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THE EASTER OFFERING

Charles H. Morrill should receive far more than the due acknowledgment by the board of regents for his recent gifts to the University Museum. He should be thanked by this and every other generation of students who, through his generosity will have excellent opportunities for the study of the subjects to which the exhibits pertain.

The letter which accompanied his "Easter offering" is one of the finest which the University of Nebraska has ever received. Student organizations desiring of initiating freshmen into Cornhusker traditions might well urge them to read Mr. Morrill's letter. It is the expression of sincere, admirable love for an institution of learning. It contains more school spirit than any football rally speech, and is more representative of the highest type of school loyalty than the words of any cheer leader. If the editors of The Cornhusker desire a splendid statement of the greatest Cornhuskerism, let them reproduce Mr. Morrill's words.

"Since A. D., 1892, when I was elected regent of the University of Nebraska, I have always considered the University of Nebraska a child of mine," he writes. ".....If the University of Nebraska is a child of mine, then, as I see it, every student since A. D., 1892, is a grandchild of mine and I must assume my share of the responsibility of caring for the education of this big family—this explains my action as above set forth.

"I'm now nearing eighty-five years of age. As I look backward viewing my past life and my varied experiences, I consider the twelve years I acted as regent and as president of the board of regents of the University of Nebraska the brightest and most interesting period of my life."

This newspaper wishes that every student could view the University of Nebraska in the same splendid light that illuminates it for Mr. Morrill's eyes. If the University is as a son for him, it should be like a father for we who enjoy the fruits of his and other pioneer's labors. And the men who have given of their time and money that we may enjoy these privileges, are deserving of such love and respect from us as would be accorded to grandparents.

As it is impossible for a son to do more for his parents than make the most of himself, so it is impossible for students to repay the institution and its benefactors in any other way than by utilizing these opportunities in such a manner as to develop themselves most effectively and thoroughly. Let every student assume his responsibility in this respect with the same eagerness and joy with which Mr. Morrill assumed what he conceives to be his.

WELCOMING ACCIDENTS

Until the traffic problem near the University campus has been definitely and permanently solved, no opportunity for calling it to the attention of Lincoln officials should be neglected. To be sure, one of the commissioners has promised that some action will be taken, but the congestion should be relieved at once. People should not be required to risk their necks at the corner of Twelfth and R streets any longer than is absolutely necessary.

The Nebraska Alumnus has advanced the following additional evidence in support of its contention that a prompt solution of the problem is imperative:

"Sunday morning, March 13, one of the big chemical trucks belonging to the Lincoln fire department, started on a run to a fire at a residence on R street. As is the custom, the fire truck went speeding down R street from Tenth. The date is not important; what transpired on the "run" is important.

"Everything went nicely until the truck arrived at Twelfth street. But there things happened. A young man driving a small car cut across the street just before the big fire truck. A crash resulted which badly crushed the smaller car and did slight damage to the fire truck. In addition, another car which had stopped to let the fire truck pass was damaged when the smaller car was thrown into it. Luckily no one was seriously injured.

"Imagine the above accident at

11:50 of a week day. Several thousand students and faculty members would be rushing across R street on their way home to lunch. Many would be in cars, hundreds would be walking. Such a crash, involving but one car and the fire truck could not help but seriously injure or kill a number of persons, for the small car when hit was thrown a distance of twenty-five or more feet.

"Every noon thousands of students and faculty members actually risk their lives when leaving the campus. With no police control over traffic, cars and pedestrians go every which way in their hurry to get to their lunches. Yet, thirteen of Lincoln's downtown corners which at no time during the day has a traffic problem worse than at Twelfth and R and Twelfth and Q streets at noon, have signal lights to regulate the passage of cars and pedestrians. The Lincoln city council should take notice of the near fatal accident at Twelfth and R a few weeks ago and attempt to remedy this situation. Unless some action is taken, the day will come, we feel certain, when one or both of these corners will be the scene of a fatal or near-fatal crash. The council should not "wait until the jewels are stolen before locking the door." The present condition of traffic at both of these corners actually welcomes accidents—fatal accidents"

WE SECOND THE MOTION!

TWO GIRLS IN A CAR
(From the Hamline Oracle)

It was on a street car to Minneapolis. Two usual sweet young things sat across the aisle. Their conversation was loud enough to attract attention, but of not sufficient merit to induce interest in it. Not

until the river was reached and the car crossed on the span high above the water and the low west bank. The small houses, crowded so closely together seemed more gloomy than on other days. The dirty snow gave no fit setting. The homes were weather-beaten or poorly coated with faded paint. The arrangement is orderly and the whole appearance was of a doll village, discarded when the newness had worn off. Signs of life were few. Many of the chimneys gave no evidence of leading from stoves. Others were giving forth only thin specters of smoke. Huge black tubes, farther up the river, were belching out great heavy, black clouds; mocking the shacks against the Mississippi. One girl found the scene interesting, and said so. The other intended to write a poem of "the flats." And immediately the topic was of spring dresses.

The persons who live in those houses in the shadow of the bridge must be well pleased to know that their places are interesting to one girl and inspire poetry in another. I wonder what those persons think of art collection squabbles, pretty frocks in Nicollet Avenue windows, movements for a city beautiful, and the things that occupy so much attention of the people living up over the bluff. And I fear the dwellers on the flats do not appreciate enough the girls. Surely, it is worth a whole life of crowded living that one be interested and another think of poetry. To be the inspiration of a poem; what more worthy ambition?

Those along the river, together with all who live in squalor wheresoever, must be made to see that they lack in a spirit of industry; they are lazy when put in contrast with the ambitious fellows who play golf every day the weather allows. Plenty of room remains at the top and merely a matter of forging ahead brings one of the prize possessions. Of course, there are some million

more men than jobs, but devil take the hindmost. And if the man lacks foresight enough to go into an industry that thousands others chose it is but his fault when that divine law of supply and demand forces wages down. He shouldn't let radical labor agitators make him discontent he should be glad that he can work for his employer.

When he and others for him desire a change, a just code, they are called reformers and such a term has come to mean anathema to persons susceptible to the subtle suggestion that all interested in a new order are perverts of one sort or another. The easiest way to dismiss a man working for honest conditions is to name him a reformer. Then he is open to all scorn that a cheap hack, as Bruce Barton, can muster. It is his cry that when changes are brought about it will be through the needs of the industry. Not because men need the change, but because it better suits business. You by the river must be content. Some day the industrial system may find that you can better tend a wheel when you are clothed in purple and housed in luxurious structures. Until then your hovels will serve. Does the roof leak. Straighten a can and tack over the hole. As a culture you are particularly blessed; you and your surroundings inspire poetry in a college girl.

Twenty Years Ago

For the first time in six years, Nebraska met defeat in debating at the hands of Wisconsin. The judges awarded the Badgers a unanimous decision, claiming that in deliverance, mastery of subject, and general form they outclassed the Nebraska team. The Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a banquet in honor of the Girls' Glee Club at the Lindell. The tables

were decorated and everyone present thoroughly enjoyed the evening. The two clubs sang several songs and ended with a grand finale in front of the Lindell.

The Seniors made arrangements for a children's party at the State Farm. The Juniors had planned the same sort of a party and it was the duty of every Senior to be out and help surpass the Junior party.

Before one of the smallest audiences in the history of University convocations, Dr. Lowrey delivered the fourth lecture of the "Modern Dramatists" series on Stephen Phillips.

Ten Years Ago

Willa Cather, formerly associate editor of the American Magazine and connected with McClure's, published a novel "The Song of the Lark", which was said to place her definitely in the "little group of American novelists that count." When at the University Miss Cather was editor-in-chief of the Hesperian, the students' paper; associate editor of the Sombro and dramatic critic of the State Journal. Major Monroe McFarland of the United States army general staff, who reviewed the cadets at annual in-

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spection was very much pleased. He had inspected the farm regiment, and the general impression he gained of military drill at Nebraska was a splendid one.

Dr. Paul Harrison described at convocation the customs, habits, and hospitality of the Arabians, among whom he worked as a physician and missionary for six years.

There was a delay in the plans for the building for political and social science until a study could be made as to the efficiency of the proposed plans in connection with the use of space.

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