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Getting It From All Sides.

Miss Ruth Hatfield resigned from Mortar Board because, she says, she was firmly convinced that it does not justify its own existence. She was looking for an organization that would be active—render service in campus activities. She found an honorary, pure and simple. Because she was looking for an organization that Mortar Board is not, and has never desired to be, she left. She is not to be blamed, although she was mistaken. Mortar Board is not to be blamed, either, for continuing in its traditional role of honorary rather than service group.

Now, however, the resigner is getting it from all sides. She is getting what appears to be the worst of it. "Unethical." "A quitter," are two of the titles awarded her, free of charge. Her action was "unjustifiable."

While the contributor is distributing titles gratis, he refuses to bestow that of "publicity seeker"—very specifically. . . We have our own ideas on that point. He protests just a bit too much.

Naturally enough, Miss Hatfield will continue to gather unto herself an ever increasing assortment of choice titles. It's part of the game, we guess. If one resigns from an organization, publicly, one must expect many novel names. . .

Naturally enough, we expect this tirade from well-meaning alumnae and friends of Mortar Board to go on and on, for days. We fondly hope it will not. Mortar Board has nothing to gain from such publicity—and we doubt if the resigner has.

It would be well for Mortar Board, in this incident, to stop and consider that efforts of the many friends of the society to discredit the motives of such a "quitter" will reflect no appreciable amount of honor or credit to the honorary. More harm will be done Mortar Board by such efforts than good.

Either the students realize that Mortar Board is serene and unbothered by such incidents, or they do not.

If they do not, their confidence in Mortar Board will certainly not be restored by an epidemic of "calling names." The epidemic has evidently begun. We hope Mortar Board will have the good sense to stop it if possible.

The Nebraskan sees no grounds for questioning the motives of Miss Hatfield, or her sincerity in choice of methods.

Mortar Board is no service group. She was mistaken in looking for a thing that never existed, and never will. . . But we too rather wish that Mortar Board really did things. There are too many honoraries, and too few working societies on this complacent campus.

The Latest Sport Of a Crowded Age.

Have you tried the latest sport—that of trying to dance at a spring party where no door cards were issued? If you have not, you are missing one of the best bumpety bump diversions on the campus. You take three steps, bump, stop, then take three more. And you are not waltzing, either.

Trying to dance at a downtown spring party where no effort is made to keep out the crashers is worse than . . . well, anyway it is bad. Awful. And as for checking riots—they do not begin to compare with the difficulty of attempting to gracefully glide over a dance floor when all the time you are expecting a ram from any side which usually comes and which is, to say the least, very unpleasant. It is disgruntling to the good dancers. And to the bad it is terrible.

One remedy for the situation is to issue door cards, and not admit anyone without one. This, The Nebraskan suggests, should be done by every university organization at their large parties for the sake of their guests as well as themselves. It is disconcerting, however, to try to make out a bid list whose size would decently conform to one of the downtown ball rooms and still get every name on the list you would like.

Of course, there is the coliseum. Yes, indeed, what an idea! There is the coliseum providing it has not already been engaged by the hardware dealers, the firemen or some of the other loyal(?) followers and supporters of the university! And providing the party givers have the high fee necessary for using the place! And providing the people who go want to dance in a structure which is too large for even the large university parties and which is not fitted acoustically for a ball room!

What is the solution then? A student union building. A structure would have a ball room large enough to care for large parties but would still not be too large. An edifice with

a ball room built for dancing, having acoustic properties which would hold the music in, having a floor smooth enough so that even the worst dancers could keep from stubbing their toes.

The proposed union building would have a ball room like this besides many other desirable facilities for students and alumni.

Really, it wouldn't be bad to go to a party once where there was actually enough room to dance without dinking your life in the attempt. The only temporary solution, as The Nebraskan sees it, is to issue door cards and insist on each guest having one at the door of entrance. The only permanent solution, The Nebraskan believes, which will allow large gatherings to dance under the most desirable conditions is to erect a student union building.

Are Nebraska students progressive enough and desiring enough of the pleasures which would come with a student union to build one? Will they get out and fight for something which will be not for them alone, but for posterity too? The answer lies largely with Nebraska students.

Poor Ray Ramsay! Five hundred dollars subscribed to the union at the senior class meeting and three classes yet to meet.

Hurrah for Better Murder Mysteries!

The Nebraskan always thought Nebraska students were bargain snatchers—that they would cop a buy simply because it was a buy whether they had any immediate use of their purchase or not. That is the mark of a good business man—to buy something which will have value in the future, if not at the present, when it is offered reasonably. But evidently the students are not such good business men and women as we supposed they were.

The Prairie Schooner, one of the finest high class magazines of the middlewest which is edited at this university, is offered for one dollar a year. The offer includes four numbers, making each cost only twenty-five cents. This is probably the cheapest any magazine of this type has ever been offered. It is a bargain and is useful at present to boot. The Southwest Review, a magazine of similar type but not nearly as great reputation, sells for three dollars. And so the comparing could go on. The Prairie Schooner, cheap as it is, is thrust under the very noses of Nebraska students and they refuse to buy.

The magazine has a good circulation throughout Nebraska and surrounding states. But not more than 100 out of 500 copies issued quarterly are sold on the campus. And the 100 includes both faculty and students.

It seems like something should be done when a magazine of good reading which has attained not only national but international fame does not sell on the very campus where it is produced. It does not seem right that a high type magazine like this should have to be dealt with in such cold figures. But such is the case.

The Nebraskan suggested a few days ago that if every fraternity and sorority on the campus would take one subscription to the magazine its circulation would be materially increased. Five men and two babies were killed in the rush for subscriptions, following printing of the editorial.

One dollar for a whole fraternity is a small sum to ask. There must not be any financial reason for the lack of buying. It must be, then, that the western thrillers and detective stories have gotten a firmer grasp on collegiate readers than was thought.

Well, it is fun to sit down and become entranced with the shootings of One-Eyed Bob or the murder of Queenie. And since the Schooner does not print such things, how can you expect students to buy it?

It's a Waste of Time.

Some students were wearing long, sorrowful faces about yesterday. Grade cards for the past semester were in the mails and delivered to the students yesterday. Could there be any connection between these two? Could it be that some students got lower grades than they expected and wanted? Can it be that the marks were so dissatisfactorily low that it made the receivers of them sad? Surely not.

But if it is, by some miracle, the case, The Nebraskan is alarmed. Students should not worry or care about low grades, conditions, anything. Life is too short for trying to learn anything out of books. The four years at college should be one uninterrupted festival of play. No books should be cracked at all during that period. All any college student should do is slide through the best way possible—if passing marks of sixty and seventy are gotten, all right. If failures are gotten, don't worry. School is a place to play—not worry.

Old fog professors are the only ones who should waste any time over books. Studying is taboo. Therefore, The Nebraskan is alarmed if some students are apparently grieving over grades. It sincerely hopes this is not the case. And if, by some peculiar chance, it is, The Nebraskan hopes the above advice will be taken home by all.

Studying?—pooh.

MORNING MAIL

We Need Teamwork—Not Quitters.

TO THE EDITOR:
 Without accusing Miss Ruth Hatfield of seeking publicity and granting that she may have had what she considers ample reasons for resigning from Mortar Board, I cannot but feel that her action was unethical.

After being duly initiated into the honorary, and after enjoying the privileges and secrets of that organization for almost a year, she found that it would be hypocrisy for her to continue in membership. Did it take her that long to find out? Perhaps the political maneuvers of the organization disgusted her, but she must have known something about the club when she accepted it. After the May Queen scandals of the past two years, she couldn't have accepted the honor in entire ignorance.

Did Miss Hatfield go into Mortar Board as a

revolutionizing angel, hoping to remodel things in her brief time?

Failing this, she resigned.

If she could no longer enjoy membership and retain her self respect, why not drop out quietly instead of subjecting the organization to a deluge of unfavorable publicity? Will that help the organization and serve as a "gesture" to uplift other campus activities? I doubt it. She cannot contend that the publicity—not that it constituted her motive—was unintentional, for she prepared lengthy statements for the press.

None of our organizations is perfect. But the members, having accepted the cloak, should try their level best to improve them. If Mortar Board wasn't good enough for Miss Hatfield, she should have fought until the bitter end to bring it up to her standard. We need teamwork—not quitters.

Suppose a football player fights during the first half; but the rest of the team isn't going as well as that particular man. What would Miss Hatfield think of him if he threw up his hands in disgust and walked off the field at a critical moment? This is a critical moment for Mortar Board.

Instead of showing underclassmen the shallowness of student activities and the uselessness of attempting to improve condition around here, Miss Hatfield has shown some-

thing rather unethical about herself. It was unjustifiable. She was a Mortar Board—one doesn't resign from organizations to improve them.

AN ACTIVITY MAN.

College Comment

You Know Lots Like This.

These persons who tell everything—these persons who want to reveal their real selves to everyone they meet, to make father confessors of every passerby! There's at least one in every office, in every class, in every club, at every dinner party. And there's a little bit of him in everyone.

Typing to the tune of "and I was so hurt when she said that;" lectures to the subdued lilt of a neighbor's "that guy's got a grudge again me—giving me a D minus;" bridge to the babbling of "so I told Mary if she couldn't dry the dishes right, she could get out;" soup synchronized with "if I were handling that job, I would . . ."

Crystal pools of honesty, wells of self-expression, pillars of American conversation—there should be a law against them.—Daily Lowan.

DR. AVERY RETURNS FROM EUROPEAN TOUR

Declares Countries There In Same Condition as Over Here.

"Most European countries are in relatively the same condition we are here," declared Dr. Samuel Avery upon his return to Nebraska from a 16,000 mile trip through North America and Europe. Dr. Avery is chancellor emeritus and professor of research in chemistry at the university.

While there is a similarity of conditions, continued Dr. Avery, Americans have the advantage of a richer country and are not as hard up as Europeans. In every European country, with the exception of France, he found unemployment and hard times accompanying low prices and little buying. In France, on the other hand, there is great activity and unemployment is not serious. He found that Italy was the only country with militaristic tendencies.

"When I was in Europe in 1896," said Dr. Avery, "only the rich could afford a horse and buggy while in America everyone had one. This time I found they were as relatively backward. Now only the wealthy have a car, while in the United States there are millions of them. They know about labor saving devices but they are not in general use."

Several other university faculty members have returned recently from Europe where they spent time in study and travel. Among these are Dr. F. M. Fling who spent a year studying European history; Dr. Zora Schupp, who spent a year studying in France; and Dr. E. J. Pool, who spent part of the past summer in European study. Others traveled abroad for pleasure as well as study.

WESLEY PLAYERS TO GIVE PLAY IN FRIEND TONIGHT

Prof. Floy Hurlbut of the geography department will accompany the Wesley Players to Friend this evening to speak before the Epworth league of that place. Following this meeting, a play, "A Sacrifice Once Offered," will be given by the Players. Miss Hurlbut is a former missionary to China and will tell of her experiences in that country. She will also be one of the chaperones for the group.

"A Sacrifice Once Offered" has been given in a number of towns in the state and has also been presented in Lincoln at several churches. This is the annual trip to Friend, where one three act religious drama is given by this group each year.

IOWA EXPERIMENT STATION CARRIES ON 400 PROJECTS

AMES, Iowa.—From the time the agricultural experiment station at Iowa state college was established in 1887, it has grown to an institution carrying on more than 400 research projects on various phases of agriculture, according to a recent survey of the program of the station.

The station now includes 12 sections working on major divisions of agricultural problems, with 13 sub-sections.

The income of the station comes from state and federal funds and gifts made by individuals or organizations. The experiment station's work consists of original researches on problems concerning the agricultural industry.

No Man's Land

WHAT is this thing called social position? It's not something elusive, as most people say. It's definite, and it can be darned disadvantageous—for girls. This outburst is called forth by a series of conferences that we have had with several of the most prominent and widely known girls on the campus. These girls have achieved campus fame because of associations in campus activities, social and otherwise, which have meant publicity in many forms.

LET US take the sad case of Susie. Maybe she is Prom girl. Maybe she is Honorary Colonel. Maybe she is a Mortar Board, or maybe she just also ran for lots of things and gained her fame thereby. But anyway, poor Susie! She labors under that burden called social position. So she is seen in public with this heel and that soul and people say "Susie has darn poor taste in men." They seem to think she could have her pick of campus kings if she would. They don't realize that her burden of position gives her little to choose from.

SOMEbody sees Susie on the campus and asks who she is. He finds out that she is Susie and so he is afraid to ask her for a date even if he would especially like to. It's her position he is afraid of. Or perhaps he dreads accusations of dating her for her fame—because everybody always notices who she is with. And that makes it tough for Susie. She has to go with her heels and souls to keep from warming the davenport.

SHE DOES not even have the recourse to blind dates that others can fall back on, because there must be a certain amount of pride connected with that position of hers. And she can't be blamed for this pride either, unless everybody should be condemned for paying any attention to what people say and think about them. Wouldn't it be a choice yowl for those minus the position, and consequently more or less jealous, to say "Hot-shot Susie can't even get herself a date?"

Maybe she is prejudiced against blind dates from painful experience. In this case she is even worse off.

WE ARE NOT being subsidized by the Association of Campus Susies or the oil interests. We aren't even trying to conduct an employment bureau for lonesome college joes. We are just getting sick and tired of that stale howl about Susie's poor taste, and still sicker of the still more moth-eaten custom of envying people who

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 "Facing Campus"

have this thing called social position. Susie has worked and has made a name for herself on the campus. Therefore Susie is more or less ostracized from general circulation. What a break! Who was it said something about it being lonesome on the heights? Maybe he was right.

Greek Council at Columbia Split Up By Internal Strife

A fraternity war which has sent the Interfraternity council on the rocks was precipitated last week at Columbia university when the larger houses demanded that the power of the respective fraternities on the council be proportional to their size.

The trouble, according to a dispatch from New York, began when the student daily translated a recent speech in which Joseph Grundy of Pennsylvania told western senators from states not so thickly populated they "ought to talk darn small" into college language for the edification of fraternities whose equipment consisted of a name, bylaws and a couple of chairs in a dormitory.

Fifteen of the larger fraternities have withdrawn from the council and drawn up an agreement which would provide power according to size. Thirteen fraternities have remained in the council, and one, Beta Theta Pi, has announced independence of any and all groups.

Dolan Completes Mural Painting for Museum

Another mural painting by Miss Elizabeth Dolan in Morrill hall has been finished and will serve as the background for the two short-legged rhinoceroses of the C. H. Morrill collection which are being mounted and set in place this week. The background depicts the rhinoceros in his primitive habitat.

METHODIST COUNCIL HAS BUSINESS MEET

Plans Laid for Regular Meetings and April Fool Party.

Business matters were taken up by the Methodist Student council in their meeting at the Temple cafeteria Friday noon. It was decided to hold a vespers service at Wesley hall, 1417 R street, March 25, at 7 o'clock. It will be open to all students who wish to attend, and will be the first of a series of such meetings. Business meetings will be held once a month in the future. The next is scheduled April 3.

Attention was called to the coming of Bishop Ernest L. Waldorf, Kansas City, who will be on the campus next March 14. A committee was appointed to work on plans for the dinner which will be given in his honor at the Trinity M. E. church that day. Henrietta Becker is chairman of the committee.

Lloyd Watt announced that he would meet his class in visitations at the Wesley Foundation parsonage at 4 o'clock, March 15. The All-Methodist April fool party of March 27, was also called to the attention of the group. The place of the party will be announced soon, according to Miss Bereniece Hoffman, president of the council.

Of Course, a Pleural Dose.

Always remember, double pneumonia is good for two prescriptions.—Pathfinder.

All Souls Unitarian Church

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