

University Missourian

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UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

- May 14. Town and Gown club dinner.
- May 14. Concert by cadet band on campus.
- May 15. "Rivals," a comedy, by students of expression, Christian College auditorium.
- May 18. Christian College commencement.
- May 18. Cosmopolitan club entertainment, women's parlors.
- May 19. Baseball, Missouri vs. Kansas.
- May 20. Baseball, Missouri vs. Kansas.
- May 20. School of Education high school debate.
- May 20. Graduating exercises of Columbia high school, Columbia theater.
- May 21. Marcella Craft, opera singer, University auditorium.
- May 21. Concert by cadet band on campus.
- May 24-29. Final examinations.
- May 26. Stephens College commencement.
- May 26. Closing exercises of School of Education high school.
- May 29. Stephens Medal contest.
- May 30. Baccalaureate sermon.
- May 31. Class day.
- May 31-June 1. Entrance examinations.
- May 31. Phi Beta Kappa election, Y. W. C. A. room, 2 p. m.
- June 1. Alumni and Phi Beta Kappa day.
- June 1. Phi Beta Kappa initiation, Y. W. C. A. room, 1 p. m.; annual banquet, Gordon hotel, 6:30 p. m.
- June 2. Annual meeting of curators. Commencement day; address by Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

CADETS' DRILL GROUNDS.

There seems to be a great deal of righteous interest taken in the proposal that the "quad" be allowed a covering of grass, instead of serving as a parade ground for cadets and surveying students.

Why not have the military men use some other grounds? In the cities, where room is more at a premium than in Columbia, the grass in the parks is carefully protected from destruction by the crushing shoes of careless visitors. Neat little "Keep off the grass" signs are posted throughout the parks. Policemen warn away those who are too young, or too ignorant, to read. As a result, the parks are scenes of beauty. There are no bare, unsightly places to mar appearances. And when well tended, grass is useful in resting the eyes, as well as ornamental in pleasing them.

The authorities in New York City have set aside little squares in various parts of the city covered with grass. Through these "breathing spots" run cinder paths, on the edge of which are placed comfortable benches for the use of the tired working men and women. The citizens of New York believe that it pays, economically, to set aside spaces worth fabulous sums per square foot, for grass plots. Surely the University authorities will also see the value of having a fine bluegrass campus, since the cost is far less than in New York, and since the benefits are fully as great.

A Seattle evangelist proposes to convert James J. Jeffries and make him the greatest preacher in the world. The Pacific states used to be the haven of prize-fighters. Now that that distinction is becoming a memory, they are determined to be first in the remaining professions.

That appearance are deceitful has been proved again. The "shabbiest dressed man" in the employ of a bank in St. Louis was able to embezzle \$10,000 right under the nose of the National bank examiners.

THE WHY OF IT.

Have we time? Is it worth while? How often have we asked these questions? If we went ahead and did something while we were asking the question we would get more out of life. If you have the determination you can do anything, time or no time. Napoleon never considered whether or not he had time to fight a battle. He went

right into it and fought until the battle was won. It didn't make any difference to him whether it was night or day, or whether or not he had a good dinner or had a bed to sleep on.

Time goes fast and the more we do in the time we have the happier we will be. When you make up your mind to do a thing; go ahead and do it even if you do have to miss a meal.

Anything is worth the while if you make it so. Things are generally always worth while. This should be taken for granted. Do it, not because it is worth while or because it is your duty; but because it is right.

Many people fit their vocations about as well as a round peg does in a square hole. They can't fill the place. The moulding out of their ability has been stunted and they have undertaken something that is beyond them. People should keep within their own circle and be successful there rather than attempt something greater and fail. Better perfection in the lesser walks of life, than failure in the broad ways.

Word comes from Paris that the "Marseillaise" has gone out of fashion among the socialist strikers. The "Garmagnole" or "song of blood," and the "Internationale," which is an entirely new creation devoid of all superfluous lyrics are the newest styles. Each of these, they predict, will soon appear in the other centres of Europe.

A boom has been started for former President Roosevelt as mayor of New York. "If Barkis is willing" he will have to forego his hunt and hurry home to look after his candidacy.

Wu Ting Fang said: "The Chinese women do not send their love through the mails." Wu is right, only a few women in his country can write.

The "Holoco" are gone. The "Sons of Rest" could hardly be expected to tackle the examination woolpile.

Now that the Boyles have been found guilty, kidnapers will go slower in the future.

If you find difficulty in calling this season spring, just call it the examining season.

From the looks of the parade Saturday, prosperity hasn't arrived yet.

"Coming events cast their shadows." Final exams are coming events.

Patten may be sorry, but that won't affect the price of wheat.

TOLD ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE

The Arts student was discussing the ethical value of open-air concerts, when the "ad" man interrupted with, "How'd you like to see a live tiger on Rollins field?"

"Why kick when we win?" remonstrated the red-headed "Soph" with the wart on his nose.

"I'm not knocking the team," explained the "ad" man. "Someone suggested sending a cablegram to Roosevelt asking him to capture a cub tiger for Mizou."

"Wouldn't we be in it next football season," exclaimed the baseball man enthusiastically. "Iowa's little bear would be up a tree, and I hate to think what our tiger would do to that bird they are so fond of parading around at Drake. And what will we do to Kansas with a fuscat like that?"

"You talk as if cub tigers grew on bushes," grunted the freshman. "Teddy's trusty rifle wouldn't do here, you know."

"Why he could grab a live one some dark night and make his getaway," hazarded the junior "Medic."

"Don't you believe it," replied the "Soph." "Before he'd have time to twist its tail, much less get out of its hair the parents would mash him flat as a pancake."

"A sort of layer cake," corrected the wag.

"I'll admit that kidnaping in darkest Africa is a risky proposition," agreed the "ad" man, "but it could be done. And what a celebration would follow. We'd get a holiday to receive his tigership. The animal house could be turned into a tiger cage."

"But what's to prevent the President from making an awful mistake in the dark," asked the wag gloomily, "a mistake which would be a blot to Columbia."

"How so?" asked his neighbor.

"He might send a blind tiger," sighed the wag.

Summer Embroideries.

A touch of color will continue to be a feature of the embroidery decoration of women's wardrobes this season. White washable Japanese crepe is still a favorite material for blouses. A conventional scroll design was carried out in white tubular braid, the leaves and flower sprays being worked in solid embroidery of delft blue is novel and effective. — The New Idea Woman's Magazine for June.

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.

That All-County Dance.

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
Why is it that the dance given at the Gymnasium high school night was carried on with such tactics? In the first place little was known of the dance until all the tickets had been disposed of. There were several counties which did not receive tickets at all. But to eclipse these there were ticket scalpers who attempted to profit by surplus tickets. Are the 400 who did get to dance to be called the "100" of the University? — STUDENT.

What About the Pedagogues?

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
The Q. E. B. H. honor senior secret society has once more elected and initiated its new members. And once more has one department of the University been slighted. Two men were chosen from each of the following departments: Law, engineering, arts and science and agriculture. One man was selected to represent the School of Medicine and one to represent the School of Journalism. But where does the School of Education come in for its representation? Isn't it six years older than the School of Journalism? As a matter of fact, isn't it larger in numbers than the School of Law or College of Agriculture? It has almost 300 students. Of this number about one-third are men. Then why should a senior honorary society slight this department? Isn't it worthy of one representative? After 1910 its B. S. degree will require 132 hours' credit to 120 for the A. B. of the "Academics." Then, in justice to the School of Education, isn't it up to the Q. E. B. H. honor senior society to get busy and give the School of Education one representative as it deserves? — A SENIOR "ACADEM."

Boest Him—Don't Knock.

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
In this advanced age of civilization it really seems that people should be more advanced in matters of common sense than what they really are. Whenever a man begins to rise above his fellows there is always a jealous hand full ready to begin knocking. Instead of pushing him along when he is taking a stand for what is right, they pull at him and try to check his success. These jealous and cowardly mortals are a hindrance to the future success of a nation.

Let us take for instance a man who has been asked to be governor of a great state. As soon as the news has reached his own town where he lives there are two sides formed at once. The intelligent faction, if the man is a stamp of perfection, throws might and main into the work of boosting him to the front. They are proud to know a man who is to receive such honor. On the other hand, there is the pessimistic hand full who at once grow jealous and begin to knock. They are usually nothing but dried up scraps of the community. Their main talk is that the newly great is after graft. Why they are this way is simple; jealousy, is the sole reason. — D. W. G.

The Hobo Convention.

To the Editor of the University Missourian:
Why did the hoboes charge for their stunt? What were their expenses, and who will have charge of the proceeds? The Journalists gave a stunt that required, at least, as much expense and a great deal more time and work to present; it was free. The pedagogues presented an excellent stunt, but they did not ask the students to pay them for it. The Engineers do not go outside their own department for money to defray the expenses of a visit of St. Patrick. The Farmers charge nominally for the County Fair, but this only reimburses them for actual money expended, the excess being accounted for by a committee who publish a signed statement of their receipts and expenditures. They give weeks of preparation absolutely free of charge. The Mock Trial, also represents an outlay of money for costuming their court, and time in preparation. Again, we have a recognized committee that sees to the placing of the surplus.

In view of the excellent stunts given free, it seemed ill-timed to ask the student body to pay for the privilege of attending a stunt that requires less preparation and as little expenditure as any that is given. With no recognized committee responsible, what assurance has the student body that "traveling expenses" of the hoboes may not quite equal the receipts, so that the surplus going to the S. P. A. would be a minimum.

If such things are charged for we may reasonably expect the students participating in a night-shirt parade next fall to ask spectators to pay for the privilege of watching them give the snake dance down Broadway. Why not? — A SPECTATOR.

The Hat Shop Attendant: "Sorry, sir, but it's the largest I have left. You see, gents with big heads mostly go 'em early." — The Skelton.

LITERARY

The fifty-ninth report of the public schools of the state, compiled and edited by Howard A. Gass, the superintendent of public schools, is complete in every detail. The first fifty-five pages of the report are taken up with a discussion of the conditions now existing in the public school system of Missouri, and with certain recommendations for the betterment of the educational system in the state, based upon the information given in the report. These recommendations are in brief:

The enactment of a law providing county supervision for every county in the state.

Special aid to weak school districts. The strengthening of the compulsory attendance law so as to require the attendance of the pupil during the entire time the school such pupil attends is in session.

A law promoting the consolidation of districts and the establishment of larger school units.

The state should provide special state aid to high schools in communities which are unable to maintain them without such aid.

Physical inspection of school children with a view to the correction, if possible, of mental and physical defects.

Annual meetings of school officers of the county.

That laws be enacted toward the securing of more efficient teachers.

The rest of the book contains reports of schools and illustrations. In regard to the rural schools Mr. Gass says that they are improving, but that they have not kept pace with the growth and progress of the schools of higher rank.

THE AMERICAN PUBLICITY CRAZE

"The craze for publicity is the most prevalent of all crazes. It is the cause of many marriages, divorces and even crime."

This is the statement of Frank Finney, former city editor of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Republican, who declares that there would be little news in the world if there were no newspapers.

"The people of America especially are tumbling over each other to get their names in the newspapers," added Finney, "and it is invariably the case that the men who are unsuccessful are the ones who say 'the newspapers lie.'"

"Not an hour ago I heard two men in this lobby talk of the veracity of newspapers. One man came up to the other and said:

"Well, are we going to have snow?"

"So the papers say," added the other.

"Well, the newspapers always tell the truth," was the stereotyped reply of the other. He said it in the usual sarcastic fashion.

"Now, I've been in the newspaper business a long while," went on Finney, "and I've discovered that the untruthful newspapers are those that get their news from liars. If the newspapers of the United States are in the habit of lying it is only because the citizens are liars."

"American newspapers are the most enterprising of any in the world. When the average newspaper office gets hold of a story it wants to run it down. If those concerned in the publication of the story do not wish to be exposed they lie and as a result the newspaper often lies if it can't get another source for the article, in its efforts to tell the truth."

"Now, for instance," added Finney, "take the case of the men who were talking about snow. The weather man has predicted snow. The newspapers print his forecast. If it doesn't snow the newspapers will not be at fault; it will be the forecaster's error."

"Newspapers are made by the public and by individuals. A community can be judged by its newspapers. With five people there are five newspapers. With criminals there are stories of crimes and with 'dead ones' there are always dead newspapers."

"I quit the business because I got the publicity craze. I wanted to do something besides recording the doings of others. The average newspaper employee, I mean in the editorial department, spends his life making other people famous. The reporter is so busy boosting other people than he hasn't time to do anything for himself."

"The whole world has the publicity bug. Every successful man these days has a press agent, from the scissors grinder to John D. Rockefeller. One could not count in a day the chorus girls, stage people and professional folks who have married simply for the publicity of the affair. Then there are others who get divorced simply for the airing of the proceedings in court."

"The man in these days who doesn't want his name in the paper is an anomaly and has tired of publicity."

Frank Finney is now connected with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. For four years he was an editor on the Springfield Republican, considered one of the leading newspapers of America. — Des Moines Register and Leader.

ST. LOUIS GIRL WHO WILL WED COLUMBIA NEWSPAPER MAN



Miss Alice Tyler. — By courtesy of the St. Louis Times.

MISS ALICE TYLER, 587 Parkersburg avenue, St. Louis, will be married in the fall to Robert W. Jones, city editor of the Columbia Daily Tribune. Mr. Jones was graduated from the University of Missouri in 1906.

AMERICAN PASSION FOR IDEAS

There is much truth, possibly not quite happily expressed, in the good-humored attack of a writer in the current Harper's Weekly on what he calls "the American passion for ideas," a passion which he holds to be detrimental to conversation. There is a sense in which this is true, but it is necessary to define our terms. Perhaps "ideas" should have been put between inverted commas; it is only in the raw or as plain boiled or roast that they are out of place in polite society. Mr. Yeats lays himself open to misinterpretation at this point, when he says:

Ideas are the delight of the immature and the young. The youth who has spent his life under the stimulus of emulation cannot conceive of talk as anything different from argument; for that reason he likes ideas, and, above all, ideas that appeal to the moral sense, since he is full of the moral sense as when his mother first planted it in his infant mind.

It is no very dreadful thing to be young, and there are doubtless plenty of admirably mature persons who would gladly exchange their highly civilized immunity from ideas for the privilege of dividing their years by two. But it is, in some degree, a mark of active-minded and promising youth to take ideas hard and not to be able to use them to the best advantage.

Talk is in this respect not different from any other art. One may know the able but immature novelist by his eager putting forward of his latest opinions to the detriment of his story, and of the development of his characters. The stupid novelist like the stupid talker never has any ideas that are worth while, though "ideas" come cheap at second hand and are brought to the fore in proportion as moral earnestness preponderates over imagination, originality and suggestibility. It is only with experience and ripe wisdom that the artist with tongue or pen learns to serve up his thoughts with skill and taste. Mr. Yeats misses the point when he says that "in conversation the intellect must be humble," and remember that it is the servant and not the master."

On the contrary, the intellect is never more the master than when it seems to lay aside its claims, when it puts a homily into an epigram, and exchanges blunt thumping argument for glowing irony. Ideas plus art yield brilliance, urbanity, the quick give and take of good talk. Ideas minus are given prosy didacticism, such as schoolmasters are accused of, or the over-impassioned rhetoric of the zealot in either case a false note in a company supposed to be neutral ground. And art minus ideas may stand for the chatter of well-bred people who have led intellectually the sheltered life, just as talk minus both ideas and art may sum up nine tenths of what passes for conversation.

The distinction made by Mr. Yeats is perhaps not so much a distinction between age and crabbled youth as he seems to suppose. A witty English novelist has observed that it is only among

the middle classes—professional people, authors, artists, and such—that ideas are indulged in; the talk of the aristocracy and the working people, he observed, is exactly alike in that it is confined to personalities. The stock market should nowadays be added as a point of difference; there are circles where the talk always takes its departure from, and comes back to, the day's doings in steel. The motor car, too, has made another line of differentiation—one might almost appraise the collective annual income of some groups by the tone of its automobile talk. But in the main the burden of talk, always and everywhere, is personalities, and the machine grinds very fine.

On the whole, it seems probable that Mr. Yeats's theory of an incubus of ideas is a too hasty generalization. Prosy talkers there are, in America as elsewhere, and very likely one would have to seek long for a circle where conversation is practiced as brilliantly and artistically as we are told is the case in France. Yet even Frenchmen have been known to show an interest in abstract ideas—in '93, for instance—and a poke with a pike may be regarded as an even cruder and more primitive resort than a five-minute drawing-room harangue. Generally speaking, when people have great issues near at heart there will be a ferment of ideas. And where there are ideas they are pretty sure to make their way even into the salon or so much the worse for the salon. But it is a lack of ideas from which talk mainly suffers, though it should be added that the suffering seldom extends to the talkers. So long as there are three people in the world, two of them will have a subject for conversation—fletcherized conversation perhaps it should be called.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Fresh Air Tablets.

In these modern days a food or medicine that can't be put up in a tablet is almost a back number. Even the air is prepared in compressed form. A few days ago, when an apartment in Washington's fashionable Connecticut avenue district became too warm and the hostess complained of the stuffiness of the atmosphere, her visitor, who was just back from Paris, handed her a brown tablet and told her to dissolve it in water. The tablet bubbled away at a great rate, and the hostess said she felt relieved; the stale air seemed to become pure and bracing; in fact, it was oxygenized. "I bought these tablets in France," said the visitor. "They are the invention of the acetylene specialist. They are a combination of chemicals that in water give off oxygen in abundance. The tablets are in winter very popular in France, where one is considered equal to a window wide open for an hour." — Pathfinder.

Had Him There.

"What are you talking about? A thing can't be a great help and a great drawback at the same time."
"I don't know. How about a mustard plaster?" — Boston Transcript.