

**THE DAILY NEBRASKAN**

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After blaming the war on Russia, England and Belgium, the Kaiser might complete a quartet of parties responsible for forcing him into this war of conquest by pointing an accusing finger at the tomb of Napoleon. The Kaiser himself, and in a greater degree his son, who is a powerful factor in determining the foreign policy of the Wilhelmstrasse, is a great admirer of the gloomy-eyed Corsican. Former Ambassador Gerard, in his articles on Germany and the war, mentions the wonderful collection of relics—Napoleon—possessed by the crown prince, and tells of the prince's confession of a dream to emulate him. Historically Napoleon may be connected with the present war in a number of ways. The German government and the German school system learned much from Napoleonic reforms and organization in France. The Kaiser has his debating club, the Reichstag, just as Napoleon had his legislature. Napoleon also furnished the Kaiser with wonderful examples of press censorship and the distribution of propaganda. Looking at another angle, the far-reaching influence of the first Emperor of the French has contributed indirectly toward making the present situation possible. It was Napoleon's iron heel, which trampled on all the numerous petty states comprising the present territory of the German empire, that first made German-speaking people see the need of forming a close consolidation against their neighbors on east and west. His insulting disregard for Prussia and high-handed manner in dealing with the once proud house of Hohenzollern kindled the sparks of patriotism and the longing for a strong, unconquerable fatherland which have made the present German military and political system psychologically possible. Such instances as these are numerous, and all of them may be believed with more or less reason to have contributed to the forces which plunged the world into conflict. If, failing in his attempt to fix the blame on the governments he has so far accused, the Kaiser should decide to charge Napoleon with the responsibility, he would find other advantages besides those facts—he would not have to contend with an answer from Napoleon, and he would be choosing a man whom the world has become accustomed to blame for most everything wrong that has happened since his time.

**ECONOMY WITH REASON**

Nebraska has so far escaped from that dangerous malady, unwise economy, which takes the form of pinching the proverbial penny. At one time last spring it did look for a while that the campaign for economy in food and resources would bring with it a tightening of the purse strings, but fortunately summer came, and with it quiet and time to see things clearly. We know now that hoarding money is dangerous; that saving unwisely for a rainy day may bring a cloudburst that will sweep all away. Economy, like all virtues, can be practised in such a way that it is harmful. This is of course a time when we do not care to spend our money foolishly for superfluities, but it is surely a time when we should subscribe freely, within our means, to all the many worthy causes which the war has brought. Nebraska students have shown during the summer more and more interest in this sort of giving, and less and less in foolish spending. It would be fine if Nebraska University could back up the record her soldiers are making with a record for hearty financial support of every war enterprise that looks for voluntary subscription for support.

**THE FIGHTERS AND THE HATERS**  
By Ernest Poole  
(McClures)

If you believe that on this war depends the strength of democracy in the world for generations to come; if

you want to see America go in hard wit hall her resources; if you want to do your utmost yourself and get others to do the same—look about you for the quiet men. They are the ones who will help you most, for they will be the real Fighters here. In the training camps and out with the fleet and on our destroyers over the sea, it will be easy to find such men, for they will be the predominant type. But if you are to be one of those who render service in this war in the thousand and one activities which are so vitally needed here, both to back up the men at the front and to make this struggle in very truth count for democracy everywhere, then it will not be so easy to find the men and women whom you need, the ones who are willing to work day and night. For they will not be so conspicuous as the Self-advertisers and Haters who will arise on every hand.

To hear such folk inveigh against Germany, you might think they were the fighters here. But in Europe it has not been so. I remember a woman in London who was like many now in New York. She told me in a voice quivering with bitterness that even when the war was over she wanted nothing but evil to come to every man and woman and child in the German empire. Meanwhile, so far as I could find, she was doing nothing for the war. She took it out in talking. In London there were not many like her, for the English are not good Haters. But in Berlin there were thousands. I remember, one evening in Beethoven Saal, looking down from the low gallery upon a throng of well-dressed people listening to an actor who was reciting the "Hymn of Hate." The little man was hysterical; he tore his rage to tatters; his hatred of the people of England was to endure to the end of time. And those people rose and cheered him until the great hall seemed to rock with the noise. I was told by one of them that night:

"We Germans now all feel like that. You will hear the "Hymn of Hate" sung by the boys in the trenches all along the Western front."  
But I went to the boys in the trenches and found them big stolid German youths, standing out there in the drenching rain and quietly fighting for Germany. They had no time for hating. And from all the correspondents I know I have heard it is the same in the French and English trenches. They are too busy killing Germans to hate them. And so it is, all over Europe. As you leave Berlin or Vienna, London, Paris, Petrograd, Rome, and travel toward the battle-lines, the shrill, hysterical cries of the Haters die away; and you come upon the Fighters, the quiet men who are working hard at the business of war, enduring privations, exhausting toil, and sundering and disease and death, and taking it all as a matter of course. They fill in their leisure hours with jolly little songs and games. Fighters have no time to hate.

And so over here as we enter the struggle, if you engage in any one of the numberless tasks that are needed to back up our allies abroad and later our own armies in France, you will have no time for hatred. You will need all your strength and all your time, you will give yourself heart and soul to this cause, you will do your share in that hard, clear laborious thinking and planning and working without which this war will be of little or no avail to mankind.

Shall it be a useless slaughter or a great blood sacrifice, out of which shall emerge a world more brotherly and tolerant, more liberal to everyone, more safe for democracy? How avoid waste and blunders? How make the strength of America tell to the very utmost to bring the war to such an end as will mean a real victory for our principles? How rid ourselves of the shams and lies that are bound to creep in? How clear up our minds all over the land, East and West and North and South, and unite on a few great purposes, simple, honest and sincere? What peace terms are we to ask?

To such thinking hatred is no ally but an inveterate enemy. The Haters are interested in revenge and all the resulting bitterness that can lead to other wars and fill this world for generations with distrust and wholesale death. The Haters do not especially care to see a new Germany on earth, with the Kaiser and its Junkers and its Militarists deposed, its menace destroyed and its good retained. The Haters, as one of them said to me, want "the whole damned German nation wiped right off the planet!"

These was once a big American whose attitude toward an enemy land was expressed in these words: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The Haters have little use for such talk. They have something different to say. They will say it so loudly and insistently that you will grow used to the din of their voices and will come in time to treat such noise like the shrill wrangling notes of spar-

rows. And you will go steadily on with your work, which is to wage such a war to the end as will destroy root and branch all autocracy everywhere, all arrogant pretensions to world domination by German Kultur, all ruthless oppression of the weak, and will end in a peace that shall at least be another milestone passed in the long weary march of humanity up the great road of progress which leads to the brotherhood of mankind.

**THE BOYS**

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
If there has, take him out without making a noise.  
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalog's spite!  
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight.  
We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?  
He's tipsy—Young Jackanapes!  
Show him the door!  
Gray temples at twenty. Yes! White if we please,  
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!  
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!  
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,  
And these are white roses in place of the red.  
We've a trick, as young fellows, you may have been told,  
Of talking (in public) as if we were old!  
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call "Judge";  
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker", the one on the right;  
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you tonight?  
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;  
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the great mathematical look  
Made believe he had written a wonderful book  
And the Royal Society thought it was true!  
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was, too.

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,  
That could harness a team with a logical chain;  
When he spoke of our manhood in syllabled fire  
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith!  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—  
Just read on his medal, "My country...tis of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun,  
But the angels, laugh, too, at the good he has done,  
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

Yes, we're boys, always playing with tongue or with pen,  
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men.  
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!  
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the boys.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.  
Given as a toast at the thirtieth reunion of the Class of Harvard, '29.

**In Days Gone By**

**Six Years Ago Today**  
Arrangements were being completed for beginning work on the Varsity debate contests. The question for the year was that of "Ship Subsidies."

The big grand stand on the athletic field was just nearing completion.

**Five Years Ago Today**  
Everett N. Bowman, first lieutenant Fourth infantry at Fort Crook, was assigned to duties as commandant of the University cadet battalion left vacant by Captain Yates.

**Two Years Ago Today**  
Chancellor Samuel Avery addressed all new students on "The Opportunities of a Student in the University of Nebraska" at convocation.

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