

UNIFORMS WILL BE ISSUED THIS WEEK
(Continued from page 1)

entire dismissal of the unit by December 21.

Everything is hustle and bustle at military headquarters today, the work of demobilization, being halted temporarily in an effort to expedite the issuance of winter clothing.

Lieutenant Creviston, inspector of the eighth S. A. T. C. district with headquarters at Minneapolis, Minnesota, visited military headquarters Friday, going directly to the Omaha quartermaster's supply depot to make arrangements for re-shipment of the consignment of uniforms destined for this university.

Personal Letters to Relatives

All company commanders are sending a personal letter to the relatives of each student soldier, asking that after demobilization, especial care be taken to safeguard the physical standards established by the individual while in the army. The letters also emphasize the importance of carrying government insurance after discharge and compliment the student soldiers upon their conduct while in the army.

Navy Asks For Recruits

Chancellor Avery is in receipt of a communication from the navy mobilization station at Omaha, stating there is still an urgent need of skilled men for the navy, the number of recruits having dwindled to almost nothing since the signing of the armistice. The present call for men is for entrance into officer material schools, an excellent opportunity being offered for men of ability. Full particulars relative to such enlistments may be had at naval headquarters, third floor, Social Science barracks.

NEBRASKA LOSES TO PIKER ELEVEN
(Continued from page 1)

duced one more touchdown for the Pikers and the score, which goes down in history, showed 20 points for Washington and 7 for Nebraska.

Schellenberg, the Husker left half-back, was injured in the second quarter when he tackled Evans and was relieved by Jobes.

In view of the fact that three members of the Piker eleven were professional players and eligible only for S. A. T. C. teams, the Nebraska authorities feel justified in claiming the Missouri valley pennant for the 1918 season. Nebraska put a strictly eligible team on the field according to Missouri valley rules and she had decided to put in her bid for the honors before the game irrespective of the outcome.

The lineup of the game:

Nebraska—	Washington—
Newman	Busick
Hubka	Lippert
W. Munn	Winkleman
M. Munn	Marquard
Ross	Kohlbry
Lyman	Krache
Swanson	Feuerborn
Howarth	Simpson
Schellenberg	Berger
Lantz	Evans
Dobson	Pothoff

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, UNABRIDGED

By His Royal Lowness' Plumber

After the title of "Royal Plumber to the Most Hellish Household" had been conferred upon me, I made haste to install some practical means of secret communication between all rooms in the Potsdam Palace. This end was accomplished by decapitating all radiators throughout the place. (The radiators were cold; the janitor had gone to Ostend on his vacation.)

At the time of my entering the Kaiser's employ, he was cruising along the coast of Norway aboard his yacht. The clown prince was in the party, as were other members of the royal family. They returned late in the summer and resumed residence at Potsdam Palace.

The emperor celebrated the latter event with a beer party in the furnace room, where frau Wilhelmina wouldn't intrude. Among those present were several bushy-headed Rooshuns, and a half dozen dukes, along with a number of the clown prince's military associates.

I was lying along the top of an asbestos covered hot-air pipe immediately above the large keg, around which the merry party was gathered. I was in such a position that had the

pipe given way, I would have splashed into Wilhelm's five-gallon mug.

His majesty was unravelling a yarn about "the three Irishmen who drove to Dublin in a Ford"—ever heard it? It went over in a very creditable manner—the men were in that well-known condition, which allowed them the involuntary privilege of laughing at nothing in particular.

I laughed too—so hard that I jarred a chunk of asbestos from the pipe and it splashed with a spraying effect into the Kaiser's stein. A chunk of foam the size of an ordinary American dime made its way to one of his majesty's eyes and lodged there. (If you've ever had a drop of beer in one of your eyes, you can sympathize with W. Hohenzollern.)

With his sole remaining eye, the Kaiser glared at Ivan Spittoofski, a Rooshun piano salesman, who swayed at his elbow.

Ivan's eyelids were ... slowly, and he couldn't look the emperor squarely in that eye. Because of this, Wilhelm accused the piano salesman of trying to ruin the sight of his majesty. Whereupon Ivan picked up a handy Frankfurter, put it on his right shoulder and dared the clown prince's papa to knock it off.

The Kaiser staggered to the side of Spittoofski, and after trying seven times he brushed the "weeny" a'clattering to the stone floor. His majesty then rushed to a garbage can and rummaged doggedly for a brief moment; he brought forth a soiled bit of brown wrapping paper, and with a piece of soft coal, he scribbled the memorable declaration of war against Roosha.

(NOTE—After years of incessant endeavor and reckless experiences, I succeeded in acquiring that piece of brown wrapping paper. It now hangs on the wall of my tin-shop in Squash Center, Nebraska.)

The paper was handed to Ivan, who made an admirable effort at looking at it. He muttered a few things that ended in "itch," "ski," and "off," and which sounded decidedly aggressive. The emperor was shaking hands all around. He took one more fishy look at Ivan Spittoofski and turned on his heel.

Thus the war began!

Next day, the Berliner Tageblatt, official jokesheet of William Hohenzollern, and edited by Hans Beermer, announced the Kaiser's declaration against the be-whiskered nation on the east. Abominable confusion ensued, and prescient statements regarding Roosha's chances with the "Goose-steppers" were made by every news medium in Berlin.

As far as extensive preparation was concerned, nothing remained to be done, that having been carefully looked after fifty years before.

The emperor uncloseted his 157 uniforms and had them rendered immaculate—each button polished till it would reflect a thought. The chests in the coats had to be enlarged and the belt-line of most of the trousers required "letting out." His sword was honed very carefully. He brushed and waxed his mustache till the points were unsafe as landing fields for flies.

William Hohenzollern was now ready to go up within fifty miles of the front and direct his armies regardless of the terrible danger. The clown prince insisted for his papa's sake, that he remain seventy miles behind the lines. To which Wilhelm replied, "Vat! You tink me der cowerd? Neffer—I go mit in feety miles off der fr-ront—so dere!"

So-o-o-o the kaiser motored to a point fifty miles behind the first line in a motor car that would automatically reverse to a speed of ninety miles per hour. After his first day at this point, and after listening to the monotonous rumble of belching cannon over a long distance telephone, he directed that his headquarters be moved thirty-one miles back, and that the long distance telephone service be discontinued. In other words "He couldn't be bothered!"

(To be Continued)

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