

HAND GRENADES

"BUY A BOND"

The Kaiser sat in his chair of state
And clenched his good right hand;
Looking askance at a human mistake,
At his hon, the Clown of the Land.

"When this war broke out," said Kaiser Bill,
"And we figured the spoils we'd make;
I promised you the United States
For you to sell or to take.

"But witness, my son, what has come about,
From a nation I counted as bunk;
With its thousands of men who continue to come
Tho the 'U-boats' have sunk and sunk.

"Do you know what's gummin' your one time chance
Of ruling this race of swine?
Why, an insane buying of government bonds
That is beatin' a path to the Rhine.

"And now when the fighting has hit us hard,
While we work with a lack of supplies;
Along come the Swine with their liberty loans,
And I soothe my people with lies.

"But forever, my son, is a long, long time,
And I can't back these lies all alone;
So push the warfare and pray as you go, and—
Oh, damn their Liberty Loan!"
—GAYLE VINCENT GRUBB.

Save for Your Country or Slave for the Hun.

AN ABSENT MINDED PATRIOT

He said he'd like to have the chance
To fly by land or sea,
And yet in absent minded way
Put four lumps in his tea.
—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE DRIFT ETERNAL

(Copyright, 1918, by the N. Y. Tribune)

There's a long, dull hike down a dusty, crusty road,
And you wonder how they are back home;
There are fifty pounds of packing for an all day load,
And you wonder how they are back home;
There's a billet may be waiting where the floors are bare,
And a night wind lashes from the raw, damp air,
But you never think about it and you never seem to care.
As you wonder how they are back home.

You've finished up your ranging with your guns in place,
And you wonder how they are back home;
The ghostly darkness settles and the rain is in your face,
But you wonder how they are back home;
You've sent along your orders through

the shadow and the rain,
And the guns have barked their message to the Hun across the plain,
But the echo's hardly settled to a breath of a refrain
Till you wonder how they are back home.
—Grantland Rice, Lieutenant, 115th Field Artillery, A. E. F.

There's fun as well as anguish connected with hunting the elusive louse, but the best line, according to the major in charge of "anti-cootie" campaigning, comes from "Scratchville." "Scratchville" is the popular name the boys have given to a hospital in Lorraine where skin infections arising from "cootie" bites are cared for. "Scratchville" always has patients. One day when the major was making an inspection round, a patient of "Scratchville" yelled with beaming eyes, "Say, Doctor, don't you think I ought to get the Croix de Guerre? I just captured a cootie with seven service stripes on him."

In a certain village just behind the lines in Lorraine, within easy range of German guns, as evidences show, the German has shown his idea of culture. For months the Germans have been shelling this tiny village, until but one building stands untouched among all the ruins. It is a prominent building and one that could be easily hit. This large building stands apart from the rest, and is conspicuous. But it is never fired upon, and probably never will be. There's but one reason one can find why this building is undamaged, and everything else is pulverized. The building is a brewery.

There are various ways of consoling the folks back home by means of letters, and the censor is the man who enjoys the consolation most. He knows what is what, and does not take consolation too seriously.

The prize among consolation stories is that of a chap in a certain company out at the front who wrote to his wife that he had taken out 10,000 dollars life insurance with Uncle Sam. The private pointed out what a fine thing this insurance was, and waxed eloquent. He closed his letter with: "All you have to do, Mary Dear, is sit on your chair and wait."

The German air service considers itself quite clever in the schemes and tricks it figures out. But now and then Heinie tries something which boomerangs back on himself. Recently a flock of German aviators decided to deceive allied flyers by painting allied designs on German machines. They were fine designs, almost as good as the allies themselves could make, so good that the boches shot down three of their own planes unwittingly, so prisoners say. Again Heinie is flying with his own iron cross on his machines.

The More Bonds the Fewer Casualties.
Enlist as Our Soldiers Do. Buy Liberty Bonds.
Bonds Buy Bayonets.

Announcement

¶ This notice is paid for by the First Congregational Church not for profit but just to let University people know that they are more than welcome at its services. ¶ Dr. John Andrew Holmes, who has made a specialty of preaching to State University students and professors during a period of ten years, has charge of the service at 10:30 every Sunday morning. ¶ At 12 three student classes, one for student girls, led by Mrs. E. L. Hinman, one for both men and women, led by Dr. Hinman, and one for men led by Mr. Will Owen Jones, editor of the State Journal, all present rare opportunities. ¶ At 6 the Young People's Society give a fellowship luncheon and at 7 its regular meeting is held, which is attended principally by students. ¶ Sometimes also there is an evening service at 8, as occasion requires. ¶ Come to everything. You will feel at home.

SEND

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