

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Official Paper of the University of Nebraska

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News Editor
 DAYLORD DAVIS
 For This Issue

That the new "Woman's Hall" is to be strictly a University venture is the most gratifying feature of the plan. Students have too long been forced to "trust to luck" for a place to hold their meetings and entertainments and, while the new home is primarily for the women, it is to be hoped that it will lead eventually to a student union building where all University entertainments and meetings may be held.

The University is grateful to the men and women of Lincoln who have helped make possible the building of the Temple but conflicting schedules have long since made it plain that only a separate building will suffice to meet the varied demands of University activities.

Of all student endeavors probably none outside of football have earned more recognition for Nebraska than has the popular comic "Awgwan." Its humor, both in verse and cartoon, has found its way into columns of Judge and Life as regular as issues appear and from coast to coast readers have written their commendations.

With the opening of Nebraska's first real war year the question of continuing the publication has arisen and the fate of the comic will soon be decided in a conference of the editors and managers and the student publication board.

While to some it may seem there is no place for levity and smiles during the grim business of war. The Nebraska believes that the military life, especially to the "rookie," is monotonous and were it not for a bit of fun now and then, in its proper place, the energy and enthusiasm of the soldier would soon begin to wane. An instructor in an officers' training camp is reported to have said that more men fall from worry than any other cause and the "happy-go-lucky" fellow, who confines his fun to off-duty hours, is the man who succeeds. The life and humor which is created by a publication of the "Awgwan" type, it seems,



INSURE YOUR EYES Against the Future

Who can tell but that your future may depend upon your ability to see well. Embracing opportunities is simply being prepared at the right time.

DO NOT NEGLECT THEM!
 If your eyes begin to show the need of help—or, if the glasses you have do not entirely suit—SEE US NOW!
 We will give you the best insurance—proper attention.

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is more essential at this time than in normal years.
 Talent is unusually plentiful this year—cartoonists and poets of professional reputation being enrolled in the training corps and eager to fill the staff positions.

"Awgwan" has won a name for itself in Lincoln advertising circles and is always a popular medium with the dealers. S. A. T. C. men wishing for diversion will insure a long subscription list. The financial question is largely one for the business manager to answer and if he is willing to accept the responsibility it is not probable the publication board will object.

LET US HAVE PEACE—BY THE SWORD!

"The great criminal in this century, the man whose name will go down in history with Caligula and Attila, is William the Second, German Emperor. He has dragged a whole race back and down into the slime of medievalism." These are striking words from an address by Darwin P. Kingsley, before the Life Underwriters of the United States and Canada at their recent session in New York City. It is well for the American public to bear these words in mind.

Germany has been an outlaw nation for countless years. For over a century, with scarcely an exception, its battles have been fought on foreign soil. Its people, therefore, know very little of the horrors of war. They must be given a dose of their own medicine. In the words of Mr. Balfour, the eminent British statesman, "Brutes they were when they began the war. As far as I can judge, brutes they remain at the present moment."

We must not stop this war until our soldiers have crossed the Rhine. We must make no peace until we have laid waste one or two of Germany's fairest cities, destroyed some of its most productive industries and devastated some of its fertile valleys. Germany must be taught the Biblical lesson that he who takes up the sword must perish with the sword. This lesson it has never learned. Hence the ruthlessness.

And as Germany, after Sedan, refused to make peace with the established French government, but demanded that a popular assembly be called at Versailles, so we should refuse to make peace with Germany until all its military gang of outlaws have been set up against the wall and shot.

And the treaty of peace should be signed Unter den Linden, in Berlin. Germany's signature should not be given by a Kaiser or Crown Prince, but by representatives of the German people in congress duly assembled.

Let us have peace—peace by the sword!—Collier's.

DAILY DIARY RHYMES

By Gale Vincent Grubb

"COMFORT DE LUXE"

In the muck and dirt of a stable floor I've slept the sleep of the dead;
 With a glee club of cooties to pester my hide
 And the burstin' shells overhead.

I've slept with my back to the trunk of a tree,
 And slept the sleep of a child;
 Cramped and achin' and plumb full of chills
 I've slept through it meek and mild.

But would you believe it, the other day,
 We stopped in a Belgium town,
 Musty and mild, all sleepy and tired,
 I was achin' to lay me down.

Well, they quartered me in a peasant's shack
 And showed me up to the loft;
 With an old four-poster and feather bed,
 But the thing was too blame soft.

I tossed and tumbled with eyes wide awake,
 And finally I put on my hat;
 For I couldn't find rest, in that feather nest
 And what do you think of that?

So out in the night I sneaked away
 And laid my bones on the earth;
 With the sky for a pillow, my head on my arm,
 I slept for all I was worth.

When we get through with them they are going to have to do just what we tell them.

Every Day Life on the Staff of Nebraska's Prize "War Baby"

Reporter Sees Joys and Sorrows in the Daily Grind of Snooping and Scooping

Gentle readers of The Daily Nebraskan! Have patience if the issues of your favorite paper are not published regularly, or if the items are lagging in interest. Please overlook the fact that sometimes half of the paper is advertisements and most of the rest magazine clippings. S. A. T. C. classes are now in full swing. Assignments are longer than usual to make up for time lost on account of the quarantine. Consequently, very little time is left for newspaper reporting. With members of the staff leaving daily for officers' training camps and elsewhere, the outlook of the "rag" is anything but encouraging. Upperclassmen, seasoned veteran editors are scarce.

And so it is up to the new arrivals at the "Uni" to continue the publication of The Daily Nebraskan. Several freshmen have offered their services as prospective reporters, and are now experimenting. Imagine a freshman, a stranger on the campus, unacquainted with class conditions, being a reporter. He generally has great confidence in himself as a student of English, his grammar is faultless, he is well versed in literature. But what you want is news, not theme writing or fiction. And so have patience if the experiments of a "budding" reporter do not suit your fancies. Sympathize with him, pity him rather than censor him. The ability to assemble scattered bits of information, gossip or rumor is a man's job at its best, when conditions are favorable, time is plentiful, and everything is normal.

Imagine yourself to be a freshman, making your debut as a reporter. You get instructions from the managing editor to interview Mr. So-and-So on the possibilities of men wearing corsets after the war to preserve their military shape. Now who is the man in question? Where is he? How are you to recognize him among a crowd of 3,000 strangers? The best clue that the managing editor can give you to identify him is that he was last seen wearing a blue serge suit. Alas! there are too many that answer to that description. What is to be done? As this is your first opportunity, you are determined to make good. Somewhere, somehow, someone told you that the Y. M. C. A. publishes a directory of all the students. If you can only find a copy of last year's edition. That will be your only salvation. After a frantic search, you find one in the office of The Daily Nebraskan. Eagerly you scan the pages. Yes, there it is! the object of your search is a member of the Pi Sigma Delta, located at Thirteenth and Howard avenue.

In the course of time you find yourself at the place designated. Imagine your grief and disappointment, when, instead of being met at the door by the president of the club, as you expected, you are confronted by a smiling nurse and

FLASHLIGHTS

Nothing pleases the average person more than to be called a "real busy man."

One can't help wondering just what school of life a man goes to to learn to boast.

The man who is loyal to his country would never be disloyal to his wife and children.

The man who has spent his money to make others happy need never have any regrets over dying poor.

Any pretty girl can get admirers, but there's something to the plain young woman who wins admiration.

If it weren't for the neighbors what would some folks do when they needed a hammer or a screwdriver?

The world owes no man a living; what it does owe every man is a chance to make a living, and it usually pays him that.

politely informed that the building has been taken over by the government, and is now used as an infirmary. Then it dawns upon your youthful mind that the party in question may be a member of the S. A. T. C. The possibilities are that you might find him in one of the barracks. If you only knew what company he is in, or what building to make a search for him. At headquarters you find out that he is in the Social Science building in Company "C" on the third floor in room 302, bunk number 13. You have him accurately located now. You feel confident that you could find him in the dark.

It's a Weary Life

With faltering steps, tired and weary, you climb the three flights of stairs, and make straight for his room. It will be glorious to have a conference with him after making such a noble effort. But, damn the kaiser, your victim has lately been transferred to the state farm. How are you going to get at him now. As a result of prevailing health conditions, you are quarantined for three weeks. There is but one thing to do, get a pass from your company commander and board a street car for the state farm. You manage to get there, after being bawled out—because you forgot to knock at the door before entering the orderly room. Mr. So-and-So is pointed out to you. After a muffled, informal ceremony of introduction, you settle down to the job in dead earnest.

With the skill and dexterity of a retired lawyer you question, examine and cross-examine your source of information until you are satisfied that you have all the dope. The only thing that remains for you to do is to play up the story and set it up in news style. Your interview lasted longer than you had contemplated, and you find that the last street car left the state farm about five minutes ago. Anyhow it doesn't matter. Besides getting the benefit of the two mile hike in exercise, you have plenty of time on your way home to frame up your story. You arrive in your room 30 minutes before taps, all out of breath, fatigued and sleepy. But almost dramatically you say, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." That write-up must be in tomorrow's "rag." There are lessons to prepare, but you have no choice in the matter. You seek the solitude of a lonely corner set aside the few, remaining, precious moments, sacrifice a few sheets of stationery, and resolutely set to work. Of course, under prevailing conditions, you have to concentrate in a barrack. You must also bear in mind that this is a war report, and must be framed so as to pass the censorship. By frequent consultations with Webster, Shapiro, etc., your conglomeration of vague ideas is brought to a glorious close. With a sign of relief you hand in your little scrap of paper for publication. It is now resigned to its fate. Next day you have the satisfaction of seeing your item on the front page in bold headlines. But what do the readers think of this war substitute? Well, that's another story.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but any peach can tell you that it doesn't have to be any thicker to fool the men. —Detroit Free Press.

And this is what the man said: "Now you are dead and we are about to bury you, the best thing we can say for you is that we trust you have gone to the place where we specks you ain't."

TWO-MINUTE WAR TALKS

Don't spend a lot of time thinking what is going to become of the Germans after we have won this war.

The only think for us to determine on now is that we will see that our victory is complete before we stop.

When he died his neighbors wanted to know who would preach his funeral sermon, but no one could be found willing to do the job.

Finally a man was found who agreed to say a few words at the grave rather than have him buried without any service.

FRIENDSHIP HARD TO EXPLAIN

Scientists Unable to Account for Companionship of Australian Death Adder and the Rat.

Though scientifically regarded as "the most dangerous and probably the most deadly" of Australian snakes, the death adder has to its credit many everyday proofs to the contrary; so many, indeed, that some are inclined to class it as comparatively harmless, the reasons for such opinion being: (1) the small size of the creature, reducing the risks of its being interfered with inadvertently; (2) its amiability; (3) the fact that unless the sensitive membrane at the end of the tail, to which the curved spine is the culminating point, is trodden on or otherwise insulted, the chances are that there will be no active resentment.

Many years ago a locality in Australia suffered from a raid by bush rats, which congregated in great numbers. Similar plagues have often been recorded from the western downs; but the coastal visitation was singular, for it was associated with death adders, which seemed to be on good terms with the rats. One of the settlers was growing sweet potatoes on a fairly large scale for pig food, the plow being used for the harvesting of the crop. Seldom was a furrow run for the full length of the field without turning both adders and rats.

Suddenly the rats migrated, and then the death adders disappeared, few of either being seen for a decade, when the association between them was again sensationally illustrated. The daughter of a settler rose at dawn, and with others ran off to the vegetable garden for salads for breakfast. While she was looking for a seemingly cucumber, a rat was disturbed, and almost immediately after she was bitten by a death adder which had lain inert at the very spot whence the rat had fled. The child recovered, while the deceptive snake, which will not submit to have its tail saluted even by the airiest of treads, was killed. This illustrates afresh the singular association between an adder and a rat. Why and for what purpose does this apparent amiability exist?

Important in Criminology.

Finger-print identification, developed from a chance attempt to frighten dishonest East Indians, has become an important modern science. Every person in the world has his or her particular finger print which cannot be duplicated. These finger prints are now classified into two groups, four types, and eight patterns. Prints are taken by hospitals and naval authorities, for identification; by large corporations, in order to avoid rehiring of discharged employees; by detectives for criminal records.

All Wanted a Change.

I was sitting on the porch one day reading and much interested in my book. Of a sudden I became aware of the fact that the little boy downstairs had been drumming and singing at the top of his voice for some time. I listened. He sang, "Turn to the left, boys, turn to the left," over and over again until I wished he would change it and sing something else. Evidently the little boy two doors away wished the same thing, for he called out, "For goodness sake, Danny, turn to the right."—Exchange.

One Thing After Another.

Hubby—I've given up drinking and smoking because you asked me to. I have also given up poker. Now what do you want me to give up?
 Wifey—Forty dollars. I need a new hat.—Boston Transcript.

Picket Duty.

"You say you've done picket duty, Sam?"
 "Yessah. I work in de kunnel's kitchen, an' ebery time de kunnel wants chicken I has ter pick it."—Boston Transcript.

Judged by Their Records.

Mrs. Kawler—But how do you know what kind of people the Newcombs are if you've never met them?
 Mrs. Platt—I have heard their phonograph selections.—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Yell.

"I see some New York society women have fired their cooks and organized a cooking class."
 "And have they a class yell?"
 "Not yet, but no doubt their husbands will supply that."

Time's Changes.

"See here, sir, we can't get any of your waiters to take our orders."
 "Beg pardon, sir, but in view of the present shortage of help our waiters no longer take orders. They receive requests."

Took It Back.

Wife—Whenever I kiss you, you ask me if it's a new dress I want. You are unfair.
 Hub—Well, perhaps I am. After all, it may be only a hat.