

The Daily Nebraskan

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TAKING A SHOT

The skids are probably well greased for the launching, all hands are probably on deck and everything is in shipshape for another year. All has been so carefully planned and prepared in fact, that a little sand poured on the slippery ways will have little ill effect—but that does not prevent sprinkling the grit upon a customarily oily slide, this late in the game. Another Ivy day with its usual side-shows of making known the most distinguished students in the University of Nebraska, is but a few days off. The tension seems almost at the breaking point in a number of individual cases. The smiles and frowns may be indicative of knowledge that a fellow has been chosen or passed up in the annual selections of Nebraska's exponents of leadership and ability—the Innocents.

To attempt to attack the method of selecting the men who are reputed to be the leaders of the campus would be about as futile as going to a gangster's hang-out for advice on the preservation of life and the prevention of petty thievery. The Nebraskan doesn't have any interest whatever in the manner in which the members of this organization come by their title and fame, but it does have a view of the highly-touted significance that has become attached to the organization.

There is a certain amount of dirty-apron work around most college campuses that has to be done by some organization, or by some few individuals. On the Nebraska campus this character of work has found manifestation in handling rallies, making speeches, introducing speakers, and sponsoring a banquet or two. Then there are those phases of the work that are really commendable, and that have truly been meritorious.

The students of the University of Nebraska ought to come to the point in passing judgment upon a man chosen to such a society as the Innocents purports to be, on the basis of the qualities that he exhibits as a man—not as an individual who has been nursed along like a pampered pup by his fraternity or his brother in the bond, and selected on a basis that certainly must attach great importance to relatively minor activities.

The idea that because a man is a member of the Innocents society he necessarily is an outstanding individual, lily-white in everything that he has done, worthy of everything that has become part of his activity nomenclature, has steeped this campus. Nothing could be more sickening and more repelling than to have an organization proclaim to the country that its members represented the best that the University of Nebraska had to offer in the way of men students who exhibited the desirable qualities of "leadership and ability." Perhaps there are a few chosen to the organization who can get in under the wire of such a dual requirement; the rest get in by virtue of the mask they have worn for three and a half years of college, or by virtue of the bread-and-milk diet that they have been fed upon since entering school.

Some time ago, within the last three or four years of the selections, a small town newspaper, in recounting the selection of one of its favorite sons to the presidency of the organization, blew off steam to the effect that it was the greatest honor that the University of Nebraska had to offer its men students. What it failed to mention was that the individual had been educated in shaking hands and patting backs, and submitting to the pampering of those who had already attained the honored position. Not a word was spoken of the scholarship and the actual work that the individual had done—for there wasn't anything to say.

Each house likes to have one, coeds like to talk about their acquaintances who are members of the Innocents society, but the student and the observer who talks at taking the sugar-coated pills that are put out every day of the year, has sense and reason enough to pass judgment upon an individual for being a man, and not for wearing a sanctimonious robe.

The Ivy day poem contest is open to all seniors. There would probably be more entrants in the contest if it required writing a letter asking for a job.

JELLY BRAINS

Jelly brains, wispy-waspy jelly brains—that's what most Americans have, says Dr. Sigel Roush of the Troy, N. Y., Morning Record.

Why? Because they try to assimilate the mass of so-called literature of the day by scanning the pages and leafing through the chapters to the conclusion. This type of reading, says Doctor Roush, is violating the mental speed limit. The fine, however, is imposed by the reader himself. It is the loss of ability to think deeply and clearly.

No one, this eastern educator writes, can hope to do more than skim through the countless volumes that flood the markets today. No one can hope to analyze them thoroughly or interpret their hidden qualities.

The American does not improve his intellectual or spiritual capacities by this type of reading, but rather throws his own possibilities and makes them harder to realize. It is impossible and undesirable to men-

tally digest the content of a book by a cursory inspection of its pages.

Doctor Roush has a remedy to offer. It is this: read fewer books and read better books. He does not believe that the average person should read more than one book a month. But that book should be read from cover to cover carefully and analytically. Further, he contends that the majority of smart looking covers on the book stands today cover nothing but trashy contents, and believes that in the "book a month" idea, most attention should be devoted to classical literature—literature that has been read and approved by the best minds of several generations. These suggestions are particularly applicable to college students who, in the course of their studies, should read and read and read. How much better it is to master one volume of good literature than to gain only a smattering knowledge of a half dozen worthless novels.

Then there is that fellow who pulls a fast one and then spends a week trying to explain how he had perfectly good motives.

TITLE, POP BOTTLES AND STUDENT

Coming out of the depths of the dark cellar in the first race for a Big Six baseball championship, Nebraska is sitting pretty now—on the very top floor. A win from Missouri next weekend in one of the two games that will be played in Lincoln means a championship for the Cornhuskers.

Not even conceded a chance for the banner at the start of the season after numerous defeats, the Nebraska team seems to have found itself, or else the rest of the conference teams slipped into a peculiar slump. News columns that told of the Huskers running the bases like "fat hired girls," have been altered to speculating on the chances of the team for the first Big Six baseball championship, or how the members of the team banged the opposing pitcher for a dozen hits or more.

It would be a boost for the baseball sport at the University of Nebraska should the Huskers succeed in twisting the Tiger's tail in one of the games next weekend and cinch their claim to the Big Six title. After a four or five year stretch without a baseball team, Nebraska would accomplish one of the big surprises of the entire season of athletics by capturing the crown.

Football has had the lion's share of the attention and support of Cornhusker fans. Thousands have been attracted to the stadium stands while hundreds have been attracted to the grandstand and bleachers to witness a baseball game. Baseball lacks the spice, the thrill and the glamour of a football game. It recruits its supporters mainly from the older classes of people—not from the collegiate classification.

There are no elaborate and ever changing rules in baseball for the spectator to keep in mind and the game is slow enough that the inexperienced has little difficulty in getting the general idea. Baseball is older. It has become peculiarly associated with pop bottles, roasted peanuts, and paracels. Perhaps that has something to do with the appeal of the diamond, rather than the gridiron, to the elders.

A chance at a Big Six title ought to criterion a rebirth of baseball enthusiasm in the Cornhusker sport follower—the college student.

Once upon a time there was an instructor who decided that his students did not need to take the final examinations.

C.A.T SPELLS CAT

Dear Mr. University: When I was in grammar school we used to spend considerable time each day on memorizing the spelling of relatively common words in the English language. I was taught that being a good speller was an indication of being an intelligent individual. Correct arrangement of letters to form words, they informed me, was an achievement not to be scoffed at and one that was always associated with those of more than average mentalities.

Now, Mr. University, I have graduated from the educational stages in which one is taught the routine of learning to spell. I have graduated from that higher educational era of high school in which one is indirectly given a practice in spelling. I have spent considerable time in an institution of still higher learning and am fully impressed that to be intelligent one must be capable of spelling correctly.

Then one morning, I pass through the campus of that great institution of higher learning and am confronted, much to my astonishment, by a sign, supposedly authorized by said institution, bearing the mirth-provoking inscription, "NO TRESPASSING." Such a display of intelligence or lack of same. My, my, Mr. University, I am rather ashamed.

Perhaps you are trying to make up that two million dollar oversight on the part of the legislature in paint. Perhaps the sign writers could not agree on an extra "S" for the display. In that event, I suggest arbitration with any English professor as the conciliator. If no agreement is reached, then I suggest the matter be dropped entirely and the sign removed. Just thought I'd call your attention to this, shall I say outrage, Mr. University?

Respectfully yours, JACK NEBRASKA. P. S. It's probably like a lot of typographical errors you often see.

This is the time of year when a man is thrown between two complexes—romance and spring onions.

Nine men were recently initiated into the Kosmet Klub. Barnum's theory still receives support.

The New Stuart theater is evidently optimistic, opening the week of final examinations.

Some men who are not tapped Innocents Thursday will decide to add a year to their college career.

A few weeks ago tennis racquets and golf clubs were being borrowed. Now it's the swimming suit.

Students are eating dinner every evening this week. Week after next they will be eating supper at home.

The man who is pushing a peanut up Pikes Peak might be offered some competition by fraternity freshmen.

Someone who really wants to do something for the University might donate a new setting for the Ivy day ceremonies.

"No Trespassing" are the words on signs posted over the campus. And to think the state produced a national champion in spelling.

There were some high school students on the campus the other day looking over the University as a possible place to come to school next fall. To do the right kind of a job of selling them the idea of the University, a few rushing chairmen ought to be on the reception committee.

BETWEEN THE LINES

By LaSelle Gilman

As in every other profession, writers have their trade papers, or journals, or magazines—what you will. These little booklets attempt to aid the ambitious scribbler by printing short stories by eminent authors on such subjects as "The Short Short Story," "Special Article Writing," "dramatic criticism," and so on. They are full of information regarding manuscripts, claiming that so and so can take your absolutely worthless stories and sell them—at a minimum fee.

But when viewed dispassionately such magazines appear a trifle worthless themselves. They cater to the amateur who had fond hopes of breaking into print, and evidently they fool said amateur, and judging from the gushing letters to the editors telling how "I couldn't market a single manuscript until I subscribed to Scribber's Journal," but since then I've sold dozens, including my famous story, "Purple Pyxmas." And consider this ad: "Rejected Short Stories Sold. Free reading, no commission charged. With criticism and revision authors coached on characterization, plotting, suspense, climax. Specialists on love, western, flying, detective, confession stories. Typing, 50c thousand. Short Story Specialists."

But the queer thing about these many specialists is, one never sees their names in connection with the printed stories or best sellers. No, I fear it's the old skin game, with a couple of shell games mixed in; but Barnum was right and authors are no exception to the rule.

Aha, I'll fool the copy-readers hereabouts; there'll be no review of the year's best seller—the Cornhusker. Let each student review it for himself. But for sheer beauty of make-up—printing and engraving, the yearbook can hardly be surpassed, and William C. Metzger, Jr., and the Cornhusker staff are to be congratulated and highly praised. That, of course, includes the Artcraft Engr. Co. of St. Joe, and the Jacob North & Co. of Lincoln.

An editorial in Sunday's Nebraskan said: "Coming to the University directly from a farm where plowing corn, milking cows and feeding pigs became an intolerable bore, where dad and mother have out of having for years to pay off the mortgage, where muddy of the snow-dusted roads half the year round curtail normal school life, they enroll in the College of Agriculture, shunning the very name of 'farm' which to many of them has become synonymous with drudgery and unceasing chores."

I'm afraid, however, that the editorial writer was slightly misinformed. One of the back-to-the-soil enthusiasts, one of those who reveal in "realistic" novels of farm life, among the pigs and chickens, would find a wealth of material in agricultural student's English papers (and a wealth of unintentional humor, too.) In fact, ninety-nine out of a hundred freshmen themes that college will deal with feeding hogs, cultivating corn, breaking colts, hatching ducks, or the spreading of manure. To the majority of freshmen, other worlds and interests outside the old homestead do not exist; it is not until the junior or senior year (and often not then) that the Ag student begins to realize that life holds something besides farm activities. In short, the Ag student is much slower in broadening out in his interests than the Bizard, or the Law, or the Engineer, or the Dent.

The foregoing may give rise to ferid details from agricultural students, but as I've been reading English 2 themes for several months at the Ag College, I've got a note book full of rather interesting excerpts from these papers to back me up in my statements. In fact, I think I'll try to make a little cash by sending in a few of these unconscious witticisms to College Humor. You'd die laughing, my dear, I mean you actually would!

Well, there's Ivy day, and annual Compet, and following that a weekend of brain-freer and then "Hell-week." The Interfraternity Council may think it's abolished the latter, but the notorious week has only been postponed to the last of each semester.

Creeper or no creeper, as Ripley would have it, a young gentleman observed the other evening at the Park in the act of treading heavily upon his girl friend's toes, whereupon she immediately gave him a resounding kick on the del-

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cate shin. "Hell hath no fury like a woman's corn."

I've suddenly discovered that someone next door is beginning to take lessons on a cornet, or some such instrument. But then, vacation is only a week and a half away and we'll all give thanks for small favors.

The Spasm

Someone the other day expressed the hope that the writer of the Spasm had been kicked out of school, and that there would be no more of his work (?) in the Nebraskan this year. And all to no avail, for the writer was never more firmly entrenched in this noble institution.

Ivy Day seems to be the next big thing on the university calendar, now that the Publication Board has met and since spring parties are over and house dances are dwindling in frequency.

And what an event that day will be. Junior men will, as usual, make up the majority of those present. Some of the more expectant have visited the plot north of the Administration building, and have picked out places to stand, so they may be easily seen by the assembled people.

One of the men has a hiding place all arranged, so the Innocents will have to look for him. That will make him feel more important.

The Publication Board met last week. A few more junior men will wear their good suits and get a fresh hair cut for Thursday afternoon.

Wonder if the Barbs will throw a wrench into the Innocents machinery?

Seniors are making the usual fuss over having to take final examinations.

The favorite sport nowadays seems to be to go swimming and then show off the sunburn at the baseball game.

Students who have dated infrequently during the school year seem to be endeavoring to get in as much as possible the last three weeks.

Capitol beach seems to be running serious competition to picnics on Sunday evenings.

Believe it or not, there was one class that met last week with every student present.

Seniors may use book space in the old trunk to take home gifts received for commencement.

The Cornhusker gave us the opportunity of seeing just how many students are in activities that mean anything.

The usual percentage of senior students will go to work as soon as school is out. And the usual percentage will enter the business of the father.

Pity the poor coed who goes through the University without getting at least one fraternity pin. But some picnics are failures.

The ambitious senior is collecting summer addresses so he can keep in touch with his girl friends and be able to get a date when he comes back for football games next fall.

One fellow showed up with a black eye Monday morning and insisted that he was dancing at the Park and ran into an elbow.

W. A. A. ADOPTS REVISED SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 1) in. Twenty-five points will be given to each one who tries out for a "Topster" team, but she is only eligible for this team if she has played in at least half of the games her group has been scheduled for in an intergroup tournament, and has been out for at least one of the definite tryout periods scheduled. A total of 100 points will be given to each woman who makes a "Top-

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are much the same as they were formerly. In the rest of the sports, five points will be given for each hour of continuous skating, horseback riding, or bicycling. Credit will be given for no more than two hours in each of these sports in any one day.

Awards to groups in individual sports which include bowling, deck tennis, golf and tennis are five points for each woman entered, ten points will be awarded to the winners of first place in the tournament, twenty-five for the second place, and fifteen points for third.

Individual points for individual sports are five points to each participant for an hour of practice, five for each time she plays in a tournament. Fifty points will be awarded each coed playing on the team winning the tournament, twenty-five for playing on the team winning second place, and fifteen for the team placing third.

In horseback riding, swimming, and track five points will be assigned to groups for each competitor entered; fifteen points for each time she takes first place; ten for second place; and five for third. The same scoring will be given as individual points.

Individual points may also be earned on the hour basis in hiking, horseback riding, skating, and bicycling. Awards in hiking points

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