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The Student Pulse

Signed contributions pertinent to matters of student life and the university are welcomed by this department. Opinions submitted should be brief and concise.

DIMINISHING LIBRARY RETURNS.

To the Editor: In this discussion of Sunday library hours, one fact has been overlooked. James Trustlow Adams has an article in the April Harper's magazine on "Diminishing Returns in Modern Life." He states that the law of diminishing returns as the fact that working in a given direction there is a point up to which profit increases, and beyond which it inevitably declines. That it is profitable to the university to have the library open is beyond question. It is the laboratory of the college classroom. But the law of diminishing returns, whether we like it or not, begins to operate at some point. In other words, the increase in operating expense yields adequate return up to a certain point, after which the cost overtakes the increased value of the return to the university and state.

I for one believe that point is at week-end nights and Sunday openings. They would benefit a few—how few remains to be seen. The cost of service to each student using the library on Sunday will be much greater than the cost per student on school days. Was this thought of by The Nebraskan before it spoke? M. M.

FOR ALL, NOT A FEW.

You ask: What better way could the university invest \$1,000 than by keeping the library open on Sunday afternoons. A thousand and one ways, but the most crying need is the improvement of the lighting system in the libraries in Social Sciences and the reserve section of the main library.

At present the lighting is all from ceiling lights which are so few and far apart that they give very poor light. It would be far more beneficial to the students and would make concentrated study possible if something were done about it. At present the average student finds he is forced to stop every fifteen minutes or so to rest his eyes. Even the strongest eyes cannot endure an hour of continual reading by poor light.

As for keeping the library open on Sunday afternoons, the idea seems the selfish and inconsiderate viewpoint of a lazy student. How many people would actually "browse" among the periodicals in the library on Sunday? It seems to me that the complaining party does not know that the actual stacks of the library are not open to everyone and anyone who takes a notion to look them over.

Why take from the librarians the only afternoon of freedom they are allowed? There are others besides students who have a claim to being overworked. No matter how much you pay a person for giving up his lost bit of rest from monotony, you cannot make up for the rest itself. Why should the librarian pay with the only free afternoon of the week, for the negligence of some student?

If the university has \$1,000 to be invested, why not use it to benefit all, not a few? X. X. X.

AWGWAN ELUCIDATION

To the editor: I beg the indulgence of the editor to permit me to continue the discussion relative to the question of reviving the Awgwan. Now that F. K. H. has entered the lists as a champion of collegiate wit and humor, a few more words on the subject are really not superfluous.

First of all, I may say that my critic misunderstood me when he stated that I claimed to voice the opinion of the student body in expressing my disapproval of the Awgwan. I aspire to no such heights. I thought I made it clear that I was merely giving my own opinion. My further statement was to the effect that no one student, including L. C. D., has the right to set himself up as the mouthpiece of student sentiment.

I do, however, consider F. K. H.'s offer to wager a very sportsmanlike proposition. And the idea of a referendum "straw" vote is intriguing. But it doesn't bear on the matter of determining the quality of the Awgwan's alleged humor. It is quite beside the point, and only tends to befog the real issue.

I maintain that the only real issue in this whole argument is the quality of the Awgwan, and in this regard, F. E. H.'s defense of the worth of the ill-fated publication is full of logical difficulties. Now, what are her contentions? It would be well to scrutinize individually the eight arguments advanced to show that the Awgwan was of high calibre:

1. It won a first prize in a college humor contest. It is only necessary to indicate that a blue-ribbon baby is still a baby withal.

2. It wasn't the quality, but the quantity of the "borrowed trash" that cast odium upon the last Awgwan. What an excuse! As if there is any "quality" to trash. Maybe my sense of humor isn't as keen as F. K. H.'s. Maybe her sense of taste is too plebeian. But, she says, it's always been a custom to put in trash. It used to be a custom for men to walk on all fours, but the human race grew out of that. Why can't students grow out of the habit of publishing cheap trash under the pseudonym of "humor"?

3. The Awgwan was no worse than many other similar publications on other campuses, and better than some. Pityful logic! That a prize tramp is superior to a mediocre tramp doesn't justify the hobo's profession.

4. The Awgwan added to school spirit. I deny that. I think dragged it down into the mire of smut. This school spirit argument is always the last argument of one seeking to justify some campus oddity. It is a petty form of rah-rah chauvinism. F. K. H.'s analogy between the Awgwan and such organizations as the Y. W. C. A., university pastors, and the football team, is not only ridiculous, but casts aspersions upon them.

5. The Awgwan was funny, and the fact that I didn't think it was proves that I have no sense of humor. This is just like asserting that O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" is great art, and that if you deny it, you indicate that you have no sense of the artistic.

6. The faculty failed to let the Awgwan grow up, but always interfered "when it was beginning to come to its own." I suppose F. K. H. considers that last faculty intervention a case in point, when the faculty interfered with the publication "when it was beginning to come to its own." If the Awgwan would have ever shown signs of maturity, the "ax" wouldn't have been necessary. As it was, if the faculty wouldn't have stepped in, an outraged public opinion would have accomplished the same result.

7. And now comes a show of learning. It is asserted: Shakespeare, Moliere, Hauptmann, and many other classics are "far more filled with flag-

rant indecencies than a year's accumulation of Awgwans." It is really unreasonable to expect the Awgwan to contain in one year the accumulated smut of the ages. Give it time, I say. And further, there is this difference to be noted, that whereas the off-color in the world's great classics are either accidental, incidental, or were clearly appropriate in the light of its own day, the smut of the Awgwan was its "piece de resistance," the reason of its existence.

8. The jokes in the Awgwan weren't so "sooty" because F. K. H. asserts that if she were asked right now to repeat a single joke she couldn't do it. Without comment, I leave this handsome bit of our critical faculties.

I repeat my point of view: that there probably is enough talent on the campus to put out a humor magazine that is really humorous and artistic, one which would do credit to our institution, but that the experience of the university so far has been that the talent is unwilling to work. In preference to a publication of questionable quality, I think the university is better off without.

Thanks for all the space. D. F.

CIGARET SUCKING.

The carelessness of cigaret smokers Tuesday almost cost the University of Nebraska its College of Law building. One of the future protectors of society thoughtlessly tossed the remains of his smoke out of the window. It lodged on the awning where the wind fanned the few remaining sparks into a blaze which destroyed the awning. Fortunately Dean Foster's secretary detected

the embryo conflagration in time to save the building and what might have resulted in thousands of dollars of loss to the university was prevented.

The university student should profit from this trifling episode. When someone ventured to suggest in these columns that the appearance of our campus would be improved if it were decorated with fewer cigaret butts, "B. M." replied that the cigaret refuse was not repulsive to the majority of the students.

I agree with "B. M." that the state universities are established and maintained for the primary purpose of educating the state's youth. I further add that I don't believe that the primary purpose or even a secondary purpose of the state university is to provide a place for youths to congregate and smoke cigarets.

"B. M." also says that such educational institutions are not dependent upon any church or any individual and hence give young men an opportunity for comparative freedom of study. He is quite right, the young men should take advantage of this opportunity and not squander their time in smoking. If this little is not repulsive to the majority of the students then the majority of the students have stunted aesthetic standards. I believe that even "B. M." will admit that this mess adds nothing to the beauty of the campus.

Students should be more careful in doing things which cause the university to be regarded as an institution of ill repute by the citizenry of Nebraska and thoughtful students who have the best interests of the University of Nebraska at heart will refrain from strewing the campus with cigaret refuse.

THE CAMPUS CRAB.

We do not fall back upon the production of an editorial staff. This may not mean a thing. To be continued in our next.

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Shall We Do a Little De-Bunking Ourselves? Sunday, 11 a. m.—I shall speak on Trader Horne and Livingston. Each typifies a different approach and attitude to Africa. One talks the language of the pirate. Ivory, gold, slaves, mahogany, rum and lust he turns into trading stamps. The other represents a new international ideal and ethics and yet Trader Horne has become a temporary hero. And yet Livingston and his supporters (say others) should be de-bunked and put out of business. The Thinker has the last word. What is the answer? FIRST PLYMOUTH CHURCH Rev. Ben F. Wiland 1211 A A. Broadcast by KFAB

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MILESTONES AT NEBRASKA

March 23, 1925.

The Nebraska track team won the Missouri Valley indoor meet at Kansas City.

Students of the school of Music presented "Cavalleri Rusticana" at the Orpheum Theatre.

The March issue of the Nebraskan Blue Print was ready for circulation.

1920.

The "After College—What?" campaign was in full force.

The editor begged students to keep off the grass.

1915.

The cadet band left, preparatory to their University Week performance.

The observatory was open for a view of the planet Saturn.

An article in the Forum begged that the Nebraskan have a "Minerva's Mail" column.

1910.

Three cases of smallpox on the campus were discovered.

One of the coed students balked because an obnoxious dance was required by a gym class. A faculty committee ruled the objection groundless.

1905.

The girls' basketball team left for Columbia to play the University of Missouri.

Fraternity representatives met and drew up a baseball schedule.

Professor Wolcott of the zoology department lectured to the Nebraska Entomology society.

Between the Lines By LASELLE GILMAN. "The time has come," the Walrus said, "To talk of many things: Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—Of ices—and king— And whether pigs have wings. And whether pigs bay wings." —Lewis Carroll.

AYE, THE time has come. Long have we shilled and shalled in the colyum. Long have we spent, nay, wasted, precious time reviewing dull books, writing duller squibs and irrelevant verse. For nigh onto two years have we written this, and written that, without thought of the Bigger Things in Life. Now let us turn over a new leaf. We are on the last lap. The end of our scholastic career approaches. Official spring has arrived, and if spring comes, can summer be far behind? Let us make the most of what little time we have. When commencement has come and gone these things that rankle in our breast will be most insignificant. They will not be worth the typewriter ribbon to set them down. Yet, realizing this, we feel it our bounden duty to set forth and expound upon those subjects which have been lurking, lurking in the inner recesses of

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