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Offices  
News.....Basement, University Hall  
Business, Basement Administration Bldg.  
Telephones  
News, L-5416 Business, B-2597  
Mechanical Department, B-3145

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It's coming Thursday morning—the first football rally of the year. The team and the coach will be there, the band will play, and professors will discard their studied mein for a moment while they pound their fists on the rostrum and explain how it can and will be done. Out in front a big gang will crowd the chapel to the doors. They will yell and sing and cheer for the team until they are hoarse. And when it is over the team will have been instilled with a fight that cannot be downed and rooters will have gained a united voice that will keep that fight inspired.

Last winter a number of Omaha alumni, loyal Omaha boosters, were tricked into supporting for the booming of the metropolis a campaign to schedule one of this season's football games in that city, a project which by a Missouri Valley conference ruling is impossible. They were urged to support the movement by a more or less united Omaha press. After they were advised of the true situation, however, former Nebraskans saw they had, in their desire to be good Omahans, unintentionally worked against the best interests of Nebraska athletics by hindering united, concentrated support.

This one awakening has undoubtedly been enough to warn them against such ill-founded fault-finding as a sports writer in the World-Herald gives vent to in a recent issue. Last evening's Star reprints the story, with appropriate comment. It is a complaint against the "bear dope" which it leads one to infer, Dr. Stewart has been sending broadcast without cause. In his attempt to make things look black for the Nebraska coach, the writer does a little high-coloring himself. For instance, as the Star points out, he represents Ernest Hubka, a sophomore who played his first game on the varsity Saturday, as a giant weighing 210 pounds. Hubka weighs in at some thirty pounds under that.

The whole thing looks like a childish attempt to cause trouble by stirring up antagonism to Dr. Stewart and his policy, instead of supporting him to the utmost while giving him his first square chance to show what he can do. The athletic board last winter expressed its faith in Dr. Stewart's ability by re-electing him after one of the least successful seasons Nebraska has had in the memory of undergraduates. Nebraska rooters vindicated him after they saw Nebraska fight again Notre Dame last fall. And Omaha alumni, who are good Nebraskans and therefore good sportsmen, will not tolerate longer such attempts as this to make all the more difficult the big task that Nebraska has undertaken this season.

THE AMERICAN FACE

When the first American soldiers marched down Piccadilly a few weeks ago, there were cheers and, for Britain, great enthusiasm. There was also keen observation, as the following description of our men in the Manchester guardian shows:

The chief thing that struck out was their faces. They looked grim and set, and however racy the London greetings, there was never a smile to be seen. The Americans seemed to be tremendously conscious of being on show—so different from the British soldier on a march out, who always gives the crowd as good as he gets in the way of repartee and never allows himself to be betrayed into solemnity.

This unyielding appearance seemed especially to impress the volatile French and Belgian soldiers among the spectators. Every one said they looked like business—these men with set, rather hard faces, strong jawed and close lipped.

Americans do look tremendously conscious. William James stated the same idea when he reproved us for showing too much of our emotions in our faces. It may be a fine psychological question whether we are really any more conscious than the more sophisticated Britisher, who has learned to conceal his emotions—to be consciously unconscious. But to the eye there can be no question of our national restlessness under scrutiny, our inability to forget ourselves. The characteristic is most conspicuous in our city folk. It fades into the background in the stillness of the country and the hills and the backwoods. Even there, however, comparing type for type, the nerves of the Kansas farmer are nearer the surface than in a Yorkshire farmer; his face is keener and more eager. The grim look, the set, rather hard faces, strong jawed and close lipped—these items, too, show clear observation. And they suggest an American characteristic that goes some distance to explain the self-consciousness. That is our national eagerness, and keenness, a combination of fresh unsatisfied interest in the world, with endless will to see the thing through.—New York Tribune.

THE ILLITERACY OF GERONIMO

A German officer, according to dispatches from British headquarters in France, has offered a reward of 400 marks for the first American soldier brought into his camp, dead or alive. Indignities to the dead can harm nobody but those guilty of their perpetration, but we can but admire the fate of the American who is brought alive, if any such there should be, into the camp of the barbarian.

Had our late fellow citizen, Geronimo, war chief of the Apaches, sometimes called the rattlesnake, but to give him his dues, called also the Red Napoleon, been a man of letters as well as a man of deeds he might have left a horn book of torture that would have made it possible for the German commander to study up special American methods of frightfulness prior to receiving in his camp alive an American soldier upon whom he might work his Prussian will.

Geronimo was fruitful of devices, no doubt, but he began early in life to devote himself almost exclusively to the art of war. There were no public schools or colleges in the section of America in which he was supreme among bipedes and in which the Gila monster was a paramount among creeping, crawling things of the sandy wastes. The great man's education in so far as books were concerned was neglected wholly. In his old age he proved that he belonged to the intelligentsia; that he was an intellectual in fact, and really a highbrow, for despite his complete illiteracy he dictated to an Oklahoma school teacher an autobiography which Theodore Roosevelt, then president of the United States, read in manuscript and approved both as a work of art and as an intensely interesting presentation of an Indian warrior's point of view and motives in a war against white men. The preface stated that no effort whatever had been made to improve upon the narrative as it was recited, and that the raconteur deserved all credit for both the mastery marshaling of facts and the dignity of phrases which oftentimes rose to the level of good literature.

What a book of formula for torture and especially the torture of prisoners to discover information, might Geronimo have written. What a delight such a work would have been to a Prussian officer. What a help it might have been to the officer who has offered a reward of 400 marks for the first American soldier, dead or alive.

The illiteracy of the Red Napoleon robs the Prussian military textbooks of what would have been a singularly valued volume.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

UNDER FIRE IN FRANCE

A Letter From William Allen White to the Emporia Gazette.

Somewhere in France! I can't spell it. Wednesday afternoon.

Here is where you gather the family around you to listen to the story of father's first half hour under fire, which later developed into half a day of it.

When we left in the early morning we inspected two Red Cross posts and then came to a little place badly bombed—almost a ruin—where there was a section of the ambulance corps. The railroad ran in front of the town and the highway for man and munitions, a great white wagon road always black with trucks, lay back of the town. The little bombed town lay on a hillside sloping down to a brook where a big stone bridge spanned the stream. As we got out of the car and stood talking with the boys of the corps, a shell came whizzing overhead and struck with a tremendous bang. I tried to look casual and went on talking. In a moment I asked some men who came around the corner, "Where did it strike?"

"About 300 feet away!" explained

one of the men and got into his ambulance.

"Anyone hurt?" I asked as an after thought. "Whang!" came another, this time right over our heads and kicked up a dust about 400 feet away. Everyone ducked when they heard it coming. I ducked, too.

"Yes," answered the young man starting up his machine. "I'm going after him now to take him to the hospital."

"Badly hurt?" I asked this time, not trying to conceal my anxiety. Z-z-z—Bang! The old thing broke again this time back of us. Someone said: "They're after that big naval gun." "No, it's the road!" someone else insisted. One shot had hit near the gun; another hit near the road and a third hit between them! Z-z-z-zim Bang! she went again and one of the boys grabbed me by the hand and said: "Come on; let's go to the abri." Abri was a new word to me, but I was glad to go anywhere. I found the abri was a cave back of the house nearby. It was covered with railroad iron and great thick logs and dirt. But it would only resist the glancing blow of a shell. In it we found a score of Frenchmen. Henry came in later wearing a sheet iron helmet. We sat there until the shelling seemed to stop. Then we came out for lunch. As we were waiting for lunch to be served, they dropped in three more. Henry was writing. Someone said, "Are you writing a letter?" and he answered, "No, I'm writing the American peace terms!"

When the three bombs were planted, the Germans stopped and turned the gun off the town. They probably went to another village. After lunch, which was unusually delicious, we went in a car up the hill into the woods to inspect the First Aid hospital there, near the firing line.

As we drew further up the hill and into the wood, we could hear the French firing from the artillery. Field guns and naval guns are masked in these woods. Not over a score of them were firing, but as we got further up it was evident the Germans were trying to locate these guns. Shell after shell came bursting in, and as our road passed directly through the thick of the batteries, it was marked for trouble. Road members were at work under the fire, patching the great shell holes in the road. We got to the hospital finally and got into the abri, which was a comfort. The passage of shells going and coming was continuous.

In a little while we went out to the edge of the woods where we could see the French trenches. For some reason three shells plunked in right before us, and as we ducked near a dead mule a piece of a shell hit Major Norton's helmet and dented it. Except for his helmet he would have been killed. We all wore helmets and each man had his gas mask in his hand, ready to slip on. It had been raining, was muddy and slippery and we were ages—it seemed to me—getting back toward the car. We rattled back toward the town; but at a cross-road, which the Germans have marked and which is called "dead man's corner," a big army truck had stalled. My heart certainly was thumping when z-z-z-zim bang—came a great big shell and shattered a tree into kindling about eighty-five feet from us—about as far as from the Gazette office to Sixth avenue! The boys piled out of the car, gave the truck a lift and soon we were speeding down the hill. By that time it was 4 o'clock and folks in the village said the Germans were done for the day.

I had no conscious sense of fear but I know that in spite of the gay persiflage that Henry and I kept going, we were badly frightened. I was. An hour later when I started to climb a few stairs, my heart—with the tension all gone—thumped as though I had been running a mile.

That night we went a little farther from the line to the railroad! There we slept in one of the hospital shacks in a great field hospital, with 2,000 beds, which evacuates the wounded from the first aid hospital up the hill into the hospitals down in the interior of the country. It was a cloudy night. There was no danger of air raids, so I slept in a cot and did not wake up all night. But on clear nights it is bad business to be in a hospital after a big German defeat. The Germans have no answer to their enemies than to bomb the wounded.

Here also are 6,000 German prisoners just taken at Verdun. They were astonished to see the Americans, and refused to believe they had come over since war was declared, as they were told the submarines had stopped all commerce. But some of them had lost their nerves, one group of forty had killed their captain and come across. (Here five lines are deleted.)

So that is the story of my first ordeal of shell fire. It was not very heroic, still I did not break and run—much as I wanted to, and I thought you would all like to hear about it.

We are going up again tonight to inspect a first aid hospital, and may be out all night—or possibly but a few hours. They say the sight of the trenches under the sky rockets is most wonderful. These ambulance boys who go up to these hospitals all the time are the most wonderful boys I ever knew. If they can go every night I should not flinch for once in a lifetime. They are calling now. Good-by.

W. A. W.

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