

HAND GRENADES

O BOY!

If you have no friends or money
Into the river you may fall;
It will bury you for nothing;
It's a good world after all.

—Selected.

The call of the gridiron has come and yet some of the best raw material has not responded. A fine bunch of pancakes, eh, George?

When the lights go out and talking dies away to call of taps. And you listen to the chorus of the yawnings and the gasps; When you're wide awake and frowning at the blackness of the night; As you're mindin' all the fun you've had that's passin' out of sight; Just think about the cause for which you're puttin' up your bit. And think how hard you've worked before you never thought of it. Then smile, my boy, to think you'd ever groused about your lot. And do it even better, do your best, give all you've got.

The bird who comes flapping into the library with a tread like a tank, sits down like an oil magnate and pours out a flow of gum language in your ears while he rattles all the sheets in his notebook looking for the assignment and finally stops at a blank page with an attitude of a scholar is, in the words of Henry Clay, a "Uselessarian."

Clear as Mud!

TRICKLES FROM AN UMBRELLA

Nice feeling, wasn't it, when you woke up Monday morning and found the heavens leaking like a Ford radiator? You looked regretfully at your patent leathers and then searched madly for your old shoes. After the search had consumed all of the breakfast hour, you found that your thoughtful room-mate had placed them in the top bureau drawer with your last clean collar. You looked at your Ingersoll. It was five minutes to eight. You fairly flew from the house. Just ahead of you was a man with an umbrella. You vainly tried to catch him. You shloshed into class just after your name had been called. For three hours in this aquatic atmosphere, with hair, here curly, there curl-less, the all-pervading aroma of wet wool, the rivers rippling from the umbrella and the warped note-books, you sat swearing to own a celluloid collar like your neighbor's before the day was out. Why did you not have your shoes half-soled before this deluge. With your feet chilled to the bone, and each gust of air bringing forth volcanic sneezes, you listened to three successive dismal and dolorous renditions of Dr. Clapp's now famous "Ode to Influenza." You gleaned that a teaspoon of salt and a quart of water would save you from the Flu. You went home to lunch. The rain still fell. The water trickled and swirled around your locomotary appendages. After lunch you hid yourself to the fire-place. Your one o'clock class slipped by unnoticed, and you continued to dose in front of the flames. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. Dr. Clapp's pearls were not cast before swine—"an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Life as reflected in a mud puddle on a blue Monday is certainly not very attractive—but just wait till the mud dries up:

BOY, HOWDY!

NEBRASKA ALUMNUS MEETS MANY HUSKERS IN FRANCE

The alumni office has received a very interesting letter from John M. Bennett, who was formerly a student at the University. Bennett is now in France, and writes that he has received a copy of the University Journal, which he says, comes to him "like a breath of air from home."

The letter reads:

M. Herzberg Alumni
Main Hut G. H. Q. Am. E. F. A. P.
O., 760.

July 18, 1918.

To the Alumni Editor of the University Journal, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Dear Sir: Today in a pile of papers and magazines sent for the use of the

soldiers, I found the April number of the Journal and it was like a breath of air from home. I read it from beginning to end. Of course I looked over, with much interest, the war service record. I have been here now six months in the Y. M. C. A. work, being hut secretary in the main hut at general headquarters. We have a most interesting and apparently appreciated work, and since the arrival of the troops from Camp Funston and their being located not very far from here, I have seen a good many Nebraska men and expect to meet many more.

Very truly,
JOHN M. BENNETT,
M. A. U. of N, 1899.

Lift High the Torch of Liberty

In 1776 men died to give the light of Liberty to us. In 1862 men died to lift the torch still higher in the heavens. Whether that Light shall prevail depends on the outcome of this war. A bloody tyrant has lifted the iron hand of war. He is trying to tear the torch from Liberty's hand. Our laws are not yet all perfect because we are not perfect. We have not as yet used all our liberties for the benefit of our fellowmen, but we will fight till not a man or woman remains, rather than surrender all the precious liberties which it has taken the people from the whole world centuries and centuries to win for us. This is not a war of religions, nor of races, nor of nations, nor of groups of men. It is a war of ideas. The ideas of free men against the ideas of military tyrants or despots. We in America have more freedom than has any other country in the world. What we, the people of this self-governing nation, must do now is to preserve the liberties won through centuries, and help the people of other countries keep the liberties they have.

OUR LIBERTY LOANS

There never was a war like this before in all the world. We are determined there shall never be another. That is why the people of the allied nations lend their money gladly to hasten the end. There are now between twenty and twenty-five million Liberty bond holders in the United States. Our first Liberty Loan was for \$2,000,000,000. It was over-subscribed a million dollars.

Our second Liberty Loan was over-subscribed 54 per cent.

Our third Liberty Loan was for \$2,000,000,000, but 17,000,000 people wanted bonds, and so \$4,170,019,650 worth of bonds were sold.

The fourth Liberty Loan campaign began Saturday, September 28, and will close Saturday, October 19. We will answer as we have answered before to our boys "over there."

Suppose we were called upon for \$5,000,000,000. This seems like a stupendous amount, and yet the resources of our banks at this time equal nearly seven times this amount.

If we lived in Germany we might well fear that the country could never pay back such sums of money. Before the war, Germany was worth \$80,000,000,000. She is now in debt \$20,000,000,000. America is worth about \$250,000,000,000. We earn each year about \$50,000,000. Our national debt, including the third Liberty Loan, is only about \$12,000,000,000.

PARACHUTE IS NOT POPULAR

Why Aviators Have a Pronounced Aversion to What They Call "Going Over the Edge"

"Going over the edge" is the act of stepping out of the basket of a military balloon from 2,000 to 6,000 feet up, dropping into space, trusting to the parachute to open and check the descent," says Henry Woodhouse in Everybody's Magazine.

"When an aviator—allied or boche—makes a dash for a kite balloon and fires incendiary bullets into it, the observer or observers—some balloons having two—hasten to go over the edge. The friendly anti-aircraft guns often help to remove any passing doubt as to the advisability of taking the step by their volleys—fired against the plane, of course, but as the plane is so close to the balloon that shrapnel seem to burst only a few feet from the huge gas bag, the pilot goes over the edge.

"Airplane pilots with many air fights to their credit say that they would prefer to fight half a dozen boche aviators single-handed over the German lines, with the German four-



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We offer the most convenient and helpful service—just as we did during the cadet days of the U. of N.

Military needs, from the day you enter the Training Camp until you are ready for overseas service, can be met in our store.

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Below are listed a few of the things needed by the S. A. T. C. men.

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|----------------|-------------|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Dress Uniforms | \$30 & \$35 | Regulation Shirts | \$2 & \$10 |
| Dress Shoes | \$5 & \$7 | Regulation Leggings | \$1.75 to \$4 |
| Dress Hats | \$5 & \$8 | Black ties, Web belts, etc. | |

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Y. M. C. A. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Intercollegiate Committee on Women's War Work Abroad, Women's University Club, 106 East 52nd Street, New York City.

The Red Cross wants 50 canteen workers, 25 hospital hut workers, 25 stenographers, immediately. If full volunteers are not available, expenses and maintenance of suitable candidates will be paid. French is desirable, not essential.

The Y. M. C. A. wants a large num-

ber of canteen workers for American camps. If full volunteers are not available, transportation and maintenance will be paid. French is not necessary.

The world contains an oversupply of average men.

A man may know a dollar at sight and still not know its value.

It sometimes happens that a man's bluntness is due to his sharpness.