

The Daily Nebraskan

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

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The University of Nebraska has totaled \$4,000 up to date, in the first two days of the United War Work campaign. Her goal is \$25,000. There are but three days left in which to reach this goal. That means that four-fifths of the quota is yet to be subscribed.

The committees report that the S. N. T. C. men, who have been canvassed, have contributed almost one hundred per cent of the sum promised. The S. A. T. C. men have not yet been approached. The girls, however, have been approached and it is their subscriptions that have not been up to the former standard of University contributions to war work. It is from the girls that the most of the amount should be given. Men who are not in the S. A. T. C. or the S. N. T. C. are in the minority in the college, and if the girls do not rally to the support of this drive it must mean that the greatest part of the quota will have to be donated by men who have already given most of their school time, and their school life, their greatest energy, and who have at least deferred their own cherished plans and ambitions to the cause for which this fund is being raised—that of Reconstruction.

If we are to fulfill the task that has been set out for us in this campaign it will mean that each student on the campus gives ten dollars. Some cannot afford to give that much, which necessitates that others who can afford it, give more than ten dollars to make up the deficit.

Last year in the Red Triangle drive many gave as much as they are giving now to this fund which includes not only the Y. M. C. A. Red Triangle, but six other organizations as well that are doing fully as important and as efficient war work.

If the committees are doing their best and if the students stand behind this drive as they always have formerly, by giving not what they can conveniently, but by giving so generously as to cause themselves sacrifice and inconvenience, the quota will be raised and more. That is the only means by which the quota can be filled.

Are we still a college of patriots or have we deserted in a crisis?

Probably no other phase of campus life has suffered quite as that which is known as "school activities," since the outbreak of the war. There have been substituted in its place "war activities," and all the other demands on time that arise through unusual, unsettled times, which have crowded out many of the customary expressions of school life.

Although school activities are looked upon by some as those "things outside" which distract the mind from the more serious and important fields of modern education, they are still necessary to the success of co-educational, nonsectarian college.

There is no little amount of knowledge and experience to be gained from school activities. They afford a contrast and a relaxation from "study," and permit the student to put into practice some of the ideals and plans that have been conceived through his mental training. Besides these things they offer a means of making friends and acquaintances and of meeting each other on a different ground than that of the class-room. There are almost as many kinds and varieties of school activities as there are courses of study in the college curriculum.

Since the time of the men on the campus is largely taken up with military activities a greater chance for this form of school is offered to the girls, and it is for them to keep up a lively interest in these affairs if the University is to be a well-rounded, up-to-date institution.

POILU

(Stewart M. Emery in Stars and Stripes)

You're a funny fellow, poilu, in your flinky little cap
 And your war-worn, faded uniforms of blue
 With your multitude of haversacks abulge from heel to flap
 And your rifle that is most as big as you
 You were made for love and laughter, for good wine and merry son,
 Now your sunlit world has sadly gone astray,
 And the road today you travel stretches rough and red and long.
 Yet you make it, petit soldat, brave and gay.
 Though you live within the shadow, fagged and hungry half the while,
 And your days and nights are racking in the line,
 There is nothing under heaven that can take away your smile,
 Oh so wistful and so patient and so fine.
 You are tender as a woman with the tiny ones who crowd
 To upraise their lips and for your kisses post,
 Still, we'd hate to have to face you when the bugle's sounding loud
 And your slim, steel sweetheart Rosalie is dead.
 You're devoted to mustaches which you twirl with such an air
 O'er a cigaret with nigh an inch to run,
 And quite often you are noticed in a beard that's full of hair.
 But that beard of yours is always twenty-one.
 No, you do not "parlee English" and you find it very hard,
 For you want to chum with us and words you lack;
 So you put us on the shoulder and say, "Nous sommes camarades,
 We are that, my poilu pal, to hell and back."



THE PELICAN'S VISITORS.

"I am to have visitors," said the Pelican.

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Pelican. "Well, you are to have them too," added Mr. Pelican.

"It's too bad you can't have them all to yourself," said Mrs. Pelican, turning up her long beak and looking at Mr. Pelican with a very amused expression.

"Now what makes you say that?" asked Mr. Pelican.

"You started in by saying that you were going to have visitors," said Mrs. Pelican, "and then you had to add that they were coming to see me too. You wanted very much to be the all-important pelican bird, didn't you?"

"I'd hardly say that," said Mr. Pelican.

"You'd almost admit it, wouldn't you?" asked Mrs. Pelican.

"Well, maybe for the moment, or for a few moments, I was feeling a little silly, a little bit conceited, because the visitors coming to call are human visitors and important ones at that."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Pelican, "no wonder you wanted all the glory."

"Ah, now, Mrs. Pelican, that is hardly fair," said Mr. Pelican. "If for the moment I forgot myself and was conceited, you must forgive me, and understand that I didn't mean it."

"I would say that you forgot me and not yourself," said Mrs. Pelican.

"Now, now, you are trying to punish me," said Mr. Pelican. "I added, very soon after I had said that I was to have visitors, that you were to have them too."

"Tell me about your human visitors," said Mrs. Pelican.

"Our human visitors, you mean, my love," smiled Mr. Pelican in a very foolish fashion.

Mrs. Pelican gave Mr. Pelican an affectionate little tweak with her beak, and said, "There, there, you're a nice Mr. Pelican. Mrs. Pelican was only teasing you. She won't any more."

"Good!" said Mr. Pelican. "Well, our visitors was the subject we were discussing."

"What do you mean by saying we were discussing a subject?" asked Mrs. Pelican.

"I meant that we were talking about a certain thing—or certain things, the certain things in this case are the humans."

"Would they like to be called things?" asked Mrs. Pelican.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mr. Pelican. "I never asked them what they liked to be called. And of course I never had the chance to ask them because these visitors have never visited me before."

"New visitors," said Mrs. Pelican. "Are they dear little babies perhaps—brand new—like small birds and small animals and small children?"

"Oh no," said Mr. Pelican. "They



To See if We Eat Fish.

aren't to be new as babies are new—but they are new to us—we've never seen them before."

"They're old, not new."

"They wouldn't like it if they heard you say that," said Mr. Pelican.

"Well, no matter, they won't hear me say it, but tell me why they are coming to visit us?"

"They are coming to find out, as others of their kind have come before, to see if we eat fish which they want for people—like themselves—grown-ups, children and regular human beings, forsooth."

"What do you mean by 'forsooth'?" "Nothing, except that it adds a flourish to my sentence. It's like dressing it up, you see."

"I never heard of dressing up a sentence before," said Mrs. Pelican.

"Neither did I," said Mr. Pelican. "But I try to think up these little things now and again. To continue with the story of the visitors who are coming. Some say we eat fish which should be saved for people, and others say we only eat the bony fish which feed near the top of the water and which are unfit for human beings. And the ones who say this last thing are the ones who are right, heigh-ho!"



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Announcement

¶ This notice is paid for by the First Congregational Church not for profit but just to let University people know that they are more than welcome at its services. ¶ Dr. John Andrew Holmes, who has made a specialty of preaching to State University students and professors during a period of ten years, has charge of the service at 10:30 every Sunday morning. ¶ At 12 two student classes, one for student girls, led by Mrs. E. L. Hinman, one for both men and women, led by Dr. Hinman. ¶ The Young Men's class meets at 9:30, instead of 12:00. ¶ The subject for next Sunday's sermon is, "Joshua gives orders to the Sun." ¶ At 6 the Young People's Society give a fellowship luncheon and at 7 its regular meeting is held, which is attended principally by students. ¶ Sometimes also there is an evening service at 8, as occasion requires. ¶ Come to everything. You will feel at home.


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