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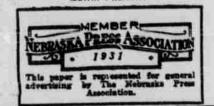
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## What They Think Of Each Other.

Modern Young Man.

Thompson, Philadelphia newspaper woman, actually wanted was someone to step on. For the Males, Wolcott Gibbs, one of the editors of The New Yorker.

Court: The North American Review, April

#### I. THE BOY FRIEND.

(Case presented by Mies Thompson. If you're a girl, have you never felt that this so-called modern young man sitting next to you, whose eyes melt at your slightest encouragement, should be smacked and put to bed? Have you never stifled the thought that he is too young to be bothered with another instant?

In grandfather's day, at eighteen the young squirts were doing men's work, and were fit for the hard job of being men. But the Twentieth century coddles its young men, encouraging them in solemn tones to "take fast hold of learning, for she is thy life," and meanwhile life passes by on the other side of the lane. Our young men are rocked in the cradle of the university until almost all their natural initiative and courage about living become vestigial. Still parasites, they spend as many years as their fathers spent months in learning their to park on the campus. And we can't run out

They are forced to defer matrimony because they are financially unable and mentally too impature to take on its duties.

When the man finally emerges from his cars are smashed up in the races. dusty tomes, the young woman has already received her degree from the University of Hard Knocks. Trying to hold a job that a dozen see strange sights. Anyplace where finals are others are trying to snatch from her, she has unknown. It's funny, though—the people there had no choice but to grow up.

Secretly, she indicts the boy as fatuous, inadequate. The young man suspects her of laughing at him. He must prove to the world, himself and her that he is not an inconsequen-

He is so like a puppy-gangling, overgrown, forever running away from things and bump- Sandino, Bandit; ing himself against other things. There are so many painful facts that he has to learn.

Failing in her search for a man of her age. the young woman has three courses open to her. She can wait for the boy to grow up, she can marry a man older than herself, or she can take the amorphous clay at hand and build a satisfactory man from the boy.

In the latter case, she must fool her manageable mind that he is what she wants him to be; And he frequently is not. Whenever you news reports have chosen to call "bandit" and see a girl behaving like an idot, taking her whisky straight, look for the man. She is tut, Mr. president," for the ease with which he Lincoln will probably be crowded making a desperate effort to ignore her idol's proceeds to excommunicate Sandino from the Saturday about noon when the fair feet of clay and live down to him.

The first course, waiting for him to grow up to-her, is hard. The older man appears to be insurgents, but when is a bandit a bandit inanswer to the problem. She finds him sympathotic when the modern young man would state and poke fun. More and more the girl of entire situation in Nicaragua; at least, the today is forced to turn to older men for congenial companionship, a common mental outlook, and-since propinquity has lost none of its effectiveness-for husbands.

She needs what women have needed from the down of time-she needs a man. Under the present habits of society, she has difficulty in finding one among the trousered bipeds of her acquaintance. She may find the makings of a man, and not care to accept so much responsibility. Most of all she needs to be delivered from her boy friends, God bless 'em. They may aim to please, but they fail to satisfy

II. SHALL WE PAN THE LADIES?

Woman, who, it develops, is an enigma, a clear-eyed rebel against something or other, an alcoholic with no morals worth mentioning, a girl very like my grandmother, only brighter. and a lot of other things. I have attributed most of this nonsense to the fact that authors engages in Nicaragua, but who, with his premust eat, and that it's a lot easier to write about young women than, say, centrifugal pumps.

Beyond my perplexity about what keeps their evening dresses up without shoulder straps, young women are about as enigmatic to me as the writings of Mr. Coolidge, and very nearly as dull. I have never seen them in clear-eyed rebellion against anything, except possibly when I have suggested taking them to a place less gaudy than the one they had in compelled the members to sign a treaty at the

I know nothing about their morals in contradistinction to those of any other period, ex. his reign in Haitian republic. cept that they seem to talk about them more, and I detect no resemblance whatever to my grandmother, a simple, industrious woman with blurbs that come from politicians in cases

a passion for canaries thing about young women these days is that resentatives of the United States have not been they are completely ruthless. More and more above reckless shooting and that "bandit" is often does a young man find himself waiting the name we call him that shoots AT us, "pat-

promising invitation and has neglected to tell promising invitation and has neglected to tell him about it. Gentlemen in offices are involved DEBATE WITH DENVER in a perpetual guerilla warfare with cold-eyed damsels who would like to appropriate their

jobs, and who will stop at nothing to get them Nowadays, men are infintiely more entertaining than women, solely because they are without their driving competitive instinct, and find time to read things not directly connected with their work. . . . .

. . . . The ladies began to realize that it was necessary to assert some sort of a new-found NO DECISION RENDERED freedom, and thy did. First, the physical quality. I am aware that there is a Victorian touch to this paragraph, but I can only say that in my Victorian way I do not approve of

brown and lumpy young women.

The new sexual freedom is perhaps the most painful subject I have to discuss. Not that there's been any change in habits, but because they bore one to tears talking about it. And as to appearance-it seems to me a deliberate effort is being made to subjugate the male and That the nations should adopt a put him in his place by scaring him to death. policy of free trade."

Dr. White's class, 104, along Hats in this unfortunate year sit far back, disclosing foreheads curiously like white and bulbuos tombstones. Scarlet lips and great fringed eyes stare out of faces as pallid as plumbing fixtures. Long red fingernails seem to threaten the young man's throat as they reach across the table for another of his eigarettes. There is always the overpowering necessity for making the man conscious of her equality. She can only achieve her own glorification by humiliating the young man.

As a final disastrous effect of the new spirit. first-rate women have begun to marry secondrate men, because of the habit of dominance. Case: The Modern Young Woman, vs. The Contrary to what Miss Thompson has said in her article above, the ladies have had no desire Attorneys: For the Females, Virginia for someone to lean upon. What they have

They are, I am pleased to report, getting it.

The Verdiet: To be rendered by the readers. What do you think?

Note to Capitol Beach: Yes, you can open your doggone swimming pool anytime, now. Why is it no one can hear alarm clocks in

University maintenance fund cut \$25,000, following lobbying to get building allowances. Seems you can't talk a man out of dessert without having him take away your meal.

Everyone is looking forward to Bizad day, Journalism day, Engineers' day, and whatnot day. Maybe the things are really esthetic-and Haywire then, again, maybe Barnum was right!

A cop left a tag on our car yesterday. It said "The streets of Lincoln are no public 'gariage'." Well, what can we do? No place and move the thing between classes.

Nebraska Kollege Kar Klassic might do a lot for the parking situation, if enough of the old

Urge to travel. Urge to go strange places, want to come here . . . .

# College Comment

Butler, Hero.

WASHINGTON.-President Hoover said today General Sandino, the leader of the Nicaraguan insurgents, had "placed himself outside the civilized pale" by the murder of American civilians and Nicaraguans.-News

The president has now had his say about In previous years this has been General Sandino, the Nicaraguan whom the an early winter feature but it is 'insurgent:" but one feels like saying, "Tut, pale of civilization."

We hold no brief whatever for bandits and stead of a patriot to his country? Neither Mr. Bollman, entertainment chairman Hoover nor the average American envisions the chief executive does not admit all he knows. Sandino's methods may be different from ours, or different from those methods which we call civilized; but he is no more a bandit than every leader that differs with the regime in power.

Sandino is on the outside looking in; he is opposed to the status quo. If he were one of those in power and using the same tactics against his opponents, he would be deemed a servant of his country rather than a bandit. If he is a bandit, then all that host of Americans who opposed Great Britain before American independence were bandits, for they were lic.ty work for the 1931 fair re-thorns in the sides of the order in power long minds me that Muriel Moffitt has Since I was sixteen, I have been bored to insanity with articles about the Modern Young | ilized" way in dealing with those who did not tainly she has done her bit agree with them.

But there is another view of the situation. Here we have a president of the United States becoming indignant and self-righteous over the skirmishes in which Sandino a Nicaraguan, decessors in office and his colleagues in polities did not ery out against the practices that Americans have perpetuated in the shadow of the American flag in places like Nicaragua and Haiti; and especially in Haiti, where United States marines in three years killed 3,500 natives. Where was the voice from the white house and thereabouts, when Smedley Butler, commandant of marines in Haiti, entered the Haitian legislature with some of his men and points of bayonets? If we remember correctly, General Butler was promoted and honored for

That Americans in foreign countries must be protected, more or less, we understand; but where they have nothing to lose politically Of course, the outstanding, the characteristic nauseate us, especially when we recall that repin the lobby of the Ritz, or on windy street riot" the name for him that shoots FOR us.—corners because a lady has received a more Wisconsin Daily Cardinal.

# FIRST ONE HELD HERE

Bernard Ptak, Jack Devoe Take Affirmative on Free Trade Issue.

In the first debate held on the university campus in the last two years, Bernard Ptak and Jack Devoe upholding the affirmative side of the question met two University of Denver opponents in a no-decision bout at 1:30 yesterday afternoon in social science auditorium. The question upon which the teams clashed was: "Resolved

with a number of other students and non-university men attended the debate. This was a return debate with the Denver team, Alan Williams and Ted R. Feidler upholding the negative of the same question, having met their opponents in Denver, April 4. Vied With Wesleyan.

The Denver university squad debated on the same subject with Wesleyan's team last Monday The Nebraska team, represented by Frank Morrison and Carl J. Marold will meet a Creighton university squad on Tuesday, May 12 at the University Club in

They will clash on the subject which is primarily concerned with the relative merits of the newspaper and radio as advertising medwill attempt to prove to their au-dience that radio advertising is truly a legitimate form of advertising for the business man. Their opponents will probably assert that the radio should be owned and operated by the government and that

the advertising club of Omaha at a special dinner at the University club. "This question is of prime importance to those who will attend and should prove to be a debate well worth while," declared Dr. White, debate coach.

# GEORGE ROUND

At least one University of Nebraska student reads this column. Making deputy sheriffs of students on the police force for Farmers' Fair Saturday indicates that everything will be safe at the college. Herb Yost is chairman of

the police committee. Making a guess as to the probable winner of the voting for the Goddess of Agriculture would be about as hard as guessing what Amos and Andy will do next. Only senior girls are eligible for the honor. According to present plans she will be presented at the pre-fair dance given Friday evening by the fair board. It will be in a novel fashion.

The voting for the Goddess is taking place the fore part of this week. The winner will not be made public until Friday evening.

Rightfully Farmers' Fair is top-ping all of the activities at the University of Nebraska this week. They always save the best until the last. Hence over 10,000 people will be on the Ag campus Satur-day for the best. Though stressing exhibits at the

1931 Farmers' fair, it is a fact that

coll-agri-fun will help entertain visitors at the college Saturday. combined with the fair this year to help make it bigger and better. As usual the business district of parade comes along. Gerald Shick. co-chairman of the committee. promises something new in the parade this year. Likewise Harlan for the parade, believes his clown band and Pershing rifle squad will

score big hits.
With "Red" Krause and his band playing for the big dance fair patrons are going to find their dancing desire satisfied. Cliff Campbell, chairman of the dance committee, was lucky to get such a good orchestra.

Incidentally agricultural college students are having their pre-fair dance on Friday as usual. Overalls and aprons will probably predominate. It is given by the fair board

for Ag students. Speaking of home economic majors who are helping with the pubbeen on the job every minute. She believes the fair this year will be bigger than in previous years. Cer-

Someone certainly went haywire and hayseed when they inserted news stories in the Lincoln dailies Sunday to the effect that there would be a rodeo at Farmer's Fair. Just an error is all. There will be a first class horse show, including

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THE COUPON TODAY!

the inter-sorority riding contest, but not a rodeo. This is to be a civilized fair.

Probably the tall and the short of the fair workers are Don Facka and Otto Dillon. Facka stands well above six feet and Dillon somewhat below that mark. Don is a member of the senior fair board while Otto heads the fair fun committee

The biggest fair rally of the year comes on Thursday night of this week when final announcements for the fair will be made. Corn Cobs and Tassels will probably assist in raising "whoopie. The fair comes on Saturday,



Note: This is being written in the office of the New York Times, where we were sent from the Chicago Tribune. Some-thing we wrote reached the editor, and the rest of the staff, figuring right away that we were good, got jealous and put us on the rails for New York. The Times sure was glad to get us.)

NEW YORK .- This used to be old man Woolworth's town, but right now he's small apples. Compared to some of these buildings the Stuart shack and the Federal Trust hangout look like pent houses. And have they got them packed in! But here's the reason New York has no use for these miniature golf coures. No sor!

Mayor Walker met us at the station, but that's not such an honor any more as this gentleman has been making a lot of faux pas and even the people won't stand for none of those foreign miscues. We thought at first the Mayor was The Huskers will take the a Kappa, but we discovered that negative side of the question and he was just bringing us the key to the city.

The depression is very sound in New York. There are bread lines, unemployed lines, soup lines, and side lines. The best lines, however, are to be found over on Fifth averadio advertising should be oblit-erated, according to Dr. White. This debate will be held before

We had a man approach us selling apples to help the unemployed. He had three, but we only bought two. No use in taking the third and having him unemployed too. There's a lot of rivalry and

hatred between Brooklyn and New York. It all started back in the good old days when there was only Smith. The Dutch bought Manhettan Island from the Indians for \$7.33,-the 33 cents was for Brooklyn. Of course Brooklyn is burned up. And then when the tubes were built under the Hudson, all New York rejoiced. Now they could go across without having to look at Brooklyn. But Brooklyn has one thing that New York hasn't, and she's mighty proud of it. And that's the other end of the bridge.

Good old Wall street. Now there's a real part of the city Everything for the tired business man. Just a few steps to the waterfront, a church right handy a graveyard, and an aquarium. All is constructed for an economy of time and movement. The other

happily down the aisle to the notes of Lohengrin. Reaching the front of the church, and coming down the steps, some friendshot him. The procession turned around, the organist jumped to Chopin, they reemerged at a side entrance and the late groom was buried in the adjacent graveyard. That's what we call organization.

The stock exchange presents a very somber appearance. It's a lovely place for athlete's foot. We looked for the bears and the bulls, but they must have sold them on account of the depression. The pigeons and squirrels are very plentiful, but members of the exchange won't harm them. Maybe they train them to be bulls and

Just around the corner from Wall street is the Battery. It is the rendezvous of the nonchalant. This place is responsible for the origin of the crime, assault and battery, Ask Boz. You can take any one of two steamers at this point and go out to the statue of liberty. To our notion statues are always erected to persons or things of the past. There is a Boy Scout station on the little island the lady stands on, but thundera-tion, nobody would want to carry off that big woman.

It may interest some to know that a trip from the Battery out to the statue on the boat brings just as good results as you could obtain from a half hour's urging in front of Social Science, or from an hour in the Moon, plying with cokes. One can get a very romantic effect from watching peanut husks swirling about in the propellor wash. Blondes especially are susceptible,—so they tell us.

It's a long time since we last saw Ellis island. Made us feel good to get back. Same old gang, same old line; same bustle, same delay. You meet some swell people. Real life, and all the atmosphere for a novel. Garlic time on a Columbus Circle subway express is the only time and place that provides any more atmosphere. Those who enter New York via Ellis Isle have just as much right to hold up their heads as do any whose ancestors may have come over on the Mayflower. You must remember that back in those days the immigration laws were rather lax.

Dear old Broadway! the street of homely women. And that's more truth than poetry. (For the sake of the folks back home, we may say that all the beautiful women are in Nebraska and Nevada.) There isn't a thrill in a block. All you can see are taxicabs surging

we just mentioned, a man walked by in long streams. The women in the cabs are homely, too. And are the people ever dumb? We asked one hombre if he would give us a match, and he comes back real snauuy with, "What weight do you fight at, kid?" That made us kind of sore, and we told him so. Then he got tough, and said that for two cents he'd knock our block off. The dirty professional!

The Times office is a real swell place—to keep away from. Jour-nalism 72x never said anything about being bawled out by a hardnosed city editor, not to mention the guy who cleans up. Oh, well it might be worse. I figure I made quite a hit with the dear old ed when I suggested a theme song for the paper-announcing "Four or Five Times."

Excuse us, please, but here comes the one and only Oscar Odd. And does he look angry-sweet heliotrope, what a wicked, winegared, wisage. Looks like the

Hollywood Lynchings. Montreal Star: A little while back a young English woman on a brief visit to Los Angeles took occasion to ask Richard Dix whether he had ever seen a man

lynched. "Yes, oh, yes," he assured her brightly. "Only a few weeks back I was dining with some friends at a restaurant when the waiter brought us some pudding that we didn't like. So we just hung him up to one of the chandeliers."

The lady gazed at him in hor-ror. "And do you mean to tell me," she gasped, "that you took part in this horrible crime?"
"Well, not exactly," explained
Dix blandly. "That is to say, 1 Dix blandly. "That is to say, I did not take part in the actual I was too busy down hanging. in the kitchen."

"Busy!" she said. "Doing what?" "Shooting the cook!" he replied firmly

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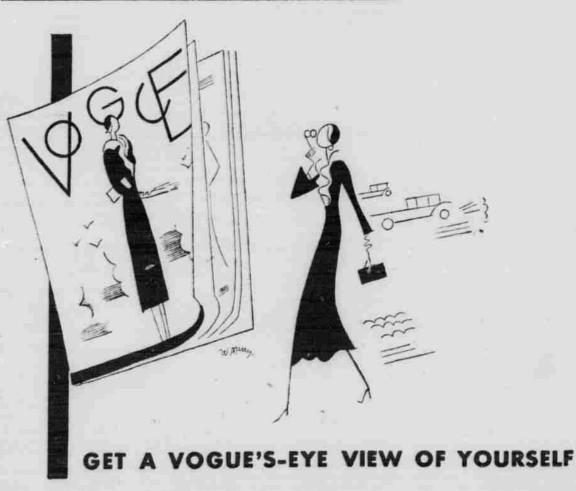
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