

The Grievances of the Many

Knocks on Various People

By Everybody

A Knock on Knockers.

Knockin' agin'? well I'll be blamed,
If you don't beat all holler!
This old world is sure pained,
A-list'nin' of your choler.
Ain't nothin' good enough fer you,
No matter what it be.
"It just won't never, never do,"
So fur as you can see.

You know just how it should be done,
And where the trouble lies;
But now to make the business run
You heave it up in sighs.
Now, sighs, they ain't no count, you
know,

They're pesky heavy, too,
Some weigh a half a ton er so,
They're soggy clean plumb through.

Why don't you peel that well pressed
coat,

And bare yer puny arm?
Or take yer turn and strike a note?
It wouldn't do no harm.

The exercise is worth yer while,
Besides the help you'd bring.
Why I believe t'would make you smile,
And ere long try to sing!

Now, this old world's a polly place,
If you'd just make it so,
By wearin' smiles upon yer face
And helpin' boom the show.
Say, what if things don't all come out
Just as you'd have 'em done?
Why that's no reason you should pout,
It's only part the fun!

So quit yer grumblin'—go to work
And help us "saw the wood."
Quit lookin' fer a chance to shirk,
And find yourself a better mood.
And now I think my labor done—
In this vile seat o' mockers,
I've only registered, my son,
A thumpin' kick on "knockers."

C. R. S.

There is something the matter with the upper classmen of this University. I was struck with this fact when I came down last fall, and the longer I'm here the worse they seem. Fellows who sit beside you in the class room and look on your book, perhaps, when they forget theirs, or ask you very politely for a little information on exam day, won't notice you on the street; or if you speak to them they put on a pained expression, and make a great pretense of not knowing you. I used to attribute this to forgetfulness on their part, but now I am beginning to consider it snobbishness. Last fall I was "rustled" to a \$2.50 boarding house. I didn't like the board, but the fellow who punched tickets coaxed me to stay to help him out. Afterwards the same fellow joined a frat, and the boarding house busted up. Now he never knows me on the street or anywhere else. Of course, I don't blame this fellow for not recognizing me, but why should so many of the other fellows act in the same way? Is the sight of a freshman something that will pollute? Or is an upper classman something of a god, who must stalk about with a clique of other gods or goddesses in that upper realm, constantly keeping his toga wrapped close about him and his face straight to the front when in the presence of the freshman dogs? **Where is the trouble?**

Perhaps it would not be amiss to put in a well-deserved knock about knocking in general. There is altogether too much of it done in the world, and, what concerns us more, in the University of Nebraska. People run about with their little hammers in plain sight or concealed, according to the character of the knocker, and hammer away promiscuously at anything in sight, whether it deserves it or not. How often a more effective and less violent means could be used. Lots of knocking is done because it is a habit that, like all others, is hard to forget. People do it because everyone else does and they hate to be left behind. Things have reached such a stage that the old adage might be converted into a new version, and it is almost true that "Knock, and the world knocks with you; approve, and you approve alone." Why not cut out knocking, or at least partly eliminate it from our every day conversation. A right kind of knock in the right place may do some good,

but more often it is the 'wrong kind of knock in the wrong place, and the results are otherwise. If you must knock, do it openly and after due deliberation, and everyone will be better off. It is the blow in the dark that hurts.

Since we must knock, we are going to take a shot at the seniors for not supporting their own class functions. The class party and the prom which occurred, respectively, on April 3rd and 17th, did not even pay for themselves, and the committees in charge were left with large deficits to meet as the result of their efforts. In both cases only a very small proportion of the class was present. Perhaps the class was not responsible for the loss resulting from the senior prom. That is recognized more as an event for University society people in general, and if they did not turn out in large numbers it is hardly the fault of the class. However, a more liberal patronage on the part of the seniors would not have been amiss. In the case of the class party there is no excuse whatever. Although the expenses were not great, the crowd was so small that there was a \$15 shortage in the accounts of the chairman. Talk about class spirit! There isn't enough in the whole senior class to keep one of the members awake at night planning triumphs for his class.

It is about time that some action should be taken against permitting the University buildings to be given over to the dance. For parties or social entertainments of the University this practice is perfectly permissible, but to have state property used for practices, which among Christian people are considered absolutely wrong, and which by the great majority of people and the student body in general, when judged by strictly moral principles, are thought questionable, is not justifiable. That dancing is not conducive to the highest morality is held by some of our most influential men and women, and when the chief executive of our state takes the stand that he does upon the question, the practice should at least demand a little consideration before it is allowed to go any further.

The following problem was given to a class in calculus by Dean Davis a few days ago to be handed in after vacation. It is hoped that there will be no failures, as it is surely worth solving, for the information concerning such a curve would be invaluable to the department: "Draw the curve describe by a point on the spoke of a rolling wheel half way from the centre to the rim."

Two Little Bugs in a Basket, and only Room for One.—Let the boys represent the bugs and the lockers the basket, and you have the crowded condition of the first and second years of the engineering department. Up the golden stairs, four stories high, come sweet smelling flavors of burnt pancakes, molasses candy, pickles, brown bread, ice cream, etc., to mingle with the fumes from the 'saw 'em short' department. These are not conducive to hard work, and no wonder the boys fall off each other's laps, spill red ink and "knock their legs on the floor," as the teacher winds up and wiggles among the twists and giggles. The subject is really too deep. The cry of the engineer is "Room! Room! Give us more room!"

A freshman girl was dolefully gazing at a sheet of paper punctured in many places with irregularly shaped holes. In explanation she said: "I have been trying to write out my English lit for a whole hour and see what a mess I have made of it. Every time I get a thought into my head and start to write it down, my pen goes through the paper into an excavation formed by the initials of some fraternity or someone's name. Then all my thoughts are scattered and I have nothing to show for them except a hole in my paper that I would gladly be rid of. All the desks are that way. At the high school at home the teacher used to give the boys five black marks

when she caught them carving their desks. I think that the teachers here ought to do the same thing. It would serve some of these smart fellows right. Don't you think so?"

Some Lesser Ones

Everybody—This week's weather.

The Chancellor (unofficially)—Failure of Rockefeller to donate the whole thing.

Secretary Barrett of the Alumni Association—Failure of "loyal alumni" to pay their annual dues.

Historical Society—The clipping of papers by student readers. Spoils the papers for file and reference purposes.

The Janitors—Spitting on stairs and hall floors of University buildings. Makes decent people sick at the stomach.

Members of the Faculty—Failure of railroads to donate annuals. Keeps them at home, or eats big holes in their salaries.

The School of Music—The way the wind gathers all the stray paper of the town and deposits it at the corner of Eleventh and R.

U. of N. Cadets—Why are Wesleyan cadets shown a preference over the Uni. battalion in the arrangements for the president's reception? Is it because Governor Mickey, of veto power, has acted as a Wesleyan trustee, and favors shoving it ahead of the University?

A Married Member of the Faculty—The Uni. girls: they monopolize the stairways for study-purposes, block the library door, and, four abreast, crowd the great common people—yea, even the Chancellor—off the campus sidewalks. Why have they no consideration of others in their hearts? Is it due to the rapid progress of woman's rights?

SENIORS!

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