

# The Daily Nebraskan

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

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Published every day except Saturday and Sunday during the college year. Subscription, per semester, \$1.

Entered at the postoffice at Lincoln, Nebraska, as second-class mail matter under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

## FORWARD, MARCH!

With the intended demobilization of the S. A. T. C. and S. N. T. C. this week there arises in the mind of each man who is dismissed from the service, the question of what to do now. There is the choice between three courses; to quit school, to stay or to drop out now with the intention of returning second semester.

Most men feel uncertain as to which is the wisest course to choose. Peace has brought with it an era of unrest to those of school age. Men who would otherwise have desired an education above all things, feel the unsettled conditions which prevail, to such an extent as to want to give up their opportunities for college training and to take up some form of remunerative labor. The world outside looks more attractive than it has looked for a long time and at present, school seems trifling in comparison. Such an idea is a snare and a delusion. Educated men are going to be more in demand than they have ever been.

To those who are planning on leaving school until second semester we would say, all in capitals, "don't!" An intention to return to school is a poor foundation to base a future upon. A great deal depends on the present and on the decisions to be made within the next few days. It is probable that some of the colleges will follow the example the Engineering College has set and allow men to take up work now and by doing heavy work for the rest of the semester receive their full credit as though they had been enrolled in the work for the full term. Instead of losing a whole a whole semester, then, it would be possible, with a little extra effort, to do a whole semester's work in but half of the time.

There remains also the fact that school is just beginning to settle down after the many interruptions and disturbances of the past two years. It is not fair for men who have been here for the first time this year to judge college life at Nebraska by the brief experience they have had. If first year men should leave school now they would carry away with them the wrong impression entirely. There have been so far this fall, disappointment, delay and disillusion, especially among the S. A. T. C.'s. They have all been worth while, however, and they have contributed to our funds of experience.

Although school life at its best is not followed through the flowery paths of ease, it is more satisfactory than the impression it has given thus far. There are better times ahead!

## THE IMAGINARY BIG QUESTIONS

(E. W. Howe's Monthly.)

The world has always been oppressed with big questions.

To all intents and purposes, there are none; anything too big for the people to understand doesn't make any difference.

I do not understand Greek; very well, I have no use for it.

If a man will gain a reasonable understanding of the subjects within reach, and practice them with common sense and in the light of experience, the big things the reviewers discuss do not actually concern him.

What will happen after the war? If you decently attend to your own affairs, you needn't worry; you will get along in about the same old way; better than others if you behave better than they do, and worse if you are more shiftless and unfair.

What is beyond the milky way? I don't know; but it doesn't make any difference to little you or me; the answer does not concern us. Some know, but the knowledge is of no practical use and gives them no advantage; while astronomers have been learning what is beyond the milky way, you have been learning something else of greater or equal value.

Why do the seasons change? It is enough to know they always do. The things of actual importance are simple, and easily understood.

I am not an agnostic; I know—and I say it with modesty. Others know life as well as I do and better. I have lived a long time, and my real problems have always been of the same simple kind. Being selfish, I have solved them with all possible intelligence. What "problem, in life disturbs you? Any of your neighbors, providing they have lived a life ordinarily full, and have average intelligence, can solve it for you. The simple rules of life you discover every day are as unchanging as the rules governing mighty Saturn, and you can safely assume that if you intelligently attend to your little affairs, Saturn will attend to his.

## DAILY DIARY RHYMES

By

Gayle Vincent Grubb

### "TRY AGAIN"

It's a funny world we live in and  
 A funny game we play,  
 Where your life's just what you make  
 it and  
 Tomorrow's like today.

Inasmuch as all we've seen and felt  
 And groaned at, maybe swore,  
 Are the some old tasks that griped the  
 world  
 Of centuries before.

Let's say you face a problem  
 And it's taxed you pretty hard;  
 You feel you've put your best, your  
 hand  
 Is lacking not a card,

Then find you've lost, your stack of  
 castles,  
 Shattered, crumbled—then—  
 Do you quit or do you grit your teeth  
 And try the task again?

It's mighty tough to force a smile  
 To greet the world and say:  
 "I've failed, but scarcely half my  
 best

I've ushered into play.  
 The goal I missed is still in sight  
 And beckons me." It's plain  
 That the world admires and shakes  
 the hand  
 Of the man who tries again.

And if when all your all is played  
 You muse at what you've done,  
 And feel the outcome worth the task  
 So hopelessly begun.  
 Just figure who would notice you  
 In all the world of men.  
 If, when first you failed to meet  
 success  
 You hadn't tried again.

The world's a critic, just but cruel  
 Who holds the justice chair  
 And weighs men's efforts, yours and  
 mine

With judgment fair and square,  
 They pass on by the man who could  
 But sluffed, and pick the men  
 Who will, and work 'till it's attained  
 The men who try again.

Too many men spend their money  
 before they see it.

Those paid by other people are the  
 most popular taxes.

Wise is the man who doesn't write  
 a truthful story of his own life.

The rolling stone sees its finish  
 when it strikes the upgrade.

## HAND GRENADES

### "When a Fellow Needs a Friend"

"Breathes there a man" who is not  
 often stricken with the pangs of hunger?  
 Yesterday afternoon, while  
 sauntering down O street, you were  
 thusly stricken. You dug the remnants  
 of pay day out of your pocket—a lone-  
 ly quarter, and a few dimes and nick-  
 les—not much, but enough to satisfy  
 the yearnings of the inner man.

You strolled into a store. There at  
 a little table sat the Nicest Girl and  
 her chum—both favoring you with  
 ravishing smiles. Certainly they  
 would be delighted to have you eat  
 with them, so down you sat.

Then the boy came to take your or-  
 ders. Ye gods! How hungry those  
 girls must have been! They ordered  
 salad, sandwiches, pickles, and per-  
 fectos. You thought of your shrivel-  
 ed finances, and weakly ordered a  
 phosphate (price ten cents), explain-  
 ing to the girls that you had an awful  
 headache.

The girls had just started to par-  
 take of their banquet, and you of your  
 phosphate (you always did hate phos-  
 phates) when a lovely girl with a bak-  
 et of flowers, approached you. It  
 seemed that she was selling the flow-  
 ers for the benefit of the French or-  
 phans, and was very determined that  
 you should buy some. In ever-increas-  
 ing consternation, you watched the  
 Nicest Girl and her chum select some  
 violets. The flowers cost you a dol-  
 lar. This left you the vast sum of  
 fifteen cents and the thought of the  
 bill for the food caused the cold per-  
 spiration to break out on your brow.

A ray of hope! At the next table  
 sat a fellow you knew. You hastily  
 excused yourself from the girls, and  
 inconspicuously implored this fellow  
 to loan you some money, but he, too,  
 was rather hard put, and could not  
 do it.

You dashed up to the cashier, and  
 asked if you might charge the bill.  
 She pointed sternly to a sign which  
 read, "No credit allowed." You then  
 asked if she would cash a check for  
 you. She pointed to another sign  
 which read, "We do not cash checks  
 for strangers." Your bark was at  
 the next corner, and "hatless" you  
 rushed thereto—but alas, the hour was  
 four-thirty and the bank was closed.

In desperation, you raced back to  
 the store where you met the girls  
 leaving. They gave you a glacial  
 look, and said they hoped that you  
 enjoyed your lunch!

And then people say that everyone  
 has something for which to be thank-  
 ful—well, the girls paid for the  
 lunch!

Self-interest or favoritism in a legis-  
 lator is a sin against the people.



## Every Soldier

Will have a portrait before  
 he is mustered out. The  
 best is none too good.

Let

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