

University Missourian

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UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

- Dec. 9. Mass meeting, Auditorium, 7 p. m.
- Meeting of male descendants of Union Civil War Veterans, Room 14, Academic Hall, 7:30 p. m.
- Saline County Club, Room 44, Academic Hall.
- Livingston County Club, Agricultural Building, 7:15 p. m.
- Dec. 10. Inauguration Exercises, 10 a. m.
- Thursday, 9:30 a. m., Academic procession.
- 10 a. m., Exercises in University Auditorium.
- 12:30 p. m., Informal luncheon to University guests, Academic Hall.
- 3:00 p. m., Address of honor by President Schurman of Cornell University.
- 9:00 p. m., Reception to the guests of the University by the Board of Curators, Rothwell Gymnasium.
- Friday, 10:30 a. m., Formal inauguration of President Hill. Address by President Hill, Auditorium.
- 12:30 p. m., Luncheon to University guests by alumni, Lathrop Hall.
- 3:30 p. m., Review of University Cadets and dress parade.
- 8:30 p. m., Torchlight procession by students.
- 9:30 p. m., Reception by President and Mrs. Hill.
- Dec. 12. Athenaeum Literary Society, Union Literary Society, New Era Debating Club, Jeffersonian Debating Society, M. S. U. Debating Club, "She Stoops to Conquer."
- Dec. 14. German Club, Ladies' Parlors, 8 p. m.
- Dec. 18. Lecture, Lorado Taft, Auditorium.
- Dec. 23. Wednesday, at 4 p. m. to Jan. 5, Tuesday, at 8 a. m., Christmas Holidays.

UNIVERSITY A GOOD INVESTMENT.

The state of Missouri gets value received for every dollar she invests in the University. The greatness of a state, like a nation, depends upon its citizenship. The high plane of citizenship that a state of Missouri's magnitude demands, must be sustained by the younger generation trained for service.

The University is a center of thought. Its influence is both direct and indirect.

The students receive the greatest benefits from the school. Their lives are influenced and their destiny is in large measure determined by the knowledge and habits acquired here. These same students become men of action in their respective communities. They stand in the fore of affairs, social, political and business. They know the right and dare to do it. They learn the truth and advocate it.

The professional departments of the University bring direct money returns to the state. The College of Agriculture is stamping out diseases in livestock and improving breeds. The production of milk, butter and beef has been much increased through experiments made by students and instructors.

The departments of law, medicine and engineering are of equal rank and helpful. But nowhere is money better expended than in the Teachers College and the College of Journalism. The one furnishes men and women to train the boys and girls and the latter trains for journalism for the enlightenment of both old and young.

The University is a money maker for the state of Missouri and more than a money-maker, a creator of high ideals.

Harvard and Germany.

The most recent advance in the educational relations between Harvard and institutions of Germany is an agreement on the part of the university to accept as guests of the corporation five advanced students each year for a period of ten years. These students, who will be selected by the Prussian ministry of education, will have access to all departments and be freed of tuition charges.

SPIRIT OF THE NEWS

The leading men of New York and London are commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of John Milton's birth today. Such a celebration is justly due the memory of one who ranks among the greatest of English poets.

The failure of the Fidelity & Funding Company strikes a hard blow to hundreds of priests, nuns, and Catholic institutions throughout the country. The receiver finds assets of only \$2,000 to balance the liabilities of almost \$5,000,000. It would seem that the days of the South Sea Bubble have not entirely passed.

President Roosevelt's message to Congress urges legislation which will improve the present unsatisfactory conditions. His advice on the conservation of the forests is especially important. The Presidents' messages always exert a powerful influence on the action of Congress, and as they are carefully prepared, should be thoroughly studied by those taking an interest in public affairs.

Much interest is being taken in the proposed deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Engineers declare that the Missouri River must be deepened before such a channel could be made. The time will come when ocean liners can steam into the center of the United States to receive passengers for foreign countries. But the chief value will be in the lowering of transportation charges on exports to foreign markets.

In an address to the North Carolina society in New York, President-elect Taft declared that there should be an educational qualification for suffrage in the South. This would free the people from domination of the ignorant classes and at the same time encourage education and thrift among those thus prevented from voting. It is becoming recognized that the plans of repealing the Fifteenth amendment or to sending the negroes to Africa are impracticable. The control of affairs should rest in the hands of the intelligent voters, not with the majority of men of voting age.

VIEWPOINTS

The University Missourian invites contributions, not to exceed 200 words, on matters of University interest. The name of the writer should accompany such letters, but will not be printed unless desired. The University Missourian does not express approval or disapproval of these communications by printing them.

Lack Interest in Debates.

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
Perhaps the students in general do not take enough interest in the preliminary debates. We think of eighty debaters as a large number, but if everyone would remember that debating is a student activity just like football, and would come out to hear part of the try-out debates, the number of contestants would double.

W. B. Nowell writes.

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
In your paper of Nov. 4 the headlines read thus "Chapter House Matron Solves Food Problem." Miss Payne formerly of St. Louis and Louisville, Ky., according to your statement is forced to buy her groceries at wholesale on account of the exorbitant prices charged by the retail grocer here.

I or any of my good grocery competitors would be glad at any time to fill her order cheaper than she gets it elsewhere, wholesale or retail. A matter like this is a reflection on the merchants of this city. Were they all to adopt the plan of the above mentioned lady there would be no Athens in the State of Missouri as we would not need any retail merchants, as this mail order business extends to other businesses as well.

Your issue of Dec. 7 under the headline "Hear the Plaint of Poor Grocers."
Well! You struck it right when you said "poor grocers" as there is no millionaires in their ranks that I am aware.

A house-keeper complains of \$2.00 per bushel for sweet potatoes. The variety on the market now costs \$4.00 per barrel for a 10-peck size which is \$1.50 per bushel. You may safely count on from a peck to half bushel rotage. These are facts; call and see our invoice.

I have been in the grocery business in this city 32 years continuous and claim to know something of the business and know there is no necessity for any one going elsewhere for their goods. Stand by the people and it will be reciprocated. "Boost," don't "knock."

Why he Was Angry.

In Boston the property man had fitted a scene with unusually handsome gold furniture and asked Madame Bernhardt how she liked it.
"Oh, bon! bon!" she exclaimed; whereupon the property man promptly bundled the furniture off the stage.
"She said it was bum," he explained. —Bohemian Magazine.

UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

Notice to Alumni.

All persons who have paid for a plate at the Alumni Luncheon to be given at Lathrop Hall Friday may procure their tickets by calling at the Alumni Room any time Thursday or Friday.

There are a few places not yet disposed of and tickets for the same may be had at the Alumni Room.

Notice to Track Men.

All men contemplating track work for the rest of the season are requested to see Coach Crouch or Dr. Monilaw tomorrow or Friday. The athletic department will be open as usual during the holidays for Dr. Hill's inauguration.

Notice.

All male descendants of Union Civil War veterans are requested to meet at 7:30 o'clock this evening in Room 14, Academic Hall, to form a local camp at the University.

All out-of-town men expecting to remain in Columbia over Christmas are requested to leave their names with S. Perry Wilson in the Y. M. C. A. room.

SOCIETY

Dr. and Mrs. John S. Ankeney, Jr., entertained his classes in construction and design and the sketch club last night at their home on Conley avenue. A catalogue of fifty-three paintings by Dr. Ankeney was given to each. Thursday and Friday Dr. Ankeney will keep open house for his classes in representation.

Miss Katherine Ware and Maud Bittle, both of Kansas City, are visiting friends at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house. They will be in Columbia until the Christmas holidays.

The Pi Beta Phi sorority gave a tea yesterday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock for the women of the University of Missouri faculty.

Miss Mona L. Evans returned to Kansas City last evening after visiting friends here.

TOLD ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE

"This question of moving the University to McBaine is a serious one," argued the solicitor for the Owen.

"Serious for the residents of McBaine, perhaps," replied the Arts student. "You see they would be in doubt whether to move the town out of the way for the University or vice versa."
"Me for Oxford," announced the red-headed "Soph" with the wart on his nose. "Everybody has a valet there, and only three examinations a year. That suits me."

"Don't get impatient," advised the Freshman. "If holidays keep coming the way they do now, Oxford won't be in it at all."

"The coming holidays are for a different purpose," reminded the Arts student severely. "It will be your duty to have your company manners with you and look as if you knew something."

"Better begin at once," added the "Soph." "The advance guard is here already."

"What do you think of the President's message to Congress?" asked the solicitor for the Owen.

"The clause about the preservation of our forests struck me," said the Junior "Medic." "It is a cause that every college and university ought to champion."

"Still, I'm disappointed with the message," confessed the man who reads the Missourian.

"Wasn't it long enough to suit you?" inquired the Arts student.

"Yes, it was long enough," nodded the former. "But you see I was hoping to add a few more spectacular phrases to my vocabulary, but 'corrupt creature' and 'loud-mouthed champion' won't bear comparison with gems of the 'undesirable citizen' and 'mollycoddle' type."

"I notice he advocates that special attention should be paid to the machine gun," contributed the football man.

"Wonder if he meant Cannon by that," mused the wag, helping himself to the fruit, which a Columbia grocer had condescended to sell to the land-lady.

Trying His Hand.

"I doubt ye are growing remiss, John," said a Scotch parish minister. "I have not seen you in the kirk these three sabbaths."

John was not duly abashed. "Na," said he. "It's no that I'm growing remiss. I'm just tinkering awa wi' ma soul masel."—London News.

Press Club at Amherst.

A press club has been formed at Amherst college for the purpose of giving authoritative news of the college. William H. Wright of Springfield is chairman and Edward H. Sudbury of Mount Vernon, N. Y., treasurer.

DINNER COATS

THERE would seem to be a decided growth in the popular vogue of the so-called dinner jacket among well-dressed men in this country, in spite of the fact that the edict of the "Fashionables" has gone forth that it should never be worn except in one's home, at the club or at "stag" affairs. The rule of correct dress which requires that men wear the formal "claw-hammer" coat after six o'clock, if there is any possibility of their being called upon to appear where there are "ladies present," is coming more and more to be observed in the breach than in the fulfillment. It is, perhaps, only one more sign of the informality of the Americans as a nation that the wearing of strictly formal evening dress after six o'clock is confined to that very small number of persons who make a business of "society," and who have little else to occupy their attention but the correctness of their attire.

The dinner jacket, which is so evidently gaining in popularity, to judge from the great number of them that one sees at the theaters and in public places of amusement, the concert hall, or at some temple devoted to the mysteries of the culinary art, has never been, correctly speaking, a garment separate and distinct from the evening coat until recently. Patently, it had its origin in the smoking jacket and was designed to wear "around the house," when in evening dress, instead of the full dress coat, which is so ill adapted to any kind of "lounging." Even now, if a man goes to a very fashionable tailor to get a dinner jacket, he will probably be asked what earthly use he can find for one in this country.

As we have already pointed out, the dinner coat is regarded by the most correct dressers purely as a lounge coat. In England, the land in which this informal garment first saw the light of day, it is practically never worn in public places at all, but in the smoking-room of country houses and at week-end parties, after the women have retired to their rooms and the men, assembled around the billiard tables, have exchanged their "claw-hammers" for the more comfortable vesture adapted to the informal hour before "turning in."

Inventive theater-goers of the present day will recall countless English "comedies of manners" in which the "hero," returning to his "chambers" after an evening spent at a ball or at some reception, hands his valet his dress coat and dons his dinner jacket in its stead. In these carefully considered plays, in which so much attention is given to detail and which are such faithful presentments of modern English life, the dress ethics of the moment are always carefully depicted. If one by any chance should see a man in an English comedy wearing a dinner jacket in a scene where there are women on the stage, it is safe to say that it is not because he does not know any better, but that the situation demands it.

In England, too, where the men in society, strictly so called, usually live in apartments of their own and not under the parental roof tree, as they are so apt to do in this country, they invariably put on formal dress for evening wear, but slip on their dinner jackets to "eat" in. Dinners being served in their own apartments, they are "at home" and can do this. But they do not wear this little coat if they are expecting "guests," as we are so apt to do in this country. After dining alone, or with some of the male members of their "menage," they put on their dress coat as soon as they are ready to go out. They do not appear in public in a tailless coat. This, then, probably accounts for the numberless representations of men in dinner jackets, but wearing white waist-coats and ties, that one sees so frequently in the modern English fashion plates and to which, doubtless, can be traced so much of the license which characterizes the get-ups of some of the uninformed. It is not an uncommon thing in this country to see a man in a "Tuxedo," as it is popularly known here, wearing a white waist-coat, a solecism that it is needless to say, is entirely unparadonable.

From its original sphere of usefulness as a "formal" house coat the dinner coat, particularly in this country, came to be used as a kind of informal evening coat and was seen at "stag" dinners, the clubs, and even at the theaters, at least when there were no ladies in the party, and this, at the present time, is its only absolutely correct use.

There are, however, a great number of men who realize the impropriety of this and while they are not willing to put on formal evening dress for the theater—so many of them for some unknown reason have never learned to be quite "comfortable" in a swallow-tail coat—they are willing to make a concession as far as "dressing" is concerned, so they put on a dinner jacket. It is safe to say that most men, nowadays, like to wear a dinner jacket. They are extremely "becoming" to almost everyone and they are quite as comfortable as the sack coat and before everything else we like to be comfortable, we Americans.

At the moment there is a tremendous vogue for this neat form of "half-dress." Whether it is that the time of year—these between season days—is responsible for this great influx of "Tuxedoed" men at our theaters and in the restaurants after the play remains to be seen. In midwinter, perhaps, our men may become more formal, but, judging from the present trend, this seems very unlikely. There are so few of us, after all, who have either the time or the inclination to "dress" except on rare and absolutely formal occasions. The dinner jacket has evidently found a niche in the rush and hurry of our modern life and it will take more than the raised eyebrows and snubs of the Cognoscenti to dislodge it. Indeed, the dinner coat in the present stage of its evolution from a smoking jacket seems to be fast becoming an established fact in American dress. The fact that it is absolutely "incorrect" to wear one except on strictly "stag" occasions seems to make little difference any more. The dinner jacket has become a somewhat elaborate garment with a style of its own, and is no longer worn as an adjunct to the dress coat and to replace it temporarily in the house. It has become a thing apart.—Fairchild's Fashions.

ABOUT SCHOLS OF JOURNALISM

THE idea of education through doing which was the special peculiarity of the school at Do-The-Boys hall is likely to loom large in the pedagogical systems of the future. In the future Weekford Squeers is likely to rank among great educational pioneers. Schools for instruction of those who are to enter the professions seems destined to be the chosen place for training in the details as well as the rationale of their work.

It is just about a century since a school was established for the training of candidates for the ministry. It was established in a quiet, retired place, "far from the madding crowd," where by meditation and prayer, as well as study, men were to be fitted for the ministry of the gospel. They were trained in the original languages of the Scriptures, in a well compacted system of doctrine, in church history, pastoral theology, and in the composition and delivery of sermons. Excellent instruction was given in theory, but for practice let the student wait. Woe to the rash theologian who dared presume without due authorization to "exercise his gifts" in a neighboring pulpit. Later times have made the line less hard and fast that separates theory from practice.

We have had in these later times medical schools where instruction in human anatomy, pathology, materia medica and kindred subjects are given with less severe separation between theory and practice than marked early schools of theology. The establishment of schools of law dates from a time still more recent.

There were men in all these professions before these schools were established. They gained their knowledge of the chosen profession by study under the supervision of older practitioners who were willing to train and assist, singly or in a small class, those who wished to gain theory and practice alike. It must be admitted that some shining examples in each profession gained their training in this way. Practice was mingled in a very practical way with theory and there was often a mighty inspiration in close contact with a man of power, eminent in his calling.

In each of these cases the old method has stood in the way of adoption of the new, and in each the new has finally prevailed.

A fourth estate yet remained in which the old method has held its ground thus far. It is the profession or calling of journalism which has of late been forging to the front and is ready to compete for a place as the peer of the long vaunted learned professions. It is probably the prevailing opinion that the only way to gain adeptness in this work is to go into a newspaper office and have experience of the varied incidents connected with the work of a reporter and writer.

We are likely to have in the newly established schools of journalism the opportunity to learn how men fare who come to this work through the experiences of the school. Friends and enemies of the plan will watch the experiment with much interest. One of these schools began its work in Missouri. According to an article in the current World To-Day, the universities of Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Virginia, Washington and Wisconsin are moving along similar lines.

In these schools of journalism a thorough foundation is planned in a four years' course that embraces not only the various departments of journalistic work, but a sufficient training to merit the degree of bachelor of science in journalism.

Nor is the course one of mere theory. Practice is given under the guidance of experienced journalists in all the details that go to the making of an up-to-date modern newspaper. Every day in which the school is in session the school of journalism issues the University Missourian, which is in matter and form an excellent piece of journalistic work.—Springfield (Missouri) Leader.

Responsible for this great influx of "Tuxedoed" men at our theaters and in the restaurants after the play remains to be seen. In midwinter, perhaps, our men may become more formal, but, judging from the present trend, this seems very unlikely. There are so few of us, after all, who have either the time or the inclination to "dress" except on rare and absolutely formal occasions. The dinner jacket has evidently found a niche in the rush and hurry of our modern life and it will take more than the raised eyebrows and snubs of the Cognoscenti to dislodge it. Indeed, the dinner coat in the present stage of its evolution from a smoking jacket seems to be fast becoming an established fact in American dress. The fact that it is absolutely "incorrect" to wear one except on strictly "stag" occasions seems to make little difference any more. The dinner jacket has become a somewhat elaborate garment with a style of its own, and is no longer worn as an adjunct to the dress coat and to replace it temporarily in the house. It has become a thing apart.—Fairchild's Fashions.

THE VAMPIRE

(If Mr. Riley, instead of Mr. Kipling, had written it.)
She wasn't much to look at; kind o' skinny as to left;

A couple yards o' dress-goods fitted her, with plenty left!
In fact, you might not think 'at it's perlit ner hardly fair,
But she 'uz nothin' more'n a rag, a bone, an' hank o' hair—
But, lawdy me! Th' faults she hed was things he couldn't see:
I reckon it'd ben the same ef He'd ben You

Me.

She kep' him guessin' all the time; he wouldn't take advice
Although some of us warned him—but we never tried it twice!
Seems like th' more she fooled him, w'y, th' more he got in love—
An' men 'at's that-a-way can't tell a henhawk from a dove.
But that ain't neither here ner there; I guess 'at you'll agree
It'd 'a' ben about th' same ef He'd ben You

Me.

I never seen jest how it wuz she hed sech witchin' charm,
But when she wanted di'monds, w'y, a morgidge hit th' farm!
She busted him! But when he found he'd lost his love an' land,
An' tried to put th' blame on her, she couldn't understand.
She's gone. So's he. Went dif'rent ways!
Fate just went on a spree
An' worked the same 'ith him as 'twould ef He'd ben You

Me.

(If Mr. Kipling, instead of Mr. Riley, had written "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder's in the Shock.")
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyonck of the taffrail fluke of the strutting turkey cock,
When the hands are on the plow-grips and we vow not to turn back—
(I'm full o'ersib to the voices glib as they o'er that white is black!)—
'Tis a long, long way to the end of day when the day is not begun;
And the mail-clad hand—do ye understand?—strikes a blow that weighs a ton;
So 'tis well to wit of the keen bowsprit and the reef and the hidden rock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

There is something fine as the nip of wine in the tingling atmosphere
When the summer's gone when ye mowed the lawn with a parching thirst for beer;
And we leap no more with a sullen roar, as we once were wont to do,
On the blistered fool who would idly drool: "Is it hot enough for you?"
But the great ships leap through the wondering deep and the great guns find the mark—
Are ye asking why of the earth and sky, of the daylight and the dark?
Nay, the Seven Seas drown the Cryptic Keys when ye fain would turn the lock
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

For the fields are bare as the skin ye wear—and the savage blood is old,
And the smitten nose tells the tale of blows as an ancient tale is told!
Have done! Have done! Ere ye reel and run as the wind runs through the reeds,
(Has it well beseeemed that ye sat and dreamed while the others did the deeds?)
Now count your sheaves ere the gleaner leaves, and answer me loud and high
The good that ye did to the sons of men, as ye look me in the eye;
For I know the nod of the driving rod and the grer of the chocking block
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

—Willbur D. Nesbit, in the Saturday Evening Post.

THE COLLEGE YELL.

The college yell's a senseless thing of crazy words tied on a string, a mixture of excited sound in some cerebral junk-shop found; a blend of wow and hiss boom ah with yip and yow and rah rah rah; and fathers who send sons to school to master all the rote and rule, to delve in logarithmic maze and spread all knowledge to their gaze, ask why their sons learn at this fuss while differential calculus and the binomial theorem remain an utter blank to them—but you can bet the fathers seem delighted when the football team to which their sons belong makes good; O, then the fathers (as they should) arise and let their whiskers float upon the wind that fans each throat, and whoop and shout and roar and yell the selfsame savage cry we tell. The fathers, bland and full of guile, have known that class yell all the while!—Chicago Evening Post.