

The Daily Nebraskan

Station A, Lincoln, Nebraska
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA
Under Direction of the Student Publication Board
TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR
Published Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday mornings during the academic year.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice in Lincoln, Nebraska, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879, and at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 20, 1922.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE
Single Copy 5 Cents
Six Months \$1.25 a Semester

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UNOBSERVED BUT IMPORTANT

University of Nebraska is host this week-end to an unobserved group of high school students from all sections of the state, who are in Lincoln to participate in the annual high school debating tournament.

Unlike the vast numbers of prep school athletes who trample the campus during the annual state high school basketball tourney, smaller than the group of participants in the track and field meet in May, these high school debaters come and go, almost unnoticed by the university student who is engaged in attending to the duties of the classroom and those numerous duties that have no relation with study whatever.

The debate tournament for the high school students, while not of the proportions of an athletic contest, is just as significant. It represents the culmination of a long period that has been spent in forensic training, that has been spent in delving into books, pamphlets, and material from which the arguments have been woven. Just as the basketball man has pounded the hardwoods for weeks prior to the final drive to a championship, just as the track candidate has rounded the curves of a practice stretch since early spring, so has the high school debater spent a period of intensive study and competition to win his way into the final meetings.

The debate tournament represents something different than a match between flying feet, a contest that calls for a basket-shooting eye, or even a charge through the line. It calls for good old-fashioned reasoning ability, bolstered by an effective delivery. It calls for wits and logic, and the courage to present an argument after it has been drafted. The tournament brings to the University those students from high schools of the state who nine times out of ten are going to mature into much more capable young men and women when college years approach. They have learned the value of intensive study, they know what application entails, and they have had a taste of the fruits that ripen from the ability to get up on their feet and speak convincingly.

Bizders are certainly getting prepared for active business careers—having a golf tournament on the program for the annual Bizad frolic.

STILL TRYING

America admires pluck. The fellow that starts out to do something and stays with it until it is finished gains the admiration and esteem of his contemporaries. The fellow that tries once, fails, and then washes his hands of any further attempt—his case is futile.

So it is with the University Players. Repeatedly they have tried, tried to please their patrons, tried to present the type of productions that their public wants. They have made earnest attempts but seemingly they have not accomplished their end in so far as their financial record shows.

Several thousands of dollars in debts have been incurred during past seasons and the current season, with little hope of making much of an impression upon the deficiency this year. What a writer expressed in the March 19 issue of The Daily Nebraskan may be true. He maintains that the failure of the University Players to attract sufficient patronage lies in the theater in which their production is presented. Unquestionably, the Temple theater is old, rickety, and inadequate to house even a fair sized audience. However, there must be other causes for the minimum attendance at the Players' shows.

Student attendance has been decidedly lacking at the greater part of the productions this year. Since the Players is a student activity it should attract student support. Without this support, a student activity has little chance of success. Whether failure to attend Players' productions is the fault of the students or of the Players cannot be determined. At any rate it is lacking.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is being played this week. It is a worthy production and commanding of a good attendance. In as much as it is the final production of the University Players this year it should be well attended. It remains with the students to show appreciation to the Players, to prove to them that they really desire this type of entertainment at the University. Without a perceptible demand from the student body, it seems that this type of entertainment is doomed to extinction.

If it keeps on raining this spring maybe those bare spots on the campus lawn will disappear.

SPRINGTIME TAFFY

The red-faced cherub who ten years ago was holding many apples to teacher to win her favor today in unobtrusive way is employing the same tactics to a modified fashion to gain recognition in his college courses. This perverted idea of graduation, so noticeably apparent and despicable to all concerned, unfortunately for the adulating individual, is likewise noticeable, apparent and despicable to the instructor.

Instructors, by virtue of their very title, are, although many refuse to admit it, considerably more

BETWEEN THE LINES

My Wife, Poor Wretch! By Emma Beatrice Brunner, 201 1/2 Fradrick A Stokes Co. New York, 32 pp.
This delightful expose of the private life of Elizabeth Peppy is subtitled "Uncensored Episodes in the Diary of Samuel Peppy." Though fictitious, the story closely follows the famous diary, presenting in a totally becoming and sympathetic manner the wife's side of the story. Samuel Peppy, the egotistical, self-centered, gourmand, speaks throughout the journal in a very deprecatory way about his wife, "poor wretch," and naturally he gives only his side of the story of their married life. The author of this book has evidently seen the possibilities of presenting a different story, and has done so with very satisfactory results. Elizabeth emerges in history, not as a mouse-like, dim, unimportant figure, but as a spirited woman, seeing and understanding her husband as no one else.

Here is the episode of Deb, the pretty little maid with whom Samuel was enamored. Elizabeth handles her quite excellently. But better still is the manner in which Elizabeth meets the emergency of facing Nell Gwynn, that infamous lady. Samuel kept his diary in short-hand, but Elizabeth, with infinite patience, deciphered it, and proceeded to make fireworks. Samuel was rather vague concerning the reason for ending his diary. But here we find why he did it, and Elizabeth had no small part in the matter. Anyone would enjoy the book, and one does not have to be a Peppy enthusiast to enjoy it, to boot.

STARS, MOON AND EXAM

"Kid I'm just sick about this exam. I don't know one thing about that stuff."
"Ditto, yours truly hasn't cracked a book for two weeks."

"Well, I suppose he'll ask us something about the Civil war. Now what were the causes?"
"I think slavery had something to do with it. Didn't you think that spring party Friday was rare?"

"Yes but what has that to do with the war?"
"Was this the Ostend Manifesto? He's going to ask us that sure."

"Wait a minute. I've got it here in my notes. Say have you heard Helen Kane's latest record?"
"I think it's terrible."

"Here it is. The Ostend Manifesto was a manifesto fixed up by Ostend before the Civil war."
"We can get by on that all right. Spread a little bolony. Isn't it swell outside tonight?"

"What about the election of 1860? Isn't that moon romantic?"
"Lincoln was elected. Gosh it's hard to study on a night like this."

"Yes, I guess it was Lincoln and he freed the negroes. I wish I was free to enjoy that moonlight."

"Isn't it just heavenly?"
"You know he said it wouldn't do us any good to cram the night before the exam."

"We can get up early in the morning and skim over it."
"Let's go."

"We're gone."

In a few days now the laws will go into execution for their semi-annual exam for examinations.

Graduating seniors better be warming up to the relatives about now, for there's the invitations to be sent out.

A lot of organizations are redeeming themselves these last few weeks of school by having banquets and annual frolics.

Then when that parody on a local student hang-out is published, coeds will have a big time attributing the remarks to themselves.

President Hoover pleads for respect for the law. He failed to mention anything about violating the traffic signals at Twelfth and R, most any noon.

Baked beans, vegetable soup and chocolate cake may be the brain food of university students, but why neglect to mention the bran flakes that fraternities men have to eat seven mornings of the week?

OTHER STUDENTS SAY—

IN DEFENSE
In answer to Mr. James Anderson Hawes, author of The Collegians, I would like to raise my voice in protest to his rather inaccurate classification of our school. "The University of Nebraska," he says, "is a large school in enrollment and in its future building plant, but from two visits there, I must say that its location on the endless, flat, and hot corn plain, and a student body of typical middle-class German people—who make good citizens but offer little of special social life—call for no particular comment."

Considering that Mr. Hawes has made two visits to our campus, it seems to me that he has been singularly unobservant, especially in his conclusions that we are all Germans out here. Now I have no particular objection to being called a German—the term is preferable, I suppose, to many he might have used—but I have no German blood in my family on either side and neither do most of my friends. There are doubtless many German students attending the University, and very estimable ones, but there are also many Czechoslovakians, Scotch, Scandinavians, and plain, ordinary fourth-or-fifth-generation-Americans as well, thousands of students whose ancestors can lay no claim to German extraction. Mr. Hawes evidently heard somewhere that the middle west was predominantly stolid, phlegmatic German and so based his remarks on conjecture rather than on observation.

Mr. Hawes' little dig about Lincoln's social life was rather pointless, too. We are not so isolated from the rest of the world in this day of rapid communication that we are centuries behind in custom, dress, and entertainment. We have radios and newspapers, we have automobiles and get about once in a while, we know a little something of what's going on.

It is not likely that our forms of social life, provincial though they may be, are so different from that of other sections. I do not know what Mr. Hawes has been used to in the way of entertainment that we couldn't furnish him here, but it must have been something extremely exotic and unusual, or very grand. Even at that, if he had just told us what he wanted, we could probably have staged it for him.

And as for our location on the "endless, flat, corn plains," at least it makes for a breath of view evidently unattained in Mr. Hawes' cramped eastern quarters. "Endless plains"—along with the other things he overlooked, Mr. Hawes failed to see the grandeur of space, the peace of distance, and the tolerance of acres of soil stretching away into infinity.

Finally, Mr. Hawes' two visits could not possibly have been made in the springtime, for instead of referring to us all in no tactful tones as a lump sum of Germans, he would be warbling ecstatically of the vernal beauties of spring on the plains. For say what you will, spring in Nebraska is a very wonderful thing.

—E. H.

Kosmet Klub Cast Returns Home

After Week's Tour Through State
Some fifty-five men who succeeded in putting Kosmet Klub's 1928 musical comedy across in Nebraska towns, are hibernating at the campus this week. They performed in the "Don't Be Silly" cast. Spring tour through Nebraska in a delerlet pullman and a windy baggage car being about a feeling of fatigue which even third quarter exams cannot take away.

Log of Journey Kept
Veteran sailors keep a log of their journeys, so even though "Don't Be Silly" was not all sea, a more or less complete summary of the trip has been prepared. For the benefit of those fortunate students who were able to go home and enjoy the peace and comfort of the domestic fireside a complete outline of the "Don't Be Silly" spring tour follows.

At 7:25 o'clock the special pullman, which is alleged to have been stolen or borrowed from the Boston museum, pulled out of Lincoln with the all-male cast of Kosmet Klub's show. After a comparatively uneventful trip, in which some of the more fastidious collegians ran back and forth from pullman to baggage car at intervals to change clothes, the train arrived in Fremont.

Fremont Taken by Storm
Fremont was stormed by the battalion of actors who gazed longingly in windows and conducted themselves in general like a dignified, subdued aggregation of American college youths. April Fool. At any rate the cast was still alive and kicking—about the size of the Wall theater when it was for the initial performance of "Don't Be Silly." The audience was appreciative and showed their approval of the show by great clapping and making of noises.

Some time in the night when everyone was soundly asleep the train pulled out of Fremont, en route for Columbus. The entire group slept through this trip, and that is the reason the engineer was enabled to bring the panting engine to a full stop in Columbus.

It is said that Columbus was born in that city, or that it was named for him. Regardless of the truth or falsity of this statement

the American section made a scoop when it published them for all the world to see how absolutely dumb some people are.

A graduate of the university wrote me, saying that after traveling all over the world for three years, he has at last settled down. "I got me a home ec. too," says he. "What is there so intriguing about a home ec. anyway? I'm sure it's not altogether due to the cooking."

Newspaper Men And Women Like Outstate Work

Journalism seniors who were assigned to Nebraska newspapers during spring vacation came back filled with enthusiasm and added knowledge about newspaper work, so they say. For the most part, they went out on the small town weeklies and dailies, though several were sent to Omaha and Lincoln papers. Following are the remarks made by some of the returning journalism students:

"I enjoyed the practical experience enough to make the theory worthwhile."—LaVern Keetel

"Speaking in fragments—a Glorious Adventure."—Phil Blake

"I was sprayed by a street sprinkler, got myself into the movies, and wrote a hundred and fifty inches of news."—Florence Seward

"It was worthwhile."—Ed Dickson

"I've never had a better time and I know now that I want to be a newspaper woman."—Dean Robbins

"A good idea, but it ought to have lasted longer."—Maurice Konkel

Get Varied Comments
"I learned a lot of things, not from writing standpoint, but from a business standpoint."—Paul Nelson

"I've never seen a more congenial and cooperative bunch of fellows than there is on the Omaha Bee-News. Wouldn't have missed the experience for anything."—Vernon Kisting

"I fell down stairs in the World

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