

ARMY CAMPS FIELD FOR SOCIAL SERVICE

Nebraska Student in Salvation Army War Work Tells Experiences at Vespers

A little glimpse of the big vision of social service, as it came to Miss Helen Sparks, now a student in the University of Nebraska, while doing Salvation Army war work in the United States during the recent war, riveted the attention of a large audience at vespers Tuesday when an address by Miss Sparks featured the program. "I lost my faith in man and I lost my faith in God," she declared, as she referred to the terrible human wreckage of New York City and the utter selfishness of its people. Then a man with a man who had gone through the same experience brought to her a vision of a supreme God with men and women participating in His big work instead of doing the petty things.

Her first insight into the real meaning of social service came while doing work in the labor department. There she was associated with people who devoted their entire time to the betterment of living conditions of working people.

Upon her return home she found that with few exceptions, the women of her town who had been college women, were doing only petty, selfish things, absolutely disregarding the opportunity to help the distressed soldiers adjust themselves to civil life.

Miss Sparks first did canteen work at Camp Cody, New Mexico, then she entered the work in the labor department at New York and later was transferred to canteen service in the embarkation camp at New York.

Miss Sparks appeared in her Salvation Army war worker's uniform.

The other parts of the vesper program were devotional exercises led by Miss Marian Wyman and a piano solo by Miss Mary Elizabeth Graham.

"I could have listened to that all night" and "Vespers are getting better all the time" are remarks heard at the close of the program.

A NEW O. HENRY BOOK

A new O. Henry book, "Waifs and Strays," is to be brought out October 11th by Doubleday, Page & Company. A dozen short stories never before published in a popular edition are here assembled. Together with them appears a wealth of anecdote, reminiscence, and appreciation of the man who invested with new wonder the City of Too Many Calliphs. Among the stories is included "The Snow Man," the last tale O. Henry ever worked on. Death, it will be remembered, struck him down before the end was reached and Harris Merton Lyon—who now also is dead—finished the story in accordance with an outline O. Henry had sketched to him. The Lyon ending is given in the forthcoming book.

The personal reminiscences are contributed by Arthur W. Page, who quotes vividly from O. Henry's correspondence, George Jean Nathan, Arthur Bartlett Maurice and others. F. P. A., of the New York Tribune, tells of his collaboration with O. Henry on the one occasion when the latter attempted to write for the stater, Christopher Morley, whose new novel, "The Haunted Bookshop," is creating considerable furor on its own account just now, contributes an appreciation in verse. So does Vachel Lindsay. And there are critical estimates by William Lyon Phelps, Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist, and A. El. John Adcock. Another feature of considerable interest is a complete index to all the O. Henry stories. Taken altogether, the new book promises a budget of material which no lover of O. Henry can afford to miss.

Little Annie was very fond of ripe olives, and her mother had to watch her to see that she did not indulge too freely. One day there was company and Anne managed to have the olive dish stopped near her plate. After the dinner her mother pointed to the pile of pits on Annes' plate and asked: "How could you make such a pile of yourself? I should think you would be ashamed to see so many pits, and ashamed to have others see them." Anne hung her head and replied: "I was. That's the reason I threw all the rest of them on the floor."

A stranger dining at a foreign hotel was accosted by a detective, who said to him: "Beg your pardon, we are in search of an escaped convict, and as a matter of form you will oblige us by showing your passport." "Do I look like a convict?" "Possibly not, in any case I shall require to see your passport." The stranger, feeling annoyed presented the officer with the bill of fare and the latter commenced to read: "Sheep's head, leg of mutton, pig's feet." "Very good," he observed, "the description tallies. You will please come along with us."

BUBBLES

Just because someone yells "Watch out!" is no sign that they want to know the time.

A freshman indulging in reminiscences the other day, recalled that a year ago, he was combing his hair pompadour.

A man who recently bought a pair of shoes made the remark that they reminded him of a group of suffragettes, in that their tongues are always out of place.

Essay No. 5—The 8 O'clock

The 8 o'clock class is about as popular on the campus as a compulsory convocation would be. The preparation for this class is accomplished by rising at a quarter of 8, putting on the outer raiment in the next five minutes. Then decorating the exterior of the countenance with shredded wheat for the next 5, and then the dash to the class. Said dash is executed by putting six coppers in the jingling coffers of one Mr. Sharpe, or by the use of the machine, vulgarly known as automobile. Some students still walk, but they are in the minority and need not be considered. The tired and sleepy look as the classroom is entered, conveys to the students already assembled, the fact that you have been out late the night before. But to the instructor this look means something different. It shows the aforementioned pedagogue that you have burned the midnight oil into the wee small hours, in an effort to master his course thoroughly. Immediately after the class has begun, a sound sleep should be indulged in until 8:50, when it is considered good form to come to life and make the exit into the huge mass of humanity and become lost in its midst until 24 hours have elapsed, when a repetition of the above again takes place.

Tomorrow: The haircut, or a head of the times.

Why is it that the girl who never does any work in her life, is always busy, when a man calls up for a date?

We met a young man the other day who reminded us of Buffalo Bill. He was a good scout.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE

"I tell you, gentlemen," said the great explorer to the crowd in the hotel smoking room, who were listening breathlessly to his recital, "you can't imagine what things are like in the Arctic regions."

"Oh, I don't know," said one. "Even if we haven't seen it, we can imagine what it feels like."

"I doubt it. It's impossible until you've really seen it; until you've stood there a small insignificant atom, surrounded by vast stretches of white—"

"Oh, yes I know!" I've been like that."

"Really!" And where was that may I ask?"

"First time I appeared in public in a dress shirt!"—Dallas News.

A woman recently received a notice from the medical inspector of a certain school that "after careful examination it develops that your small son's tonsils are infected and must be removed at once." To which she made reply: "Dear Doctor—I have received your note in regard to the removal of my young son's tonsils, which action, I gather, must be taken immediately. I assure you that I am ready and eager to follow your advice, and would do so instantly but for the fact that you have neglected to state where you wish them removed. The tonsils you speak of are now, I believe, in a bottle in Dr. Blank's office, having been held in trust by him for me since the spring of 1915. Do you wish them removed to the school building, or your office, or elsewhere? Yours very truly, Mrs. J. B."

An honest old farmer came in the house and found a sewing machine agent demonstrating to the women what fine work it would do. The agent asked the farmer to bring him a shingle, and said: "I will show you that the Wonder Worker machine will do heavy work, for I will stiten right across the tip of the shingle, where it is at least one-sixteenth of an inch thick." "Not interested," said the farmer. "Over 'cross here 'bout three miles northeast a young man built a house last summer and I'll be darned if his wife didn't take her mechanical wonder sewin' machine and stitch on ev'ry blame course of clapboards, from gable and eaves clean down to the sills." As the agent slammed his machine into his light truck and chugged away the farmer turned to his wife and said: "Well, Rita, I sewed that agent up all right, didn't I? Now let's have supper."

THE COLLEGE WORLD

The University of North Dakota requires its freshmen to wear pink and green skull caps to all athletic events.

The W. A. A. of DePauw University is conducting a series of hikes. A considerable amount of interest is being shown in the work.

Ex-sailors of the university of Illinois have organized themselves into a society. Not such a bad idea for Nebraska.

It is thought that Oklahoma will be the birthplace of the first national religious fraternity, since the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. have both doubled their activity.

At the University of Nevada freshmen are compelled to attend yell meetings under penalty of a dip in a lake or ditch. They also must wear a white cap similar to a "rob" hat at all times.

IN DAYS GONE BY

Two Years Ago Today

Four-Minute men urged food conservation.

Freshmen olympic try-outs tonight.

Huskers hold long scrimmage preparing for battle with Missouri tigers.

One Year Ago

S. A. T. C. lads were using more than 3,000 sheets of paper daily.

Captain Hubke said the prospects were good to score on the Fort Omaha balloon school the next Saturday.

THE PARIS OF THE NOVELISTS

Where stood the tavern at which Thackeray found the bouillebaisse that inspired him to song? What is the precise locality of the house whither Maupassant's Georges du Roy went to visit Madame Forestier? Where was Balzac living when he brought into being Pere Goriot—and who lived 'round the corner, and what did it all have to do with Pere Goriot, anyway? These, and a hundred others like them, are the questions Arthur Bartlett Maurice answers in his forthcoming book, "The Paris of the Novelists," scheduled for publication October 11th by Doubleday, Page & Company. And whether you have ever given thought to such questions or not, you can scarcely help being fascinated by the manner in which Mr. Maurice sets forth the answers.

The people of Monte Cristo, "The Three Musketeers," "Trilby," all the books of Paris you ever read and loved, take on new life in these pages and move again for your delectation. The trails of British and American writers who have invaded Paris through their stories are also picked up and traced out for you. Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, Harry Leon Wilson—all these have at one time or another turned the steps of their plots Paris-ward. Just where and when and how and what came of it all Mr. Maurice knows and tells you in this intimate, chatty, gossipy, highly informal volume. The result is more than merely a book of literary reminiscence and anecdote. It is a delightful travel book, a study of French manners and a guide to the heart of the "world's capital" as well.

A number of graceful line drawings and old etchings enhance the appeal of the text.

THE WRONG OFFICE

An absent-minded professor out of a job got one temporarily as a book agent.

"Permit me to show you a new dictionary of the English language," he said to the first man on whom he called.

"But I don't speak the English language," impatiently responded the man, who happened to be a busy lawyer.

"I—beg your pardon," hastily apologized the absent-minded professor, as he backed out.

"Germany can argue and fuss, but she'll get practically nothing off the peace treaty." The Speaker was Representative Steenerson. "Yes," he went on, "Germany's declamations are as futile as the interruptions of the widow. This widow, her black-edged handkerchief to her eyes, sat listening to her late husband's funeral sermon. And the dean departed, said the preacher 'was singularly blessed in his helpmate, now left a disconsolate widow of sixty-one years.' 'Fifty-nine, if you please, doctor—only fifty-nine,' said the widow sharply, and then she resumed her weeping."

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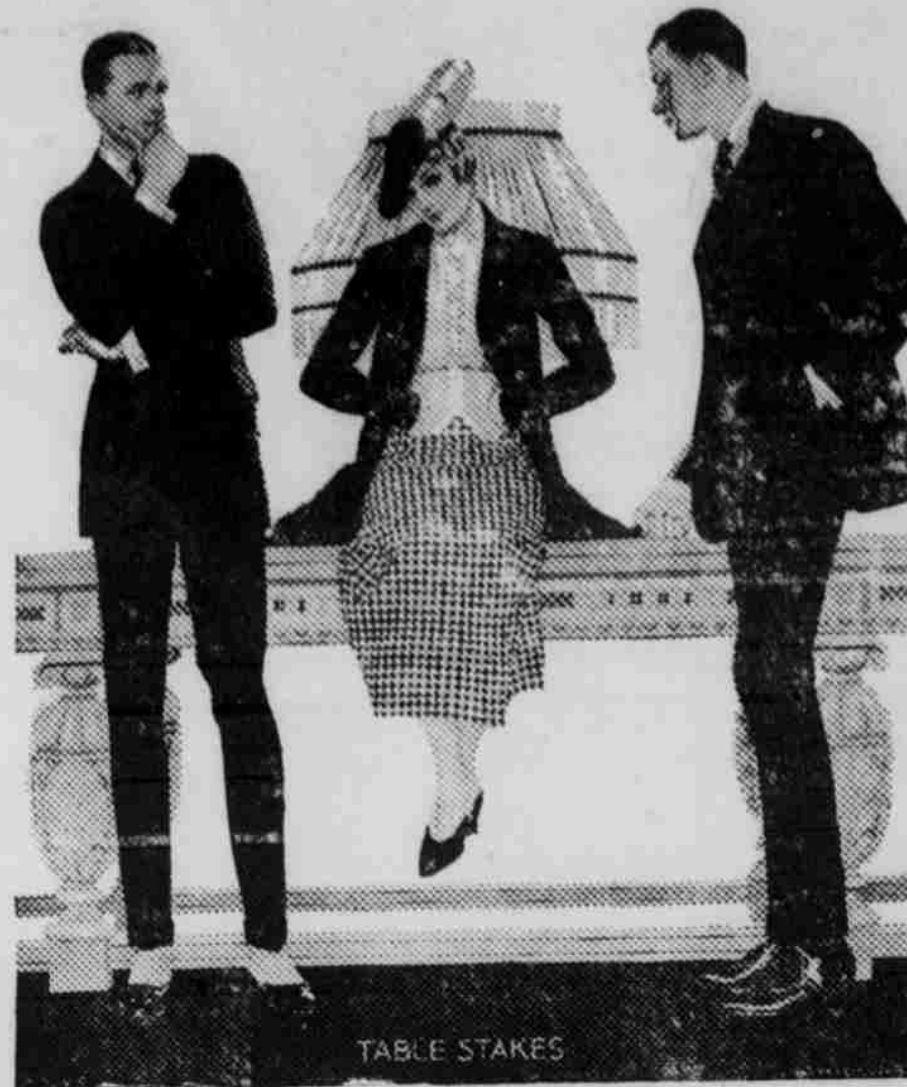


TABLE STAKES

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