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WAR HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS

The man who is for peace at any price—who will fight on no provocation—for no cause—is apt to be either what men call "a poor creature," or an imposter set on by ulterior considerations. He may have an unworthy motive, or a selfish interest, or he may be a victim of the coward's fear of battle, or be obsessed by the doctrinaire's theory of universal brotherhood. But, craven or crank or scheming rogue, he dishonors the noble heritage of manhood which, being common to all, is unattainable and extolled in the annals of sacrifice.

As it has shown itself in times of emergency, has been compounded of each of these ingredients. But it would not have shown itself so strong if it had not been definitely organized nor definitely organized if it had not been sufficiently financed. The Hague arbitration movement, backed in this country by the Carnegie Foundation—actually started by the dethroned Czar of Russia—proposed a benefaction to humankind which few, if any, were disposed to question. It built itself upon a generally accepted truth. The gospel of "peace on earth, good-will to men," was preached as never before. Professional warriors arrayed themselves in its behalf. Civilized nations mocked to the new religion and raised the benign standard. Many treaties embodying its aims were negotiated. One, and one alone, of the great powers held out. That was Germany. Why, we now see clearly what we then did not see at all.

How much, if any, of the Carnegie Foundation money has been applied to the recent agitations against war with Germany, we know not. The activities of Mr. Bryan and Dr. Jordan would lead to the conclusion that it has not been idle or grudging, since neither of them works for nothing. But it is quite certain that it has been cunningly supplemented and enormously increased by money sent from Berlin to maintain a propaganda to divide our people and paralyze our government. The prosecution of this now becomes treason and the pacifist who adheres to it is a traitor.

The conspirator who, claiming to be a pacifist, engaged in the nefarious business will be at no loss to save his skin. If he be a German emissary sent over for the purpose he has only to ship away. If he be a Kaiser reservist masquerading as an American citizen, he can shift his foot and change his coat. If he be a selfish politician of the Stone-La Follette variety, with an eye on the hyphenated vote, he can wink his other eye, hoist the flag, and sing "The Star Spangled Banner" as lustily as the rest.

Those who are most in danger and only in danger are the honest simpletons who stick to it that war is crime; that we have no case against Germany, but, if we have, that it will keep; who go around mouthing socialistic and infidelistic platitudes about a paradisaic dreamland which exists nowhere outside their muddled brains. They cannot see that we have pursued peace to the limit and that peace longer pursued will prove more costly than war. Perverse and egotistical, prompted by the half truths of defective education, uninspired by ideals having any relation to the state of the country, or the spiritual needs of existence, they will not stop their vain chatter until, obstructing enlist-

ments, or menacing public works, they land in jail.

It is grievous that this should be so. Yet it were not occasion for serious comment except that there is a middle class of nondescripts who are more numerous than an earnest and luminous patriotism would have them; men, who were born without enthusiasm and have lived to make money; men, with whom "business is business;" men who are indifferent to what happens so it does not happen to them; in short, men who recall the citation from "The Cricket on the Hearth," put into the mouth of Caleb Plummer:

"There was a jolly miller and lived upon the Dee,
 He sang to himself, 'I care for nobody and nobody cares for me,'
 "a most equivocal jollity," as Dickens does not fail to remark.

These people have sprung from the over-commercialism of fifty years of a kind of uncanny prosperity. Their example has affected injuriously the nation's reputation and has treasured perilously upon the character and habits of the people. It needs to be checked. They need a lesson. Nothing short of the dire exigencies which have come upon us would reach a mass so dense and stoic, so paltry and sordid, so unworthy of the blessings which the heroism of the fathers secured them. That check and lesson they are about to receive. It is not wholly without its compensations.

The world which is for peace, any price, is filled with the man who, true to his nature, drinks from bloodshed—like the man who skulks from the line and lowers alike the flag of his country and his manhood. Ah, no! Peace is the glory of woman. Not upon the soul-stirring field of battle—the rather in the dread field hospital after the battle—are her trophies to be found.

Well may she stand out against the strife of nations—yet equally with brave men she has her place in the orbit of duty and valor—and, when there is no peace, when war has come, the woman who whines, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier" forfeits her right and claim to be considered only a little lower than the angels, dishonors the genius of womanhood and removes herself from the company and category of the heroic mothers of the world.

War, horrible as war is—"Hell," as a great warrior said it was—is not without its compensations. No man has more than one time to die. In bringing the realization of death nearer to us, war throws a new light upon life. The soldier is a picked man. Whether he be a soldier in arms, or a soldier of the cross, his courage, his loyalty, his love and faith challenge the confidence of men and the adoration of women. If he falls he has paid the mortal debt with honor. If he survives, though crippled, he is not disabled. His crutch tells its own story and carries its mute appeal, and there is an eloquence, though silent, resistless, in the empty sleeve.

Christendom stands face to face with the dispersion of some of its cherished ideals. There is much in its Bible that must needs be retranslated and readjusted. Although this will arouse the theologians, they will have to meet it.

Where this present cataclysm will leave us, no man can foresee. Our world is, and will remain, a world of sin, disease and death. This no man can deny. Science is minimizing disease. Death being certain, can creeds or statutes extirpate sin? Can they change the nature of man?

Before all else they must chasten it. For two thousand years theologic controversy has not only kept the world at war, but has driven its inhabitants further apart. It may be that this world war has come to cleanse the earth and to bring all tribes and races to a better understanding of what Christendom is, since there is no reason to doubt that the essential principles of Christianity will continue to dominate the universe.

'Tis a long way, we are told, to the Tipperary of Hibernia, but yet a longer to the Millennial Tipperary of Scriptural mythology. The Christ-child must be born again in the heart of man. At this moment it is not the star of Bethlehem that shines. It is the luminary of the war god. The drums beat as for the men of old. "To your tents, O Israel," comes the word out of the deeps of the far away, and from the highway and byway, as if in answer, the refrain, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."—Colonel Henry Watterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Rushing vs. Lincoln
 Messenger Service

A Story Entitled "You Can't Always Tell, Especially When She Refuses to Talk"

A thing of beauty is a joy forever! But a Franklin Sedan caressing an elm tree on 11th and Q streets at the busy hour of six p. m. is the cause of the appearance of a great many varieties of city tourists. The offending car was seen coming from the east, where the girl driving had left her sorority sisters a few minutes before the accident occurred. The rubbernecker rubbed and the policeman policed, but since the girl was by this time used to all kinds of shocks, she very calm, sat and watched the son set.

Of course he was somebody's son, this poor little messenger boy who was the unsuspecting victim of rushing. A star reporter has suggested that the girl was madly dashing after some stray bids, that got lost after they left the office of the Pan-Hellenic board. These bids, by becoming lost, may have caused a great deal of trouble.

I have mentioned above, the victim was a messenger boy. He was in a sort of aimlessly traveling up 11th street, and—he might have been looking for some of those same bids, might have been just returning from his trip over the city to deliver those bids. One might easily be led to believe that Fate is sometimes a little ironic.

But the truth will out. The girl was merely on her way to meet her father who was arriving on the evening train.

NEED MEN FOR DIPLO-MATIC SERVICE IN RUSSIA

Government calls are being constantly sent out for men to enter both military and diplomatic service in Russia and Siberia. Men wishing to enter this field should register for Russia, as an acknowledgement of it is required for this line of service.

University Orchestra Now Being Organized

The University orchestra, being organized under Mr. W. T. Quick, will hold its first rehearsal in the Art gallery at seven o'clock Monday evening. One hour's credit will be given.

KOSZTA INCIDENT RECALLED

The first serious difficulty between the United States and Austria arose 65 years ago as a result of the Koszta incident, which strained relations between the two countries almost to the breaking point. Martin Koszta, a Hungarian patriot, after taking part in the uprising in 1848 and subsequent years, came to America and declared his in-

tention of becoming a citizen. In 1853, while on a visit to Smyrna, he was seized and imprisoned on board an Austrian war vessel. He had with him an American passport and claimed the protection of the United States warship St. Louis, then in the harbor of Smyrna. Captain Ingraham demanded that Koszta be released, but he was not freed until after the decks of the St. Louis had been cleared for action.

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