

The Daily Nebraskan

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

EDITORIAL STAFF

Gaylord Davis	Editor-in-Chief
Howard Murfin	Managing Editor
Jack Landale	News Editor
Clarence Haley	Acting News Editor
Ruth Snyder	Associate Editor
Oswald Black	Sports Editor
Helen Giltner	Society Editor

BUSINESS STAFF

Glen H. Gardner	Business Manager
Roy Wythers	Assistant Business Manager

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

Telephones: News and Editorial, B-2816; Business, B-2597. Night, all Departments, B 4204.

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.

CONGRATULATE THE TEAM

Prospects in the sporting world are brightening up considerably for Nebraska. After a discouraging season of football, we have been electrified into the realization that we have a basketball team. Moreover, it is a team that now stands second place in the Valley, according to the statistics compiled by the sport writers. Our rivals, the Kansas Aggies, have yet to prove their worth. To-date they have met only inferior Valley teams, and virtually hold their present position by accident.

The rise or fall of Missouri, Kansas Aggies, and Nebraska, hinges upon the outcome of the games that are still to be played. So far the season's games have been in the nature of preliminary contests. The contenders have been merely "feeling each other out." From the elimination process, Nebraska has emerged with flying colors. With the odds slightly on the side of Missouri, we have a fighting chance to win the pennant. The team goes to play Kansas University and the Aggies. In two weeks, playing four consecutive games on foreign territory. The following week the Aggies play Missouri at Columbia, giving Missouri the advantage of the home floor. Consider the excellent record the team has made so far, and the hard road that lies ahead, and every time we meet a player on the campus, let's give him the congenial hand of congratulation, and wish him good luck in the battles that are to come. Convince him that he is not fighting alone.

THE BALLOT ON THE CAMPUS

We were afforded a taste yesterday of what real, old-fashioned, hit and smash election might be like. Political henchmen of various creeds were congregated about the Armory doors the greater part of the day, and many were the innocent voters who were lead by persuasive, doll-eyed, co-eds to cast their vote for so and so. The competition was limited to the contest for freshman and senior president, but the fighting spirit demonstrated, made up in some measure for the lack of interest in the other classes.

The large number of votes that were polled, is encouraging to those who had hoped to see the student body take an interest in political affairs. It appears that we have not completely lost sight of the importance of our constitutional right to the ballot. After we leave college, and take our place as an active citizen of the body politic, our one, small right to a voice in the government is exercised through the proper and sober-minded use of the ballot. For a man to neglect his duty of casting a ballot on election day, is to brand himself as a civic outcast. His apathy classes him with the convict and with the demented unfortunates who inhabit our asylums. There is no better place to learn the power and the significance of the ballot than right here on the university campus. It is encouraging to observe that a small proportion of our student body is learning to exercise its civic powers.

"OVER THERE"

A few months ago the American people and their soldiers were with great gusto singing George Cohan's famous song, the last line of which was "We won't come back till it's over, over there." We all want the boys brought home as soon as possible, and they very naturally are eager to get back. But we must remember that everything is not yet "over, over there." That being the case we must make our word good. An army of occupation is as necessary now as an army of combat was three months ago. Peace has not yet been made. The whole of eastern Europe is in a turmoil of which Germany may be trusted to make the most. It is not, as Speaker Clark said a few days ago, a question of doing police duty, but of seeing that the terms of the armistice are complied with, and of enforcing the peace terms, if this shall prove to be necessary.

The quota to be furnished by each nation will be determined by the peace conference, and the American people will acquiesce in the decision. They have formed the habit of finishing any job that they undertake, and they will finish this one. The problem is not a European one, but a world problem. It is one of finishing a war which is as much our war as it is that of France. We are bringing home 300,000 men a month, and that is well. But it is important that those who are not returned—they and their friends and relatives—should realize the vital nature of the duty that is yet to be performed, and that it is a duty that we owe, not to the French or British, but to ourselves, and to the great cause in behalf of which we went to war.

After all, it is not probable that there will be any delay, due to the peace conference, in bringing the men home. At the rate of 300,000 a month, which is the top figure, it will take more than six months to get our army out of France. Whether overseas or in this country our soldiers realize that they are still in the service of this country, and will be until they are discharged.—The Indianapolis News.

HAND GRENADES

"A Winter's Tale"

(Through an error on the part of the compositor several paragraphs were omitted from the Hand Grenades in Tuesday's paper. The story, as it should appear, follows:)

Some one gave us a cruel blow the other night. A certain man asked why the "Rag" did not run a humorous column. We wilted. Who wouldn't? Then we explained at length that Hand Grenades were really supposed to be scintillating outbursts of wit and humor. Much surprise was registered on the face of the heartless man, who said he always thought that the Hand Grenades were merely advertisements for patent medicine or something like that.

There was another fellow with him. He said he read said Hand Grenades once in a while, but he couldn't give them much. He furthermore said, that he wished the fellow who wrote them would lay off the dainty, girlish stuff as he had no idea how to depict feminine characters, his work being bunglingly masculine. Maybe he was right. Maybe a fellow six feet tall who tips the scales at one hundred and eighty cannot accurately portray fluffy-ruffle, lady-like, personalities, but then we would like to meet any who who really understands maidenly mannerisms. We are sure such a fellow would be hard to find.

We could forgive him for this, but we can neither forgive nor forget his remark to the effect that he wished that once in a while that Shrapnel or Hand Grenade or whatever-he-called-himself fellow would take his stories from life, rather than forever giving want to his distorted imagination. After that, we needed a few "ruby rays"—yes, we went to the Orpheum last week—what our imagination refuses to distill in the laugh line we glean at the Tuesday matinee.

Well, today we're going to tell a true story—a breezy one about the blizzard. (Please read the last of that sentence again—we don't want you to miss the joke!) Out in the wilderness in the little town where our family tree is firmly planted, the blizzard blizzed lots harder than it did here. The wind howled and the snow—drifted. In one of the deepest drifts was buried a lady—a beautiful lady with golden hair and a rose-petal skin! The snow piled over her and the icy blasts raged about her.

Ever and anon, a stalwart man would struggle through the storm. All looked at the unfortunate lady, and a few would-be heroes started to help her, but no one really rescued her. There, during that awful day, she remained in the ice and snow. Now, the men in our little habitation do not lack courage. Many of them have just returned from France where they shared in deeds of heroism. Why, then, were they not brave enough, and chivalrous enough to aid the beautiful lady? Perhaps, they felt it below their dignity to help a wax lady from a snow-drift. Oh, didn't you know she was a wax lady? Guess we forgot to tell you that. The wind blew in a store window, and blew out the wax-lady.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

WANT ADS

LOST—Dress length of yellow Georgette crepe, Monday between 9 and 12 on city campus. Finder please leave at Student Activities office.

LOST—A Delta Gamma pin. Please call B-1416.


LOST—Notebook with fountain pen and gloves in it. Taken in library between 11 and 1 o'clock Tuesday. Finder please return to Student Activities office. Reward.

LOST—Parker fountain pen Tuesday noon, between 2nd floor University Hall and 16th and R streets. Finder call B3580 or leave at Student Activities office. Reward.

For Sale—Chickering grand piano; cheap. Call B1482.

LOST—Small wrist watch with khaki band. Wednesday noon in woman's gymnasium. Please return to student activities office. Reward.

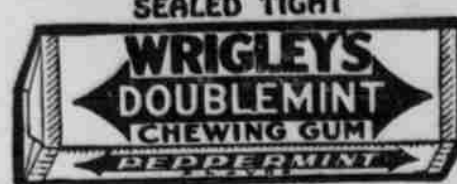
SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DAILY NEBRASKAN



WRIGLEY'S

All three brands sealed in air-tight packages. Easy to find— it is on sale everywhere.

Look for, ask for, be sure to get **WRIGLEY'S** The Greatest Name in Goody-Land



The Flavor Lasts

New Term March 3rd

Plan to spend your spare hours on Shorthand, Type writing Bookkeeping

ENTER NOW

Lincoln Business College

Fully Accredited by Nat'l Ass'n of Accredited Com'l Schools
209 North 14th Street B6774 Lincoln, Nebraska

Lost Articles

CAN BE RECOVERED BY ADVERTISING IN THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Rates

10 CENTS A LINE—MINIMUM CHARGE 25 CENTS LEAVE ADVERTISEMENTS AT STUDENT ACTIVITIES OFFICE OR PHONE B2597

Hardy Smith Barber Shop

WE USE A CLEAN TURKISH TOWEL ON EACH CUSTOMER

WITH AUTOMATIC STERILIZER AT EACH CHAIR EIGHT CHAIRS

116 NORTH 13TH STREET

Subscribe for THE DAILY NEBRASKAN