

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

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In past years Cornhusker teams have never fought so bravely as when on a foreign field, for they have known that back home, awaiting the outcome of every play, Nebraska University was waiting, confident of the strength and fortitude of its team. And the reason that they have known this, the reason they have felt it every minute of the game, is because Nebraska has never allowed a team to go into an enemy country without first giving it a send-off which showed it how potent that interest was. Tomorrow at the convocation hour students will hold a football mass meeting to send the team on a journey as important as any that has ever been undertaken in Nebraska football. To properly show that we realize this, that we have truly set our hearts upon an all-victorious season, we should have a record-breaking rally both in attendance and enthusiasm.

The freshmen who were disgusted with the first-class meeting yesterday morning should not be disheartened and lose interest. All of us learn by experience. Instead of dropping out of class activities they should pray that this meeting will furnish a lesson devoutly to be learned and proceed on the assumption that it has been. The gathering seems to have been a confused melee, more resembling a small-town board of trade at closing hour than a University class meeting. The only thing which has met the approval of those who peeped in to see how things were progressing was the attendance, which upper-class men agree was excellent. Among the things objected to was the taking of a standing vote on the election of the minor officers when a good number of those present were forced to stand up for lack of room the entire time. There were also incessant calls for recounts, for the naming of candidates, and an over-emphasized atmosphere of boisterousness. In fact, it was so distressing that that fact itself should encourage the average freshman. Things are at least not likely to grow worse.

The question of dismissing schools for cornhusking apparently started about where it did when we all started to discuss it—the matter is up to the individual institutions to decide. But the conference of educators accomplished something, anyway, it showed that the heads of the schools themselves were almost unanimously against the recess, and it is reasonable to suppose that the executive boards will respect this opinion. The report of the meeting in yesterday's Nebraskan shows that the farmers represented were in favor of closing down the schools. This is not, however, an indication that they necessarily considered it the only available plan; it means that they thought the easiest way out of a difficulty which is particularly distressing to them was to turn loose the whole student force of the state. It is very probable that they will find, if they consider the question again, that the same results can be obtained, with less waste of time and energy, by a well-enforced system of conscription. As far as Nebraska University is concerned, the regents, when they will be called upon again to decide what measures shall be taken to help meet the labor shortage, will have found one more case of indisputable proof that the general sentiment and the bulk of opinion is against the recess.

"A SONG OF FREEDOM"

"A Song of Freedom," sung at convocation yesterday morning by the University chorus, was written by

members of the University faculty. Professor Minnie T. England, of the department of economics, wrote the words, and Dr. W. F. Dann, head of the department of history and criticism of fine arts, composed the music. The song follows:
Oh hear the nations calling us,
And hearken to their plea;
This is no time to hesitate,
At stake is liberty!
Our mighty forces let us join,
On land, in air, on sea;
The whole world must be rendered safe
For loved democracy.

Chorus

Yes we will rally, rally all our forces,
Freedom for all, for all our cry shall be;
Beneath the Stars and Stripes with all resources
Brave men will fight to make the nations free.
All, all together, loyal, firm, united,
Strong in our faith in God, Just on high,
O freedom dear, to thee our hearts we've pledged,
For thee we'll live, we will live, or we will die.

The battle rages fiercer still,
And millions are the slain;
For freedom let us do our bit,
Or blood is shed in vain.
We pledge our service, wealth and lives,
To cause of liberty,
Till right with triumph shall be crowned,
The world from strife set free.

The Stars and Stripes henceforth shall be
A sign to every land,
That those who fight for freedom's cause
Shall as our brothers stand.
We dedicate anew our lives,
In all humility,
To larger service for mankind,
O God of Liberty!

DO YOU KNOW A SOLDIER'S RANK BY HIS UNIFORM?

Not very long ago it was extremely easy for anyone to tell an officer from a private by his uniform. Very different seems the case now to the majority of people. But in reality there is a clear-cut difference instantly evident to one who happens to know slight but significant differences in the uniforms. How we envy the man who can watch a crowd and pick out the different officers.

"There goes a first sergeant in the infantry. That last man was a captain," he says pointing out men who look exactly identical to us.

These are the details that tell him their stories.

A private or non-commissioned officer wears a plain hat cord, blue for infantry, red for artillery, yellow for cavalry. An officer wears a hat cord of black and gold with two gold acorns in front.

All officers wear the stiff cap with the braid and the coat of arms in front, which indicates the state. Regular officers have the coat of arms of the United States. The soldier's cap is identical in shape with his officer's but it lacks the braid, and instead of the coat of arms it bears the cross arms of his service and the regimental number.

An officer's collar tells his state, arms of service and regiment; crossed rifles for infantry, crossed sabres for cavalry and crossed cannon for artillery. The symbol "U. S." supplants the state abbreviation for regular officers. A disc of bronze on his collar tells you where the soldier hails from, with "U. S." for the regular. On the left side another disc gives his regiment, company and arm of the service. Leggings of all men not officers are olive drab canvas with lacing. All officers wear leather leggings while on duty.

The enlisted man, private or "non-com" has a cuff on his overcoat sleeve, or else a strap of cloth which buttons the sleeve tight around the wrist. An officer's overcoat is cuffless with black braid on the sleeve to tell the wearer's rank. A cuffless sleeve without braid indicates a second lieutenant. A satchel of one row of braid indicates a first lieutenant, a captain has two rows, a major three, a lieutenant colonel four, a colonel five.

The soldier's coat sleeve bears only two rows of stitching, an officer's a row of brown braid.

Two bronze buttons on the back of the belt indicate a soldier, two bone buttons an officer.

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

The Eastern Version
(The Kansas City Star.)
Out where the handshake is a little longer,
Out where the pleased-to-meet you is a little stronger,
Out where the sky is a little bluer,
Out where the leading citizen is usually the most prominent brewer,
Out where the grass and the manly whisker both flourish a little more naturalistically,
Out where they pity us of Boston for our profuse errors perpetrated linguistically,
Because in our misguided and perverted brevity

We don't say "Harrverrd" but "Harvard"—chief cause of transapalachin levity.
Whereupon they gently and considerately set us right; and seem surprised when we offer no apology.

Because they know no more about how to handle the tricky, shifty, risky, rowly-growly "r" than they do about the mysteries of Australasian archaeology.

Out where the obedient sun frequently stands still,
And water runs uphill,
That's where the capital W-E-S-T begins.

Out where the smoke is a little less smoky,
Out where the railroad's a little less poky,
Where they cut their steak on the chipped beef wheel

And fry it brown as a roast of veal,
Out where they raise world's champion cereals, vegetables, prize fighters, sunflower orators and flivers,

Out where they boast of the greatest of rivers,
Out where all males over 6 years of age look upon chewing tobacco as the one indispensable ration.

Out where the presence of ladies has not the slightest effect upon profanity and exhortation.

Out where they have recently become cognizant of the fairly well authenticated fact that there are

Several European nations at war.
Out where, having chased, captured and corralled art, they point out that for sheer, genuine, aesthetic enthusiasm they are some devotional.

But where they think that because we don't sloop all over when contemplating the wonders of nature we are cold and unemotional,

Out where they look back upon the East, financially necessary but otherwise a burden, much as the haughty captain of a clipper ship used to regard the supercargo.

And are fairly confident that if God Almighty knew the country better he'd quit heaven and move to Chicago.

Out where the flour is milled,
And the cattle are killed,
And the beer is brewed,
And they drape the nude,
That's where,
With a row-tow-tow,
And a ra-ta-ta,
And a whale of a whooping big initial to start with,
The W-E-S-T begins.

ROCKING THE BOAT—ORPHEUM THURSDAY

Eva Taylor and Lawrence Grattan appear in a farce comedy entitled "Rocking the Boat." It deals with a honeymoon, mistaken identity and a life insurance policy. Assisting quite ably are Walter Fisher and Adelle Marsh.—Salt Lake Herald-Republican.

LOST—Under center section of grandstand at Notre Dame game, a black taffeta bag containing bright red and dark blue auto veils, black kid gloves and several silver dollars. Notify Corrine C. White, Ashland, Neb. 1t

WANTED one teacher. Start November 1. Third grade work. Salary \$75.00 Position in fine western Nebraska city. Write X Y Z care of Student Activities office.

LOST—Silver monogram belt buckle, initials W. S. F. Return to Student Activities office. 30-3t

LOST—Delta Gamma pin, diamond set. Return Student Activities office. Reward. 30-3t

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LOST—Bunch of five keys. Return to Student Activities office. 29-3t

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