

**FORESTERS ARE ADVERTISERS**

**STUDENTS CARRY PRAISE OF NEBRASKA DURING SUMMER VACATION.**

The wide dispersal of the forestry students during the summer months each year gives rise to a considerable amount of advertising of our school at Nebraska among many other large institutions throuth the country. This is an item of no mean value to the school, for it is a thing to be desired that the University should be known as a live wire and mean more than a mere name to the more distant schools with which there is usually but little contact.

The area covered by the foresters is great. For example, this past summer there were twenty-eight men in the field from the University of Nebraska, who were located from New York to the coast range in California and from the Canadian border in Montana to Texas. Every state west of Nebraska, except two, had at least one forest with a Nebraska student on it. The fact that the men were so largely scattered does not, however, signify so much as the fact that they were in intimate contact with foresters from other schools. It is this close relationship with the men from many different schools that brings Nebraska to be known far more widely than otherwise. There is nothing that will make men know each other better than to work side by side in the field, and every college man delights in telling of the glory of his own school. So it is, that thru the toil of the long summer months each forester is doing his duty by the school back here in Lincoln, by sticking up for it thru thick and thin and never tiring in praising its sterling qualities.

But advertising may be either good or bad, and some may fear we do a poor job. With these we have but little time to argue, but can say that from the very large per cent of Nebraska men who have made good in the field we certainly can hold our place with all comers.

**RECONNAISSANCE MENU.**

What is a flapjack? It is flat and round,  
And served with the morning meal,  
Eaten by those whose teeth are sound,  
For it's tough like a rubber heel.  
An experience of a lifetime you will always lack,  
If you never have tasted a camp flapjack.

What is a dough ball? A biscuit, I guess,  
Is what they call it in town.  
It's made of sand and finely ground

stumps,  
So soggy it will hardly go down.  
If you never have met this doctor's delight,  
Run like ——— when you see one, keep out of its sight.



**RECONNAISSANCE**

What then is Mulligan? A mysterious dope  
Concocted by cruel, heartless cooks;  
Composed of everything known to man,  
And it tastes a lot worse than it looks.  
If you ever have eaten this villainous stuff,  
You'll agree with me, one taste is enough.  
J. R. B.

The following, taken from the 1911 Sportophyte, are too good to keep. They are guaranteed extracts from examination papers.  
Medullary rays are stored light in the plant to supply energy for work.  
Chloroplasts divided by fishing.  
Food travels from cell to cell to the Bachelor bundles.

**THE LIFE OF A FOREST RANGER**

The poets have written their songs of praise,  
Of the man who loves to toil,  
Who is stirring around before day light,  
And who burns the midnight oil.

But I waken the Muse to show good sense  
Of the wiser Ranger Man,  
Who never will work unless he must,  
And who loafs whenever he can.

He watches the struggles of the other men  
With a calm, superior smile;  
For as long as they work  
He knows he can rest and write his report meanwhile.

For the Government takes care of the Rangers,  
And so it will ever be,  
So why should he struggle and worry and work

When he gets a good living free?  
The only true philosophy  
Is that of the Ranger Man,  
Who never will work unless he must,  
And who loafs whenever he can.

He has no cause to lay up wealth,  
He has no cause to save,  
For the Government will pay his salary through life,  
And the county will dig his grave.

The Ranger's life is joy  
His days are spent in play;  
His weeks are fun without alloy,  
His months one happy round delay.

But just to keep himself in trim  
He works a bit each day  
Monday sees a mile of trail,  
Blocked by a landslide's fall.

He mends a couple of bridges frail,  
And cuts a grade on a canyon wall,  
But aside from putting the grade in shape,  
He does no work at all.

Tuesday finds him full of sand,  
And clean as a chimney sweep,  
He rides ten miles to the driveway stand  
And tallies ten thousand sheep.

But seeing this trifle duty done,  
He spends the day in sleep.  
Wednesday morning some tourists came,  
Loaded with ignorance, matches and gall;

Well primed to set the Forest aflame  
And burn the timber straight and tall,  
He trailed them until they were safe in bed,  
But otherwise did no work at all.

Thursday a couple of thieves he caught  
Filing fake claims to get the wood  
This day's work almost came to naught,  
For they were friends of Senator Good.

But after the gang was safe in jail,  
He loafed as a Ranger should  
Friday he made a timber sale  
With a certified check as security;

He figured the stand by the decimal scale,  
And branded "U. S." on every tree  
So while he might have done some work,  
He passed the day in ecstasy.

And Saturday, like the rest of the week,  
He played at tennis and golf and ball,  
He shod his pony, cleaned the creek

Burned some litter and built a stall  
But generally speaking, the livelong day,  
He wrote his reports, that's all  
The Forest Rangers' mottoes stand  
"Create, Protect, Restore."

To help home builders with the land  
And bring comfort on every hand  
Now and forever more

Seedtime and harvest he computes  
And from her plentiful store  
Summons Dame Nature's attributes,  
To make two saplings shoot their shoots  
Where one shot heretofore.

He stops the fires that send the floods  
Which tear the valley floor,  
And ruin the farmer's corn and spuds  
So the two cows may chew their cuds  
Where one cud heretofore.

Where only sage and caeti grow,  
With ditch and reservoir,  
Fed from the mountain's protected snow,

He sees two drops of water flow  
Where none flowed heretofore.

And as the fruit of his master hand  
And knowledge of Forest lore,  
Bearing the Stockman's glaring brand  
We see a team of horses stand  
Where one stud heretofore.

So here's to the Ranger's fireside,  
May his tribe increase galore,  
And may ten Forest Rangers ride  
On road or trail or steep divide,  
Where one rode heretofore.

**TREES.**

Trees grow on mountain sides, in remote country districts, and in some residential districts. They furnish shade, presidential timber, and when sliced thin, delicious breakfast foods. Trees are useful for cutting down, and furnish occupation for the otherwise unemployed. In the form of railroad ties, they furnish a basis for bond issues and for stock market panics.

Trees may be oak, beech, chestnut, or elm, but they are always popular. They make excellent fire, especially when made into some novels.

Trees are brown and green, but when made into paper are generally yellow. This is when they bark loudest.

Trees were at one time used for hanging purposes. Now we use investigating committees, thus showing the advance in civilization.

Among rock-a-bye babies the tree-top is a favorite. Later on the Christmas tree is in vogue. At the club, the only tree used is the hat-tree.

Americans consider themselves superior to all trees. That is why they cut them so.—Lippincot's.

**Going Home This Week? 24 Sample Trunks**

IF ANY OF YOU PEOPLE FROM THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL, or in fact any one else, have need of a good, serviceable trunk, here is your opportunity.

24 STEAMER AND DRESS TRUNKS, in a good range of sizes from the small 32 Steamer up to the large, roomy, 40 inch Dress Trunk. These trunks are all in good condition and perfect in every way.

Originally they were used as sample trunks at the factory, therefore are as strongly made and nicely designed as possible.

WE BOUGHT THEM AT A REDUCTION OF 1-3 OFF: THE SAVING WE OFFER YOU.

AT

**1-3 OFF**

On Sale in Men's Department

**Rudge & Guenzel Co.**

Don't Delay in Your Selection