

THE DAILY NEBRASKAN

Station A, Lincoln, Nebraska
OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA
Published Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday mornings during the academic year.

reporter to "get the facts," and of the severe penalties of reportorial carelessness.
Perhaps, if the professor would himself emulate the poor reporter, and try his best to get all the facts of the case, he might not be so harsh in his judgments.

BETWEEN THE LINES
By LASELLE GILMAN.

ONE of the little ironies of life: Last week was called "spring vacation." It rained all the time and students missed three days of school.

BUZZ AND BALONEY.

TODAY, no doubt, sponsors of this university's unlicensed but worthy successor to the Awgwan.

Now that these unscrupulous individuals who originally termed themselves, the Gadflies, have given vent to their misguided passions in three issues of excoriating and virulent libel, a brief review of what they have written is interesting.

Two alleged grafts, clothed in Webster's best adjectives, were described in detail. Investigation proved that previous irregularities had been corrected and that the insidious insinuations were untrue.

Any student with an inch of character would never write such scurvy rot. How the Gadflies can criticize others in such scathing language for their shortcomings and have a consistent conscience is hard to understand.

An example of further inconsistency in their diatribe is shown in the criticism of The Nebraskan. When founded on fact or when expressing a difference in opinion, criticism is welcomed.

Just why the attack on the campus doghouse is resented is a prize example of this inconsistency. If Nebraska and the Gadflies want a beautiful campus, the first thing that should be done is to remove the canine experimental station to some remote corner and to tear down the shanty appended to Pharmacy hall.

The principle pain suffered by the Gadflies pertains to the Innocents society, which by a coincidence, was seceded by The Nebraskan the morning that the Gadflies reiterated their plea for a courageous editor. The Gadflies in their envy have come to regard the Innocents society in an ultra-important light.

But ho hum! Such a defense of The Nebraskan's position may give the Gadflies an exultant conception of their importance. Their publication has come to be considered an interesting campus joke.

IF third quarterly examination marks are the lowest yet, there are plenty of excuses: A three-day spring vacation which allows a fellow to get rested up from his trip home just in time to start back to school, Engineers week, Farmers fair, and Ivy day with its slugging of Innocents and game of peek-aboo among Mortar Boards.

FROM the looks of the arena, the May Queen had better wear mud-guards for Ivy day festivities and expectant Innocents catcher's masks so they won't get a mouthful of mud when they "bite the dust."

SPEAKING of the weather for Ivy day, we would rather get a little hot-headed during the ceremonies on June 1 than sit in water puddles on the bleachers the first of May.

THE professor who says the average college student has a vocabulary of 700 words has never heard a driver of a collegiate whoopee cuss in a traffic jam.

HEREWITH is presented the shortest poem on record which characterizes a national situation: "Wet yet."

STUDENTS will be strong for a postponed Ivy day. It would mean another day without classes.

The Student Pulse

Signed contributions pertinent to matters of student life and the university are welcomed by this department. Opinions submitted should be brief and concrete.

DELIBERATE DELIBERATION.

To the editor: A few weeks ago, Mr. Editor, you proposed to the university authorities that the unused parking space along the south end of the drill field reserved for faculty members be opened up for university students in an effort to help solve the parking problem.

L. F. Seaton's reply was that the space was being used by professors and that there were a number of faculty members of lesser rank who were entitled to it before students. He intimated that the space might be opened up to those of the faculty who weren't at that time entitled to it and said if this were done it would relieve the situation by making more space where those instructors now park their cars.

But that was where the matter ended. Evidently it was nothing but a lot of talk—rosy promises. Nebraska lads and lassies are famed for their robustness and good health. But is that any reason why they should walk blocks and blocks to school simply because they can not find a parking space for their cars?

Alas, alack, to get her back to bed by twelve-fifteen. We have to gobble down our grub. Although we split our spleen.

All time and tide we cast aside To pacify the dean, And though the girl is twenty-eight We treat her as sixteen.

Yes, though the crowd does cry aloud, It can be easily seen, Twelve-thirty is the right time—but We shake at twelve-fifteen.

THIRTY-NINE more days till parole. Six weeks. Thirty school days. One month. Nine hundred and thirty-six hours. Fifty-six thousand, one hundred and sixty seconds. One-third of this time spent in sleep—maybe. One can hardly blame the convicts for making this the year of the big prison outcasts.

OH YES, we went out to "work on a paper." We got a lot of practice and experience—in dodging the measles. The town was full of 'em and we moved three times in two weeks, and later learned we'd already had 'em.

It was a Danish, Polish, and Bohemian community. We had to read proof on the local items. The editor told us, after we'd practically gone batty, to see that the name had a "sen," or a "wicz" or a "ski" on the end of it and let it go at that.

WE'D like to meet this card who writes student opinions about smoking on the campus. We'll wager he's from Kansas, his mother is a W. C. T. U. member, his father belongs to the Anti-Saloon league, and he'll wind up in the Moody Bible institute. Tak, tak, brother. How would you like to fry yourself a handful of ice!

Big shots, red hots, greasy-grinds and handshakers, N men, lend men, coffee cakes and ear-achers, Freshmen, stale men, politicians and music-makers, Good guys, bad guys, actors and ticket takers.

It takes all kinds to make up a campus. Some are nil and some are mighty. Most are good—but deliver me from The lame-brained skates who say, "All righty!"

SOME one from Europe is ranting around the U. S. on a lecture tour, telling us how terrible our universities are. Lecturers generally tell us something we already know anyway. He says that the American university is like the American drugstore, where pills and prescriptions take a back place, and the soda fountain and magazine rack shine out. We prefer that kind of a drugstore and that kind of a university. There's swell reading in the magazines, and the fountain is full of untold wonders.

WHAT would he have us do? Emulate the German universities, where the students wear uniforms, drink great steins of beer, and engage in saber duels? The beer idea wouldn't be so bad, but how would it look to have the editor of The Nebraskan and the editor of Fire and Sword out in front of Soc Sci slashing at one another with sabers? On second thought, that wouldn't be so bad, either. We'd like to see who won.

We could get up duels between heads of departments and have a field day. The deans could have it out, one and for all. Those girls competing for the various queenships could have at one another with orange sticks. I hereby challenge the author of The Big Six Shooter to a duel at twenty paces with hot cross buns.

WE sallied forth the other night to see "Sob Sister" and to discover in what manner our managing editor beat us in the gentle art of play writing. Herewith we doff our eyeshade to him. "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din." We have definitely decided we shan't try to grab off Eugene Field's place in American literature.

THE Nebraskan reporter went about asking the journalism seniors what they thought of the trip. As we were not to be found at the time, the reporter reported us as saying: "I was very well satisfied with the trip." How insipid! Oh, reporter, if you only knew what we think!

ENGINEERS rig up a cement mixer on the campus. Placid Laws, forgetting their rich heritage, allow the cement mixer to stand as is. What is the world coming to? Is the old fight gone from the ranks of future barristers?

WHAT has become of our Noble Experiment, we are asked. And we answer frankly: Competition may be the spice of life, but who can conduct a freedom experiment with any weight to it under a signed head when his rivals can say what they think unsigned? We are simply left out of the running and our experiment is overshadowed. We needs must return to our trivial drivel.

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INTERSORORITY SING JUDGES ARE NAMED

Mrs. Gutzmer, Miss Robins, Gray to Review Annual Music Compet.

Mrs. Maude F. Gutzmer, Herbert Gray, and Edith L. Robins will be the judges of the annual intersorority sing sponsored by the A. W. S. board. Sixteen sororities have entered the traditional sing to be held on Ivy day.

At least a majority of the group are to be represented in the sing. The participation of the women is limited to active members and pledges. Judges will favor group singing to quartet and solo, although these are allowed, and the sororities are permitted to have directors. The groups may costume as they please.

A cup will be presented to the winner, and honorable mention will be given to the groups placing second and third. Delta Zeta sorority won the cup on the last two occasions, and may keep the cup on the third successive win, according to the rules.

The judging will be conducted on the basis of ensemble, balance with parts, appearance and selection, phrasing and interpretation, and tone quality. Each presentation will be judged on the basis of the hundred percent standard, twenty points for each of the five qualifications.

MILESTONES AT NEBRASKA

1925. About five hundred students voted at the annual election for Student Council and Publication Board members. Miss Harriet Towne discussed vocations for women at vespers. Fraternities and sororities very ably assisted the stadium committee in collecting due pledges.

1920. The debating team left for Iowa City to discuss the League of Nations question. Coach Schulte and the track team left for Philadelphia. The Pershing Rifles reorganized and elected new officers.

1915. The Nebraskan published an eight page Engineer's edition. 1910. Nebraska defeated the Highland Park baseball team of Des Moines, 17 to 6. Miss Howell read two selections at a Y. W. C. A. noon meeting. The Komensky club presented a musical and dramatic program.

1905. The baseball team defeated Colorado, 9 to 1. The glee club returned from a successful tour, which included seven Nebraska towns. A large number of track candidates attended a meeting in Dr. Clapp's office.

TRADITIONAL IVY DAY CEREMONIES FULLY ARRANGED

(Continued from Page 1.) vote of the junior and senior women earlier in the year. The two pages will then escort to the throne the winner of the Ivy day poem contest, and she will read her poem. Following this the ceremony of the planting of the ivy, with the senior and junior class presidents participating, will be held.

May Pole Revived Formerly the May Pole was a

traditional feature of the Ivy Day services, and though it has been omitted during the past few years, it will be revived again this year. Sue Hall, a member of Mortar Board, has coached a group of ten physical education majors, and they will complete the morning's ceremony with the May Pole dance. Contrary also to previous custom, at least in recent years, there will be no recessional.

During the procession of the daisy and ivy chains a chorus of picked voices will sing the Ivy day chant, and during the rest of the ceremony the R. O. T. C. band will play.

Intersorority Sing. Afternoon events will start at 1:00 with the intersorority sing which is being sponsored by the A. W. S. board. At 2:30 the Ivy day oration, with Russell Mattson, senior law student as Ivy Day orator, elected in a previous election.

At 2:50 Katherine Willis Coleman will introduce the purpose of Mortar Board, and the present active chapter will go out one at a time to mask their successors. As they start out, the Mortar Board song will be sung by the University girl's octette. At 3:45 it is expected that the Innocents will begin to tap their members.

SAWYER'S RAINWEAR
Ask your dealer to show you the very latest style in water-wear garments.
The Sawyer "Femin" Trench-weight Rain Coat was designed for college men and women.
This coat weighs only 20 ounces.
A great garment for summer wear.
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"THE BEST DRESSED MAN"
It takes more than a startling array of haberdashery and the impeccable taste of a Beau Brummel to carry off the proud title of "best dressed man" of the senior class. Don't forget that health is a vitally important factor. Shredded Wheat adds that glow of health that makes splendid raiment becoming. Mineral salts and bran to promote a good complexion—carbohydrates and proteins for energy and freshness—vitamins for pep and vigor. Try a biscuit or two tomorrow morning—delicious with milk or cream, and a few slices of your favorite fruit.

SHREDDED WHEAT
Illustration of a Shredded Wheat box and a bowl of cereal.

Blow the Whistle
Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing
-for the Pause that refreshes
When you suffer from large and undiluted doses of your fellows. When the milk of human kindness seems to sour. Blow the whistle for a minute's "time out" on your own account, to pause and refresh yourself.
In other words, go into a huddle with a glass or bottle of refreshing, delicious Coca-Cola. It will make you captain of your soul again, ready to live—or die—for the dear old alma mater.
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

AT ITS BEST.

TONIGHT the university is making an effort to emphasize high scholarship in its second annual Honors convocation at which students and organizations whose grade percentages have been considerably above the average will be recognized for meritorious school work.

The motive behind the Honors convocation is worthwhile, even though the so-called honors are based on grades—which The Nebraskan has insisted do not truly indicate scholarship.

Honors convocation, however, is a sincere attempt to promote high scholarship. It is an effort in the right direction. Until last year there was no special event at which scholarship was raised to an exalted position. Students got together for rallies, football banquets, amateur theatrical performances and the like, but scholarship as a part of school life received no recognition.

Students who were toiling over their books and who were trying to get some learning out of four years at college were forgotten in the mad swirl of other activities which outwardly are more intriguing. Parents of students received only the negative slant on student life—not the positive aspect. They were mailed notices of the scholastic delinquencies of their sons and daughters, but never were informed when their children made especially commendable records.

EDUCATION OR ACTIVITIES?

College activity men have come in for their share of satirical censure in recent newspaper editorials and magazine articles. Prominent authors have suggested that the men elected as "most likely to succeed," because of their prominence in collegiate affairs, are usually weighted down by their lack of education. Philanthropic services performed by them in college have taken all of their time, leaving educational pursuit in the dim background.

In the mad rush for publicity, honor and glory, a certain type of college man loses sight of the fact that his four years in an educational institution should be preparing him for life. Feeling that he is working for the good of his alma mater, he spends his days in committee sessions and organization meetings. He awakens on a bright June morning to find himself in the cruel world with nothing to show for his four years but a degree and a mass of inconsequential activities.

Extra-curricular endeavors are a valuable supplement to the collegiate education. When they cease to become the supplement and, are placed before the actual business of education, however, the result is usually disastrous.

Luncheon clubs the world over are filled with former B.M.O.C.'s who are struggling to make ends meet. Had they taken their education seriously and their politics and activities in proper doses, their equipment might be adequate for some accomplishment other than after dinner speaking.

SHAME ON COLLEGE.

EDUCATORS, colleges and college educated men took a rap on the nose recently in an article written by Weldon Melick, Nebraska graduate, in the Open Coast. Mr. Melick, to quote the explanation appearing before his article: "got an A. B. degree from the University of Nebraska, threw it in the garbage can, and took a job as an office boy in a moving picture studio over a year ago. He is now the youngest contract title and dialogue writer in Hollywood."

This prodigy from the corn state gives his answers to the very unusual question: "S'Matter with College?" It is a trifle difficult to tell just what is wrong in particular, from Mr. Melick's verbal concert, but everything in general seems to be somewhat haywire.

College graduates face the world with a severe handicap, Melick thinks. They must spend their first few years in an underhanded attempt to disguise the fact that they received college degrees, after which they must live down the evil educational influences imposed upon them.

Particularly bothered is Mr. Melick over the "smatterings of this and that" that come with a college education—rather than some definite thing that will stick. College never has and never will pretend to give anyone all the preparation necessary for a life work. What college should do, what it endeavors to do, is to open the door of knowledge to the student and to inspire him to learn to think.

Of course college doesn't do this to everyone, and some—like Melick—emerge without catching the gist of what it's all about. But there are others, and many of them, who have glimpsed the vision of a true education through their college careers. These are the people who can appreciate the value of four years at a university.

NOSES FOR NEWS.

CALLING all that one reads in the average daily newspaper "nothing but a pack of lies," Prof. Paul H. Grumann vehemently denounced newspaper folk in a recent class discussion. He called attention to "the worthlessness of the average reporter," and said that "nine out of ten were reporters because they were unable to become anything else."

His attention was directed to the news cult in reviewing one of Ibsen's plays for a class in Continental drama. The village printer, Aslaken, is sketched as dishonest, worthless, and a hopeless victim of self-pity. While calling the present situation in the newspaper world quite hopeless, however, Professor Grumann did hold a faint ray of sunshine for the future. He believes the school of journalism may in time remedy the ills of the daily paper.

The professor evidently does not know that each story goes through a long and careful editing process before it finally appears in print—that all facts are carefully checked at each stop. He is ignorant of the "office education" given each cub