

Student Pulse

Elmer Wants to Trade Howell for Sarah Louise

To the Editor:

I got to thinking on the shape of things around the Daily Nebraskan after I left Saturday afternoon. I was just there a jiffy, because everybody was so down at the mouth that I figured Dean Thompson must have been trying to collect the mortgage or something. That jolly dungeon, where the college copy hounds usually frolic like a bunch of lambs on a cut-bank in the spring, looked like a funeral kitchen with all the folks sitting around the stove remembering yarns about the deceased.

When I found out that your bright city gal, Sarah Louise Meyer, who spars around and about every day for the delight of all the readers—even those who get one on the chin now and then—was at cross purposes with the Dean for not studying much, I felt kind of let down and hurt. I'll tell you what I thought of.

I was mowing in a hay field about three miles from the house a couple of summers ago. It was a blisterer and both me and the horses were suffering from the heat. I don't mind mowing ordinarily but some days the going is too tough for comfort. On such days little things sometimes happen to cheer you up, rays of sunshine we call 'em back home, but maybe you wouldn't say that.

Well, on this day I'm telling you about there was a butterfly kept flitting about the team all morning. It was a pretty thing dashing around and about over head, flashing its colorful wings. I kind of forgot the heat and dust and burning sweat. I developed quite a soft spot for that pretty butterfly.

Just before noon it clouded up sudden like with a whole fleet of black ones. I figured I'd just finish the round and then unhitch and make a bee-line for home. But before I got to the corner, it began to rain those hard, pellet like drops. Then it started to hail. I tied the team and crawled under a shock of hay.

It was over as quick as it came. But when I went back to the team the first thing I saw was my butterfly. A hailstone had smashed it against one of the harness straps. It made me a little sick. I couldn't see why anything as airy and pretty and colorful as a butterfly should have to worry about hail.

Maybe I'm sentimental. But that's what I thought of when I heard Sarah Louise had been cut off by the ineligibility knife. College is kind of like mowing on a hot day and Sarah Louise was something of a butterfly. I used to read her column every morning to make the heat a little easier to take. Well, I guess the hail got her too. It isn't often that people can do two things at once, and I guess Sarah Louise wrote too good a column to study much.

You know the trials of the Rag are as close to my heart as that growing bare spot on the south eighty where the wind is whipping off all the grass and leaving the pasture a black, burnt smudge. And that's just what seems to be happening to your staff, Mr. Editor. The wind from the quarters of T. J. Thompson have been ruining your brightest foliage. Seems like T. J. comes over pretty often with his ineligibility scythe and slashes at vicious. He nipped Managing Editor Burney, Business Manager Wadhams and News Editor Niemann temporarily, and now he bruises a main wing of the paper

by clipping the front page columnist. The Rag will be barer than that dust spot on the south eighty all right.

I'll tell you what I'd do. The next best thing you've got after Around and About—some people think it's as good—is Johnny Howell's bit in the society column. Why don't you get Quarterback Howell to go over to T. J.'s office and offer to give up writing his daily piece if the dean will let Sarah Louise continue. This proposition might not satisfy the eligibility appetite of the dean, but if he's after Rag blood, he could get more from the robust football hero than from "Slim" Sarah Louise.

Now, you neglected to take my last advise about the paper. I asked you to run editorials and stuff people don't read under the captions of things they do read like Miss Meyer, Mary Anna and Johnny. For your own good, I wish you would try to keep Sarah Louise.

Signed, Elmer Blaine. I write to you so much that I'm getting self-conscious. I was sure glad I didn't use my right name on my letters, when I saw some kids looking in the directory for it the other day.

Something I wanted to tell you about tho, and didn't because I hate to write so much, was about your editorial on Mr. Fling. What you said about Mr. Fling's missing his friendship with cockroaches and dodging bricks when he came into U. hall and picking up his papers because of the wind thru the cracks was kind of funny, but you forgot a lot of things he will really miss.

I know some things myself about Mr. Fling's life here which he should consider before he goes to Hamilton college for more money and less work. And if he thought about what I mean, he sure wouldn't want to leave Nebraska.

University hall has a lot of friendly vermin besides cockroaches. Mr. Fling and Mr. Tilche were sitting in that big room where they have their office one day, when he spied a mouse exploring the top of a table. The watched him awhile in high glee, and then took out after him. They were excited and forgot to change from their French and Spanish back to English for their exclamations and epithets against the legislature. This confused the mouse so badly that he couldn't find his hole.

After getting the whole room in a mess they finally followed the little imp out into the hall and from there into another room where class was in session. The mouse found a hole. The class and of course Tilche and Fling had a fine time.

Something else which Hamilton won't have which Fling will miss. And that's the turkish bath effect of U. hall. The heat only comes up in certain places in the old shack and ventilation is impossible. When the windows are opened high enough so they stick they pry the frame so far apart that the top window comes down. Such intriguing complications as this cannot be matched at any eastern college. Window frames don't dry out and mice don't thrive where it rains every day.

Kauffman of the law college is not coming back either, Mr. Fling. E. B.

INFANTRY OFFICERS MEET

1 Cadet Association to Plan Emblem Jan. 12.

The Infantry Cadet officers association will meet Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock in room 206 of Nebraska Hall to make plans for their organization. Cadet Colonel Bill Crittenden is in charge of the association.

Shoulder patches, like those worn by the engineers and artillery battalions, will be described. A name for the Saturday morning drill class, sponsored by the association under the direction of Major Ayotte, will be selected. All junior and senior infantry officers are urged to attend.

AROUND and ABOUT

(Continued from Page 1.)

have been aired before many times and in many different ways, the cross section aspect of the Journal survey throws some interesting lights on the subjects.

More Sex Education.

In the nation as a whole, 85 percent of the women felt that young people should be taught more about sex before marriage. The group of women under 30, and also the group of single women, felt even more strongly on the subject, 91 percent advising such instruction. Just 1 percent less educational-minded were the divorcees, who constituted the most "speculative" of all groups from the purely case study standpoint.

Contradicting the concept of the total group who decided 44 to 56 percent against unhappy sex relationships as the chief reason for the failure of most marriages, divorced women held, 68 to 32 percent, that it was. And too, of all the groups, they were the only ones to maintain, 55 to 45 percent, that they would advise their daughters to marry in the realization that divorce was always available as an escape.

"Give It to Us Straight."

This younger generation, which the women of America are so concerned about, would receive its sex education in the home, preferably, if the will of the 62 percent majority were to be carried out. School and college were thought to be second best, printed sources of information third. The younger women, particularly, sought a realistic and honest treatment of sex—"give it to us straight." But a teacher's wife in Idaho snorts, "I don't see how they could be taught any more than they now know."

Another youthful question in the matter of divorce is the problem of jealousy. It seems to be hottest

as an issue to those under 30, 22 percent of whom named it as a cause of quarrels—second only to money matters. Sixteen percent of the women between 30 and 45 stated it as a cause of friction, 14 percent of those over 45. Incidentally, jealousy quarrels were prominently mentioned by divorcees, 28 percent's worth.

When asked to name the qualities in a husband most necessary in a happy marriage, 49 percent listed "kindness and consideration." Ambiguously, "good disposition" ranked second, ability to provide, third, faithfulness, fifth. Meaningfully or not, women think that the ideal wife should be a good homemaker, first, have a

good disposition, second, and display kindness and consideration, third.

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Hugh Herbert
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"SH-H-H! THE OCTOPUS"

ORPHEUM
Matinee 20c
till 6 p. m.

Daily Nebraskan

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PLAYERS PRESENT
WORLD PREMIERE
ON MONDAY NIGHT
(Continued from Page 1.)

Claudine Burt in the role of Patricia Martin, a woman whose love crushes the lives of the individuals on whom she showers it. Principal male lead will be taken by Armand Hunter, erstwhile Martin, jr.

Laurence Lanning, Portia Boynton and Earl Jenks, all favorite Players, will be seen in "I Know Her," plus the more recent members of the troupe, Jean Gist, Jean Swift, Charles Weaver, Donald Giffen, Virginia Nolte, Robert Johnston and Joan Gellatly.

I'M HAPPY!
Why not? We are back in our sequel to
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