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TWENTY-NINTH YEAR

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CLIFF F. SANDAHL, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. J. M. PITZER, BUSINESS MANAGER.

The Real Reason.

Recommendation that the newly formed barb council be given the title "barb executive board" was made at the last meeting of the student council. This, according to members of the student council, was done to conform with the policy of the governing body, which is, simply that no other student group should bear the name council.

This argument raises a pertinent question. How about the interfraternity council? Doesn't it share the same basic title with the student council? Why not, then, be consistent and require the interfraternal assembly to change its name?

The reason for the inconsistency is apparent when it is discovered that the Greek body has never been officially recognized by the student council. The interfraternity council existed long before the other one, and thus far the latter has never gotten around to give official sanction to the former.

The fact that the interfraternity council has not received the approval of the student council was not of any real import until the last school year, when the control of the interfraternal organization was taken from the faculty and vested in the hands of the students, with a faculty adviser. As it is now, the interfraternity council is a student activity not under the jurisdiction of the student council but still responsible to the university senate.

To clarify our point let us quote the following extract from the account of a meeting of the interfraternity council held February 21, 1929: "The election of a student as president of the council was made possible by an action of the senate giving the council self government. The interfraternity council retained a faculty member to represent it on the faculty committee on student affairs."

Judging from these statements, the council should now be on its own responsibility, having self government. If it is to have this self government, does it now follow that it should have the official recognition of the student council? Other organizations on the campus having self government have received the approval of the student council, so why exclude the interfraternity council?

Another phase of the situation also appears at this time. Here we seem to have the germs for the reason that our interfraternity council is so dormant. It has never been really instituted as a student activity on the campus, therefore why should it do anything? We can hardly blame the leaders for being so lax in their work since such is the case.

Perhaps this is just an apology given for the utter lack of action. Perhaps the officers have been cognizant of this fact all along and consequently took advantage of their knowledge by regarding their positions as purely honorary.

Whatever the thoughts entertained by those at the helm, it is nevertheless a known fact that the interfraternity council has absolutely fizzled out in so far as concerted action goes. It has become one of the many laughing-stock organizations on the campus, just because its mission has been disregarded.

The primary step, then, is official recognition of the interfraternity council by the student governing body. After it has received proper acknowledgement of its existence on the Nebraska campus, this group can go on and be of actual service to mankind—with definite functions and proper jurisdictions and authorities outlined and delegated to it.

Why the Gloom?

What's the cause of all the gloomy looks, long faces and heavy frowns seen around the campus? Students plod along as if half the miseries, worries and troubles of the world were loaded upon their shoulders. Of course, quarters have recently weighted us down, but now that they are over they can't be blamed for all this gloom. Are Nebraska students falling into a habit of appearing depressed?

Now and then when an acquaintance comes along someone bursts into a radiant smile, but it lasts for only a minute and then back he falls into a frown again. Many might be called symbolic of the following verse from Longfellow's poem, "The Rainy Day":

My life is cold and dark and dreary; It rains and the wind is never weary; My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, And the days are dark and dreary.

It takes practically the same amount of muscular action to smile as to frown, to throw out the chest and hold up the head as to droop. If you are feeling good and are happy, look the part. Laugh and the world laughs with you—you know the rest. If your grouchy appearances are due to tight shoes or a sleepless night, for the sake of your own happiness and out of due consideration for the people who have to work and play with you, remedy these deficiencies.

Above all cheer up! If you have troubles, grin and bear them. Do not pass up the last

stanza of Longfellow's poem: Be still, and hear! And cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary.

Wealth vs. Education

A student at the University of Missouri who was considered a likely prospect for his school's varsity football team one day found himself beneficiary to \$100,000 left him when his grandfather died and so quit college about a month ago in favor of an immediate entrance into the world.

But in the long run, he will realize his mistake. He will find himself poorer, not in dollars and cents, perhaps, but in college life and education. The making of new acquaintances and the meeting of old friends, the joyful and colorful life connected with membership on the football team and the building up of a business and social background for later use in everyday life.

Every fall there are hundreds of students who enroll at our colleges and universities the country over, find some kind of a job and begin to secure a college education by working their way through. But here was a student, who already had passed successfully one year's work during which period he hurdled the trials and tribulations of a freshman and who had the necessary wealth to complete a noble ambition, but stopped at the very height of his opportunity.

Some day in the future he will look back at his college days and imagine what would have been and how he would have acted had not sudden wealth come his way. And as a result, among other things, he'll see that he would not have lost the incentive to complete his college education—a goal which today thousands seek.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

TIME: After the usual fraternity, rooming house or cafeteria dinner of fat pork, soggy beans and spinach.

SETTING: In the smoke filled living room of any fraternity or rooming house.

CHARACTERS: Bill, a slick looking guy who goes to university; John, his pal, one of the brethren or mayhap a friend; the gang, all smoking and talking about women.

As the curtain rises John saunters over to this fellow, Bill, who is poring over a two bit college fun magazine. John pauses a moment and with a little quirk of a smile, interrupts his engrossed friend's concentration over the rotogravure section of said magazine.

JOHN: What ho, Billie? What is it tonight?

BILL: (Mustering a smile which shows that dimple that Helenic maidens are so hot about) Tonight?

JOHN: Yes, old man, tonight. How about taking in a show?

BILL: Sorry, fella, no chance. I told Betty I'd phone her.

JOHN: Tough, terribly tough. (Pauses to eye roto section appraisingly.) When are you going to start calling?

BILL: (Pulling his seventeen jewel watch from pocket and jumping to his feet) Great guns, man, it's 7 bells. I got to get going on that dial. (He exits right, or wrong, if necessary.)

ACT TWO

Phone booth, four hours later. Bill is slumped in a chair over Bell's notorious invention. Forty-seven cigar butts smoulder at his feet. He looks as though he's been through a hard night. John enters booth with gusto and a bang.

JOHN: How's things, old top?

BILL: (Listlessly, his face sagging as faces are apt to sag after four hours in any telephone booth.) I should get in at the Phi Phi house within an hour now.

JOHN: Had anything to eat?

BILL: Yes, (Dialing for 961st time). One of the freshmen slipped me a doughnut and a cup of coffee at 10:39. I'll make it. (On hearing usual busy signal he grasps receiver hook feebly and pulls down.)

JOHN: Anything I can do?

BILL: Bring me a cold cloth for my head and some iodine to put on my finger where the dial cut it. (John exits.)

ACT THREE

Same setting ten minutes later. Bill is prostrate on floor. John kneeling over him sprinkling water on his pale brow. Crowd of others surge around door.

VOICE: What happened, Johnnie?

JOHN: 'S terrible, men. He managed to get a connection with the tri Phis in four hours and ten minutes, a record. Never made in less than five before. It was too much for him and he fainted.

MORAL, if any: Sororities, dormitories, women's and men's rooming houses, to say nothing of fraternities, could afford to install at least two telephones. Time saved would more than pay.

Several "powerful" students are said to have evidenced a measure of wonderment at The Nebraskan's commendatory editorial on the Kosmet Klub Friday. But that's just another indication that campus rumors, like politicians' predictions, don't always pan out as expected.

After all, it's the fence straddler and back slapper who really achieves "success" on the campus. The fellow with definite policies and convictions is checked every time he moves.

Word comes now that the interfraternity council has never been recognized by the student council. We always thought there was something officially wrong.

Despite earnest pleadings of The Daily Nebraskan news writers that "sparks of brewing spirit must burst into flames," the campus still seems to be intact.

Pershing rifles pledges have been announced. Looks like qualifications, and not politics, must have been the determining factor this time.

And there are still just as many good students outside as there are poor students inside the walls of Greek letter mansions.

Publicity hounds have to share space with others now that the Cornhusker has begun publication of studio appointments.

A Student Looks at Public Affairs.

By DAVID FELLMAN.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann. Macmillan, 1929. 248 p. THIS latest product of the brilliant editor of the New York World is a best seller throughout the country. The title is alluring to a generation which is having so much trouble with its morals, and of course the name of the author has a great market value.

Mr. Lippmann has contributed vitally to the virility and penetration of current American thought. But this book cuts a sorry and lamentable figure along with such able playmates as "A Preface to Politics," "Public Opinion," and "Men of Destiny."

Mr. Lippmann has no peer when he writes on current political problems and public personalities. His "Public Opinion" is an important contribution to American political and social analysis. But this "Preface to Morals" is far out of the range of his remarkable powers.

There isn't a single new or original idea in the book, and whatever is presented isn't done particularly well. His show of learning merely spends itself in a tortuous maze of infernally long sentences.

Mr. Lippmann goes over the hackneyed theme that the "acids of modernity" have eaten into the framework of orthodox religion. Having reached the very generally accepted conclusion that religion "ain't what it used to be," he goes on to point out that man has, as a result, lost his bearings, his sense of security and sureness of existence, which is also a truism.

Then he ventures to suggest that the way to happiness, now that the religious path is obliterated, lies in developing an objective point of view in life, "disinterestedness" is the word. This, also, is an old philosophic vehicle.

This new book of Lippmann's worries us. We are very much afraid that Walter Lippmann, having made some excellent and highly successful studies, is getting that dangerous reforming itch which so many successful men get. When a man leaves the art in which he excels, and starts to lead the world along the path of righteousness and happiness, there are danger signs ahead.

This is exactly what happened to H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells was once a first class novelist, but he became afflicted with the Messianic urge, with the result that whereas he once wrote artistic and widely appreciated novels, he is now writing insufferable diatribes, secular bibles, and encyclopedic history. He is a good example of the maxim that art and reform make impossible bed fellows.

Mr. Lippmann is a better political observer than he is reformer. If he has the Messianic itch, he would do well to put a little salve on it, and forget it, rather than scratch deeper.

OF all the brazen acts which have ever been perpetrated in Washington, where such acts are common, the recent stunt of Senator Bingham ranks with the best of them. Senator Bingham, a former Yale professor, is an old guard republican from the good old republican state of Connecticut, where virtue is of the stern New England sort.

The honorable Mr. Bingham, a member of the senate finance committee, was appointed to a subcommittee which was to work on a revision of the textile schedule. Mr. Bingham needed an expert to help him and his subcommittee in their deliberations. So he chose Charles L. Eyanson, who was kindly "loaned" to him by the Connecticut Manufacturers association, of which Mr. Eyanson was secretary.

It was bad enough to have a paid hireling of the manufacturers association sit in on the secret meetings of the subcommittee. But Senator Bingham made a complete job of it, and put the expert on the government payroll, with a substantial salary. That hurts; it's like rubbing salt into a bad wound.

PRESIDENT Hoover has chosen the most important members of the American delegation to the coming naval limitations conference in London. Secretary of State Stimson will be the chairman of the group. The other two will be Senator Reed, republican from Pennsylvania, and Senator Robinson, democrat from Arkansas.

It is known that Senator Borah had been offered a place on the delegation, and that he had definitely refused to go. It is his belief that senators should not participate in the formulation of treaties.

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upon which they will later be called upon to pass judgment. There doesn't appear to be much logic to this strict interpretation of the more or less obsolete doctrine of the separation of powers.

President Hoover's appointment of two senators, one from each party, to represent the United States in an international conference, is not a novel step. He is following the precedent set by President Harding, who chose Senators Lodge and Underwood to sit in the naval arms conference of 1921.

MANY LITTLE FOLKS VISIT MORRILL HALL

'Footsteps of Progress' is Picture Shown With Museum Talk.

Two hundred and twenty-five children attended the showing of a moving picture "Footsteps of Progress," and a lecture given by Miss Marjorie Shanafelt, in Morrill hall auditorium Saturday morning, Oct. 26, at 9 a. m. The lecture by Miss Shanafelt dealt with the various types of footwear worn by people from ancient times to the present day, and the evolution of the shoe.

During the first fifteen minutes of the program, songs arranged by Carol Wirts to fit museum subjects, were sung by the group. These programs are given under the direction of Miss Marjorie Shanafelt, curator of visual education in the university.

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Dean C. J. Ferguson Receives Invitation

Dean C. J. Ferguson of the college of engineering received an invitation to attend the master ring laying of the U. S. army airship ZR 8-4 at Airship Dock, Akron, O., Oct. 21, but was unable to attend the program. The invitation was extended by the president of the Goodyear-Zeppelin corporation.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAN VISITS CAMPUS

L. H. Means, representing the General Electric company, was on the campus Tuesday of last week meeting senior mechanical and electrical engineers who will be eligible for graduation in February. Nebraska is 208 miles wide and its extreme length is 465 miles.

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