

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Official Paper of the University of Nebraska

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.....Asst. Bus. Mgr.

Offices
News.....Basement University Hall
Business, Basement Administration Bldg.

Telephones
News, L-8416 Business, B-2597
Mechanical Department, B-3145

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Through an oversight two of the articles which appeared on the editorial page of yesterday's Nebraskan were not properly credited. "The Tailor's Forward March" is from Collier's Weekly, and "The 'One-Hoss Shay' a Satire" appeared in the Kansas City Star.

The one thousand dollars University students subscribed to the liberty loan yesterday is a nice start toward the total sum Nebraska will contribute. One fact about the purchase of liberty bonds which students do not realize until they have purchased them, is that the bondholder really feels that he is more distinctly helping his country. The indirect aid students are giving by keeping the cultural light burning and by preparing for more active service in the future is of course felt by everyone. But who is content with that service alone?

Although to all outward appearances, the high school fraternity squabble has been amicably settled, there still remains a very distinct duty which every University man who has a chum among those that signed the banning agreement should perform. It will not be at all surprising if some of the "gang," if they receive encouragement from without, will attempt to violate their word and run sub-rosa. They will not attempt it, however, unless they are encouraged. University fraternity men should remember at all times the ruling against high school fraternities, and should see to it that the sub-rosa plan receives no commendation from them.

When is there a better time to generate Nebraska spirit than at dusk on the evening preceding a big game? There is something unusually determined about the picture of energetic figures gathering from all directions to jam the little chapel full, to break the still evening air with songs and cheers and deep applause. It is a great sensation to pour out into the dusk again, after having heard inspiring words from the lips of Cornhuskers who have graced Nebraska field of old, to light torches and march with the spirit of victory in our hearts down through city streets, letting the whole world know that we are proud of our team and are confident that Nebraska will win the day. It is pleasing to anticipate it all, but it will be still more pleasing to experience it next Friday evening.

The war has called so many good men away from Nebraska since last spring that it may seem undue praise to single one man out for editorial comment, but this The Nebraskan wants to do in the case of Owen Frank. The leaving for army service of the assistant coach brings to every follower of Cornhusker football the thought that he is the type of man that Nebraska football is proud to own. To America at large there may be other Cornhusker names which excite more awe than that of Frank's, but within the borders of his own state there is no more loved man than he. Nebraska cherishes his service as a Cornhusker not only because he was one of her ablest players and most dogged fighters, but because he was one who loved Nebraska enough to give everything he had for her, including the prospect of the proud glory of leading a Cornhusker team.

The UNCOMFORTABLE FEW

In the flow of school life most of us drift listlessly, borne on the sluggish current. Some of us sink, or climb out on the bank. But some

of us, more energetic than the rest, flounder, gurgle and finally swim. The floundering is often disagreeable for the faculty, who jab their pikes in us and keep us moving down stream. The swimming, of course, is grateful to them. The gurgling is merely incidental.

Those who swim independently constitute an uncomfortable element in the classroom. They are uncomfortable because they startle us out of our lethargy. If another metaphor is permissible, it may be said that we are merely letting someone pour it over us, and are passively absorbing only an unavoidable quantity.

The ideas of the uncomfortable few are often unorthodox, but at least somewhat original. The rest of us frown on this class. They are not of us or rather, we are not of them. We justify our position by poking fun at them. We call them "nuts."

Progress must come through the uncomfortable few. Sometimes their movements are not directly ahead. But at least they jar loose from the customs to which the rest of us remain sticking, and are free for independent movement.

This is a protest against the reactionary attitude of a large proportion of the student body.—Washington Daily.

"ORDERS IS ORDERS"

We hear much of German efficiency and regulation and we are apt to get the impression that everything in the fatherland moves in its ordained way with the smoothness of clockwork. But now and then a suspicion arises that a multiplicity of regulation must sometimes defeat its own purpose, that even a German would be likely to become entangled in the meshes of official gear.

Consider the pathetic experience of a contributor to the Berlin Zeitung am Mittag:

"I have resolved never to violate another official order. Those I have already accumulated comprise 2,768 separate issues, and it took me considerable time to learn them all by heart.

"On reaching the baker's and asking for bread the young aldy assistant asked me to detach the bread stamps from my card, but as order 378 forbids me to do so I left the shop without any bread.

"Later I found that my housemaid had accepted a parcel addressed to me from Bavaria, and containing butter. This is directly contrary to regulation 1215, so, to secure myself against the danger of official pr -- cution, I got rid of the girl, butter and all.

"My cook, too, proved herself ripe for dismissal; she had obtained about a quarter of a pound of chocolate after two and a half hours' waiting, without having her coffee-substitute card stamped, contrary to order 945."

The writer goes on to say that his physician found an abnormal deposit of sugar in his system, whereupon he felt constrained to turn in his sugar card to the authorities. The final incident of the day was of a contrary nature. It was Monday, and, therefore, warm water was verboten, but at midnight a stream of hot water gushed from the kitchen tap. He immediately communicated by telephone with the proper authorities, who assured him that order 2460, dealing with the warm water supply, had temporarily been cancelled.

"I cannot imagine," he concludes, "why in this connection the authorities should have urged me, as they did, to apply at once to the nearest first-aid station for treatment."

The humor of this is a trifle heavy, but it is illuminating. Even German human nature cannot be forged and welded into a perfect machine. Even German authorities perceive that meticulous compliance with orders sometimes approaches the ludicrous or the insane.

We may bewail our own easy-going system, but it has its advantages, and it is not clear that the German system is altogether an unmixed blessing even in war time.—Chicago Tribune.

PATRIOTISM AND POETRY

What is patriotic verse that so little of it is poetry. Poetry must intrigue the imagination through the senses. Perhaps the trouble comes, then, from the fact we never hear, see, taste, or smell "patriotism," "democracy," "liberty," or any of the staples of the too-ambitious poet-patriot. How refreshing to come upon this definition of "love of one's native land":

It is a certain roof under a certain sky,
And the perfume of the dust in the road.
It is the taste of tobacco and the taste of bread,
The shining of leaves, the odor of the wind,
The familiar noises of the village.
It is that which reminds us of our dead
And makes us desire our children.
It is the color of our life,
It is the savor of our songs,
'Tis the sweet folly
Of reaping what we sow,
The absurd passion

Of haying what we love . . .
It is all that we cannot say
And all that we feel
But can translate
Only in singing.

What does this sound like—the patriotism of complaisant conceit or a love of country sharpened by exile, tested by disaster? The above is our own rough version of lines from a recent poem called "L'Amour de la Patrie," by Emile Cammaerts. Emile Cammaerts is a Belgian.

THE SHORT BRIGADE

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch shorter;
Whether the skirts are for
Mother or daughter.
Briefer the dresses grow,
Fuller the ripples flow,
While whisking glances show
More than they oughter.
Forward the dress parade,
Is there a man dismayed?
No, from the sight displayed,
None could be sundered.
Theirs not to make remark;
Clergyman, clubman, clerk—
Gaping from noon till dark,
At the Four Hundred.
Short skirts to right of them,
Shorter to left of them,
Shorter in front of them,
Flaunted and flirtd.
In hose of stripe and plaid,
Hued most exceedingly glad,
Sporting in spats gone mad
Come the short-skirted.
Flashed all their ankles there,
Flashed as they turned in air,
What will not women dare?
(Though the exhibits show some
of them blundered.)
All sorts of types of pegs;
Here and there fairy shapes
Just built to walk on eggs,
Come by the hundred.
When can their glory fade?
O, the wild show they made—
All the world wondered.
Grande dame and damoiselle,
Shop girl and bowery belle—
Four hundred? H'm—ah, well,
Any old hundred.

Daily Illini.

STUDENTS BUY \$1500 OF LIBERTY BONDS

Hearty Support Given — Fraternities and Sororities Canvasses by Committee in Charge Campus Work.

Students have bought \$1,050 worth of liberty bonds so far this year and \$150 more has been promised according to the committee boosting the work on the campus yesterday. Registrar Florence McGahey has been working in the sororities for the bond support and Wayne Townsend is canvassing the fraternities.

Following is the list of students who have purchased bonds so far:

- Harold J. Weeth.
- John Vetter.
- J. A. Klein.
- Walter H. Judd.
- Fred N. Hellner.
- Elsie Fisher.
- Winifred Perkins.
- Caroline Long.
- Myron Weinberg.
- W. E. Christiansen.
- John Boswell.
- Corinne Larimore.
- George Driver.

"Rag" Doing Its Bit In Fort Bliss Camp

Fort Bliss, Tex., Oct. 10, 1917.—I have been receiving the "Rag" for a week and certainly do enjoy reading the news from the University. It bolsters a fellow up to be able to hear what his old class-mates are doing.

I have been here at Fort Bliss since June 20. I am very much taken up with my work in the field artillery and even if we never have to go to France, I shall never regret my experience in the army.

Our regiment is rapidly being whipped into shape for foreign service and will probably be sent across during the winter. The men are all anxious to go and get it over with. I fully expect to be back at Nebraska University next year, for the Sammies are going to "knock out" the kaiser by next July 4th.

I read all about the doings of the "Cornhusker" football team in the El Paso papers and have reason to be proud of it. With best wishes for old N. U. and hopes that I may be back next year.

Sincerely,
MCKINLEY POUND.
Bat. E 18th F. A.

Elocution Department Gives First Plays Tomorrow Night

The first of the elocution department meetings which are to occur every month, will be held in the Temple theatre, Wednesday evening at 7:15 o'clock. Cable Jackson is the head chairman, supervising the seating, programs and scene shifting. Free plays—"Holy Tree Inn," "Waterloo," "The Abbe's Nap" and "The

Rising of the Moon" will be given by the advanced class and a pantomime—"The Pled Piper of Hamlin" will be given by the freshman class in elocution. The program is said to be especially well prepared and will be given with very short intermissions between the plays.

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