

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Official Paper of the University of Nebraska

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Published every day during the college year except Saturday and Sunday.
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.

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Three more tennis courts will help a lot. Five courts will give every student, who wishes, a chance to play tennis once in a while. The regents, in all probability, will decide in favor of these three courts.

THE W. A. A.

The girls of the department of physical education, through the W. A. A., have accomplished a number of noteworthy things for Nebraska. They have worked under difficulties, too, for they have had to depend entirely upon themselves for the funds with which to carry out their plans.

Last year, when the first national Women's Athletic Association convocation was to be held in Wisconsin, Nebraska girls had no way of securing money to send a delegate. Nebraska was expected to send a delegate as all universities were to be represented. It was finally decided that, as over half of the annual gymnastic exhibition was to be given by the women of the department, a part of the proceeds could be used by the girls to send a delegate to this convention.

This year the Nebraska W. A. A. is sending two delegates to the meeting in Chicago.

The W. A. A. through the rewards (the sweaters and the letters as well as the good times) that it offers, encourages women to spend as much time as possible in keeping physically fit.

OUR NATION'S NEED

Next to loyalty to sound ethical principles a nation's greatest strength lies in the intelligence of its citizens. Education is the greatest safeguard against mistakes of judgment. The nation in which the mass of citizens simply accept, without thought or real conviction, what somebody else tells them, may have a form of democracy but it does not have substance. No greater service can be performed for this or any other country at the present time than that service which results in arousing the people to free, independent thought, and to courageous and free expression of personal conviction. The ignorant man, who is generally disinclined to think, becomes an easy prey for the man who is base enough to take advantage of his credulity.

Nothing has been more striking in the course of recent events, with the possible exception of popular ignorance, than the readiness of the mass of the people to believe whatever they were told, especially when it happens to harmonize with their prejudices and passions. The upheaval of the world has almost completely stripped us of our national traditions and the force of precedents. We stand face to face in the midst of debris, with the task of reconstruction. What shall the course of procedure be? Will the people to whom the country belongs seek out and call forth those who are competent and worthy to lay down clear and adequate plans for the reconstruction? Will they insist upon such an intelligible explanation of those plans as will enable them to understand what is to be done and why they are to do what is assigned them and thus become intelligent constructors of the edifice in which they and their children are to live?

The greatest statesman will be that statesman who, in the spirit of genuine patriotism, will arouse the people of their need of intelligence. He will arouse them to think and lead them so to think as to make real, independent and intelligent citizens of them. We need leadership. Not until the people themselves work out the solu-

tion of these problems as intelligent sovereign citizens will they be truly free and independent. They cannot actually accept any solution of problems, no matter how submissive they may become to solutions offered, until they have thought things through, until those solutions have become solutions for them through their own, personal convictions.—Daily Iowan.

S. W. STRAUS, IN THE THRIFT MAGAZINE

How many of us give thought to the character-building, spine-stiffening value of a Liberty Bond or a Thrift stamp?

Generally speaking, the man or woman who cannot save money is a failure, and those who can save are successes.

Thrift is an insurance policy against utter failure and the process of saving is generally of more real value to the individual than the amount saved. If thrift meant merely saving money, Benjamin Franklin would have gone down in history as a successful miser, and Lincoln and Gladstone would have borne the stigma that comes to the avaricious man.

When you buy a Liberty Bond or a Thrift stamp, you are making yourself part of one of the most colossal movements for the benefit of mankind since the dawn of history, and quietly, modestly, assuredly you also are developing within yourself a strength of character that has not been yours before.

In the years that are to come, how many a prosperous citizen, looking back to these stirring days, will say, "I laid the foundation of my fortune when I bought my first Liberty Bond back in 1918."

Give me a boy who is buying a Liberty Bond or Thrift stamps today, and I will give you a successful man in ten or twenty years. For the process of self-denial will give rigidity to his back-bone, squareness to his jaw, and clearness to his brain, and he will fight his way onward and upward to success in the face of every adverse circumstance that the evil genius of ill-luck can contrive.

Let our teachers, our four-minute orators, or preachers and all others who are valiantly working for the success of these war issues, point out the fact that when a man saves money for these purposes he is putting in one good lick for Uncle Sam and two for himself; for the nation will march on to victory, the cause of true righteousness and justice will prevail and he who fails to help is cheating himself.

Suddenly we have rushed into an era demanding individual efficiency. The heyday of the slipshod person is gone forever. Thriftlessness is a word written on the page of a book that is closed. The day of doing things to the very best advantage is here. We have reached the period when thrift has come into its own. The whole world has tightened up its belt.

The man who succeeds from now on is he who can do, and do, and do. Individual camouflage will no longer bring success. Hereafter only the man who can do things best will be called to sit among the mighty.

The war has brought about so much waste and destruction that there is no place now for the idler, the incompetent, and the spendthrift. If you are a young man with ambitions for a successful career, I say to you, above all things else: "Learn thrift." And the way to learn thrift today is to buy a Liberty Bond or a collection of war savings stamps. Billboards by day and blazing electric lights by night are flashing the message to us that thrift will win the war. The very air is surcharged with it. It is easy to start the opening wedge of a thrifty career now. Bands are playing, the boys are marching, the flag is waving.

A hundred million Americans can read their duty as clearly as the sun in the sky. Be thrifty, stop waste, buy a Liberty Bond. The man who cannot become thrifty today with all this encouragement; with the whole civilized world, as it were, back of him, urging him on in his worthy endeavor, is indeed a hopeless drifter and an incurable spendthrift.

If he cannot start saving now, his fate is sealed forever.

None of us ever will see again days such as these. Never again will there be the stirring encouragement to practice thrift that we have today, and in the midst of it all, let us grasp its complete significance.

If you have never saved before, start now. Not only will your Liberty Bond bring your country a step

nearer victory, but it will open up to you a new life. It will impart a new viewpoint. It will bestow upon you the real secret of all success—self-mastery.

HALF AND HALF

"Captain, the compass needle is most erratic. We cannot tell where we are"

"Devil take it. That's the result of all the crew getting the Iron Cross."

—Passing Show.

To the Rear, March

Patriotic Old Lady (to youth who is milking a cow). "Young man, why aren't you at the front?"

"Because the milk is at this end, ma'am."—Widow.

Judge. "Where did the automobile hit you?"

Rastus: "Well, jedge, if I'd been carrying a license numbah it would hab busted it to a thousand pieces."—Dallas News.

He: "I've decided to enlist."
She: "When did you funk out?"
—Record.

It was visiting day at the hospital. The visitors were mostly old ladies, and one of them stopped at the bed of a Tommy and asked him a question he had been asked a score of times before, thus:

"How did you come to be wounded, my brave fellow?"

"By a shell, mum," replied the hero. "Did it explode?" queried the lady. "No," answered Tommy rather bored; "it crept up and bit me."—Tid-Bits.

"Hey, Cat, I got news for you, I have."

"Hello, Bugs. What's the news?" "I just found out my uncle's an old veteran, an' has a hickory leg."

"Aw, that's nothing. My dear ma had a cedar chest."

Bashful Lover (still saying good-bye in the vestibule at 2 a. m.): "Your father is just coming in; what shall I do?"

Clever Maiden: "Sh; stand in the corner, put your hat on, hold your coat and look like a clothes tree."—Punch Bowl.

Careless

Jeanne (at the track meet): "My, but it's a cold day to be without stockings."

Horace (absently): "Why did you leave the moff?"—Purple Cow.

None Immune

Flattery is the food of fools. They love each juicy bit. Yet where's the man with soul so dead Who doesn't fall for it?
—Minnesota Daily.

Spring has come. The Library steps are once more thronged with merry loafers, who sit and knit and gossip about this wedding or that basketball game, or that girl's new hat. Great is the life of the co-ed.—Student Life.

Sign of Spring

"Meester Student: ain't got no old clothes vat you vish to sell, yes?"—Daily Kansan.

"Found—Lady's silk dress in my yard at 203 Ash Ave." This was the verbal 'want ad' received over the telephone at one of the sorority houses recently.

"Leave it there. No one here has been scattering her belongings to the four-winds," was the frigid reply to the would-be friend and neighbor.—Iowa State Student.

She, walking into the Library: "I want the 'Red Ship'."
Girl at desk: "What?"
She: "Well, perhaps it's the 'Scarlet Boat.'"
Girl at desk, after a futile search: "I don't believe that we have it."
She: "Oh, I was mistaken. I want the Rubaiyat."—Minnesota Daily.

We want to enter in the "little-things-that-count" contest, the feet whose proud possessor tramps on our feet and gently says, "Excuse me, please."—Ohio State Lantern.

If the Chancellor gets scared when he addresses the "mob" at chapel, will Bishop Quayle?—Student Life.

FRANEY HAS EXTENDED EXPERIENCE IN NAVY

Writes Letter Telling of His Travels In Service of Uncle Sam

E. D. Franey, A. B. '04, has written a letter to the Cornhusker in which he relates in an interesting manner some of his experiences since leaving the University. Mr. Franey began the service in the navy as assistant paymaster, and is now paymaster with

rank of lieutenant commander. The letter follows in part:

March 25, 1918.

I entered the United States navy as an assistant paymaster with the rank of ensign, in July, 1905. I was on duty in Washington until October of that year, when I was ordered to the Asiatic station, where I served on the U. S. S. Ohio, U. S. S. Monadnock and U. S. S. Helena, cruising in various parts of China, Japan and the Philippine Islands. I was returned to the United States in 1908, and had a short tour of duty in Washington at the Bureau of Chemistry for instruction in food inspection. I served at the Brooklyn navy yard for several years at the provision and clothing depot, and in the clothing factory. In 1911 I returned to the Asiatic

station, serving at Cavite and Olongapo, P. I., until 1913. Orders then carried me to Puget Sound, Washington, for two years. Since 1913 I have been continuously at sea on the Pacific until the outbreak of the war, when the armored cruiser squadron went to the east coast of South America on diplomatic duty. My ship, the U. S. S. Pueblo, recently returned to the United States and engaged in convoy duty.

I was detached from sea duty in March, 1918, and am now on duty in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. My present commission is paymaster with rank of lieutenant commander.

Yours very truly,
E. D. FRANEY, A. B. '04.

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