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## Daily Eastern News: February 06, 1934

Eastern Illinois University

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## Mining Revolt Is Discussed at Forum Thursday

Jake Volc Says NRA Program  
Has Not Aided Illinois  
Miners

### CODE IS VIOLATED

"The NRA and Its Effect on the Coal Industry" was the subject of a talk given by Jake Volc before the Forum group last Thursday evening. Centralizing his conclusion on conditions in this state, Mr. Volc said, "The NRA has not helped the Illinois miner at all."

Mr. Volc gave a brief summary of the mining set-up in Illinois, describing conditions in the two contending factions, the United Mine Workers of America and the Progressive Miners Association. Heading the former group is John L. Lewis who has been president of the United Mine Workers for 15 years.

The chief objectives of the Progressives in divorcing the United Mine Workers group was to set up an organization which would reduce the appointive power of the president, reduce official salaries, cut down on length of officers' terms, and provide relief for unemployed miners. The speaker stated that the United Mine Workers group does not take care of unemployed miners.

Mining conditions in Illinois have not been bettered under the NRA because Mr. Lewis has the whip hand, according to Mr. Volc. A regional board arranged under the mining code is dominated by United Mine Workers and all decisions thus far rendered have favored the Lewis factions. Some mines are paying wages lower than the minimum figure specified in the code, but protests have been dealt with by the entrenched Lewis factions and the wages remain the same.

Probably the only benefit of the NRA to the coal industry has been the

(Continued on page 10)

## Clubs of College to Collect Money When Bank Opens

Following are the organizations and their total restricted accounts, only half of which it is thought will be available when the new bank opens: 1933 graduating class, \$7.90; senior class, \$54.96; junior class \$53.22; sophomore class, \$77.98; Student Council, \$32.91; Pemberton Hall, \$16.85; Girls Annual Formal dance fund, \$28.98; Warbler, \$284.30; Players, \$50.89; Band, \$118.96; Kappa Delta Pi, \$86.07; Music fund, \$211.81; Glee club, \$31.05; Men's chorus, \$8.60; Industrial Arts club, \$19.65; Home Economics club, \$12.23; Fine Arts, \$16.08; Mathematics club, \$5.72; Varsity club, \$18.95; Fidelis, \$7.89.

## Epsilon Pi Tau Will Hear Two Addresses

Lawrence F. Ashley and Harry R. Jackson will be the speakers at the meeting of Epsilon Pi Tau Friday evening at 7:30 in the Practical Arts building. Mr. Ashley will speak on the Mississippi Valley conference and Mr. Jackson will review the ideals of Epsilon Pi Tau.

A discussion of honorary membership will be held, and a membership committee appointed.

## TEACHERS WILL MEET AT MATTOON SATURDAY

President R. G. Buzzard and Charles H. Coleman will be two of the speakers on the program at the annual County Teachers'-Farmers' Institutes which is to be held at the Mattoon high school this Friday and Saturday. President Buzzard will give a general lecture and Mr. Coleman will speak on "The Constitution" and "The Government's Alphabet."

## NET FANS REJUVENATE WALL STREET CRACK-UP

Sitting on biped chairs in the west end of the gym watching an intramural game, the three basketball fans had only a faint idea of the 1929 Wall Street crash. The idea became more vivid when two opposing basketballers came close enough to move the equilibrium point in the three chairs toward the east. On the way down the boys looked like amateurs on the first ten feet of a toboggan slide. "You may be down, but you're never out," one of them said as they picked up the quadrupeds and sat down on them.

## Memorial Fund Collection Date Has Been Lifted

Announce Extension of Time  
Limit for Collection of Scholar-  
ship Memorial Fund

The time for collecting funds for the Livingston C. Lord Scholarship Memorial Fund has been extended indefinitely according to a report by Miss Ruby Harris, who is in charge of collections for the fund. The fund is to be \$2,000 and contributions range from one to twenty-five dollars. As fast as the money is collected it is invested in government bonds.

Each year at commencement a student who has shown unusual ability in teaching will be given the award.

It has been suggested that the fund be increased to \$4,000 so that a larger award could be given each year. Anyone who is interested may send his contribution to Miss Harris.

## SENIORS VOTE FORMAL DANCE FOR MARCH 17

The Senior class voted to have a formal dance on March 17 at their meeting last Wednesday morning. Numerous places at which the dance might be held were suggested but the site was not chosen.

A heated discussion pertaining to class dues was brought to an abrupt close when the bell rang. Before the final gong sounded many of the seniors had voiced the opinion that they were opposed to the dues because they got nothing in return for them.

Samples of invitations have arrived and class members have been urged to place their orders early.

## INSTRUCTOR CALLED HOME

Kevin J. Guinagh of the language department, was called to his home in Pennsylvania last Wednesday because of the serious illness of his mother.

## Eight Literary Contest Entries Receive Awards

Mrs. Marthei Rennels Wins Short  
Story Prize; Mary Powell  
Is Poetry Winner

### 53 ENTER CONTEST

First prize in the short story division of the News literary contest was won by Mrs. Marthei Rennels. "Boomerang" is the title of the winning manuscript. The first place award in the poetry and book review division was won by Mary Agnes Powell.

Other winners in the short story class were: Vincent Kelly, second; Norma Cox, honorable mention; Muriel Edwards, honorable mention. L. Beatrice Widger won the second place award and both honorable mentions in the poetry and book review division.

Cash prizes totaling \$12.50 were awarded for the winning manuscripts. Short story awards were as follows: first, \$3.00; second, \$2.00; two honorable mentions, one dollar each. In the poetry and book review division the prizes were as follows: first, \$2.00; second, \$1.50; two honorable mentions, one dollar each.

Miss Edith E. Ragan and Orra A. Neal and Robert Shiley, all members of the English department, judged the manuscripts. The judges were of unanimous opinion that the poetry entered in the contest is of better quality than the manuscripts submitted in the other divisions.

A total of 53 manuscripts were submitted for the contest, marking an increase of about 20 over the number entered last year.

Paul Blair edited the supplement. Alexander Summers served as associate editor, and Vaughn Armer drew the cartoons. The linoleum cut on the front page of the supplement was made by Genevieve Weeks.

A number of the poems entered which did not receive prizes are printed in this issue.

## MR. SCRUGGS IS GUEST AT INDIANA MEETING

Walter M. Scruggs of the Zoology department, was guest of the local physicians at the regular meeting of the Terre Haute Academy of Medicine in Terre Haute last Friday night. Speakers of the evening were Dr. Gey-schlicher, Head of the Department of Medicine in John Hopkins university, and Dr. Davis of Northwestern university.

## JUNIORS FAVOR PICTURE

The Juniors complimented themselves last Wednesday by voting to have a picture taken of the Junior-Senior Prom for the Warbler. The Prom will be given at the Mattoon Country club from 9 to 1 on February 17. The admission is \$1.10 per couple.

## Supplement Editor



PAUL ELLIOT BLAIR

## Famous Animal and Bird Act Is Booked Tonight

Famous Bird and Animal Show  
Is Sponsored by Entertain-  
ment Course Committee

The circus is coming! That is to say, a goodly portion of a circus will be represented in the bird and animal show to be given by "Pamahasika's Pets" in the college assembly hall at 8 o'clock this evening. Featured on the program will be trained Australian cockatoos, strutting Brazilian macaws, canary kindergartners which perform gymnastic stunts, trick dogs, and Bono, the monkey.

The performance is being sponsored by the Entertainment Course committee although it is not a number of the course. Admission will be 25 cents for adults and ten cents for children. Any profits that accrue will go to the Entertainment Course fund.

## MISS WELLER SPEAKS FOR GEOGRAPHY CLUB

With a capacity crowd of over 50 people present, the Geography club held its regular meeting Wednesday night in room 16. The program included two talks. Miss Weller spoke on "Iraq," a country near Arabia, explaining the recent economic development of the country and its influence on the people.

The second talk was by Harriett Dowling who gave a resume of several current news events taken from newspaper items.

Due to the resignation of the club secretary, an election was held for a new member of the club to fill the position. Max White was elected.

## SPEAKS AT SHELBYVILLE

President R. G. Buzzard was a speaker on the program of the Shelby County Institute in Shelbyville, Friday.

## Student Council Finds Power Is Not Restricted

Faculty Committee Appoints  
Ernest L. Stover Faculty  
Adviser to Group

### ONE MEMBER RESIGNS

Developments last week brought forth the fact that the Student Council is not such a hamstrung organization as its members first thought. The Council, according to their newly appointed faculty adviser, Ernest L. Stover, has the power to do anything they choose, providing it has the approval of eight members of the group and the faculty adviser. Those duties in the by-laws which Council members have been regarding as their only activities are merely suggestions.

Mr. Stover was appointed adviser to the Council at a meeting of the faculty extra-curricular committee last Tuesday evening. His appointment was unanimously approved at the Council meeting on Wednesday morning.

The faculty extra-curricular committee, which includes Mr. Stover, Miss Ruth Carman and Miss Emily Orcutt, advised that the Student Council discuss the Student Senate plan again and then if any changes from the present student government set-up are advocated that they be worked out to very specific details before being presented to the classes for a vote. Student Council members decided Wednesday morning to postpone any action on the Senate plan until all of their members are eligible to attend meetings.

Evelyn Keith, one of the Council representatives from the freshman class, resigned at the meeting and turned in her pin. A new delegate from the first-year group will be chosen at the class meeting next Wednesday.

The regular Council membership totals eleven: four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores, and two freshmen. Evelyn Harwood is president of the group.

## Walter M. Scruggs Speaks at Science Meeting Wednesday

Walter M. Scruggs of the biology department spoke before the Science club last Wednesday evening on the evolution of some of the structures of the human body. Glen Giesler gave a talk on vivisection, giving the arguments for and against it.

Mr. Scruggs told of the evolution in general from lower animals to the mammals. He gave particular attention to the evolution of the eye, stating that a bird's eye is both microscopic and telescopic and that it is superior to that of man. An explanation of why a dog's and cat's eyes can be seen in the dark was given.

## Mr. Guinagh Writes Article for Journal

"Speculum, a Journal of Mediaeval Studies," a quarterly published by the Mediaeval Academy of America, has an article by Kevin J. Guinagh in the current number.

The title of the article is "An Unpublished Manuscript of Rogerius Anglicus." This Latin manuscript was finished on August 4, 1474. It was presented to the University of Pittsburgh by Andrew Mellon.

## PLAYERS TO DISCUSS TRIP AND GIVE PLAY

The regular meeting of the Players Thursday night will be given over to discussion of the trip to Normal as guests of the dramatic society of that school, and the presentation of "Close The Book," under the direction of Genevieve Weeks.

"Close The Book," by Susan Glaspell, is a one act comedy-farce. It has been in rehearsal for the past three weeks.

## Final Examinations

Final examinations for the winter quarter will be held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 22, March 1 and 2. The examinations schedule will be announced later.

(Continued on page 10)

## T. C. Wins Opening Game from Toledo In E. I. Tourney; Bows to Kansas Five

Blue and Gold Has Little Trouble Beating Toledo; Outplayed by Kansas.

(By Jack Grove)

T. C. met Toledo High Wednesday night at 8:30 in the Casey gym to defeat them 32-15. The entire team played well and although there was no outstanding play by any one member, the group, as a whole, functioned in good style. The boys started fast, considering the size of the floor, but once accustomed to it, they slowed down and took it easy. At no time were the Argonauts in any danger.

Cole led the field with ten points while Endsley, Clark, and Baker collected nine, seven, and six respectively. T. C. led at the first quarter by six points, the score standing at 6-0. In the second quarter T. C. scored four points while Toledo pierced the Blue and Gold defense for five making a 10-5 standing in T. C.'s favor.

At the beginning of the fourth period of play the score stood 16-11, a five point lead for the home boys. The game ended with the Blue and Gold cagers having the substantial advantage of 32-15.

T. C. High (32)	FT	PT	PF
Clark, f	3	1	0
Baker, f	3	2	1
Bearrows, c	0	0	3
King, c	0	0	0
Cole, g	5	0	1
Endsley, g	2	5	1
Totals	12	8	6

Toledo (15)	FG	PT	PF
Evans, f	2	0	2
Liechenwalter, f	0	0	0
Roberts, f	0	2	0
Oakley, c	2	0	1
Grissom, c	0	0	0
Easton, g	1	1	4
J. Easton, g	1	0	1
Storm, g	0	0	1
Totals	6	3	9

Referee—Williams (Mt. Vernon).  
Umpire—Beem (Shelbyville.)

T. C. encountered the Kansas High quintet Friday evening at 5 p. m., on the Casey floor to take the small end of a 33-21 score in a strenuous game. The Blue and Gold tilters started well and played a good game for the first quarter, but soon after play was resumed in the second canto they seemed lost and couldn't keep possession of the ball.

Cole was again high point man for T. C. while Moore of Kansas broke loose for 8 field goals. Bearrows broke the jinx that seemed to hang over him and scored one point, but early in the second half, he fouled out.

T. C. will be given a chance for revenge in the District Tournament March 8.

The lineups and summaries:

T. C. High (21)	FG	PT	PF
Baker, f	1	2	3
Clark, f	1	1	0
Bearrows, c	0	0	4
King, c	0	0	0
Cole, g	2	1	2
Endsley, g	3	3	3
Totals	7	7	12

Kansas (33)	FG	PT	PF
Redmon, f	2	1	1
Moore, f	8	0	3
Price, f	0	0	1
Harrington, c	2	2	3
Trotter, c	0	0	1
Cook, g	0	1	1
Hawkins, g	0	0	2
Martin, g	2	1	1
Totals	14	5	13

Referee—Beem (Shelbyville).  
Umpire—Williams (Mt. Vernon.)

### LOUISE TYM GIVES DINNER

Louise Tym was hostess to a 6:30 combination dinner Saturday evening. The hours following were spent informally with bridge and dancing. The following people were present: Virginia Williams, Elizabeth Irwin, Mary Katherine Kincaid, Evelyn Ringo, Frances Shafer, William Hite, Charles Spooner, Melvin Alexander, Robert Johns, Robert Smith, and Ward Welland.

## G. A. A. Announces All School Party for February 24

At a meeting held in room 29 Wednesday evening, plans were made for the all school party sponsored by the G. A. A. which is to be held February 24. This party is to be unique in the fact that no dancing or bridge is to be featured. Instead such novel games as the shirt relay and the old favorite, ping pong, will reign supreme.

Betty Lou Sollars is chairman of the entertainment committee and promises many interesting games. Mary Katherine Kincaid, chairman of the program committee, announced that the girls will present the same skit which they gave at Danville and for which they were awarded first place. Ellen Rose Huckleberry is planning delicious refreshments. Further announcement about the party will be made by means of posters.

Miss Chase announced that Betty Lou Sollars and Delpha Meyers had earned enough points to receive the highest state award given in G. A. A. work. A rousing cheer in honor of these two girls concluded the meeting.

## C. H. S. BREEZES TO E. I. LEAGUE TITLE

Charleston high school captured its first Eastern Illinois League title in history, defeating Marshall for the honor in Saturday night's finals, 31-15. Our Northside neighbors were pressed only once during the tournament and topped the majority of their games by top-heavy margins. Saturday afternoon Kansas almost ruined Trojan hopes, refusing to yield until the last five seconds of play. C. H. S. now has two more trophies to add to its thriving collection.

### SKIPS

by  
The Skipper



Ship Ahoy!  
Their favorites:  
Bill Hite—Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.

Mr. Shiley—Alice, Where Art Thou Going?  
Charles Coleman—Under the NRA.

In a social way:  
"Lib" Irwin walked to class with Charles Spooner Thursday morning. . . Esou and Elmer were seen about school last Friday morning. . . Jim Clark gave a party at the "Little Campus" for those persons with whom he has carried on his betting. Refreshments of chocolate and strawberry milk shakes were served to the following: Miss Ruth Royce and Messrs. Bob King, Max King and James Clark. . . Ben Wamsley Winter entertained the Winter society with a party last week. Those present were Ben Winter, president; Wamsley Winter, secretary and treasurer. Refreshments of popcorn and more popcorn were served. The guests departed at a late hour vowing he'd never had such a good time in his lives.

Did you know:  
Jack McDivitt's nickname was "heat wave." Mervin Baker says he's president of the "Three Musketeers."  
Carl Cooper says he's president of the "Three Musketeers."  
Bob Thomas thinks Helen McIntyre is the biggest liar south of the railroad. Yours.

—Skipper, '36.

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## Editorially:

### THE LATEST—

Have you heard the latest? This question confronts T. C. students forty-seven times during the day. As a result classmates are seen grouped in that familiar "huddle," anxiously straining their ears for words from the omniscient narrator. A gossip is indeed a great menace to this school, and a listener is often even worse. The former mentioned repeats facts with little or no foundation, while the latter actually craves for the news. Most high school students are loyal supporters of both the gossip and listener class. Unconsciously they lose control of their conversation and thus remain on topics injurious to their friends. On the other hand, they even urge one another to disclose gossip concerning their classmates. Are you guilty of these crimes? May your motto be—"Abolish All Gossip."

### Nosey Knows

Been ill with the flu 'cause I got me feet wet two weeks come next Sunday. Hope you haven't missed me.

Our days of freedom and liberty is over. Captured and convicted of "pestilous" crimes are: (1) M. Baker (2) C. Cooper (3) C. Faris (4) B. Cole (5) B. Hite (6) F. Moler (7) B. Winter (8) D. Welland (9) M. King (10) and Mary F. Smith (not Gert either).

Seems to me I have seen the Razzerettes cheering for Elmer and I want to suggest that Elmerettes would be a good name.

Seems to be the fact to limp with or without a cane.

I likes the wind, don't you? Jim Clark says he doesn't 'cause it reminds him of the time he was caught in a blizzard.

So tired are some girls getting of the Mae West sayings that a band of T. C. girls have changed it to: "Go away—I don't like you any more."

A short girl and a tall boy both in the senior class, have been seen so constantly together that a sophomore inquired if they were going together.

I'll be here again come around next Tuesday if I may.

—Nathan Nosey.

Merchants advertising in this paper are our friends. Show your appreciation by patronizing them.

## T. C. Calendar

TUESDAY	
News Staff Meeting	1:05 p. m.
Reading Club	4:15 p. m.
Glee Club	7:00 p. m.
Redmon Basketball game	
(There)	7:30 p. m.
WEDNESDAY	
Brass Section Practice	7:00 a. m.
Footlights	7:30 p. m.
Mixed Chorus	3:20 p. m.
THURSDAY	
Woodwind Section Practice	7:00 a. m.
Glee Club	3:20 p. m.
French Club	7:30 p. m.
FRIDAY	
Mixed Chorus	3:20 p. m.
Game with Greenup (there)	7:30 p. m.
SATURDAY	
Full Band Rehearsal	7:00 a. m.
Brass Quintet Practice	2:25 p. m.

## 'Alice Sit by the Fire', Senior Class Play, Will Be Presented Friday, February 16

### Senior Class Places Invitations Order; Other Classes Meet

The senior class ordered their invitations from the Herf-Jones company at their class meeting Wednesday. Some of the members also ordered their calling cards.

The juniors devoted their meeting to the discussion of the Junior - Senior banquet which is to be held at Pemberton Hall. They also discussed finances and are planning to sponsor either a movie or present a class play to raise money.

The sophomores set the third Saturday in April aside for the annual Sophomore-Senior party. Mary Widger read "Lost in an Encyclopedia" by Stephens.

### Home Ec Divisions Sponsor Three Teas

Three divisions of the high school home economics class sponsored teas from 12:15 to 1:00 p. m. Thursday. Frances Shafer was hostess of one group in which Mary Katherine Kincaid poured. Helen Spies was the hostess in the division in which Mildred Baker poured. Harriet Moore was hostess in the third group and Evelyn Morgan poured. Dainty sandwiches and tea were served to the following guests: Miss Orcutt, Elizabeth Irwin, Louise Tym, Martha June White, Aline Claar, Dorothy Craig and Norma Cutler. Talisman robes were presented to all of the guests.

### T. C. CLUBS TO "CASH IN" ON BANK OPENING

A number of high school organizations will have their finances bolstered considerably when 50 per cent of their restricted accounts are released when the bank opens in the near future.

The following are organizations and their total restricted accounts, only half of which it is thought will be available when the new bank first opens: 1933 graduating class, \$99.91; senior class, \$35.65; juniors, \$74; sophomores, \$14.60; Glee club, \$2.21; Footlights, \$14.15; Science club, \$6.14; Training school music fund, \$81.38.

### BEG YOUR PARDON

In the last issue of the News it was stated that William Hite was host to a group of friends at a combination supper at his home. It should have read that a group of boys entertained an equal number of girls at a combination supper held at the home of William Hite.

Kleenex—18c—Low prices yet quality—Walgreen system—Peoples Drug Store—North side square.



### Club Appoints Committee Chairman to Plan Novel Party February 24

The senior class play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," will be presented Friday, February 16, at 8 p. m., in the E. I. auditorium.

This three-act comedy by Sir James M. Barrie is a whimsical, satirical treatment of the situation which develops because Amy, the romantic daughter of the family, has been too often to the theatre. As a result, she has become a very sentimental lady and immediately presents her mother with an imaginary love affair due to a misinterpreted scene which she views from behind a screen. Barrie made the following remark about the screen: "Near the door is a large screen, such as people hide behind in the more ordinary sort of play; it will be interesting to see whether we can resist the temptation to hide someone behind it."

There are nine distinct individuals in the play. Cosmo, the thirteen-year-old son who has been away to a military academy, hates all outward display of affection. Amy, his seventeen-year-old sister, is the personification of naivete. She is blessed with an impressionable, affectionate nature. Ginevra, her domineering friend, is never abashed. Colonel Grey is a grizzled veteran who looks upon his impulsive Alice with indulgence. Alice, his wife, is whimsical, volatile, a bit spoiled, and exceedingly youthful in manner. Stephen Rolla, a young friend of the family, is a very earnest young man who has never learned the art of flirting. Richardson, the girl who waits on him, is a very simple minded young lady, vital at the sight of food, and somewhat genteelly gluttonous. The nurse is an authoritative personage and even Fanny, the maid, rather domineers over Alice.

The cast is as follows: Cosmo Grey—Frederick Miller; Amy Grey—Betty Lou Sollars; Fanny, the maid—Elizabeth Widger; Ginevra Dunbar—Louise Tym; Nurse—Helen Hall; Alice Grey—Ruth Royce; Colonel Grey—William Hite; Stephen Rolla—Charles Spooner; Richardson—Mary Alice Harwood.

Tickets will be sold this week and next during the free periods at the table in the front hall. They may also be purchased from any member of the senior class. Seats in the reserved section are 35 cents and general admission is 25 cents.

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# First Freshman Party Booked for Saturday Night

## Valentine Spirit Will Predominate at Party Exclusively for Frosh Students

Katherine Hall Is Chairman of General Committee Planning Party

A Freshman party, exclusively for members of the first year class, will be held in the gymnasium from 8:30 to 12 Saturday night. Decorations for the evening will reflect the Valentine spirit.

Katherine Hall, as chairman, heads the following general committee: for the party: William Barnfield, Frank Coolson, Donald Cavins, Delle Gillis, Walton Morris, Miss Elizabeth Michael, and Hobart F. Heller.

Virginia Gaiser is chairman of the decorating committee. Other members are: Margaret Ellen Stephenson, Mary Rosalie Bear, Clarence Carlson, Larren Fox, Ben Gossett, Annette Blomquist and Fern Tait. Students other than those listed above who will assist on sub-committees are Florence Cottingham and Helen Swanson.

## Kappa Delta Pi Is to Give July Party

White flannels and chifton dresses in winter! Sport clothes will even be in vogue when Kappa Delta Pi jumps the season with a July party on February 12. According to present plans, the party will be given in the east music room at 7:30 o'clock. Games of various kinds will be played during the evening, although final arrangements are not yet completed. Refreshments of ice cream and cake will be served.

Jerry Craven is in charge of the party.

## Waffle Supper and Dinner Party Given

Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Cavins entertained Margaret Snyder and William Cavins with a waffle supper on Wednesday evening.

Margaret McCarthy, Kathryn Walker, and Josephine Thomas were dinner guests of Gerald McNeal, James Robertson, and Willard Duey at the Reidell residence on Wednesday evening.

## SPRIT OF WINTER REFLECTED AT HALL

The cold winter days (more correctly nights) have called forth the popcorn poppers and tested the college girls' fudge making ability. We assure you that Betty James is an expert crafts-woman at the art.

The N. B. B. O. O. (?) club wishes to give a public resume of its work. Diogenes is writing a novel, and Plato is illustrating it. Shakespeare is going to dramatize it. Archimedes is going to type it.

The novel is to reflect the lives of three important figures in Mr. Burris' English 31 class. Like the famous "Vanity Fair," it is a novel without a hero. It will be published sometime in the spring quarter if the club ink does not fail.

Nell Gano spent Thursday night at the Hall. . . . Ruth Young has been called home because of the illness of her mother. . . . It is reported that Rose Marie Megaw will represent the Hall in the radio club. . . . The second floor girls reported a quiet home. Evelyn Anderson had gone home. Madeline Palmestock entertained George Sliff Friday afternoon. (There is no possible error in the date.)

## SATURDAY MUSIC

The College Women's Glee club will sing "Omnipotence" and "Hallelujah," both by Schubert, as the chapel musical program Saturday morning.

## Social Calendar

Junior-Senior Prom.....February 17  
Players' Cabaret Dance.....March 10  
Senior Formal.....March 17

## Party Chairman



KATHERINE HALL

## Miss Emily Orcutt Is Dinner Hostess

Saturday evening, Miss Emily Orcutt was hostess to a seven o'clock dinner at the Buckler-Moore cafe in Mattoon for the pleasure of her sister, Mrs. C. S. Posson of Indianapolis. Following the dinner, the party returned to Charleston and spent the remainder of the evening at the Orcutt residence, 1014 Monroe street.

Those enjoying the evening besides Mrs. Posson and Miss Orcutt were: Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence F. Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Stover, Judge F. K. Dunn and daughter Miss Ruth.

## RHO SIGMA, NEWLY NAMED UNIT, MEETS

Rho Sigma, formerly Unit 13, met at 1521 South Ninth street last Tuesday evening. The evening's entertainment consisted of playing a game called "Cootie." Betty Brookhart received high score and Marjorie Walls received the "hooby" prize. Refreshments were served.

## Out-of-Town Visits Crown Social Doings of College Students

Donna Smith spent last Monday in Champaign. . . . Hugh Harwood, Maxine Harrod, Alexander Summers, Jack Austin, and Jack Pepple were among those who attended the basketball tournament in Casey last week.

Scott Funkhouser went down near Sekeston, Missouri, last week because of the serious illness of his grandfather. . . . Bill Armes was down from Champaign last week to see Hope Brown at her home in Mattoon.

Margaret McCarthy attended a fraternity dinner-dance in St. Louis Saturday night. . . . Adeline Parker of St. Louis, was up last week to see Edward Pegelow. . . . my, what a romance this Austin-Johnston affair is blooming into. . . . Alexander Summers visited Evelyn Schooley in Mattoon Sunday evening.

Inez Kent and Kenneth Green were in St. Louis last Sunday. While there, they visited the Art Museum, and attended a recital given by Fritz Kreisler, famous violinist. . . . Pauline Armentrout has secured a teaching position with the CWA in Mattoon.

Ernestine Brannaman spent last week-end in Champaign. . . . Virginia Lee Herron did not spend the week-end in Charleston — what a change. . . .

Martha Jane Lantz was over in Terre Haute Saturday afternoon. . . . and ah—here's news—Magdalene Muliken was down for the week-end to see that man-about-town, Jimmie Kerr.

Esther Barger of Mattoon, spent the week-end with her sister Evelyn at Pemberton Hall. . . . Helen Inman '33 of Mattoon, was a chapel visitor Saturday morning. . . . Wendell Davis of Brocton (sorry we don't recall his number) was seen over at the Little Campus Saturday morning. . . . Evelyn Harwood went down to Pana Saturday to see Harold Fearn '35. . . . Edward Pegelow had the misfortune of ripping his "jeans" Friday forenoon while engaged in a basketball frolic over at the "Community Hoop". . . . Jack Pepple was a Kansas visitor Wednesday. . . . Rolla Foley visited friends in Oakland Wednesday night. . . . Howard Carson was down from Champaign Friday night to see Mary Chilton Crews. . . . Charles Popham, a student at the University of Illinois, visited Mary James, his cousin, last week.

Katherine Moss '33 and Fred White of Mattoon, spent Sunday in Charleston. . . . Hamblin Champion of Lerna, a former E. I. student, visited Frances Johnston this past week-end. . . . Erlene Cox '34, a teacher in the Robinson schools, visited friends in Charleston Saturday. . . . Willard Duey, Mick McNeal, and Robin Robinson witnessed the Thornton-Mattoon basketball game Saturday night. . . . Robert I. Smith of Mattoon, spent the week-end in Charleston.

ANNUAL LEAGUE FORMAL IS PLANNED FOR APRIL

Suzie Phipps, president of the Women's League, stated last week that the annual League Formal will be held the latter part of April.

The dance was not held last year because of the bank moratorium.

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## E. I. Is Well Represented at Birthday Ball In Honor of President Roosevelt

## Mary Chilton Crews Entertains Friends With Party Monday

Mary Chilton Crews was hostess to a crowd of friends on Monday evening at her home, 1114 Monroe street. Bridge and dancing were enjoyed throughout the evening. Light refreshments were served at the close of the evening. Those invited were: Misses Lois Isabelle Barnfield, Josephine Thomas, Mary Lee, Martha Jane Lantz, Mary Kathryn Kincaid, Virginia Williams, Elizabeth Irwin, Barbara Saxton, Frances Shaffer, Martha White; Messrs. John Turney, Edward Miller, Paul Miller, Edward Pegelow, Melvin Alexander, Frederick Miller, Jr., Charles Spooner, Roger Jones, William Setliffe, Max Summers and Jack Kincaid.

## Valentine Spirit Prevails at Party

Thursday evening from 6 o'clock until 8 o'clock, the members of Unit 12 met at the Robertson residence on Ninth street with Zola Diehl and Jessie Rutger as acting hostesses. The Valentine idea was carried out. Prizes were won by Dorothy Rennels and Eloise Odell. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening to the following members: Maxine Cook, Evelyn Cox, Marguerite Brakenhoff, Marjorie Grotte, Emma Jean Duff, Edna Wilkins, Mary Love, Mendelyn Schwarm, Violet Costello, Louise English, Helen Beason, Goldie Himes, Frances Martine, Geneva Tharp, Zelma Smith, Olive Beals, Alice Cruse, Arvis Pruett, Jessie Rutger, Naomi Sager, Fern Watson, Ruth Crum, Zola Diehl, Eloise Odell, Bernice Blair, Dolores Bible and Mildred Fritchley.

Woodbury's Soap — 10c — Carlton quality cosmetics — 39c. Peoples Drug Store—North side square.

## Faculty and Students Attend Ball Given at Chamber of Commerce Hall

President and Mrs. R. G. Buzzard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Lantz, Mr. and Mrs. Quincy G. Burris, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Scruggs, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Boucher, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne P. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn H. Seymour, Misses Nachle McKay, Lena B. Ellington, Winifred Beatty, Marjorie Digby, Margaret McCarthy, Martha Jane Lantz, Mary Loretta McCarthy, Frances Johnson, Harriett Cowling, Kathleen Forcum, Maxine Harrod, Louise McNutt, Evelyn Keith, Katherine Smith; Messrs. Robert Shiley, Scott Funkhouser, John Koessler, Gerald McNeal, Robert D. Smith, Jack Austin, Hugh Harwood, Ross Butler, Jack Kline, Robert Spillman, and Glen Titus were among those from E. I. who attended the President's Ball held in the Chamber of Commerce hall last Tuesday night.

## BRIDGE TOURNEY OPENS

The first round of the Bridge Tournament sponsored by the Women's League was played Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the parlors of Pemberton Hall. Six tables of auction were in play. After four games had been played, scores were added up with Josephine Novotny and Jeanette Roene holding high honors. The next series will be played Saturday afternoon. Lucile Thomas is chairman of the tournament.

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# Teachers College News

"Tell the truth and don't be afraid."

Published each Tuesday of the school year by the students of the Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, at Charleston

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Member  
Columbia Scholastic  
Press Ass'n



Member  
Illinois College  
Press Ass'n

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1934

## THE NEWS ADVOCATES:

- The holding of an annual Field Day.
- The formation of at least two sororities at E. I.
- The establishment of a local chapter of a national journalistic fraternity at E. I.
- Year round intramurals.
- A class in etiquette.
- Organized student and faculty support for a new gymnasium.
- The organization of a Student Senate.
- The abolishment of regular class meetings.

## Two Vital Points

For those who were lost in the outbursts of oratorical fireworks last week, or were left by the wayside in some other equally Acherontic manner, we set forth the following information concerning the present status of the Student Senate plan. At a meeting last week the faculty extra-curricular committee suggested that if any changes in the set-up of student organizations are to be made that very specific plans should be worked out by the Student Council before any proposal is submitted to the classes for their approval. It further developed that the Student Council not only has the power to carry out the duties suggested in their by-laws but also the power to do anything for the welfare of the school they choose, the only check being their faculty adviser. So the Senate Plan is in the hands of the Student Council to do with as they see fit. Students who have suggestions should turn them over to a Council member.

Whether the Senate plan is adopted in its entirety is a matter of minor importance. That there are phases of the plan which, if put into effect, would be a great help to the student body, the News firmly believes. Two of these phases are the division of the men into social groups and the formation of a council or advisory group composed of the various organization presidents to back the Student Council. A certain percentage of the men are included in two social groups at present, i. e., Phi Sigma Epsilon and Fidelis. The News believes that the social activities of these two groups have been an asset, both to the school and to the members of those groups. But four hundred men, obviously, cannot be included in two groups. Provisions should be made for the formation of more groups, perhaps through a system similar to the League units only not on a geographical basis. A report from Harvard university last week telling of a division of the men there into groups stated that the plan had greatly enhanced the interest in their intramural athletic program. With this potential benefit being added to the social advantages already mentioned we feel that such a plan surely warrants a trial. Concerning an advisory group for the Student Council, we can only place further stress on our belief that such a scheme would assuredly unite more students back of all-school enterprises than the system now in effect. Much as we would like to say that the classes are united back of their Council representatives, the facts speak otherwise. Support failing in this manner, the obvious solution is to seek backing via a different plan. Barring the four college classes, we feel that members of all other campus organizations are back of their respective presidents. These same presidents back of the Student Council would, consequently, unite a large number of students back of Council enterprises. Under such a scheme we would wager that a campaign for the installation of a public address system in the assembly hall would go over with a bang. Under the present system we would wager that a similar campaign would flop with a bang.

## College Students as Marble Players

An editorial written for the Training School News by a fifth grade student points out that some of the Training School children are marring the appearance of the campus by playing marbles and riding bicycles on the grass when the ground is soft. In continuing along the line of our editorial colleague from the Training school, we might say that there has been considerable "marble playing" on the grass by college students. Examples are to be found everywhere. A recent letter to the Soap Box suggests that certain Panthers need to be herded to and from the Lair. The letter also suggests that certain short-cut artists en route to their cokes "n smoke rendezvous might need some supervision to keep them off the grass. When basketball games are held people who come late and find all the parking space along the drives taken park their cars on the grass, especially on the area south of the general library. The same practice holds true on nights that school dances are held. If such practices are continued the E. I. campus will not continue for long to be known as one of the most beautiful in the state.

## The SOAP BOX

Students and faculty members are invited to clamber upon the soap box and give vent to their opinions on anything printed in the News, problems around school, or national topics which may have a bearing on colleges.

### To The News:

Since the meeting of the county superintendent in Charleston, there has been at their instigation, some discussion among faculty members and students concerning the value of a course in rural education methods.

The county superintendents said that a common fault of young teachers was their inability to carry on the routine of rural school management.

Would a rural school course in college teach prospective teachers to make fires? Would it teach them how to start a car on a below zero morning? Would it teach them what to do with stolid Philistines who want their children to learn practical things and dispense with the luxuries of poetry or music?

One never learns how bad our rural school systems are until experience teaches him.

The sensible solution seems to be an I. Q. test for directors, requiring them to have a minimum of 70, before they are eligible for election to the school board. How can good schools be maintained in districts where directors of low mental calibre or poor educational standards judge the work of a teacher on the basis of "no leaving your seat" discipline or the ability to put on a minstrel show.

Something is fundamentally wrong with an educational system that gives the whip hand to the man with the biggest family in the district. Rural education for teachers will not correct this fault. Authority must be given into the hands of men who are well educated and capable of judging good teaching from poor.

—M. B.

The following editorial was written for "Training School News" by a fifth grade pupil.—The Editors.

### To The News:

People are becoming less thoughtful about the campus grass. The E. I. laws used to be the prettiest for miles around and it can still be if we are careful where we walk. Some of us take short cuts across the lawns right out in front of the rose pergola until the paths look like a checker-board. The Training school children are guilty of playing marbles on the grass which leaves great bald places here and there. Bicycles also make marks where the ground is muddy. These things can all be stopped if everyone does his part, so start trying.

—Dan Moore.

## Only Yesterday

### TEN YEARS AGO

Week of January 28-February 4, 1924

The Lantzen went on a scoring rampage last week to humble Carbondale by a 26-7 score and tramped the Normal quintet by a 38-16 margin.

One hundred thirty dollars is the total reached by the Student Council fund to purchase football sweaters.

Coach Lantz already has three baseball pitchers taking daily workouts in the gym in preparation for the spring campaign.

### ONE YEAR AGO

Week of February 1-7, 1933

"Technocracy" was discussed at the Forum meeting Friday night. Papers were presented by Harold Cottingham and Roy Wilson.

An expense survey conducted by the News last week revealed the average expense for a woman to attend E. I. during the fall term was 96 dollars. The average for a man was 70 dollars.

The Fidelis club entertained with a steak dinner, bridge, and dancing last Saturday evening in the Rotary rooms.

Delta chapter of Phi Sigma Epsilon entertained with a house dance Saturday night.

Coach Lantz's Panthers trounced the Springfield Junior college quintet 53 to 23 last Thursday night at Springfield.

## 'Tailor Made' Insurance Policies Are More Desirable, Asserts H. F. Heller

This is one of the series of articles written for the News by faculty members. The article contains extracts from a paper read before the Men's Discussion club last November.—The Editors.

(By Hobart F. Heller)  
Department of Mathematics

Life insurance companies offer protection against financial embarrassment resulting from two hazards, the danger of dying too soon, and that of living too long. Protection against the



HOBART F. HELLER

first of these hazards takes the form of insurance, protection against the second and takes the form of annuities, or pension payments to begin at a certain age and continue until death.

No one can predict the time when a given individual will die, but actuaries have accurate tables called mortality tables that tell how many persons of a given number may be expected to die within one year, two years, etc. Of a thousand persons aged twenty, all in good health, fewer than seven will die within a year. Consequently if an insurance company should collect seven dollars from each of that thousand at the beginning of the year, the company could well afford to pay one thousand dollars at the death of any member of the group, and probably the company would have a small surplus at the end of the year. This surplus would be increased by interest which would accrue through the investment of the funds. This surplus might be distributed among the survivors at the end of

the year, after proper deductions for the expenses of operation. An elaboration of this scheme constitutes the basis of life insurance. The sum paid by each of the thousand insured persons is called the premium, the amount of money payable at the death of an individual is the face of the policy, and the amount refunded to each survivor at the end of the year is the dividend.

### Building up a Surplus

Insurance companies base their calculations on a mortality table which exaggerates somewhat the death rate during the early years, they base their interest calculations on an assumed rate which is smaller than the rate they actually earn, and they add to the premium an additional charge for the cost of doing business. All of these factors help to build up each year a surplus over real needs. This surplus acts as a margin of safety for emergencies such as epidemics, and if unused can be divided among the survivors as dividends.

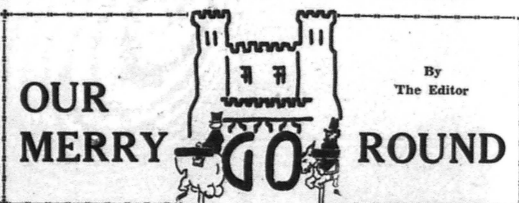
There are no bargains in life insurance. Every reliable company employs skilled actuaries who compute premiums with great care, making sure that the premium is sufficient to buy the protection given, no more, no less. For any given form of protection it makes little difference which of several good companies furnishes the protection, the eventual cost to the policy holder varies little among the companies. Initial rates may vary widely for a given form of protection, eventual costs will be almost identical.

### Types of Insurance

Insurance companies offer scores of different forms of insurance policies, but these many different forms are really combinations of two types of insurance with several types of premiums, and a few extra clauses.

The first of these types of insurance is "term insurance." This type guarantees the payment of the face of the policy in case death occurs within a given period of time, usually one year, five years, or ten years, but may be any given term. If the insured survives the term stated in the agreement, no benefit can accrue to him. The

(Continued on page 7)



By  
The Editor

The Freshmen toss their bonnet night to the social arena Saturday night with a dance and party which is exclusively for first year classmen. With 50 per cent of the funds which have been frozen since the bank moratorium went into effect destined to be released in the near future a number of parties and dances are being planned. Reports are to the effect that there will be at least two formal dances each month during the spring term. The Junior-Senior Prom, which is scheduled for February 17, is not to be forgotten as we look forward to spring festivities.

Announcement of the baseball schedule in this issue makes us realize that spring is not far distant. A little box on the front page makes us realize that the open season for midnight oil is also not far distant.

As Successful as the special Thursday lectures sponsored by the League and Union have been, we should like to see them continued, at least for a few more weeks. There are a number of topics we should like to hear discussed.

Classified Ad—John Black, business manager of the News announces that today (Tuesday) is his birth anniversary. All presents should be left in the News box in the east hall by 5 p. m.

We "Merry-go-rounders" have a weakness for reading one another's columns. In the metropolitan field is a column by MacNaughton in the Pekin (Illinois) Daily Times entitled "The Editor's Letter" which we read occasionally. Now MacNaughton was evidently in the lap of the gods a few days back. And here's why. He goes on trips to different parts of the coun-

try at frequent intervals and writes of the interesting things he sees in his "Editor's Letter." It so happens that he is on a jaunt through the Southwest at present. With the home folks reading headlines every day about the notorious Dillinger gang what does MacNaughton do but pull into Tucson, Arizona, just as the desperadoes were arrested. Not only that, but his newspaper pass enabled him to be present when they were arraigned in court. As an interesting sidelight on the case he notes that the story concerning the arrest of Dillinger's pals appeared in the Tucson paper two hours before Dillinger himself was arrested. He moralizes: Read the hometown newspaper.

Our congratulations to Paul Blair for the attractive literary supplement which he edited to accompany this issue. Vaughn Armer's cartoons and Genevieve Weeks' block print did much to improve the appearance of the supplement this year over the one issued last winter. We suggest that if some of the prize winners and other contributors have a genuine interest in creative work that they get together and discuss plans for a literary quarterly.

An Awkward situation which we struggled through two years ago prompts us to record a plea to those dance patrons who persist in parking their cars on the grass when all available parking space on the campus drives is taken. Similar practices on the part of students two years ago caused the attractive grounds superintendent to block off the side drive, leaving only the circle for parking. We had left our car on the circle and were walking over to the gym for the "Footbrawl." It had rained. There were puddles. We paraded our friend through one. Please don't park on the grass.



## The LAST TRUMP

"This, Partner, Is Our Trick"

Professor Colseybur Discusses  
DEVALUATION

by

Hellandrhainagh Colseybur, Ph. D.

There are only four men in the country who understand the real meaning of devaluation. (But why bother about the other three!) No man can possibly be more than half as good as he thinks he is. Likewise, no dollar should be worth more than fifty cents. Briefly, the Colseybur Plan is as follows: Each person in the United States holds a benefit party (cocktail or bridge) and invites four other people. Each of the four brings a dollar. Each in turn gives another party and invites eight of his friends. The proceeds from all parties are sent to Washington. Before a month is over, the parties will be so large that everyone will be yelling quits. And the government will have enough money to pay off the national debt and to build a yacht house on the 72 acres—sometimes called Lincoln Elbert Field. Now where does devaluation come in? That's the point precisely, where does it? Since no one knows the answer to that question, I ask you, both friends and instructors, why devaluation?

(Note: I wish to express my indebtedness to Professor Peacock of the Department of Banking and Criminal Procedure for his assistance in compiling this article.)

It used to be "hire a hall." Now it's "write a book." Someday our chance to sing tenor will come!

We're 100 per cent behind E. L. divided as follows:

1. Dates 50 per cent
  2. Dances 25 per cent
  3. Parties 20 per cent
  4. Athletics 4 per cent
  5. Classes (other than Practice Teaching) 1/4 per cent
  6. Men's Union 1/4 per cent
  7. T. C. News 1/4 per cent
- Grand total—100 per cent.

Dear editor:

We're not in favor of abolishing this column. Of course, *Liners* and *Beau Peeps*—that's different! Personally we like things just as they are. Now, brother (you don't mind us calling you brother?), can't we unite ourselves in at least one last great common cause—no classes before 10 a. m. We shouldn't have mentioned it (you know how the *Fidels* boys might feel), but a fellow can't do a heck of a lot with a 1926 bus on mornings like last week.

—Signed: O. P. F.

### Own Own

Hilarate Supplement  
First Prize: Short Story Contest.  
Title: "You Made Me What I Am Today," by O. P. F.

No one was there. They were alone.

"Curse," he said, "my heart is aching!"

"Stanley, is it you, dear?" she whispered.

"Stanley? Heck no! We're just three boys from the Phi Sig house!"

First Prize: Book Review Contest.  
Title: "Life and Letters of Ole Poker Face," by P. F. O. 10 Vol. \$25 net. Deluxe Edition. Mac Mellon and Company, Waterbury, Conn., 1934.

Reviewed by F. O. F.  
Just a line of tripe.

First Prize: Poetry Contest.  
Title: "The Silent Quartet," by O. P. F.

Now *Bumour* tells us tales,  
And Colseybur just puns.  
(Alas for him who falls!)  
And so our school year runs!

No, our picture has not appeared, as yet, in the "Portrait of the Week" column.

### Han and!

So the *Fayers* got up to Normal!

"Panahaska's Pet's?" We'd perform rather see Miss \_\_\_\_\_'s pet's perform.

The last word in consolation: "I didn't see you at chapel this morning, so I thought you must be sick."

We have Professor Colseybur, and yet you think we still need a loudspeaker, Mr. Wilson?

We're working pretty hard these



## L-I-N-E-R-S



How's your cold to-day?

To Beau Peeps—

Don't forget, you man of a thousand temperaments, that familiarity breeds contempt. I should say that you were being quite familiar. And don't forget either that I know a few on you, too. Just let this be a fair warning!

Well, big excitement in town! Fire on Sixth street last Tuesday. Ernie Prieco smoked out! All around it was exciting, but it was too cold to stand outside for long to watch it.

Results of the great conflagration—Lots of smoking papers in the yard south of the house. Also many books burned up. "Call-Me-Murvie" Barnes now has an excuse to be unprepared in all his classes.

Incidentally, Barnes had borrowed two of Mr. Spooner's prize books, but Murvie said he couldn't return them because he couldn't decide which pile of ashes to sweep up.

Curry, recent basketball hero who used to live in Windsor, but doesn't live there any more, lost his last clean shirt in the great fire of 1101 (Sixth street.)

Nomination for the most bewildered look of the year—Harry Fitzhugh running down Sixth street full tilt when he saw the fire-engine in front of Gilbert's. He thought that his ever-present sponge-ball might be in danger.

The boys at Gilbert's now are going to have a fire sale. They will offer the following articles, all of which are damaged slightly by smoke and water: One E. I. sweater, vintage of 1930. Two slightly charred lesson plans. Three Detective Story magazines (still readable).

One trunk, with the south end burned out.

days on our term paper—"A Comparative Study of Two Incomparables."

### Stacking Up Victories

If we could just play all of our games in the Library instead of the Cracker-box, we'd have them licked before they started.

We know that the judges were impartial, for not a single columnist won a supplement prize.

Should we go to school next term or just read Anthony Adverse?

We were out of school two days last week with nary a bouquet from Kappa Delta Pi.

Oh whirling winds  
And biting frost,  
The term's most over  
And we are lost!

The Girls We Left Behind  
Now when we are going to have that *Fidels-Pem* Hall dance?

And with this issue we turn out the literary lights!

We was all friends, wasn't we?  
Wasn't we? We was, wasn't we?

Signed: Ole Poker Face.

## Postage Fan Urges Strawberry Stamps

(By Arthur Spence)

The United States Department of Chemistry persists in its determination to make the stamp-dampening tongues of the American people appreciate the taste of sweet potatoes, thereby strengthening the sale of an American product. For many years, the government has found it necessary to import large quantities of dextrin made from tapioca in order to get three cents stuck on an envelope.

Now, the greater part of us enjoy tapioca, but the government decided that we would sneak up on the unsuspecting foreign countries and make our glue from sweet potatoes. So a combination was gotten up which was based on the sweet potato and drawn chiefly from that prolific tuber. The result, the chemists said, would be a real tasty article, in fact, one which could be enjoyed in every home, rich and poor alike.

But, it seems that there was a bit of complaint about the taste of the thing. The stamp salesmen all over the country were not only asked to take the trouble to sell this profit-making article, but also to lick it, too. And now the chemists are at the end of their strings again.

In order to be a boon to these fellows as well as a load in the way of taxes, why can't the colleges of America get together and yell, "We'll take vanilla!" And, if that floors them, we can ask them to remember that strawberries are also grown in this country, and do we love our strawberries?

## Elmer's College Daze

Dear Folks:

I hear by the papers that the dollar is only worth about 60 cents. I am going to start writing checks after this so don't send me any more dollar bills. I can take the checks down to the bank when they get here.

I don't think its fair to have preserved seats in chapel for a few people when the rest of us have to rush in to get a seat without running all over the room. I'm gonna see somebody about preserving me one about middle ways back close to the ile. They forgot about us freshmen having preserved seats last fall.

I'm going to a circus tomorrow night. I don't know how they are going to get the elephants upon the stage but I guess George Henry can take care of that all right. I guess its too old to have a parade or I would go to that instead of the circus. I hope the gerat don't get co'd feet or nothing.

They are taking the dirt out of the lake and puttin' it on the avashun field. I guess they are going to have a hydra-plane field in the lake. Shure am glad I got a Lindy Skolarship so I can take avashun next year.

I thought I knew about all the faculty in this school but I don't know this guy Hellandrhainho Colseybur whose picture is in the News. I'm going to take his course in Heckology next term unless he teaches at the night school. I shurely would have seen him if he was around here in the day time.

I saw that faculty cat what had his picture in the paper last week when I was going down to the Panther Layer to play checkers the other night. Its name is not Twinkle nor Winkle cause he come when I called him "Kitty."

There is a girl up here named Anastasia Dale who is a very nice girl. I think she kinda likes me, too, cause she said something about me in the paper last week. She must be awful cultured and smart cause she used a lot of \$2.88 words in her letter. I'm going to get acquainted with her if I can get somebody to give me a let down to her.

That feller what let me ride in his Ford last fall is goin' to have a birthday party tomorrow night and I think I'll go. It'll be a good chance to wear that green tie I got for Xmas.

—Elmer.

## HOUNDS BALK; ELIZA IS SAFE AS CURTAIN FALLS

The hounds chasing Eliza over the ice almost stopped the show at the recent production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" presented at the University of Michigan. An attempt to drag them across by leashes ended by having the curtain run down and an early intermission.

Look for the placards readings. "We advertise in Teachers College News."

## Portrait of the Week



The Sixth street classic.



## BEAU PEEPS

Dear Dr. Colseybur:

I reverently read your pointers on etiquette last week and wonder if you'll straighten me out on a few things:

1. If one does his own cooking is it all right to have a petting party instead of inviting the girl to dinner?
2. Is it decorous to swallow the seeds when eating watermelons when you're not sure of your shots?
3. Is it pro forma to tell Blair you're sorry his hand is breaking up even though you don't mean it?

—Beau.

If he isn't hurrying to chapel—it may be that he has a seat reserved for him there.

Congratulations to—

1. Paul Blair for his success in two or three things these past five years.
2. George Stiff for the "big time was had by all."

3. Hugh Harwood for his valuable objections to the student senate which opportunely us to use the phrase "relegated to the scrap heap."

Well, Ole Poker Face, culture is the propagation of bacteria for scientific study.

Three students were seen wearing their little fingers in slings as a result of trying to be cultured after my dissertation on what's how in the culture line of two weeks ago. Do YOU believe this Ole Poker Face?

Elmer says, "... Since everybody's gotten cultured here now days I thought a little opore would be just the thing for me. I didn't listen long though as the doggone announcer was dum in his English. He never heard of a complete sentence I guess for he kept sayin "I Eat A" "I Eat A", but hows a fellow goin to enjoy music if he don't know what the guy was eatin'?"

Why CAN'T we divide people alphabetically? Roosevelt's doing it.

Egads! If I can't get any more inspiration than I have for this week's issue, I'll have to go serious again. You know what that means don't you "Liners," "As Charley Would Have It," and "The Last Trump."

Culture lesson No. 1

Be not wise in your own conceit. Always offer a lady your seat. For in so doing the world will know you've read this column written by Beau.

### A STAG'S LAMENT

Upon observing the action, "Dates Signed for English Examinations," a student at the University of California remarked, "There are hardly any more functions here where a man can go stag."

### FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES DAILY

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FRUIT STORE

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## When They Got There—The Room Was Not Bare

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Journalism 44 class had no place to go at a recent meeting.

The usual meeting place, the reception room, was given over to the Paris Quintet, and the class was told that room 17 would be available.

But when we got there, The room was not bare.

A class was already installed; so the Journalism 44 class wandered disconsolately along the hall peeping in each room. At last, several ambitious students were put to flight, and a room was obtained.

It was decided that next time the class would invade the empty power house and sit on the boilers. At last, that might be "atmosphere."

## Anastasia Dale

My Dear Parents:

Quite a definite change has been commuted in the weather. Winter is once more seizing the land in his icy grasp and blowing his cold breath upon the towers of E. I.

This weather reminds me of the dear dead days when I was instructing the tatterdemalions in a country school. Then I wielded a poker instead of a pen and carried in immense buckets of coal and carried out ashes. That was life—not this thin, puny existence.

But, of course, I must finish my education, and it is necessary, that I should obtain a degree before I can begin to carry out my cherished life program—that of being a physies and Latin instructor in a high school. I only hope that I can follow the ancestral tradition of the Dale family and teach at least forty-five years.

I am sure that Uncle Fred must have been incensolably disappointed in Jean because she taught a year and got married. No one need fear my falling heir to such a fate. I am aware of the matrimonial pitfalls and hereby highly resolve to keep my feet planted on the terra firma of pedagogical soil.

Some milk-weed brained bit of femininity sitting behind me in chapel the other morning remarked to her languishing Romeo: "See that Anastasia girl. Isn't she a typical school marm—red hair and freckles, and spectacles. She makes all A's in physics too."

"I'd rather have you making all F's" he said, so low I could hardly catch the words.

My physics instructor said I had a more comprehensive knowledge of the subject than any student whom he had ever instructed before. Those words were words of sweetest music to my ears. They raised me to heights of incomprehensible ecstasy. Let clinging vine women have sonnets written to their plucked eyebrows; I had rather sit on the heights of an intellectual Olympus.

Your most devoted daughter,  
—Anastasia

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## Dramatics Hold Most Appeal for Miss Orcutt, Principal of T. C. High School

(By Rosemarie Maronte)

"Next to dramatics I like French and horseback riding. This may seem to be a funny combination but I like it very much. My other chief delight is music. The French Quintet gave me a special treat last week, and I'd love to hear it again. I have a particular liking for French people; they are so enthusiastic and alert, but most of all I love their 'esprit gracieux,' enthusiastically smiled Miss Orcutt.

It seems that Miss Orcutt's love for dramatics is almost innate. She has been connected with plays and dramas throughout her school career. While visiting England in 1928 she saw the Stratford Players in "Richard III." She went on to relate, "Everyone of their gestures are so casual. You can't imagine how nonchalantly they seemed as they talked about the murder and then turned to ask for a dish of strawberries. Richard III had on a red gown and stood beneath a red light. This simple arrangement had a tremendous effect upon the audience."

"I spent most of my time visiting rural England, especially the shrines of authors. I loved the people because of their sincerity and simple heartedness. They are so eager to help the visitors in any possible way. One man left his shop to show me to a certain rather distant address in the coldest weather."

"The people in the rural community are provincial in the least degree, but they are rare appreciative persons. They are interested in their own local shrines and abbeys, and are ever hopeful that you enjoy them too."

Miss Orcutt is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Orcutt. Miss Orcutt's mother, Mrs. Emma Orcutt, died just last year. All of the Orcutts hail from good old New England. Miss Orcutt is the third generation of Orcutts that have lived in Charleston.

She attended the Charleston public schools, and spent two years at E. I. She received her B. A. and M. A. degrees from the University of Chicago. For a time she was an English critic teacher in the Indiana university. Later she taught English in the Oak Park high school. She was principal of the Charleston high school for ten years, and has been principal of the Teachers College high school since 1928.

## February Magazine Checklist Released

The following is a checklist of magazine articles appearing in February issues which have just been received at the general library.

Oswald Spengler, author of "Decline of the West" and "Man and Technic" wrote the leading article "The Return of the Caesars" in the American Mercury. This article will form part of his book, "The Hour of Decision," which will be published February 12.

"The Roosevelt Experiment—Is the Nation Behind It?" is the title of an article in the Atlantic by Harold J. Laski. So trenchant has been the political thought of Mr. Laski that it may be said to have polarized students of government into two broad groupings—those who sympathize with his philosophy and those who do not. He is a professor of political science at the University of London.

Scribner's leading article, written by A. A. Berle, Jr., raises the question—"What will the second year of the Roosevelt administration bring?" Mr. Berle discusses the relationship between business and government and the part the public plays. The author has just accepted an appointment to the post of Chamberlain in the cabinet of Mayor LaGuardia of New York City. "Radio Needs a Revolution" says Eddie Dowling, playwright and cinema producer, in Forum's leading article.

Henry L. Mencken, retiring editor of the American Mercury, writes of his experiences in "Memoirs of an Editor," appearing in Vanity Fair.

Also appearing in Vanity Fair is an article by Andre Maurois entitled "The French Ministerial Merry-go-round." Henry Hazlitt, the new editor of the American Mercury, has an article in the January 31 issue of the Nation entitled "The Dollar: A Political Toy."

In 1811 the state legislature appropriated \$75,000 for a training school building which was completed in 1913 with the exception of the assembly room which it still lacks.

## Pegasus Ponders

The following poems were submitted in the literary contest, but were not among the prize winners.—The Editors.

### STRAIGHT AND STILL

Straight and still,  
Letting rain wash him,  
Cover him in a sheet;

Standing in lightning,  
Cool and glimmering,  
Making a quick retreat;

Hearing the thunder,  
Horizon-distant,  
Shaking the hills at its feet;

Forgetting the spell  
The world had flung round him,  
Becoming calm and complete.

—Eugene Prange.

### IN ONE FORGETFUL MOMENT

She could not love me long  
I should have known.  
And yet—Hope sang a tuneful song  
When she yielded up her mouth  
In one forgetful moment.

Warm, red, and sweet as wine mixed  
In the South,  
I drank its pulsing lovingly offering in,  
Toyed with soft hair, and felt it  
Dear sacrifice, sweet sin—

To kiss the tender hollow of her  
throat.

Why should a goddess bend  
To such a mortal man I could not  
guess.

I only know that I shall live and die  
Remembering Regina's graciousness.  
—Margaret Brandon.

### STORM CLOUDS

I lie and watch the approach of a  
storm

Majestic uncertainty—  
Dark beauty un-born  
Fore-telling in thunder  
Clouds, copper and black.  
Gold swords flashing hot,  
They make for attack.  
Mad winds growing madder—  
They howl and defy—  
Run down to the earth,  
Then fly to the sky.  
But suddenly—quiet—  
Up there in the war,  
All the warriors are dead  
And there's peace—as before.

—Inez Kent.

### THE DIARY

The moon in the dark sky lifelessly  
gleams,  
On the wall casting shadows it fitfully  
beams,  
I sit with a book in my hand.

The tall poplars murmur with  
rustling sighs;  
The slim candle flutters, burns low,  
and the eyes  
Of the portrait stare at the book in  
my hand.

The willow, moon-thrown, on the bare  
wall strange seems;  
My mind wanders off into dreams,  
dark dreams  
Of the slim, aged book in my hand.

A dog howls, a faint song is still, and  
then  
I hear the shrill laughter of long-dead  
men

That have trooped from the book in  
my hand.

—Eugene Prange.

### RHAPSODY IN ORANGE

The deepest joys may come on little  
wings  
And flutter close when we expect them  
not.

A sudden harmony within us sings  
That God who guides the stars has  
not forgot.

There was a moment in the little  
church

When you, my dearest one, sat close by  
me.

Our fingers touched and clung. We  
saw the dreams

We longed for won. We knew what was  
to be.

Bright flowers flung out a lovely orange  
flame

Against the altar, and an orange cross  
Burned up above. Beloved, I breathe  
your name.

While yet you live there is no other  
loss.

You are the orange moment of my  
soul,

My candle in the dusk, my brightest  
goal.

—Margaret Brandon.

## From College Editor to Traveling Author

The newsmagazine Time recently printed the following account of Peter Fleming, author of "Brazilian Adventure" which is reviewed in this issue: "From Eton, where he was head of the school and editor of the school paper, and Oxford, where he was president of the University Dramatic Society and editor of the Isis, (undergraduate weekly), Peter Fleming got a formal education that well fitted him for a literary editor's desk. But, instead, after leaving Oxford he went to Manhattan, worked in Wall Street for several months during the summer of 1929. He disliked it, went to Guatemala as a railway inspector, then back to London to work for a cabinet committee, writing monumental treatises on the tsetse fly and the traveler fleet. He joined the staff of the London Spectator, became literary editor, eight months later went to China. Five months after he got back he was off again to Brazil.

After finishing "Brazilian Adventure" he went to Manchuria as correspondent for the London Times, returned to London to find the town talking about his book. First-rate journalist, Peter Fleming at 26 has no illusions of grandeur about what he writes, obviously enjoys writing it. Typical of him is the cable he sent home from Para, at the end of his Brazilian adventure: ARRIVE ENGLAND TWENTY-THIRD NO MAIL MONEY LUGGAGE OR REGRETS.

"Brazilian Adventure" is the January choice of the Book-of-the-Month club.

## Variety of Books Are Received at Library

The following books are a part of a shipment received recently at the general library, according to Miss Mary J. Booth, librarian: Alfred Whitehead—"Adventures of Ideas"; Euripides—"Four Plays of Euripides"; Ulrick Wilken—"Alexander the Great"; Clement Durell—"The Teaching of Elementary Algebra"; American Council on Education—"American Universities and Colleges"; Oskar von Wertheimer—"Cleopatra, a Royal Voluptuary"; Jack Edward Walters—"Applied Personal Administration"; Max Beerbohm—"Around Theatres"; Max Schoen—"Art and Beauty"; Albert Grenier—"Roman Spirit in Religion, Thought, and Art."

American Geographical Society of New York—"New England's Prospect"; C. A. Hibbard—"Stories of the South"; George Noyes—"Masterpieces of the Russian Drama"; Burns Mantle and Sherwood Garrison—"Best Plays of 1909-1915"; Tazeb A. Mahan—"Maria Theresa of Austria"; Annie Marble—"Nobel Prize Winners in Literature"; Christopher Morley—"Ex Libris Arisimism"; Mary Sturt—"Francis Bacon"; L. H. Barry—"Cultivated Evergreens"; Lionel Johnson—"Art of Thomas Hardy."

Arnold Bennett—"Journal of Arnold Bennett"; Jethro Bethell—"Germany, a Companion to German Studies"; George G. Coulton—"Black Death"; Louis Couperus—"Book of Small Souls"; Ernest Boyd—"H. L. Mencken"; George Branden—"Creative Spirits of Nineteenth Century"; Myron Brightfield—"The Issue in Literary Criticism"; Leonard Ehrlich—"God's Angry Man"; Hugh Williamson—"Poetry of T. S. Eliot"; Robert Mowat—"England in the Eighteenth Century."

### O'NEILL PLANS REST

Eugene O'Neill, who has spent most of the late fall and early winter in New York City, returned last Monday to his island off the Georgia coast. With two plays presented in the last four months, his immediate plan is to rest for a while.

Emma Goldman's return to the United States this month—she is coming on a lecture tour—will be made occasion for the publication of a one-volume edition of her autobiography, "Living My Life." Alfred A. Knopf announces it is rather more than 1,000 pages long.

## Valentines

2 for 1c, penny, 5c and 10c

LARGE QUANTITY

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## Debunking Campaign Moves Forward with Fleming on 'Brazilian Journey'

(By Mrs. Mildred Kedley)

Another illusion bites the dust! The great debunking campaign is still going strong. By now we know that George Washington did not cut down the cherry tree; that the apple did not fall on Newton's head, and the John Smith-Pocahontas mix-up was a washout. Such are the disappointments that have faced us. And now—Peter Fleming comes along to take all the joy out of adventure. We adore it after reading Robert Louis Stevenson and J. B. Priestly. We join scouting parties, go on forced marches by night, die of thirst, the rainy season or the White Man's Burden. Now—Peter Fleming goes on the Brazilian Adventure and effectively kills our romantic spirit of exploration.

The whole affair started with the sporting element well enough—a chance notice in the Agony column of the London Times—"Two more guns needed for a South American expedition to search for Col. Fawcett, lost since 1925." Here we feel its thrilling danger—into the depths of Matto Grosso, the dreaded and unexplored hinterland of the upper Amazon. (Reading Collier's for February 3 prepared us for cities of the Lost World, a strange White Race and the Jewels of Ophir.)

What happens? The preparations in London were farcical though the equipment was what convention demanded. The South American agent, Major Pingle, was remarkably vague about the whole affair. The party was a small one and helped share the expenses of the journey. Later there were money troubles that as far as we know were not settled on the last page.

The first real disillusionment is the voyage to Rio. Fleming says it was dull, stupid and that walking around the decks was insipid sport. Now that is all wrong according to convention—the voyage outward Bound should be filled with zest, romantic intrigue beneath the Southern Cross, and Those Darling Little Flying Fish. Next the amount of time wasted—time is the one now essential element in Brazil. Nothing ever hurries—it is the land of Day After Tomorrow. Now on a real expedition (we never call them "searching parties") the speed is phenomenal, the order approaches that of an Army of Occupation. Also we had hundreds of native bears or porters.

There are too many disappointments to record them all—the party wore Beards; they did not put on Evening Kit for Dinner at Eight; they did not meet Hostile Natives to be subdued to abject awe by flashlight power of the disappearing card trick. All this and more—they took along no beautiful but fearless damsel nor did they

find the long lost daughter of a French Prince reigning as queen-goddess over some savage tribe. They didn't even find Col. Fawcett to say nothing of a few cannibals.

There are limits to our outraged sense of Literary Propriety, yet we read on even after the hero refused to get desperately wounded or at least get stranded in the Middle of Nowhere a-lone. He was a very unkind hero—this Fleming—the fairly took the joy out of life. Why he even said that alligators were big frauds and that he never saw one snake! There was a perennial revolution going on but did he get elected General of the Opposition by public acclaim? Not—he won't even be seen near it—Such a hero!

As Fleming said, his story is true—but how prosaic! He tells the truth and nothing but the truth and includes photographs to prove it. His descriptions are remarkably vivid—we catch the complete detachment from life that comes from the long silent hours on the tropical river. The race downstream was thrilling and pathetic. After all those hardships to be delayed by Day After Tomorrow. However, they win and nasty Major Pingle is defeated by a nose. Just what the quarrel is about is a bit hazy but we are sure our hero is right—at least he should be according to convention.

It is really a clever story of a foolish adventure written in the terse style of a journalist—but we wonder sometimes if Fleming isn't Laughing To Keep From Crying.

Get an estimate on having your watch or jewelry repaired from C. P. Coon, 403 Sixth street. Moderate prices, prompt service, all work guaranteed.

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## 'Tailor Made' Insurance Policies Are More Desirable, Asserts H. F. Heller

(Continued from page 4)

death rate at the younger ages is far lighter than that at the older ages, so this form of protection naturally costs very little. We have shown that a one year term policy at age twenty should cost less than seven dollars for a thousand dollar policy.

The other type of insurance is commonly called "ordinary life insurance." It provides for payment of the face of the policy at death, regardless of when death occurs. Since this type of policy covers the older ages during which the death rate is heavier, it naturally costs more than term insurance.

Insurance policies are occasionally classed according to the number of installments required to pay for them. A term insurance or an ordinary life insurance can be bought by a single premium, or by any number of payments. (In the case of term insurance the number of payments cannot exceed the term.) Naturally the smaller the number of payments for a given type of protection, the greater the amount per payment. Thus we have ordinary life policies payable in twenty payments, thirty payments, etc., and they are called "Twenty Payment Life," "Thirty Payment Life," etc. Insurance is seldom bought by a single payment.

### Pure Endowments

Insurance companies will also accept sums with the understanding that they will pay a certain sum at the end of a given time if the person is living, and pay nothing if the person has died in the meantime. Such a payment is called a "pure endowment." Thus a company might accept two hundred dollars from a man, guaranteeing to pay him a thousand dollars if he is alive at the end of a certain period, and pay nothing in case of prior death.

Pure endowments are seldom contracted for, but pure endowments combined with term insurance are frequently sold as "endowment insurance." A "twenty year endowment policy" is an agreement to pay a certain amount, frequently a thousand dollars, if death occurs within twenty years, and the same amount if the insured survives the twenty year period.

All of the many elaborate policies offered by insurance companies can be analyzed into the above components, and the premium charged for any policy is the sum of the premiums for the components.

Two additional elements are frequently offered in insurance policies. They are occasionally represented as being integral parts of the policies, but they are really extras which are entirely optional to the purchaser. The first of these "extras" is the so-called "double indemnity" feature. This provides that if death occurs from an accident, the face of the policy will be doubled. This, in the opinion of the writer, is a pure gamble, unworthy of the name insurance. The second of these "extras" is a contract to provide a life income in case the policy holder becomes totally and permanently disabled. Insurance companies have recently revised their "disability clauses," and a few companies have discontinued them because of unfavorable experience.

### Life Annuities

Life annuities or pensions are rapidly becoming important functions of life insurance companies. One may enter into agreements with insurance companies providing for a life income to begin at any desired age and continue until death. This income can be made payable to two persons and to the survivor after the death of the first, or it can be made payable to both as long as both live, with a reduced payment to the survivor after the death of the first. It can be paid for in a single payment made at the beginning of the pension period, in a single payment made years prior to the beginning of the pension period, or on the installment plan in a series of payments made during the period of greatest earning capacity.

Americans have seldom bought insurance wisely. They have refused to think of their insurance needs until some high powered salesman has sold them a five thousand dollar or ten thousand dollar policy, payable to some person upon their death. If the salesman was human, he was little more interested in the commission that would accrue to him from the sale

## New Reference Book Is Put on Reserve

A new reference book, "American Men of Science," has been received at the general library and placed in the stacks at the north side of the reading room.

This is the fifth edition of this book, and about 22,000 biographical sketches are included. This figure represents a more than five-fold increase over the first edition published in 1906.

The 250 scientific men who are judged by their colleagues to have attained a position among our thousand leading scientific men in the course of the last five years are designated by a star prefixed to the subject of research.

Included in the book are biographical sketches of President R. G. Buzard; Ernest L. Stover, head of the botany department; Hiram F. Thut, also a member of the botany department; Edson H. Taylor, head of the mathematics department.

than he was in the suitability of the insurance sold his client. There is need for expert planning of insurance programs to fit individual needs.

### A Planned Insurance Program

For example, Mr. A. is a man thirty-five years old, with a wife of about the same age, and a child aged five. He has a modest but steady income. He is paying for his home, still owes three thousand dollars, but at his present rate of payment he will have paid for it in ten years. He has saved about a thousand dollars which he has on deposit in a savings bank, vaguely considering it as a start toward independence in old age. He has some hope of retiring from active work perhaps at the age of sixty-five. A complete insurance program for this man would be something like this:

1. Sudden death would probably result in his widow's losing the home. Term insurance for three thousand dollars for ten years, with the face of the policy decreasing in proportion to the mortgage payments should cost no more than thirty dollars the first year and less in each succeeding year.

2. Expenses of a last illness and death would soon deplete a savings account. He needs insurance of three thousand dollars payable at his death, whenever death occurs, to take care of these expenses. While this is to be payable whenever death occurs, it should be paid for during his period of maximum earnings, roughly from thirty-five to fifty-five. A twenty payment life policy is indicated.

3. In case of his death before the child has become self supporting, he should provide a monthly income for the child to continue until the child was twenty-one years old. An income of fifty dollars per month from his death until the child reaches the age of twenty-one should be provided by a cost of about sixty dollars per year, and be fully paid up in ten years.

4. In case of death prior to the death of his wife, he should provide for her, not a large lump sum, but an income to continue for the remainder of her life. Such a policy should cost no more than \$150 per year for a life income of fifty dollars per month, and should be fully paid up in twenty-five years.

5. His own income in retirement could be met in several ways. The cheapest of these ways would cost him about \$125 per month for twenty-five years, and would guarantee him a pension of a thousand dollars per year.

### "Tailor-made" Policies

Such a program would cost about \$440 per year for the first ten years, \$340 for the next ten years, and \$270 for the remaining five years of the period from age 35 to 60. It would provide no inheritance for the child in case the parents lived to be old, but on the other hand the parents would always be independent.

This illustrates the service that might be rendered by a skilled insurance advisor, granted a disposition to regard each type of insurance as meant for a certain specific duty. There is great need for insurance advisors who will plan "tailor-made" policies for specific needs instead of comparatively unskilled salesmen who sell "hand-me-downs."

## The Elephant's Child

How do you think a public address system at E. I. could be financed?

Murvil Barnes '34—One of the best ways would be to have all-school affair to which all the organizations would contribute some part of the entertainment and an admission fee for all students would be charged. For example, an entertainment could be held in the assembly and then a dance in the gym with an orchestra made up of students.

Lloyd Carruthers '35—Let the senior class leave it as a memorial.

Vivian Thompson '34—Any way but a dance or class dues.

Virginia McDougle '35—Stunt night went off with a bang so why not have another? A faculty-college basketball game is the latest.

Ernie Priceo '34—Vote in the idea and assess every student because the whole school will benefit.

Dorothy Townsend '34—There is always the good old custom of raising money by a dance or, well—we might even have a carnival.

Thomas Chamberlin '36—Have a debate between the French club and the German club (in their respective languages) with Mr. Crowe as judge.

Florence Wood '36—if you want to raise all the money at once, have the faculty give "Dinner at Elgin."

## Podunk Prophecies Month's Activities

Feb. 6.—Miss Beatty borrows Indian's horse from attic to practice horseback riding.

Feb. 7.—Student Council melts pins. Sends gold to Washington, D. C.

Feb. 8.—George Henry resigns as "Stage-door." Demands to be called "Stage-exit" or nothing.

Feb. 9.—Student teachers file petitions for spring term jobs with ten per cent increase in salary.

Feb. 10.—Panther basketballers become infatuated with Miss Sippli. Lose game to Pioneers at Alton.

Feb. 11.—What do you think happens this day?

Feb. 12.—Kappa Delta Pi holds party. Intelligentia stay out all night.

Feb. 13.—President Buzzard breaks shoestring. Miss Chase falls in Ambrah as horse jumps across. Lepile Kahatzer stumbles and runs head through drum. The "Liner" sinks.

Feb. 14.—Lloyd Kessler sends Beulah Hazlett valentine.

Beulah Hazlett sends Lloyd Kessler valentine.

Rose Verbeau makes last stand in junior class meeting.

Feb. 15.—Miss Spence becomes checker champion of E. I. Sells recommendation of Lucky Strikes for \$3.48.

Feb. 16.—Hugh Harwood gets political plum. Becomes postmaster at Loxa.

Feb. 17.—Faculty quartette composed of Messrs. Thomas, Seymour, Guinagh and Burris croon in chapel.

Feb. 18.—Mr. Heller discovers ancestry of Big Bad Wolf is not Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony."

Feb. 19.—Mr. Beu gets in new shipment of statistics for spring quarter education classes.

Feb. 20.—Student Senate prohibits use of Hydrogen Sulphide in chemistry. Chemistry classes move to power house.

Feb. 21.—Mr. Spooner untangles fishing tackle for first fishing trip.

Feb. 22.—Elmer takes semi-annual bath.

Feb. 23.—Elmer goes to bed with "flumonia." Resolves to bathe annually on the 4th of July.

Feb. 24.—Time to start thinking about writing term papers.

Feb. 25.—Signs of spring make first showing. Mr. Shiley has top down on Chevrolet.

Feb. 26.—Blizzard overtakes spring. Mr. Shiley has top up on Chevrolet.

Feb. 27.—Louise Stillions misses train to Cleveland. She becomes hysterical and misses bus to Cleveland.

Feb. 28.—Student body uses 3.39 worth of electricity for final exams.

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## Special CWA Teaching Jobs Created to Accomodate Handicapped Students

### Sigma Delta Views College Print Shop

A tour of the print shop of the Practical Arts building under the direction of Russell H. Landis of the Industrial Arts department was the feature of the Sigma Delta meeting held last Monday evening. The working of the linotype, printing press and other steps in printing were explained and the machinery operated for the benefit of the group. Various kinds of type were exhibited and their use described by Mr. Landis.

Following the talk the organization adjourned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Andrews where the remainder of the meeting was held. A short test, involving the reporting ability of several members was given. One member of a chosen group was read the following news item which he passed on to his neighbor, in private, who likewise gave his version of the story, each one of the five doing this until the fifth person was reached. "Abner Dillinger, local young blade and son of Obadiah Q. Dillinger, Lerna's leading lumber merchant, was considerably injured when the radius rod of his 1925 Model T Ford touring car buckled and turned the car over near Twin Oaks Grove.

"Young Dillinger was on his way to see his fiancée, Susan Snodgrass, of Pickneyville in Hayes county. Fortunately, he was alone and outside of a few scratches the car was not hurt. Dillinger was about town the next day, while the car was being restored to its former state in Jeb White's local car emporium."

The final account of the event differed in several notable respects from the original story.

### Mr. Guinagh Attends "Hamlet" Production

"Some people say that the modern age doesn't appreciate Shakespeare enough," said Kevin J. Guinagh, "but that assertion didn't prevent our going to St. Louis after the 2:25 Wednesday afternoon classes last fortnight. "It is 150 miles, let me remind you," he continued. "The only seats we could get at such a late hour were in the balcony among the English teachers of high school and the hope of the future generations."

"Water Hampden played the role of Hamlet in which critics agree that he does his best work. During the week he will also appear in Cardinal Richelieu, Macbeth, and The Servant in the House.

"The best acting was done by Hamlet and Polonius. Ophelia was very beautiful, but her voice was a bit too strident for the character she portrayed. Claudius wore gaudy colors, and Hamlet wore black and purple.

"The duel scene between Hamlet and Laertes was very realistically done, and it seemed there was nothing left to be desired in the soliloquies.

"It was interesting too to notice how few stage properties were used. In the funeral scene after the death of Ophelia, of course, there had to be a representation of a grave.

"The text of the drama was followed

The state CWA has approved four special teaching projects for Mattoon, three for Charleston, and one for Oakland.

One of the Mattoon CWA teachers will be assigned to tutoring crippled children whose infirmities prevent them from attending the public schools. This teacher will be chosen from those holding regular certificates. He or she, as the case may be, will be required to make the rounds of the homes of the children to be taught. This teacher will work six hours a day, five days each week, the term of employment being indefinite.

Three other CWA teachers in Mattoon are to be used locally to give instructions to those who are "slow" in their regular classes. These are to be known as "opportunity" teachers. They must hold regular teachers' certificates and have at least two years' college training.

The teacher at Oakland will give instruction to persons over 16 years old who cannot obtain such help otherwise.

Two teachers will be employed in Charleston to teach persons over 16 years of age who have been slow in their classes. These teachers must have a regular certificate and must have two years' college training. The third teacher here will be Mrs. Lucile Cline who will teach two groups of kindergarten children, one during morning hours, one during afternoons. She will be paid at the rate of \$77 a month. All other CWA teachers of Coles county will draw \$80 a month.

### HOOSIER SALON OPENS EXHIBIT AT CHICAGO

The Tenth Annual Hoosier Salon, the exhibition of the work of Indiana artists, opened January 27 in the Marshall Field galleries in Chicago and will continue through February 10. Paul Sargent, local artist who has had a collection of pictures on exhibit here for the past week, has some pictures in the Chicago exhibit. Mr. Sargent's pictures are included in the Brown county, Indiana collection. He spends some time painting in Brown county each year.

The Hoosier Salon movement was begun by the Daughters of Indiana in their efforts to encourage and assist Indiana artists, and since has grown to be one of the outstanding exhibits of the year.

closely, but there was no appearing of Fortinbras at the end of the last scene for the purpose of giving Hamlet an elaborate funeral.

"The play closed with Hamlet's last words 'The rest is silence!'"

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## ALEXANDER'S

# DePAUW RUNS WILD IN SECOND HALF TO BEAT E. I. 55-32

## As Charlie Would Have It

By Paul Blair

THE DEPAUW game last week demonstrated the sad effect that the loss of team morale has in a basketball set-to. For the first half the Panthers looked like a real team and kept the Tigers worried. Then look what happened; Ballard fouled out and for a short period the team was supported by Rand who was all over the floor trying to bolster up the faltering Panther defense. When Rand was forced from the game on personals the locals folded into just another ball club. It wasn't the players' fault; they still retained all their basketball ability, but there was something lacking, and that was some one to give them confidence. Experience was needed, and the old heads were out of the game. The spark which might have sent the Panthers on to victory was absent. When Ballard and Rand left the game there was no player to send in whose enthusiasm and calmness might have pulled the Lantzen through the fire. In future games that player may show up, and if he does there should be fewer last half failures.

THESE INDIANA high schools really turn out the basketball players. Just ask the Panthers. This season they have met five opponents in the neighboring state and on each team there was one or more star players whose abilities were not to be denied. One reason for the greater number of stars may be that high school football does not play as important a part as basketball in the sport program of the Indiana schools. Along with this there seems to be an influx of tall and rangy centers into Indiana.

A FEW OF THE fans got out last Friday to see the reserves play the Indiana State freshmen on the local checker board. We were there with the handful. If we are to judge future Panther teams we might say that Coach Lantz will have to look elsewhere for some forwards. The guards and the center post were pretty well handled, but not so the scoring positions. Mahon and Weekley did some good work and managed to score 12 points during the evening. Weekley, for as big a boy as he is, handles himself well and covers a good portion of the floor on defense. Henderson, at center, made two field goals the first half but couldn't get near the goal again after that. He evidently loves basketball—but does basketball love him?

THIS WEEK - END will give the Lantzen a chance to raise their conference standing to 833 if they can overcome Shurtleff and McKendree on that two-day trip to the south-lands. Dopesters would have it that the Panthers stand a more than even chance of taking two wins out of that section of the country. The two opponents have been the door mats of the conference this year. We want the Lantzen to get their feet clean.

NEXT WEEK the local games will more than have their hands full to keep that conference standing up above the middle mark. Normal and Illinois Wesleyan are no set-ups this year, or are they any year, and the Panthers will have to step lively to keep in the running. The Methodists have lost several players through low scholastic marks, but a 42 to 40 beating handed to the Red Birds last week still shows that there is some smoke and a little fire in the Bloomington team. We hope Coach Lantz may have the honor of knocking Illinois Wesleyan off that pedestal.

Pop Warner, football coach at the University of the Pacific, is the originator of the plan designed to eliminate scoreless ties by awarding one point for each first down.

## Panthers Hold Hoosiers First Half; Play Two Conference Games This Week-end

Loss of Ballard and Rand on Personal Fouls Causes Collapse of Lantzen.

After holding the DePauw Tigers to a three point lead in the first half last Wednesday night at Greencastle, the Panthers weakened and lost their fifth game to an Indiana opponent 55 to 32. Rand and Ballard were ejected from the game on personals and weakened the Panther offense badly.

Ballard took a fast pass in the first few minutes of play and made the first goal of the game in a shot from the right side. Two free throws by Townsend and Isley tied the score for DePauw, but Ballard again came through and scored twice in quick succession on open shots. Lee for DePauw and Gilbert for the Panthers made free throws to make the score seven to three.

Then Rand collected the first of his field goals and Townsend, towering forward, scored DePauw's first field goal of the game. Ballard then made his fourth goal of the game. Rand and Isley collected two goals each while Townsend and Hickman scored field goals to bring the Tigers to within five points of the Lantzen. At 18 in five points of the Lantzen, DePauw ran their total to 22. Then Rand hit for a goal to bring the locals to 20. As the game went off Ballard fouled Kinnally; Kinnally made the toss good. This was Ballard's fourth personal.

### DePauw Stars Offensive

Curry took Ballard's place as the second half opened and a field goal and free throw by Jester and a goal by Curry completed the Panther scoring for a number of minutes. DePauw proceeded to run up their score to 39 points before Tedrick was fouled and sank a free throw. In the scoring spree the entire Tiger team broke into the point column. Rand made a free throw good just before he left the game on personals in the middle of the half; the score then was 44 to 27. Kinnally and Hickman scored five points to make the Tigers lead 49 to 27 as the crowd yelled, "Make it fifty."

Grey made his only points of the game with a nice goal from outside the free throw line while Bollinger scored twice to cross the fifty mark. Vole went into the game at center and made a field goal and Brown, who was playing at forward, made the Panther's last point, a free throw. Miller, DePauw forward, was fouled going in under the basket and made both throws good as the game ended.

### Star of Game

Townsend, six foot two forward, was easily the star of the game. He made six field goals and four free throws for a total of 16 points. His defensive play was good and his play under the basket left nothing to be desired. Kinnally, guard, scored nine points.

Rand and Ballard shared honors with eight points each; Jester came second with seven.

Eastern Illinois (32) . P G FT PF  
Ballard, f . . . 4 0 4  
Rand, f . . . 3 2 4  
Kerr, f . . . 0 0 0  
Curry, f . . . 1 0 1  
Grey, c . . . 1 0 0  
Jester, c . . . 3 1 1  
Vole, c . . . 1 0 0  
Gilbert, g . . . 0 1 2  
Tedrick, g . . . 0 1 2  
Brown, g . . . 0 1 0  
Burgess, g . . . 0 0 0  
Totals . . . 13 6 14

DePauw (55) . P G FT PF  
Hickman, f . . . 3 2 1  
Isley, f . . . 3 1 4  
Miller, f . . . 0 2 0  
Townsend, c . . . 7 4 1  
Bollinger, c . . . 2 0 0  
Lee, g . . . 1 2 1  
Youngblood, g . . . 1 0 3  
Kinnally, g . . . 4 2 0  
Totals . . . 21 13 10

McKendree and Shurtleff Provide Little Nineteen Opposition This Week.

Two conference games on foreign floors are billed for the Panthers this week-end, the Lantzen meeting McKendree at Lebanon Friday night and Shurtleff at Alton Saturday night.

McKendree's Bear Cats are expected to be a real barrier in E. I.'s path toward further success in the Little Nineteen. The Bear Cats have won seven out of ten games played thus far. Captain Stroth, forward, has been the main cog in McKendree's victory while Wilson and Fulkerson have been valuable aids. McKendree has played only three conference games thus far, losing two of them. Their one conference victory was gained at the expense of Shurtleff three weeks ago by a 36-30 score. Millikin handed the Bear Cats their first conference loss by a 44-40 count. Probable McKendree lineup: Stroth and Wilson, forwards; Manwaring, center; Fulkerson and Scott, guards.

Saturday night's opponent, Shurtleff, has already bowed to the locals this season. The Pioneers have not yet won a conference game and have lost eight such engagements.

Cosch Lantz's crew is expected to be at full strength for these two games, since Jester is again in shape for duty.

## Panther Reserves Bow to Sycamores

The unheralded heroes of the practice sessions received their chance for public recognition last Friday night when the "B" team held a strong Indiana State freshman team to a 36-27 win on the local floor. The Sycamore Frosh led the Panther reserves all the way except for a short period in the first half when two field goals by Henderson and one by Brown put the locals ahead six to five.

Easterbrook, the big gun in the Sycamore offense the first half, started his scoring with a field goal after several minutes of fast play. A free throw by Stoffer and another goal by Easterbrook placed the State frosh within a point of the Panthers. Then Watson tied the score with a free throw. Two field goals by Hoffman, speedy guard, gave the visitors a lead. Then Mahon came through for his first score, but Watson, Hoffman and Easterbrook scored consecutive baskets before Brown was scoring once to give the State cats a seven point lead as the half ended.

To start off the second half Wey and Watson each added a free throw to the State total. Mahon made a field goal. Neal added a charity toss, and Weekley came through with the first of his six points to bring the Panther reserves to within four points of State. Two free throws by Weekley could not match a field goal by Hoffman and a brace of free throws by Wey so the locals began falling behind. Weekley collected the last of his contributions to the Panther cause and Shaw hit for his first field goal while Stoffer, Wey and Watson raised the State total to 34 through some nice basket shooting.

Don Neal made a free throw good with three minutes yet to go. Watson then scored State's last points with a nice field goal. A late Panther rally netted five points. Mahon scored once

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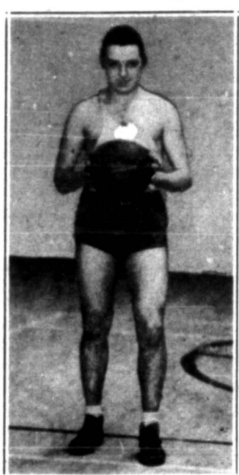
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## Panther Scoring Ace



ROLLA RAND

and Shaw made his second field goal and a free throw to end the game.

The lineups and summaries:

Panther "B"	FG	FT	PF
Brown, f . . .	2	0	3
Shaw, f . . .	2	1	0
Middleworth, f . . .	0	0	1
Henderson, c . . .	2	0	0
Neal, c . . .	0	2	2
Mahon, g . . .	3	0	1
Weekley, g . . .	2	2	1
Young, g . . .	0	0	1
Totals . . .	11	5	9

Indiana (36)	FG	FT	PF
Hoffman, f . . .	5	1	1
Newlin, f . . .	0	1	0
Wey, f . . .	1	3	1
Wilson, f . . .	0	0	0
Watson, c . . .	2	3	2
Easterbrook, c . . .	3	1	0
Snow, g . . .	0	0	1
Stoffer, g . . .	2	1	1
Orr, g . . .	0	0	0
Totals . . .	13	10	6

Referre—Mattox (E. I.)

The Navy football team wears cleatless canvas shoes when playing on a frozen field.

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## Red Bird Reserves Score in Closing Seconds to Defeat Panther 'B' Team

That most feared of all basketball bogeymen—the last minute basket—rose up to smite down the Panther "B" team as Normal scored a basket in the final 25 seconds of the game for a 32-31 decision Saturday night, January 27. Smith, Normal forward, staged this particular bogeyman act.

Preceding it, E. I. and the Red Birds had staged a red hot battle for points, which usually found Normal in the lead but not so far that the locals did not overhaul them at various stages during the game. Surver was the whole show for the Panther fledglings, scoring 16 points. He personally led a second half rally which banished Normal's six point intermission lead. Young came through with an important basket for the locals in the final two minutes of play. It appeared to be the winning tally but Smith ruined the evening with his dramatic effort.

The summary:

Normal (32)	FG	FT	TP
Alfeld	1	2	4
Carroll	1	0	2
Lyons	2	3	7
Taylor	0	0	0
Bates	0	0	0
Smith	4	3	11
Hanes	2	0	4
Sheehan	1	1	3
Bevens	0	1	1

Totals 11 10 32

Charleston (31)	FG	FT	TP
Surver	6	4	16
Shaw	2	0	4
Millsworth	0	1	1
Neal	0	0	0
Brown	0	3	3
Mahon	1	0	2
Weekley	1	1	3
Young	1	0	2

Totals 11 9 31

## Baseball Schedule for 1934 Released

Cosch C. P. Lantz released the following baseball schedule last week for the Panther varsity: April, 18 Indiana Teachers at Terre Haute; April 21, State Normal at Normal; April 25, Illinois Wesleyan here; April 27, Shurtlett at Altam; May 3, State Normal here; May 9, Shurtlett here; May 15, Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington; May 29, Indiana Teachers here.

Two dates with McKendree college which were scheduled for April 13 and May 18 were cancelled last week by McKendree. This leaves Coach Lantz without an opening game at home. Negotiations are now under way for a home-and-home arrangement with another Little 19 opponent.

## Nine Games Carded for Intramural Play

Nine intramural games are scheduled this week in order to make up for a lay-off two weeks ago. Pete Barrick, intramural manager, announces that three games will be played on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights.

Tuesday—7:30—Night Owls vs. Panther Lair; 8:15—Phi Slips vs. Spies; 9:00—Math Club vs. Apaches.

Thursday—7:30—New Deals vs. Rinky Dinks; 8:15—Dark Horses vs. Little Egyptians; 9:00—Bums vs. Industrial Arts.

Friday—7:30—Math Club vs. Freshmen; 8:15—Apaches vs. Fidels; 9:00—Dark Horses vs. Night Owls.

## Strader Takes Lead in Intramural Race

Strader of the New Deals assumed leadership in the individual scoring race of the intramural league, boosting his total to 35 points. Melvin Alexander of the Fidels, is in second place with 29 points. Other leaders are as follows: Grace, Night Owls, 28 points; Fitzhugh, Apaches, 26 points; Baker, Math Club, 20 points; Waldrup, Bums, 20 points; Cockler, Panther Lair, 19 points.

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## Time Out!

Imagine the surprise on the part of the News sports department when in scanning the sports section of the Normal Vidette an item was found which read "Charleston Panther 'B' team bows to Normal Seconds, 32-31, Saturday night." This game as well as the outcome was a secret, it seems.

Illinois Wesleyan suffered one of those "irreparable" injuries when Bill Conroy, ace guard, was "athletically" graduated by flunking semester exams.

Ernie Henry, one-time star at Benton, will replace Conroy. . . . Out at Colorado State Teachers college the basketball team is being "put on"—that is to say, the editor of that school's paper says "it's a nice team we have." Further—"Our blushing pannies can only play basketball for one half and then they wilt." . . . All of which proves that an athlete's path is not always strewn with praise. . . .

The Egyptian, student paper at Carbondale, misspelled Jimmy Tedrick's name so that it read "Tedwick" . . . But this same columnist had words of praise for Jimmy, classing him as the star of the Charleston team. . . .

And certain sports writers are determined to dub Rolla Rand, "Sally" Rand. . . . A couple of direct contrasts are leading the Little Nineteen in scoring. Bob Lassiter, of Illinois College, standing 6 feet 4 inches, is the leader while his team mate, Jim Winn, diminutive guard, is in second place.

That Panther-Normal rivalry is an extensive one. . . . It covers all four sports next year as it did last. . . . Joe Kirk, former E. I. athlete, was the usual husky Joe at the Eastern Illinois League tournament at Casey last week. Of course, he was backing Robinson. . . . After hearing of Bill Conroy's flung out at Wesleyan, other Little 19 teams are beginning to sing, "You're Gonna Lose Your Lead"—maybe. . . .

Identifications—Millikin and E. I.—two teams which play very few conference basketball games. . . . The locals have trouble scheduling home games because of the gym and Millikin apparently bids for bigger opposition. . . . George Wyeth, who before his enforced lay-off for a month because of illness, was a member of the sports department, has returned to school and is eager to take up the quill where he left off, which was B. P. S. (Before Proposed Student Senate.)

## Originator of Net Game Still Lives

Although it may be hard for the millions of devotees of basketball to believe, the originator of that game is still alive and still active in the further perfection of it.

The inventor, Dr. James Naismith of the University of Kansas, was called upon in 1891 to provide some indoor sport of interest to the youths of the Y. M. C. A. college at Springfield, Mass., in which he was a teacher. Dr. Naismith invented basketball and named it accurately, because what is now the netted hoop was then a basket—a peach basket to be exact, commanded from the storeroom of the Institution.

There have been refinements both in the "basket" that adorns the ends of all basketball courts and in the rules of play and the number of players. But the game is essentially the same as the one invented in 1891 by Dr. Naismith.

The first game was played by nine men on a side, which represented all those that were interested. Now the playing sides are limited to five men—or women—and the devotees who actually play on the thousands of courts in the country have been estimated to be from 15,000,000 to 18,000,000 in ages running from below the teens upward to the 20's and well beyond.

On the Illinois Wesleyan campus this year there are four co-operative houses in which students live by a budget, dividing the expenses among themselves.

## Six Quintets Enter W. A. A. Intramurals; One Entry Unbeaten

Six teams are entered in the W. A. A. Basketball tournament this year. The team captained by Wilma Wilson, and composed of Mary Ryan, Beulah Daniels, Thelma Noyes, Kay Ann Pierce, and Cora Russell, is leading the tournament with three victories to their credit.

Beulah Toich's team is in second place with one victory and one game tied. Ruth Miller's team is next in line with one game won, one tied and one lost. Edith Farrell's and Glenna Simpson's teams are tied, with one victory and two defeats each. Edna Abenbrink's team completes the list with two losses.

## Herenthere with W. A. A. Members

There doesn't seem to be much enthusiasm "nowadays." Everyone must have spring fever. . . . One would have wondered if that was the ailment of a prominent W. A. A. member and a faculty enthusiast if they had observed their antics on that lovely day of sleet last week. . . . The ping pong table is still in the basement of Pem Hall in case any W. A. A. members would like to use it. There are plenty of new balls, too, but see Wilma Wilson and ask her what happens when you step on one.

The boys have organized a checker, chess and ping pong club. Someone might suggest they entertain some of us ping pong enthusiasts. . . . And have you heard this one? A girl asked her companion at the Adamless dance who Broncky was. "Why that's Miss Chase's horse," was the answer.

We've ordered four more badminton raquets and a net. If we can get part of Lincoln Field donated to us, maybe we can play out-of-doors. . . . And now that our floor burns have healed, here's for bigger and better W. A. A. "Open Houses."

## Dorothy Smith Enters Prize Fashion Contest

Dorothy Smith, a sophomore in the home economics department, has submitted a dress design in the Young American Designers' Fashion contest which is sponsored by Marshall Field and Company, and which closed January 20. Only registered students in accredited colleges and universities were eligible.

The designs submitted were to be suitable for street, active sports, or spectator wear for late spring or summer wear.

First prize in the contest will be \$150 with a second prize of \$125. There are 18 other prizes ranging from \$10 dollars to \$100, which is the third place award. In addition, each prize-winner will receive, as a gift, a dress made up according to her own prize-winning design.

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## Wesleyan Netmen Cling to Little 19 Leadership as Other Teams Threaten

Illinois Wesleyan repulsed State Normal Wednesday 42-40, thus maintaining leadership in the Little Nineteen title chase. The Titans are the only undefeated team in the conference, holding a record of five consecutive victories.

Last week's results did not disturb many of the standings. Macomb entrenched itself a bit more firmly in second place with a 42-40 triumph over Millikin. Carbondale took undisputed possession of third place with two overwhelming triumphs. The Southerners whipped McKendree 54-40 and upset Shurtlett's Pioneers, 31-22. The Carbondale team is still a favorite to cop the title. DeKalb moved into a fifth-place tie with E. I. and Knox by collecting two conference wins during the week. St. Viator tumbled before the Northern Giants by a 27-19 score while Wheaton took a 25-22 fall. North Central stayed in fourth place with four victories and one defeat, adding Carthage to its conquests 31-27.

Three teams, Shurtlett, Elmhurst, and Monmouth, have not won a conference game. Shurtlett has lost eight starts.

Twelve conference games are scheduled this week. Six games will be played of the non-conference variety of which the Bradley - University of Illinois battle heads the list.

Wednesday—McKendree at Illinois College.

Thursday—Monmouth at Augustana; St. Viator at Carbondale.

Friday—DeKalb at Macomb; Wesleyan at State Normal; Charleston at McKendree; St. Viator at Shurtlett. Saturday—Carthage at Monmouth; E. I. at Shurtlett; North Central at Lake Forest.

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## Miss Nathile McKay Conducts Survey of Housing Conditions at Five Colleges

Data From Macomb, DeKalb, Carbondale, Normal, and E. I. Given

A comparative survey of housing conditions at the five state teachers colleges has recently been completed by Miss Nathile McKay, head of Pemberton Hall. Included in the survey is information on the percentage of college women living in town, the number of householders keeping students, the tendencies of women living out in town and those living in dormitories to change their rooming places, the percentages of the capacities of dormitories which are filled, and the percentage of women who are working for their accommodations.

Charleston ranks next highest in percentage of women who are living in houses in town. Figures on this division of the survey are as follows: Macomb, 64 per cent; Charleston, 58 per cent; Normal, 51 per cent; Carbondale, 46 per cent; DeKalb, 34 per cent. Charleston has by far the largest number of householders in proportion to the number of girls who live in town. Charleston has one householder for every 2.57 girls; Carbondale, one for every 3.13 girls; Normal, one for every 3.61 girls; Macomb, one for every 4.69 girls; DeKalb, one for every 11.18 girls.

Normal girls living in town indicate the greatest tendencies to change their rooming places. Figures on this phase of the survey are as follows: Normal, 20 per cent of women living in town moved at the end of the term; Charleston, 16 per cent moved at term-end; Carbondale, 14 per cent moved at term-end; DeKalb, 9 per cent moved at term-end; Macomb, 4 per cent moved at term-end.

The DeKalb and Normal dormitories are completely filled. Other figures: Charleston, 85 per cent of capacity is filled; Macomb, 85 per cent capacity is filled; Carbondale, 54 per cent of capacity is filled.

At Carbondale 18.4 per cent of the women living in the dormitory moved at the end of the fall term. Other figures on this division of the survey are as follows: Normal, 5.6 per cent; Charleston, 5.4 per cent; Macomb, 1.8 per cent; DeKalb, 0.0 per cent.

Eleven per cent of the women enrolled at E. I. are working for their accommodations. Self-help figures from the other teachers colleges are as follows: DeKalb, 16 per cent; Normal, 11 per cent; Macomb, 7 per cent; Carbondale, no report.

Normal, with 980, had the largest number of women enrolled for the fall term. Carbondale had 749; Macomb, 574; Charleston, 512; DeKalb, 503. Of these numbers the following women lived in houses in town: Normal, 495; Macomb, 361; Carbondale, 357; Charleston, 295; DeKalb, 172. The following girls lived at home: Carbondale, 354; Normal, 263; DeKalb, 189; Charleston, 145; Macomb, 106.

Normal has 137 householders; Charleston, 115; Carbondale, 114; Macomb, 77; DeKalb, 45. One hundred of the Normal girls living in town moved at the term-end, 49 Carbondale girls moved, 48 Charleston girls moved, 15 Macomb girls moved, and 15 DeKalb girls moved.

The following figures show the number of girls who are working: Normal, 107; DeKalb, 78; Charleston, 59; Macomb, 58; Carbondale, no report.

Dormitory capacities are as follows: DeKalb, 142; Normal, 87; Charleston, 85; Macomb, 85; Carbondale, 70. Dormitory enrollments are as follows: DeKalb, 142; Normal, 87; Charleston, 72; Macomb, 55; Carbondale, 38. The number of girls moving from the various dormitories are as follows: Charleston, 4; Macomb, 1; Carbondale, 7; DeKalb, 0; Normal, 5.

Dormitory fees per week at the five colleges are as follows: Carbondale, \$7.00; Normal, \$6.50; Macomb, \$6.00; DeKalb, \$5.00; Charleston, \$5.75. The study was made from statistics of the fall term for 1933.

We will give you \$1.50-\$2.00 for your old fountain pen on the purchase of any Parker Pen—Peoples Drug Store—North side square.

## Makes Housing Survey



MISS NATHILE MCKAY

## 'Words as Tools' Is Discussion Subject

Miss Isabel McKinney spoke to the Industrial Arts club on "Words as Tools" Friday night in the Practical Arts building. Russell H. Landis read the paper which was to have been presented by Lawrence F. Ashley, as he was attending the School Masters club meeting in Peoria.

Both speakers stressed the importance of a large vocabulary. Miss McKinney quoted figures from a recent article in the Atlantic Monthly, indicating that executives have the largest vocabularies and that the vocabulary decreases as the man's importance in the company decreases.

Several articles of the club's constitution were discussed during a short business meeting following the talks.

## MR. HELLER IS SPEAKER FOR MATHEMATICS CLUB

Hobart F. Heller of the mathematics department, will speak at the Mathematics club meeting Wednesday evening at 7:15 in room 26. Copies of the Discriminant will again be distributed to those members who have paid their dues.

## Alumni News

Among the E. I. graduates who have teaching positions or are otherwise employed are the following:

Dorothy Henry '32 is employed in the Block and Kuhl department store in Decatur.

Jane Anne Bisson is working in the toy department of Marshall Field's in Chicago.

Lloyd Sparks '35 is employed in Ritter's drug store in Mattoon.

Dorothy Winkleblack '33 is teaching the Marshal school north of Charleston.

Margaret Gwinn '34 is teaching a rural school south of Charleston.

Erna O. Bottenfield is located in the History Department of the Champaign high school.

Hazel Marie Higgins is principal of the Grade school at Georgetown, Ill., in addition to being the teacher of the seventh grade.

Beulah Smith is teaching in the Social Science department at the Champaign high school.

Richard E. Kepner has a position in the Territorial hospital, Hecia Oahu, T. H. Hawaii. He is one of the psychiatrists at the hospital.

Helen Irene Sargent has charge of the third grade in one of the city schools of Los Angeles, Cal.

Lawrence Gray '29 and Carolyn Hopkins '29 both have rural schools near Bethany.

Betty Broom Bowman '31 and Mary Whitaker '31 are employed as teachers in the Greenup public schools.

Mary Ellen Wells '33 is teaching a rural school near West York.

June Richey is in a grade school in Porterville, Ill., where she teaches grades one to four.

Because of numerous gate crashers at their athletic contests, University of Kentucky officials have erected a six-foot barbed wire fence around their stadium.

Patronize only the News advertisers.

## Summer School Date Is Shifted; Session Ends Week Earlier

Registration for the summer term this year has been changed from the date announced in the annual catalog to June 11. The summer term will close on July 20, a week earlier than previously announced.

The main reason for the change in date is to allow students and faculty members to attend the second summer term in other colleges.

Copy for the summer school bulletin was sent to the printer on January 14, but no proofs have been received as yet. A new cover design, made by Russell H. Landis, will be a feature of the bulletin this year.

Three thousand copies of the bulletin have been ordered. Further announcements will be made when they arrive from the printer.

## Clothes Make the Man Thanks to Haberdasher

(Continued from page 1)

most interesting," he replied. "I expect we really enjoy that part of our trade more than any other because college students are constantly in search of new things—new patterns, which are so characteristic of their age. I have noticed one thing in particular in the past few years which applies to college students as well as others. People are more thoughtful buyers than they were not long ago. This, of course, has been caused by business and economic changes in general."

"What is your estimation of business prospects at present?" we asked. "Conditions as a whole are much better—if I am to judge from facts in my own business. The volume of business has increased from 25 per cent to 80 per cent in the last four months and I see no reason why things should not continue to improve."

About the clothing business Mr. Linder mentioned one outstanding point. "We take pride in having a clean, well-ordered store and all young employees. In keeping with this we have employed several college students in our store at various times—usually during the holidays."

"You might add," he continued, "that I believe the college is one of the biggest assets of the community, as a financial, educational and cultural benefit. It is a great contributor to the economic existence of the city."

That he firmly believes this is evidenced in the fact that he is a follower of the school's progress and a contributor to its welfare. In short, Mr. Linder belongs to that new school of business men who take on "extra-curricular" work in the form of civic support.

## SCHOOL MASTERS' CLUB HOLDS PEORIA MEETING

A number of faculty members attended the annual meeting of the School Masters' club in Peoria Friday. Several of the teachers visited State Normal while away on the trip.

The following faculty members attended the Peoria meeting: O. L. Rallsback, Wayne P. Hughes, Lawrence F. Ashley, Glenn H. Seymour, Charles H. Coleman, Eugene M. Waffle, Harold M. Cavins, Walter W. Cook, and Howard DeF. Widger.

## MANUSCRIPTS DISCUSSED

Ten members of Sigma Tau Delta met in the reception room last Friday night and heard original manuscripts read and criticized. Plans for an "open house" meeting were discussed. Quincy G. Burris was the guest of honor for the evening.

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## College Calendar

### TUESDAY

News Meeting ..... 11:20 a. m.  
Concert Band ..... 4:10 p. m.  
Boys' Double Quartet ..... 4:10 p. m.  
Phi Sigma Epsilon ..... 7:15 p. m.  
Fidelis ..... 7:30 p. m.  
Intramurals ..... 7:30 p. m.  
Pamahasika's Pets ..... 8:00 p. m.

### WEDNESDAY

Concert Orchestra ..... 4:10 p. m.  
Boys' Double Quartet ..... 4:10 p. m.  
Math Club ..... 7:15 p. m.  
College Trio ..... 7:30 p. m.

### THURSDAY

College Band ..... 4:10 p. m.  
Players ..... 8:00 p. m.  
Intramurals ..... 7:30 p. m.

### FRIDAY

Concert Orchestra ..... 4:10 p. m.  
Boys' Double Quartet ..... 4:10 p. m.  
Concert Band ..... 7:00 p. m.  
Epsilon Pi Tau ..... 7:30 p. m.  
Sigma Tau Delta ..... 7:30 p. m.  
E. I. at McKendree ..... 7:30 p. m.  
Intramurals ..... 7:30 p. m.

### SATURDAY

League Bridge Tourney ..... 2:30 p. m.  
E. I. at Shurtleff ..... 7:30 p. m.  
Freshman Party ..... 8:30 p. m.

### MONDAY

Kappa Delta Pi Party ..... 7:30 p. m.  
Sigma Delta ..... 7:45 p. m.

### COMING

Junior-Senior Prom, February, 17

## JAKE VOLC DISCUSSES NRA EFFECTS ON MINING

(Continued from page 1)

raising of wages in southern mines, thus making it impossible for those mine owners to undersell Illinois coal wholesalers.

Vincent Kelly, who hails from Westville where the United Mine Workers have the upper hand, made a futile effort to defend the United Mine Workers in the discussion following Mr. Volc's talk.

Mr. Volc hails from Auburn, where the Progressives make up the majority.

## GIVES PIANO NUMBERS

Five piano selections were played by Evelyn Anderson as the musical program in chapel last Saturday. The following numbers were included on the program: "Prelude" by Bach, "Mazurka in A Minor" by Chopin, "Arabesque" by Debussy, "To a Comedian" by Cadman, and a selection dedicated to Mary Pickford.

## Miss Johnson Tells of Experiences as Student in Berlin

"People think everything I say is funny. I guess they'd think it was funny if I went to jail," Mark Twain drawled. Miss Anabel Johnson recalled having heard him make that remark as one of the high-lights of her life in Berlin. Another which Miss Johnson is proud of was the time she recovered a program which Moskowski dropped from his hand during a performance, she revealed to the German club at a meeting Friday evening.

Miss Johnson studied German under Frau Doctor Hempel who was a well known private instructor. She was a unique teacher in Faust. She gave it line for line and explained the content without referring to a book.

In Berlin Miss Johnson lived in the family of Professor Kindwirth who was head of the conservatory of music. "When you attend the opera which starts at 6:30 or 7, you either get a luncheon at a buffet in the opera house or eat after returning home. In the days of the Kaiser so much of the Royal Opera House was reserved for officers that one was not allowed to pick his own seat but took what was given him," stated Miss Johnson. The next meeting of the club will be February 15 so as not to interfere with the High School class play on February 16.

## SIGMA TAU DELTA

Sigma Tau Delta will hold its next meeting this Friday evening at 7:30 at the home of Harriett Dowling, 1014 Monroe street. Quincy C. Burris will give a short talk after which a business meeting will be held.

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# Literary Contest Supplement

of the

## Teachers College News

EASTERN ILLINOIS  
STATE

AT CHARLESTON,  
ILLINOIS

"TELL THE TRUTH AND DON'T BE AFRAID"

VOL. XIX

CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1934

SEC. 2—NO. 17

### No Sentiment

Winner of Second Award in Short  
Story Division

BY VINCENT KELLY

ATTERBURG'S answer to The Natbridge Steel Company's telegram was a personal visit to that firm's offices in the steel city, private car and all.

There was one sure way to overcome an obstacle—handle it yourself. The mere fact that as president of the railroad he was undertaking to speed up and supervise the output of a subsidiary steel plant—became, in effect, its production manager—bothered him not at all. As a holder of an interesting interlocking directorship on the executive board of the Natbridge Company, his word would carry weight. That was all he needed.

He was a dynamic, vigorous man; forceful and a hard driver. Even as an underling on the Tonopah and Northern Railway, executives confronted with a knotty problem invariably said: "Send Atterburg."

And when Atterburg narrowed his steely, gray eyes to mere slits, furrowed his brow, as he directed exhaled blasts of air at his graying mustache through his pursed lips, "Something was coming loose," in the parlance of the road. And just as often as he assumed the characteristic pose, loose ends of the puzzle confronting him, like the quivering whiskers themselves, began to scurry to their proper places.

"Send Atterburg," became a by-word on the T. & N.

In his efficiency program, faithful employees, slowed up in years of service, as well as time-honored and established customs flew before the winnow of Atterburg's ruthless methods. When the Brotherhoods protested, he formed his own company unions. There was no sentiment in business—send Atterburg!

And now, as president of the road he had sent himself. In the sumptuous office of the steel company, exhaled blasts agitated the bristles of his mustache as the slitted eyes bored holes through production manager Gary seated on the opposite side of the mahogany desk.

He didn't roar, he didn't threaten; he spoke in frigid tones that left little alternative for the harassed Gary.

"But Mr. Atterburg," Gary looked up from his production sheet. "Couldn't you get an extension in the time clause of your franchise?"

"At the expense of thousands of dollars and miles of legal red tape—possible. Aside from the fact that I don't do business that way, it's more trouble than I care to go through with."

"But you have your own legal staff—"

Atterburg became irritated. He hadn't come to plead with a dilatory production manager, nor to explain all the difficulties he faced if the Los Diablos cut-off were not completed in time. He came to get steel!

"Gary," he said with an air of one giving paternal advice, "If you paid more attention to filling your orders on time and less to other people's business, it wouldn't be necessary for me to be here now. My steel for the Los Diablos bridge would already be on the ground, to say nothing of your being behind thousands of tons on my rail order."

"But Mr. Atterburg—"

"But, hell! Gary."

Atterburg sent his fist crashing to the desk. Only on rare occasions did the railroad man lose his temper.

"Gary," he thundered, "You have two open-hearts standing idle. You also have six weeks to fill our order." He lowered his voice: "I expect to see smoke issuing from those idle stacks tomorrow," he finished slowly, deadly.

Still the production manager pleaded: "Good God, man, surely as a director of this company, you must know the cost of repairing and firing furnaces that have been idle two years. Why—why, we stand to lose money on your contract if we put those in operation."

"Possibly." There was no mistaking Atterburg's following insinuating remark: "But not as much as you might lose if you defaulted on it. Good day, Gary."

"But Mr. Atterburg—think of trying to reach peak production with green labor—"

"Good day, Mr. Gary."

In record time smoke belched from the long

(Continued on Page Four)



Block Print by Geneva Weeks

### Boomerang

Winner First Award in Short Story Division

By Mrs. Marthel Rennels

ONE o'clock on a stormy November night. Without, the wind swooped relentlessly around the corners of the old house, banged the dilapidated shutters, and whistled eerily through the cracks. Within, a single candle guttered wildly at each gust, projecting grotesque, writhing shadows on the mildewed walls and scaling ceiling. Eli Banning shivered and drew his seat farther within the wavering circle of light and, as a crash woke resounding echoes through the empty rooms, half rose—

That sound! It must have been only a loose board, but it sounded like a shot. Ugh! The wind! Would it never lull? It brought back memories. There had been such a wind and such a sound twenty years ago on the night he had shot Harvey Warren in this very room. Twenty years! Probably wasn't even a bone left in that lime grave under the hearth. Clever scheme, that. It had worked perfectly, as he had known it would. The body had never been found and no one had ever connected the irreproachable Eli Banning with Warren's disappearance. How could they? No one knew they had left town together. He had been careful about that. And so when the shortage at the bank had been discovered, it had been laid almost at once to Warren. Did not the bank's books offer indisputable proof, without taking into consideration his unexplained and prolonged absence? There had been some anxious moments at the interview with Mrs. Warren. He was glad when she had gone away with her five year old son. How had they fared? Warren had left only a small insurance. Perhaps, as a fellow worker, he should have done something for them; but, no, it would have been foolhardy to appear in the limelight, even for a creditable bit of charity. He had given enough to charitable causes since to make up for any lack then. He could do no less as the respected and wealthy President of the Merchants' State Bank. In the twenty years that had followed, he had paid for that crime. Besides he had justified himself from the beginning for committing it. He had only been following the first law of Nature—Self Preservation. It was either Warren or himself. He had never done anything criminal since. A man of his foresight knew better than to tempt fate too often, and so fortune had smiled on him and life had been pleasantly smooth—until now. Now he was confronted with an annoying situation. One of his most trusted employees, George Hewitt, had, only that afternoon, confessed to a large shortage in his accounts. He reproached himself for not having suspected anything until the young man had voluntarily made his confession—quite boldly, too. A man in his position should have been fearful and penitent. Should he turn him over to the law or merely discharge him? The money was still intact. But the boy should be punished. One couldn't

allow the country to be overrun with potential criminals. There applied nature's second law—the survival of the fittest. If Hewitt were not capable of extricating himself—well, prisons were made for the weak. And Hewitt was weak. He had been afraid to trust himself to come alone to this old house where he had hidden the money. He had actually begged him—Eli Banning—to come along. And here they were. He had been pleased at the tribute to his moral strength, although perhaps it was placing too much trust in human nature to venture so far from protective civilization. Even the weak may be dangerous if cornered. Twenty years ago he himself had enticed Harvey Warren to this same house—What if young Hewitt intended—But no, he lacked the courage. It was certainly time that Hewitt was coming back. He had had time to dig up the money. Was that he in the dark hall way? That figure with the gun—why, that was Harvey Warren—come back for revenge—after twenty years. But he had come too late. No dead man could hurt Eli Banning, President of the Merchants' State Bank—the soundest bank in the country. Besides, a ghost couldn't hurt anybody, anyway. But he had stayed long enough. He must get the money and go home—as soon as he rested a little more. He was so tired. He must be getting old. That shadow—before his eyes—

Again the vindictive wind racked the old house. The light flared spasmodically. But this time Eli Banning did not shiver. He did not even notice. He lay sprawled on the floor, a bullet in his brain.

### Grown-Up

Winner of First Award in Poetry  
and Book Review Division

BY MARY AGNES FOWELL

The great grey wood is silent now;

I dare not brave its ways.

And I must cry to bird and tree:

"Too soon you have forgotten me!"

The once-known paths wind in a maze

Where at some distant "when" or "how"

I dropped the magic silver bough

While Someone sang of "Lahna dhule"

Beside the silver shadow-pool.

Paint and far and clear and cool,

Thy pool, I know, lies deep

Silver-green by light o' moon.

But I have lost the magic shoon:

And though a thousand twilights creep,

I shall not find the enchanted pool

Nor hear lips crooning "Lahna dhule."

The great green gate is closed to me,

And lost the key! And lost the key. . .

### Star Dirt

Winner of Honorable Mention in Short  
Story Division.

BY NORMA COX

THE doctor's waiting room was on the second floor, commanding a bird's-eye view of Main Street at its busiest intersection. The doctor was engaged and would be for some time. I knew, for I had trailed Sam Gordon up the stairs on his bi-weekly visit; Sam's recital of his complaints was always good for a long thirty minutes.

From the window I inspected the thoroughfare below for a moment. Main Street was listless in the summer heat. Beneath a lone maple tree a white hound aimlessly scratched at his fleas; two old Pords, their tops scorching, sprawled in front of the bank; Bob Gardner, a single wayfarer, was on his way to the post office. There was nothing here to arouse my interest.

Bored, I turned to the table in the middle of the room which supported the doctor's supply of current literature. Piled on top of a dozen copies of the A. M. A. Journal were two old copies of Liberty, a week old issue of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and a new copy of Filmfan. The latter would not ordinarily have been my selection for reading but on the front cover was the picture of a familiar face: Georgia Joyce, blonde, blue-eyed, beautiful . . .

Skipping through the pages of the magazine, my eyes were arrested by a double-page spread entitled "Star Dust." This feature was arranged as a statistical table, listing a number of Hollywood favorites, the salary of each, the type of car he drives, his favorite cinema role, latest picture, and favorite hobby. With increasing erudition and amazement I discovered that Miss Constance Bennett receives \$7,000 as her weekly stipend; that Miss Garbo prefers a Ford roadster where no less than a Rolls is indicated; that Mr. Jimmie Durante yearns with all his artist's soul to play the title role in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; that spicily little Miss Hopkins is now playing "Jezebel" on Broadway; that Mr. Montgomery dearly adores ping-pong.

My roving eye reached the name of Georgia Joyce and as I glanced across the parallel columns I noted that she drives a Packard, tucks \$2,000 in her stocking each Saturday afternoon, would like to play Juliet, recently starred in "Of Human Bondage," and her favorite hobby consists in giving the cook the night off, donning an apron, and cooking dinner for her husband, Ralph Roberts, who directed the box office success "Of Human Bondage."

Now I was amazed at Miss Joyce's culinary habits for I grew up with Georgia Joyce, only in those days that wasn't her name . . .

Her real name, Georgianna Martin, naturally is too long for theatre signs and, possibly, isn't pretty enough for the attractive young actress. However, it was good enough for her father and mother.

The Martins were of Irish descent; they lived across the street from us and were nice neighbors. Mr. Martin was the proprietor of a clothing store, a hard working and honest tradesman. Mrs. Martin was a good housekeeper, a capable wife. Georgianna was the Martins' only child and on her, as good parents often do, they lavished all their affections. Georgianna became a spoiled child.

She was lovely from the time she was a baby and when she was in her late teens she was the beauty of the community. Her complexion was marvelously clear, her eyes lustrous, her blonde hair naturally curled, her teeth perfection, her slim figure entrancing. I often thought if she had had more nobility of soul how well Marlowe's lines of rapture to Helen—

"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," would apply to her. She had nicer clothes and more of them than the other girls. She was fairly intelligent in a very unambitious way. But she was never popular with the girls of her age, nor, strange as it seems considering her physical loveliness, with the boys.

Mrs. Martin did all the work around the house. I doubt if Georgianna ever touched a broom; as far as cooking was concerned, I don't think she could even set a table. If ever Mrs. Martin were indisposed, Mr. Martin prepared

(Continued on Page Four)



## The Green Fly

Winner of Honorable Mention in Short Story Division.

BY MURIEL EDWARDS

THE thick, damp air of an oppressive summer night beat steadily down upon the city at dusk. On a cluttered street in a miserable section, dirty women listlessly watched their screaming children from doorstep and window. Every grimy window was raised to its utmost, revealing unpleasant details of the sordid interiors—every window but one. This one was closed—closed and locked. "Slugg" Dermot sat sweltering in his fourth story cage, window and door locked fast. He sneered, smiled, actually laughed—and for good cause. Was he not safe? Hadn't he out-witted the police? Let them find him if they could! He looked at the evening paper with great satisfaction. The drag-net was out for him—all trains, boats, and highways were being watched in hopes of catching the most ruthless murderer this side of the electric chair. As if he were sap enough to try to leave town! They were searching the city—wait—they were concentrated in this section—well, he could play hide-and-seek. They had combed the place for him before. He looked about his temporary abode with a sense of pleasure that few would have derived from such contemplation. The sickly yellow light outlined a sagging iron bed, a small table on a bare, dirty floor surrounded by uncertain colored wall paper.

As his small glittering eyes traced the outline of the room, one hand fumbling with his weak mouth, and one unconsciously caressing his prize possession, his revolver, a fly alighted on one protruding ear. He brushed it angrily away and the fly retired with a threatening buzz. It made a circuit of one bed post and screamed past his ear. With yellow teeth bared like a snarling wolf, he threw a greasy glass at the offending fly. The glass crashed against the wall and echoed through the room. He dashed to the window, fear replacing reason and anger. None looked up. He swaggered back to the bed as the fly made a smart effort to escape, fighting and roaring at the window. He turned to look at it more closely.

This was truly no ordinary fly. It was large and green—it seemed to be getting larger. He snarled and tore at his colorless shirt. This heat—if he could just get out of town. The shirt landed in the corner of the room in a limp heap as the fly left the window and circled his head. He dodged and fought furiously. He beat the air in wide circles—. The buzzing grew to a loud roar—diminished—stopped. The terror of the city stood in the center of the room, every stiff muscle beginning to tremble. Perspiration dripped from his face and trickled down his bare, hairy chest. He shivered and looked about. Where had it gone? Why was it quiet? Now he saw it—just a fly. But as his eye lightened upon it, the fly took wild flight. With loud buzzing it went to the ceiling—his eye lost it—it would be down upon him. His arms went over his head—God—what was this thing? What was it trying to do? With a shrieking buzz it went by his nose and droned ominously away to silence. He felt of his cold, damp body. A trembling hand tugged weakly at a floppy tip.

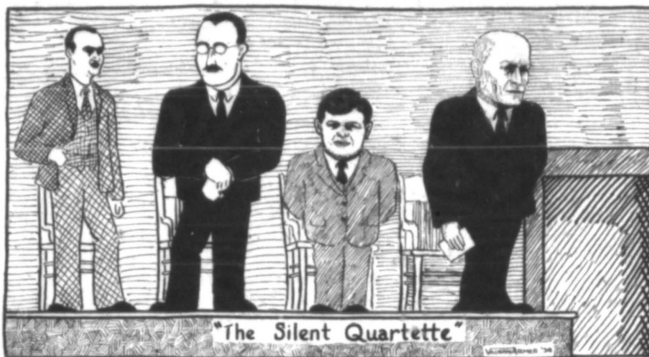
With swimming eye he looked about again. There was this fiend—there on the table. He watched it as it shone and gleamed in the yellow light. Carefully he folded and rolled the newspaper. Then he advanced with the cautious, crouching movement of a leopard. He struck but the fly darted away and its droning filled the room—it darted about him—it retreated—it advanced—it was over him—it was around his knees—turning, veering, it danced about him. He crawled to the bed and seized his gun with desperate satisfaction. As it went by, with lightning like aim he shot twice, and missed. Cursing, he waited. The fly had doubled its speed now and he scarcely saw it. The loud buzz roared in his ears until he faintly heard the gun as he sent two more bullets into the wall, missing the fly. He stood panting, his heart throbbing in every part of his body while the buzzing rose to new heights—to a whining, wailing key—and stopped. His heart beats echoed in the room. He could not stand this waiting. He must hunt. He started jerkily about the room. With a scream it passed within a foot of his face. He fired until the gun was empty. It was coming straight toward him. Wild panic filled him—he must get out. He turned and ran to the door, fumbled until it was unlocked, and dashed out—into the arms of two officers of the law.

### Prayer for Parting

Winner of Honorable Mention in Poetry Division.

BY L. BEATRICE WIDDER

This be  
My hour of death:  
When day bows down to dark  
And 'thrushes bid the evening star  
Appear—  
No tear  
To mar my peace,  
No word of sorrow told  
To clip my soul's bright wings. . . .  
If this may be my end  
I shall be glad  
To go.



## Love Versus Law

By James Stanley McIntosh

IT was night. He was seated at his table apparently studiously absorbed in a book entitled "Private Corporations: Cases."

His black hair was tousled; his face was smooth shaven, boyishly fair. His rolled shirt sleeves seemed to accentuate the breadth of his thick shoulders. He sat motionless. A yellowed meerschaum pipe was settled in the corner of his mouth; its fire was dead. Suddenly he closed the book, shoving it forward as an ill-mannered diner his finished plate. A glance at the watch revealed 1:10. He leaned forward on the heels of his hands. His face tilted upward. His eyes became fixed on a picture. He sat upright, then slumped in his straight-backed chair, rammed his hands resolutely in his trousers pockets, and continued to gaze at the picture.

"Love versus Law," he spoke lightly. "A perfectly hopeless case for Law." He suddenly retrieved his pipe and placed it carelessly on the table, and was thinking, "How foolish—love—love at twenty—Anne—Anne—love, a junior, future ahead, future postponed, future postponed indefinitely, no, definitely—yes, definitely!" He caught himself talking, gasping. "Rot! But why can't love and law school mix?" he thought. "Why can't I remember these corporation decisions, these citations, when I'm doing it for you, Anne? It's because I'm thinking of you. But that isn't sound logic. No, no case is logically sound when it involves a woman. Infernal poppycock! I'll break with her, starting this minute. I'll write to her it's moronic to marry without a nest egg—I'll write her it's quits—the end—through."

But by daylight Carl Heston was at Daddy Kiefer's Real Estate Office, affixing his name to a note for five hundred dollars at six per cent interest, payable in eighteen months. He was missing his corporations class. He was missing other classes. He was walking out of school in January, two weeks before semester examinations.

"I can't figure out why you want so much dough," said old Daddy Kiefer suavely, but with heartfelt interest. "You're not gonna blow it in on one of them green beer stocks, are ya, cause if you are, you're not gettin' it."

"No, dad, you see Law School teaches us that the public has one chance in eight making anything at the stock market. My own opinion is that it's one in a hundred. You see, dad, I could never blow it that way. I'm going to make a real investment, one with returns—I'm getting married with this money. I'm taking the big leap."

"Oho, ho, ho, ho—getting married; Aha, ha, you always manage to make a good come back, don't you? That's the kind of stunt that'll make you a smart lawyer sometime, not those ten-pound law books you've been carrying around."

Young Heston had finished eyeing the note and was rather taken aback at his own confession and old man Kiefer's reaction to it. He stood with a tight, voluntary grin while Daddy wrote out a check and handed it to him. "Now feel lucky to get this money, my boy. Five hundred dollars is a lot of dust. See that it don't get in your eye. It sounds fishy to me, but I never knew you to go wrong. It should be some of my business, but I won't make it that-way. I'll have a notary seal stamped on this note this afternoon."

"So long, dad." And Heston walked out of the office, deeply grateful for the five hundred dollars, curiously ashamed at Mr. Kiefer's faith in him, his brain floating after the storm, his body weary.

After he had boarded a train and was beginning to draw away from his familiar collegiate surroundings, he attempted to review his situation. The thought of his plans seized him with thorough sickness. "God, what if Anne wouldn't marry me. She'd said something about being too old. Only twenty-three—three years' difference. She had been seriously thoughtful about it. But weren't they engaged, weren't they engaged? Wasn't she wearing the ring he gave her two years ago? The ring. The marriage ring. The four dollar—no, five—no, four dollars, three ninety-eight marriage ring. What if Kossow wouldn't give him a job, what if he couldn't give him a job at the packing house! After all, Kossow was only a foreman

—a hunky foreman. But a good guy, a guy as good as his promise. Could he get his old summer job in the checking department? Only twenty-five a week, but Anne—Anne—" The conductor woke him for the Sixty-third Street Station.

He reached home just as his father and mother were beginning supper. It had not occurred to him what his parents would think of his sudden arrival. They admired him beyond suspicion of a fault. They never questioned seriously his judgment. His mother rose from the table as he entered the kitchen.

"Hello, mom. Hello, pop," he drawled, and kissed his mother on an upturned cheek, after which she patted his shoulder and continued to a cabinet for a plate and silverware. He shook hands with his father and sat in a chair beside him.

"Why are you back home so soon after Christmas vacation, son?" asked Mrs. Heston, preparing his place at the table.

"Business, mom, a little business at the Big Meat House."

"Business pickin' up in the meat packin' line these days," interrupted Mr. Heston, and blew a hurricane on his coffee.

And Carl went to bed early that night in order to awake fresh in the morning, so that he could see Kossow at the factory gate and go in with him. He didn't dare telephone Anne; he'd see about the job first.

Kossow couldn't "give anything" in the checking department. "But there's a kid in the truckin' gang been sick a couple weeks and I don't think he's comin' back—the Doc ain't gonna let 'im I think," Kossow was saying. "Let's go over 't the truckin' outfit. I'll see if I can't git you in there. You're lookin' in the pink, Carl, you're lookin' in the pink."

Twenty-two dollars and a half wasn't much compared with the ten thousand a year he had dreamed of as a young lawyer.

"Ninety dollars a month," he thought, "not as much as Anne makes buyin' hats for Carson Pirie's."

"But I'll drive that truck," he was telling Anne, "and I'll unload that pork and beef like an old timer!"

"But why didn't you tell me you were making so many big plans, Carl? I might have been able to help you—or rather, help us. You see I've saved some money and it's—"

"No, I couldn't do a thing like that, Anne. My pride is going to suffer as it is—your working and making more money than I. I couldn't bcrow from you. I've got enough Victorian spirit in me to prevent that."

"I really don't approve your borrowing five hundred dollars," reprimanded Anne. "I don't even understand how you did it. This Mr. Kiefer must be demented."

"No, Anne. I even told Kiefer I was getting married—but he didn't believe me. He had promised to help me if I ever needed it because of work I did for him in leasing some houses."

### Bury My Body When It Is Dead

Winner of Honorable Mention in Poetry Division.

BY L. BEATRICE WIDDER

Bury my body when it is dead:  
The I who lived there shall have fled.  
To see it go the way it must—  
With other houses—dust to dust,  
I will not stay for I shall be  
Tired of earth and glad I'm free;  
Tired of walls and roofs and floors,  
Tired of keys and close-locked doors,  
Glad to be winged in feathers of flame,  
Without a mask, without a name. . . .  
I'll have slipped away and none shall find  
The secret door I passed behind.  
I will have gone as bright birds go  
With none to bind them and none to know  
The path they curve behind the sun.  
I shall be free—a deathless one.  
Bury my body when it is dead:  
The I who lived there shall have fled.

He made plenty off of it. I didn't dream ever asking for five hundred. And I certainly never expected to get it after I did ask. Don't worry about that. This is no time to worry about anything."

But after Carl and Anne were married and housed in a small apartment, domestic relations diminished the concern of the five hundred dollar note. There seemed scarcely time to talk of business matters. Mornings they breakfasted together, hastily, on doughnuts and coffee, at noon they ate apart, and evenings they had dinner on whatever cut of meat Carl chose to bring home from the packing house. Carl was satisfied that he had a job and an income, however small. But there came the period when he grew weary of steering a truck and being called "the kid" by the truckin' gang. He was a man, twenty-one now, and as veritable a Hugo Danner as Philip Wylie portrayed in "The Gladiator." Each day he trucked great sides of beef to butcher shops and delicatessens. It took a man to deliver to the refrigerator when each half steer weighed about two hundred pounds. A German butcher in Gary delivered in telling him that it took a bull to carry one.

CARL had been trying to grow a mustache. The effort was extending over several months. It seemed strange to him that even the manifest admiration for schooling and knowledge by fellow workers did not more than appease his desire to show physical and manly superiority. He felt sure that a mustache would add prestige and age to his physical prowess, and Anne knew that he would look "daring," if it ever grew past the stubble-stage. It was one evening while the slow progress of the mustache was occupying the concern of both Carl and Anne that Mr. Heston brought over a letter. It was from University City. It was from Green and Burke, Attorneys at Law.

"This just came this afternoon, son," said Mr. Heston. "It looked important; so your mom thought I'd best bring it over this evening on my way back to the Fire Station. Goodbye."

Carl opened the envelope deliberately. "Must be an offer for a job with Green and Burke," he joked with Anne who was looking over his shoulder. "Well, well, this is something, indeed," he said slowly, and sat as if in a daze while he silently read over the statement of the bankruptcy of P. J. Kiefer, Realtor. His attention finally rested especially on a passage which read, "Among the assets of Mr. Kiefer is a note issued to you by Mr. Kiefer, principal and interest due three weeks from the above date. We trust your prompt assistance in this matter. Yours truly, Green and Burke, Attorneys."

"Oh, Carl," said Anne, startled. "I don't see how I'm going to pay it, Anne, unless I see father about it. I'd hate to do that. Poor old Daddy Kiefer! I've never written him. But I'll bet he's got something salted away. He's a wise one. I must write him to-night."

But the next evening there was a letter in the box from Daddy Kiefer, forwarded from his University address. "My dear boy," it read, "within a very short time you will be cognizant of my petition for bankruptcy. I am aware that the receivers will attempt to collect the sum of that note you signed. Disregard their letters. It occurred to me that you were not of age when you signed the note. Tell no one of this letter. Destroy it."

"Well, what do you know about that?" sighed Carl, and awaited Anne's return from work to tell her the surprising turn of events. "Me, an embryo lawyer and I never thought about a thing like that," he said to himself. "Guess I would make a better truck driver, but oh, how I'd like to get back and finish!"

Letters continued to come from Green and Burke, first terse but kindly ones, and then threatening ones. Carl cherished and saved every one for possible reference when he himself should become a lawyer.

Then came a Saturday afternoon which found Carl shampooing Anne's hair. Carl answered the door bell. A fat, uncouth figure, with a half-burned cigar between his teeth, belloved, "You Mr. Heston?"

"Yes, sir," answered Carl, not at all abashed.

"Mr. Carl Heston?" inquired the man further.

"Yes," replied Carl, inwardly amused. "Then this is for you," he grinned victoriously, handed Carl some sort of paper, and made a happy departure.

Carl slowly unlocked the door, suddenly became aware that he had on a rubber apron, fumbled to remove it, and then investigated the paper.

"Who was it, dear?" asked Anne.

"A court summons, my dove, and if I don't miss my intuition a bailiff delivered it, a tough looking hombre, believe me," replied Carl in a playful tone. However, his thoughts were not long becoming serious in nature. Anne, whose mind, she insisted, ran strictly along the lines of hats and not about the arm of the law, except to fear it, was beginning to instill fear into Carl. He had the good will of Daddy Kiefer behind him, he realized, since he was a minor when he signed the note; yet there was no proof, no actual proof, except a birth certificate, that he was a minor then. His mother hadn't his birth certificate, he knew, because the Bible in which she kept it had been destroyed by fire years ago—and a fireman, came the ensuing thought. His mother could swear to his age; yes, but he didn't want her to know about the affair.

(Continued on Page Three)





"And I said, 'Doesn't papa's littl wittzi baby likums spinach?'"

## Love Versus Law

(Continued from Page Two)

ANNE went with him to court. Her unexpected calmness rather unnerved him. She had been upset about the proceedings since the summons. Now she was strangely unmindful of the possible jail sentence she previously had feared for Carl.

"You look like a very serious lawyer with your frowning forehead and your mustache," she teased him. "They won't dare to send you to jail. I'll tell the judge you were just twenty when you signed that note." They were entering the City Hall. "And anyway, if he won't believe me, I—I have five hundred dollars. I'll pay it rather than see you go to jail."

"What!" ejaculated Carl, angered. "Where on earth did you get five hundred dollars?" "I had some, and I got the rest from father. I told him about it," she half whispered and tried to beam.

"Why, Anne, Anne! I'll never let you pay. Kiefer doesn't want us to. If he did, it would be different. He knows the receivers want it for themselves." Carl was enraged. His nervousness had left him.

They were in the court room. Imagine Anne secretly getting the money to help him, a truck driver, a simple truck driver, who had almost given up returning to Law School. He'd plead his first case, that's what he'd do. He'd tell the Judge the circumstances at the time of signing the note and make him believe by the honesty of his story that he was twenty years old when he signed the note. All this raced through his brain.

It was not altogether a disappointment. Anne was proud. But Carl was a failure. The Judge agreed with the attorney representing Green and Burke that such a luxurious mustache as adorned Carl's upper lip could not have been grown without several years' cultivation.

"I tell you, my wife helped me grow that mustache," Carl blurted out, angry at the indifference of the Judge. "It took me six months."

The prosecuting attorney laughed.

"I tell you, she got the idea out of a cook book. She'll tell you about it. Anne, tell them about it." He turned for Anne. She was gone. He was bewildered. The half dozen people in the room seemed laughing at him. Two men especially were moving close to him. Obviously they were newspaper reporters. His resources were exhausted—except one. "Your Honor," he said, rather feebly, but with dignified procedure, "I should like to telephone my father, Fire Station 14."

"Your request is permitted, young man. Bailiff, conduct the gentleman to a telephone booth."

Carl started to go, but Anne, whose re-entrance he had not noticed, was addressing the Judge.

"Your Judgeship, here is a certificate of Mr. Heston's birth issued from the records of the City Hall by the Recorder."

"Let me see it," boomed the Judge. He read in silence. "Case is dismissed," said the Judge. Two reporters stopped Carl before he could get to Anne. "Tell us about the cook book mustache, fellow. That's a story, a real feature story," they demanded.

"Aw . . . Tell them, Carl," said Anne, arriving at his side, looking very happy in contrast to his bewilderment. "It is funny, you know."

"Anne, do you—do you think this is a joke?" "You tell us, Mrs. Heston. It is Heston, isn't it?" urged one of the reporters. "It may mean money—a hundred or so dollars to you and the boy friend over there."

Carl had taken a chair, thoroughly unappreciative of Anne's communicativeness with the reporters over his mustache.

"Alcohol about five ounces, some tincture of benzoin about a tablespoon, some tincture of Spanish flies, and three ounces of castor oil," Anne was saying. "He applied it about three times a week until he got a sore upper lip, and then we put it on only twice. I got the recipe out of my Household Discoveries Cook Book. We used hot towels to stimulate—"

"Thank you, madam. Ha, ha! that's good. Thank you, madam. We got your address from the court docket. Goodbye." Anne was quickly beside Carl.

"Anne," said Carl sheepishly, "you've saved me and disgraced me. You've been terrible." "Let me tell you something. I went to the License Bureau to get your birth date. The clerk there told me to go to the Recorder if I wanted to be sure. Why did you say you were twenty-three when you married me?" "Anne, did I say that?"

## Shields of Brass

BY MARGARET BRANDON

DON'T worry your father today about the new party dress, Anne dear. Yes, he's gone to town, but it wasn't about dresses. . . . Twenty years ago today Anne Mitchell was buried, the one for whom you were named. . . . You want to know more about her. . . . Well. . . .

I can remember as if it were only yesterday. We were going to college, Anne and I, staying at Morrison Hall.

I would be plugging away over analytics when a knock would come at my door, and Anne would dance into the room. She wore a blue quilted robe, and her golden hair hung half way down her back when she took the three bronze pins out. We always wondered how those three pins held up such heavy hair.

"Julia," she would say, "Please listen to 'his poem,' or 'Do you think a costume party would go over well now, or should we wait till next month?'"

Anne was at the head of the social activities, you see, and she wrote poetry for The Rambler, and she was captain of the girls' basketball team. Besides that, she looked as if she'd stepped out of the pages of a story book. Her eyes were so gray and dreamy, and her mouth so wistful.

Often she'd come in and tell me about Michael.

"He's so strong and tall and so good to me," she'd say. "I love him so much, Julia, and he loves me."

"How could he help it?" I'd answer. "It's too wonderful," she'd say anxiously. "There must be a cross. Don't you remember in the song, The Rosary, they had to kiss the cross?"

"Nonsense," I'd always tell her. "That's as much superstition as knocking on wood. There will be troubles, of course, but then you will be together."

"Yes," she'd say very softly. "That's what matters."

After a few minutes she'd jump up and try a handspiring or do an Irish dance or sing a negro song. Sometimes she'd hunt Lou and Mattie, and the three of them would sneak down the backstairs and raid the ice box.

Anne Mitchell was truly a creature of lights and shadows. All the girls petted her. Saying a harsh thing to Anne was like striking a child. Everything about her seemed to make one want to protect her. And yet, she had talent that might have been something more than we understood.

I remember at the dances how Michael looked down at her, adoring her. He never had his eyes for anyone else, and when they went out afterwards he buttoned her into her coat, and she stood on tip toes helping him fix his scarf.

Then at Christmas time Anne had a ring, and all the girls clubbed together and bought her a linen set. She was so happy that she wrote each of us a thank you note in verse.

Michael had a job offered him in Chicago; so he left in March, and he was to come for Anne as soon as school was over. Every day she'd get a letter and once a week flowers. Every Sunday morning Mattie, Lou, Anne and I wore a rose to church.

"Only seven weeks now," Anne would say, or "only six weeks—"

One evening in May the four of us were standing at my window looking out and breathing all the flower fragrance that was in the air.

"I'm going to Mayfield with John Maxwell tonight," Anne told us. "Jean Winters has in-

## God Took Away My Eyes

Winner of Second Award in Poetry Division.

BY L. BEATRICE WIDGER

God took away my eyes but gave me sight To see the wind blow through the ripened grain And bend it down, to watch the cooling rain Refresh a thirsty flower, to find that light Can come to shut the darkness out of night When day is gone, to know the burning stain Of maple trees in Fall, to sense the wane Of stars above a dawn-sheathed mountain height.

God took away my eyes yet gave to me In Fancy's forms, the things I loved before

The dusk grew down to make a barred door Against the show of earth. Now I am free To touch with other sight the gold of sun And know myself at peace, the darkness done.

vited me so often; it's to be a very nice party, and Michael said he doesn't mind. I haven't been anywhere for two months."

"And after two weeks Michael will take you every where," Lou reminded her.

Anne clapped her little hands together. "Oh that will be gorgeous—gorgeous—gorgeous!" she chanted. "Oh my dear girls, I only hope you will be as happy as I am going to be."

We passed her around to be kissed and congratulated again.

"I'm so ecstatic," she cried breaking loose at last, "that I could go down on the lawn and turn handspirings."

"Dare you!" shouted Mattie, and Anne was away with a rush of pink skirts.

We watched her make gyratory patterns of pink and gold over the newly green grass.

At that distance she was as diminutive as a fairy, and when she waved at us I caught my breath with a sort of pain at her loveliness.

"If she can do that to us," said Lou, observing me, "think what Michael must feel about her."

"Encore!" cried Mattie tossing a rose at Anne.

The dinner bell rang then, and we rushed down stairs to meet Anne flushed and disheveled at the door.

"I haven't time to do my hair; so I'll let it go," she told us.

Miss Deane frowned at Anne from the faculty table, but Anne managed such a candid, little-girl smile in return that Miss Deane's features relaxed involuntarily.

Later in the evening Anne came in to tell me good-bye. She was dressed in a new gray silk that contrasted with the brightness of her hair.

"How do I look?" she asked with the pretty assurance of knowing what my answer would be.

"Adorable," I told her. "Suddenly her eyes went wistful. 'I wish it could be Michael,' she said. 'I really don't know why I'm going with John. Maybe I shouldn't go.'"

"Of course, you must go!" I said. It was unforfeitable that I should have said that to Anne, but I did—if I had only known. "Don't worry," I went on. "Michael understands."

She came over and kissed my forehead. At the same time Michael's rose brushed my

## A Titan's Diary

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT. By Arnold Bennett (Viking, June 1933) 1030 pages. Price \$5.

REVIEWED BY MARY A. POWELL

Most critics concede the late Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" an enduring niche in English literature. Bennett's colossal Journal, covering the years from 1896 to 1928, will not become so famous, but should a copy of it pop up in some library sale of the year 2034, literary historians of the new era may do well to read it, for it throws an incandescence on two generations of world literature. If Wells, Maugham, Sinclair Lewis, Bennett himself, and other of our present day Titans are remembered at all in that distant day, the Journal will preserve fresh pictures of their distinctive personalities.

Of Bennett, William Faulkner has blurted: "Arnold Bennett is the only man who ever set out to write second rate and succeeded."

Young Bennett's early writings were second rate; Bennett, mature, with astonishing pertinacity, achieved "The Old Wives' Tale," a masterpiece; Bennett, growing older, basked in luxuries as a continuous stream of pot-boilers poured from his pen. However, his Journal, published posthumously, proves Bennett was still an honest writer in the dark. Its individual pages are not great, but the resulting mass reaches some eminence.

Aspiring authors could do well to use the Journal as a text book, for its pages warn of the birth throes of an artist. It forever dispels the tyro's dream of dashing off a masterpiece some vacant Saturday afternoon. Great books, like Rome, are not built in a day.

To anyone surfeited with fiction "The Journal of Arnold Bennett" may be recommended. It is a book that he who runs may well read.

## Mexican Opuntia

Piquant emerald bauble  
On my curio shelf  
Brings a hint of Rhumba rhythm  
With his spiny self  
Of sombreroes  
And Spanish shawls.  
A hint that overpowers—  
Like a breath of spice among  
My heavy garden flowers.  
Sophisticate of common plants  
From ordinary lands.  
Example of a complex  
For.  
He'd wilt on desert sands!

—Margaret Servey.

cheek. "You're a comfort to me, Julia," she said.

THAT was the last thing that Anne ever told me. The next morning Miss Deane came in and broke the news as kindly as possible.

"I came to you first, Julia," she said, "because you loved her most. Be brave, my dear."

There had been an accident—But surely not our beautiful little Anne, I thought—to think of Anne whom we had all shielded from every little pain, hurt and dying. I looked at the cushion where she had always laid her head. There was a long curling golden thread. I picked it up blindly and felt its fineness, although I could not see it.

After the funeral no one knew what happened to Michael, but several weeks later he called to see me.

"Julia," he said, and I turned from the misery of his eyes, "where is your psychology now?"

"Michael," I answered, "Many people have known a great loss."

"But there are no more girls like Anne—You have never seen another girl like Anne, have you?" he demanded almost fiercely, waiting to see if I would prove a Judas.

"No," I answered sincerely. "I have never known anyone so lovely outside of a book."

His tense expression relaxed.

"Michael," I said, "Sit down, and I will tell you a story."

"Many years ago there lived a rich king. Every day his soldiers marched around the city carrying their golden shields, and the sun shone on the golden shields; so they sent out rays of light, and all the people marveled."

"But the enemy came and conquered the king and took away his golden shields. For a time he was discouraged; then he made for his army shields of brass, and every day when the soldiers marched around the wall the sun shone on the shields of brass. Their rays were not so bright as those the golden shields sent forth, but nevertheless the people were pleased."

"You've lost your golden shield. Now find a brass one. It may be something you want to do. Anne would not want you to ruin your life. She loved you too well."

Well. . . . It took him four years to decide, but Michael finally took up his shield of brass and went on. . . .

But he has never forgotten. . . . She was so lovely, like a flower or a song. . . . There comes your father, Anne dear. . . . Run to meet him. . . . He is bringing a rose for you, child. . . . Don't bother him about the party dress today.

## Winners in Teachers College News Second Annual Literary Contest

FIRST PRIZE IN SHORT STORY DIVISION—\$3.00

"Boomerang"  
Mrs. Marthel Rennels

SECOND PRIZE IN SHORT STORY DIVISION—\$2.00

"No Sentiment"  
Mr. Vincent Kelly

HONORABLE MENTION IN SHORT STORY DIVISION

"Star Dirt"  
Miss Norma Cox

"The Green Fly"  
Miss Muriel Edwards

FIRST PRIZE IN SECOND DIVISION—\$2.00

"Grown-up"  
Miss Mary Agnes Powell

SECOND PRIZE IN SECOND DIVISION—\$1.50

"God Took Away My Eyes"  
Miss L. Beatrice Widger

HONORABLE MENTION IN POETRY AND BOOK REVIEW DIVISION

"Bury My Body When It Dies"  
Miss L. Beatrice Widger

"Prayer For Parting"  
Miss L. Beatrice Widger

## No Sentiment

(Continued from Page One)

dormant stacks. It took considerably more than record time, however, for the unskilled hands to process the steel and guide snakes, glowing rails through the rolling mills, where Atterburg's aides gave them a cursory inspection and sped the still warm steel metal to the Los Diablos project.

Atterburg's puzzle speedily took shape. A week more and the rejuvenated open hearths, 5 and 6, would turn out the last of the girders and super-structure for his bridge.

Then it happened.

In response to a hasty summons, the railway executive again confronted Gary. His mein was that of the incredulous unbeliever.

"Good Lord, man. You don't tell me that you have to dump the whole run of 5 and 6 just because some careless hunkie fell into the vat!"

"If it weren't dumped, every man in the plant would immediately walk out."

Atterburg raved: "Hell's fire! Do you think we'd tear up a railroad just because we killed a man?"

Gary had all the appearances of a man who wouldn't retreat a step in this instance.

"I know you wouldn't," he said slowly. "But this is part of the code, Mr. Atterburg. When a worker is swallowed up in molten metal, we bury all that can possibly be left of him in the lake. It is just as sacred to the ethics of the steel worker's code as is the closing of a coal mine on a day that a miner is killed. We'd never have any luck."

"Superstition!"

"I believe it."

"But good Heavens, man!" It was Atterburg's turn to plead. "There can be no such foolish sentiment in modern business, if you persist, your schedule will be thrown nearly a week behind. And the bridge. . . O Lord."

Nor did Gary retreat an inch as he ruefully admitted: "We might have made it too, if 3 and 4's run hadn't been loaded with a double dose of magnesium—I tried to warn you about green labor."

Atterburg narrowed his steely gray eyes to mere slits, furrowed his brow, as he directed blasts of exhaled air through his greying mustache.

"Sa-a-a-y," he said slowly. "Sa-a-a-y—"

By what devices Atterburg contrived to substitute the worthless steel furnaces 3 and 4, and have it dumped in the lake instead of the "unlucky" run of 5 and 6, all unknown to the workers, need not be told here. Atterburg had a way of getting things done.

Thus the last four carloads of steel were shipped to Los Diablos bridge strictly on schedule.

So well pleased was Atterburg when his engineers announced the completion of the structure two days in advance of the deadline, the arrogant president decided to drive the first engine over it himself at the dedication of the cut-off.

News reel cameras were in place. Already extras on the city streets announced the preliminaries of the dedicatory ceremonies, hailing the chief, but putting the soft pedal on the protests of enraged ranchers who would be deprived of regular service when the cut-off was put in operation.

There could be no sentiment in Business.

Atterburg cracked the throttle and moved nearer the pink ribbon stretched across the center of the bridge.

Experts, after exhaustive X-ray tests of pieces of wreckage fished from the bottom of Los Diablos canyon, gave as the reason for the structure's collapse: "Foreign matter of an unknown nature, causing flaws in the pier and girders of the central span."

In 1932-33 the first literary contest at this college in which the manuscripts were published in a separate issue of the *News* was sponsored. In previous years the editors had been unable to finance additional pages of the newspaper for such a contest. An increase in funds through student appropriations made such a project possible.

## Literary Contest Supplement

of the

## Teachers College News

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VAUGHN ARMER

Faculty Adviser

MR. F. L. ANDREWS

## Judge Second Annual Literary Contest



MISS ORRA E. NEAL



MR. ROBERT SHILEY



MISS EDITH E. RAGAN

Following the plan adopted last year by the sponsors of the first literary contest, the *News* again selected judges from the English department of the college and high school to make the decisions as to the manuscripts to be published in the annual literary supplement. This year the three judges are members of the high school and training school faculties. Miss Orra E. Neal and Mr. Robert Shiley are teachers in the high school. Miss Edith Ragan is a training teacher in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades.

The judges were of unanimous opinion that the poetry entered in the contest this year is of better quality than the manuscripts submitted in the other divisions. This may be due, according to the belief of one of the judges, to the fact that students are more familiar with the forms of poetry than of short stories.

The *News* wishes to thank the three teachers who gave of their time to assist in the preparation of this supplement.

### Eternalness

Long miles could never separate us, dear,  
Nor envying tales borne by a pandering tongue,  
Nor other loves, nor wars with challenge flung.  
Too much of loveliness has been this year.  
We saw the slanted silver rain of Spring  
Call back the violet, harbinger so mute,  
That heralds the swallow with his mellow flute.  
The pulses of all earth begin to sing.  
And when the poppies died, the roses came.  
Close in our arms beneath a white blown moon  
I knew the breathless wonder that was June,  
But soon October tipped the leaves in flame.  
Each separate moment of the year that's flown  
Brims over loveliness we two have known.

—Margaret Brandon.

### Waukegan Beach

A black-tipped, silver Sea Gull swings  
and dips,  
And rides the water-scented air more gracefully than a ship  
Which breaks the air to keep an even keel;  
This graceful creature lightly turns and steals  
A free ride on the brisk east wind.  
  
A sudden turn,  
The wave rolls up, the gull dips down,  
And silver gull meets silver wave;  
They lightly kiss and part.  
Which the more graceful, who can say?  
The lace-edged wave resounds against the blackened pier.  
Then rolls and whirls and foams upon the beach.  
The bird is lost against the silver sky.  
Far out from shore the deep blue meets the gray;  
And there, riding high, a white sail  
Leans like a feather pen.

—Elbert Field.

## Authors Contributing to This Supplement

MRS. MARTEL RENNELS, the author of "Boomerang," the prize winning short story, has been interested in the fine arts for a number of years. She is an art major and an English minor in the college. Her schooling was received in a great number of places due to her family moving to different cities during her earlier years. She is interested in dancing and has taken instruction with Miss Ernestine Myers, Serge Martinoff, and others. At the present time she has a school of dancing in the city. In the field of art Mrs. Rennels has been guided by Miss Julia Duenwey and Paul Sargent as well as the members of the art department of the college. While at Metcalf High school she won several medals for essays and in dramatic contests was awarded some ribbons and a loving cup. Much of her education has been received in the training school and the college. She will be graduated this June.

VINCENT KELLY, whose story "No Sentiment," was given a second award in the contest, is a sophomore in the college. While attending the Westville (Ill.) High school Mr. Kelly took an active part in the journalistic activities of the school. During his senior year he edited the school newspaper which won a one hundred dollar prize in a newspaper contest sponsored by a Danville daily paper. Over 50 high school publications were entered in the contest. Mr. Kelly is an industrial arts major and is a member of the varsity track team.

MARY AGNES POWELL, winner of first award with her poem, "Grown-Up," is a junior in the college. She is an English major and a history minor. Her home is in Georgetown, Ill., where she was graduated from the township high school in 1930. She started writing at the age of nine because illness kept her at home for long periods. Miss Powell has had a number of poems printed among which is a Sonnet Sequence published in the *SOUTHERN POETRY MAGAZINE* of Dallas, Tex.

MISS LOIS BEATRICE WIDGER, winner of the second award and two honorable mentions in the poetry division, is a senior in Teachers College High school. Miss Widger has gained recognition as a young poet during the past year. Her verse has been published in *SCHOLASTIC* and in the *News*. Last year she received first award in the poetry division of the literary contest with her poem, "Small Things." She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. DeF. Widger, 1066 Ninth street, Charleston, Ill. Mr. Widger is a member of the English department of this college.

MURIEL EDWARDS, author of "The Green Fly," is a graduate of Decatur High school. While living in Decatur she won honorable mention in a story contest sponsored by the Decatur REVIEW. Miss Edwards now lives in Mattoon and travels from that city to the college each school day by car. She is a junior in the college.

GENEVE WEEKS, the artist who did the block print for the front page of this supplement, is a senior in the college. Miss Weeks is an art major and a manual arts minor. She has lived in Charleston all her life except for one year spent in St. Louis. Her main interests are designing and jewelry making. The editors are glad to announce that more of Miss Week's work will appear in later issues of the *News*.

NORMA COX, winner of honorable mention in the short story division, was graduated from Bridgeport High school in 1932. She is a sophomore in the college. Miss Cox has not written for publication since coming here. However, at Bridgeport she was a member of the high school newspaper staff.

VAUGHN ARMER, the caricaturist who so nobly studied the front row in chapel for several weeks, is a senior in the college. Mr. Armer does his art work as a side line for the *News*. Other cartoons by Mr. Armer have appeared in the earlier issues of the paper. His home is in Mattoon.

## Star Dirt

(Continued from Page One)

the family needs, perhaps while Georgianna was reading a magazine or merely day-dreaming.

Georgianna received a liberal allowance from her father every week and usually banked half of it. For Georgianna had one ambition: she wanted to become a movie queen. Georgianna was not talkative but upon the subject of her movie career she was eloquent. Her plans were definite. She was nobody's fool and she realized she would need money while waiting for her big chance. When she was twenty we heard her savings at the bank exceeded \$3,000.

**P**ERHAPS her obsession with the movies was the cause of her unpopularity among us. The rest of us were normally active; while we were engaged in a fast set of tennis or rising early for a hike and a gypsy breakfast, she was taking a late beauty nap or polishing her finger nails. While we were haunting the library for the red-blooded tales of Sabatini or Dumas, she was reading a movie magazine in the hammock. She could tell you the date of Mary Pickford's birth, the diameter of Joe E. Brown's mouth, the color of Richard Arien's eyes, but she had never heard of Coquelin, or Mansfield, or Booth.

At school she had been uninterested in her studies although she had received passing marks easily enough. She had no interest in the athletic teams or clubs, although she did arouse herself in the dramatic league. In the high school plays such as "Captain Applejack," "Seventeen," or "The Intimate Strangers" she invariably played the feminine lead. She certainly recalled the parts with her beauty, but no one can recall that she was anything more than the usual high school actress.

In Georgianna's twenty-first year, Mr. Martin finally went to a hospital and discovered what was the matter with him. He had been ailing for years but always referred to his illness as indigestion. When the doctors at the sanitarium realized his real malady, it was too late. Mr. Martin gave himself up to an early death. But death came slowly, painfully, and expensively as he lingered in the hospital for eight months. Meanwhile the great business depression descended and caught his business in its slough. Mr. Martin had always been generous and open-handed and had no personal savings; shortly before his death the sheriff locked the doors of the clothing store. His life insurance just about satisfied the bills of the hospital and the undertaker.

The day after the funeral, Georgianna went to the First National Bank and withdrew every cent of her account. That afternoon she boarded the Western Flyer. Within a year we had found her face among the extras in several pictures. Several years found her a featured actress. But all we have ever heard from her we have got through the pages of movie magazines and the blarney of a press agent in the daily papers concerning the career of the glamorous Miss Georgia Joyce. We are pleased that she has had only one Reno divorce. . . .

As I finished, mentally, this modern biography of progress from Rags to Riches, from Small Town to Babylon, of Simple Charm in High Places, I became aware that the doctor had emerged from his sanctum and was escorting Sam Gordon to the door. I put down the magazine and rose, despondently. Glancing out of the window again, I saw a middle-aged woman coming down sun-stricken Main Street. She was towing a small wagon behind her and on the wagon was a bundle done up in a white sheet.

Mrs. Martin was delivering another washing.

In May 1933 at the Illinois College Press convention the local delegates were much surprised to find that a literary contest sponsored by one of the competing papers was the winner of the first award in the contest division for the best plan to aid the college. The *News* had sponsored such a plan that year, but the supplement was not entered in the contest.

### Familiar Day

(Somewhere this day and I have met.  
It brings back old, sweet joy—and yet  
it carries feelings of regret.  
That it must fade—if I forget.)

The rain slides off the shining leaves,  
A robin hushes beneath the eaves,  
And under the arbor a sunburnt hen  
Preen's her dampened down again.  
Strange beauty takes the rusty shed  
And even the scraggly flower bed.  
The silver birch doesn't try to hide  
The chicken house it stands beside.  
The kittens under the steps at play—  
The rickety fence and the sky of grey—  
.....

What's happened to me I cannot guess.  
One must go far for loveliness.  
I'll turn to travel books and such—  
This humble beauty hurts too much.

(Like some familiar melody,  
I know now this will stay with me.  
This common day was meant to be  
A memory.)

—Margaret Servey.