

CLASSES ARE SUSPENDED FOR REMAINDER OF WEEK

Epidemic Thought to Be Effectually Checked—No New Cases Wednesday

Strict Measures Taken to Protect Newly Arrived Section B Men

University classes which have been closed since Saturday afternoon, will remain closed until the city council sees fit to lift the ban against them. The date of reopening rests entirely with the council, according to an announcement from Dean Engberg, who stated that he had no authority whatever in the matter. Rumors concerning the opening of school, which have been circulating about the campus are therefore entirely unfounded.

Epidemic Checked

The epidemic of Spanish influenza which was directly responsible for the closing order has been effectually checked among S. A. T. C. men and university students. Approximately forty of the S. A. T. C. men are still confined in the sick ward or at their rooms with influenza, although all the men are practically out of danger. This is decidedly encouraging to the medical authorities who were compelled to handle 450 cases when the epidemic was at its height. The mortality percentage has also been far less here than at any of the other cantonments heard from. Among university students outside the S. A. T. C. only two of the twenty-two who have been reported ill since October 10 have not recovered. No new cases of influenza were reported Wednesday.

Strict Measure Taken

The medical department of the S. A. T. C., however, were taking strict precautionary measures against the spread of the disease among the newly drafted men in section B, who arrived Tuesday. No cases of influenza have been reported among the new men. If the decrease in the number of cases of influenza at the university serves as a general indication, it is expected that the closing order will soon be lifted.

LT. GLEN V. GRAF SENDS WORD TO DAILY NEBRASKAN FROM CAMP

A letter has been received by the editor of The Daily Nebraskan from Lt. Glen V. Graf, who is stationed at Camp Jackson, South Carolina. Lt. Jackson writes that he is very desirous of getting subscriptions of The Daily Nebraskan, and wonders if the paper is still in existence. His letter follows:

1st Brigade Officers' Hotel, 10-6-18.
The Daily Nebraskan,
State University of Nebraska.
Dear Editor:

Lt. Graf reports desiring a subscription of the "Rag." Not knowing whether the "Rag" is still in existence due to the emergent change in the university, probably I am taking quite a chance in writing you, but I hope it is not true. It would do me a world of good to receive a few copies now and then, for if there is anything that I hold dear to me it is the old University of Nebraska and her Husker activities.

As a few know at the university I went into the service as a "buck" immediately upon the close of school last spring. I went to Camp Dodge, Iowa, where I was attached to a battery. I remained in the battery eight days, then through recommendations of the captain of that battery (or I might say indirectly my U. of N. training) I got into the 4th O. T. C. at Dodge. The artillery department decided to standardize its training of officers, so I was sent to Camp Zackary Taylor, Ky., where seven thousand others assembled to what is known as the "Field Artillery Officers' Training School." Upon the completion of a three months' grind there, as we called it, I was graduated as a 2nd lieutenant. I am most proud of my promotion, for it sure took hard work on my part. Well, that was on the 25th of September. I was assigned to Camp Jackson, so here I am. When I reported in here I was assigned to the F. A. R. D. which means

the field artillery replacement depot. This F. A. R. D. was just previously organized. There are only two of them in the U. S., one at Camp Taylor and the other here. It has a great task. Its purpose is to teach the recruits the rudiments of being a soldier, i. e., to learn him to keep clean, be alert, disciplined, and his duties as an artilleryman, so he can replace the gaps overseas.

This is a great camp. It is the S. C. pine trees that makes it striking to me; and more so the chick salute that every soldier gives you as they go around camp. This camp ranks very high on discipline. This is an all artillery camp, having the famous French 75, English 75, and the American 3 inch and heavies.

I have only been here three days and that I have spent in the "chick" school, a course in dismounted drill to polish you up, a course which every officer who comes through the camp must take. This next week I take a three hour course in radio in the morning and spend the afternoon instructing my battery. If I make good, which I truly hope, I will either get to go overseas or be promoted.

I am quartered in one of the three big officers' hotels. Each hotel holds 600 officers, two in each room, mess in the same building and very good, sir, has a complete water system, has three wings looking much like the letter E, has a large porch on the front, making it look like a resort hotel on the beach.

This morning I was down in Columbia viewing and reading the inscriptions on the monuments erected to the confederate generals and southern women. On the state capitol building I saw seven dents made by shells shot by General Sherman.

I like my work very much; and am proud that I am a soldier in the great emergency at hand.

With the best wishes to the students of old Nebraska, I remain,

2nd Lt. F. A., Glen V. Graf,
Btry' A, 2nd Regt. 1st Brigade F. A.
R. D.,

Camp Jackson, S. C.

HAND GRENADES

TRY A DOSE

It is easy to laugh and be happy
When your pockets with money are lined,
When you're feeling "as fit as a fiddle"
And there's nothing that troubles your mind.

It is harder to smile and look cheerful
When you've little or nothing to spend,
When you're racked with acute indignation
And imagine you're near to your end.

But the doctors can't add to your income,
And no physic will gladden your heart;
There's a medicine which—if you'll take it—
All your troubles will cause to depart.

Keep on taking it—twenty times daily—
Try a dose here and now, and drink deep:
"Loving Thoughts," is the name of this tonic,
It's the grandest on earth—and so cheap!

Think of others—who suffer as you do—
Who are lonely, "hard up", and depressed;
Help your fellows to conquer their troubles,
And you'll soon feel as "fit as the best!"

—E. Tracy Archer, in Pearson's.

GOSSIP

She loves me.
She told me she loved me last night.
You doubt it?
I don't, for I'm sure that I'm right.
She kissed me.
That's not a sign, did you say?
You're wrong, sir. It all depends on the way.
She fool me?
Oh, never! I know that she loves.
You smile, sir?
I tell you, we kissed like two doves.
She married?
Oh, nonsense! Can't ever be true.
You swear it?
Good Lord! So she's married to you?—Missouri Miner.



"I'd like to be there!"

YOU have said it—as you have looked at some vivid picture or read some stirring account of our boys fighting with American courage and self-sacrifice. If you cannot go out to them, you can fight for them, over here. Smash open the way for them with howitzers and big guns. Send them ammunition, tanks, airplanes, rifles, clothing, food. Help to keep them victorious.

You can lend as fearlessly, as unselfishly, as they fight. That is your job as a part of our war machine.

OF COURSE you would "like to be there." They don't need you yet or you WOULD be there. But they need guns and shells, every hour they remain on the road to Berlin.

Absolutely the next best thing to going over is to

Buy Liberty Bonds—Buy to Your Limit