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'Fully Fifty Juniors.'

A third year student at the University of Nebraska, going under the pseudonym of "A Barb Junior," at this time tries to tell the Nebraskan editor that the latter didn't realize what he was saying when he came out with the statement that juniors are afraid they won't make the grade and become "campus leaders" next year. Also he attempts to show the fallacy of the assertion that these same students are possessed with a narrow point of view.

The underlying cause of all this was an editorial which appeared in The Daily Nebraskan on Tuesday, Nov. 19, wherein the junior students of this university were told not to worry about making the two senior honorary societies—the Innocents and the Mortar Boards—next Ivy day, when the "touching" ceremonies are scheduled to take place.

Apparently our good friend, the said non-organization man, took us to mean that all juniors are that way. However, he has let himself be subjected to slight misinterpretation of the real meaning. The portion of the above mentioned editorial reprinted here should aid him in dispelling that notion:

"We are not digressing far from the truth when we state that at the present moment fully fifty members of this year's junior class are unconsciously doing that very thing."

Only one squint at the foregoing should show our contributor that he missed the point when he read the article. The extent of our position on the matter is stated there, so how can one get the idea that all juniors are that way? Of course, The Nebraskan could have conducted a "more thorough investigation" and give the number of sufferers in precise terms, but, pray tell us, how accomplish such a task? Should we have gone out and counted them?

No, indeed; it seems entirely feasible to place the limit they way we have done—"fully fifty members." Then we can rest easy and feel gratified that we included by "very, very small percentage of the junior class."

The Nebraskan doesn't doubt that "nine out of ten... are preparing themselves for some line of work and are putting forth every effort to accomplish their aims." It is the "tenth" person to which the editorial was addressed—the fellow who is seeking honors. The writer of the editorial realized that the majority of the juniors were sensible enough to have higher ideals and therefore put in that catchy little phrase "fully fifty members."

What "A Barb Junior" brings out about the barbs not having a chance to enter the heavenly gates of both senior honoraries is only partially true. An investigation of the Mortar Board panel in the Cornhusker for any number of years back will prove to him that he is wrong as far as that organization goes. Barb and Greek alike are accorded that honor—there are no lines drawn in this respect—the qualifications of scholarship, leadership, and service to the school being placed above everything else.

But a similar investigation of the Innocents page in former issues of the Cornhusker will show him that he was absolutely correct in saying that the men's organization is "made up chiefly of members of Greek organizations" and that no one has a look in "unless he has the 'pull.'" It is common knowledge among present day student leaders as well as those of former days that on two occasions in the past at least, third year men who are not affiliated with any social, or to be more exact, political fraternity found it necessary to become "joiners" before they could be knocked to the dust of the earth in late May.

And this is one of the most undesirable elements in this "honor bestowing" occupation. When any kind of organization takes on that hue or shade of color it immediately ceases to be "honorary" and that same time fails to command the respect and backing of the entire student body. The result can be no different—for how can any intelligent human being see any glory in getting a thing under false pretensions? And, too, how can anyone have confidence in an organization which perpetuates itself that way?

We are glad this particular student took it upon himself to seek the truth about the matter. We are not infallible nor are we always able to make our declarations in as clear and concise manner as possible. Perhaps it was because the specific point was "buried" in the sentence that the nonfraternity man did not see it.

At any rate Mr. Barb Junior presents his case in a commendable manner. He seems to have sensed what some of the fraternity-conscious individuals have not been able to feel—the idleness of becoming excited over something that isn't going to do them any good in after life.

The Awgwan Is Gone.

Another student "pet" thrown to the rocks! By action of the student publication board Monday afternoon, the Awgwan, humorous magazine sponsored by Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic fraternity, no longer exists. The reason for the move, as stated by the chairman of the board, was that the publication "serves no useful purpose in the university."

But there was a more direct cause for the drastic action—the November number. Included in the pages of this recent issue, as brought out by a Sigma Delta Chi resolution,

was "material far below the standards and ethical principles of our fraternity and profession," because of which the magazine was regarded as "obscene, unwholesome and not fit to merit our sponsorship."

Considerable speculation has been made by students and faculty members as to the justification of such a radical stroke. The one group—the idealists—claims an injustice was done and that merely a reorganization should have taken place. The other group—the semi-radicalists—believes that the only means of avoiding more of the same stuff was the doing away with the enterprise entirely.

The Nebraskan, though run on the same principle as the Awgwan—student managed—is inclined to line up with the latter clique. In fact, The Nebraskan congratulates the publication board for its courage, vision and fortitude in taking a definite stand on the matter.

Too often when situations such as the one regarding the Awgwan arise, those in majority are hesitant to do anything which might stir up antagonistic feeling toward them. They try to keep in the middle of the road—making things balance as best they can. However, in this particular instance, the board in charge displayed its authority regardless of what anyone might say or do.

The Awgwan itself has been more or less on probation the last few years. This is not the first time it was forced to suspend publication. According to a former editor, the periodical was disbanded six years ago for the same reason, but was allowed to resume its place on the campus in the fall of 1924.

Since that time, the magazine has been barely moving along—in a financial way. A large deficit, disclosed at the opening of the present school year, is a sample of its struggle for existence. But irrespective of this handicap the publication has served a "useful" purpose in at least one respect—politics.

The Awgwan has been an excellent tool for fraternity political manipulators seeking to raise their dear "old gang" to exalted positions on the campus. The Awgwan has been a stepping stone to honorary society memberships. And, of course, the Awgwan has had to bear the consequences due mainly to mismanagement.

That the Nebraska state educational institution will suffer because of the demise of its comic sheet is nothing but a myth. The school and its ideals mean much more to the average citizen than the kind of literature that appears in humor magazines—especially the quality contained within the covers of the November issue of the Nebraska Awgwan.

Echoes of the Campus.

Fair Elections.

To the Editor of The Nebraskan:
At the recent election of Nebraska Sweetheart, who will be presented on Thanksgiving morning at Kosmet Klub show, there was no check made on the voters. Identification cards were not necessary, and some voted as many as six or eight times. With this poorly organized voting, the question arises whether an attempt should be made to make future elections fair.

The purpose of an election is to choose fairly from the candidates running one who is the most popular. When there is duplication of votes and deliberate stuffing of the ballot box, how can a fair decision be reached?

A just election demands voting restrictions so that an ambitious person may not vote as many times as he chooses. But the Kosmet Klub did not deem it necessary, and identification cards, the logical check, were not asked for.

After the ballots have been cast, the counting must be fair and unquestioned. According to the Kosmet Klub, the votes were to be counted by a public accountant, yet there is definite proof that three students made up the committee, and that the advertising was false.

There is urgent need for better elections at the University of Nebraska. An immediate attempt should be made to make future elections fair.
P. D.

Are Juniors Afraid?

To the Editor of The Nebraskan:
In a recent issue of The Daily Nebraskan appeared an article stating that juniors in this university are afraid. It was stated that they are taking every precaution not to step on some senior's toes for fear that they could not get in the Innocents and Mortar Board societies. It also stated that their point of view on life is narrow. Is this a true statement?

Perhaps this may be true of fraternity or sorority people but I do not believe it to be true of barbs. In the past these two orders were made up chiefly of members of Greek organizations. It seems that one does not stand a chance of getting in them unless he has the "pull" mentioned in the editorial.

Nebraska juniors as a whole do not go to this university with only thoughts of graduating in sight. The most of them are thinking forward to the time when they are out of school. Of course, there are doubts in their minds concerning what they are going to do, but they are not afraid.

Just step up to one and ask him what he plans on doing. Nine out of ten will have a plausible answer to your question. They are preparing themselves for some line of work and are putting forth every effort to accomplish their aims.

A very, very small percentage of the junior class may become members of the two societies. Those who know they have a chance will no doubt try very hard, and perhaps fear for their future, especially as time goes on they base their efforts solely on becoming a member. Why should the large majority bother about this when they know that nothing in these two societies will benefit them?

The writer of the editorial should have made a more thorough investigation before saying that juniors have a narrow outlook. The greater percentage who have gone two and one-half years in a university could not have a very narrow outlook on life, otherwise they would not have gone that far.

Merely the sheepskin does not have the attraction that it formerly had. It must stand for something that can be of use, and the juniors in this university have largely found this point of view.
A BARB JUNIOR.

Between the Lines.

By LASELLE GILMAN.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE BOLSHEVIST UPRISING

By Ellis Nimlig, Special Correspondent for Between the Lines.

(Editor's Note: This is the first and last of a series of articles by our special correspondent whom we sent Friday morning to make notes and scales on operations by troops.)

"Though no one had taken seriously the rumblings and murmured threats in this part of the country during the past week or so, a far-sighted and pessimistic editor sent me, on the morning of Friday, Nov. 22, to cover any possible disturbance that might arise. Forthwith, I set about packing, and having sent my trunk ahead, I concealed a Colt automatic in my boot leg, for though a correspondent in the war zone is supposedly neutral, often the combatants are not aware of the fact.

"Unfortunately my vodka was late (vodka is Russian for rapid vehicular transportation medium, and upon arriving in Red Square, I discovered that already signs of unrest were showing themselves. A company of soldiers had revolted, and led by one of their officers, were rushing here and there in the woods kicking up snow vehemently and shouting "Ralhye! Ralhye!" which is the Slavic for "I dunno what this is all about but I'm going to grasp my opportunity."

"Business was still as usual, and I dropped into the knowledge dispensing shops to refresh myself, but though there was a goodly crowd of serious, calm peasantry collected there, the proprietor appeared nervous and kept glancing out through the window in the direction of the regiments which had stacked arms in the wind swept and snow-drifted parade ground. The rumblings were increasing.

"Suddenly the revolution was upon us. A group of wild-eyed, flushed and bearded soldiery, armed with heavy books, appeared in the doorway under the leadership of one of those nihilists known as Koon Kobbea, and shouted "Showemtohtitsiprud!" The proprietor was of no mind to bow to these reds, and he promptly slammed the door and barricaded it in their faces. (I subsequently learned that many of the royalists had similarly entrenched themselves in their castles, trying to keep the reds out and the peasantry in.)

"The bolsheviks were determined however. They armed the gates, and the thunder thereof shook the building. One scaled the walls, stuck his head in through the aperture above the door known as transom, and shouted epithets at our protector, and proceeded to worm through and unbolt the door on the inside.

"Pandemonium reigned. The vandals proceeded to strip the windows of curtains. The peasantry fled and the royalist forces retreated. The country had suddenly gone ralyhe minded, and the headquarters of revolution was located on the west side of South Syence. Here were the lords of the Koon Kobbea, fortified with drums, pipes and cheersmen. Their lieutenants led the cohorts to the outlying districts in great, howling mobs.

"Disguised as a true red, I followed one group into the temple of Androon. Here several royalists had stoutly refused to acknowledge the uprising, and had battled against it. One old venerable, attempting to harangue the mob, was seized and spun about dizzily, and sent reeling against the walls. He proceeded to send for reinforcements in the person of the archduke of administration, and though the revolutionists listened to a speech on the latter's part, they were not impressed.

"Later in the day, worn with cold and hunger, I left the hoarse-voiced mobs to return to civilization. I learned that the uprising had started the night before, when frenzied crowds had marched in the winter streets with shouts of Cumongang, fitmangivmeil, beatkaggies, and the ever present Ralhye! The spirit had died down considerably by Friday night. Saturday morning, however, the royalists had gained control and seizing all reds, they marched them to the trains and deported them. Exiled in the Siberian plains to the south, they are said to have calmed considerably and returned quietly.

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"One cannot contend that all this display is actuated by patriotism, by love of country. It is mob spirit, ruled by contagion, fever, and what not. Red uprisings are not patriotic. They are merely a chance to kick over the traces, an excuse to leave the everyday routine of business, an opportunity to flout themselves before authority. Those who lead these revolutions call it patriotism and loyalty. Those who participate in them think nothing of loyalty. They think nothing of the idea itself. They think nothing of the forthcoming battle. They only think of the glorious opportunity to duplicate a college movie on the campus."

—ELLIS NIMLIG.

Problem: What is the student to do with used books? Discussion: Outside book-shops sell books at regular prices. They buy used books at fearfully low prices. The university book store doesn't buy used books; it only sells. The Student Exchange never was satisfactory because one had to wait too long. It is hard to find individual students desiring to use your book, and ready to buy it. Consequently, the used books either pile up or the student sacrifices them at a low price.

Conclusion: Burn them, bury them, crate them, send them home to Mother, send them to the Armenian Relief, or give them to Red Long for charity. There's no alternative.

KOSMET TICKET SALES RISE TO MORE THAN 900

(Continued from Page 1.) Dorothy Tow, Chi Omega; and Marie Herney, Phi Mu, were entered in the election.

Besides the sweetheart, the main attraction of the show is found in five acts presented by leading fraternities and sororities of the university, curtain skits by both organizations and individuals, and much other individual material. Acts will be presented by Alpha Omicron Pi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Kappa Kappa Gamma, Sigma Nu and Kappa Alpha Theta, Beta Theta Pi and Alpha Tau Omega, and Delta Tau Delta and Delta Delta Delta. It has been said that material in this revue is better than in any previous Thanksgiving show.

CADET OFFICERS COMPLETE PLANS OF FORMAL BALL

(Continued from Page 1.)

honorary colonel has been worked out, but no information has been given concerning it. Last year the honorary colonel was presented in an airplane, her arrival on the stage landing field preceded by numerous circlings of the field. The airplane effect was achieved through lights and shadows on the large curtain at the coliseum. Tickets for the ball are being

sold by junior and senior cadet officers for three dollars each. According to a resolution adopted by the student council at its last meeting and recommended to the faculty committee on student organizations the ball will last until 12 o'clock. The regular closing time for parties is 11:30. Coeds will be allowed to stay out until 12:30 o'clock on the night of the military ball, according to this legislation.

Nine Students Take Dental Examination

The Nebraska state board of dental examiners met this week at the college of dentistry at Andrews hall, conducting examinations of dentists to be licensed. There were two University of Nebraska students who took the examinations, six Creighton students and one Harvard student.

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