

# The Daily Nebraskan

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

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### S. A. T. C.

The unexpected, decisive, and complete end of the war brought about the death of the Students' Army Training Corps. Termination of hostilities made the organization not only a useless thing but a positive menace to the efficiency of the educational institutions of the country.

Had the war continued, as was expected when the Student Army was planned in September, the S. A. T. C. would have become an all-important branch of the service. The extension of draft age limits made necessary an immediate source from which officers could be drawn, and the universities and colleges of the country were paid the high compliment of being selected for this purpose. Here would be gathered the educated class of the country's young man-power, untouched by the selective draft, and given an opportunity to show their ability, or their lack of it. Transfer to officers' training camps, to army cantonments, or permission to remain in school and continue technical work, were to be the ultimate purposes of the organization.

But with the termination of hostilities and the beginning of reconstruction, the S. A. T. C. died a natural death, rather prolonged, according to its members, but still as speedy as army red tape could make it. The inconveniences and discomforts of barracks life were endured without a murmur during the days of the war, but with the signing of the armistice, the rigid discipline and restraints placed upon the men became irksome. The morale has declined in spite of the efforts of officers to keep it up, for the very natural reason that the men felt their work was useless.

What would have become a powerful instrument in helping the nation win the war now seems to have been an extravagance, but it must be remembered that the S. A. T. C. was planned for war and not for peace. The founders of the S. A. T. C. built wisely for war-times, but too well for the days of peace.—Daily Kansan.

When the quarantine was placed upon the S. A. T. C. yesterday, to last until demobilization was completed, it seemed like the very last straw! Bad as indefinite quarantine, which is what this seems to amount to, is in war times, when such eccentricities are to be expected from those in command, it is a thousand times worse coming after peace has been declared and demobilization orders have come. This is only one of the troubles that have thrust themselves upon the members of the Student's Army. We can remember others vaguely.

Although the S. A. T. C. has seemed in many ways a thoroughly disguised blessing, now that it is being disbanded we cannot help but realize what a splendid organization it has been, and what success would have come to it, had conditions been such as to warrant its continuation.

The S. A. T. C. has created a democratic, fraternal spirit among its members. It has given all of us a more serious, purposeful conception of school life. We know how much work can be done under pressure. We are, as a result, less frivolous, less social and more sociable.

Thus it is as we see the demobilization, and experience this "grand and glorious feeling," we find nothing of regret and much of gratitude within us.

### MANNERS AND SUCCESS

By H. Addington Bruce.

(Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Psychology and Parenthood," etc.)

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You come complaining of lack of success. You have worked hard, you have been scrupulously honest, you know that your failure to progress is not due to any shortage in intelligence. Yet you have to admit that you have made little headway in business.

How are your manners?

Many, many years ago that paragon of worldly wisdom, Lord Chesterfield, wrote to his son:

"You better return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly. And you had better refuse a favor gracefully than grant it clumsily.

"All your Greek can never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador. But your address, your air, your manner, if good, may."

To the same effect Emerson declared:

"Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owing them; they solicit him to enter and possess."

And a more modern exponent of the principles of success, William Matthews, adds that pointed reminder:

"While coarseness and gruffness lock doors and close hearts, courtesy, refinement, and gentleness are an 'open sesame' at which bolts fly back and doors swing open.

"The rude, boorish man, even though well meaning, is avoided by all. Even virtue itself is offensive when coupled with an offensive manner."

Perhaps you have forgotten, or never given sufficient thought to the supremely important truth embodied in these notations.

Success in business, no matter what the business, depends to a large extent on smoothness of intercourse with other people. And smoothness of intercourse largely depends on good manners.

Customers will not tolerate rudeness. Employers give it short shrift. Employees are made resentful by it.

Its effect, in other words, is to develop a universal atmosphere of antagonism. All who can do so will keep out of this atmosphere. All who cannot will be poisoned by it, so that their working efficiency falls off sadly.

Frankly, now, what is your habitual attitude toward those for whom you work, or toward those who work for you?

Do you treat them considerately or inconsiderately? Do you respect the integrity of their personality when you have occasion to speak to them? Are you consistently courteous or consistently rude in your dealings with other people?

\* These are questions it may be well worth your while to consider attentively and to answer candidly. For, quite conceivably, the one thing you really need to convert failure into success may be to brush up your manners.

Black Mask, Silver Serpent, Dramatic Club, Union Society, Paladian Society, Math Club, Senior Pins, Fraternity Pins, Crests & Monograms.

## PINS

**HALLETT**

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## HAND GRENADES

### "HER LETTER"

Did you ever invite your sixteen-year-old sister down to a house dance which your sorority was giving? And did she respond to your letter of invitation, somewhat thusly?—

Dear Sis:

I'm just tickled to death at the thought of going to that dance! Have you invited a man for me yet? If you have not, please try to get me a handsome one, tall and dark—like the kind you see in Arrow collar advertisements. I would like to have him be quite old, at least twenty-one—I think that these high school youngsters are awfully boring. I hope you can get a good dancer, for I have some new pumps, silver ones of which mother disapproves because of the high heels. I can't get around very well with the heels yet, but as you said about your lieutenant friend, they are "good to look upon," which in the case of the heels is true.

Sis, what shall I wear? Mother wants me to wear my white organdie, but I don't look a day over fifteen in it, and people would think that I am an awful youngster. And Sis, do me a favor, write to mother and tell her that you really think I need some spats—my tan shoes look awfully crude with my suit, and mother says spats are absolutely ridiculous for a girl of my age—isn't that disgusting when I have been sixteen for two weeks? I'm going to wear Alice's hat—please don't bawl me out when you see it. Right now, I'm trying to talk mother into letting me get a marcel wave.

Please write to mother and tell her that I should come on the four-thirty train. I can cut out geometry class if I do this, and of course our parents do not think I should. Sis, do these things—remember I know a lot about your past of which mother little dreams. I am not a cat in saying this—but I must have the spats, and I must get out of the geometry.

Yours hopefully,

BETTY.

P. S.—Try to get me a man that wears a uniform, and PLEASE do not tell the girls at the house that mother thinks I am too young to play around with men.

## DAILY DIARY RHYMES

By

Gayle Vincent Grubb

He has tasted all the goodies  
 That are on the pantry shelf,  
 He has paid no heed to scolding,  
 Knows no master but himself.  
 He has torn the daily paper  
 And invited in the flies,  
 Spilled the milk and put his feet  
 In dough just startin' out to rise.  
 Oh, a thousand crimes he's figured in,  
 And looked at as a joke,  
 Never heeds, destruction owns him  
 As he eyes a vase he's broke,  
 Or is unaware of mud tracks  
 From the front door to the back,  
 Or the neighbor's cats who's claws  
 Are waitin' sharper than a tack.  
 But who? Ah, friends, I seem to feel  
 Your wits are beating mine,  
 You are thinking, you are musing  
 Even more, perhaps you pine  
 For the backward turn of old man time  
 The chance to once again  
 Break a vase or stacks of dishes  
 Like you used to break them then.  
 But no! Those days are over and  
 Time leaps on as a frog,  
 So we turn destruction over to  
 Some other PUPPY DOG.

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