

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Official Paper of the University of Nebraska

IVAN G. BEEDE, Editor  
LEONARD W. KLINE, Mng. Editor  
FERN NOBLE, Associate Editor  
KATHARINE NEWBRANCH, Associate Editor  
WALTER BLUNK, Business Manager  
GEORGE DRIVER, Asst. Bus. Mgr.  
MERRILL VANDERPOOL, Asst. Bus. Mgr.

Offices: Basement University Hall  
Business, Basement Administration Bldg.

Telephones: Business, B-2597  
Mechanical Department, B-3145

Published every day during the college year.  
Subscription price, per semester, \$1.

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

A new supply of freshman caps, large enough to accommodate all who were unable to get their topknots for the official cap day last week, has been received and placed on sale at the College Book Store. Every first year man may now have a cap, and he will be expected to be wearing them on the campus by the end of the week.

There are very few students who do not intend to purchase season athletic tickets before the first big game of the season, in other words, before the contest with Iowa. Why not get them in time to use them for admission to the Wesleyan game, which it is planned will be a practice session for Nebraska rooters as well as for the eleven. Both the crowd in the stands and the players on the field need to develop team-work before running up against the crucial tests that are soon to come, but unlike the team, the rooters will have few chances to prepare themselves except at the opening game. A crowd that cannot out-cheer Wesleyan will be poor support for the Cornhuskers who are to be seen in action for the first time Saturday.

ON POLITICS

Green caps monopolized the class elections yesterday. Freshmen were getting their first taste of the most fascinating pastime of University life. They were experiencing for the first time the breathless anxiety of the ardent campaigner when a hostile voter marches in to chalk up a cross against the best man in all the world. They were full of the joy of converting others to their arguments, with the pride of watching a newly-acquired member of the faith wink away with scorn the onslaughts of enemy persuaders. There's was the pure happiness of fighting whole-souledly for a conviction.

And today, which is the political tomorrow, they are discovering something which they believed last night was impossible—the world really isn't mis-arranged just because the best man lost. The sun somehow shows up such fears as mere phantasies of opinion after all. Even the plums—that wild, myth-covered fruit which yearly causes as much commotion as the apples of Paris—do not appear so appetizing now that it is known they are not to be tasted.

This is the redeeming feature of University politics. The offices are really not significant; they require no special preparation, no abnormal ability, upon the part of the elected. It is only rarely that a person who is really a mis-fit sets himself up as a candidate, and still more rarely that he is elected. If deep, ill-defined questions of merit were involved, a different sort of politics resembling more closely that of the outside world might spring up. But there is nothing of this kind to complicate the situation; party lines, such as they are, are drawn on the basis of friendship, of rewarding those who have served the University. And so, while it is great to fight for the man whom you believe to be most worthy of your vote and that of your classmates it is not particularly disastrous if both you and he are disappointed.

Because University politics is so much like the game of life it is one of the most valuable branches of student activity. Picking a champion, either a man or an ideal, and fighting for it, is about all we accomplish in this world, and the experiences we gain in championing our candidates in the face of the critical, frank, and partisan opposition of class politics will be worth while to use when, with perhaps a broader vision and more profound conviction, we set out to make our life campaign.

TRUE HEROISM

The game with Nebraska offers us all one of the greatest opportunities of the year. It isn't often one has the chance to witness true heroism, but there surely will be a chance to see it at the Nebraska-Wesleyan game. We can make up our minds right now that win or lose the wearers of the Yellow and the Brown are going to come home heroes. It takes all the qualities that go to make up a true man to enter a contest against a foe recognized as superior, determined to win, but regardless of score, keep up an undying, bull-dog, sporty fight. Wesleyan will meet Nebraska October 6, determined to win, and however the score stands from the view of college spirit our boys will win.

The admission, with student ticket is only 25c, and the profits will be given to the Red Cross. That ought to be inducement enough for everyone to be right on the bleachers yelling and cheering every minute.—The Wesleyan.

BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS

Our moralists get very excited about the pitfalls that are supposed to surround our soldiers; they are fearful the men may succumb to one or another of the destructive temptations that lure human nature from the paths of rectitude. It is proper to take reasonable precautions against these things, but everybody knows it is better to provide substitutes. A book is one substitute.

But the case for books for soldiers does not rest primarily on moral considerations. The essential fact is that the men want them. They want diversion, and they can find it in books. It is little enough that civilians can do to mitigate the hardships of soldier life and it only requires a small contribution, after all, to provide this simple yet unailing source of amusement.

It is an appeal that should come home to every man who has found pleasure in a book, whether philosophical treatise or detective story. Yet the response in Chicago has been meager. It is announced that the Twenty-first ward street cleaners classes of the community should consider the implication of that fact.—Chicago Tribune.

THE STOP-WATCH

Off with a leaping start, the trained 100 yard runner dashes down the runway, racing against time, to do his best to beat this century race. At the end of the track is stretched a tape. The moment the runner touches this tape the official time stops the stopwatch. Whether the runner has been successful is all determined by what the mechanically perfect stop-watch says.

In life, and especially in college life, there is the student who loses the spirit of the race. He seems to have the idea that he has the allotted time of a mile to run to do his meager 100 yards. Why, it apparently appears to him that he has all the time in the world to finish his college education.

Such a student doesn't realize that he has but the best years of his life to make his record. At the end of that period the stop-watch of time will close his college history. Whether he has done his best or not, all lies in the past. He must forget his lost opportunity and go forth into the wide world of commerce and industry.

The lazy or forgetful student, on finishing a college course by good luck and the grace of God, even then seems to fail to see the importance of the world work to be done. Why, to him the years unfold in time and plenty. But after all, the Almighty holds the stop-watch.

When your course of life is completed will the work be better for your having been a citizen of the twentieth century? Are your opportunities being neglected?

What will the stop-watch mean to you?—Daily Iowan.

PATRICK

These are glorious days for Thomas, son of Atkins, and for Sandy Mac-This or Mac-That, and for Sammy from over the sea, but where is the broth iv a b'y named Pat? Is Patrick less redoubtable in France. Faith, no. He is magnificent. You can't lose him. Despite the correspondents' too studied neglect, he will out—for example, in Lieut. Z's contribution to the New Scribner. Says he:

"Prisoners, their faces green with lyddite fumes, unshaved and dirty, hangdog and furtive and still afraid, shamble by in charge of some delighted Irishman, who has brought them through the crumps and the hell-fire, and is as proud of them as a cat with her kittens, and woe betide anyone who bothers his kittens; they are his kittens and to be treated with respect. 'Has any one got any fags for these poor devils or min?' Thus he announces that they are verily his kittens."

Lieut. Z. saw two such Irish gentlemen with a wounded German between them. "They were half carrying him along. Though his pains was much amused by them. 'We got him in the second line of trenches,' one Irishman said, and he hinted broadly, with such

a world of a smile, that possibly he himself had been the source of his wounds. But they had nursed him along through it all as if he was a ewe kitten. Proud? They were as proud of him as could be, and will leave him at the corps cage with deep regret, which will be mutual."

Not all the old time gallant chivalry has vanished from this war, nor will it while Pat is there.—Chicago Tribune.

THIS IS OUR WAR

The other day "Tiger" Clemenceau, French senator and editor and ex-prime minister, was talking to American soldiers in France. In one of his sentences he compared the landing of an American army on French soil with the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in America.

"Now," was his idea, "the children of the Pilgrim Fathers are returning to the Old World, disinterestedly to fight for the liberty of France and for the democracy of the world over."

We liked M. Clemenceau's speech when we read it, and we still do like it—and our war really is a war for democracy—but we don't like all the implications that some folks may draw from such a speech as the Tiger's. In various quarters we have heard people say that we are fighting for France, or that we are fighting for Britain—in other words, that we are fighting somebody else's battle. This is rubbish, for the United States is not fighting France's battle, or Belgium's battle, or Britain's battle, but fighting—or getting ready to fight—its own battle. In the meantime, France is fighting our war for us on land, while England is holding our enemies in port so that they cannot raid our harbors and shipping. We have a good navy ourselves, and even without the British navy we should give the Germans some hard battles at sea; but the point Americans must realize is that we stayed out of this war as long as we could manage—in spite of Germany's murder of Americans at sea, in spite of German plots against us at home and in Mexico, in spite of broken pledges—and now that we are in it, for us to talk about our part as being a self-sacrificing or generous part smacks somewhat of a kind of cant which nobody loves but the borg canter.

And to that sort of cant we prefer what Secretary Lane told the National Chamber of Commerce, assembled at Atlantic City. "We make war in France," said Secretary Lane, "that we may not be compelled to do battle here. Let Germany have Canada or Mexico or even Cuba, and we would go to our daily work like the Pilgrim Fathers with our guns in our hands. It may be hard that the clerk must be taken from his desk, the lawyer from his case, the fireman from his engine, the farmer from his plow, the mechanic from his lathe—but if they did not go now, they and their sons, other clerks and lawyers and farmers and mechanics, would live one long dread day of fear. This is our war."

And what we Americans do well to remember in October, 1917, is that we are mighty lucky to have loyal allies fighting out battles while we learn how.—Collier's Weekly.

TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND FOR HOME-DEMONSTRATION WORK IN THIS STATE

Ten emergency home-demonstration agents have been appointed in Nebraska, to work under the provisions of the federal food production and conservation act, which set aside \$28,000 for home-demonstration work in this state. The state has been divided, with headquarters in the following towns: Omaha, Fremont, Wayne, Central City, Chadron, Bridgeport, Holdrege, Beatrice, Grand Island, and Hastings. Each new agent appointed will be assigned to a district.

Explanation of home-demonstration work will be given to any group of women who desire it.

STENOGRAPHER WILL HAVE OPPORTUNITY TO WORK THROUGH YALE LAW COURSE

Prof. A. A. Reed has received a call from Yale University for a university graduate to earn his way through the Yale law course by stenographic work. He will serve as private secretary of one of the officers of the faculty and will hold the position for the full three years, if satisfactory. Anyone interested will please inquire of Prof. Reed at once.

JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY OFFERS A TEACHING FELLOWSHIP IN BIOLOGY

An offer has come from the James Millikin university of Decatur, Illinois, for an assistant in the biology department. The biology department offers a teaching fellowship to a candidate for a master's degree. All fees required in the course of study will be paid, and also a reasonable salary, if a desirable man is found.

The position has just become vacant through war conditions and must be filled immediately. Anyone interested in this offer can obtain more information from Prof. A. A. Reed.

MRS. EDITH SALISBURY TO SPEAK AT HOME ECONOMICS MEETING TONIGHT

Mrs. Edith Salisbury of the National Extension department, in Washington,

who was the guest of honor at the tea given by the Home Economics department, at the Farm, yesterday, will speak before the Home Economics meeting this evening at eight o'clock, in Art hall.

THE LE BARON-WHEATLEY

VOCAL STUDIOS  
Phone B4979  
Offer exceptional opportunities to University students.  
Send for new catalog.

The Evans

CLEANERS-PRESSERS-DYERS  
HAVE THE EVANS DO YOUR CLEANING  
TELEPHONES B 2311 and B 3355

One of America's Greatest Music Schools

The University School of Music

A Standard Conservatory of the Fine Arts  
Concert, Lyceum and Chautauqua Affiliations

11th and R Streets Lincoln, Nebraska



Gordon

The college man's shirt. Well made of fine white Oxford. Cut in patterns that assure perfectly comfortable fit. It is an

ARROW SHIRT

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., Makers. TROY, N. Y.

TURN YOUR SHIRT-TAILS INTO DRAWERS



What good is a Shirt-tail anyway?

IN OLUS

the outside shirt and underdrawers are one garment. This means that the shirt can't work out of the trousers, that there are no shirt tails to bunch in seat, that the drawers "stay put," to say nothing of the comfort and economy of saving a garment. OLUS is coat cut—opens all the way down—closed crotch, closed back. See illustration. For golf, tennis and field wear, we recommend the special attached collar OLUS with regular or short sleeves. Extra sizes for very tall or stout men. All shirt fabrics, in smart designs, including silks—\$1.50 to \$10.00. OLUS one-piece PAJAMAS for lounging, resting and comfortable sleep. Made on the same principle as OLUS Shirts—coat cut, closed back, closed crotch. No strings to tighten or come loose. \$1.50 to \$8.50.

Ask your dealer for OLUS. Booklet on request.  
Phillips-Jones Company, Makers. Dept. N 1199 Broadway, N.Y.

OLUS