarreling, the storks will leave.

One thing that surprised me was the great amount of American farm machinery that was in use in the harvest fields. I especially noticed the McCormick reapers and binders,

which were to be seen almost anywhere one looked.

It was surprising to note how few automobiles there are in northern Europe, considering that the roads are the finest in the world. On my whole trip I didn't see more than ten machines. One of them was a big American touring car which came along at a fast rate of speed. On each side of the car were two small American flags waving in the breeze, and for a moment I felt a longing to be in the country that they represented. People never realize how much they think of their own country until they get away from it once, and when they get back and sail up New York harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, they feel like shouting for joy at being back in the good old U. S. A. again.

The third day's journey was very much like the second. I traveled about sixty miles and put up for the night at one of the towns I came to. At about noon on the fourth day I branched off from the main road which I had been following for the last three days and got on to a road that led to Skagen, my destination. After riding for a short time I came in sight of the ocean and rode alongside of it for a couple of hours. In a short time I could see the ocean on both sides of me and I noticed that I was riding out on a narrow strip of land. I also noticed that the road was becoming sandier and sandier until it became almost impassible. I stopped at the next farm house and asked if there wasn't a better road. They told me I would find it much better riding on the beach, as it was low tide and the sand would be hard and easy to ride upon. I immediately headed for the beach, and found that they were correct as it was fine riding, the beach being as level as a floor; also I could now see Skagen in the distance, only about five miles away.

Arriving in Skagen, I had no trouble finding a good hotel, as the place is a popular bathing resort and there are several large summer hotels there. I had with me a letter of introduction to the lighthouse keeper and his wife, written by my mother, for she had known them for a number of years. I therefore walked to the lighthouse next morning and presented my letter, as I was desirous of seeing the mechanism and workings of a lighthouse. After reading my letter, the lighthouse keeper would hear of nothing but that I should stay at his home, so I went to the hotel and returned with my small water-proof bag which contained all my belongings.

I spent that day looking over the lighthouse, which was a huge stone structure two hundred and fifty feet in height. The light was of many thousand candle power and the big lenses threw a beam from twenty to thirty miles out to sea.

This lighthouse is the largest in Denmark and is a very important one, as about four hundred steamers pass it every day. It is around this northern point of the Danish peninsula that most of the steamers, headed for the different ports in the Baltic, must pass.

That night there was a big celebration in honor of one of the Danish saints. Immense fires were lighted all along the coast and roman candles and sky rockets were shot off. There was a large Danish battleship lying about five hundred yards off shore and a magnificent display of fireworks was set off from it. The guns of the battleship boomed at regular intervals and its four huge searchlights played in every direction. This scene, viewed from the top of the lighthouse, was indeed beautiful. Watchfires, too, could be seen for miles down both coast lines, until they disappeared in the distance.

VICTOR W. HENNINGSEN.

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