## 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.

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice in incoln, Nebraska, under act of congress, March 3, 1879, d at special rate of postage provided for in section 83, act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 20, 1922. Under direction of the Student Publication Board

SUBSCRIPTION RATE Single Copy 5 cents \$1.25 a semester d \$1.75 a semester mailed

\$2 a year Single Copy 5 cents \$1.25 a semester \$3 a year mailed \$1.75 a semester mailed Editorial Office—University Hall 4.
Business Office—University Hall 4A.
Telephones—Day: B-6891; Night: B-6882, B-3333 (Journal)
Ask for Nebraskan editor.



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### The Iron Cow---Dollar.

Making even more drastic cuts than recommended by the Chancellor, the Board of Regents Tuesday slashed approximately \$300, 000 from the university's budget for the present biennium. The amount of all salaries over \$1,000 was cut 10 percent. This item alone will effect a saving of \$100,000 and will affect 686 people. Limiting the number of laboratory assistants, cutting equipment expenditures and reducing maintenance and operation funds will save another \$60,000. Reduction of the number of instructors will save an additional \$18, 000. Summer school instructors will have their salaries cut 5 percent from amounts specified in the regular budget.

These cuts have been necessitated by dimunition of student fees, and by appropriations cut by the state legislature. Department receipts have also contributed to the lowered sources of income, by their decrease.

It is difficult to prophesy the exact effect these decreases will have on the operation of the educational machine. Not until next fall when the machine beigns to operate on the minimum fuel prescribed by the Regents will the outcome be plainly felt. It is certain, however, under the restricted budget that there will be small opportunity for growth. There can be little, if any, progress, and without progress, stagnation and even retrogression looms as a possibility.

Students have never before had brought home to them so forcefully that the almighty dollar is a false deity. The worship which modern culture has accorded materialism has at last turned about and shown its true color. The golden calf has tumbled and institutions of every nation and of every type are wavering upon their foundations.

The depression has struck and the god has failed us. The dollar is all that can aid and it refuses to do so. Because of an extraordinary crisis in the economic history of the world, the social and political history must assume the robes of that same crisis. Because the dollar has failed, every institution in the world is being made to suffer. Somewhere, someone must be laughing at us.

And what can be done? A \$300,000 slash has been made in the budget. Whether the students like it or not a \$300,000 slash has been made in the budget. Whether the instructors like it or not a \$300,000 slash has been made in the budget.

### These Class Presidencies.

Class presidents are still with us!

The Student Council Wednesday evening allowed the matter to be tabled after slight consideration of the committee's report. The Council stated that it wished to wait until after the Big Six conference of Student council whether their undergraduates actually know representatives here. The committee's report consisted of the fol-

lowing points:

1. Effective next year have senior class president be elected for one year and have the following duties: a. Chairmanship of senior announcement committee. b. Establish contacts with alumni for the purpose of furthering roundup week. c. Plant ivy on Ivy Day with junior class president.

2. Have junior class president be elected for one year with the following duties: a. Chairmanship of Junior-Senior Prom committee. b. Planting of ivy on Ivy Day with senior class president.

3. Abolish sophomore and freshman class

presidencies. part of the report and table the second part of train their intellects more thoroly. The Euroit until after the Big Six conference, April 30. This means that the first two points were incorporated into the council's rules and that the brother, who in general knows as little after a freshman and sophomore class presidents still exist as political plums.

So the council really did two things, namely: (1) made the junior class president chairman of the Junior-Senior Prom committee, and (2) system. Often students themselves are aware His name was Ray Long and he extended the upper two class president's terms of the fallacy of trying to compete with a

to a full year. Total work-two plums abolished. Diffi-

culty-four still exist.

The council has brightened the horizon, however, by promising that it will consider the abolition of the lower class heads immediately school graduate, who has not had any of the after the conference. Perhaps something has alleged advantages of university curricula. been done, perhaps not. Whatever can be found that is being done at other schools will admit that the value of education is being not aid the situation at Nebraska. Class presi- much distorted by the grade system, they will dents will not mean much until they have some | increase their potential value, and the Amerifunctions. They can have no functions unless can students will be benefited .- Syracuse there is a class organization. There is none at Daily Orange.

classes are unified to a certain extent on Ivy Day and by the Junior-Senior Prom, but the bonds are fragile. There still is work to be done. It might be wise to perform an operation and remove the lower class offices. But then, there is always time.

And when the picnic season opens up the theme song will be "Slappy Days Are Here

What this campus needs is a good five cent ice that dominates everything he does, in a story of his life told by cup of coffee.

Someday Spirit.

The decision in favor of the organization of the Barb clubs made Tuesday night by the representatives of the unorganized groups indicates another step toward a change in the political situation at the University of Nebraska.

Now if those fifteen men who represented their houses will carry through that plant the earliest possible oportunity and the liaison between the Barbs and the Yellow Jackets is between the Barbs and the Yellow Jackets is tive, said Hunt, but he is still the facts for himtheir houses will carry through that plan at spring elections.

Not only does this new Barb club plan hold forth promises of greater political power, but also of social promise and even economic aids. Organization can work wonders and if the Barbs, as they have signified, can effect an organization which will be bound together for a egitimate purpose they can be powerful.

If representative government on this campus is ever to be effected, the Barbs will have to be paper business and kept on sliding organized. The present system is robbing campus activity and school spirit of its zest. United Press news-gathering or-The alternative plans of realizing the two fra- ganization; and then still kept ternity factions and abolishing factions absolutely have been gone over time and time again. They cannot work at this time. The their allied organizations. only thing left is to organize the non-Greek groups as much as is possible. That is what he was born in a toll-gate house at the negotiations for the purchase the realignment committee instituted by the Innocents society and the Student council is attempting to do at the present time.

The Barbs have shown interest and willing- that he started earning nickels and ness all along the line and as soon as their organizations have been begun then it will be the turn of the fraternity men on the Yellow in the mornings at three and work Jacket side of the fence to go to work. They will have to effect a new organization of their late afternoons he would deliver faction. They will have to make some plans for the assimilation of the Barb group into the porches. faction. They will have to provide for the passing around of the ofices so that one group or the other will not be left out and make the muggy, gray day in Novembersituation as bad as it is now.

The middle point of the whole project has been reached. Steps have been made which was so set on going that he hired indicate that all are interested. There is still a substitute to deliver his papers much to be done, which if done will result in a and trudged out to the Oval. It new spirit, both campus and clique, which will cost fifty cents to get in, and Roy build a greater interest in campus activity that he figured he could crawl which is the real end of the whole project.

And if the Barbs can only build themselves into a strong and efficient working group which can do battle with the entire group of fraternities in a few years, then real spirit will be generated and the goal of the whole project will be realized.

There is some wonder now, not as to where the younger generation is going, but when they rectly into the press box where the city room. A little indinant at are going to get there.

# College Editors Say-

### Fallacious System.

The American system of grades thrusts a etter or a mark on a student in various subjects for four years and, if he hovers about the beginning of the alphabet, with considerable flourish and uttering of great truths, solemnly presents him with a diploma. Thereafter, as far as the universities are concerned, he is an educated, intelligent man. In a few cases he may even be considered cultured.

Obviously, there is something radically wrong with this system of grading. Statistics have shown that the average intelligence of the college graduate is practically on a par with the average freshman. This deplorable fact would seem to prove conclusively that American students are much too grade conscious, which is really the fault of the universities for placing an entirely unwarranted stress on

The attendant evils are legion, cramming, fight against tuberculosis, sudcribbing and copying leading the file. True knowledge is sacrificed to arbitrary marks. General intelligence is not cultivated, in that grades at any price override the value of approach to a subject. Neither the faculties nor the colleges, for the most part, seem to care anything after four years of work, so long as they have procured a certain grade. This negligent attitude is further fostered by the frequency of superficial examinations, most of which are entirely too relative, and emphasized far too much.

Foreign schools have eliminated the grade system with marked success. They have substituted, instead, examinations at the end of three or four years of studying a course, the student having the option of being quizzed when he feels prepared; the only grades given are "passing," and "failing," and "passing with honors." Cramming is made impossible. for it is a most unusual student who could cram successfully three or four years of academic work. Consequently, the graduates The Student council voted to accept the first glean a far better knowledge, culture, and pean student who has worked under this system is a good step ahead of his American one would see him at that time of college career as he did before, all his grades another young man, four or five years older than Roy Howard, who

Native educators have realized this fact, and are now devising a method to replace the grade marking system which minimizes retentive knowledge. It lowers the value of a college education considerably, and places the average college man and woman in an intellectual and cultural sphere little above that of a high men. However, when the American institutions

# Nebraska and can never be. The two upper Roy Howard, Scripps-Howard Leader, Slid From Bottom to Top in Business

sociation with Robert P. Scripps, editorial director of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, was characterized as one of the real and genterized as one of the real and gen-uine liberal forces in American and working for the New York life and was described as having | World. a practical theory of public serv-Frazier Hunt, correspondent and

Hunt drew a graphic picture of young Howard's boyhood and then traced his career as a reporter for the Indianapolis News, as a sports writer for the Indianapolis Star, as assistant cable editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, as assistant maanging editor of the Cincinnati Post, as president of the United Press, and on up to his present position as executive of one of the great chains of daily newspapers

reporter, finding the facts for himself, seeing with his own keen eyes, history in the making.

Frazier Hunt's story, which was presented as one of a series of "Great Personalities, talks on sponsored by the insurance company, follows in full:

Tonight I'm going to tell you a story about a fifteen year old boy who actually "slid" into the newsuntil, when he was twenty-nine, he was made president of the great eight, he was head of all the Scripps-Howard newspapers and

His name is Roy Howard, and was seven his family moved to Indianapolis, and pretty soon after dimes. When ne was fifteen and a sophomore in the manual training high school, he used to get up a morning paper route, and in the his evening papers. He was a crack shot at throwing papers on front

Slides Into Press Box.

One late fall day-a rainy, the Universities of Illinois and Indiana were to play football in Indianapolis at Newby Oval, Roy was such a slight undersized lad over the fence and save the half dollar. On top of the fence was barbed wire but Roy safely negotiated it and jumped on to a steep roof: but the roof was wet and slippery and before he knew it he was sliding down. He landed kerplunk in some strange enclosure. He saw stars and then when he had rubbed them out of his eyes, he looked around. He had slid discribbling out their stories. They picked a few splinters out of him, had a good laugh and then told him to take a seat and enjoy him-self. It was as if he had been turned loose in a candy shop; it was the very essence of thrilling adventure. Here were romantic figures out on the firing line, deep in life and action. That moment this boy, Roy Howard, determined he was going to be a newspaper

It took him some little time to "chisel" his way on to the great "Indianapolis News" as reporter of high school news, but he did it, He still had his two paper routes and, in partnership with Freddie Ferguson, he ran the high school lunch room, and on six nights a week ushered at a theater. He was getting along pretty well when he graduated in February, 1902. Sometimes he would make eight or ten dollars a week from his work as reporter of high school news

Then the blow fell! His father, a conductor on the Big Four railroad, who had been fighting a long denly took a turn for the worse and on a raw day in March died. Becomes Staff Reporter.

There was no money and it was up to this seventeen year old boy, the only child, to care for his mother. That spring he worked even harder than ever. Toward the end of May he pushed in so many columns of high school news that in one week he earned \$35. That was preposterous, and at once the managing editor called him in and fired him from his position as high school reporter, but gave him a regular job on the staff at eight dollars a week. He was a fullfledged newspaper man now, with a silver star having the legend "Reporter 'Indianapolis News'" engraved on it. It looked like a policeman's badge, altho this slender, hundred pound, five foot and a half, seventeen year old boy was far from looking like a police-

Now of course a real reporter could not afford to be caught carrying papers, so he gave up his evening route But he needed the money; so every morning he was up at 3 c'clock with the milkman, delivering his morning papers. No

took a great interest in this ambitious lad. He was sporting editor, was destined to become one of the great magazine editors of America. The friendship that sprang up be-tween these two men has been one of the abiding elements in the life of each of these two successful

Writes Sports for the "Star." That first year Ray Long, out of his superior experience, helped this skinny little Howard boy over many of the bits of stony road every cub reporter has to travel. A year later Roy Howard followed Ray Long to a newly established Indianapolis paper called

NEW YORK.—Roy W. Howard, the "Star" as a sports writer. Here chairman of the board and in association with Robert P. Scripps, Belt readers the first of the easy, slangy, baseball chatter that has become so popular. He

> Then one day he went to Chi-cago and somehow succeeded in seeing the managing editor of the old Chicago "Inter-Ocean." Howard was almost twenty, but he looked sixteen. He was frail and overworked. When he struck the editor for a job, the great man looked him over and with a grin on his lips said: "Young man, you go back to Indiana and when you get old enough so that you can wear those long pants without looking funny, come back and we'll talk about a job."

> It just about broke Roy Howard's heart, and he made up his mind that when he got to be an executive he would see every one who came to him and at least treat the applicant kindly. For eighteen yars on the United Press no man, young or old, was ever turned away who asked to see him.

### Tries for Job on the "World."

Back in Indianapolis he studied issues of the New York they had used west of the Alle-'World" and fed his ambitions to ghanies." be a "World" man some day. On his next holiday he came east and stormed the citadel itself. Every afternoon for ten days he made it his business to go down to Joseph powerful afternoon news service. Pulitzer's "World" and try to talk Foreign news stories written his way into the managing editor's around people, he figured, would right on sliding until, at thirty- office. But he failed. For he was bring something brand new into smaller than most of the office journalism. So he inaugerated a boys and he looked even younger than some of them. Twenty-eight leaders. His own interview with years later he personally conducted Lloyd George was but one of Gano, Hamilton county, Ohio, on of the New York "World," and the New Year's day, 1883. When he night the final agreement was put through he told the sons of Joseph Pulitzer the story of how the former managers of the "World" had refused even to see him.

But I am getting ahead of my young Howard was still determined to make a place for himself on the New York "World." He figured that by going to St. Louis and getting a job on Pulitzer's this military drama, one "Post-Dispatch" he might get into the "World" by the back door. The "Post-Dispatch" put him to work as assistant cable editor, but within a few months he had joined Ray Long as assistant managing editor of the "Cincinnati Post."

Meets Col. McRae, and "E. W." Now, a day or two before he arrived in Cincinnati an irate reader had burst into the city room of the "Post" and blackened the eye of one of the reporters. As a consequence, a railing with a trick gate had been installed. The desk of the new twenty-two year old assistant managing editor was right beside this gate, and one afternoon while he was puting the last edition to bed, old Colonel McRae, part owner of the Scripps-McRae group, came up the stairs and unsuccessfully attempted to open the trick gate that led into three or four sports writers were this new arrangement, and seeing desk, he said gruffly: "What's the idea of this silly gate-what's it for

> Roy, busy with counting the letters on a seven column head, looked up and in his high pitched voice remarked: "It's to keep the children from falling down the stairs." Whereupon the colonel replied, "Well, it looks like it's been put up just in time."

Seven years later, Roy Howard's introduction to the powerful E. W. Scripps was almost as humorous. One of "E. W.'s" sons broughht the young stripling into "the presgentleman lifted up his glasses to his forehead, cocked his good eye, and remarked: "Humph! another little one, eh?"

But Roy Howard was little only in stature. He still had a hankering for New York and with Ray Long to help him he worked out a plan to come to New York and do a daily letter for the six Scripps-McRae papers in Ohio. And so it was that in 1906 he came to the big city that O'Henry called "Bag-dad-on-the-Subway." Before very long he was getting \$33 a week. Then he was told he would receive

The Publishers' Press.

And now comes one of those almost unbelievable tales in a man's life. Mr. Scripps had just bought the Publishers' Press and the Manager came to Roy Howard with a strange proposition. He was to go ahead and do his regular daily letter and theatre articles for the Ohio papers, and also to be the New York Manager of this Publishers' Press. But as part of the agreement, he was to turn back into the struggling Publishers' Press his \$50 salary, and for his double work was to receive only his original \$33. It was an incredible offer, but Roy Howard was far seeing enough to take it. He liked the title, and he liked the idea of getting in on the ground floor of this press association. He believed he could soon make himself so invaluable that he could name his own price. Within three months he was making \$80 a week.

The next step was the formation of the United Press of which Roy was made New York Manager. He was "sliding" easily now! Little by little he added to his duties and to his responsibilities,-and to his salary. Here he met the first man who deeply affected his career, Hamilton B. Clark. Mr. Clark was then Chairman of the Board of the United Press. From this unusual man Roy Howard learned how to handle people, how to be patient with men under him and, even tho he drove them hard, always to be fair and appreciative.

It was Mr. Clark, too, who sent

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him West to see the great E. W. Scripps.

Northcliffe. "Of course, I tearned deal from 'E. W.'." Roy Howard told me the other day. "He taught me that service to the public always pays in the long run; for the public, contrary to popular theory, does appreciate and does well repay the men who faithfully serve it. It wasn't anything philanthropic with Mr Scripps. He had simply worked out a theory that in journalism it pays to serve the people rather than some special interest, or party, or advertiser. It was the greatest lesson of my life.

In 1912, when Roy Howard was twenty-nine, he was made President of the United Press. Now began the great expansion of this news service. During the first year of the World War he met Lord Northcliffe, the famous English newspaper publisher. "Northcliffe showed me," Mr. Howard explained, "that the same emotions and appeals and technique that in journalism are required to interest people in one section of the country, will interest them in any other section, that people are fundamentally the same everywhere, and that you can apply the same rules and theories to big city journalism that you can to country journal-ism. Northcliffe made it clear to me that the Scripps papers could invade the great eastern cities with the same ideas and ideals that

But Roy Howard, at that time, wasn't dreaming much about Scripps newspapers. He was dreaming about building up a great and series of interviews with the war the scores of famous newspaper 'beats.'

Still the Reporter.

Then America entered the World war. Roy Howard was here, there and everywhere. Personally I shall never forget an evening in late October, during the great Meusetale. Returning to Indianapolis Argonne drive, when just back from a tour of the front, I met Roy Howard. He was still a real reporter, eager, hungry for infor-mation, seeing with his own eyes this military drama, one of the

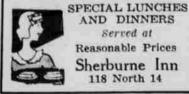
In these thirteen years since then, I have run across Roy Howard in a score of places over the world. A year or two ago we spent three or four days together in Moscow; and there, too, he was

still the reporter, finding the facts for himself, seeing with his own

keen eyes, history in the making. I could go on and talk about this unusual man all evening; how in 1920, when he was just turned thirty-eight, he was shunted over to the Scripps-McRae papers, that two years later were to become the Scripps-Howard papers; how in the last few years he has invaded the east with papers in Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore and finally in New York City; how a year ago he bought the York "World" and merged it with his "Evening Telegram" to make one of the sensational newspaper successes in the history of American journalism; how he has become the brilliant organizer and imaginative executive; how his practical theory of public service still dominates everything he does; and how he is one of the real and genuine liberal forces in American

These are all notable accomplishments, but I have only enu-merated them in passing. For it is Roy Howard the fearless fighter, the wise and humorous human being, and the loyal friend, who appeals to me. If he is not a real American, then all I can say it that I have never met one.

Street singing followed by passing the hat is the means of support used by some University of Berlin students.



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# Muffs

WENT OUT OF STYLE YEARS AGO!

WHEN steam-heated houses and closed automobiles came into style, red flannels and ear muffs went out. Time was when people protected themselves against the weather with all sorts of heavy clothing on the outside - and all kinds of hot, heavy foods on the inside.

But no longer! Now, you'll find that winters seem much milder - and most of it is due to modern living conditions. That's why crisp, ready-to-eat flakes at breakfast are such a healthful dish. You feel better, work better, and enjoy your meal more.

Try a bowl of Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

You'll love the flavor! And these better bran flakes are made of whole wheat with its rich store of nourishment. Just enough bran, too, to be mildly laxative.

Wonderful for a late bedtime snack. Try it.



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