

SOCIETY

Perhaps inspired by the joyous holiday season many fraternity pins have disappeared and reappeared. As a result many boxes of candy and cigars have been passed at the fraternity and sorority houses. As the informal betrothals are made known, they will be presented in the Sunday Nebraskan.

Goldenrod Serenaders Play For Dairy Mixer.
The Dairy club is sponsoring a mixer Friday evening at the Agricultural Activities building for which the Goldenrod Serenaders orchestra will play. All university students are invited to attend the affair, but they must present identification cards for admittance. Chaperones for the dance are Professor and Mrs. H. P. Davis and Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Downs.

Kappa Phi Alumnae Entertain At Dinner.
Members of Kappa Sigma held election of officers for the coming semester Wednesday evening. They are Paul McKibben, president; Bob Robinson, vice president; Milton Fox, freshman advisor; Frank Kronkrich, steward; Fred Gordon, scribe; Walter Johnson, inner guard; Don McClay, outer guard.

Kappa Phi Alumnae Entertain At Dinner.
Active and alumnae members of Kappa Phi, Methodist girls' sorority, met Thursday evening at 6 o'clock for dinner at the Lindell hotel. The alumnae chapter, under the management of Ida Dodd, alumnae president, presented a program after the established custom of giving one program a year at a meeting of the active chapter. Margaret Wiener, president of the active chapter of Kappa Phi, introduced Miss Dodd who, in turn, was in charge of the program planned by Louise Snapp. Favors were presented to the ninety guests who attended the meeting.

Members of the executive council of W. A. A. met for luncheon at the W. A. A. office Thursday noon.

Wayne Cantrell of Omaha was a guest at the Pi Kappa Alpha house on Wednesday.

Joseph Franklin from Illinois was formally initiated into Sigma Phi Sigma Wednesday evening at the chapter house.

Fred Decker and Harold Nelson attended the national convention of Pi Kappa Alpha in Memphis, Tenn., during the Christmas holidays.

WILSON PREDICTS USUAL PROGRESS OF SOIL TILLERS

(Continued from Page 1.)
"Russia can not produce more than she can consume. If it is properly distributed. At present, however, production under the five year program is out of balance with the ability to consume the produce. Other nations will suffer. "There is no nation that could have stood the change Russians are undergoing," Wilson stated with gestures. "Russia has been in turmoil for more than 200 years and is used to it." Socialism is nothing but another chapter in the daily life of the Russian, it seems to the speaker.

To the question of why there is so much furor about mechanization of the farms the Montana big farm expert gives this answer: "Socialists are great worshippers of machines."

Explains Soviet Reason.

Then he told why the soviet government is anxious to put industry on a large scale basis. "A socialistic program will never be successful until the peasant farmer is put out of the game," Wilson said as he quoted Stalin, the soviet leader. "Karl Marx has said," he quoted further, "that all business will be in trusts and the farmer will fall out automatically." No one, he added, has written more enthusiastically about machines than Marx.

"There are many things conducive to an efficient kind of farm," the American expert related. "Russia has found how to produce efficiently in large amounts and is ready to complete her work in 1932."

The promise that the soviet regime has given to the peasants, Wilson explained, is that when the work is done everyone will live in luxury. Until then they must slave. . . . Until then the nations of the world will have to be satisfied with Russian competition.

Remarkable Changes.

There have been remarkable changes made in the Russian government since the revolution. The old aristocracy has been replaced by a new class of officials. The land has been redistributed. The factories are now owned by the state. The people are being educated. The government is trying to build a new society. The changes are remarkable. The old ways are being abandoned. The new ways are being tried. The future is uncertain. The present is full of hope. The past is full of pain. The people are suffering. The government is trying to help. The changes are remarkable. The old ways are being abandoned. The new ways are being tried. The future is uncertain. The present is full of hope. The past is full of pain. The people are suffering. The government is trying to help.

Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in "Min and Bill"
Lorna Moon's "Dark Star"
Billy House Comedy
News
INCOIN
Now Showing

Social Calendar

Friday.
Chi Omega formal dance at Lincoln hotel.

Kappa Kappa Gamma formal dance at Cornhusker hotel.

Saturday.
Kappa Delta formal dance at Cornhusker hotel.

Pi Kappa Phi formal dance at Lincoln hotel.

changes made in Russian wheat farming, according to Mr. Wilson. One American, he said, with American wheat raising machinery can do more than seventy-five peasant families.

Wilson worked in what he proclaimed as the largest experiment station in the world. The project mapped out by the regime is 117,000 acres in extent. Next year it will be increased to 287,000 acres.

This vast amount of land is divided into land operating units of 10,000 acres each. Three or four tractors are worked on each unit if the land is allowed to lay 50 percent under summer fallow.

Each unit is divided into four fields three times as long as they are wide and the work is done in a hurry.

Kitchens, dining rooms, sleeping quarters, and machine shops are carried along on trucks. The crew consists of a manager and an assistant manager, two shifts of tractor operators, four machinists and two greasers of machinery. It averages about 623 acres to the man and runs as high as 800 acres.

"We who live in this western civilization find ourselves in a difficult situation because of machine farming," Wilson concluded. "It has brought about surpluses. We have the greatest problems to solve that has ever faced this country."

Dr. Rose Speaks.
"You have contests in judging crops and livestock," charged Dr. Mary Swartz Rose as she began her message, "but do you judge children? Do you know their fine points and their weaknesses?"

"Yes, you know of the tools, the foods," she continued, "you have had them all your life, but what have you done with them?"

Dr. Rose had a table covered with curious diagrammed figures by means of which she illustrated her address. She showed the comparative values of calories and vitamins in the various foods consumed.

"Women of today are four pounds heavier and several inches taller than their mothers," she remarked. "It is no longer a sin for women to eat."

"Food is not a matter of having plenty, it is a question of what to eat rather than how much. It is that kind of knowledge which is going to enable us to conquer the earth."

Marshall Speaks.
"Young people were never more progressive than they are at the present time," Hon. Duncan Marshall declared as he took the platform. Faces brightened as young members of the audience, notably students, assumed the words of praise. Gray haired farmers nodded approval.

"Students are breaking down old prejudices," Marshall added. "They are putting new ideas and new life into the agricultural program. . . . Nobody needs to be so observant as the farmer."

According to the Canadian agricultural minister, there is no doubt that farm conditions are going to change. Machinery, he insists, does not so much increase acreage as it takes out drudgery from farm labor.

"The combine has done more for women than any other thing," Marshall asserted. "Women on the farm used to slave during the threshing season in order to feed the neighborhood crew. The combine cuts the threshing crew down to but a fraction of the number."

"I am confident that all of this improved machinery will bring benefits," the speaker summarized. "Young people are seizing the opportunities."

Fear for Debt.
"There is on thought I want to instill in your minds," Marshall cautioned, "and that is, have a fear of debt. Nothing is so damaging to farming and so depressing to the home. If you can't take care of your money, give it to your wife—she values nothing so much as a home."

"Before going into farming you should have money enough to pay for it. Before buying more land, have enough money to see you through one year clear of debt. Don't gamble on wheat futures or any other kind of futures. You farmers gamble enough on the weather. Don't wish any added troubles by spending money—you have enough trouble earning money."

In the fall of 1901, Sterling H. McCaw was managing editor, J. A. Manning, assistant manager, and George P. Shidler, athletic editor of The Daily Nebraskan.

Early ad in The Nebraskan: "Do not buy a cheap tailor made suit until you look at the Alfred Benjamin and Brokaw Bros. ready to wear garments."

Reimer, football candidate at the university in 1901, was said to weigh like a Minnesota man—over two hundred. It is claimed he towered like a church steeple over other candidates and raced down the field after the ball like a kangaroo!

"Your Drug Store"
For the New Year we aim to give you the best in Soda Fountain and Luncheonette Service. Try our noon lunches.

The Owl Pharmacy
Phone B1055 148 No. 14th and P St.
WE DELIVER

The Fear That Walks By Noonday

By Willa Cather and Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

Editor's note: This is the third installment of a story which was published in the Sombbrero in 1895. The second appeared yesterday.

Part II.

It was at this juncture that Freddie Horton awoke and he stirred himself. Horton was a peculiar player; he was either passive or brilliant. He could not do good line work; he could not help other men play. If he did anything he must take matters into his own hands, and he generally did; no one in the northwest had ever made such nervy, dashing plays as he; he seemed to have the faculty of making sensational and romantic situations in football just as he did in poetry. He played with his imagination. The second half was half over, and as yet he had done nothing but blunder. His honor and the honor of the team head of the table correct and faultless thought of it the big veins stood out in his forehead and he set his teeth hard together. At last his opportunity came, or rather he made it. In a general scramble for the ball he caught it in his arms and ran. He held the ball tight against his breast until he could feel his heart knocking against the hard skin; he was conscious of nothing but the wind whistling in his ears and the ground flying under his feet, and the fact that he had ninety yards to run. Both teams followed him as fast as they could, but Horton was running for his honor, and his feet scarcely touched the earth. The spectators, who had waited all the afternoon for a chance to shout, now rose to their feet and all the lungs full of pent-up enthusiasm burst forth. But the gods are not to be frustrated for a man's honor or his dishonor, and when Freddie Horton was within ten yards of the goal he threw his arms over his head and leaped into the air and fell. When the crowd reached him they found no marks of injury except the blood and foam at his mouth where his teeth had bitten into his lip. But when they looked at him the men of both teams turned away shuddering. His knees were drawn up to his chin; his hands were dug into the ground on either side of him; his face was the livid, bruised blue of a man who dies with apoplexy; his eyes were wide open and full of un-speakable horror and fear, glassy as ice, and still as though they had been frozen fast in their sockets.

It was an hour before they brought him to, and then he lay perfectly quiet and would answer no questions. When he was stretched obliquely across the seats of a carriage going home he spoke for the first time.

"Give me your hand, Reggie; for God's sake let me feel something warm and human; I am awful sorry, Reggie; I tried for all my life was worth to make that goal, but—" he drew the captain's head down to his lips and whispered something that made Reggie's face turn white and the sweat break out on his forehead. He drew big Horton's head upon his breast and stroked it as tenderly as a woman.

There was silence in the dining room of the Exter house that night when the waiters brought in the last course. The evening had not been a lively one. The defeated men were tired with that heavy weariness which follows defeat, and the victors seemed strained and uneasy in their manners. They all avoided speaking of the game and forced themselves to speak of things they could not fix their minds upon. Reggie sat at the head of the table correct and faultless. Reggie was always correct, but tonight there was very little of that cheer about him. He was cleanly shaved, his hair was parted with the usual mathematical accuracy. A little strip of black court plaster covered the only eye wound he had. But his face was as white as the spotless expanse of his shirt bosom, and his eyes had big black circles under them like those of a man coming down with the fever. All evening he had been nervous and excited; he had not eaten anything and was evidently keeping something under. Everyone wondered what it was, and yet feared to hear it. When asked about Horton he simply shuddered, mumbled something, and had his wine glass filled again.

Laughter or fear are contagious, and by the time the last course was on the table everyone was as nervous as Reggie. The talk started up fitfully now and then, but it soon died down, and the weakly attempts at wit were received in silence.

Suddenly everyone became conscious of the awful cold and inexplicable downward draught that they had felt that afternoon. Everyone was determined not to show it. No one pretended to even notice the flicker of the gas jets, and the fact that their breath curled upward from their mouths in little wreaths of vapor. Everyone turned his attention to his plate and his glass stood full beside him. Black mad, some remarks about politics, but his teeth chattered so he gave it up. Reggie's face was working nervously, and he suddenly rose to his feet and said in a harsh, strained voice: "Gentlemen, you have had one

man on your side this afternoon who came a long journey to beat us. I mean the man who did that wonderful punting and who stood before the goal when Mr. Horton made his run. I propose the twelfth toast of the evening to the twelfth man, who won the game. Need I name him?"

The silence was as heavy as before. Reggie extended his glass to the captain beside him, but suddenly he changed its direction; he held the glass out over the table and tipped it in empty air as the touching glasses with some one. The sweat broke out on Reggie's face; he put his glass to his lips and tried to drink, but only succeeded in biting out a big piece of the rim of his wine glass. He spat the glass out quickly upon his plate and began to laugh, with the wine oozing out between his white lips. Then everyone laughed; leaning upon each other's shoulders, they gave way to volleys and shrieks of laughter, waving their glasses in hands that could scarcely hold them. The negro waiter, who had been leaning against the wall asleep, came forward rubbing his eyes to see what was the matter. As he approached the end of the table he felt that chilling wind, with its damp, sweet smell like the air from a vault, and the unnatural cold that drove to the heart's center like a knife blade.

"My Gawd!" he shrieked, dropping his tray, and with an inarticulate gurgling cry he fled out of the door and down the stairway with the banqueters after him, all but Reggie, who fell to the floor, cursing and struggling and grappling with the powers of darkness. When the men reached the lower hall they stood without speaking, holding tightly to each other's hands like frightened children. At last Reggie came down the stairs, steadying himself against the banister. His dress coat was torn, his hair was rumpled down over his forehead, his shirt front was stained with wine, and the ends of his tie were hanging to his waist. He stood looking at the men and they looked at him, and no one spoke.

Presently a man rushed into the hall from the office and shouted: "McKinley has carried Ohio by eighty-one thousand majority!" and Regiland Ashton, the product of centuries of democratic faith and tradition, leaped down the six remaining stairs and shouted: "Hurrah for Bill McKinley!"

In a few minutes the men were looking for a carriage to take Regiland Ashton home.

K. U. PROF. TELLS OF SCHOOL'S EARLY DAYS

(Continued from Page 1.)
years, had two rooms in the basement.

"In front of Fraser was a semi-circular redoubt, part of the earthworks which had been thrown up in defense of the town of Lawrence during border ruffian days. We boys once dug a Minnie ball out of a fence post at the end of the fortification."

"Back of Blake hall at that time was a stone quarry, stone from which had been used in building Fraser. This quarry has long since been filled in. Where the lilac hedge in front of Watkins now is, were only tall weeds."

"The beer garden I was speaking of," Professor Stimpson continued, "was a block east of Aker's home. It was run by a Mr. Balough and was a real German garden and bowling alley—a rather nice sort of a resort. Mr. Balough's two boys, Will and Henry, were in my class at the University."

"Yes, I have seen a great many changes at the University in my life time," Professor Stimpson agreed when the reporter remarked how different life on the Hill must have been in those days. "Come around again when I don't have to be rushing away and I'll tell you all about Lawrence's brewery. You know the red brick building one block north of the Memorial hospital, the one now used as a tannery by the Byrd Fur company? Well, that was Walruff's brewery. After the state prohibition amendment was passed, about '78, it ran for a year, shipping its products out of the state."

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OREGON MEN PLAN TO GROW BEARDS

Idea Is In Conjunction With Annual Beaver Sales Campaign.

CORVALLIS, Ore.—Beards, red beards, black beards, curly beards, straight beards, clean beards, and dirty beards, in fact, beards of all kinds, will be very much in order on the Oregon state campus the first two weeks of next term.

Men who had deplored the necessity of a daily struggle with stubborn bristles, men who have longed to see themselves sporting a really masculine stubble, and men, who admire real, hirsute beards, will all welcome with keenest satisfaction the announcement of a beard growing contest to culminate in a grand climax the night of January 16, when, at a student body dance sponsored by the staffs of the Barometer and Beaver, the facial adornments will be judged and prizes awarded.

Conjunction With Campaign.
The beard contest will be held in conjunction with the annual Beaver sales campaign and will assist in carrying out the central theme of the Volume XXV Beaver, the Oregon Trail idea. The Oregon pioneers were busy men, having no time for such effeminate weapons as razors, and for two weeks the men of Oregon State will follow their example, allowing razors to rust in their cases and permitting shaving cream to turn rancid in the tube while they glory in their emancipation from the daily shave, reckoned by some campus philosophers as the greatest curse of modern civilization.

Leaders Unanimous.
Campus leaders have been practically unanimous in their enthusiastic agreement to back the contest to the last hair, and many side bets have already been laid by those whose ability to sprout a full growth over night has hitherto been but a source of annoyance.

Complete rules for the competition have not yet been decided upon by the leaders of the two campus publications, but one thing is definitely certain: The mustache, formerly an exclusively senior privilege, may now grow and have its being upon the upper lip of anyone man enough to raise one—provided he also permits free growth of hair upon the other areas of his visage; namely, cheeks, chin, and throat, which growth shall constitute, and be so considered, a beard in fact as well as in name.

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BAYLOR OFFICIAL BELIEVES GREEKS AID SCHOLARSHIP

Fraternity membership promotes rather than retards good scholarship, a survey conducted through the office of Otis D. McCreery, assistant dean of student affairs at Baylor university, revealed recently. Out of a pledge group of 348 men, the scholarship rating of 55 percent of them was raised after being pledged into Greek letter organizations.

Among the men who were not pledged because of low scholastic rating, 75 percent of them would have fallen below the scholastic requirements even though they had not been pledged to a fraternity. Mr. McCreery said. The statement was based on their low rating in the college aptitude test, and on their low scholastic average before affiliating.

Only 25 percent of all men taken into fraternities last year failed out of school during the year, the survey indicated. Of those students whose marks were not satisfactory at the time they were initiated, only one out of every four were able to raise their scholastic standing at the end of the pledge period.