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CELEBRATION OR THOUGHT
 Armistice Day—the autumn season's fourth of July. What meaning can a college student attach to it? It means a partial holiday—no studies. It means a big parade and the donning of R. O. T. C. uniforms. The armistice dance gets its crowd. And it is the birthday of the end of the World War.

Then doesn't it mean the process leading to the end of sixty-five percent of the nation's governmental expenditures? Doesn't it challenge every university student to attempt a solution of civilization's greatest problem—that of maintaining a sane relationship among men. Isn't it a prompting of a student mind to test his attitudes? Do they lead to sane agreement or to misunderstanding and conflict? If not, why the celebration?

EVOLUTION, TRUTH AND VALUES
 Arkansas joined the ranks of the states prohibiting the teaching of evolution as a result of last Tuesday's election. Already efforts are being made to secure a teacher to violate the law that a test case may be had to carry to the United States supreme court.

Students of the University of Nebraska may be glad that they live in a state where such limitations are not placed on learning. That efforts will be made to secure the enactment of similar laws in this and other states seem certain. Foolish as such laws seem to the educated person, they are taken most seriously by their adherents. The battle fought in the days of Huxley and Darwin in England for the right to search for truth is apparently going to have to be fought over during the next decade in this country.

Unfortunate as the situation of Tennessee and Arkansas is, limiting as it does instruction in biological development, much of the blame for the prohibitory statutes must be laid at the door of the modern scientist.

The scientist has been more concerned with truth than with its application. The scientist has, to date, been more concerned with finding the facts than with using them to the best advantage of mankind. The scientist has been more concerned with impressing upon the public the new knowledge he has discovered, than he has been with seeking methods of putting that knowledge to the best use of civilization.

This is admittedly a very rough generalization. Science has made many applications of its findings. But analysis of its work does reveal the emphasis upon finding rather than upon values. Science could profitably devote some of its efforts in the next few years in the attempt to insure the application of scientific knowledge to the larger interests of mankind, as part of a program to prevent further interference with instruction in scientific fact and theory.

"DON'T SEND MY BOY TO—"
 MR. SMITH: I have sent my boy to a small, exclusive college. There he will receive individual attention in his scholastic work, and in his outside activities as well.

MR. JONES: I have sent my son to a state university. There he will be fitted for life.

MR. SMITH: Then you think that there is something beside a well-rounded education that comes first in the fitting of a boy for life?

MR. JONES: I do. I see a university as a sample universe. Therein the youth of our nation takes part in a dress rehearsal for the play called "life."

MR. SMITH: But his associates are not always the best. He may rub elbows with men below his level.

MR. JONES: When your son graduates from his small, exclusive college he finds himself in a large, unexclusive world. The aspect will frighten him.

MR. SMITH: He will be well-educated.

MR. JONES: My son also will be well-educated. But not alone in the arts and sciences. He will be educated in the ways of his fellow men. His range of acquaintances will be wide. He will be a graduate, not only of a college, but of a preparatory course in life. Life as it is lived—not as it should be lived.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' TURN
 As the modern university student crosses a crowded street where racing automobiles endanger his life and keep his nervous system on a constant strain he is forced to question the idea of progress. His mind may go back in an attempt to imagine the situation of his parents—no autos, no electric lights, aeroplanes yet a dream, telephones a rarity and radios undreamed. With this picture comes the desire to look forward to the situation a generation hence. What then? Will these students of the next generation, fly from Lincoln to Oklahoma for the week-end football game? Will the "campus cake" at that time see the face of his girl on a plate on his telephone as he calls for a date? Well, it doesn't seem likely and he asks himself the question why.

In the last two generations the great men have been the inventors and the organization experts. They have given the world machines and organized great economic systems for their production. Men took the automobile, the aeroplane, the telephone, the radio and began to communicate and circulate at a rate of speed never before known. He wanted to go so he built his machines, and now where to

go? The inventor does not have an answer. The organizer finds that out of his field. Who has answered—or tried to answer this question? Only the philosopher. Now it is his turn. Now may he have the claim to leadership, to organize a new world civilization.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE RADIO
 Universities are quite generally coming to accept the radio as a means of extending educational opportunities to non-resident students. Radio lectures are being used in connection with the extension department of this institution.

In commenting upon the influence of the radio, one professor recently told his class that he doubted whether its ultimate effect would prove to be a good one. Nothing of value, he said, comes without the hardest kind of work. Radio programs offer the finest in music and educational courses in such a wide variety of subjects that a superficial education is made too easily available. As a result, the professor predicts a debilitating effect on progress in mental and cultural fields in the absence of the stimulation produced by a greater effort.

Although the future alone will test the efficacy of the radio as an instrument of education there is an abundance of evidence that it will greatly promote the advancement of civilization. It is true that people now receive valuable information daily, without the slightest effort. So painless is this new method that it is entirely possible for one to absorb a fairly general fund of knowledge without being at all conscious of the process. Instead of dulling ambition, these bits of information are much more likely to arouse a curiosity about related topics. By this simplified process a large number of people are interested in subjects which formerly attracted only the few who had the opportunity and inclination to study them intensively.

If it is true that one may attain a certain degree of culture with a minimum of effort and initiative, then it is also true that in order to exert power and influence one must go beyond the ordinary achievement. The geniuses of the world will never lack an incentive to work merely because it is easy for them to acquire a foundation upon which to build. The unlimited resources which lie still beyond them are a sufficient challenge to them. The ordinary man may be content with the smattering of knowledge which he involuntarily imbibes, but his accomplishment is of comparatively small consequence. The widespread educational facilities offered by the radio should increase the rate of progress of the world by simplifying the methods of securing fundamental knowledge and concentrating the attention of a larger number of people on the problems of the day.

TRIP TO WEST POINT WON BY EDMUNDS
 Continued From Page 1.
 4:15 o'clock on the afternoon of November 25, and arrives in Lincoln at 7:30 o'clock in the morning, on November 27.

During the contest which lasted from October 29 to November 7, the 1928 Cornhusker was sold by student salesmen for \$4.50. This was a ten percent reduction from the regular price, and apparently appealed to the student body who responded with co-operation. Opportunities were given for students to reserve the book upon payment of three dollars. The balance is paid upon receipt of the Cornhusker next spring.

Toumas Ad. portrait photographer-Ad

ARMISTICE DAY
 By Catherine Elizabeth Hanson

The whole world is a sepulcher,
 We weep, yes, weep in vain
 For those we've loved, who died for us,
 And never come again.
 For some are sleeping Over There,
 Where scarlet poppies blow,
 And others' bones are bleached and dry
 By wind and ice and snow.
 No monuments are made to mark
 The spot where sailors sleep—
 For them by far a greater tomb
 That's lodged within the deep.
 And those who winged uncharted ways,
 And fell, as does a star,
 We can't forget their glorious death,
 But God knows where they are.
 A thought for those who gave their life
 Where shifting sands pile high . . .
 These, are these forgotten men,
 And did they fear to die?
 Ah, mark you well, those men were brave—
 Unselfish giving theirs,
 They live within the hearts of men,
 And women weave their prayers.
 The monuments we build for them
 Are not of stone or clay,
 But little shrines within the heart
 At which we kneel and pray.
 Oh, give us men, like these, brave men,
 And let all bloodshed cease.
 And give us, Lord, a quietude
 From grief, and give us peace,
 For should we break the sacred trust
 They sealed with hearts blood, red,
 They shall not sleep, but rise again,
 And march, A LIVING DEAD!

OTHER STUDENTS SAY—
THE CAMPUS OF DARKNESS
 Perhaps at some time or another you have had to attend night class, or a similar duty upon the campus, in the vicinity of University hall. If so, you must have appreciated the Stygian Darkness between high hedges and along treacherous walks. Surely a little light would have been most welcome.

The interiors of certain buildings on our campus are well lighted. The trouble, however, lies in the paths to and from these buildings. Hedges that are attractive by day become menacing shadows by night. Uneven and broken sidewalks necessitate either high stepping or slow and careful progress. Timid coeds must certainly have some misgivings along such ways. The ordinary rubber-heel-muffled footsteps behind here must bring her heart to her throat. A playful pup bounding through the shrubs must send her into chills. Such darkness on the campus is inconvenient and undesirable. Ample lighting should be provided until any possible campus duties are complete.

A Night Student.

FROM OUT THE DUST.
 Amid the rush of activities, social and curricular, I repair to my room and from the dust covered bookshelves I draw a volume, scarcely noticed before. Here I find succor from the monotonous grind of the days which seem to stumble upon the heels of those preceding.

Interpreted by Phil Blake and LaSelle Gilman.

Not one in a hundred professes to be a judge of good—or bad—poetry, and the hundredth is most generally in an illusioned state of mind. We read this and that in volumes of modern poetry, or in current magazines, and we say that this or that is pretty good; the author knows what he or she is talking about, all right. As a matter of fact, the ninety-nine do not understand the stuff, and the "critic" doesn't though he professes to. Sometimes we reflect bitterly that the author of the poem is a bit muddled about the meaning himself.

A lot of this ultra-modern scribbling is the result of a desire on the part of the scribbler to indulge in a little "self-expression." He says that the reader should not take the thing literally, but that the meaning is symbolic, that he is dramatizing emotion, (whatever that is.) On the surface it appears as if the poet is writing about things that he or she knows nothing, and one might surmise that if the author ever does come in contact with those things, he or she wouldn't recognize them, or else be so startled by their real nature that he couldn't write again. At any rate, when you read poetry, we don't tever our brain about hidden meanings and symbolism; we take it for what it says, and we dare say that in the manner in which most persons read poetry. If the writers wish to express something else, let them do so and keep the poem in their desk drawer, or else say what they mean before submitting it for publication.

A reader for an English composition class was deploring the poor, feeble writing he came in contact with the other day. "They are university sophomores," he said, "yet they write stuff that would justifiably flunk a high school sophomore, and get away with it." On being encouraged to speak further, he declared that "some of them are taking engineering and others science, but that fact shouldn't excuse 'em. Anyone, whether studying fine arts or hog calling ought to do better than this," and he produced a specimen for criticism. It was indeed a bit raw. "But that isn't representative," he protested. "Sure it is," he retorted, "get that all the time but the department seems to think that we can't expect better and as we can't flunk everyone, we must let this stuff slip through." And a few days ago an economics professor made a comment on the side to the effect that after a student graduates, perhaps he will begin to read books. It seems to us that those two reflections should be hooked up. A discriminate choice in reading material must be conducive to better writing.

Debaters Argue Pro and Con on Movies' Effects
 Starting with the University of Hawaii and travelling eastward, debating as they go, the University of Sidney, Australia, debaters will have met over seventeen different universities and colleges when they debate the University of Nebraska, November 27.

Anyone, whether he be a debater or not, must have a great deal of nerve to invade California and argue that the world would be better off without movies.

But that is what the Australians did when they met the University of Southern California in Los Angeles on the question: "Resolved that the world would be better off without movies." Approximately two thousand persons attended this debate at which Milton Sills, screen star and former college professor, presided.

GIRL IN PURPLE HAT WANTED BY N. Y. U. MAN
 Continued From Page 1.
 Did you have on a purple hat at the K. U. Varsity Dance? For some reason the Student Directory has

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No section devoted to blondes and brunettes, so it rests with each individual blonde to respond. The poem is called "The Purple Hat." This must have been the feature which most impressed the poet, as he dwells upon it in his sonnet. Perhaps the poem isn't a sonnet, but nobody will ever know. Woman is fickle and cruel (no libel intended) but this is an appeal.

Syncopating Sadie
 Says that it's a person's own fault if they leave Pillar's hungry. The most appetizing food that really "melts in your mouth," a friendly atmosphere and real service combine to make one's visit one of the bright spots of the day!

M. W. DeWITT
 Pillars Prescription Pharmacy
 16th and O. B4423

The poem awaits its rightful owner in a pigeonhole in the managing editor's desk. No questions will be asked if a blonde in a purple hat calls for it.

What shall I do with that Spot?
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(SEE WINDOW) GOLD'S—Third Floor.

Art Exhibit
 Continues One More Week

The Free Art Exhibit of the Lincoln Artists' Guild has been continued for one more week. An interesting display of Art that you should not fail to see.
 GOLD'S—Fifth Floor.