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DROPPING BOMBS

With reorganization of the Interfraternity council in sight at the beginning of the semester there were hopes of witnessing a live, well-directed program of activities for the fraternity group on the Nebraska campus. It seems that the council has dozed off into a sound sleep, gorged with the annual Interfraternity banquet which was held last week, and dreaming of big accomplishments that have been chalked up for the organization.

Garbed in a new attire of student executives, brought together periodically during the year by the very pressure of important questions affecting the welfare of fraternities of the campus—band script, probation, deferred pledging legislation—and at last showing signs of becoming council-conscious, there was some prospect of having an organization that would prove beneficial to the fraternities as well as furnishing political pie for politicians.

The Interfraternity council has made a gesture at reorganization. The new constitution, possibly well-meaning and providing the sturdy structure about which a new Interfraternity council can be constructed, has been slow in coming. Perhaps there is argument in saying that such a constitution cannot be jotted down on a sheet of copy paper in a few minutes time. A council that is eager for some rejuvenating stroke, willing to trust leadership to student executives, and anxious to become something more than a body meeting two or three times during the semester for decision upon things that are forced upon it, has been in a position to expect more.

Just where is the difficulty? The council itself is partly to blame for the snail-pace progress that has been made during the year. The precedence of Interfraternity council procedure and accomplishments of other years were bad. The council had a record of doing things when there was an absolute necessity for taking action. It was this same identical don't-give-a-hang attitude that marked the meetings during the first semester of the present year and that has not been expelled during the present semester.

The council was called together to ask their cooperation in sending the band to West Point. It was an urgent proposition. The council did its yelping over abolishing probation when a few hands were at its throat, literally compelling some action. Only when a bill was introduced in the state legislature for the establishment of second-year pledging, did the council become agitated.

Now, there was this bad precedence, this reputation for doing things only when the pressure was applied, and this jocular conception on the part of fraternities of their participation in council affairs—and, the conduct of the council this semester has those very same symptoms. If the reorganization move had more behind it than the creation of executive offices to be filled by students, then the observer has not been able to detect those intentions. Certainly the reborn council has not needed a constitution to enable the organization to begin acting as a constructive body rather than a barrier to some moves that would be detrimental to the fraternity life on the campus? Certainly there are problems of fraternity concern that are universal on the campus, and that are still unsolved?

The Nebraska position has been that of calling attention to lagging organizations, and endeavoring to point in the direction of changes that can be made. The Interfraternity council, throughout the year, has been panned to the extent of making the editorial column humdrum. But some things are so perfectly obvious in the parade of campus affairs, that criticism cannot be withheld.

This Ivy day business brings back memories of the time a fellow played hooky from grade school to be the first one in swimmin' and then got in a mess of poison ivy 'n' boot.

EDUCATING FOR LIFE

"There is only one subject matter for education, and that is Life in all its manifestations. Instead of this single unity, we offer children—algebra, from which nothing follows; geometry, from which nothing follows; science, from which nothing follows; history, from which nothing follows; a couple of languages, never mastered."

So asserts A. N. Whitehead, British philosopher, in his "Aims of Education," just published. In this single statement he indicts the entire system of American education as failing to represent life as it is known to those who live it. In a measure, at least, Mr. Whitehead has written the truth.

There is woeful failure to connect the subjects and courses offered especially in high schools and colleges throughout the nation. There is a branched and disjointed spreading of courses over every field of learning. Most every student picks over a semester of zoology, botany or physics, thumbs a textbook of Latin or Spanish for a year, gains a smattering knowledge of American and European history.

Students coming to a university look over a wide and changing vista with countless paths leading toward a life-long goal on the other side. They look one path or another and the preserving

ones get through. But what do they gain from their four-year experience?

The courses that are offered at this time in the University are of such a broad and expansive nature, so varied and infinite in their content, that a student may elbow his way through the curriculum without getting a thorough knowledge in anything. Uncertain of a vocation at the outset as many students are, the individual is permitted to wander aimlessly from course to course, heading in the general direction of a degree, but getting nowhere in so doing.

There are certain basic things about life and about the world necessary to learn. There is an overabundance of other valuable material to choose from. All, however, must be linked and connected so that their relationship to life is apparent to the individual studying them.

A technical course in zoology for those not intending to specialize in it is wasted. One semester of Latin or Spanish is completely forgotten in a very short time. Few university students whose mathematics were climaxed with two years in high school work can work a problem in simple algebra or solve a proposition in geometry.

General knowledge that will be remembered in these subjects leads toward a cultural education and a richer life. Spreading out over the limitless field sends a person through university without an education.

The glider being constructed by engineering students probably won't have much appeal for some high-flying students.

COLLEGE TRAINED SLEUTHS

Northwestern university is to have a new bureau of instruction. Chicago crimes will be solved inside locked laboratory doors. Test tube and microscope will be employed to fasten guilt, and clues will come from the minds of trained men—human bloodhounds. Students of Northwestern will be urged to adopt crime detection as a profession under the tutelage of nationally famous detectives and crime authorities.

It is a gloomy future when students of America universities have to be educated for a profession of such a character. To understand that one's life work is going to amount to nothing short of determining criminal motives, fastening blame on individuals for some sordid, ghastly crime, and stalking into the tenderloin districts of throbbing cities in search of murderer and thief—there isn't much wholesome ness to such a vocation.

Crime is a problem. It has to be studied. It has to be fought at every turn of the road. But there is something revolting in the decision to bring crime into laboratory of the university or college, and there is something depressing in the encouragement that is given for the undergraduate to become a high-grade sleuth—a profession. Why cannot Chicago crime be solved in laboratories not connected with a great university? The college man and woman has task enough learning to live a clean and upright life, and a life full of service, without trying to sniff out the tracks of some 'cat man,' 'ax man,' or 'clubber.'

If crime has to be studied let someone besides the undergraduate be encouraged to take up detective work as a profession.

One of the most redeeming things about the Prairie Schooner is that the magazine hasn't sponsored a coed popularity contest as yet.

ZERO HOUR

Thirteen days of school remain.
 The Zero Hour is near.
 Writing, cramming, everywhere.
 Exams will soon be here.
 Wary students, weary still.
 Their year of toil not done.
 Eager for the end to come.
 Seems though it's just begun.
 Scorching days and sleepless nights,
 Term papers take their toll.
 Hour on hour they plod their task
 Before to bed they roll.
 Some have whiled away their time
 Earlier in the year.
 So now they must work doubly swift.
 The Zero Hour is near.
 Back and forth they trudge their way,
 From library to class,
 Wondering if the profs will say,
 "Halt! Thou shalt not pass."

Thirteen days of school remain.
 Before the end-of-year.
 Beware, for those thirteen predict
 The Zero Hour is near.

Then when the Cornhusker comes out everybody can see who served on all the insignificant committees about the school.

The weather man probably noticed a few too many linen knickers on the campus yesterday so he just made it a little colder.

Most of the letters that are being written nowadays are either for jobs or recommendations.

Then by having an instructor out for dinner some evening one can be sure of getting some consideration when the grades go in.

Some coeds swing a baseball bat like they were swatting a fly on a cream puff.

Graduates take notice: So far there has been no promise of large salaries for the struggling graduate.

There were probably three or four lines written on as many term papers yesterday.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

THE URGE TO LEARN

The fundamental purpose of attending college, as The Lincoln Journal points out, is to obtain an education. That many a boy who attends the University of Nebraska is doing that very thing was indicated a few days ago at convocation when certain awards and honors, not obtained before burrowing crowds on a football field, were given to students who had done well with their studies.

Now and then we forget that education is the prime reason for sending boys and girls away to school. Athletic prowess, the discussion of sports and the glamour of the social life frequently obscure our vision, make us cynical and inspire us to the belief that the old time mental stimulus at school has been relegated to the back of the house. But it is not altogether true. A large number of students actually are so old-fashioned that they go to school to study, to invest their most impressionable years in the laudable ambition of learning a little about those things which will provide them with the weapons for making a living a little later on.

BETWEEN THE LINES

By LaBelle Gilman

The Prairie Schooner, off the press Monday, is becoming a regular magazine, both in appearance and content. The cover no longer has that amateurish look, and with spring in the air, the general tone of the magazine has become lighter and breezier and more interesting. This is probably the best issue the editors have put out so far. I still insist that illustrations would lend to its attractiveness, but aside from that, the issue is to be commended.

Harrison Graves Shedd of Omaha a Nebraska alumnus, and former editor of the deceased Kiote, has contributed quite a long play—"Cottonwood Court"—which is undoubtedly the best contribution. This deals with the feuds between the homesteaders and the cattlemen in western Nebraska, and reminds one of the lynching party in Owen Wister's "The Virginian." "Cottonwood Court" took first drama prize in the Omaha Woman's Press club contest for 1928.

Dean LeRouge has another of those delightful French Canadian yarns, "The Vaurien." LeRouge is a romanticist of the first order, despite the fact that he guides the Brad college, "Sadie," by Cornelia Mullenburg, is a bit strained and overdone, but the ending is quite surprising and unconventional. Edward L. McKenna has contributed a short essay, Mr. McKenna is a rather noted writer, and has a string of short stories and a novel to his credit. He writes from New York.

Among the articles, we find our Spanish instructor, Mr. Cuneo, writing on "Spain's Picaresque Novel." No, that isn't a typographical error, it's a type. "A Letter from Heaven" seems a little out of place in the Schooner, but the magazine couldn't get along without something a bit mysterious between its covers.

Thanks to Joe Deming, Bess Furman and Fred Christensen, the magazine's tone has been lightened, as mentioned before. Bess Furman's "Heart Throbs Bona Fide" is hidden away in the Dog in the Manger column, however, while it should take a ranking place in the issue.

The poetry is all good, especially "Lilac Tree," by Clarissa Bucklin, who writes about her inhibitions occasionally. "The Quarter Dust," by Loren Easley, and "Drift," by John Castree. In all, the issue is well done and the editors are to be congratulated.

THE ART OF THINKING. By Ernest Dimmet. 2 16 pp. New

Official Bulletin

Thursday, May 16.

Phi Beta Kappa, initiation and banquet Hotel Lincoln.
 Varsity Track squad leaves for Ames.

Friday, May 17.

Big Six track meet, Ames.
 Nebraska vs the Kansas Aggies, baseball, Manhattan.
 Alpha Gamma Rho house party.

Saturday, May 18.

Alpha Sigma Phi-Alpha Tau Omega party at Alpha Sigma Phi house.
 Alpha Chi Omega house party.
 Alpha Omicron Pi house party.
 Delian Literary Society meeting.
 Ag Club and Home Economics picnic and dance, Students Activities building.
 Cosmopolitan Club, Unitarian church.
 Teachers college group visits Irving school, postponed from Thursday.

Saturday, May 18.

Big Six track meet, Ames.
 Nebraska vs Kansas Aggies, baseball, Manhattan.
 Deadline for filing applications for positions on student publication School of Journalism, U hall, 12 o'clock noon.

EAT

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Picture of a boy Who forgot to wear His Magee's Shoes To the Spring party! Result—one evening ruined.

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Magee's

York: Simon and Schuster, \$2.50. Very good, undoubtedly. I tried to read it, but I can't think fast enough.

Students are so prone to find things to raise a chortling holler about, and editors so pressed for material, why doesn't someone suggest that things are coming to a pretty pass when the university shaggle its Phys Ed girls to rake the campus, clad in middies and bloomers, for the coming festivities? At least, I suppose that's what they're doing it for. Now then, the university could pay a couple of gentlemen to pull a rake and push a roller, but it forces timid and weak females to do the labor. Or maybe they're out for exercise, or to lend beauty to the campus. Anyway, it's nice to wax indignant once in a while.

It's only eleven days till fair weather, now. We got our statistics . . . statistics . . . static . . . figures mixed, the other day. When in doubt, whistle.

Imagine his embarrassment! In an Old Gold contest, he smoked three wrapped cigarettes with a cup of coffee between each one and then picked the second cup. So he lit a Murad.

SCHOOLS SECURE MEN TO MAKE TALKS

(Continued From Page 1)

Otoe: Doctor Morton, Barneston; Dr. C. H. Patterson, assistant professor of philosophy, Beaver Crossing. On May 20, Professor Bradford will speak at Chester. On May 21, he will speak at Exeter, and Roy E. Cochran, associate professor of American history, at Homer. On May 22 Professor Bradford will speak at Lawrence, the following day at Denton.

On May 23 Doctor Morton will speak at Smith Center, Kansas; Dean T. J. Thompson at Shickley, and Chancellor E. A. Burnett at Red Cloud. On May 24, Professor Bradford will speak at DeSmet, Doctor Morton at Ansley, and H. C. Pilley, professor of rural economics, at Tamora. The following day Professor Bradford will speak at Beatrice at the eighth grade graduation of the Gage County high school. On May 29 Dr. C. H. Oldroyd and languages, will be at Riverton, Iowa.

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HONORARY GROUP DINNER TONIGHT

(Continued From Page 1)

Dean Emeritus L. A. Sherman proposes that distinctive. The program for the banquet will include a talk on "Honors at Oxford," given by Sheldon Tefft, assistant professor of law, Mr. Tefft studied at Oxford, and received a degree from that institution, after receiving his A. B. at Nebraska Dr. Louise Pound, of the department of English will speak on "Phi Beta Kappa in Retrospect." Dean Francis A. Alabaster, of the College of Liberal Arts at Nebraska Wesleyan, will discuss the subject "Phi Beta Kappa in Prospect."

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