

The Daily Nebraskan

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Editor M. J. Melick
Business Manager Keith O'Bannon

Chuckle . . .

Although Eugene Field's affection for children is a piece of pretty general knowledge his humor seems to have been by-passed. The following are a few of his selections. (Ed. note: At any rate, we thought they were funny.)

THESE ARE Mamma's Scissors. They do not seem to be in good Health. We, they are a little Aged. They have considerable Work to Do. Manna uses them to chop Kindling, cut Stove Pipe, pull Tacks, drive Nails, cut the children's Hair, punch new Holes in the Calendar, slice Bar soap, pound beef Steak, open tomato Cans, Shear the New Foundland dog and cut out her New silk Dress. Why doesn't Papa get Mamma a new Pair of Scissors? You should not Ask such a Naughty question. Papa cannot Afford to Play Billiards and Indulge his Extravagant Family in the Luxuries of Life

HERE WE Have a Business Manager. He is blowing about the Circulation of the Paper. He is Saying the Paper has Entered upon an Era of Unprecedented Prosperity. In a Minute he will Go up stairs and Chide the Editor for Leaving his Gas Burning while he went out for a Drink of Water, and he will dock a Reporter Four Dollars because a Subscriber has Licked him and he cannot Work. Little Children, if we Believed Business Managers went to Heaven, we would give up our Pew in the Church.

(Ed. note: By printing the above we do not wish to cast aspersions upon our own business manager who has a heart, rather than a purse, of gold.)

HERE IS a Man who has just Stopped his Paper. What a Miserable looking creature he is. He looks as if he has been stealing Sheep. How will he know what is going on, now that he has Stopped his Paper? He will Borrow his Neighbor's Paper. One of these Days he will Break his leg, or be a Candidate for Office, and then the Paper will say Nothing about it. That will be treating him just Right, will it not, little Children?

Congratulations . . .

To the student body on the relative peace and quiet which has been maintained on the campus previous to the Fourth of July. Only twice have we been frightened half out of our wits by a firecracker exploding in the dead of night.

There are rules which govern this sort of thing and the university students seem to be adhering to them.

In the next breath, may we say, that there are also rules governing traffic on the country's highways. Each holiday seems to be marked with an unnecessary death toll—and often the toll is taken from the members of the younger generation.

Everyone is anxious to get home—nobody ever seems to be anxious to come back—but the extra minutes gained by speeding are scarcely worth the risk involved.

The Lincoln safety council has a slogan which is particularly appropoe. It reads, "Drive carefully, the life you save may be your own."

So with this cheery thought we hasten to say have a "happy holiday" and we hope to see you—all of you—on July 5.

Bargain Basement

We're stuffing a "success story" down your throats today—not a fable, or a poem, or what have you—but a "success story." We hope that in the future (after reading this, that is) that you will be able to spot a success at fifty feet.

Golden Boy, as we shall call the main plotter of the plot, has had a career that would make national politicians sick to their collective stomachs. He was brought into the world in the usual way, and had a pair of parents like other people, or most other people, do. This pair happened to have scads of money, the old man having been some sort of a success himself. G. B. never had to scratch for food or run around in rags, or do any of the things that it seems that artists must do, to trod the path of glory—and in his peculiar way, G. B. was, and is still, an artist.

Physically, Our Boy has never been sensational. That factor is probably one which contributed to his strange outlook on life. To tell the truth, we doubt if he could ever have played a fast set of table tennis—but he's played all the games that require mental stamina.

Mental stamina is G. B.'s forte, and always has been. His powers of observation developed early in life as he sat by his father's swimming pool, watching his parent's business associates and friends double dealing one another over imported scotch, their wives, and twelve shares of U. S. Steel.

He learned everything there was to learn in his school books, but he learned even more about the art of gaining power over his fellowmen.

When he graduated from high school, he didn't get any honors, but in a statement to the press, G. B. reported, ominously:

"Someone must have made an error, I am sure that in due time this error will be rectified." Short and concise. He didn't exactly burn down the school building, because some one might have, in a moment of hysteria, attributed the arson to the perpetrators of the famous Reichstag fire—and if Golden Boy has a failing, it is that someone else will take the credit for his polite skulldruggery.

The next school board meeting was a fiasco. The high school mortgage was due, and guess who held the lease—none other than the parents of our lad. The situation's similarity to the "Who will pay the mortgage—I will pay the mortgage" movies of the twenties was not lost on the townspeople, for Golden Boy steals a lot of his stuff from corny movies, even now.

In College, G. B. came into his own. He came, equipped with hand-sewn car and chartreuse vest, to a higher school of learning. He also came, with a number of highly reputable references from people he had never met.

Six months passed, and Golden Boy started to climb. He joined a fraternity and barely swallowed his contempt for his less intelligent fraternity brothers—he became known for his stellar wit, and his way with a dirty pack of cards, his stories of weekends in Omaha, and his contributions to the campus literary organs.

He joined forces with a couple of other bright lads, who had the itch to control.

You might describe his present position as chairman of a miniature board of control—although he is pretty much of a recluse, even still. His two "pals" bit the dust from sheer exhaustion, but Golden Boy surged ahead, until he controlled his small world of cam-



But Edith... I'll be 18 next month...
Now...

Now . . .

That most of the booths in the Union have been repaired, let us all hope that they will stay that way.

During the last semester, some very humorous practical jokers seemed to take great delight in slashing the very nice red seat covers in the crib, to bits. Time was when the entire establishment looked as if it had been housing Jack the Ripper. Most of the damage has been repaired by now, but nature has a habit of repeating itself.

We have been yelling during the past few weeks about intellectual freedom, but the sad condition of the crib would lead one to believe that many students do not have a great deal of intellect to be liberated.

If the place in question were a high school cafeteria, the incident might be somewhat overlooked, but for the University of Nebraska the slashed seat covers are ridiculous. Save those Boy Scout knives for a camping trip.

Speaking of the Union, another of its services proves that the students of the university, if not intelligent, are at least well read. The selection of books which have been hocked from the book nook would make a constructive addition to any library.

Another bit of unnecessary wit which could be dispensed with to the peace of mind and ennoblement of all concerned.

Eureka . . .

Which in Italian means, "I found it," rather adequately expresses the condition of the one and one-half million dollars we discussed on Tuesday. Although our addition may be picking up, it is obvious even to us, that our division is on the blink.

It was called to our attention that the 8 million appropriated by the legislature was for a two-year period. We were also told that the Regents really scraped the bottom of the barrel to come up with funds enough to run this institution for the next fiscal year. Some of these funds came from the building levy which was to have gone into the ten-year building program.

In words that we can all understand, half of the legislative appropriation, four million dollars, will be used by the University in the coming year.

Who bats a lower average than we? Candidates will please leave name and description of boners in box outside Rag office door.

pus power. Interestingly enough, he caught up the string of power, and simultaneously the string of power caught him. He'll probably stay on campus, and get his Ph.D., and play games the rest of his life. People who

wouldn't give him a nickel for a cup of coffee will scrape when he walks by—he will be wittier as the years go by, develop stories that are more preponderous than they ever were before, and display his acid tongue anywhere he chooses.

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