

The Daily Nebraskan

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

EDITORIAL STAFF

Katharine Newbranch Editor-in-Chief
 Gaylord Davis..... Managing Editor
 Helen Howe..... Associate Editor
 Howard Murfin..... News Editor
 Jack Landale..... News Editor
 Oswald Black..... Sports Editor
 Robert L. Cook..... Military Editor

BUSINESS STAFF

Glen H. Gardner..... Business Manager
 Dwight Slater..... Assistant Business Manager

REPORTORIAL STAFF

Marian Henninger	Gayle Vincent Grubb	Sadie Fitch
Helen Giltner	Mary Herzing	Emil J. Konicek
Ruth Lindsay	Betty Riddell	Katherine Brenke
Earle Coryell	Leonard Cowley	Anna Burtless
Rhea Nelson	Jeff Machamer	Patricia Maloney

Offices: News, Basement, University Hall; Business, Basement, Administration Building.

Telephones: News and Editorial, B-2816; Business, B-2597.
 Night, all Departments, B6696.

Published every day except Saturday and Sunday during the college year. Subscription, per semester, \$1.

Entered at the postoffice at Lincoln, Nebraska, as second-class mail matter under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ALONE

(Baltimore Sun)

Somewhere alone today he sits apart
 In shadows brooding, cloaked and isolate—
 The king whose soul was darkened, and whose heart
 Had only room for savagery and hate!
 Somewhere, unpitied by a word that roars
 Onward and upward to its destined goal—
 And in his ears the echoing of lost wars
 And deathless desolation in his soul!

Somewhere the object of all free men's scorn
 The butt of slaves, the outcast of a dream,
 He walks in night; there is no light of morn
 For him, no hope to enter with its gleam!
 He has gone down because around his throat
 Fingers of little children clutch and cling,
 And wretched women's fingers; faces float
 Before him, and spears of conscience sting!

He has vanished like the dust that blows
 Upon the towers of Caesar, and upon
 The islands of the sea that once seemed rose
 Of warlike ardor to Napoleon!
 Somewhere, disgraced, bowed down, a living curse,
 He wanders lonely as a leper might—
 This king that matched the devil and grew worse,
 And now lies cringing at the feet of Right!

It would be vastly interesting and educational to know, as we can't help but wonder, what the ex-Kaiser's feelings and thoughts must be, now when the Allied Nations are sending their great men, of whom they are so justly proud, to the Peace Conference. According to a dispatch from London, William Hohenzollern is ill with influenza at the castle of Amerongen, where he has lately retreated. How little suffering must his physical illness cause him in comparison with the mental anguish which must be his! What remorseful and torturing thought must be his ever-present companions!

What worse punishment could be visited upon such a man than to be ill, and alone. With the nations upon whom he waged war rejoicing over their victories fought in behalf of Democracy, and with each of those nations striving individually and collectively to pay honor to the heroes and commanders of the several Allied armies, the ex-Kaiser can only compare the wretched outcome of his pride and greed. His own country does not want him. He has made a failure of himself as an emperor, as a commander, and what is really the most poignant of all—as a man. He has done all the things that a man in those positions should not do. He is a living example of the final outcome of selfishness. His own folly has put him in the position which he now occupies—that of the most hated man of all time.

William Hohenzollern had the opportunity to serve his people, to better the world, and to make himself beloved by those whom he ruled and by all posterity. He had, also, the dream of a world empire and of himself and his son as the rulers of such a dynasty. He had the chance to be either noble or mercenary. In order to further his own selfish aims he sacrificed the happiness, welfare, and the lives of millions of his people.

To spread his own ideas and doctrines broadcast over the world he stopped at nothing. Now, an old man, broken in health, defeated in his every attempt, despised by his people, and a menace to himself, he faces the reckoning. Who could punish the ex-Kaiser as the instigator of the greatest war of history, more than he is being punished by being left alone to face the thoughts that must arise from within him.

HAND GRENADES

So friend Tom at Camp Funston asked for one of your pictures, did he? And you decided that the pictures that you had taken last year did not do your beauty justice, so you made an appointment with a local photographer, to have a new one taken.

Two hours before the fatal event was to occur, you went to the hair-dressers', who curled your erstwhile straight locks with irons the size of stove poker, and with many painful pulls and more hair pins (equally painful) dressed the now curly tresses

in a most becoming—although uncomfortable, fashion.

You then went home and borrowed Ruth's new dress, Alice's pearl necklace, Elizabeth's new fur, and became very indignant at Louise, who would not let you take her featherfan—well, you did not care about the old fan anyway—you always did think it looked like a cheap one.

Then to the photographers, where you spent a trying three-quarters of an hour. The photographer did not like your hair-dress, and to your disgust made you simplify it quite a bit. Nor did he like Elizabeth's fur, and to your further disgust, made you take it off. His ideas of posing and yours, were as far apart as is the east from the

west. You had thought a bit of patriotism would be effective—for instance a flag in the back ground or something stirring like that—but, the man would not hear of it. Instead, he insisted that you look sentimentally at an artificial rose which he gave you to hold idly in your hand. Then he propped you up against an artificial window, out of which you were to look with a dreamy expression. A few more insipid poses like this, and the ordeal was over.

In a week you got the proofs, and after long and thoughtful meditation, you decided on one of them. In another week you got the completed pictures—and the bill for them. That same day you received a telegram saying that Tom had sailed. You took the picture to the post office to send it. There you were told that you were not allowed to send photographs overseas. "Somebody's always taking the joy out of life. D—n the Kaiser"—'scuse us, Mr. Briggs.

ALUMNI

The following alumni have registered in the alumni office recently:

Harold G. Neff, '17, who is connected with the United States department of geology, homestead division. He was on his way from the Pacific coast to Washington, D. C.

Elmer O. Davis, '05, who is on the reclamation committee of the Union Pacific railroad. He covers all the territory of that railroad.

Ruth M. Snively, '18, who is teaching at Ravenna this year.

Frank E. Long, '16, who is a ranchman, living near Buffalo, Wyo. He was on his way to Omaha on a business trip.

J. W. Blezek, '05, who is an attorney at Plainsview, Nebr.

David W. Sarr, '15, who is an attorney at Omaha.

C. A. Atwell, '14, writes the following letter to the secretary of the Alumni association.

1116 South Avenue, Wilkensburg, Pa.,
 November 17, 1918,
 Secretary Alumni Association,
 University of Nebraska,
 Lincoln, Nebraska:

I am employed in the testing department of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company, at East Pittsburg, where I have been since leaving the department of engineering and drawing at the University of Illinois a year ago last June.

We have been very busy during the past year, about ninety per cent of the output of the company being either for the government or for companies doing government work.

The contracts for electrical machinery for the United States navy that are being executed by this company will not be affected by the armistice and it looks as if we would be well occupied for some time yet.

Yours truly,
 C. A. ATWELL, '14.

SIX HOURS PER WEEK FOR MILITARY DRILL

(Continued from page 1)

to drill will be devoted to physical exercise in the form of military athletics, calisthenics and games, and bayonet practice. The other half will be given over to close order drill and musketry.

This change was made because of the signing of the armistice and the shifting of the army to a peace basis. The suggested delay in putting it into effect is to avoid interference with the existing academic schedule.

NEW COLLEGE JEWELRY CRESTS SEALS MONOGRAMS GREEK LETTERS

Special Work for Christmas Leave Now

HALLETT

Uni. Jeweler

Esth. 1871

1143 O

A Sale of \$25.00 TAILORED SUITS at \$12.50

If you wish a Suit that is good enough for dress and not too good for business and general wear, buy one of these pretty belted garments of wool poplin in navy blue or black; some neatly trimmed in braid, others in velvet. You'll find they meet every requirement. And the price is halved to dispose of the few we have left.

H. Herpoldsheimer Co

UNIFORMS

Complete Outfits S. A. T. C.



- Overcoats
- Wool Uniforms
- Army Shoes
- Army Sweaters
- Hats and Caps
- Leggings
- Puttees
- Insignia, Cords
- Shirts
- Sheepskin Coats

Uniforms Made to Measure
 Military Instruction Books
 Send for Catalog 14
 Satisfaction or Money Back



37 West 125th St., New York City

Every Soldier

Will have a portrait before he is mustered out. The best is none too good.

Let TOWNSFND Serve You

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS TOKEN SIT IMMEDIATELY

"Preserve the present for the future"



No matter what you say "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS" CHAPIN BROS., 127 S. 13th :: B 2234

ORPHEUM DRUG STORE

OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT

A Good Place for Soda Fountain Refreshments after the Theatre and after the Rowwilde Dance
 CARSON HILDRETH, '95 and '96