

## A Few on Faculty Foibles

What Students and Others Think of Authority's Habits

Mr. Editor: Shall we "knock," or shall we knock the "knockers"? If to knock means merely to oppose and find fault with everything going, then I say unhesitatingly, knock the knocker galley-west, and do not stop to see just how he lands. On the other hand, if you see customs creeping in that are bound to undo the good and simple things of the past, and to set up standards that your best judgment tells you are objectionable, knock, even if it costs you some scoffs and more or less peace of mind. When you object to students' smoking and drinking as harmful, at least to them in their youthful immaturity of body and will, why not knock the college professor who has not strength of will enough to resist the same temptation, or who has not altruism enough to be willing to set an example? Why knock the boy, when he is only following papa's beautiful example?

Knock at selfishness in its open manifestations in hiding library books, and in keeping up a constant giggle and chatter at a library table when someone else has to sit and thus lose one, two or three hours of his time because of the thoughtless self-indulgence of others. Keep on knocking till the students take the matter in their own hands, and make it so unpleasant for any violator of a good public sentiment on library order that to knock will be as unnecessary as to "carry coal to Newcastle."

Knock, too, at a political sentiment that permits Uni young men to take pay for working at the polls for any faction or party. To think that college students will work for A or B at primary elections, or at the polls, without regard to the character of A or B! How can the nation ever expect to have true leaders, when its best youth are unconsciously thus purchasable?

Do not cease to knock false standards—yes, corrupt standards—of business life because one of the men whose methods are most dangerously corrupt offers to endow a home for your religious organizations. Accept the gift, if you wish, but be not blinded by it to the system by which the wealth was gained.

In general, knock when something can be gained by it, but except in cases when you think you should be the martyr in the cause, do not knock your head against a stone wall.

His  
For the X Truth  
Mark

It is becoming the custom of the young professors to stand around the corridors and corners, and even sometimes in the postoffice, and talk to any and every girl who will speak to them. On one or two occasions these professors have been so bold as to walk across the campus with a girl, or go to a ball game. But usually they may be seen only in little clusters, showing off their sporting instincts and conducting themselves after the manner of a chanticleer. When this conduct is engaged in not only by the younger professors, but even by the old and bald-headed, it is high time that some protective measures were being taken. A state half free and half slave can not exist. For my own part, I favor the abolition of all unmarried men in the faculty.

Time was when the world's great teachers taught and practiced morality. It was Godly to live pure and be temperate. Preachers first sought conversion, and teachers first taught themselves, and became men. Now every professor rides his own hobby, smokes the vile weed, vents his spleen and dissipates at his own pleasure—but at the peril of his offspring and his fellows.

The inconsistency of some of the professors of the University is quite provoking. A professor in English literature, for instance, tells his class that if the work is a drudgery they shouldn't do it, because unless they get pleasure from the work it will not benefit them. This is all true, we suppose; but at the end of the hour he assigns enough references to keep the student busy for three hours, besides

a whole sheet of questions on the author under study, all to be answered fully, and finished in two hours without drudgery!

Our University professors ought to be careful of their actions. Some of them smoke, and I don't like it. There may be nothing wrong in smoking, but the average student can't afford it. Besides this, it is not at all conducive to the best of health. It is anything but dignified for a University professor to indulge in such practices. Horace Greeley used to say that a cigar reminded him of a weed with a fire at one end and a fool at the other. "Them's my sentiments, too."

This knock is on a University professor whose views of his own exalted position would not permit him to answer a knock at the door of his classroom. Even though he was engaged in lecturing upon one occasion, he would not have suffered any in the estimation of his class if he had acknowledged the knock at the door, instead of ungraciously proceeding with his discourse. There are many ways for our instructor to impress the class with his own dignity, and command their respect, but this is not one of them.

There was once a professor who had the reputation of dealing harshly with members of his class who were backward in their work or failed to make good on examinations. And he always lived up to his reputation. He would feel himself guilty of an unpardonable sin if he should allow more than a third of his class to slip through on an examination, and so he gauged his lists of questions accordingly. He took a ghastly delight in turning down the petitions and pleadings of the heart-broken ones who had fallen below par, and the mercy he exercised had neither volume nor linear dimensions. One night this prof had a dream. He was asleep at the time. Time had retraced his course some two score of years, and brought back forgotten scenes of long ago. He had flunked in an examination and was pleading for mercy, but in vain. The prof could not see things in the same light as himself. There was no appeal, and he was irrevocably flunked. He wandered outside. The world had grown dismal and dreary to him. What excuse could he give the folks? Wouldn't they make it hot for him—especially after his mother had gone to the trouble to keep the other ladies of the town posted as to his fine work! These fearful cogitations haunted him continually. At times they would come upon him with crushing force and overturn his psychological status. He lived in misery which increased in a geometrical progression as the time drew nigh for his exodus to his native land. Then came the climax. Life was unbearable. He would end it all. He was hunting for the rope, when he awoke. What a frightful dream! He sat bolt upright, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his hair stood straight up (as an inscription on the most ancient of the pyramids expresses it). When he realized that it was only a dream, a spirit of thankfulness came over him and he spoke thusly: "Only a dream, but what a dream! Never again will I cause such sufferings to others. What's done cannot be undone, but in the future I will be the merciful judge." Thus speaking, he rolled over and went to sleep. But when he woke up in the morning he had forgotten his dream and his good resolution, and in the examination next day he salted his class worse than ever.

### Vive la Military

Recognizing full well that the "Knockers' Edition" will be "jammed full" of epithets and philosophical discussions concerning "Fort Nebraska," it is almost with regret that I, too, place myself in this category of dissatisfied beings—pick up my pen to "roast" the department of the Missouri, when I ought to love and cherish it—nay, even fall upon my knees and

worship it, as the savior of my country! And yet, were I to withhold my honest sentiments concerning it and not express them now, when opportunity affords, the future would ever be a misery and the grave a thing to be abhorred.

Knowing the stolid worth of the commanding officer of Nebraska cadets, it has been and is still a mystery to me, however, that he has ignored or failed to discover the fact that some of us come to this University with other ideals and aspirations than to spend our whole time at military drill. No doubt this phase of a man's college training should be cherished as something worthy of our consideration, for indeed it has many good points. But will the man with a single grain of common sense please tell me what advancement can be derived from military drill when it is so regulated that 85 to 90 per cent of the cadets would as soon go to the penitentiary as to buckle on their "U. S." belts? Even one asleep can see that this state of affairs exists here, and we do not have to go far to find the cause. First, we feel too much time is lost—wasted; we are prohibited from taking part in athletic and recreative enjoyments. Second, it has become a terrible grind, and is working hardships upon many. The five hours per week, if that were all, could be endured, but unfortunately this is not the case. There is the getting ready, the cleaning of your piece, which at best takes at least one-half a day at every inspection, and then the mortification, besides, of not being able to make your old rusty musket a new Krag-Jorgenson, and having a "5" or "10" demerit slapped down to your discredit. I decide to state right here, that many a good Christian boy has gone astray from the path of righteousness on this account. And then that Friday lesson in Drill Regulations— from 30 to 40 pages, and all to be committed word for word! It is a fright!

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