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### FUTURE LIFE OF S. A. T. C. MEN PICTURED IN SOLDIERS' REVERIE (Continued from page 1)

teers was eagerly answered. Men from all walks of life flocked to the defense of their country. The patriotic blood surged through your veins, and you could scarcely resist the temptation to cast your lot with the multitude. But various things prevented you from carrying out your plans. Your parents objected because you were too young. There was the thought of leaving a sad, broken-hearted mother, a kind loving father, and brothers and sisters. But sacrifices had to be made.

Finally the opportunity presented itself. The S. A. T. C. was organized, and you had the privilege of military and educational preparation at the same time. Your wish was to be realized. With a sense of pride at the thought of having the opportunity to become a soldier in the United States army, you gladly gave up your peaceful civilian life, with all its unrestrained freedom and settled down to military life in the barracks. After a three-months' stay at Lincoln, you were transferred to an officers' training camp. Eventually you received a commission as second lieutenant, and were sent "over there." Then it was that you proved your real worth. Your gallantry was an inspiration to your men. Many were the praises showered upon you for your remarkable courage and daring. You were decorated with crosses from all the allied nations, ornamented with chevrons for unusual deeds of heroism. After being repeatedly gassed, bombed and shelled, and undergoing terrible hardships and privations, your period of service was over, and you were given an honorable discharge. Reluctantly you left for home.

Scarcely had you reached your native country, when you were scheduled

to tour the country in the interest of Liberty Loans, Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross campaigns. Additional laurels were heaped upon you. Vast audiences were thrilled by your wonderful tales of the supreme sacrifices made by our boys. The inspiration was an incentive to many luke-warm Americans.

In the course of time, peace was declared. The allies had won. After a brief period of reconstruction, in which you nobly played your part, the world enjoyed an era of unparalleled prosperity and welfare. And in your afterthoughts, you had often calculated the personal benefits you had derived from this little incident in your life. You had gained a wealth of knowledge that no amount of college work or book study could furnish. Of course, you had made a valiant effort, but it was all for your own best interests. You had travelled through all parts of the globe, acquiring a thorough knowledge of geography. Countries which had hitherto seemed insignificant, now loomed up with a new interest. Old historical places which you had but vaguely pictured to yourself, were now revealed to you in all their mystery. You had come out of the struggle, physically and morally perfect. New ideas and thoughts were brought to your mind by constant mingling with strangers. You had acquired a keener appreciation of your sacred, inalienable rights and had perceived the idea of your close relation to all people, as it had never occurred to you before. To you the world is now an open book. You had left posterity a priceless heritage, you had the satisfaction of knowing that you had done your part in making the world the paradise that it now is.

### "HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP"

At some time or other you have gone to sleep in class. Perhaps you sleep in class habitually, or maybe you succumb to slumber only when you have been out late the night before, or when the lecture is less diverting than usual and you are overcome by ennui, but at some stage of your scholastic career, you have been so overwhelmed with the desire to

sleep, that nothing less than a dynamite explosion could keep you awake.

This absolutely invincible sleepy feeling is indeed a tragic phase of class room slumber. No matter how plainly visible you are to the teacher, or to the rest of the class, all of the will-power which you possess cannot keep your mouth from opening in cavernous yawns, nor your head from nodding and your eyes from closing. It is one thing to drowse pleasantly, but it is quite another to be sleeping soundly when the teacher suddenly huris a question in your direction.

Perhaps you have slept, blissfully unconscious of your surroundings, and suddenly awakened to find the entire class staring at you, extreme mirth registered on every face, and as you rub your eyes in a dazed fashion the looks of mirth increase—evidently you were the only one who could see no humor in the situation. For the first time you realized what Hamlet meant when he said, "To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub," and as you thusly pondered again that sleepy feeling came.

**War Aims Course Disorganized—**The War Aims course is again in a state of disorganization, due to the removal of a number of S. A. T. C. men to the state farm campus. Two big sections have been formed there, and as soon as more men have been sent out, additional sections will be arranged. The War Aims course has been further disorganized by the fact that men taking the courses in pharmacy and pre-medics are required to combine rhetoric and war aims into a three hour course, so a special course is being prepared for them. Next semester the engineering students will also take the same course. The pre-medics will receive their first lecture at five o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

**Posters Are On Exhibition—**A number of war posters collected by Miss Grant are on exhibit in the university Art Gallery. Food conservation, Y. W. C. A., Land Service Commission, Liberty Bonds, Y. W. C. A. hostess houses, and ship building are subjects of the various posters. Some of

the most beautiful in the collection are the work of the artist, Jonas Lie. The posters asking for ship builders have been displayed mostly on the Pacific coast, and in the far east. The studio is open every day from nine to five. Students and soldiers are welcome at any time to come in and view the display. The work of Dwight Kirch is still on exhibition.

### Pleasure Doors Swing Open

Wide for Boys of S. A. T. C.  
(Continued from page 1)

"spaghetti counter." The food that Lincoln housewives offer is such as the gods are wont to demand, and leaves a "comfy" feeling of a sore need satisfied. There is no doubt that the boys who were invited to dinner last Sunday have filled the ears of their less fortunate comrades with such tales, that everyone is doing his very best to prove himself worthy to be chosen for this week. Captain MacIvor co-operates with the Lincoln folks in selecting the hundred lucky ones each week.

After the dinner is over, the boys do not have to return to barracks, but will be expected to attend the entertainment at the theatre. The Orpheum has been obtained for this purpose and the performance will begin at 8:30. Twelve hundred of the twelve hundred and sixty seats will be reserved for men in uniform. The box seats are kept for invited guests.

Still another form of diversion from the ordinary routine of camp life is to be found in the automobile rides that are being arranged. Many kind people have offered the services of their cars to carry the boys out into the country and through the parks. It is merely a matter of a few days now until all final arrangements are completed and everything will be in full swing.

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