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Not Found, But Searching

THE charge that men have lost the art of living, in these United States especially, has come to be a favorite among savants who specialize in criticism. The advent of the great specialization of the Machine Age, they say, has destroyed the human attitudes and ways of life, leaving itself without a great amount of meaning.

It is not the province of a college journalist to comment at any length on these charges, but in connection with them it is interesting to note the results of a report prepared by Dr. Raymond Walters, president of the University of Cincinnati. In his annual survey of college enrollment he remarks a decided swing of college students away from specialized training to the liberal arts.

In this announcement, a trend only is noted; but small insight is needed to discover the interpretation. The cry for "specialization" and more "specialization" has been dinning in collegiate ears to the exclusion of almost everything else. But now the specialists are finding themselves in serious straits; the demand for specialists is no longer so much in evidence.

The demand for other types of employees is not noticeably in evidence, either. But faced with the necessity of adjusting himself to a period of shifting, or at least upset, economic values, youth it seems is making the best of it and turning to study of the "forgotten arts of living."

Perhaps in time, if the trend is really a trend and not a mere temporary manifestation, America will be able to answer her critics.

A former editor of the Blue Print writes an article for the December issue entitled "wind." More editors should display a similar humility.

Be Careful, Please.

DAYS of immoderate temperature are also days with dangerous health tendencies, if the current influenza difficulties are an indication. University physicians are more than earning their wages, the student health department reports, and many students are undergoing the unpleasantness attendant upon bronchial disorders.

The situation is not, however, one to cause alarm if sensible precautions are taken. It is hardly necessary for enlightened university students to be instructed in elements of hygiene, but it would be well to remind them that care must be taken.

Gathered in class rooms and corridors, living gregariously in most cases, it is not difficult for health habits to become lax. But backed by a determination to protect both self and fellows, every effort should be made to stamp out that laxity.

"Students desiring teaching positions for the year 1933-34 may register now," declares a current Nebraskan notice. It is too bad

the notice doesn't call registrants' attention to the size of the salaries they will probably receive if they intend to teach in the rich agricultural state of Nebraska.

The drive of the Home Economics association for a milk fund, according to the Daily Nebraskan, will center on efforts to create a "nest egg fund." This is scientific agriculture, in the raw. It makes a pretty good yolk, too.

"RIFLERS RECEIVE MEDALS" says a Nebraskan headline. In most places, riflers find themselves classed as felons, and suffer accordingly.

December Dog Days.

THE year grows old and as its death approaches, the annual lassitude, the hibernation, of student activities makes itself definitely felt in the Nebraskan office. Unpleasantness of ice and snow have something to do with this hibernation, it is true, but even without adverse weather conditions, it is characteristic of the activities cycle that the lowest point is reached in December and January.

No extended search is necessary to determine the cause, however, for now is the time when long-neglected scholastic work of the activities man or woman is receiving considerable needed attention.

It is laudable that class work is being taken care of, but it seems a pity that students cannot work out a schedule of scholastic and extra-curricular activity which will provide for the two as supplementary. Under the usual undergraduate arrangement, however, here is a decided tendency for conflict between study and extra-curricular endeavor, with the result that both suffer periodically.

Attempts are made, of course, to control this lamentable tendency, but as yet no way of educating the students to maintain a balanced program has yet been devised. Experience teaches the need for that balance, but in many cases experience is won painfully.

Attempts to regulate the maladjustments will undoubtedly be continued. And someday a solution may be discovered. Meanwhile the Nebraskan again voices a lament. For the year grows old, and the campus activities which make news and editorials are at a premium.

WITH the barb interclub council laying plans for an informative paper for unaffiliated students, it begins to look as if Greeks were going to have an increase of their already numerous troubles.

THE idea of calling social events of the "literati" by the name "literary teas" has always seemed to us a trifle absurd . . . as if the program consisted of drinking literature.

Undaunted optimism evidently persuades the A. W. S. board of the value of vocational guidance. The only guidance necessary to us is assurance of salary, and we'd welcome education on where to search for that.

Heating Plant Requires 40 Percent More Coal

The present cold snap ought to make the coal miners happy, for according to Jake Schmall, chief engineer of the university heat and power plant, it takes about 40 percent more coal to heat the state house and university buildings.

Up until last week the boilers consumed about sixty tons of coal per day and put out 1,157,000 pounds of steam. Since zero weather has descended upon us the boilers eat up from eighty to one hundred tons of coal per day and put out 1,700,000 pounds of steam.

Contemporary Comment

You're in the Army Now!

A deadly broadside of ascetic criticism has been directed at the R.O.T.C. in collegiate circles but the old veteran tramps on to the strains of "The Cannon Fodder March." We are not interested for the immediate present in the advisability of continuing these kindergartens for the regular army nor are we bothered with the questionable position of militarism in American education. However several points have attracted our attention, during our contact with the organization on the Pennsylvania campus.

It seems particularly absurd for a national government, overburdened as it is in this time of financial stress to continue the payment of wages for student military groups. For the first two years work, consisting of a two hour drill and one class hour, the government donates a uniform. For each of the last two years' activity, including a two hour drill and three recitations a week, this generous government of ours parts with almost \$110 per man. At the same time a liberal administration extends academic credit for this work. The latter is feasible but the former seems a bit philanthropic, in view of the fact that several of the R.O.T.C. cohorts themselves have been overheard, endeavoring to discover just what they are paid for.

Those men in the organization, participating in the athletic program, are excused from all drills except the inspection in the spring and the Princeton game exhibition maneuvers. They too are recipients of the government check. Have you ever considered that this is a subtle form of financial aid extended to athletes; in short, athletic scholarships.

How many men would report to the ranks of R.O.T.C. if it were not for the government benevolence? We leave you with this question to answer for yourselves! —The Pennsylvanian.

THE STUDENT PULSE

By Way of Variety.

Every Wednesday in my life these days, is dedicated to the process of writing editorials—editorials that never see the inside of a composing room—editorials which I doubt, ever get as far as the copyreader. If they do, I can understand why they go no further and I pity the copyreader.

If I were to spontaneously write an editorial and turn it in expecting to see it in print, and wait in vain for it to do so, I should very likely be disappointed. As it is, with compulsion determining when I write, and knowing that there is an editorial due every Thursday morning, I scarcely care if my writing is printed or not. But that seems a paradox. For why would I be writing this complaint if I did not care? Why? Perhaps it's because I know this won't see the paper, and because I have to write an editorial. This journalism-English-editorial class is the bane of my life.

All this rambling seems rather disjointed, does it not? Disjointed as all my past editorials have been—as they will probably be in this course from now on—and as they may appear if and when I take up journalism as a profession. I've now run out of subjects and that is the reason I'm writing about the writing of editorials. What other topics are there? The campaign is over, the depression

is lifting (so it is said). I've written about professors, students and exams—dating, caking, cutting and cramming—walking, riding, stuffing and sliding. Campus reforms and projects have been exhausted by others. What is left?

The legislature proposes to cut the budget by over \$200,000. I could comment on that. It is too late now to do it, however, and besides I had better save that subject for next time. I won't have to rave on endlessly just to fill space then, like I'm doing now.

I'm a pessimist today, or I'd expect to see this in print. If I turn optimist tomorrow, I might spend a sleepless night worrying for fear they might publish this outrageous article. However, the possibility is about a negative twenty percent. It's rather fun acting pessimist for a change though, n'est-ce-pas? Or can a copyreader understand even the fundamentals of French? ("Not if they were all as crazy as you are," I can hear someone saying).

—E. P.

WIMBERLY JUDGES STORIES

Professor Acts as Arbiter For Two Writing Contests.

Prof. L. C. Wimberly, editor of the Prairie Schooner, is serving as a judge for two short story contests. One is sponsored by the Omaha Woman's Press club and is limited to amateur Nebraska writers. Prof. Wimberly is one of three judges for the contest. The competition closed Dec. 1.

Prof. Wimberly is also a judge for the competition of the St. Louis Writers Guild which closes Jan. 1. The other judges are George Mil-

burn, a short story writer, and John T. Frederick, who is the editor of a magazine similar to the Prairie Schooner.

CHURCHES ARRANGE PARTY

Methodist Groups Unite for Affair Friday at St. Paul's.

The nine Methodist churches in Lincoln will unite in a Methodist Christmas party at the St. Paul's M. E. church Friday, Dec. 16, at 8 p. m. The usual Christmas dinner will be combined with this party, and more than 200 are expected to attend.

Robert Davies, president of the Methodist student council, has general supervision of the program, and Ralph Copenhagen is chairman of the entertainment committee.

Special features of the program will be the girls harmony quartet of Elm Park church and the Wesley Foundation male quartet. Miss Margaret Hulfish will read a Christmas selection. The program will close with carol singing led by the two quartets.

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