

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Official Paper of the University of Nebraska

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Published every day during the college
"ar."
Subscription price, per semester, \$1.

Entered at the postoffice at Lincoln,
Nebraska, as second-class mail matter
under the act of Congress of March 3,
1879.

YOUTH'S CASTLES

When a young man, flushed with the eagerness of an idea, is told by his professor that he holds radical theories only because he is young, the student may know that his case is proved. The ideas of youth are as right, in their time, as the wisdom of age.

Exaggerated opinions and irrational beliefs are the part of youth. All young men in all generations have been told that Birnam wood could not come to Dunsinane, but they, in their enthusiasm, have gone on believing the incredible and so have made progress possible.

Youth must build its castles, hunt its gold. It is as natural for young minds to find new paths as it is for flowers to turn to the light, the unfortunate to hope, or men to die for something more valuable than their lives. It is well that this is so. While youth retains its joyous heritage, the world will not decay.—University of Washington Daily.

ALOHA

As the dance nears its end, and the strains of Aloha ebb and swell, may we not pause for a moment to do honor to the author of this plaintive melody?

Queen Liliuokalani, "Queen Lil," is dead. In the island where she was born, the checkered career of a most remarkable woman, has come to a close. American newspapers of two decades ago gave much space to this woman, ever active in the cause of her island country; always ready in redressing what she believed wrongs at the hands of white adventurers. When the American flag was raised over Hawaii Queen Liliuokalani ceased to exercise authority, but maintained her place in the hearts of her former subjects.

To the college student she is perhaps best known as the author of many native Hawaiian songs, the best of which is the beautiful Aloha. Visitors to Hawaii will testify to the appeal of the melody—played by the Hawaiian band as the steamer slowly leaves the shores of that peaceful island for the hurry and rush of the "new" world.

So now it is "Aloha" for Queen Liliuokalani, whose death marks the passing of a long line of Hawaiian royalty.—Daily Iowan.

REGARDING CAMPUS CAMPAIGNS

"We are being campaigned to death. When all the campaigns that are being sprung on us are over we shall be so surfeited with appeals that nothing under the sun, however impelling the motive, will ever be able to move us to do anything."

Is this a view that is prevalent among all students? Speaking of those we know, we should emphatically say it is not. Those who do most, say least. When men, our friends and kin, are standing ready to face the future, whatever it may hold, even to confront the one great adventure of which no man tells, when men have made sacrifices that beggar words—have gone "over the top" considering it a privilege—can we turn a deaf ear to the one means by which we can show our appreciation for what they do?

We heard a letter read not long ago, a mother wrote her son, who had asked her regarding his enlisting. The one sentence of interest to us said this: "Son, it is better to die in body than in soul—go." No love on earth can equal, can approach, mother love.

She was giving, giving till it hurt. How much it hurt not even she could tell. But she gave.

No war as serious as this can be won without sacrifice. What each should sacrifice he himself must say. Some must sacrifice home, some future, some life itself, but we must all sacrifice. The man who says he will do nothing to help our government and our soldiers is nothing less than a traitor.

Campaigns will come; campaigns must come. We hope they may come. Let us lay aside the attitude of supine complacency that seems to be present in some. In any cause, if only it is worthy, "can we be more tender with our dollar than the lives of our boys?" —Minnesota Daily.

WAR FASHIONS

The Sam Browne belt must go. A heatless war department has ruled that this useless but highly ornamental leather harness may not be worn over their uniform by officers stationed here, and many a youthful heart is heavy in consequence. "It's bad enough," wails one aggrieved subaltern, "to have to wear a tunic with a standing collar instead of the soft-roll collar the English use. They might at least have left us our Sam Brownes, so that we could try to look halfway decent."

Courage, friends. It may all be a mistake. The war has changed many things, and it may have altered conceptions of military smartness as well. For from Paris, the home of mode and chic, comes a "daily fashion hint from the front" that is upsetting. It is from Henri Barbusse's great book, "Le Feu"—recently published in English as "Under Fire"—and describes the winter costumes of a squad of French territorials.

Hides, bundles of blankets, pieces of cloth, knitted hoods, woolen caps, fur caps, mufflers, wound around or worn like turbans, headgear knit and double knit, coverings and roofings of tarred, oiled, or waterproofed capes and cowls black, or all the colors—once—of the rainbow; all these cover the men, well nigh obliterating their uniforms as well as covering their skins, making them look immense and cumbersome. One of them has slung over his back a square of linoleum with a huge diapered pattern of white and red, which he found in the middle of the dining room of some temporary billet: it is Pepin. Here bulges Barque's chest protector, cut out of an eider-down quilt, once pink, but now bleached and mottled by dust and rain.

And our legs. Just now I crept down, bent double, into out dugout, a little low cellar, smelling of damp and mold, where one stumbles over empty preserve cases and dirty bundles of rags, and where two lengthy forms sprawled asleep while in a candle-lit corner a kneeling figure rummaged in a kit bag. Coming out, I saw legs framed in the rectangular entrance: horizontal, vertical, oblique, spread about, doubled up, intermingled, blocking the passage and cursed by the passers-by. They are a multifarious and multicolored aggregation—gaiters black and yellow, leggings long and short, made of leather, khaki, or other waterproof material; puttees of dark blue, light blue, black, lavender, khaki, or unbleached serge.

One begins to suspect that it took something other than Sam Brownes and soft-roll collars to fight the Marne, second Ypres, and the Somme. As one correspondent remarked, watching a regiment of poilus returning from the trenches before Verdun: "Look at that gang. They look like tramps, and their idea of marching would make Von Hindenburg weep. The only thing they can do is fight like the devil."—Collier's Weekly

22. All students interested in dairying are cordially invited.

Reportorial Position Open

With the departure of R. A. Ellsworth, state farm reporter, for war work, there is a position open on the staff of The Daily Nebraskan for some man with experience, who is taking a part of his work at the farm. Applications may be made to the managing editor at 5 o'clock today or tomorrow in The Nebraskan office.

ALUMNI NEWS

Professor Benson, a Nebraska graduate, visited on the campus Friday. He is now head of the departments of Psychology and Education at Cape Girardeau, Missouri Normal School.

"Dr. Frank G. Bruner, A. B. '03, Ph. D. Columbia '08, was elected assistant superintendent of schools of Chicago and director of special schools and activities," according to word received by the alumni secretary this week.

COMING AT CONVOCATION

November 20. John Z. White—"The Single Tax."
November 22. Professor W. F. Dann, discussion of "The Jewels of the Madonna," "Faust," "La Traviata."
November 26. Thanksgiving program. The governor's proclamation will be read. Mrs. Raymond will have charge of the music.

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