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University of Nebraska College of Medicine

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THE FEW

There are always a few in this world who go about knocking everything they see, never having a good thing to say about anything. This paper has troubles enough of its own, without outside interference by a knocker. If you can not say something good about the paper, say nothing at all. Those interested in this paper are doing all in their power to make it a success. It is a success and by the end of the year will be on a good financial basis. This paper is the only activity that the school has and it needs the support of the entire school to make it a real go. The Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes have supported the paper very well this year, but the Senior class failed to respond. That class seems to be the only slackers around the school. Out of a class of 28 there are four subscriptions. It is a disgrace to the school and it is also embarrassing to those few in the school who in the face of many difficulties try to put out something that is worth while. If we should be so fortunate as to be in a position to put out a year book those who have not been regular subscribers will not be able to get one at any cost.

Each year there are a certain group of men who are willing to give their time to publishing this paper. First, they start after subscriptions from the classes in school. The class to which they belong responds in a half-hearted way. Some think they are doing a very great favor to the solicitor. Some subscribe because they have not backbone enough to say no. Others subscribe because they feel as though they should support activities. Very, very few subscribe because they really want the paper. So it goes year after year, very few seem to really want the paper and yet no one wants to see it discontinued.
The next difficulty is getting material for the paper. A staff is finally appointed and given a certain line of work to look after. In about two weeks time a few turn in about a page of material that after it is gone over has one or two laughs in it maybe. The rest, who did not turn in anything, always have some good excuse, as I forgot. Once in a long while, someone has energy enough to write an article but this is once in awhile. The faculty are the only ones who will readily do anything when they are asked. They always have something that is of interest to the students hid away somewhere. The getting of good material is the hardest kind of work and requires hours of patient labor to put over.

The reason for this lack of interest seems to lie in the fact, that the medical students are “over-worked.” The poor over-worked medical student is only over-worked because someone told him he was not that he is. If a medical student was over-worked the fellow who took work this summer would be a wreck this winter. They are fit and healthy so there is not much truth in that statement.

After all this, the staff of this paper are not discouraged and are going to put out a good paper whether the school supports it or not. The Alumni subscribe easily providing you get them in a place where they do not like to say no. And for that reason, if for no other, there is going to be a good paper put out.

FOR YOU

Wednesday afternoon at 2:00 P. M. the new university hospital was dedicated. This building is the one great landmark in Nebraska, which was given by the state solely for humanities cause. It stands as an emblem at which the future generation may look and realize that there stands the first real step in the great broadening of medical science that is to come. The people throughout the state have every reason to be proud for they know that the unfortunates that are sent there will have all that medical science can offer for their benefit. It is a wonderful institution and we, as medical students, thank the state for this golden opportunity they have given us in giving us the opportunity of studying at the bedside. The following is the dedication program:

Chaplain .. Dr. E. H. Jenks
Dedication Address ......... Hon. S. Avery
Chancellor of the University

Presentation of Hospital to State........ Hon. Fred Hoffmeister
Member of the Legislature of 1915 and 1917
Acceptance by the Medical Profession........ Dr. C. L. Mullins
President Nebraska State Medical Association
Acceptance by Regents of University.......... Hon. F. L. Haller
President of the Board of Regents
Acceptance of the People of Nebraska........ Hon. W. M. Clemmons
State Superintendent Public Instruction and Member of
the State Board of Health

Dr. Cutter in the Chair.
SOME INFLUENCE ON THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON

By C. W. M. Poynter

Who of us can affirm immunity from the charm, the ease, the grace, the diablerie of "Don Juan?" And whether we are fond of poetry or not we are stirred by "The Dream" and feel the music in "The Maid of Athens." Every one knows something of Byron's life for it is impossible to read his works without feeling his personality and desiring to know more of the man. Egotism, so unpopular in conversation, is accepted without question in his writings. Macaulay says, "The interest which he aroused during his life is without parallel in history. Young persons imitated him. The number of hopeful undergraduates and medical students who became things of dark imaginings, on whom freshness of heart ceased to fall like dew, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation." He still appeals, we admire his wit, condone his eccentricity, sympathize with him in his friendlessness, secretly approve his satire on conventions and publicly denounce his profligacy.

To us as physicians, the life of any genius is a profitable study; but that of Lord Byron is unusually rich, not only in the suggestion of the influence which heredity and environment had on his life, but also the effect of a physical defect on his mental poise.

There is no doubt that much which was regrettable in Lord Byron's career was due to lack of discipline and proper parental sympathy in his earlier years, and possibly his irritability of temper and moroseness was a heritage from his ancestors. He was sprung from a noble and ancient lineage, but his more recent ancestors had sullied it by scandalous crimes and follies. There was undoubtedly a strain of madness in both the paternal and maternal lines and if this was recessive in the case of the poet, it is not too much to say that, "in his disposition, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes."

Some of his biographers have attributed his wayward and irritable temper to inheritance but we cannot attribute his intellectual powers, amounting to genius, to the same source. No one among his ancestors exhibited an intellect above the average. With our present knowledge, or may I say lack of knowledge, of the heritability of mental traits, we are not in a position to give either blame or credit to his ancestors.

Byron was born in London, January 22, 1788. There is prevalent an idea that Doctor John Hunter officiated at his birth. This is certainly an error for the family solicitor who was commissioned to secure a house for Mrs. Byron, who had just crossed from Paris, was apprised that the acouchemen t was imminent and made preparations accordingly. In a letter written early in February, the solicitor says, "She was attended in her confinement by the nurse, Mrs. Mills, the man midwife Mr. Combe and the doctor, Doctor Denman."

Byron was born with a caul. At this time there was a prevalent superstition that the caul betokened great prosperity for the person born with it, and it was considered an infallible preventative against drowning. During the 18th century, seamen often gave from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars for a caul. The caul of Byron was
sold by the nurse Mills to Captain James Hansen, R. N.—I regret to relate that he was drowned in 1800.

We know nothing of Byron's babyhood. In March, 1791, his mother speaks of him as, "Very well and really a charming boy." In February of the same year his father writes, "For my son, I am happy to hear he is well, but for his walking, 'tis impossible, as he is club footed." This letter of his father’s is the first intimation we have of a deformity which was to shut him out of boyhood sports, make him an object of ridicule to the beggars in the street and embitter his whole life. It is not possible to state positively the cause of the deformity or even which limb was affected. His most intimate friends, who were with him constantly, disagree on both points.

In May, 1791, his mother wrote, "George's foot turns inward and it is the right foot, he walks quite on the side of his foot." Moore, who was intimate with him for years and who wrote his biography, did not know which foot was affected. He says of the case, "By an accident which occurred at the time of his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its normal position and this defect, chiefly from contrivances employed to remedy it, was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his early years."

Sheldrake, a brace maker, London Lancet, 1827, p. 779, "Lord Byron's Case," gives an account of the case and illustrates the deformity on the left foot. This account is evidently written from memory and in the light of contemporary letters is unreliable. There is in the Nottingham Museum a pair of lasts on which Swift is said to have made boots for Byron in 1807. These show no defect in either foot.

The Thorwaldsen statue indicates the left foot as slightly abnormal, as does also a silhouette made by Mrs. Leigh Hunt. Jackson, Byron's sometime boxing teacher, thought it was the left foot. Doctor Millingen, from an inspection after death said, "Malformation left foot and leg, born clubfooted."

Trelawny who made an examination after death said, "The lameness which occasioned the poet so much discomfort of body and mind in childhood and to his last days, was due to a contraction of the tendon Achilles of each foot so compelling him to walk on the balls and toes of his feet. Both may have been equally well formed till one was subjugated to injurious surgery; the right being however, considerably smaller than the left."

Stendahl said it was the right foot. Mr. Murray has two surgical boots made for Byron as a child, and both of these are for the right foot, ankle and leg. If they may be used to interpret the etiology of the deformity they would suggest a paryllitic condition rather than a congenital club foot for they are very long and narrow.

Everything which medical science of the time could do seems to have been done for the case; and quackery, too, has not neglected. Doctor John Hunter cared for the boy for some time, and when Mrs. Byron moved to Aberdeen, consigned the case to Doctor Livingston, of that city, writing him fully of the best method of treatment to pursue. Doctor Livingston's work does not seem to have been satisfactory to Mrs. Byron for in 1798 George was sent to Nottingham, to have his
foot treated by a man named Lavender. This man seems to have enjoyed some local reputation for his skill in the treatment of deformed and misshapen limbs. At this time, he was “truss maker to the General Hospital,” later, in the Nottingham directory for 1814, he is listed under the title of “surgeon.” He rubbed the foot in oil, twisted it about and fixed it in a wooden machine constructed for “twisting” and “screwing” bone and muscles. His treatment seems to have produced no immediately beneficial results and was looked on by all of Byron’s friends with extreme disfavor. In a letter written about this time, Byron says, “I am at present very well and my foot goes but indifferently. I cannot perceive any alteration.” Moore refers to Lavender as a “Quack.”

At the suggestion of his guardian Byron was taken to London in July, 1799, to consult Doctor Matthew Baillie. Probably under Doctor Baillie’s direction Doctor Laurie of No. 2 Bartholomew’s Care, took active charge of the case and saw it frequently for the next three years. As is even now, frequently true in long drawn out cases, there seems to have been some mutual dissatisfaction, for Mrs. Byron, in a letter to Doctor Laurie, complains that she is paying at the rate of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year with scant results; while he, in his turn writes December, 1801, “Agreeable to your desires I waited on Lord Byron at Harrow, and think it proper to inform you that I found his foot in a much worse state than when I last saw it, the shoe entirely wet through and the brace around his ankle quite loose. I much fear his extreme inattention will counteract every exertion on my part to make him better. I have only to add that with proper care and bandaging his foot may still be greatly recovered; but any delay farther than the present vacation would render it folly to undertake it.” A second letter, October 1802, “I can not help lamenting he has so little sense of the benefit he has already received as to be apparently neglectful of instructions.” This period of treatment consisted of bandaging and braces applied with the idea of slowly lengthening the drawn and shortened muscles and restoring the misplaced parts. This was the accepted method of treatment at the time, for tenotomy was not generally practiced till after 1838. The braces for the poet were made by a scientific brace maker, Sheldrake on the Strand. Whether he was a connection of Timothy Sheldrake, who wrote extensively on orthopedic subjects at this time, I have been unable to discover. The braces were for the correction of the deformity and were very painful. All of Byron’s teachers of this period speak of the great torture they were and how bravely he bore up under the treatment. Byron continued to wear braces made by Sheldrake for a number of years after the surgeons ceased to direct their use.

Lord Byron in a letter, May 1803, says, “I wish you would write to Sheldrake to tell him to make haste with my shoes.” Again in June, “I have already wrote to you several times about writing to Sheldrake. I wish you would write to him, or Mr. Hanson call on him, to tell him to make an instrument for my leg immediately, as I want one rather.”

How beneficial the whole treatment may have been or whether it would meet with the approval of modern orthopedists we cannot
say. It is clear that his deformity was so great that he could not take part in the active sports of his mates at Harrow, and it was never so far remedied that he could walk or run about in anything like a normal way. All of the evidence available does not clear up the question of etiology and Byron’s own testimony is not conclusive. In a conversation with Lord Sligo, he spoke with feelings of aversion concerning his mother and pointing to his foot said, “look there; it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity.” In the drama “The Deformed Transformed” he makes the boy Arnold say, “I was born so Mother.”

There is very contradictory evidence as to the degree of his deformity in later years. It is certain that he was never able to walk in a normal way, but it is equally certain that he could get about without the aid of a stick or crutch. Trelawny grudgingly admits that, with the aid of a cane, he might manage to walk a mile or two. Perhaps we will have a more correct idea of his ability if we remember that in 1816, he climbed the Wegen, 7,000 feet, and three years later walked three miles at midnight in a rain storm when his carriage broke down.

He always wore a boot with a “built up heel” to correct his lameness and when entering a room advanced with short mincing steps, like one walking on tiptoe. When standing at rest, he always leaned against something, possibly more from habit formed when he was a boy and when his limb was weak and painful than from necessity. At one time he grew very stout and of course, the added weight increased the difficulties of locomotion. He was naturally athletic and, of course felt the handicap to free exercise, but more than this in his mind the deformity was a strain. His sensitiveness to the affliction amounted to morbidity and contributed largely to his unhappiness.

We may feel that the world is richer for Lord Byron’s lameness, that possibly had he shared the privileges and activities of normal boys he might not have turned to occupations which so developed his romantic nature and yet we cannot help sympathizing in the suffering which it caused him. Other men have had physical afflictions without being embittered by them. Sir Walter Scott had a withered limb, but no one knew of it from his books and forgot the fact in his company. For such as he, Carlisle says, “Disease, which is superficial, and issues in outward lameness does not cloud the young existence; rather, forwards it towards the expression it was fitted for.” Byron’s affliction amounted in the end to a “soul lameness.” His sensitiveness to beauty, harmony and rhythm was so acute that his limp became a living satire more bitter than any from his pen. In his weakness, and he was weak in many ways, he was never able to conquer its oppressing influence, nor accept philosophically the limitations which it imposed.

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A MAN OF ACTION

Miss Squirrel: “I like a man of few words and many actions.”
Mr. Nut: “You want my brother; he has St. Vitus’s dance.”

Instruments and school supplies—that’s us.—Watters & Stoney.
Dear Doctor:

Well I am still in England and really am enjoying my work very much and there is quite enough to do.

For some time we have been having regular English weather; cold and rainy and some wind, but so far, I am standing it all right, but people say to just wait until winter comes, when it is just as bad and worse.

Our hospital has been very busy for some time; we no more than get 150 to 200 empty beds when they send in a train load of injured or sick. We get a few eye and ear cases, but generally they come in by the train load of 150 to 200 patients. Most of the cases we get are fairly bad ones. The lost convoy got in Sunday evening and were men who were injured on Wednesday and Thursday before or near Ypres. They say the British are meeting with pretty severe opposition, but that they are gaining their objectives. I suppose this wet weather will put a stop to some of the heavy advancing. Of course, everything we get or most every wound is infected and the best thing to handle that is what is called Enrol which is a neutralized solution of chloride of lime by Sodium Carbonate. There are of course, plenty of fractures to care for and shrapnel and bullet pieces to remove. The worst thing to handle is gas gangrene. The only salvation is incision or amputation if it sets in a limb.

Besides surgery, there is plenty of medicine. I have found several T. B.'s, and some Syphilis in my wards. Of course, as soon as I find them, they are transferred to other wards for treatment as mine are only surgical, but then I have the pleasure of going over them and finding the trouble.

Another thing we have to deal with is a great deal of the gas cases. Some of the gas does not take effect for several hours after; then the men begin to have conjunctivitis, bronchitis, gastritis and dermatitis. In fact, in the hospital there is almost any form of disease or condition which is found in medicine even some of the rarer diseases like Bantis disease and Dr. John Potts would just have a lovely time with all the mastoids and turbinites and sub-mucous resections and polyps both normal and anal.

The United States certainly seems to be stirring things up; my, but you must be busy with every thing that seems to be coming up. They do need doctors over here, but they apparently are going to need them in the United States Army too. I suppose one of these fine days, I will find myself in France and when I do, I hope with American troops, although I like it here and am even glad to have an opportunity to become familiar with the English and their methods of doing business. It seems to take them a long time to get started to do anything, but they always seem to win out in the long run.

The Hospital situation in France must not be the best for they are dropping bombs from areoplanes on them and injured many of the staff. I certainly wish we could hurry up and give them some of their
own medicine. Some people seem to think the war will end by early spring, but with Russia out of it, as they certainly are, most everyone can not see the end for some time. Italy, however, is coming strong against the Austrians.

The food proposition is not so bad, the meat, of course, is short and then sugar is mighty scarce, but the crops are pretty good and with what the United States is raising, I do not think the world will starve. I, however, have lost some weight, but it is the way food is cooked, everything is so different from home. It is now dinner time and I must stop for this time.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) R. ALLYN MOSER.

SUCCESS
By W. C. Abbott, M. D.,
Editor of The American Journal of Clinical Medicine.

Written For "Back-Bone"

I am asked to answer two questions:
1. "What do you consider has contributed most to your success?"
2. "What would be your advice, your motto, your warning to others seeking success?"

The first I would say, unqualifiedly, genuine hard work—to make life subservient to genuine, earnest endeavor, persistently applied to a well-selected legitimate purpose, on the square, and doing it unstintingly!

As for the second “advice” is cheap, but what I have lies right along the line of the only way I know. The better the purpose, the more acceptable and valuable to those to whom it applies, and the more intelligent and strenuous the application, the greater the success.

As for a “motto”, this which, with others, hangs above my desk, is as good as any:

Pluck will win—its average is sure,
He wins the fight who can the most endure.
Who faces issues, he who never shrinks,
Who waits and watches and who always works.

I don’t know who said it first. It matters not—’twas a true heart and a red corpuscle, and to have been able to say it gives him his reward in advance.

Genius that counts is but capacity for taking pains; the greater the capacity and the more exact and persistent its application the greater the genius. Natural instincts should be considered as indicating the lines of least personal resistance and the best field for their application, having in view, the measure and kind of success desired. Then count the cost of things and go in to win.

All success depends upon the possession and the pushing of an idea that betters the condition of humanity, a pushed idea from the resultant of which, as thought or material, others are willing to pay in money or honors an excess over cost, which is satisfaction or profit.

Having determined all this as best one can, work should be entered
joyously, without fear, and pushed for the result desired. Give no place to "I can’t," but plenty of room to "I can." Think it, be it, live it, and you not only can, but will succeed.

The “warning” we’ll omit. Be not afraid, but be sensible. Do not as a rule aspire to things for which you may not be fitted. Measure your strength and put your endeavors wisely. Each victory, be it ever so small, strengthens to greater endeavor. That success which you seek is not of the day but the growth to full friction. Aim high but don’t try to accomplish all at once. Do better and more work every day of your life. Intensify and broaden your conception and courage—your “I can and will,” for it is right. Shun late hours at both ends of the day as a pestilence. Be willing really, to work, and do your work well—that’s all. This formula is non-secret, not proprietary, but truly “ethical,” and in “dose enough” and with due regard to circumstances and environment produces results citeo, tuto et j’ucunde.

LIBRARY NOTES

Several new sets and many interesting, up-to-date separate volumes have been added to the library since the last issue of the Pulse.

We are able to purchase two very priceless sets—the Anatomische Hefte, volumes 1 to 53, which brings the set down to date and Anatomischer Anzeiger, a set of 47 volumes almost complete.

The gift of “American Medicine” completed by one of the doctors out in the State is a very good addition to the library. The following volumes have just been put on the shelves.

Rose—Feeding the family.
Deaver—The Breast—its Anomalies.
Stitt—Practical Bacteriology.
Lehmann & Neumann—2 volumes, Bacteriology.
Kendall—Bacteriology, General, Pathological and Intestinal.
Hadden—The Gynecology of Obstetrics.
Loeb—2 volumes, Operative Surgery of the Nose and Throat.
Frauenthal—A manual of Infantile Paralysis.
Sautter—Technique of Operations on the bones, joints, muscles and tendons.

HALLIE WILSON.

Librarian.

NU SIGMA PHI NOTES

Miss Rebannis Sisler, ex. ’16, of Geneva, is doing operating room and laboratory work under Dr. Henry at Lord Lister Hospital.

Edna Gibbs, is attending Chicago Art Institute this year.

Dr. Olga Stastny spent ten days in Chicago, Washington and New York seeing about organizing a Red Cross Unit for service in France.

Mrs. W. H. Mick is at Cornell University studying X-Ray work, preparatory for war service.

Miss Dorcas Christenson, of Newman Grove, spent the last week in Omaha.

Anything and everything in the line of medical instruments and all guaranteed.—“Watston Co.”
NU SIGMA NU NOTES

Davis and Ross are serving as senior internes at the University Hospital.
A dance was held at the Prettiest Mile Club, October 12th when Nu Sigma Nu was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Wonder.
Dr. Allyn Moser is at one of the big base hospitals in London, England. He tells interesting things about the air raids in London.

PHI CHI NOTES

Letters from Brown indicate that while he is not yet a commissioned aviator, he will be in the near future. He is at Kelley Field in Texas, and states that he likes the work given the men very well.
Phi Chi held a banquet at the Loyal Hotel Tuesday, November 6th.
Gerald Bruce has quit school and enlisted in the Balloon school at Fort Omaha.
James Eyerly has been to Lincoln five times in the last six weeks. He would have been there the week he missed, only his economic resources were fractured.

PHI RHO SIGMA NOTES

Dr. Niehaus who has been taking care of a practice out in the state, left for New York where he expects to take an internship.
We notice the Freshmen have begun to emanate their annual odor of orchids again.
Tuck Westover recently took a two weeks practice out at Creston, Nebraska.
Elder Kirkpatrick left last week to take up his work in the Medical Reserve Corps.
Nielsen was recently heard to remark that he certainly thanked the flies for their valuable addition to his grade under Dr. Stokes.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

(Apologies to Sir Philip Sidney)

Some stranger hath my shirt, and I have his
By some mistake, mine for another changed;
His is too large, but mine he'll never miss,
A better swap the laundry ne'er arranged;
Some stranger hath my shirt, and I have his.

His shirt on me leaves me to grope—alone,
My shirt on him, chokes up his breath, his throat;
He damns my shirt—glad that 'tis not his own,
I like not his for it on me doth float;
Some stranger hath my shirt, and I have his.
SHE HAD SEVEN

I met a little college girl
Nigh twenty years twas said,
Her hair was thick with flaxy curl
That clustered 'round her head.

She had that innocent city air,
And now! how she was clad;
Her eyes were fair, O very fair
Her beauty made me glad.

And how many lovers, little maid
How many may there be?
Nary a one, my dear, she said
And wistfully looked at me.

And how is this? I pray you tell,
No one cares for me, said she
One such did in my home town dwell,
But he has gone to sea.

Tho't I, these eyes, they could not lie
So innocent were they,
And I, a lad of a ville close by,
Love soon found its way.

To many a function we did go;
Truly, she was splendid!
At no other man her eyes would glow,
To them, her love was ended.

Alas! one starry night I phoned
No! 'Twas her mate's sweet voice,
Miss Margaret has just now gone
To a dance with brother Royce.

How many are there then, said I,
Tell me, Oh good heaven,
Quick was the little maid's reply,
Oh, mister, she has seven.

The Outlook—

I am an American. I believe in the dignity of labor, the sanctity of the home, and the high destiny of democracy.

Courage is my motto, justice my ideal, and faith in humanity my guiding star.

By the sacrifice of those who suffered that I might live, who died that America might endure, I pledge my life to my country and the liberation of mankind.—U. N. M. C.
DOWN AT LINCOLN

BESSEY HALL

We envy the Pre-Medics this year for they are now gaining their knowledge of botany and zoology in the New Bessy Hall, one of the finest botany and zoology buildings in the country. The botany department occupies about half of the building.

PROF. FRANKFORTER

We all remember our Chem. 8 course under Prof. Frankforter. The pre-medics have lost a great opportunity to learn quantitative chemistry by the absence of this man. He is now at the second training camp at Ft. Snelling. He has been very active at Nebraska in military affairs; while in school he was a major of the second battalion.

CAPTAIN PARKER

Captain S. M. Parker, the cadet commandant, who was assigned to the 1st O. T. C. at Fort Snelling, has been made a major and assigned to the training camp at Camp Dodge. His position is of great responsibility as he is next to the commanding officer.

DEAN STOUT

Dean Stout, of the Engineering Department, was commissioned as Major in the United States Reserve Army. He will be granted a leave of absence, as soon as he is called.

FOOTBALL

This year a winning football team means money for humanity’s sake. Our University athletic board has decided to donate all profits to the Red Cross Fund. Thanksgiving will be vacation for the medics, so let’s all board the train and see the Nebraska-Syracuse game. It will be of two great helps, one to the Red Cross, and the other to the team. Let’s bring victory to the U. S. and victory to the Cornhuskers.

THE COMMON OCCURRENCE

Time; Any Day in Bacteriology

Dr. Meyers entered the bacteriology lecture room and found about two-thirds of the class present. He smiled to himself because more than the usual number were there on time. He waited patiently for the class to come to order so that he might talk in peace. Over in the corner Dutch Weymuller was telling Charles Rasmussen Weeth a certain funny story that the rest of the class had heard and so were not giving the usual amount of attention. After waiting patiently for fifteen minutes, for the story to end, and then when it was finally ended missing the point, Dr. Meyers blurted out in a most unkind manner. “If there is any talking to be done in here after the bell rings I am the one to do it.” The class did not doubt this in the least, but it is hard to follow anyone who runs up and down before the desk. After the lecture, Johnson said to Rudolff who slept thru most of the lecture period, “Was that you snoring so loud last period? Don’t let it happen again.” Rudolff turning angrily answered. “Er? Why? Did I wake you up?” And thus we go day after day. Aint it hell?
ALUMNI

Dr. William B. Aten, '16, with two other doctors, is in charge of a private hospital at Warwick, New York.

Dr. George F. Farnam, '17, Rush Medical School, is interne at the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago.

READY FOR THE FRONT

Dr. William L. Ross, Jr., (M. D., '16, Rush Med.) is first lieutenant Medical Officers Reserve Corps on active duty as assistant to the Post Surgeon, at the hospital Signal Corps aviation school, Hazelhurst Field, Mineola, Long Island, N. Y.

Dr. A. D. Munger, '13, is in the Kings County (New York) Base Hospital Unit No. 37, awaiting a call to France.

Thos. Lahmers, '13, (M. D., '17, Rush Medical) is a 1st Lieutenant in the Medical Corps.

Dr. Phil M. Dale, '10, who recently returned to the United States after serving for fifteen months in the British Royal Army Medical Corps, has gone again to France. Dr. Dale, with a captain's commission, heads a convoy of twenty-three doctors, eighteen nurses, and 150 soldiers. He was given the rank of major in the British Army Corps.

Dr. L. B. Sturdevant, '02, colonel of the Medical Corps, formerly with the Animal Pathology Department, is now chief sanitary inspector at Camp Cody, New, Mexico.

Dr. W. J. Douglas, '00, of Atkinson, is a captain in the Medical Reserve Corps.

Dr. Willis E. Talbot, '97, is also in the Medical Reserve Corps with rank of captain. He was ordered to Camp Baldwin, Denver, Colorado.

Dr. Paul J. Flory, '16 and Miss Anne Wright of Schuyler, were married on October 6th, 1917. Dr. Florey and his wife have gone to the Great Lakes Training Camp.

Dr. Roland G. Breuer, '17, has been compelled to give up his work on account of his health.

A lock of hair will oft recall
Sweet memories like a flash,
But it calls up lots of other things
When you find it in the hash.

SLIGHT ERROR

Madam Simp: "What is the price of this embroidered skirt?"
Crazy Clerk: "Madam, will find the skirts on the next table—that which she has is the new cape collar!"

THE WRONG STUFF

Mr. Boob: "Each hour I spend with you is like a pearl to me."
Miss Mutt: "Aw, quit stringin' me!!!"

Sophomores—Talk to Stony or Watters about that o. b. grip you're going to need next semester.
SENIORS

Owen informs the medical men that the best way to cure baldness is to see a hair-raising moving picture show.

Figi: "Those little art courses were made for girls."

Losey (with a "brassy-air") "Ah! and what would you call "coursettes"?"

Mauer: "Got a cigarette, old man?"

Weigand: "Yeah, but I hate to brag!"

Westover: "Poor man, he blew his brains out! !"

Hannish: "Cold or suicide?"

Myers: "Just saw a hundred girls in arms."

Safarik: "Military training?"

Myers: "Naw! dancing, you simp! ! !"

Larson says laziness is a tin-can tied on the tail of time. He must know!

Thompson: "Let's go see the "Under-Dog" in six parts."

Johnson. "Nope, I don't believe in vivisection! ! !"

"Dow says just because a man has water on the brain is no sign that his thots flow freely."

Folken: "That guy sure is frittening away his time."

Hollenbeck: "Rushing janes?"

Folken: "Naw! frying corn in a Quick-serve! ! !"

Schembeck has it in for the women. He's found out that they can get a parrot that will swear, a monkey that will chew tobacco, and a cat that will stay out all night and still they want to get married.

JUNIORS

Dr. Hyde: "Greiss, where does B. tetanus occur most frequently?"

Greiss: "In the alimentary canal of the horse."

Dr. Hyde: "How do you account for its frequent occurrence on rusty nails?"

Greiss: "I would logically assume that the nails come out of horse-shoes.

Dr. Manning is well pleased with the Juniors, as yet no one has said "ass-kites" for ascites nor "prostrate" for prostate. While there is life there is hope.

Purises prescription for eye-wash—Saturated solution of Phenol applied with a dropper every four hours.

Dr. Hamilton: "Block, what instruction would you give to a Typhoid carrier?"

Block: "I would advise her not to undergo employment."

Dr. Manning: (Using toot during quizz): Spread apart you fellows you bother each other."

Coleman: "Do you mean to tell me that night sweats do not occur
with tuberculosis, unless there is a secondary infection.”
Dr. Watters: “Have you found any different in your experience?
Deal: “Morris just called up and says he’s bringing up some in-
candescent bulbs. What’ll I have him do with them?”
Ruddy Greiss: “Have him plant them out in front—I like beauti-
ful flowers in the front yard.”
She: “Isn’t the night air damp, dear?”
Shipley: “No, that’s the creek in the porch swing! !”
Miller: “How is it that all the fellows nowadays put their arm
around you?”
Fair Dame: “They all believe in universal armament.”
Another Jane: “Oh! Mr. Krahulik! I just love to sit here with you
by the fire-place and listen to the crackling logs. They almost seem
to be whispering a tuneful melody to us, don’t they?”
Krahulik (mathematically inclined): “Sort of a logerithm, I sup-
pose !!”
Cultra: “That’s the dog star! !”
Dacken: “Kiddin’. “
Cultra: “No, Cereus! !”
Coleman: “Geraldine is an advocate of short skirts.”
Nolan: “Why not, she has two perfectly good reasons.”
Wegner: “Why do all the girls seem interested in Jim Eyerly?”
Rodgers: “I think he’s the only fellow who still has his frat pin!”

BOSOM FRIENDS
Rusche: “There’s worse things than death.”
Green: “Smatter now?”
Rusche: “Developed an itch under my boiled shirt at the last
Nu Sig dance! !”

1st Dame: “Max Block tried to kiss me last night and I told
him he couldn’t.”
2nd Dame: “How did he take it?”
1st Dame: “Easy—he held my hands! ! !”

POLITICAL ANALYSIS
Smiles .......................... 25%
Gladhand .......................... 10%
Pull ................................. 40%
Intelligence ........................ 5%
Graft ............................... 20%

100% Pure Politician.

That box down in the locker room is for orders for school supplies,
etc. If it’s full ( ! ) hand your order to Stony.
IF

With apologies to R. Kipling
If you can clink Prof. Guenther and not let him
Know that you are kidding him at all,
If you can stay out every night till midnight
And when reciting never have to stall.
If you can crib and still get by unnoticed,
And pull down all the good grades one by one.
Yours is the easy way thru college,
And which is more, old kid, it can’t be done.

U. R. Dangrite.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Darcey Free For All Voting Contest.
Darcey reports some little difficulty in counting the votes for the past three weeks. The difficulty arising from the carelessness of some of the boys who negligently light the wrong end. After carefully dumping the contents of the voting urn out on the table (in the presence of three witnesses) he even went back to the locker room and collected those ballots that missed the rim of the urn and were lying on the floor. These were counted in also. As the vote stands now:
Camels 1041; Luckey Strike 980; Home made 314; Pall Mall 0
Fatimas 987; Murad 606; London Life 9; Unidentified butts 843.

We, as embroy physicians, ought to deplor the condition that makes possible this situation and feel impelled toward giving vent to the admonision that all voters be careful hereafter to light the proper end and be more particular about shooting the ballot INTO THE URN. Ballots lying on the floor may go uncounted as some freshman will pick them up under lockers or out in the hall. Far too many ballots miss the urn entirely and fall on the linoleum, staining it with nicotine salivate.

Dr. Meyers in lecture: “B. rhinoscharamotus is responsible for the condition known as ivory nose.” On being asked what the relation was to ivory head, he wishes to state the latter may result without the presence of the bacillus.

In Bacteriology—
Preist: “Say, Weeth, give a label.”
Weeth: “What kind of label?”
Preist: “A thermolabile (label).”
This is pretty good for Preist, isn’t it?

Shades of Juniors all remind us
We may flunk; but who can tell
Still we know that every phys quizz
Leaves us feeling weak as Hell.

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FRESHMEN AS THEY ARE

The Freshman class has been diminished by four men already. Bruce to the balloon school, Graham drafted, Mahan into the army and Jones to the Agricultural college. The new ruling by General Crouder if it goes thru will possibly cut the number down still more, providing of course, that Dr. Poynter does not get there first. You know the class is crowded and the dear doctor has a very efficient means of relieving the congestion.

Barnes celebrated the completion of Organic Chem by exploding a flask of Analin Gas. That’s nothing to what the most of us exploded in the final examination Monday. Have you?

There seems to be quite an epidemic of moustachivitis among the Frosh. However, all the attacks appearing so far have been very light. The epidemic will probably die off very soon. If it does not, it will be taken off.

Sweeney believes that all lawyers are bootleggers—they seem to continue practicing at the bar.

From the way Humphrey shunned the Phi Rho Initiation, we believe he is the fellow that put the “shun” in initiation. However, he assures the class that he was not the one that put barrel staves and a certain horse in it. He does say that the upper classmen stood behind him.

Chesley expects to find his anatomy course a stiff proposition. This joke (?) has been pulled every year for the last twenty and probably will be pulled for the next twenty. But while we are on the subject, you want to be reminded that if you thought Embryology was hard that “you aint had nothin’ yet.”
OH WOMAN STIFF

Oh Woman Stiff!
Thy slimy brow and stinking feet do haunt me,
I almost choke.
Those sunken eyes of dirty blue they haunt me,
I want to croak.
Your skinny bones and creaky joints they taunt me,
I cannot smoke.
Those rotten sticky lips they seem to want me,
Gi’mme some coke.
Get away, you wicked wretch, you d’want me,
I ain’t no joke.

“AIN’T IT THE GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN’?”

When the Season is over and you’re feeling blue
’Cause you’ve batted low averages all the way thru
And you feel in that, you’re spotted without any doubt—
Then you pass the Star Chamber—Oh! God! what a shout!

The relief is a pleasure that we can’t express
No “con” to take home to the folks and confess,
After all of our worry for fear we’d be canned,
Say boys, aint the feeling just glorious and grand.

You don’t have to buy your instruments of that Stonecypher-Watters combination, but you ought to.
EXPLAINED

Bill: “Why do you suppose he has such a vacant expression?”
Will: “Well, he thinks of himself a good deal.”

“AIN'T IT HELL! !”

Boob: “I’ve just finished the Inferno! !”
Simp: “Indeed, how did you like it?”
Boob: “Fine and Dante! !”

“FAREWELL! !”

He: “Were I a Knight of old I’d battle for your fair hand.”
She: “Good Knight! !”

“SOME TREAT! !”

College Youth: “Dad, what should a fellow do if he’s out with a crowd and has no money to treat?”
Dad: “Retreat! !”

“WASTING TIME”

Rich: “Why did you give that beggar your watch?”
Richer: “Oh, I just wanted to pass the time away.

“LET THIS HARDEN”

Coke: “Do you know anything about the cement trust?”
Doke: “Only the concrete facts.”
Quack Doc.: “What’s that wriggling object off there near the horizon?”
Nerve Doc.: “Guess it must be a nervous-wreck.”

DOUBBLE TROUBLE
Henpeck: “That guy certainly is a dub.”
Rounder: “What’s the idea?”
Henpeck: “I told him I bossed my wife, and he told my wife.”

“A SLEEPY GAME”
Little Brother: “Mother said I was to call you.”
Big Brother: “Three aces; what you got.”

POOR BILL
Mr. Bill: “Do you want to go to the movie tonight?”
Miss Debt: “What is the bill?”
Mr. Bill: “Oh, twenty cents.”

“LEATHER-HEAD”
Squirrel: “Leather is sure getting scarce what will we substitute for it?”
Nut: “I suggest we get in seats for the leather straps in streetcars.”

“PATRIOTIC”
Mike: “Hah! Made my loan this morning!”
Pat: “A liberty loan eh? ?”
Mike: “Yep, loaned a guy enough to get out of jail!”
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