

The Daily Nebraskan

Station A, Lincoln, Nebraska OFFICIAL PUBLICATION UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA Under direction of the Student Publication Board TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR Published Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday mornings during the academic year Editorial Office—University Hall 4. Business Office—University Hall 4A. Office Hours—Editorial Staff, 3:00 to 6:00 except Friday and Sunday. Business Staff, 1:00 to 4:00 afternoons except Friday and Sunday. Telephone—Editorial: B-6891, No. 142; Business: B-6891, No. 77; Night B-6882.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice in Lincoln, Nebraska, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879, and at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 20, 1922. SUBSCRIPTION RATE Single Copy 5 cents \$2 a year \$1.25 a semester

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Let us hope that by the best cultivation of the physical world beneath and around us, and the intellectual and moral world within us, we shall secure an individual, social, and political prosperity and happiness, whose course shall be onward and upward, and which, while the earth endures, shall not pass away. —Abraham Lincoln

SAFE AND SANE

Probation programs are in the process of making this week, if such a thing as a probation program really exists. Stunts are being designed to test the fortitude, the courage, and the fidelity of the pledges of the various fraternities. All must be in readiness for the signal that goes ringing through the house, 'probation is on.'

Fraternities are laboring in a great many cases to mould a program of probational activities that will be beneficial to their own group and to the first year men who are about to assume the bond of a fraternity man. At the other extreme stands the fraternity that never has outlined a program to put pledges through, beyond, of course, the expectation of breaking paddles into kindling wood, and doing a multitude of menial tasks about the house.

This year, there stands as a hard and fast ruling, that all probational activities shall be restricted to the fraternity houses. It does not mean the environs of the fraternity house, but inside the houses. The Interfraternity council has placed its sanction upon this modification of the probational activities of the fraternities, and have stipulated that violations of the ruling shall warrant drastic measures of punishment.

Probation among college fraternities is a fading institution. It has become recognized as a fallacious basis for judging the qualifications of a freshman for membership into a fraternity. It is an established fact that probation never has tended to create a higher appreciation of the group in which the man became a member. Some of the most flagrant abuses of the probation system have resulted in casualties, serious injury, cowardly humiliation and uncalled-for situations for the college man. On the University of Nebraska campus, there has never been a fatality due to excessive probation activities, but there have so many times been those hairbreadth escapes from death, that even memories are unpleasant.

It is a feather in the hat of Nebraska fraternities that they have been able to visualize that time when probation will only serve as subject matter for fireside yarns. Two definite steps have been taken in the direction of discarding the entire probationary practices of the campus. Setting a time limit and shortening the usual period of a week to an even fifty hours, and now, restricting probation activities to the fraternity residences, have been these two definite steps.

By restricting the probational activities to the house, modification of the severity of practices does not necessarily follow, but if fraternity men are shown that probation must be identified with the chapter rather than finding expression in wild night chases over the countryside in search of cats with blue eyes and pink whiskers, then the system will lose the maliciousness that is so undesirable.

BEAUTIFYING MAN

Although the male aggregate of this University for some time has been running a close race with feminine competitors in color schemes and gaudy array, never before have the staid old buildings of this campus gazed down upon such livid-hued head-coverings of glaring orange, screaming red, indigo blue, shouting purple and freshman green as displayed so flagrantly by college youth the last few days.

It is just another step in what old-fashioned gents with heads a wagging term the feminization of man. This latest outcropping of masculine artistry, it is true, is not the result of a complete metamorphosis, but has come about through a gradual evolution which college boys of today have witnessed since childhood.

A few years ago, when pipe-puffing law students were still in knee breeches and getting sick over their first cigar behind the barn, the only bright colors in their proud papas' garments were shown in cravats where occasionally stripes of red, blue and yellow might be seen under the choking collar of an especially flashy individual.

The men, however, seemed to like color and soon many neckties of brilliant design were worn. It was not long until the old black and white mufflers were replaced by florid scarfs. Soon a gentleman's attire was not considered complete unless he showed the colored border of a silken handkerchief from the side pocket of his coat.

Socks acclaiming themselves in kaleidoscopic patterns were the next articles of flaring tone adopted by the men who at once discarded all of their more somber hosiery. But that wasn't enough. Shirts of plain design or with but a faint tinge of color found themselves used for everything, else but a shirt while the stronger sex manifested a pronounced weakness to grab every garish-looking shirt they could lay hands upon.

Just why they should decide that glaring undergarments and pajamas were preferable to long flannels and colorless nightshirts is a moot question, but the chic style now in vogue calls for silken undershirts of tender and delicate tints in harmony with variegated shorts. Pajamas are beyond description. They embody all colors of the rainbow and many that even Noah himself never even imag-

ined existed in that arch of color when he stepped forth from his famous Ark after the great flood. Showy hats were the inevitable next step. But this latest development has so far surpassed anything previously considered it naturally leads to the question: What next?

These are trying times for the Blue Shirts and the Yellow Jackets. Sometimes there is a little difficulty in deciding just which man is capable of holding the responsible position of class president.

AN OVERSIGHT

Announcement has been made of the opening of the thirty-ninth annual art exhibit of the Nebraska Art association given in Morrill hall throughout February and part of March. Accompanying the announcement was the description of the work that is on display, work of masters and near masters.

With the extensive exhibit that is displayed by the art association comes unlimited opportunity for cultural thought and education. This is an opportunity for students having cultural minds. But not alone is it confined to this type of student; all should have some interest in this type of culture.

In the modern trend of thought cycles, students too often give consideration to the concrete, immediate occurrences and eliminate any thought of the abstract. It is true that in this rapid-moving world, students as well as anyone else must be ever-aware of the present but this is no reason to entirely shut out the consideration of the future.

The art exhibit provides this opportunity for futuristic thinking. A study and appreciation of the work on display there may have little or no bearing on anything concrete or immediate but it will certainly broaden the ability to appreciate finer things of life classified under the head of culture.

Fundamentally, education should aim to broaden understanding, and the mind. Thought confined to concrete, practical subjects contribute only a part of this education. To reach a balance, consideration must be given to the opposite type, the abstract.

Not every student body has the opportunity that Nebraska students have at the present time. A fine collection of art work is displayed right on the university campus, in Morrill hall, providing a wealth of material for the cultural thinking student. Such a channel for study so akin to general education should find a large number of students associating themselves with it.

New car licenses must be purchased by the last day in February. Students run to the calendar to count the days left in the month as soon as the warning was issued.

IN YEARS TO COME

Ernest Schall, eighty-one, is toiling on his farm in northern Wisconsin in order to create an endowment that will enable his grandchildren to acquire the education that was denied him. He feels that he prefers to be productive rather than a parasite.

This incident illustrates the sacrifice that is being made by Americans upon the altar of education. For the average college student some person or family is sacrificing. This should impress the necessity of making the best of opportunities that come at the cost of parental discomfort.

Mr. Schall should be commended for his spirit. But the sacrifice is so common as to be almost unnoticeable, especially in the middle-west. The first generation to enter college works the greatest hardship upon its parents or grandparents. The sons and daughters of the present generation of college youth should not necessitate as great a sacrifice, for college trained parents get the vision early of sending their children through college.

The observant University student remarked that there must have been trees in front of Ellen Smith hall, now that several have been cut up into logs.

Voting will take place this week for the May Queen. She will be elected sometime in the spring.

January was a very chilly month, weather men will testify. And so will those fellows who slept in a dormitory with windows wide open.

There was a great 'run' on Morrill hall the other day. Someone suggested that perhaps the art exhibits included a movie.

The College of Medicine student who shunned the chance to get a throne, probably knew what getting crowned meant.

Sometimes it is hard to tell whether mid-year pledge lists mean new pledges or just those who failed to make the average the first trial.

The student who tries to show off a great deal seldom shows up well.

Pledges who woke up early this morning to stoke the furnace or to turn up the oil burner probably never remembered that Abe Lincoln grew up without the advantages of a furnace.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

HELL WEEK

In these days when a college education is becoming increasingly available for all, when student government associations are functioning, and when education in general is in a healthy condition, Hell Week remains a source of irritation.

It interferes with the class work of pledge and active members alike. It is a childish practice carried on by those who wish to return the beatings they received when they were pledges. The upperclassmen fail to use proper discretion, and often-times beat pledges cruelly, or make them do utterly nonsensical tasks. A number of accidents occur each year from the activities of over-enthusiastic tormentors.

University administrations all over the country are frowning upon Hell Week, particularly because it is crowded to extremes. Fraternity chapters are too prone to advertise their celebrations of Hell Week, so that they disturb the peace and property of outsiders. The supposed benefit derived by the fraternity is to test the mettle of their prospective brethren. That is indeed a meager virtue compared with the preposterous means of procedure employed. When boys become men they should put away childish things. There are plenty of ways to have fun without Hell Week. Sober thinking fraternities have abolished it.

—Daily Kansan

An eminent scholar complains that college graduates are earning more in their chosen professions than the professors who taught them the professions. What better way for the students to get even for all the flunks?

—Intercollegiate Press

A STUDENT LOOKS AT PUBLIC AFFAIRS

By David Fellman

The long deadlock existing between the Italian government and the papacy, which Dr. William B. Munro believes has been "the most perplexing and the most persistent of all the problems that the Italian government has had to face," has apparently been terminated, and an understanding reached. Ever since the Italian national movement attained its fruition by the addition of Rome to the republic, by wresting it from the hands of the pope, whose hold on Rome had been sustained by the armies of the French, there had been a complete severance of relations between church and state. The pope refused to be assuaged, in their loss, by the generous law of papal guarantees of 1871, which confirmed the supremacy of the pope in the vatican, granted him many privileges, and guaranteed him absolute immunity for his person and his officials. Since 1871, not a single pope has ever stepped outside the vatican, each going into voluntary seclusion at the beginning of his rule.

A treaty was signed yesterday, in the historic Lateran palace, by Pope Pius XI and Premier Benito Mussolini, acting for the king, the most important provisions of which guarantee the complete sovereignty and independence of the pope. There are provisions regarding church property, divorce laws, the status of ecclesiastical officers, and religious education in the schools. It is expected that the pope will end his self-imprisonment at Easter time. High authorities in the church have hailed this treaty as a signal event of the greatest importance in the history of the church, and are free in their praises of Pope Pius XI and Cardinal Gasparri, the papal secretary of state.

Edwin Denby, secretary of the navy in the Harding-Coolidge cabinet, till the Teapot Dome oil debacle occurred, died last Friday, from a sudden heart attack. Mr. Denby had an interesting career. The son of an American minister to China, he was a member of Michigan's varsity eleven, a lawyer, a gunner's mate in the Spanish-American war, a member of the house of representatives, and a marine during the world war. His appointment to the cabinet won great popular acclaim. His connection with the oil scandals, and his more or less forced resignation from the cabinet, did not lower him one bit in the esteem of the people of Detroit, his home town, where he was considered one of the city's foremost citizens up to the day of his death.

We spent a few hours over the week end reading Henry Mencken's "Notes on Democracy." (Alfred A. Knopf, 1926.) This book is good reading for tired minds, as for example, directly after the writing of various final exams. The publisher says, in a prefatory insert: "This terrific polemic embodies the final conclusions of the most uncompromising and devastating of all the critics of American democracy. It issues naturally out of his past writings upon the subject, but it is by no means a reprint. Save for a few paragraphs, it is wholly new matter."

We were happy that the publisher offered this explanation. Else we would have thought that we were reading the same old drivel over again. We admire Mencken's caustic style, his direct and emphatic way of putting things, and we secretly envy his splendidly rich vocabulary of slang and naughty words. But once you have read about a hundred pages of his thunder, you become accustomed to thunder, and more of it no longer

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frightens you. It becomes a positive bore.

The burden of Mr. Mencken's argument, in this "polemic," is that there are two classes of people in this country: those who are having a good time, in the course of their earthly existence, and those who are not. Those who are not, are Puritans, and spend all their time in envying and hating the others. Therefore, they try to spoil the good time of the hedonists. This is sort of a dog in the manager process. This they are able to do very effectively because of the existence of that system of government known as democracy. This, Mr. Mencken asserts, is the ballot, he believes, the Puritans have been able to visit upon the people the prohibitive system, and all other usurpations of the popular liberties.

Mr. Mencken's statements ring with their smart, machine-gun diction, but sadly lack the first element of proof. He prates about the scientific spirit, and how the rule of the mob has always repressed and opposed its development, but he himself evinces no understanding of the scientific method. His arguments are sound, but the trouble is that they are "nothing but sound." This is surely remote from the scientific. And whether it is necessary to be so nasty about it all, one would think, in reading some of his choice analogies, that he is reading one of these cheap breezy magazines that must be smuggled through the mails. But that's Mencken for you. The book is worth while reading, however, all of its cheap sensationalism notwithstanding. It is very thought-provoking. It can be read in a few hours, with the assurance that you will not fall asleep over it.

BETWEEN THE LINES

By LaSalle Gilman

Here is an excerpt from the Broadway production, "The Front Page," which I ran across and pondered upon. (Egotism!) "Journalist! Peeking through key-holes! Running after fire-engines like a lot of coach-dogs! Waking people up in the middle of the night to ask them what they think of Mussolini! Stealing pictures of old ladies of their daughters that get murdered in Oak Park! A lot of lousy, daffy, but-tinkis, swilling around with holes in their pants, borrowing nickels from office-boys! And what for? So a million hired girls and motor-men's wives'll know what's going on! I don't need anybody to tell me about newspapers. I've been a newspaperman fifteen years. A cross between a bootlegger and a bum. And if you want to know something, you'll find it end up on the copy-desk... gray-haired, hump-backed slob, dodging garnishees when you're ninety."

So declaims "Hildy Johnson," one of the characters. Now, the question which arises in one's mind after reading this outburst is: Why do members of a profession, whether it be medicine, law, engineering, journalism, or what not, why do members go about consistently knocking their profession? It's theirs; they've chosen it; they aren't tied to it if they are discontented. And yet law-

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yers say: Don't go into law if you want a future; and doctors say: Don't study medicine if you have ambition; and newspapermen warn the young person that journalism is a vocation for half-baked idiots. The fact is, I'm sure, that the members of the various professions are very proud of their calling—but they hide it under an external cynicism. And reverting to an article on journalism in a recent issue of the American Mercury, the author states that all journalists are secretly romanticists, whose lives would be dull and barren without the continual stimulus of news gathering and news peddling. It would appear to me that "Hildy Johnson's" oratory is only the old line of gab; not something which he really believes.

As one of the best burlesques on the market, a little book of verse by Newman Levy takes the prize, in my estimation. It is called "Opera Guyed," and gives the plot and story of fourteen operas, in rhyme. Not that I object to opera—with "Faust" in the offing,—but these "reviews" do voice many people's opinions of some of the melodramatic, farcical productions. The book is illustrated with pictures by Rex Irvin, which add greatly to the humorous flavor. Levy starts from the very first, E. G. L.—my best pal, and I may add, my severest critic." It then plunges into the barber-shop scene from Samson and Delilah, the drinking scene from Tannhauser, the cabaret scene from Thais, and the mad-house scene from Hamlet. The book is not new, and anyone, whether he revels in opera or not, would enjoy it hugely.

I can't resist the temptation to make a final comment on Kenneth L. Roberts' series of articles on American colleges, which has been running in the Post. The articles have made an impression upon me because of their keenness, their introspection, their fairness, and their liberal humor. Roberts is a champion of the present generation of college students, and this last article—"Harvard: Fair and Cooler," upholds the general theme of the entire series. The article concerns the Harvard undergraduate, picturing his life and his problems. Roberts explains the general conception of the Harvard student, with his sloping shoulders and his glasses, and then refutes the conception. He explains the air of "indifference" of which the Harvard student is so proud, and he shows that this indifference is

nothing but "hokey," as he so aptly states it. And this quotation comes from the last paragraph: "There is one generality, however, that can be made about Harvard undergraduates and all the other American undergraduates that I have seen in my recent collegiate tour: With no mental reservations of any sort, they're the best and sanest aggregation of young people that can be found anywhere in the world." Hail, Messiah!

Speaking of operas and "Faust," above; there is a rather good article in the February Mentor entitled "The Legend of Doctor Faust," by Gilbert W. Gabriel. It gives the historical foundation of the story and explains the plot briefly. Anyone contemplating attending the opera in March, and a little hazy on the subject, could do himself no harm by reading the article.

There seems to be a tendency lately to knock our heroes. Some editor or other started it with a dig at Lindbergh. L. H. Robbins wrote this in the February 3 issue of the New York Times: When heroes are called for, D. Q. Very plain persons will frequently do. Radical? Enough to make anyone faw down go boom!

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