

## Students Take Themselves Too Seriously--Buck

By Dean P. M. Buck, Jr.

If I were asked to name the chief fault of the students today in our American universities, I believe I could put it like this—they take themselves too seriously. Not seriously enough, some will answer; for with their numerous diversions, their parties, their "practical courses" in the art of entertaining each other, they have precious little time for the serious problems of their studies or their responsibilities. And the objectors will point to the library steps at any time between 9 and 5, or to these columns of The Nebraskan with their elaborate accounts of how students avoid "brain fag" or find recompense for the tedium or the inertia of classroom or laboratory. Yet in spite of objectors and in spite of the moving demonstrations of student irresponsibility, it may be maintained, and successfully, that student life is being professionalized, is being reduced to a serious routine, a thing that may be limited and classified like the life of a lawyer, business man or bee.

### School Life Is Stereotyped.

It is curious, is it not, how stereotyped life has become in our large co-educational universities. It is quite possible to make a chart or two that would account for the daily and nightly vocations and avocations of nearly all of our students and be nearly as accurate as are an astronomer's predictions of the phases of Venus or the procession of the equinoxes. If a social favorite or climber, so many hours weekly devoted to the goddess of the dance, so many to escorting another goddess to the "movie" or Orpheum, or if a goddess or pseudo-goddess oneself, to being escorted by a pragmatic satellite. If one has no such ambitions or opportunities, the range of recreations will be no more extensive though probably less brilliant and certainly less expensive. There are studies and classes and laboratories for all, to be

sure, and pursued by all with a beautiful and self-abandoned seriousness that would argue well, were it not for the unfortunate concomitant that in the student's opinion they often sink into the sate flux of nearly meaningless routine.

Obviously and of a verity students come to the University to study, get passing grades, and at graduation to get a diploma often written in a language they cannot read. If they fail in this ambition there is a deal of unpleasant bother with a routine committee that asks searching questions, and a further deal of unpleasant notoriety and readjustment as one re-packs trunks and handbags preparatory to an uninvited visit home. The vast majority pass because of very inertia—the move of the mass shoulders along the laggard, and even a drone can hardly fail to be up and about when the spring hiving is afoot.

But studies and recreations—creations and recreations, they might be called—are not matters of routine, like shaving or dressing one's hair on a morning. They are matters of life and adjustment to the various play of moving forces in and about us. They call for our energies, not merely that they may be accomplished and another chapter of a college career closed and subscribed finis, else a college degree would represent nothing so appropriately as the gyrations of a mechanical toy or the veering of a weather vane.

### Are Important Questions Asked.

What of life has been learned from the course in history? What new impulse to living has been given by the readings in literature? What glimpse into the mystery of this earth and of the whole cosmic universe has been caught from the experiments in chemistry? These are not impertinent questions, and yet it would seem they were never asked in any college examination nor were recorded in any college conservation. Has the imagination been fired, the emotions purified, the reason exalted by any of the one hundred and twenty-five hours offered for graduation by the seniors about to leave these halls?

It is high time that we rescue again

the distinction between amateur and professional. The amateur, whether a his profession or in his recreations, is the person who indulges in activities, purely for his love of action, whether he play golf, or cards, read or practice law, he does it for the sheer exhilarating love of honest sport. The professional is the only seriously minded person with an eye single to success in the thing—no thought for himself or for its meaning. To him life is a contest from which he gets neither sport nor meaning—only success or failure, and he spells both with capital letters, with double underscorings, forgetting the wealth of imagination, of emotion, of pure joy that lies about him for the asking.

College life, it would appear to one, is the life of all others for the amateur. It is the time for testing out the thews and sinews—not merely of the few on the football field, while thousands bellow themselves hoarse in serious and professional rhythm and the cheer leader as seriously and as professionally throws his rhythmic contortions—it is the time to taste and enjoy the emotional and intellectual reactions from contact with people and thoughts; the time for hints that lead to joyous excursions on one's initiative into a universe hitherto unexplored where one may have all the joy of unexpected adventure; it is —. But who today in college, since courses in literature came into fashion, reads a book, not a magazine, or a newspaper, on his own initiative. Instead one elects courses in literature and looks at what one is told, like dollar-a-ride passengers on a sight seeing bus. And who takes the problems raised in the classroom out into the intellectual discussions before the library, or to a social pipe in one's room among one's friends?

There is rarely the unexpected in college, yet life is full of the unexpected; there is still more rarely the spontaneous, yet life is all spontaneous. There is success and there is serious endeavor, and all has a measure of worth. But how can it be said that one of a truth today enjoys going to college?

## Organizations

### Wolchi Camp Fire.

Wolchi Camp Fire held an all day meeting Saturday at the home of Mrs. F. F. Teal, the guardian. Twenty girls were present for the luncheon at noon. Table decorations were in blue candles and pussy willows. Wetomeo Camp Fire, of which Frances Westering is guardian, staged a model ceremonial, led by Miss Lola Duncan, camp fire secretary for Lincoln. Demonstrations of wood blocking, gown decorations and bead work were made by Lincoln camp fire girls.

### Union.

Union Society entertained seventy five members and guests at an open meeting Friday evening at the Temple. Irish games were played, green caps were distributed as favors and the following St. Patrick's program was given: Piano solo, Miss Bailey; song, Mr. Minball; Irish stories, Fred Free; St. Patrick's, Day, Chas. McMillan.

### UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA APPEARS AT MARTELL

The University orchestra gave a program at Martell in the Methodist church Friday evening before a large audience and gave a similar entertain-

ment at the city Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon.

The program given at Martell follows:

Men of Sparta.  
Ballet Sentimental.  
Dancer of Navarre.  
Symphony Militaire.  
Reve d'Amour.  
In the Usual Way, pianologue — Charlotte Huntley.  
Finale—Symphony Militaire.  
Woodland Whispers.  
Poet and Peasant, overture.  
Whispering Flowers.  
Merry Wives of Windsor, overture.

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