AND THE CUB SWOONED AWAY

Embryo Reporter Toddles Into Sensation, Luxes Place for First Year

An innocent cub reporter walked contemptuously the steps of number 17 Fairchild, crossed and pushed in. He crumpled a willow Panama in one hand, the next, a gold, plaid, open-collared shirt, over his brown trousers and coat.

He thrust his hand into his pocket and pushed out numb, cold and wet fingers, which read:

"The Calendar's gone on its part out on an adventure of nature. This, Fairchild told and pushed it in. He thrusted it into his pocket and he vowed to come back when he had discovered the secrets of the world."

This was his afternoon assignment for the Daily Iowa.

While the cub was out the door to swing open, terrible thoughts assailed him. What if the Calendar had refused to understand his English? What if he had to spend the afternoon upon him and propel him bodily into the room? If that happened, he vowed that his hair was his and his only his. He would never hear another word. He would never hear another sound. He would never hear another noise. He would never hear another word. He would never hear another sound. He would never hear another noise.

He knew the language, the idea, and the speech, but not the voice.

The cub followed daintily into the reception room and ran after a speaking voice. Who knew the Institute? What was the meaning of the Calendar? He did not know. He did not know. He did not know.

The cub did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know. He did not know.
SNAP INTO IT

There is no such thing as being too obvious, no such thing as the right man in the wrong place at the wrong time. because you need ask no odds of any university in this state examinations than do those of the other colleges of the University in as many state than any university in the country recognized of their professional standing.

One of the professors of this institution when asked how he thought the summer senior students compare with those of the reputed ones, "I think they do more and better work. They are, for the most part, more serious about their work, and have asked for that knowledge which is so essential to the business of establishing a truth which interests everyone, not to come to results. Practical results may be obtained, but not under an undemanding spirit."

Professor Knott advised students not to give up for a problem too hard, but to develop that back-ground with persistent, unrelenting effort that the problem is being attacked.

It is too Hot this summer weather to walk over town in search of someone to typewrite that THESIS, notebook, or material for that matter done. JUST CALL RED 902, Rannney's Typewriter service at 724 S. Clinton St. We will pick up and deliver.

A certain lady on the campus saw a brown-complexioned man and addressed him, "Good morning, you are a Japanese, sir?"

"No," he said. "I am not a Japanese," he said. "How the hell...?" asked the lady, evidently surprised. "I thought they were all upstairs living in the woods."

"No, we are not," he said huskily. "I came here," he said. "A month before I left the Philippines I was living in the woods but the American government decided to catch as many wild ones as possible, train them, and send them back here. So here I am, just as you see me."

The fact, however, is that the engineers, dentists, and those other men who have been civilized for ever thirty years by the non-Christian inhabitants according to the census of 1910 number only fifteen thousand, and even in this figure they are not completely included. They had schools and colleges long before the advent of America in the Philippines, and early as 1860, out of a population of four million there were 841 schools for boys and girls. Now there are about eight thousand schools and almost one million children attending the public schools.

Do you think they are savage?"

PASTIME THEATRE (where it's cool)

It's the greatest fight you've ever seen on the screen. A comedy-drama with a splendiferous thrill. This is the best picture Chas. Ray has made. Don't miss it. Also good comedy. Pathos News

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SCULPTOR WILL MODEL FIGURES IN SIGHT OF STUDENT GATHERING

Mrs. Dieman Will Give Art Lecture Here Thursday

A chance to see a sculptor at work will be offered to students at the summer session Thursday evening, when Mrs. Clara Leonard Sorensen-Dieman will speak in the Auditorium on "A Sculptor's Workshop." She will arrange the equipment of a studio on the auditorium stage and will make a figure in view of the audience.

Mrs. Dieman is celebrated not only as a sculptor and lecturer on art, but as a story-teller for children. On Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock she will give a Mother Goose talk in the liberal arts assembly hall. Here too she will have her working materials before her, and as she talks she will model to play the figures of Peter Rabbit, Old King Cole, Little Miss Muffett and other Mother Goose characters in the stories.

Mrs. Dieman makes her home in Cedar Rapids. She is a leader in developing art appreciation in that city. She studied under Lorado Taft, one of the most famous of American sculptors, and later was an assistant in his studio colony at the Armour, Chicago. She has also studied with Victor Breuer, designer of the Lincoln cent-piece.

Among the portrait busts executed by Mrs. Leonard is one of Ben, Dr. Henry Louis, Druggist

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ADVERTISE NEW COLONY
Mental Defectives Must Be Segregated Says Dr. Morgan

Dr. John J. B. Morgan, a recent graduate of the University of Iowa, is the only woman county superintendent of schools on the campus. She is the graduate of Teachers' College at Chicago and a prominent club woman, being chairman of the women's department of the county federation of women's clubs of Madison county.

Dr. Morgan thinks that club women are particularly interested in educational matters. She says, "If the University should establish a course of study adapted for the club woman, I believe there would be more who would take advantage of it during the summer."
**Page Four**

**The Daily Iowa, State University of Iowa**

**MANY EVENTS ARE SCHEDULED FOR NEXT WEEK**

Eight Lectures, Two Excursions and One Play for Students

Monday, June 27

7:45 p.m.-Lawn party for members of the class of 1937, in the home of Professor Merry Manville Hanlan, 1800 Main Street.

8:00 p.m.-Public lecture: "Japanese, the Plant of Plants," illustrated by Professor Charles B. Nettie, assistant professor of agriculture, noon assembly room.

8:00 p.m.-Public Lecture: "Mother Goose Stories" illustrated by clay modeling by A. W.受众, and turtleneck natural science hall.

Tuesday, June 28

7:00 p.m.-Gradual, School of Music Annex.

8:00 p.m.-Radio lecture "Rail," illustrated by Professor B. L. Ulm, liberal arts assembly hall.

10:45 a.m.-Weekly Assembly. Celebration of Dance's anniversary. Address by Prof. Charles E. Young. Reading by Mr. Philip Bussens, Solo by Mrs. Melodey P. Fudkich, natural science building.

10:15 a.m.-Motion pictures: Athletic and educational delights also stereopticon views of Olympic games at Brussels, with lecture by George T. Bresnahan, Garden Theatre.

10:00 a.m.-Public Lecture: "Games at Brussels, with lecture by A. W. B. Roberts, Velvue, Iowa, and Charles H. Farr, Goose Island.

Wednesday, June 29

2:00 p.m.-Public Lecture: "Methods of Teaching the Manual Arts" by Dean Albert F. Sorens, Bradley Polytechnic Institute.

2:00 p.m.-Round table "Qualifications and Training of Manual Arts Teachers."

2:15 p.m.-"Plays," illustrated by A. W. F. Crane, and "The Wedding Night" by Ben Hecht, presented by The Return to Iowan Dramatic Club.

8:00 p.m.-Delta Kappa Dinner at Manhattan Dance Assembly room. Round trip, via Rock Island, $1.56. In detail.

This is not the sporting story for Monday night.

Finally, to keep on learning, the situation one day, this professor uttered something which sounded to Harrison like "Get out of the water." There's no use describing the results in detail, this is not a registered story. Anyway, ever since then people sometimes call him "One Leg Harrison." When they do it, they smile.

Harrison has gone to Louisiana for three weeks training on the "Never", "Triumph" and "Argo." He is a sergeant in the army he managed his men so kindly that he became a lieutenant. Just now he is becoming a Doctor of Philosophy and teaching English composition in the same institution.

Next fall he will take charge of a department of the Municipal University of Abilene, Ohio.

**THEM FAMOUS Summer Session Is Sprefaled With Students Who Are Well-Rounded**

Known as "The General" by his friends, he is the one who keeps our college in good order.

When W. D. Harrison came to this country from England at the age of six, his mother sent him to school wearing long gowns, like little Lord Fauntleroy. The other boys thought that was one of the funniest things they ever saw. There was nothing he could do to convince them that those things were no laughing matter.

That was the beginning of a brilliant career. Young Harrison quickly made the acquaintance of a negro cook who could beat men as well as eggs to a frazzle. He did it a number of times to our hero. But Harrison learned about flatcuffs from this man. In order to keep on learning, the hero's situation one day, this professor uttered something which sounded to Harrison like "Get out of the water." There's no use describing the results in detail, this is not a registered story. Anyway, ever since then people sometimes call him "One Leg Harrison." When they do it, they smile.

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**CUB ATTEMPTS TO WALK**

Kid Reporter Trails Elusive Yarn for First Time

"More ramified, more material, more material!" roars the editor of the "Register." The cub reporter, with blank-page note-book and terrified glasses fixed across the Iowa orange. The editor's nostrils were in the law of the office, therefore news gathering she went. As she passed Old Capitol how wished some dignified professor would fall down the stairs. Not that she wished injury to the faculty. She knew a more serious student at full work.

With a wince pencil and searching eyes she came to the library. All was stilled order and peace. She thought he might hear some spicy story from a gang out on the campus. As she came down the steps from the library, however, the rain which had long threatened, came with a vengeance. The few campus

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