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UTOPIA AT LAST

"It looks like a clean election!" The comment was made repeatedly, and while The Daily Nebraskan has no means of determining whether the election was as lily white as it looked—the Student Council members certainly went through the correct motions.

Nor was there anything frivolous about the polling. Serious, unsmiling council members scrutinized the voters till "repeaters" hesitated to return. Mr. Jensen and his fellow council members are to be congratulated upon the effective manner in which the election was handled. Under the checking-validating system student cheating was impossible, and under the check of faculty members and the council president cheating by members of the council is improbable.

The election (it seems) was party-proof. It was rumored (what a very convenient thing a rumor is) that the "boy friend" of a prospective honorary colonel had five hundred ballots, but no unvaluated ballots were found in the ballot boxes. It seems all the more unlikely that this chap found a means of validating them when the only stamp was constantly in use and constantly in sight of officials.

The College of Agriculture election has also been charged with corruption (also by the delightfully informal method of rumor), but any evidence of that or of questionable procedure on the down town campus will thrust the election, even at this late hour, into the hands of the authorities.

But after all what harm if the four class presidents do attain their positions through political string pulling? It is true that class offices and class organizations have been a campus joke semester after semester. Class spirit has been impossible with leaders for whom the majority had no respect. Nor could these so-called leaders have any faith in their own ability or in their own leadership. Thus they failed.

Perhaps those who are the choice of the majority (according to the polls) will succeed in gaining student respect this year.

It's a fine thing to know a foreign language if you are one of the 317 people who know their own.—San Francisco Chronicle.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE

Mr. A. F. has aired his views on useless honoraries very consistently in the columns of this paper, and now he feels some action should be taken. As he states, howling at the moon will not get the honoraries ousted. So he asks the Nebraskan what steps can be taken.

We answer A. F. with the statement that several steps can and will be taken. Although they are not to be disclosed just at present, they may change his views about the "no policy" policy of this paper.

Until more definite facts can be given to you, Mr. A. F., perhaps you would like to read some interesting news about the Green Gobblins which has been submitted to this paper for publication. It follows:

At the initiation recently held by the Green Gobblins, honorary freshman organization, representatives of several fraternities were absent.

The missing fraternities state that they intend to discontinue electing a member to the organization. Like action on the part of other fraternities will probably bring about the death of the Green Gobblins.

As it stands now, this honorary is self-perpetuating. The newly elected members pay the outgoing member five dollars, and they in turn, receive money back from the next men initiated. The reason the Green Gobblins has existed so long is because no one has wanted to lose five dollars to terminate its life.

The chief objections raised are that the organization does nothing worthy and that the initiation is inhuman, if not brutal. The Green Gobblins have no duties that might not easily be dispensed with. When a man goes through an initiation as given by the Gobblins for the pleasure of wearing a cheap looking pin and attending dry meetings, he has a right to be disgusted with the club—and most of them are frankly unloyal. An organization without spirit is not fit to live.

The forecast is that similar action will be taken in the case of the sophomore organization, the Iron Sphinx. The campus would not notice the absence of either the Iron Sphinx or Green Gobblins.

The sport writers of the country are hoping that the committee to christen the "Big Six" formed by the disruption of the Missouri Valley, use discretion in choosing a name. What a catastrophe would result in trying to crowd "Amalgamated Association of State Institutions for Athletics West of the Mississippi," or some similar term into a headline!

THE SPECTATOR

11 October, 1927

Mr. Spectator: It occurred to me this afternoon, that a very grievous State of Affairs should by all means be called to your Attention, and an Explanation given if that were possible. I refer to the Situation at and near the Temple Pools, which caused me some indignation and no little disgust. As I was strolling in a peaceable and retiring manner past the Temple, I was accosted no less than five times by women who were as insistent as Courtesans in their Solliciting. Not being a Reader of the Daily Nebraskan only as regards your column, I was considerably Discomfited, as you can readily imagine, at the Sollicitations of these Women. Will you take it upon yourself to explain Why these Women embarrassed me on the street, and also Why such a State of Affairs is allowed to exist in our Society? I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, Isaac Bickerstaff.

It is with some amount of Hesitation that I comply with my Correspondent's insistent Request, and indeed Mr. Bickerstaff places me in an Unfortunate Position, for the Subject he alludes to is a Delicate one, a Discussion of which would require a certain Amount of Tact. But I can not conscientiously refuse the Request of any who thus ask my Opinion, and therefore I shall attempt to explain the grievous State of Affairs of which Mr. Bickerstaff complains.

To those who are equally ill-informed as my correspondent, then, I say that the Women who were as "insistent as courtesans with their solliciting", as he phrases it, were Candidates for the Position of honorary colonel, and they were at the Time undoubtedly asking Mr. Bickerstaff to cast his Vote in their Favour, the which request he probably did not hear, in his Confusion. It is an odd Coincidence that I myself have often ruminated upon this matter, and it has seemed to me that the customary Sollicitations of the Candidates are incompatible with the Position itself, which is designated as Honorary. I bethought me in these Speculations that if a Woman truly thought herself qualified for such a Position, she would be content to rest upon her Reputation and, since the Position is purely Honorary, allow the recommendation of Merit to decide the Election. But this is not the accepted Practice, and I suppose each Woman who aspires to the military Honor entertains Doubts that she has the Merit to attain to the Position, and so she resorts to the time-honored Privileges of Women, that is to say, in the matters of Pleading and Persuasions by means of the so-called Womanly qualities.

I regret to say that this is the Substance of the Explanation I am able to give Mr. Bickerstaff, although my Readers might wish to hear that I myself was sollicitated yesterday by a Certain woman, to cast my Vote in her Favour at the Election. With the proper Quantity of Indignation I refused politely but firmly to cast a Solicited vote, especially in the case of a Woman candidate. This is the only Recourse men have, so far as I know, and I recommend it to Mr. Bickerstaff's use at the next Election.

I was slightly Disappointed in the Awgwan, but I have decided that it will be best not to discourage the Editor with my Criticisms, so I refrain, only adding that I think the Magazine shows promise and that at least it is Clean. I thought there were but two really excellent Pieces in the Awgwan this month, and one of them was the Parody on Milt Gross by Miss Ayres. And now I shall settle myself to Wait until the Prairie Schooner comes off the Press. There is no Method of knowing when this Event will come to pass, for the Editors are very Cautious in announcing the Publication Date; but I recommend Patience to my Readers who are, like myself, anxious to see the next issue.

I append something neither the Awgwan nor the Prairie Schooner can attain to; I refer to the incomparable Incomprehensibilia, of which Three Poems have already appeared. The Fourth follows:

DESIRES
I wish
I had a cigarette
The moon wanders among the clouds
Searching, searching,
Searching among the clouds,
Searching for a cigarette.
Have you got a match?

Notices

Physical Education Club
There will be a Physical Education club meeting Wednesday evening October 12, at 7:45 p. m. in 6101 Woman's gymnasium.
Lutheran Bible League
The Lutheran Bible League will meet in the Temple 204 at 7 p. m. Wednesday.

Komensky Club
Komensky Club will meet Friday at 8:15 in the Temple 204. All Czechs are invited.

Phi Tau Theta
Phi Tau Theta, a Methodist Fraternity for men will meet at the Wesley Foundation Pavilion on Wednesday evening October 12, at 8 P. M. All men of Methodist preference are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Holokof is now suing for her statutory one-third of the estate, on the grounds that the divorce was invalid because the proceedings were defective. The estate amounts to about \$2,000.00.

Schooled in Russia
In her native Russia, Mrs. Holokof failed to complete her work in high school because of the death of her mother. All of her schooling she has received in Russia, except for the short time in New York City.

Russian schools, however, do not have as high a standing as the American schools, she pointed out. Education in Russia is very expensive and the boys receive preference over the girls.

Russia has plenty of schools and students, she explained, but here, as in almost every phase of life, the Germans and Jews are more privileged than are the Russians. The real Russians are too poor, it seems, to send their children to school. All of the schools are government schools and under government supervision.

Siberia, Sweden, Germany, England and Wales, have been visited by Mrs. Holokof, besides Russia, Canada and the United States.

"Germany is a perfect hell," she commented. "I lived for a year in Germany. The people are mean, cruel and ugly. The Germans hate Russia and want to run Russia. The Germans are crazy all of the time," was her angry and radical declaration.

"The Germans were the devilment of it all," was her heated statement about the cause of the great world war. "I gave my two boys to that war, but I won't give my boys to war again. Never, and I'd tell that to President Coolidge himself."

"America is more like Heaven than any other country," was her answer as to whether she would rather live in Russia or the United States. But she said, "America is robbing God," meaning that we Americans give only that which we don't need, or that which is all worn out and useless to us. She thinks we give away money that is mostly ill-gotten gain, and that we pay our missionaries too much.

"I support two missionaries in Russia myself by my sewing and hair-cutting," she said. When I protected that it cost a great deal to support two missionaries and that some churches supported only one, she laughed and said, "Yes, but your church missionaries eat chicken dinners and live in nice houses."

"Russia is a great and beautiful place. Though I have travelled much, there is no country as beautiful. But I am American ever since I



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snuffed American air. I have my papers." Mrs. Holokof said she wanted to be a real American and that everyone who moves to this country ought to become part of it.

As for American capitalists going into Mexico and Nicaragua, and China and Russia for that matter, she said, "We have no business to put our noses in it. I am very strongly against it. Let them fight it out themselves."

"Everybody boss—nobody boss. Everybody knows—nobody knows," was her short, laconic reply as to the situation in Russia today. "The religious views in Russia are not bad," she volunteered.

Mrs. Holokof calls herself a Russian Baptist. She has preached in several Lincoln churches but is never paid; she doesn't want to be paid.

Living in one room, a stove in one corner, a large cupboard and table in another, her bed in still another, and with her sewing machine and sartorial tools in the fore part, near the window, she still continues to cheerfully battle with life. She has faced life dauntlessly, fearlessly, and is happy and contented because of having done so.

In regard to her hobbies and preferences in pets, she willingly talked. "I love horses—Arabian horses. I understand them, for I shoeed them in Russia; and I'm fond of dogs. Besides, I have my mandolin—I love music."

Her three sons live in Detroit, Michigan, one being an artist, while another is working for the United

State government as a finger-print expert. The third is in business for himself.

"When spring comes, I am going back home—to Detroit," was her cheerful parting remark.

In New York, women smoking has become so common that a large shoe store provides ash trays beside each seat.

Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill., is electing the most popular girl in the school to be king and queen at the homecoming carnival. Each is to be presented with a silver loving cup in honor of the occasion.

Women drivers are becoming more numerous in Berlin, at the rate of 120 per month, even though they must pass a rigid test.

Advertisement for Miller's Pains featuring golf and sport hose. Includes text: 'New Arrivals in Golf and Sport Hose', 'Beautifully patterned WESTMINSTER WOOL and WOOL MIXED HOSE have a wide assortment of colors and weaves.', 'Sport hose—50c, 1.00 and 1.50 pr.', 'Sport hose—3.00 pr.', 'First Floor.', 'Miller's Pains'.

Advertisement for H. Harpolsheimer & Co. featuring coats and dresses. Includes text: 'A Mammoth Selling Event of Hundreds of Fashion's Foremost Styles.', 'COATS-DRESSES', 'The COATS', 'Beautiful FROCKS', 'Individual model wraps. In this group Green Rayosa with Badger mushroom collar, Grey Molina with point Fox collar and cuffs. Red Duvania with Grey Wolf shawl collar and cuffs. Black Velvet with Point Fox Tuxedo collar and cuffs. This group', 'Distinguished TYPES \$65.00', 'Such furs as Fox, Wolf, Badger or Beaver.', 'Coat Values Supreme'.

VARSIY DANCE COMMITTEES NAMED

(Continued from Page 1) Jointly in charge of the publicity and are assisted by Florence Seward, Joyce Ayres, Spencer Bruce, Alan Kline, Linn Twines, Dean Hokinson, Reginald Miller and William Beecham.

Extensive plans are being made for the first Varsity of the season. Mr. Cretigny was in Omaha yesterday making final arrangements with Tracy Brown and his Merry Makers who will furnish music for the affair.

The admission price has been set at eighty cents for couples and forty cents for single admission.

APPOINTMENTS FOR PHOTOS PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 1) Adam; Carlberg, Harvey Kenneth; Jackson, Ernest Theo.; Carlson, Paul Wilbur; Carnay, Genevieve Lovette; Corcoran, Orvil Thomas; Carter, Russell Lynn; Carver, William; Cass, Lillian; Chase, Fred Murdoch.

The following juniors are to report to headquarters: Brandt, etc.

Sylvia Florence; Branelette, Robert Brooks; Brand, Oliver Harold; Brandt, Florence; Bray, Vinton Arthur; Bredenberg, Harry Thomas; Breuel, Maxine Helen; Brewster, Belle Frances; Bricka, Creta Louis; Brinkeroff, Alberta Fay; Britton, Juanita; Brock, Lawrence John; Brockway, Lawrence Olin; Brochicky, Brooks; Brooks, Ruth Emeline; Brooks, Vernon Kenneth; Brown, Helen Elizabeth; Brown, Paul Edward; Brown, Retta Pauline; Bruce, Charles O.; Bruce, Phillip Randall; Bruce, William Spencer; Buchanan, Laura Marie; Buchanan, Roger Leonard; Buckendahl, Harry Albert; Buddig, Elinor M.; Buffett, Fred William; Bunnell, Wallace C.; Burling, Lamar; Burnham, Betty; Burr, Rose; Burris, Mildred Rozella; Burton, Fred; Busby, Clarence Edward; Byworth, Catherine Elizabeth; Byron, John William; Cadwallader, Marguerite Emma; Cadwell, Virginia Maxine; Calabro, Francisco Villena; Calder, Gale.

Russian Woman Tells Story of Her Life

(Continued from Page 1) "New York is a wild place. I don't like it," she retorted, when asked if she would care to live in that metropolis.

Came to Sutton, Nebraska was the next

stop, and every summer out to the Colorado beet-fields they went. "My husband worked me harder than ever and would not let me stop, so my second baby was born in the beet-fields, and the child and I were carried off the field in a blanket.

"Then we moved to Hastings, Nebraska. My husband became worse. He went out nights and started boozing. God has taught me never to fear anything, but when my third baby was about to be born, I was afraid.

"We lived in a hut—it was winter, and my husband refused to stay at home with me. That night my baby was born, but it froze to death. I barely lived," she added in a hushed and solemn voice.

She was pensive and melancholy but a moment, and then went on to tell of living in Canada, which country she thought resembled Russia very much. In Canada she was protected from her husband by the Canadian Mounted Police.

"My husband soon deserted me and I went to live in Ohio. He went back to Russia and got him another woman. He returned with her to live in Denver, Colorado."

Mr. Holokof in the meantime started suit for divorce, but there was a defect in the legal proceedings. The divorce decree was granted, however, and he then married the other woman. Soon after, he died, leaving all his property to his second wife.