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TWENTY-NINTH YEAR

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The Old, Old Story.

"To press. To press. Release of the Awgwan, monthly humorous publication of the University of Nebraska will be made at exactly 7:56 o'clock on the morning of the steenth day of October." Who has not heard the tale?

And the sequel? Ah, yes. It too sounds all too familiar: "The editor (whoever he may be; the story is the same one year as another) is forced to announce that release of the Awgwan, scheduled for 7:56 o'clock this morning has been postponed for this, that or some other reason until 8:11 o'clock next Wednesday morning."

Then when next Wednesday morning comes around—when why continue further? 'Tis a well known fact on the campus that at least two delays in publication must be announced before the actual release of the publication.

What, if any, difference does it make? None, perhaps, as far as the quality of the material within its covers is concerned. A good joke is a good joke tomorrow just as fully as it is today and a poor specimen of wit can certainly become no worse with age.

It does make a difference, however, in a variety of other ways of more or less importance. Continued action of such a nature tends toward making the magazine itself something of a laughing stock which even a publication dedicated to humor can scarce afford.

On the part of certain students it creates a sense of disgust. Promptness of publication is essential for any newspaper or magazine that hopes to continue with a favorable degree of success. Furthermore, such delays necessarily entail additional work for staff members and assistants, thus creating at times a considerable degree of inconvenience for a number of people.

Needless to say, delays in publication are sometimes necessary. Unexpected factors arise over which the editorial and business staffs can have no control. Nevertheless, something can be done in the way of withholding announcement of release dates from the general public until it is fairly certain that release can actually be made at the time indicated.

Continued postponements, whatever the editor may or may not think, do not make for favorable publicity. Much trouble could be avoided and possibly the circulation of the Awgwan would increase if a little more thought were given to the matter of such announcements than has been given in the past.

The Royal Family.

Another season of the University Players is now in full swing. They opened last Friday night what promises to be the most successful year in their brilliant history. The players are now enjoying the inspiration of full houses of delighted patrons.

The sale of season tickets to the students of the university has far exceeded the previous total over a period of five years. This is largely due to the splendid work of the Corn Cobs in their ticket selling campaign. Never has any university been more fortunate in securing the active interest of such an enthusiastic group for such a worthwhile endeavor. The Corn Cobs merit the commendation of the student body for their fine cooperation.

But this does not tell the whole story. The success of this season's productions rests now upon the players themselves. They have their audiences; they have an auditorium which is nicely dressed up; they have the attention of the student body. It is now up to them to maintain the high standards they have set for themselves, and give the students the highest dramatic values which the stage can present.

Their beginning, with "The Royal Family," augurs very well. The comedy, which is playing the rest of the week, was superbly done. It is light comedy, well-staged, and excellently presented.

The story of three generations of a dramatic family is artistically portrayed by Frances McChesney, as the grandmother; Augusta French, as the mother; and Dorsel Jaska as the daughter. What a trio! In their intelligent understanding of their respective roles, their work presents a rare blending of three characters into one supreme passion: A love for the stage.

Inimitable Herb Yenne offers the audience some highly exhilarating comedy. As a happy-go-lucky, fast spending son and brother, his work adds color, interest, and lots of laughter to the action. He should have had more lines; one could hardly wait for him to get on the stage and start his delightful "horseing."

The other members of the cast did very well: Edwin Quinn, the butler who serves all the individual meals; Zollery Lerner, the exasperated show manager; Alta Reade, the overworked maid; Harlan Easton, the black sheep of the Cavendish family, but a good dresser withal; and Maurine Drayton, his catty wife,

all contribute vitally to the success of this opening production. In short, "The Royal Family" is too good to miss, for its family is indeed royal.

Summers Spent How?

Not long ago an eminent manufacturer in this country, a man who employs hundreds of young men, made this remark: "I don't judge a prospective employee who has just graduated from college by his degrees, or by his marks, or by other scholastic achievements. I merely ask him to tell me what he has done with each of his summer vacations."

The employer then went on to give instances. Some of those approaching him for a position could give but a sketchy account of themselves. They had stayed home, or they had traveled with their parents, or their friends. Possibly they had worked for dad, or got a job selling books for a couple of months. They didn't meet with approval.

One young man gave his record as follows: The first vacation—between freshman and sophomore year—he had worked for the United States forest service on a trail crew, building trails in a national forest. His next vacation he had spent on a fishing schooner on the Newfoundland banks. After graduating, he had gone with a surveying party into the Mexican hills, as chairman. The summer before entering college, he had worked on the Mississippi river in a camp where the government was building ripraps. This young man had got the job he applied for.

It doesn't matter, the employer states, whether you work for large or small wages—whether you are working indoors or outdoors, though the latter is by far the best. What does matter is the fact that you are working at something in which you are interested, be it skilled or manual labor, and that you are working hard.

In our judgment, it isn't a bad test at all. In the summer when the student is free, he can generally do about as he pleases. He may have to work, but if he wishes, he can usually get a soft job with a fairly large wage. Left to his own devices, he has his choice. How better, then, could a student show what he is worth than by his choice of work for those three months?

What did you do last summer?

Let's Have More Chairs.

The Social Sciences library was crowded; every chair except one was filled. A Nebraska coed entered, looked around, saw the empty one, and sat down. A few seconds later a masculine voice whispered, "You have my place" and the young lady rose, looked about once more, and finally walked out again because there was no other chair to be had.

During certain hours of the day, a few students invariably find that every chair in the Social Science library is occupied, and as a result they must seek some other place to acquire their knowledge.

Perhaps the reference book which they must read can be found only there; perhaps they have only a short time to spare between classes and they do not wish to consume it by unnecessary walking to and from buildings. In any case, their original purpose has met with an obstacle and obstacles are not conducive to the best mental functioning.

The cause of this involuntary exodus from the library should be remedied, for when a student feels in the mood for an hour or two of mental enlightenment, he should be encouraged not hindered in his undertaking. The solution of the problem is quite simple—merely the addition of seven or eight more chairs.

There is ample room for eight people to be seated comfortably at each of the tables on the left hand side of the room while with an extra person at the end, nine could study at each table on the right hand side. The number of students turned away each day rarely exceeds the number of additional chairs that could easily be placed in the library.

A few dollars spent for this purpose would be an excellent intellectual investment.

Contemporary Sentiments

The Youth Problem.

Omaha World Herald: "Give me," said Stevenson, "the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

Perhaps modern youth is the answer to Stevenson's prayer. At any rate Dr. L. A. Pechstein of the University of Cincinnati explains that modern parents have been outwitted by their sons and daughters and that is why there is a youth problem. The boys and girls, he says, have been smart enough to gang up on their parents, but not smart enough to do the right thing with the gang.

This seems a sound enough conclusion but for one thing. The fact that most of these easy explanations and easy solutions of the youth problem overlook is that it is not a phenomenon peculiar to the present generation. The youth problem is as old at least as civilization. We rather suspect it is even older than that, that its age is about the same as that of the human race itself. "O tempora! O mores!" has been the lament of the elders from time immemorial. "O bunk!" or words to that effect has been the reply of youth.

Outwardly the youth problem varies from generation to generation to fit the conditions of its time. Its essential nature remains unchanged. It is the same now as it was when it was found necessary to issue a special commandment to youth to "honor thy father and thy mother." Children it seems have been at the job of outwitting their parents and making fools of themselves for a long, long time—and getting away with it, too.

Dr. Pechstein would have parents start a counter offensive by ganging up on their children. He thinks if parents would set their feet down collectively on the social activities of the youngsters the result would be a lot more effective than setting them down one at a time. Perhaps it would—in union there is no doubt strength—but it wouldn't solve any so-called youth problem. That isn't a problem of automobiles and movies and dances and home work and weekly allowances. It is a problem of youth and the best thing maturity can do is to set a good example.

Between the Lines.

By LASALLE OILMAN.

THE optimistic editorial writers remind the senior class that already we have arrived at the first quarterly report stage in the school year and that time is flitting away. But pessimistically, we wish it were the third quarterly report period of the second semester. Then time would be flitted, and we could wind up our school career in rosin shape and sink back into oblivion.

The University Players hopefully start another season, opening the campaign with appeals to the student body for its support. It is evident to the most casual observer at a first night that the majority of the audience is made up of townfolk rather than of students.

The student retorts that he would rather attend a downtown theater than to go to the Temple to watch his colleagues wrestle with the dramatic arts. One must train one's self to eat oysters, however, and one must train one's self to enjoy classical literature, and also one must train one's self to appreciate dramatics. To be fair, the student should give the Players a fair trial before passing sentence.

One of the most absorbing books we have had the opportunity to scan is "My First Two Thousand Years," by George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge. Here is written the first autobiography of the Wandering Jew. Their Cartaphilus, alias Isaac Laquedem, is not the aged, sad-eyed wanderer of tradition, but an elegant young man, kin to Faust, Don Juan and Casanova.

His romantic passion for the Princess Salome winds itself like a real thread through this story of the ages. If Cartaphilus is the superman, then Salome foreshadows the superwoman. Dramatically interwoven with Laquedem's confessions are the portraits of Jesus, Mary Magdalene, Nero, Attila, Don Juan, Shaw, Mussolini and a host of other colorful and powerful figures in history.

Dr. A. A. Brill says: "I am particularly impressed with your ingenious way of presenting the various phases of psycho-sexuality. You have done a great work."

If autumn would speed up and be over with... "The saddest of the year" is right. With orchestras reviving the blues it's hardly bearable—and when we're blue we say such insipid and morbid things. Speaking of the editorial "we"—this has reference only to Lindbergh, editors, and people with tapeworms.

"Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," by Sigfried Sassoon, has an entirely new flavor; a quiet, lulling book of pungent memories of English countryside, of brisk winter mornings following the hounds, of rousing companies about the manor fires after the chase.

Here we find no plot, but a smooth-flowing story of the clean, quiet life of an English country gentleman before and during the war. Not a startling book in any way, but one that will stay with the reader for a surprisingly long time.

College Humor, in collaboration with Doubleday Doran, has closed a five months' contest for the best college novel by an American undergraduate or a graduate of not more than one year. Students from the universities of the United States have sent in their manuscripts, their interpretations of college life.

We feel sure that the prize novel will be interesting, if nothing more. Undergraduates have a lot more to get off their chest than the average writer.

Our intelligence-minus verse contest still lives and breathes. Last week it took a sudden spurt; this week the contributions have been scanty. Owing to the fact that several of the poems submitted obviously showed thought and reason, they had to be eliminated.

Here, however, is one of the survivors:
Uniforms on the drill field
Sweat down the back;
A bird flies over a new hat—
Wondering—
Dim glintings of
Expectoration
On U Hall steps....
Five o'clock class
Frustration....
—D. Z.

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COLLINS BROADCASTS
MUSEUM RADIO TALK

Curator Explains History
Of Statues Which Are
Display Additions.

A recent gift to the museum—two life size statues in bronze, donated by Mrs. Cora Chapman of Lincoln—served as a topic for the third weekly radio talk regarding the university museum delivered by F. G. Collins, assistant curator.

One of these statues, situated in elephant hall, was the topic of the talk. It is a copy of "The Marble Fawn." The original of this statue, carved from the famous white marble quarries on the outing of Athens, Greece, may now be seen by visitors to the Capitoline museum at Rome.

Gives History.
It was carved there in the fourth century before Christ, by Proxites, in the heyday of Greek art. As Greece fell, province by province, before the all-conquering Romans, there were brought back to Italy among the other spoils of war great quantities of Greek sculpture and painting taken from the temples and other buildings. Rome was crowded with examples of Greek art and not the city only but the country houses of the richer citizens.

"The Marble Fawn" seems somehow to have come with the rest and then to have disappeared for several hundreds of years. At last it turned up again and this time fell into the hands of Pope Benedict XIV, who in the year 1783 placed it in the Capitoline museum where it may be seen today.

Mr. Collins continued that this piece of work was one of the best examples of the work done by Proxites, who is famous as being one of the few who have been able to express nature and love in stone. He could mould to perfection those happy creatures, part human, part animal, that lived long ago in Arcadia.

Up to 1859 the statue was known as the "Faun of Proxites," but ever since that year it has been spoken of as the "Marble Fawn." This came about through the story told by Hawthorne which bears that name. The author got his inspiration while living in Italy following his consulship in England. Upon his return to Whitby, England, he wrote "The Marble Fawn."

STUDENTS UNINJURED
WHEN AUTO WRECKS

Four university students, Kathleen Troup, Betty Bell, Philip Bruce, and Arthur Hudson, escaped injury Sunday night when the automobile in which they were riding was wrecked two miles west of Waverly. All were able to attend classes yesterday.

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Nebraska Graduate Startles Theater
Critics With 'Ladies of the Jury'

Twenty-five years ago he was just a student in the University of Nebraska. Today he is startling the eastern stage with his latest comedy hit, "Ladies of the Jury," making critical theater goers laugh, and 'showing up' so to speak, the jury system in the United States.

It is Fred Ballard, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ballard of Havelock who has become playwright and who is giving the stage some of its most popular productions. "Ladies of the Jury," is the most recent of the plays that Mr. Ballard has written. At present it is playing at Ford's theater in Baltimore.

In reviewing the new play, in which Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske plays the lead, following the opening on the Ford stage, the Baltimore Evening Sun has to say: "Like many predecessors, the play deals with a murder trial, but one hastens to assure the prospective spectator that the resemblance is all on the surface. The angle from which Fred Ballard, the author, views the courtroom is unique. Taking for his target the jury system, he makes it the butt of hundreds of shafts, barbed and blunt, and most of them are guided straight to the mark by the expert and graceful hand of Mrs. Fiske."

"Mr. Ballard takes one inside the jury room and lets one watch the majesty of the law turn into cheap buffoonery before the selfish littleness of the minds of a majority of the jurors. "Afterward one suddenly realizes that back of all the joking Mr. Ballard has focused attention very effectively, on a real menace. What if some of the points are obvious and some of the characters overdrawn? It is just as well that in a play of this kind the author doesn't take his subject too seriously, and, if he chooses to combine farce with satire and caricature with more careful character delineation and to attack drama, he may be forgiven in that he is con-

sistently amusing in a serious cause." "Believe Me, Xantippe," and "Young America," were also written by Ballard, previous to his latest production. Ballard graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1905 and took his M. A. two years later from the University of Nebraska.

His career as a successful playwright came early. In 1912 he was awarded the Craig Prize for the best play dealing with American life. At that time he was a student at Harvard university.

Sex and beauty are inseparable, the life and consciousness. And the issue, which goes with sex and beauty, is the great disaster of our civilization, the mortal hatred of sex—D. H. Lawrence.

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