

University Missourian

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UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

- May 5. Girls' Pan-Hellenic dance, Kappa Kappa Gamma house. May 7. Baseball, Missouri vs. Washington. May 8. Baseball, Missouri vs. Washington. May 14. Town and Gown club dinner. May 18. Christian College commencement. May 19. Baseball, Missouri vs. Kansas. May 20. Baseball, Missouri vs. Kansas. May 21. Marcella Craft, opera singer, University auditorium. May 24-29. Final examinations. May 29. Stephens Medal contest. May 30. Baccalaureate sermon. May 31. Class day. May 31-June 1. Entrance examinations. June 1. Alumni and Phi Beta Kappa day. June 2. Annual meeting of curators. Commencement day; address by Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

CHANGING SENTIMENTS.

Politicians are not all heartless. A man has written Governor Hoch of Kansas a poem for the price of his freedom. And it is a real poem. The governor read it over. It appealed to him. It conveys the bleakness, the loneliness of the prison cell, and the hopelessness of the man who must stay there. No one could fail to be moved by it.

"The coarser soul but lightly feels. The daily dose of ill. But what distress each hour reveals To him who in his heart conceals Some aspirations still."

The man who wrote that surely could not deserve to wear his head shaved for the rest of his days. He grasped the last hope, "I plead as man to man." The governor of Kansas did well to heed this cry from a man's soul. This goes to show as well the change in the sentiment from the time John Brown and Oscar Wilde were kept in prison for debt.

The St. Louis centennial, who chews, smokes and drinks a pint of whiskey every day, is said to have a wife somewhere but is not worrying about her. Possibly the indifference is mutual.

Castro will sue the French government for damages, because it allowed him to be set upon his shores against his will. It will be remembered that Smer Castro never would have anything to do with France.

Friseo gave six hundred Japanese sailors "the time of their lives." It was not the first time that it has been shown that Americans and Japanese can be friendly when not digging in the same ditch.

Mr. Roosevelt has recovered from his first spell of African sickness and as was expected, we are receiving daily reports from the seat of war, telling of the fine shots that this mighty hunter is making.

In the recent cold snap, men, women and children fought together against a 25-degree temperature in Colorado orchards, Missouri did not find it necessary to set her oil-pots on fire.

AMERICAN IDEAS IN LONDON.

The establishment of Scribner's store in London marks a new era in Yankee encroachment. American business methods, American floor waiters, American bargains—these will undoubtedly in time vanquish criticisms of the English. Or will the result be a curious jumble of five o'clock teas and American strenuousness? Perhaps the American store may teach the English women to wear more modish clothes. Perhaps the American store will in time adapt itself to English commercial ideals. Certainly the English will learn a few new wrinkles in advertising. It hurts the English merchants to pay for large advertisements. They go on the theory that anyone who has anything to buy will go to the store that he prefers. They will learn

to understand free reading rooms, free picture exhibit, and free note paper in a department store. And perhaps some of the conservatism of the English will penetrate to America through the agency of this large London store.

HYPNOTISM NO DEFENSE.

Dr. Max Meyer and other reputable scientists say that one person cannot hypnotize another and cause the one in a hypnotic state to commit a crime. This should be a blow to the defense sometimes put up by criminals who have committed unusual offenses against decency and the laws of the state. It is Dr. Meyer's belief that a criminal may be hypnotized and while in the hypnotic state commit a crime but he can be made to do nothing in the hypnotic state that would be repulsive to him ordinarily.

It is a wise provision of nature that one person cannot compel another to commit an evil act willingly. If such were the case would any person know what he could or could not do. The influence of strong-minded, magnetic evil persons would be able to have the good and the virtuous committing all kinds of startling crimes. The whole economy of nature would be changed. The evil would overbalance the good and the world would be in danger.

It is fortunate for the world that no person can be hypnotized against his will. If the contrary was true, some would become supernatural beings and the others mere puppets in their hands. Criminals must bring some new defense to escape punishment for their misdeeds.

They say that Patten is the only man who has ever successfully conducted a corner in wheat. Have they forgotten about Joseph's seven-year corner?

A treasure chamber has been found in the walls of the Yildiz Kiosk, Mayla, when a boy, Abdul was fond of reading the story of Ali Babo.

The Sultan has been deposed. Long live the new sultan!

Lest We Forget.

Rules for remembering which go beyond the obvious advantages comprised in distinctness of the original impression and observing the connection between related ideas are not of much practical value. Mnemonics may easily be made ridiculous. It is a German wit who makes a professor remark, "Would you believe it, my dear colleague, I actually do not know the ages of my children?" To which the other makes answer, "Such a thing could never happen with me. I was born 2,500 years after Socrates; my wife 1,800 years after the death of Terentius; our son, Leo, 2,000 years after the promulgation of the Lavinian laws by Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus; and our Amanda 1,500 years after the commencement of the great Migration. Very simple, is it not?"

It is the common experience that memory is a merry trickster, treacherous and wanton, refusing to yield up the things we have stored in our minds with great care, yet lavish in affording us the most vivid images of trivial incidents in our lives. The late Thomas Daily Aldrich set this forth with much metrical grace:

My mind lets go a thousand things, Like dates of wars and deaths of kings, And yet recalls the very hour— 'T was noon by yonder village tower, And on the last blue moon in May— The wind came briskly up this way, Crisping the brook beside the road; Then, pausing here, set down its load of pine-cones, and shook listlessly two petals from that wild-rose tree. —William Troubridge Larned, In Lippincott's.

All Mirrors Lie.

"Everybody is better looking than the mirror makes him," said a milliner. "The mirror robs us of our expression and of our coloring, and expression and color are to the face's beauty what the legs are to the figure."

"First, our expression. When we look into a mirror our eyes take on a glassy stare and our mouths a curious and sad droop. Really we never look like that save when we are going to be ill.

"Then our coloring. All mirrors have a pale green tinge, and this tinge makes even the purest rose leaf complexion muddy. It takes the gloss from the hair, the brilliancy from the eyes and the scarlet from the lips."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Convincing Proof.

The worthy parents of a sphonore at Dartmouth College were one day disputing as to the date of their last letter to their hopeful from whom, somewhat to the distress of the mother and the indifference of the father, they had not heard for some time. "Are you sure, Thomas," asked the mother, unconvinced, "that it was on the twelfth that you last wrote to Dick?"

"Absolutely," was the old man's decisive response. "I looked it up in my check-book this morning." — Lippincott's.

IN COLUMBIA 40 YEARS AGO

From Old Newspaper Files.

On Monday evening the baggage car of the passenger train running between Columbia and Centradia left the track, delaying the train three hours. Nobody was hurt. The cause of the wreck was the bad condition of the car. We need better cars and better service on the Columbia branch; and we hope we will soon get them.

A young lady of the personal appearance, excellent sense, suave manners, a resident of this city, and a constant attendant upon houses of divine worship, desires us to publish the following: Wanted—75 young men of all shapes and sizes, from the graceful dandy, with hair enough on his lip to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the stiff-necked, frock-faced, bow-legged, carrot-headed upstart. The object is to start a gapping club, to stand at all church doors and stare at the ladies, as they enter and leave the churches and to make delicate and gentlemanly remarks. Let them turn out promptly next Sunday morning to have their names taken, to be inspected, and to have the vacancy of their brains registered.

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 nor disapproval of these communications by printing them.

Are the Girls Disloyal?

To the Editor of the University Missourian: Is the criticism true that the University women are disloyal to the Tigers? It seems so. The May day frolic has been set for Friday afternoon at the time when the Tiger baseball team will be playing Washington University. Is it a lack of foresight or loyalty?

A UNIVERSITY WOMAN.

For More Point Winners.

To the Editor of the University Missourian: The majority of the point winners in the track and field meet last Saturday were seniors in their high schools. Some of the contestants have expressed their intentions of entering the University of Missouri next year, others have shrugged their shoulders and said they were going to Michigan or Kansas. These last-named schools have made personal requests and other attractive offers to these athletes to come to their university. Wyatt, possibly the best individual runner in the meet, has expressed his intentions of coming here. Woodbury and a number of other star athletes will probably pass up the University of Missouri. These men are native sons and by every logical reason should attend the University of Missouri. It Missouri wants to continue to have an undefeated track team and wants to raise the standard of its track athletes, it should have these men and others like them.

SOPHOMORE.

A City Built by Advertising.

Do you believe in advertising? Los Angeles does. Little more than a generation ago Los Angeles was a Mexican pueblo of ten thousand souls and a few dead-bitten dogs. Today it is an up-to-date city, with nearly 500,000 people; progressive, busy, educated people, who enjoy as much culture as the eastern cities that boast of more.

The commercial organizations of this western metropolis have spent in the last ten years (directly) nearly four hundred thousand dollars in telling what a fine place to live in Los Angeles is. Newspapers, magazines, train timetables, street cars, handbills, posters, billboards, everywhere has been blazoned forth the virtues of Los Angeles. Persons who have never been within 3,000 miles of the city speak of it familiarly as a paradise on earth. And has this advertising paid? Ask a man from Los Angeles.

It has been the same with Los Angeles, though, as with any marketable product. You must believe in your wares. Now the southern Californian believes in Los Angeles as he believes in his appetite. To him there's no place on earth like it; what's more, he tells people so. He tells them in such a way that they tell others. The answer: one of the finest cities in the Union.—Van Norden Magazine.

The Missouri Girl.

The president of the Wisconsin university, who lectured recently before the M. S. U. students, said the young ladies in the audience were the best dressed that ever appeared before him. From this fact his peculiar ratiocination led up to the dictum that the Missouri University girls gave too much attention to dress, and furthermore they wore too much jewelry.

Somebody ought to enlighten the learned gentleman from Wisconsin as to the fact that the Missouri University girl is a typical Missouri girl, and that she can wear a ten dollar dress with the air of a millionaire's thousand dollar gown.—Vandalia Leader, Mrs. Lily Herald Frost, Editor.

TOLD ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE

"If St. Joseph will have a million people by 2000, when will Columbia be the mark?" asked the Arts student. "Never," replied the baseball man. "Before the earth gets that crowded people will begin buying subdivisions on Mars. Picture the 'Luminary Realty Company' running free home-seekers' excursions to the planets."

"I don't believe Mars would present a promising field for land speculation," remarked the freshman. "Nature is the only one to trust there, and from the canals it seems that all the land must be improved. Furthermore someone said that the Martians are not exactly pleasant people. Their physiognomies would make a Malay pirate look like a cherub."

"They can't be so formidable over long distance," continued the "ad" man. "A Harvard professor proposes to send them a flash through a complicated mirror arrangement which is to cost \$10,000,000."

"That would be a flashy outfit," commented the red-headed "Soph" with the wart on his nose.

"It can't be done," continued the Arts student. "The distance is so great that the proceeding would take several years. Besides, in time an airship will convey us there cheaper."

"Hope it's soon," mused the wag. "for I'd enjoy a little trip in the sky. I can imagine myself shining among the northern lights, and drinking from the milky way with the big dipper while I was listening to the comet's tales."

"Shucks," grunted the junior "Medic." "I'd be satisfied to go hunting with the shooting stars."

Technique.

I take a little bunch of words and set 'em in a row, I take a little bit of ink and mark 'em down just so; I take a little time and pains and then I have a verse. That starts about as this one does or maybe slightly worse.

And then I go back to the start and eras and cross and scratch, I vacillate my words until I find me some that match.

The pretty thoughts that dart about like silver fish and shine, But need a patient, watchful look to get 'em on the line.

My thoughts melt into words—sometimes—not feeling 'em now and then, And I can feel 'em coming down my arm and through my pen.

I only have to push it over the paper and it spells. For you and all my other clams the things my fancy tells;

Just like a boy with building blocks, I move my words about. When I have something in my mind and try to work it out.

Until in orderly array I get 'em in a row. Just as I think they ought to be and write 'em down just so.

And so just with some words I paint the pictures that I think. The boys and girls who live in me and set 'em down in ink.

And sometimes there's a tear in it, and sometimes there's a smile. And there is many a grassy bank and many a vine-grown stile;

And many a lane that you would know if you could be with me. To look right where my pen is now and I could help you see;

I merely take a lot of words and place 'em in a row. And build such pretty things if I can get 'em down just so! —J. W. Foley in New York Times.

The Head of the House.

The baby was ill and the doctor ordered that he be taken to the sea. This involved the closing of the house until the little one should be well enough to return. After the wife had secured hotel accommodations by the long distance telephone the man of the house went to his room and slowly and thoughtfully spread the entire contents of his wardrobe upon his bed, that they might be convenient for his wife to pack.

He stood surveying them, deep in meditation, when his wife came into the room and began to speak to him.

He raised his hand rebukingly. "Don't talk to me now, Susie, don't talk to me! I have a great deal on my mind. If we are going to the seashore day after tomorrow there are many things to be done and I must plan."

His wife, who had already telephoned the butcher, milkman, baker, grocer, expressman and ticket office, and given the maid a month's vacation and arranged with a relative for the care of the dog, gazed at him in silence.

"A great deal on my mind," he repeated. Then the interrogative nature of his wife's silence forced him to explain.

"You see," he said, "I have got to put a nail in the cellar window and stop the newspaper."—Youth's Companion.

Oh, Nonsense!

"A little nonsense now an' then," said Uncle Eben, "is all right. Buf dar's allus a heap 'o' danger dat it's g'ineter git to be a habit."—Washington Star.

THE NEWSPAPER'S FUNCTION

Replying to strictures against the modern daily newspaper, the St. Louis Republic says editorially:

At Temple Israel on Sunday morning Rabbi Harrison, of St. Louis, who has many times manifested acute recognition of the value of newspaper publicity, paid his respects to the press of the present day. "The average newspaper," he said, "vulgarizes taste; panders to coarseness and crudeness; reveals in salacious scandals; dwells on the abnormal, the exceptional, and debases the noble English tongue, our common inheritance. It devotes pages to pugilism, and a weekly column to the religious interests of a great city. It is news not when a man rises but when he falls. His views fill columns; his virtues not even lines. What benefit do you expect to get from your minute perusal of the daily paper? The editors themselves will rather pity your taste. One page of Burke, a psalm of David, a paragraph of Emerson will outweigh inessential merit and value all the city's newspapers of a day put together."

It is matter for regret that the newspaper, which is the interpreter of all other things in the life of the time, should lack a department for the interpretation of itself. For Rabbi Harrison's utterance does not stand alone; it is simply the latest illustration of the sad fact that many men of light and leading have read newspapers all their lives under a profound misapprehension of the newspaper's purpose and mission.

The first thing necessary to a better understanding is a moment's attention to the natural history of news. There is a volume in the root meaning of the word. For example, on every Friday for many years the Sultan of Turkey has gone to the White Mosque without the fact being chronicled by the press of the world. On last Friday, however, this weekly pilgrimage became news; the journals of the world followed him, noted the temper of the crowds that lined the way and the behavior of the Imperial Guards. Doubtless Rabbi Harrison read the account with interest, but a week before he would not have thanked his newspaper for the information that his Majesty Abdul Hamid made the usual pilgrimage.

The test of the news value of an event is, therefore, its element of novelty. Whether news shall be the record of things admirable or things disgraceful practically depends on the community. In the early days of Dodge City, Kas., or Leadville, Colo., the information that Cherokee Jake or San Juan Bill had attended church would have been news. But in those communities at the present day the weekly presence of many citizens of equal or greater prominence has no news value. In which city would the rabbi rather live, the one where church attendance has news value, or the one where it has none?

In many a great city one sees occasionally in Monday morning's paper

a paragraph to the effect that there were but ten—or twenty—arrests for drunkenness on the day before. Yet in some country village one arrest for drunkenness on Sunday might be worth half a column in the county weekly. Which condition argues the higher standard of sobriety?

The rabbi's charge against the English of the newspaper is, almost too true. But the newspaper as a sinner in this particular can say what the survivor of Pickett's charge said in disclaiming congratulations: "Oh, there were so many of us!" The only effective way to preserve the English tongue in its purity would be to get out a perpetual injunction against its use by nine-tenths of America's population. Its preservation must regard the principle underlying the familiar prescription for preserving the grease in trousers: "Never sit down."

As to the charge that "the average newspaper panders to coarseness and crudeness; reveals in salacious scandals; devotes pages to pugilism and a weekly column to the religious interests of a great city," it is in place to note that the issue of The Republic containing the rabbi's words. The Republic, it may be admitted, tries to be somewhat better than the average newspaper—contained a two-inch item on pugilism but not a single scandal. Our rabbi, therefore, reminds us of the retort of an American girl to the English lord who had said that Americans were generally vulgar and without manners in their homes: "What very poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord!"

In his comparison between the value of the newspaper and that of the writings of Burke, David and Emerson—(this is undoubtedly the first time these three worthies have ever figured as literary bedfellows)—the good rabbi confuses the literature of power with the literature of information. The student of world-politics does not go to the Eighth Psalm to learn what happened to the Sultan of Turkey yesterday; the baker does not read the Orator on Conciliation in order to find out the closing quotation on May wheat at Chicago; nor does the lawyer meditate over "If the red slayer think he slay" that he may know just what is the state of negotiations between Governor Hadley and the railroad. Nor does the reader go to the batting averages of the Cardinals, the stock market quotations, or the tales of moving accidents by flood and field, nor even to the editorial columns where busy men strive to set the event as it passes in a just perspective for that uplifting of soul, that subtle thrill of the sense of beauty, that intoxication of spirit which are obtainable alone from poems which have been distilled drop by drop in the alchemy of genius, from essays with sentences modeled as deliberately as Greek marble, from raptures of prophecy which represent the prophet's height of inspiration. The newspaper's office is much more pedestrian but no less necessary.

MAKING A GREAT UNIVERSITY INVESTIGATION IN BUSINESS

There are, however, tests of greatness more convincing than mere size of buildings and numbers of students enrolled. The quality of the work done in undergraduate courses tells much. But the efficiency of an institution in qualifying young men and young women to carry on original research is the true test of greatness. In this manner also it gives the benefits which are of the greatest value to the public. Fruitful research work reacts upon the work leading up to it, thus giving to the whole institution a stimulus which is most beneficial.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the leading men at the University of Illinois attach so much importance to the results to be obtained through the graduate school recently founded in connection with the university. Their present efforts to secure from the legislature proper support for this school are justified by the value of the work which lies before it. To the legislators it should be apparent that the mere teaching of things generally known brings no real advancement beyond the advancement to the individual taught. The desire of the university faculty to add to the sum of human knowledge by pressing forward along unexplored paths of science is the desire which leads to make the institution mean something really worth while to the world at large.

The graduate school is an effective insurance against dry rot. The men who ask that it be properly supported are those who want new and greater tasks to perform for the benefit of the state and of humanity at large. No university can achieve results of the first order unless it is full of the enthusiasm which comes from doing notable work.—Chicago News.

Let us assume that tomorrow you decide to embark in the business of manufacturing a toilet soap to compete with some of the well-known makers. It is important that it should have a significant or attractive name. But, right at the outset, you discover that it is almost impossible to secure any satisfactory name for a new soap. Its color, transparency, and clearness suggest the title of "amber soap." Yes, surely, "amber soap" does have an attractive sound. But you cannot use the word "amber" for you find that this is one of a list of 24 possible names for a toilet soap, presented by registration as a protectionary measure years ago by one of the leading American soap-makers. They have covered over 100 names in the past quarter of a century, willingly paying the registration charges of \$25 for every title. Of course they do not intend to use them; they register them to fight off competition, believing (and here is the important point!) that no clever business man would embark in the enterprise of manufacturing a new soap when from the start he was prevented from employing the powerful weapon of imagination in giving it a suitable name. If an establishment like this, directed by some of the ablest heads in the business world, believes that it can discourage competition by simply depriving the imagination in the naming of his soap, how great a value must we attach to imagination in business?—Loren F. Deland in the Atlantic Monthly.

First and Last.

When a girl begins to call a man by his first name, it generally indicates that she has designs on his last.—Lippincott's.

Saucy.

A dancer in New York has made a hit; put other shows on The blink. The saucy little jade Is dancing with her clothes on. —Cleveland News.