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Eastern Illinois University

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Doctor Hegy's Appearance Is Fourth Entertainment Number

Will Explain and Demonstrate the Intricacies of the Tharamin.

HEGY WINS PRAISE

On Friday evening, February 3, at 8:00 p. m. in the college auditorium all who are filled with satiable curiosity concerning the tharamin will have an opportunity to satiate it, for Mr. Eugene Hegy of New York will at that time and place not only explain the working principles of the tharamin, but demonstrate the instrument.

What is a tharamin? According to knowledge of the reporter, it is a musical instrument without strings, reed, or mouthpiece. The oscillations of radio tubes are controlled so as to produce tones not unlike those of a cello. Mr. Widger, chairman of the Entertainment Course Committee, said that he had seen, heard, and even played upon the tharamin, and yet it all remained a mystery to him.

Nor is the tharamin the only trick in Mr. Hegy's bag. He has also a newly invented cello which doesn't look much like a cello nor possess strings; yet it is capable of producing such musical tones that Mr. Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra, has ordered one for his great organization.

There will be novelty—yes. But the music will also be worthy of consideration. Mr. Widger says, "All you need to do is present your recreation ticket, sit back in your seat and relax, open your mouth, and wonder at the modern world."

This is the fourth number of the Entertainment Course. Tickets may be purchased at the door.

Benchley Article Will Be Reviewed Before Sigma Delta

"The Newspaper Game," an article concerning the journalistic experiences of Robert Benchley, critic, will be reviewed by Alexander Summers '36 at the meeting of Sigma Delta next Monday evening. The meeting is to be held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews on third street.

Mr. Benchley is a famous writer and has had many experiences in the field of journalism. For many years he worked on various New York papers and other metropolitan dailies. At present he is a noted dramatic critic and "one of America's foremost writers of humorous articles." He is now in magazine work. Because of his newspaper career he has a definite feeling towards tabloids and newspaper writers in general, which is well brought out in this article.

In decided contrast, following this talk, the group will turn to a stunt program. Skits, imitations, and many humorous sketches will be in order, whether pertaining to newspaper work or not. This part of the programme is in charge of Alexander Summers '36 and Harold Cottingham '35. Each member of the fraternity who intends to be present should have some kind of stunt for the programme. Refreshments will be served at the close of the meeting.

History Students Engage in Tourney

George Henry and Jack McClelland of History '34 played a Jacks tournament Thursday afternoon at 1:15; Charles Fulton acted as referee. Feeling ran high when it was discovered that Henry's arm was the longest. Followers of McClelland contended he was an amateur, and to keep peace the game was called a tie. Immediately a return match was demanded. Henry developed a system after the fourteenth game that Referee Fulton ruled off the board as professional. No prizes were offered—it was an affair of honor.

SCIENCE CLUB MEETS ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT

The Science club will meet Wednesday night, February 1, at 7:00 p. m. in room 18. Mr. Stover of the botany department will offer an illustrated lecture on "Mushrooms and Truffles." The club officers state that this talk should be of special interest to those who plan to go hunting for mushrooms in the spring.

Practical Arts Students Learn Metal Working

Tools and Other Machines Are Being Made By Talented Students.

Each day between 10:20 and 12:10 one can hear the purr of electric motors coming from the metal department which is in the east wing of the Practical Arts building. If one should enter this department he would find about 20 Industrial Arts students eagerly engaged in making bandsaws, lathes, drill presses, machined hammers, decorated metal screw drivers, ornamental fire-side sets, and various other types and kinds of iron work.

On one machine a student is cutting a small shaving from a piece of cast iron leaving a bright silvery shiny surface. Another student is turning long wire shavings from a cylindrical surface. Still another student is sampling through a rather large piece of cast iron with as much ease as a small child cuts out a paper doll. Over in one corner of the room a student is working with a bright sizzling flame. He is doing Oxy-Acetylene welding. If one should stop on colored glasses, for protection of the eyes, and observe closely he would find that the student is pointing the flame on a broken casting. Soon the casting in the broken area is in a moulten stage, the parts fuse, and the mending is completed.

The students are well along on the work for the winter quarter. In a few more weeks several students will each be the proud owner of a band saw or some other piece of machinery.

The faculty and student body are not only welcome but urged to visit the metal department of the Practical Arts building.

Sophs Will Give Sweetheart Ball

If you have never been a "sweetheart," you will have a chance to be one at the "Sweethearts Ball" to be given February 11, in the gym by the sophomore class. The music is to be furnished by Jimmy Johnson and his orchestra from the U. of I. campus at Champaign. St. Valentine's Day will be used as the scheme of decoration. Plans are under way to disguise the "cracker-box" with a huge array of hearts and valentines.

An unusual detail of the party is the fact that no sophomore who has failed to pay his fall term dues will be admitted. Those who wish to pay their dues before the dance can see Harold Cottingham in the front hall Wednesday and Thursday of this week. There is some possibility that dues can be paid at the door the night of the Ball. Guest tickets will be sold for 25 cents.

The committee in charge of the "Sweethearts Ball" is headed by Charles Kercher and composed of the following: Margaret Irwin, Emily Gordon, Hugh Harwood, and Roy Wilson.

STUDENT CALLED HOME BY FATHER'S DEATH

As the News goes to press, we are sorry to learn that Joe Greenup '33 has been called to his home in Crempus because of the death of his father.

First Round of Bridge Tourney Is Under Way

Women's League Auction Bridge Tournament Draws Fifteen Entries.

The Women's League Auction Bridge tournament started Saturday afternoon at two o'clock at Pemberton Hall with four tables. Five games were played. Margaret Irwin and Susie Phipps taking high score for the day, and Virginia Lacey holding the galloping prize.

The tournament will continue on the next two Saturdays. Prizes will be given for high score, low score, and a galloping prize will go to the person holding the most recent eighty hours.

Only two rules have been made. Players may double but not redouble in bidding; and winners progress to a higher table adding 100 for each progression, except at the first table, where winners stay.

Those entered in the tournament are as follows: Beulah Hatlick and Madge Moore, Margaret Irwin and Susie Phipps, Rita Nay and Mrs. Ruby Swartz, Frances Holterman and Eleanor Beasley, Grace Gould and Marie Dupac, Virginia Lacey and Helen Phillips, Beatrice Paul and Esther McCandlish, Mildred Timberlake and Helen Buchanan.

Fidelis Sanctions Pledges of Five at Last Meeting

Fidelis, local social group, sanctioned the pledging of five young men of the college at a meeting held last Wednesday. The pledges have already completed a week of their pledge duties, and will continue to do the bidding of the members until the end of the term. At that time they will be formally initiated.

The pledges include Lloyd Carruthers '35, Neoga; Lloyd Sparks '35, Mattoon; Don Neal '36, Charleston; Jack Austin '36, Charleston, and Alexander Summers '36, Charleston. If all the candidates are initiated, the Fidelis will almost have the constitutional limit of 20 members.

College Male Chorus May Be Abandoned

The meetings of the College Male Chorus have been discontinued until after the presentation of the opera for which Mr. Koch is now conducting rehearsals. Attendance at chorus rehearsals has been poor of late, and should the attendance at rehearsals fail to include the entire enrollment of the chorus at the next meeting, Mr. Koch plans to drop the chorus in favor of a double quartet. Tentative plans have been made for the formation of a double quartet of mixed voices in the near future.

News Hour Goes On Despite Substitution

The High School Girls Glee club was unable to appear on the News hour yesterday morning, and so a substitute programme was offered by Margaret Long '35, pianist, and Russell, Delpha, and Robert Myers, Russell and Delpha, brother and sister of Robert, sang a number of duets in popular style, and Delpha played the clarinet.

According to Robert Myers, head of the department, the Girls Glee club will sing next week at 10:30 a. m. from W.D.

A CORRECTION

After the Literary Supplement had been printed the editors noticed the following typographical error: On page four under "With the Editor" in quoting Mr. Andrews, the paragraph should read, "We hope that this Literary Supplement will remind those who like to write, but did not, that student interest in creative writing is not dead at E. I."

Rehearsal for "Merry Widow" Progresses as Date Approaches

KAPPA DELTA PI HEARS DE. JUDD'S RADIO TALK

The members of Kappa Delta Pi met last night in the music room at 6:30 to listen to the talk given by Mr. Judd, famous psychologist, over the radio. Before the radio talk, a short business meeting was held. Following the talk a discussion was held, after which several papers were read by members.

Mr. Cook Gives Facts in History of Mathematics

Describes Mathematics as the Language of God; Patrick Offers Puzzle.

"Greek is only the language of the Greeks, Latin is only the language of the Romans, but Mathematics is the language of God to me," said Mr. Walter Cook in his talk on "The History of Mathematics," before the Math club last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Cook described number sense and one to one correspondence as steps which preceded learning to count. By means of one to one correspondence, when we enter a room, we can tell without counting whether the number of chairs is equal to, greater than, or less than the number of people. Primitive people kept records of numbers of sheep, etc., by keeping a pebble or cutting a notch on a stick to correspond to each sheep.

A few hundred years ago no manual of arithmetic was complete unless it gave full instructions in the method of using the fingers to multiply, divide, add, and subtract numbers. Mr. Cook demonstrated the means used in multiplication.

Mr. Cook discussed several numeral systems that have been developed, the most interesting of which was the Chaldean-cuneiform numerals. It was based chiefly on visual perception. He also said that the only use for Roman numerals now seems to be to confuse people on the dates of buildings. The Roman numeral system is not regular and therefore useless for computation. Another feature of the programme was a mathematical crossword puzzle presented by Victor Patrick. The club members worked out the solution together.

Mr. Guinagh Speaks Before French Club

Using interesting details from his own experience, Mr. Guinagh of the Foreign Language department, spoke on "Why It Takes Courage to Speak a Foreign Language," before the French club at the meeting last Wednesday evening. Mr. Guinagh, a Latin and foreign language teacher, has had much contact with foreign languages and for this reason was very well versed on his unusual subject.

After this programme a business meeting was held. It was decided to hold an election of officers at the next meeting and perhaps abolish some of the club officers. The club met at the home of Mr. Guinagh, 451 Tyler street. Besides the club members Mr. Guinagh and Miss Michael were present.

The next meeting of the French club will be held at Miss Michael's residence on Sixth street. Miss Marie Poch, a native of France, will be the speaker of the evening. Following her talk an informal discussion is to be held.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS CLUB HEARS CHARLES BURNES

Charles Allen Burnes '34, gave a very interesting paper, at the meeting of the Industrial Arts club in the Practical Arts building, on Friday. His topic was "Factors Which Make For Failures in Teaching."

Major Members of Cast Have Been Selected for the Two Productions.

TO BE GIVEN IN MARCH

According to Mr. Frederick Koch the rehearsals for "A Doughboy in France" and scenes from "The Merry Widow" are progressing favorably. These two programmes, which are to be presented March 16 and 17, will be the fifth number of the Entertainment Course.

The major members of the casts have been selected. There are two people in "A Doughboy in France," a sketch which is both humorous and musical. Ralph Wickler will take the part of the American soldier, Frederick John Smith, and Mary Elizabeth Menor will play the part of the Inn keeper, Marie. The action takes place in the Inn. The soldier speaks only English, and the girl only French. Their efforts to understand each other cause many humorous remarks to be made. The boy gets homesick and sings the songs his mother taught him to the girl.

Professionals to Aid

Among the cast for the scenes from "The Merry Widow" will be two professionals who will be secured for the two performances. Elsa Diemer, Mr. Koch's daughter, will take the part of Sonia, The Merry Widow. Charles Messenger, tenor from the Savage Opera Company, Cleveland, will sing the part of Prince Danilo.

Other members of the cast include: Visconte Camille de Jollikan, Robert Myers; Marquis de Casazza, Dale Armstrong; M. de St. Broche, Walter Bertschinger; General Navikovitch, John

(Continued on page 8)

Debaters Decide Boys Should Take Home Ec Courses

"Boys should be taught home economics in high school" was the decision of the judges upon this much discussed question, the subject of a debate Thursday evening, January 26 at an open meeting of the Home Economics club. Mr. Ashley, head of the Practical Arts department, and two students, Raymond Hall '33 and Lura Pollard '35 were the judges.

Rachel Lowry '34, Mildred Pety '36 and Phyllis Adkins '35 upheld the winning affirmative side. Much of their data was gathered from a report by Mrs. Anna Tjaden who has been connected with such an experiment in Peoria High school the past two years. The negative team was composed of Rommie Puncik '36, Sylvia Shipman '34 and Ruth Miller '36.

An interesting account of the life and work of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, founder of home economics, was given by Ulyssa Howe '34, and Dorothy Wright '36. Ruth Ellsage '35, chairman of the meeting, introduced the speakers and led the discussion following the debate.

Refreshments of tea, sandwiches and cookies were served and dancing to radio music, was enjoyed. February 9 is the date of the next meeting which will be a Valentine party.

Mr. Spooner Takes Photos for Art Club

Mr. Spooner spent the 10:30 period Thursday, January 18, taking pictures of some of the machines and equipment in general of the metal department of the Practical Arts building. These pictures are part of the material to be used in petitioning for a local chapter of Epikhi Pi Tau fraternity. One picture was taken of the large radial drill. Another picture of the Oxy-Acetylene welding equipment showing a student at work. A third picture was taken of one of the bandsaws that are made in the metal department. Then one more picture was taken showing several of the large machines of the shop.

"Strange Interlude" Reveals What Two Campus Elites Think of E. I.

(By Alexander Summers '36)

With all due apologies to Eugene O'Neill, Norma Shearer, et al. I submit a "Strange Interlude" which might have taken place between two of the campus elites—Freshmen to you!

Simple Sammie—(here comes that frightful "Francis Fred") Just my luck. I might have known that if I ever made an "A" in Hygiene something awful would happen. Well, I suppose I simply must speak to him but I'll be very happy, you can bet? Why, hello, dear! It seems like ages since I've seen you. What in the world has become of you?

F. F.—"Oh, haven't you heard? I've returned—started studying. I haven't cut a class in two weeks." (Since I have to speak to her I might as well lay it on.)

S. S.—"All the same I'm disappointed. You might at least come and see me once in a while—especially since the fifty-fifty proposition is working." (I guess that ought to hold him, I'm too clever for him.)

F. F.—"That doesn't make much difference with me. I suppose I'm too 'shiversy' but I can't help but feel there should be a little knighthood even in this age. Besides, if the old plan gives me something to worry about—where to get that extra fifty cents—(Now why should I try to be "up-town" with her? "Something to worry about!" What about those dirty shirts at the House—and that cigarette bill?)

S. S.—"Why, Fred, I think that's wonderful of you. It makes you seem different from the rest." (The sap, I suppose he thinks I don't know, he giggled a date to the show last night! I ought to expose him!)

F. F.—"By the way, the News has been running some swell articles and comment on the 50-50 club. All the other features in the paper are good, too." (I hope she doesn't make an issue of it. I haven't read a copy for months.)

S. S.—"I was just going to mention that myself. I think my favorite column is—oh, what's it called—Oxford Questions? No that isn't it—Podunk Prattle's that's right." (Never read it in my life. "There are some good jokes in that column. In This Little World of Ours," too.)

F. F.—"Yeh, that's good. But I prefer the one written by the bridge expert. You know, 'The Last Trump.' (Or was it 'Chump'? I hope the column is about bridge.)

S. S.—"Mary Cyclone" writes some good quips. I think she has a very cultured style and then there's some real thought back of what she says." (Do I have to hear her blow!)

F. F.—"But I think the feature articles are the best. Take that one on Technocracy for instance. I think that was the best written article we've seen for weeks and then it's a timely topic." (Doesn't dare say anything more about it. I only heard somebody talking about it.)

S. S.—"Technocracy? Oh yes, isn't that a new college, or something? I hear they have the best looking athletes. (I wish I could find an excuse to leave. But I hate being abrupt.)

F. F.—"Speaking of athletes, have you noticed what a swell basketball team E. I. has this season. Why, they made eighteen baskets against Sheriffs the other night." (They didn't look so good to me.)

S. S.—"Eighteen baskets! That just proves that athletes are good for something besides physical development. Why it took me two weeks to make ONE basket in Ed. class. Well, I really must be going. Goodbye." (You sap.)

F. F.—"Goodbye." (You sap.)

Bits From Paris

In writing about spring clothes at this early date we feel a little like the woman conversing whom someone complained.

"She cooks our breakfast while we sleep and makes our beds before we're up." Such beforehandness is really quite foreign to our nature, but we had some good early tips on spring clothes—so here goes!

Everyone will be wearing suits again and the smartest will be the tailored ones. The most popular suit will be tailored, but it will be softly so, and, therefore, becoming to more people. 1933 suits will have no nonsense about them—and isn't that refreshing after two seasons of fancier and fancier things!

Of course, spring coats will be chic providing they are the right style. A smart coat has a furless neckline, the buttoned, beltless waistline and the full-above-the-elbow sleeves—three things to look for when you are considering a spring coat. Clever coats have lapels that can be folded in and buttoned up, so the coats look nice with a fur scarf, if you're fortunate enough to have one, or a silk scarf tied the new and smart way—in a loose knot. And the coats are made of a brand new fabric, rabbit's hair wool coating.

Black and blue are the two smartest colors for coats. And for suits blue and grey. Both dark blue and bright dark blue. Bright dark blue seems to make our cheeks pinker and eyes bluer.

Gray we recommend so passionately for suits. It looks so new, so chic, so different. Both lighter and oxford grays and don't, please, wear gray stockings or gray gloves. Beige ones look smarter.

Black accessories will be smarter this spring.

he has discovered to his utter misery that his idol has feet of clay. Are athletes then so persevering, so resigned to their helpless fate as to continue on in what was once their supreme delight, but as we are told eventually becomes a distasteful task to them? Can there not be a majority of athletic competitors that indulge in the sports programme through a love for the game? Could it possibly be conceded that a certain youth would strive for a position on a team for the honor of being considered a member of that team?

What a great pleasure it must afford the pedagogic clan to learn that athletes are becoming disgusted with the so-called rottenness of sports. How alarmed the coach must be to know that at last he has been discovered in his underhand methods of obtaining men for his teams. Why blame the coach?

Presenting the athlete as a profound moralist is an interesting thought. Our athlete philosopher is in there giving his all for "dear old Barbasol." Let us suppose it is a basketball game. An opposing player starts down the floor of his team's assistance. Our philosopher observing that the referee is not watching, sticks out his foot and sends the opponent sprawling on his face, and at the same time he is bemoaning the fact that the coach secures a job for the new man from Rutgers in order that that man might stay in school and incidentally engage in athletics. So it goes. Once athletes were on the rise, now they are on the wane. It seems they couldn't stand prosperity, and as a matter of course, have gone the way of all flesh.

"So I Say"

(By Mrs. Mildred Kedley)

Judith Paris, by Hugh Walpole is second in a series of four books, Rouge Herrie, Judith Paris, The Fortuna, and Vanessa. Like Calverly's Saga, this too, is a story of English gentry. Walpole puts so much life and color into his characters that at times they are quite unstrained as to their likes and dislikes.

Judith Paris was born to adventure and with such a beginning life could never be tame for her. The story is her struggle to escape the class bound traditions of the Herries. The opening chapter is as dramatic as the closing one is forboding. Judith realizes she can not go to her beloved from Watendlath, she must stay and protect Uldale from Walter Herries of Westways.

There is a feud caused by a fan, broken over a generation ago, and Walter Herries is determined to carry it to a successful end. That end being the destruction of the neighboring branch of Herries at Uldale. He is the dark villain of the story and is responsible for the death of Judith's dearly loved Francis Herries and Reuben Sunwood, his cousin. Walter spread scandalous gossip that made Jennifer, Francis's wife, an outcast in the little village. The destruction of the family becomes an obsession with him. He repeatedly begs Judith to leave before she too is destroyed but Judith has grey blood in her veins that loves a fight and resents domination.

All Judith's life was a fight; there was old Uncle Tom Gauntrey that rescued her from certain death in chapter one. There was Georges Paris whom she married and loved for all his wicked ways. Then Watendlath, which Georges brought for her and his smuggling operations. But Adam was her heart; brown, ugly Adam, free and strong as a peasant is a direct contrast to all the other Herries of his generation. Judith's sturdy Adam and Walter's crippled Uldale are material enough for the next book.

With all the confusion and descriptions of Judith's life she always manages to convey the impressions of a conquering hero. Judith has possibilities that I hope are fulfilled in the next book. The Fortuna, Walpole divides his strong characters from the weak ones like sheep and goats. Judith, Walter and Will are among the strong while Francis, Rueben, and Jennifer are pitifully weak.

There is little discussion of motives from the author's point of view; things just happen one after another, at times reaching the point of melodrama as is the killing of Georges, the breaking of the fan and the villager's attack on Uldale.

The Best Plays of 1931-32, by Burns Mantle, including the ten best plays of the year: Mourning Becomes Electra, Reunion in Venice, The Animal Kingdom, and several others, is extremely interesting. Reunion in Vienna has dialogue that is clever in Vienna but in Illinois—!

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TALK OF THE CAMPUS

Rolis Foley spent the week-end in Oakland.

Nell Gano passed the week-end with her parents in Mattoon.

Lucille Thomas visited friends in Paris over the week-end.

Margaret King visited her parents in Newman this week-end.

Eleanor Beasley visited her parents in Arolos over the week-end.

Bernis Condo of Moxasin, was the guest of Ruth Young Sunday.

Walter Tracee spent the week-end with friends and relatives in Olney.

Twilla Stevens of Stewardson was the guest of Vileta Tibbs this week-end.

Maryanna Todd visited her parents in Palestine over the week-end.

Mary and Lillian Kirk spent last week-end at their home in Robinson.

Mary and Lillian Kirk spent last week-end at their home near Robinson.

Miss Eleanor Beagley visited at her home in Arolos, Illinois over the week-end.

Mary Etta and Martha Lee Gillis visited their father, who is ill, at Terre Haute.

Frances Irwin, Alleen Crane, Barbara McDanel and Dorothy Kiser spent the week-end in Watska.

Lois Young was the guest of Leah and Oris Cook at their home in Villa Grove over the week-end.

Francis Plal and Irwin Singler, of Nokomis, former E. I. students, were visitors in Charleston last week-end.

Florence Custer, Oretta Lee Elliot, Hiles Houghtan, and Beatrice Pauli, visited friends in Eureka over the week-end.

Miss Martha Lee and Mary Etta Gillis visited in Terre Haute, Sunday and Monday, January twenty-second and twenty-third.

Eleanor Devore and Beulah Newman visited their parents in Edingham over the week-end. Julia Davis was Miss Newman's guest.

Miss Lois Young was the week-end guest of Miss Leah and Oris Cook at their home in Villa Grove over January twenty-first and twenty-second.

INFORMAL BRIDGE PARTY—Miss Reinhardt entertained the Woman's League Council at an informal bridge party Monday evening, January 23. Card tricks and novelty games were also played. Esther McCandlish was high score winner, and Mildred Handley won low score. Refreshments were served after the games.

Those present were: Esther McCandlish, Ruth Kearns, Frances Irwin, Maxine Malcolm, Helen Svoboda, Lucille Thomas, Ursia Frater, and Mildred Handley.

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News Writer Denies Sports Are Waning

(By Roland Wickiser '35)

Is it possible that athletics are in such a "funk" as they were recently described to be? It seems highly incredible that an athlete would go on in competition, giving all within his power to obtain victory for the team when

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Teachers College News

A Paper of Student Opinion and Comment

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1933

Sportmanship

During the present controversy on sports and their various qualities, good or bad, it would not be amiss to say a few words about sportmanship on the athletic field or floor. One of the best examples of sportmanship is to treat the referee of the game in progress with a due amount of courtesy and consideration. Occasionally we find an athlete that is poor enough sport to try to take advantage of the official in some trying moment. Usually it doesn't pay, for the official has the last word. Officiating in itself is a thankless job, made more trying by ragging by both players and spectators. This action is probably excused by saying that people like to see their own team on top. True as this may be, the winners of the high honors in a championship competition are not always cited as being the best sports. Contrary to belief, a team that is especially courteous to its opponents is immediately noticed, thereby establishing a reputation that is not surpassed by any amount of wins in the scoring column. It must be indeed gratifying to know that one is playing on, or has played on, a team that has displayed the best brand of sportmanship of all those with whom they have come in contact. It does a coach good to hear that a visiting team feels confident of a fair deal on visiting them.

Blaming the referee, either for his own shortcomings or for those of your team, tends to develop a griping attitude toward the game. We need to be reminded once in awhile that games are played for exercise and fun and are not matters of life and death for the teams, schools, or spectators.

Pro and Con

With intramural basketball in full swing for the men of the college, it is proper that we note some of its accompanying assets and liabilities. One contestant states, "You meet more fellows participating in the intramurals than you do in any other way. You not only meet them, but they also seem to remember you around school afterward. I get acquainted with at least two new fellows every game I play, since we play a different team each time."

This point of social contact is to be welcomed. The exercise received is also desirable, as is the training for those who officiate. Looking toward the "con" side of the situation, we note one factor which deserves a rigid cold shoulder. This is the continual attender of intramural tilts who is shirking his studies and tobogganing toward failure in his school work in a most head-long manner. Large, eager, and cheering crowds are welcome and desirable at the games. But the fellow who makes it a point to attend every game, meanwhile ignoring any and all lessons, is not a welcome member of the crowd. If this blow hits you, don't dodge. Take it on the chin and it will awaken you to the proper degree to which you should be an intramural fan.

Taboos

The sight of two young men of the college puffing away at cigarettes in a car parked in the circle the other evening necessitates the setting forth of certain acts which are taboo at E. I. These restrictions are not set forth in the manner of some misguided teacher who conceives it his just and righteous duty to tower over those under his authority. Quite the contrary, they are measures which are for the benefit of each individual student. Since the calibre of the whole institution is the sum of the calibres of the students, these measures should be enforced in a whole-hearted, co-operative fashion. The first taboo is smoking anywhere on the campus or in the buildings. The second is cutting chapel. Those who contribute to the sparseness of students at Friday morning chapels should take special note of this. The third taboo is placed on the primitive custom of loitering. If you must loiter, do not do it in the corridors. The above taboos are listed for your benefit. Observe them.

What Our Readers Have to Say

Letters do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the News. Please limit all communications to 150 words. All over that limit may be cut at the discretion of the editor. All contributions must be signed, though names will not be printed unless requested.

To the News:

I was just remarking the other day to an acquaintance that the intramural schedules were placed on the board each time at such a late date that it was difficult to plan the evenings ahead so that I could attend them. I can fully imagine the difficulty of the players in arranging their schedules so that they can play when their teams are supposed to. My suggestion is that the manager find out two or three days ahead as to the time of play and the teams to be matched, and then that he place this schedule on the board at that time. It would save us all a little confusion and disappointment. Thanks.

Dear Editor:

This is a touchy subject, but I believe that something should be said about it. There are certain boys, and I mean merely boys, who persist in trying to make fools of a few girls in the assembly room each day. How it can be stopped is beyond me, but someone should do it. We all can't stand by and see a few unbecome boys act as they do.

Dear Editor:

Several of us read in the Curious Cub last week that one girl thought she was worth more than a fifty-fifty date. We looked at her picture in the Warbler, and after all we feel that she exaggerated just a little when she thought she was worth more. Our idea is that few women are worth that extra fifty per cent; those who do get it will be really prize dates. There may be a premium on women in the future.

Dear Editor:

Most people believe term-papers have been all value as far as the mass of students are concerned, since many are copied and many are written in dishonest or slovenly fashion. Would it be too much to ask some teacher who has assigned a term-paper to write in and aid those questioning minds attempting in vain to see some real gold value shining through the brass?

—A Delegate Self Appointed.

The editors will attempt to find such a teacher, and if he or she will write the article you ask, we will be only too glad to publish it.

One Year Ago

Week of January 24-February 3

An interesting meeting of the Forum was held in the reception room with Margaret King '33 leading the discussion. The meeting was devoted informally to topics of current interest.

The Mens' Union Bridge Tournament ended with Scott Finkhouser '34 and Jake Volc '34 winning. Virginia Lacy '34 was leading in the bridge tournament being sponsored by the Women's League.

The College Trio programme given in the parlors of Pemberton Hall Sunday afternoon was a most delightful one and was well attended.

The Panthers lost two games on their southern week-end trip. They were defeated by McKendree 54-27, and lost to Gardner 33-31.

The date of the annual ciphering contest, sponsored by the Mathematics club, was set for February 14.

The College French club met Friday night and amended the constitution so as to offer membership to students who fulfilled certain requirements.

The News announced that it was sponsoring the second annual Campus Leaders Contest, the purpose of which was to find the four students who were doing the most for E. I.

At the regular meeting of the Math club a special entertainment programme was given in the form of a broadcast. Mr. Heller was the radio announcer, and several papers were read. Mr. E. H. Taylor gave a talk, and a play "The Ideal Classroom" was given.

Yale Head Tells Obligations Which Universities Owe to Our Civilization

In an address given before the opening session of the conference called by New York University, Dr. James Rowland Angell, president of Yale University, made the statement concerning the universities. "They represent the embodiment in each nation of its highest ideals of scholarship. They afford a recruiting ground for its men of learning, and in the incident they have for centuries been looked up to as the cap-stones of the educational system. They have seen dynasties rise and fall, governments come and go, civilization itself undergo profound modification, and still they endure. The last century has witnessed the birth of many new universities, sometimes in response to public demand, sometimes as the expression of private beneficence seeking a worthy outlet."

Continuing Dr. Angell said, "Inevitably the pattern of these great foundations varies a bit from generation to generation, from country to country and even from institution to institution. But certain broad characteristics are generally prevalent among them. They carry on advanced studies in science and the liberal arts for the benefit of those fitted to profit by such discipline; they prepare those chosen ones who are to carry on the traditions of learning as scholars and science men; they lay the scholarly foundations for the professions of medicine, law, and theology—more recently and less generally those of engineering and certain other professions—and they seek to push forward the frontiers of knowledge by constant exploration and research."

Universities a Part of Society

"The university is an integral part of the society it serves and could not, if it would, be oblivious to the necessities of that social order. This is only more obviously and compellingly true of universities which are beholden to the public purse for their financial support than those which rely largely for their maintenance upon the usufruct of an established economic order. The university must constantly face, and honestly deal with, the changing obligations which arise from shifting circumstance, and it must be

particularly sensitive to those requirements of an era which are especially urgent, as it is in our day a more thorough and scientific understanding of the social and economic fundamentals of civilization. Society has a right to look to the university for intellectual leadership in all that affects a basic knowledge of man and the universe in which he dwells.

"Within the university walls the occasional scholarly recluse can still work in comparative quiet and retirement, and some forms of scholarship unquestionably flourish best under conditions of such monastic isolation. But large areas of the most significant university work in our day neither invite, nor permit, such complete seclusion, and, while the world may indeed be too much with us, many of the most crucial problems of our generation can only be approached through contact with the forum or market place, and it is ludicrous to urge that because of this fact the university should in no wise concern itself with them. On the other hand the universities cannot become mere vestrymen, whipped about by every passing breeze of circumstance, and it is of the essence of their social obligation to discern and reject the superficial and the ephemeral and to fasten their attention upon the more enduring and the momentous."

"Furthermore, they have at all times the paramount obligations to render to society that indispensable and continuing service which they imperil the moment they abandon the detached and disinterested pursuit of the highest intellectual interests. Success in such pursuits is conditioned primarily and predominantly upon the presence in the professional chairs of scholars of unequivocal intellectual distinction and power, and hardly less upon the presence of students able and fit to improve the teaching put at their disposal.

University Standards

In the past a number of professional and vocational licensing movements have knocked at the doors of the univer-

(Continued on page 6)

In This Little World of Ours

By the Editor

SINCE MR. Lord read the extracts from the "Joyous Somethings of Education," we find ourselves looking everywhere for similar instances. In church Sunday we sat and attempted to put the reverend's sermon into shorter sentences. We can't help it, we are always finding fault. We read copy written by members of the staff which is flowery, to say the least, but which could be written in about half the space. Thinking over our own speeches we find we need not have talked half so much. If anyone deleted their speech to the assembly, many women would be very uninteresting dates.

WE SEE that we are to be entertained by ether music this week. Marvelous are the doings of science, and we just can't realize that we are gradually falling behind in the march of time. So we shall call on Dr. Hagy in the auditorium Friday night and listen to his new machine. In the circular sent to us we read that these instruments are "Epoch making"—according to Omp Gabrilowitch. "Epoch" is not the word for it, Mr. Gabrilowitch.

THOSE OF us who have favorite actresses and actors, and for whom we would give our last dime, can fully understand this story. A woman on the college faculty is a great admirer of Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt. Passing through Cleveland during the Christmas holidays, she planned to attend the first night of Lynn and Alfred's new play, but her train was leaving too early to see the entire show. She must see part of it, though, so she times a taxi ride from the theater to the station, finds out the time the train will leave, buys a ticket in the last row of the balcony. She plans to enjoy at least one act. Her seat is fifteen or sixteen from the aisle, so she goes early, and as each patron in the row arrives, she gradually changes places with him until, across the aisle on the aisle, not being able to see her watch in the dark, she had placed a clock in her hand bag and there she

sat with it in front of her. Time passed. The show was excellent, and staying as long as she dare, she dashed for the station. Such is the love of art. We understand the play was wonderful. Would you recommend it, Miss McAfee?

WE HAVE listened to a bit of lecture about the use of the word "reaction." One of the examples was finding "the reaction to a proposal of marriage." According to our experience in married life, which consists mainly of the part of silent listener in our parent's home and the hired hand in another home, one seldom gets the reaction to a proposal. The fact of the matter is that you must be married quite a spell before you dare to ask for that reaction. "Yes, honey. What was your reaction when I kissed you the night of June 13?"

WE SHALL leave it for the sport columnists to praise the boys for any good work they might have done in the DeKalb game last week, but it does not seem out of place for us to say a few words, too. We believe we have a good basketball team this year. Indications are that it is a threat to any strong team. DeKalb found out it was too good for them. But, we lost to Normal. A team that is taking its lickings regular. Every game should be just another game. Then there would not be that inspired battle against the strong team, and then the pitiful exhibitions against the weak ones.

THERE is a great controversy going on in one of the classes of the college over "term papers." We have received a number of letters and articles written about the subject. We plan to look into the matter and find out what it is all about. When students so forget their apathy to begin to think on their problems, there is hope at last. We do not wish to put ideas in students' heads, but we have read about a class in an eastern school which called a strike because the professor assigned too much work. Collective bargaining has been available to others. Why not for college students?

THE LAST TRUMP

"This Partner is Our Trick"

E. I. Here and E. I. There

If we don't look out (and maybe if we do), someone is apt to do us dirt. Hence, we are organizing the 100% E. I. Club, in order to preserve, protect, and defend ourselves against the sullying influences of foreign competition. Our motto is "Buy E. I. Here, E. I. There, E. I. All Around the Square!" Our campaign is one of enlightenment, as well as vengeance. United we stand; divided we may get the best seats. Yours for should know better, but still need to be

1. "I'm just making up a few credits here so that I can continue my studies at Vassar."
2. Now my Bill—be used to live in Hollywood—see, he makes a lot of money and has the grandest sport facilities.

3. In our house we have a fountain and marble statues, all that swell Greek stuff, you know."

4. "Mawther wanted me to get that mink coat, but I told her to give the mink to charity. You know this is such a hard winter for some folks, and the poor, dear, starving babies just must be fed."

5. "Me? Haven't been to Chapel for a month! Cut class all last week. Never missed me. He never takes the roll!"

6. "But I'm not going to teach school! The folks are sending me to E. I. so I'll be close to home."

AREN'T YOU SORRY now that you didn't write for the *News* literary contest? This is our "Literary Settlement" number, you know.

- 1. 523.
2. Practice teaching.
3. Term papers.
4. Cutting class.

Here are the subjects; write your own jokes!

Why not hold yourself up some morning on the way to school and steal the paper you didn't write?

We have looked the *Literary Supplement* over from liver to liver; we were heartbroken, that's all. Hu Hung Nokimona has been done dirt.

The school year is half gone; so are we.

Last Trump Organization Directory (Compiled for those who expect to spend the rest of their lives at E. I.)

1. The *Parson*—(John Black, Proprietor; Messal Jenkins, Manager.)

Do you stutter? So do we! Why not join our blowing organization? Lights, gas already in.

Recommended by Eddie Wynn, Eddie Cantor, and Eddie Thomas.
2. *Sigma Delta*—(Roy Wilson, Exalted Whiffenpoofs; Russell Kellam, House Physician.)

Who murdered Jake Lingle? Who wants to murder Podunk, Mary Breeze, Ole Poker Pace, Minnie Blair, or Mary Elizabeth Nell? One at a time, please.

3. *The Players*—(George William Henry, Chairman of the Board; see catalog for list of vice-presidents.)

Tonight, and Tonight, and Tonight. Special Performance of "UNCLE TOM'S FENT-HOUSE"

(Conceded by Coaches Nos. 49 and 57). Positively No One Over Twenty-One Admitted!

Children Half Price.
4. *Mathematics Club*—(Officers prefer to remain anonymous.)

Have You Read The Math Club Tabloid? Neither Have We!

In the next issue: "Parallelograms, We Have Come!" "The Daily Digest." "Care and Feeding of Tetrahedrons."

5. *Writers' Club*—(Owned and operated by Mrs. Mildred Kedley.) Home-coming, reasonable rates. Skates, Milton, and Snowing in season. Comfortable beds, pillows for members only. No smoking.

6. *Salesmen Club*—(Space Reserved.) JOIN NOW! DROP OUT LATER!

7. *Kappa Delta Psi*—(Owned and operated by the Faculty.) YOU CAN'T JOIN US! WE ROPE 'EM IN!

We called up a friend of ours last Sunday and found out that he'd gone to church. One of those days we'll call

MARY BREEZE

"She Just Blew In"

THE WORST COLUMN OF THE WEEK

Illustrated Adverbs

Cautiously: "If you had some money, we'd give this fifty-fifty plan a trial."

Scornfully: "If I had some money, I wouldn't need a date."

Thoughtfully: "I guess we were all put here for a purpose. . . . Come on and let's go down to the Inn."

Confidentially: "I always say, I like you because you haven't any line. You're the only one I know that doesn't try to kid me." That either makes them happy or darn uncomfortable."

Cynically: "They're all alike."

Happily: We have a German band down at the Phi Sig house. Royer does the melody, Blair takes the "umm-m" and I come in on the 'pau pau'. The song goes 'da da da de, umm pau pau. I guess I'm glad I left Deatur."

Minutely: "I almost wore a fraternity pin once. But he saw me take it."

Emphatically: "No!"

Sadly: I don't know why it is I never get no fan mail no more.

E. I. TRADITIONS

- (They don't mean a thing.)
1. White Shoes.
2. Class Meetings.
3. Reading reports.
4. Social gatherings during free periods.

COMMENTS OF THE FAMOUS

Spence: Really now, kids, do you think that life is just a bowl of cherries? But they sure do, don't they?

Kellam: I tell you he goes to Tulane University and he's no friend of mine. He doesn't even know my grandfather. Really people, these Japanese.

Martin: Gosh, I'm tired. I just got done my ironin' and ain't it.

Blair: Who is editing this paper, anyway?

Annassee: So there I was with just a nickel in my little hot hand.

You say the depression is getting better? Listen, last year we sang "I've Got Five Dollars," then early this year, it was "Here it is Monday and I've Still Got a Dollar," and what is it now, I ask you? It's "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

"He looks as if he would some day be famous. Perhaps he'll have a sandwich or a sundae named after him."

"Aw, gwan, I'd druther bite him in person!"

"Dame Rumor has it" that Roy Wilson is just one of us now. "I don't know why it was," he is quoted as saying, "that I slipped down to a 'D.' But for heavens sake don't tell anyone. It's enough to bear this disgrace alone without having it made public."

The Curious Cub

During the depression what can be done in the way of more free entertainment for the students of E. I.?

Thomas Fox '36—"I don't know, but I think something should be done."
Fels Harrick '36—"Let's have some free dances."

Margaret Irwin '35—"How about a carnival like we used to have?"

Essel Kellam '35—"Entertainment? Why should anyone lack entertainment, what with all these fifty-fifties, birthday parties, Mary Breeze, etc?"

Gladys Strahl '36—"There isn't much for me to say after Kellam's report."
Bets Lambeth '36—"I can't think of anything original."

Paul Birthing '34—"They used to have all school dances once a month. Why not have them now?"

Vivian Bennett '35—"Why not have a Hard Times party?"

Mary Loretta McCarty '35—"Have more all school dances."

My Kol-Yum Comes to Light

We have often thought how funny it would be if the students of the instructor who made the all-class test, flunked it.

We would go to Sigma Delta, but that's where you get assignments to fold papers.

The reason the *News* is not given out at several different places is that ye editor (e) cannot be two places at once.

The article labelled "Entries in Literary Contest are Judged" smote us to the heart. Not only was ours a short story, but there were 12 entries and only five prizes. Our smile: As misunderstood as this column.

Modern Fairy Story

Once upon a time there was a boy, who, because he did not have his notebooks complete, flunked two courses. New Year's rolled around, and he resolved to keep his outside reading assignments done as they were assigned, to daily transcribe and record all lecture notes, to clip good, pertinent cartoons, to do more work than was required, and to have the notebook ready a week in advance of the time it was due. And he did.

WANTED: An excuse for seeing instructor about low test grade. Recite when called on. Am writing term paper, but have no questions on it. See or call me at room 10.

We don't want to be caty, but we think a speaker we heard recently must have known "Chapman and Counts" intimately.

(Ask any Edu. Student About That.) Absolutely the last announcement.

An opportunity will be given those who have not as yet contributed to the fund to secure foot-stools for the library at one—Don't shoot! We're not going a bit farther!

How flattering it must be to teachers to find their own words coming back to them as original words on the part of students.

Since a certain friend-of-our-acquaintance read some of Lincoln's love letters in class, several young men have given up any idea of ever becoming great or have begun calling in their correspondence.

The Make-Up Class

The make-up class—how I love it! It meets every morning at 9 o'clock. Each member is equipped with a powder puff, lip-stick, and pocket comb. The strong men rearrange their finger waves with a careful eye to the black hair. The darlings must guard their school boy beauty.

Then the ladies—being two faced is not a myth—you should see them without their make-up. With those cute little one-inch powder puffs, how frantically they pat their noses. The neck seems to be an unexplored region—the darker region for many.

Lip-sticks, from scarlet to the darkest reds, draw marvelous pictures with straight hard lines, curvy lines, wavy lines, or just smears.

Such is the make-up class. There are no digressions or degrees. It goes on forever with mirrors on every hand.



(Editor's Note: Every now and then Mr. Nokimona departs from the doggeral of his weekly verse and attempts a more literary style. This week's poem is a more aesthetic creation of this sort. Mr. Nokimona, the reader will remember, is a Japanese student at Tulane University, New Orleans.)

BIG FINE BARBER SHOP

Indoor of barber shop the other day I are stroll quietly, and there Are long line of white chairs—Big fine barber chairs!

Ulk, ulk! squirt, squirt! What are this noise? Ah, there!—ad far down row Are fat man, with pink fluid Which trickle down behind both ears. Ah, fine tonic! Such soft, carressing amell!

Swurah, swurah, swurah, swurah! What are this noise? Ah, there!—and in chair next to mine Are big Italian barber, who sharpen razor

On strap, and look so very wicked—Maybe next he come at me— But no. Now customer are lie back; It seem he sleep. But not for long— For steaming towel are get too hot For barber's fingers, and slap! On tender countenance it drop. Such language!

And now big barber who are cut My own ebony tresses are begin to talk. And tell history of past life. It seem That he are been barber ever since He was a little shaver.

And now—push, pull, up, down, My chair are move in jerky manner. And I are disembark, for all My extra hair are departed; I look at one of many shiny mirrors On long wall, and now I depart hence. Leave money, too. Klink, bong; No Sale!

Ah, big fine barber shop!

Hu Hung Nokimona.

Items of Unusual Interest

Japanese natives have adopted cigarette coupons as a new form of currency according to advices to the Commerce department. Faced with an increasing lack of money, the natives started using the cigarette coupons issued by domestic producers as legal tender among themselves. "The use of the coupons as currency has now developed to a point where they are good for purchasing meals, clothing, photograph records, and even motor cars."

STOP AT
Newell's Filling Station
Tenth and Lincoln
GIGARS, GIGARETTES, CANDY
STANDARD OIL PRODUCTS

Coles County's Largest Department Store Welcomes You!

You'll be surprised at the large stocks and the quality we have. Every item of high grade and guaranteed to be satisfactory. Everything for the girl.

- HOSIERY
UNDERWEAR
DRESS GOODS
HATS
- COATS
DRESSES
SPORTS WEAR
MUSIC

OUR BEAUTY SHOP will be pleased to render service at all times. Expert operator.

ALEXANDER'S

LOAF O' GOLD BREAD
MILK MAID BREAD
SLICED 5c

IDEAL BAKERY
NORTH SIDE SQUARE
PHONE 1500

DANISH PASTRY
CAKES
COOKIES

Math Club Triumphs Champs to Take Intramural Lead with Five Victories

The Umamba defeated the Little Club by a score of 14 to 11.

Umamba (15)	PO	FT	PF
Curryman, f	3	0	2
Robinson, f	0	0	2
Peely, f	0	1	0
Whitman, c	3	1	1
Chambliss, g	0	0	1
Boed, g	0	1	0
Fryer, g	0	1	0
Keith, g	0	0	1
Totals	6	3	8

Little Club (11)	PO	FT	PF
Hendrix, f	2	0	0
Alford, f	0	0	1
Hatchey, f	0	0	1
Scott, f	2	1	0
Adams, c	0	0	0
Sullivan, g	0	0	0
Pappala, g	0	2	3
Totals	4	3	5

The Black Oats defeated Phillips 66 by a score of 19 to 8.

Black Oats (19)	PO	FT	PF
Kellam, f	2	0	2
Wingler, f	0	0	0
Dovey, f	1	0	2
Kendall, f	3	0	0
Kendallburg, c	3	1	0
Bertschinger, g	1	0	0
Parker, g	1	0	2
Totals	9	1	6

Phillips 66 (8)	PO	FT	PF
Burra, f	3	0	1
Robinson, f	0	0	2
McGee, f	0	0	1
Williams, c	0	0	1
Abernathy, g	1	1	0
Corryngham, g	0	1	1
Totals	5	2	6

The Vikings defeated the Fideles by a score of 7 to 6. This was the Fideles' first defeat.

Vikings (7)	PO	FT	PF
R. Gray, f	0	0	0
Vandewater, f	0	0	0
Kirk, c	1	1	1
D. Gray, c	1	2	0
Waltrip, g	0	0	0
Pertruda, g	0	0	0
Totals	3	3	4

Fideles (6)	PO	FT	PF
Franklin, f	2	0	0
Baile, f	0	0	0
Hickor, f	0	0	2
Vols, c	0	0	0
Prison, g	1	0	1
Carroll, g	0	0	0
Totals	3	0	3

The Little Club defeated the Chemistry 30 team by a score of 23 to 9.

Little Club (25)	PO	FT	PF
Hendrix, f	1	0	0
Scott, f	5	3	1
Adams, c	1	3	1
Sullivan, c	0	3	4
Hatchey, g	0	0	2
Pappala, g	1	1	2
Alford, g	0	0	1
Totals	8	7	13

Chemistry 30 (8)	PO	FT	PF
Hecker, f	1	0	1
Mandiger, f	1	4	1
LoAdon, c	0	1	4
Blatt, g	0	0	2
Fugh, g	0	0	0
Blatt, g	0	0	1
Totals	3	5	10

Phillips 66 defeated the Umamba by a score of 20 to 14.

Phillips 66 (20)	PO	FT	PF
Robinson, f	1	0	2
Pappala, f	0	0	3
Burra, c	3	0	0
Corryngham, g	3	0	2
Abernathy, g	3	0	2
Totals	8	4	9

Umamba (16)	PO	FT	PF
Robinson, f	0	0	3
Peely, f	0	1	0
Keith, f	3	0	0
Whitman, c	2	1	1
Fryer, g	0	0	2
Boed, g	0	0	2
Chambliss, g	0	0	2
Totals	5	2	7

The Math Club defeated the Champs by a score of 24 to 14. The Math

Famous Athletes Do Rise and Fall Act

(By Homer Cole '28)

The dramatic rise of the modern athlete sometimes ends with a plunge into the depths of oblivion, poverty, and despair.

Some of the greatest have fallen from the high pinnacles of fame and fortune to a level much lower than that of their less fortunate teammates.

Jim Thorpe, the great Indian athlete, and probably the greatest all-around of all time, has held positions varying from that of a movie actor to the most common manual labor, ditch digging.

Rajah Hornsby, one of the greatest second basemen, and National League batsman, has now lost his farm near St. Louis via the sheriff's axe. The Rajah couldn't leave the ponies alone long enough to attend to his ball playing, and has lost a host of admirers and friends through his refusal and reluctance to pay gambling debts.

John L. Sullivan, one of the first heavyweight champions of the prize fight industry, had to turn temperance reformer in his declining years to keep the wolf from the door. John lost most of the small fortune he built up buying drinks for the house, and taking two hits.

Orver Cleveland Alexander, popularly known to the base ball world as Old Alex, is now developing a set of chin whiskers and pitching for one of the many House of David baseball teams. Old Alex didn't have the strength to turn his glass up side down, on the mahogany bar.

Frank Gotch, the best wrestler that ever donned a pair of lights, died from one of the more common diseases because he didn't have the will power to stand popularity and stay home nights.

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight fight champion has been a bull fighter in many Spain, an actor, and professional bum. Battling Siki, Singapore prize fighter, was killed in a knife fight. Kid McCoy was recently released from a popular western penitentiary to which he was sentenced for man slaughter. This is but a small list of the luminaries that have gone the way of the weak. Some are punch drunk from taking too many on the chin, and some have drifted along until they were useless to themselves and mankind.

Naturally every man has not met the same fate. Ty Cobb retired with over a million in the old sock; Jack Dempsey has plenty, and Babe Ruth will be able to fool the almshouse for some time to come.

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Frank Gotch, the best wrestler that ever donned a pair of lights, died from one of the more common diseases because he didn't have the will power to stand popularity and stay home nights.

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight fight champion has been a bull fighter in many Spain, an actor, and professional bum. Battling Siki, Singapore prize fighter, was killed in a knife fight. Kid McCoy was recently released from a popular western penitentiary to which he was sentenced for man slaughter. This is but a small list of the luminaries that have gone the way of the weak. Some are punch drunk from taking too many on the chin, and some have drifted along until they were useless to themselves and mankind.

Naturally every man has not met the same fate. Ty Cobb retired with over a million in the old sock; Jack Dempsey has plenty, and Babe Ruth will be able to fool the almshouse for some time to come.

The Phi Sigs defeated the Badgers in a close hard fought game by the score of 13 to 11.

Phi Sigs (13)	PO	FT	PF
Blaiz, f	0	0	0
Hance, f	1	1	1
Hovious, c	0	0	0
Spence, g	1	1	0
Ballard, g	1	1	0
Tobill, g	2	1	3
Totals	5	3	3

Badgers (12)	PO	FT	PF
Shaw, f	2	1	0
Mills, f	0	1	1
Wright, c	2	0	0
Rice, g	0	0	1
Taylor, g	0	0	1
Ping, g	0	0	1
O. Shaw, g	1	0	0
Totals	5	2	4

FAMOUS COACH TO MEET NOTED PUPIL AT TEMPLE

Philadelphia, Pa. — (IP) — When Glenn S. (Pop) Warner comes to this city as coach of the Temple University football team, he will be greeted by a man whom he helped to make famous in athletics. The man is Charles Albert (Chief) Bender, famous old pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics, a former student of the Charles Indian School whom Warner was coaching there.

Bender wants that Warner taught him to use the fadeaway ball, a form of pitching to use throughout his career.

Warner is the Charleston merchants showing the sign. This Sign Advertisin in the Teachers College News.

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Economy SEE US FIRST
East Side of Square

Yale Head Tells Obligations Which Universities Owe to Our Civilization

(Continued from page 4)

...for civilization and have been re-acted into the fold. These still later variant forms of university education appear, originally dealing with the conventional materials of the university programs, for the most part informally, and so raising no question of a compromise of university standards. But later on, the project gets itself entangled in the business of giving degrees—and stimulated perhaps by the success of adult educational enterprise not under university auspices, there gradually creeps into the university extension offerings a large body of material wholly alien to conventional university practice, much of it appropriate to the trade school type of interest. Both of these latter tendencies create a real invasion of traditional university procedure, and by both accepted university ideals are unquestionably tenaced."

The university has provided the extension of large number of courses which are outside the regular liberal arts and science courses offered. They provide the basic training for many professions, trades, and domestic arts. It is up to the university to provide these in the best manner and it is to the social order of the day that it is true.

It is true that the universities should

render every possible service to society, and—in the movement which has been going forward so rapidly to bring them into closer contact with the pressing needs of that society, our chief estimate should be to see that they are safeguarded against any impairment of their objectives of the highest excellence; for it is at this point that they make their unique and invaluable contribution, and especially must they be protected against the essential vulgarizing of their methods and ideals."

The temper of our times will not permit the isolation of this university yet it must be kept from becoming cheapened.

Material taken from School and Society, Nov. 28, 1932.

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SUNDAY-MONDAY—
HOT PEPPER
with **Edmond LOWE**
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ALSO COMEDY—RADIO ROW—NEWS

PANTHERS TIP DeKALB FROM LITTLE NINETEEN LEAD

Hanover Falls in Rough Battle 48 to 42; DeKalb Falls Before Locals 41-38

Frequent Fouls Mar Fast Play; Seven Go Out on Personals in Game.

Some sort of a record was established Friday night on the local court when the Panthers of E. I. subdued Hanover college of Hanover City, Ind., 48 to 42. A total of fifty personal fouls and two technicals were called on the two teams. E. I. garnering a total of twenty-four and Hanover twenty-six. Rand, Walker and Austin were forced from the game with the maximum four while four men, Gwin, Menos, Razavich and Schuler quitted Hanover's lineup. The Panthers won the game from the free throw line, converting for eighteen points while Hanover scored twelve via the same route. Both teams scored equally from the field.

Despite the deluge of fouls a flashy scoring duel was staged, E. I. having all the better of it in the first half while Hanover took the honors in the second canto. Ballard, Van Behren and Honefinger led the way to a big E. I. half lead, 26 to 14, the Panthers grabbing an early lead which they increased steadily. However, Hanover came back in the second half with a rally which set it into a short lead which E. I. did not overcome until two minutes of game time. The Panthers buoyed their rally to a 34 point standing before Hanover opened up from the field with a bewildering attack. Rainey, Razavich, Gilliland and Gwin scored twenty-one points between them in this spurt before E. I. could muster a counter attack. With the score reading 38 to 34 in favor of the visitors, Von Behren, Ballard and Honefinger again formed the scoring trio which put E. I. into a comfortable lead. Honefinger was the leader in this last charge, scoring four times from the foul line and once from the field.

All in all, it was one of the most hectic battles the locals have played here this season and that makes no exception of those thrillers staged here in the past three weeks. Ballard was again high scorer for the Panthers with fifteen points, making six field goals and half that many free tosses. Honefinger established himself on the team with eleven counters while Von Behren was next in line with seven. Razavich, Hanover center, was the visitors' main threat with fifteen points while Gilliland was not far behind with eleven. In addition to their point gathering, both played good floor games. Each team substituted frequently. Coach Lantz using eleven men.

The line-ups and summaries:

Panthers (48)	PG	FT	PF
Rand, f	0	2	4
Ballard, f	6	3	3
Alexander, f	1	0	3
Honefinger, f	3	5	2
Walker, c	0	2	4
Gilbert, c	0	0	1
Brown, c	0	0	0
Tedrick, c	0	0	1
Von Behren, g	2	3	0
Barnett, g	1	2	2
Austin, g	2	1	4
Totals	15	18	24

Hanover (42)	PG	FT	PF
Rainey, f	4	0	3
Menos, f	2	0	4
Gilliland, f	3	5	2
Gwin, c	1	1	4
McNulty, g	0	0	2
Razavich, g	5	5	4
Schuler, g	0	1	4
Mease, g	0	0	3
Davis, g	0	0	1
Totals	15	12	26

Referree—Ponythe (Mt. Vernon).
Scorer—Blair (E. I.)

A little oil in time prevents trouble and costly repairs. Have your watch cleaned and oiled regularly. C. P. Case, 609 Sixth St.

Crippled Panthers Take Lead and Hold It as Ballard Scores 12 Points.

E. I.'s Panthers knocked DeKalb off its unbeaten perch Saturday night at DeKalb with a 41 to 38 upset of the present leader in the Little Nineteen conference race. DeKalb had previously beaten the locals but was outclassed in this meeting. This victory gives E. I. a record of three victories and two defeats in the conference and DeKalb a record of five triumphs against the one set-back.

Coach Lantz played a revised line-up throughout the game which functioned with amazing efficiency. Ballard was sent to guard, a position he has never played on the Panther team. While at this post he did not score a point but after Honefinger fouled out late in the half, Ballard was moved up to forward where he scored six baskets in thirteen minutes. Coach Lantz made only one substitution during the game, so well did his starting line-up work, and that was Honefinger fouled out. It was Honefinger and Walker who kept E. I. in the lead during the first half, each hitting the basket with regularity. The Panthers led at half time 18 to 15 and maintained the slight advantage until within eight minutes of game time when DeKalb assumed a 34 to 33 lead. It was the first time the conference leaders had been in the lead since the opening minutes of play. Ballard, however, came to the rescue with three sensational baskets to put his team into a winning lead.

The Panthers undoubtedly played their best defensive game of the season, Rand and Von Behren sharing honors in this department. Honefinger with eleven points, Ballard with twelve and Walker with nine took the offensive honors. For DeKalb two men who brought about E. I. destruction in the first meeting were again the leading scorers, Westlake accounted for ten points as did Skoglund, who was forced from the game with four personals. The battle was a decided contrast to the Hanover game in which fifty personals were called. Play was hard, fast and exciting throughout, neither team trailing by more than three points.

E. I.'s victory tightens the conference race and puts the Panthers just a little nearer the top where the class of the league is bunched.

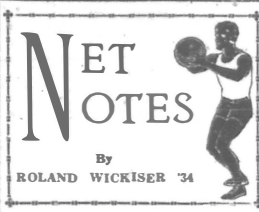
Line-ups and summaries:

Panthers (41)	PG	FT	PF
Honefinger, f	3	5	4
Barnett, f	0	0	1
Rand, f	2	0	0
Walker, c	3	3	2
Ballard, g	6	0	3
Von Behren, g	2	1	3
Totals	16	9	13

DeKalb (38)	PG	FT	PF
Westlake, f	4	2	1
Pace, f	2	2	0
Swanson, f	0	1	1
Johnson, c	2	2	3
Skoglund, g	4	2	4
Nori, g	1	1	0
Dudley, g	1	0	0
Totals	14	10	9

Referree—Young (Illinois).
Umpire—Mundy (Ill. Wesleyan).

Nearly forty men have reported for varsity track since the holidays, and more are expected as soon as the weather warms a bit. This should be a good season for the Panthers on the slender pathway, and if the weather permits, Coach Angus expects to put the boys through their paces in the near future.



By ROLAND WICKISER '34

Although Hanover did not present the best team that has been seen on the E. I. floor this year, they put up the most thrilling game by far. The Panthers were off to a comfortable lead during the first half, then during the second period the Hanover quintet put on a scoring spree that resulted in a tie score, and it seemed for a time as though the Panthers were due for a trimming.

When defeat seemed highly probable the Panther defense lightened, and the offense started functioning to score the needed points for a victory. Rand who is usually runner-up to Ballard in the scoring column was held to only two foul goals. Ballard, as is generally the case, was high point man with seventeen points and Honefinger was second high with eleven.

Razavich was high for the Hanover quintet with fifteen points and Gilliland was second with nine. The diminutive forward on the Hanover team seemed to be the hardest man for the much larger E. I. men to handle.

For a time it seemed as though none of the players that started the game would finish it. A record was established in at least one department, that being in the matter of personal fouls. A total of forty-nine personal fouls was inflicted on the combined teams. Of this total the Panthers drew twenty-four and Hanover twenty-five. Three technical fouls were called. Of these Hanover drew two, and E. I. one. A grand total of fifty-three fouls in one game is quite an average.

Von Behren received the hardest punishment of the game when he was up-set on the floor while going after the tip-off. Von continued play after a time-out rest, but after a few minutes had to withdraw from the game. Toward the last Von came back into the game for his share of the glory in the matter of scoring the victory.

True to form it was a little known team that put up one of the most interesting games of the season even though it was a rough and tumble affair. The final score of 48-42 does not signify the actual amount of thrills that were packed into the last few minutes of the game. Regardless of the outcome, the Hanover boys put up a great fight.

The wrestling and boxing matches have not got under way yet, but there is promise of their being presented in the near future. Managers of the tournament have said that the registrations for competition were much

Lantzmen to Play Return Game with Springfield Junior College Thursday

More Interviews with Basketball Players by Writer

Neal is eighteen years old. This is his third year in the E. I. gym but the first in Grey and Blue. The other two were with the Blue and Gold of T. C. He played in the district tournament both years in high school and the E. I. league. He was acting captain several times. Don is majoring in history and will also coach.

Raines is a teammate of Neal's, having played two years at T. C. He is nineteen. He was acting captain during his high school career. Raines intends to follow the teams coached by his teammates and embalm the bodies as he plans to be a mortician.

Galbreath is a young man of twenty-one. He was captain of the Clinton team in his fourth year. He played in the district tournament four years, placing second once and third twice. He was placed on the county all-star team once. Galbreath intends to be a general engineer.

Wyeth, a four-year T. C. player, is twenty-one. He was captain in his senior year. He played in the E. I. league and the district. He placed on the second all-star team in the district. Wyeth will teach social science and coach.

Boxing Tournament to Start Wednesday

The boxing and wrestling tournament sponsored by the Men's Union will be held Wednesday and Thursday, February 1 and 2, providing the gym may be secured for these dates. At present no matches have been made. Anyone desiring to enter this tournament should sign up at Coach Lantz's office in the gym Tuesday, January 31st. Those who have previously signed must sign again so that the matches may be completed. Note: Exact hour not known.

less than had been expected considering the enthusiasm with which the suggestion of such an affair was received. Intramurals were again well under way during the past week. To date the Math club remains the only undefeated club. Individual scoring honors have not been compiled yet. We expect to present them next week.

This Game Will Mark the Beginning of Long Stay From Home Court.

The Panthers have only one game carded for this week, that to be played against Springfield Junior College at Springfield, Thursday night. It will be remembered that E. I. handed this team a 41 to 23 defeat in the second game of the season.

Springfield at that time was lacking in scoring power, Waller at center being the only man who caused the slightest trouble. He accounted for nearly half his team's points on that occasion and E. I. plans to stop his scoring thrusts this time.

This game will put E. I. well in the midst of a long stay from home, three games following the Springfield tussle. It will also act as a breather between conference tilts. The probable Springfield College line-up is as follows: Vasey and Scott, forwards; Waller, center; Shuster and Woodall, guards.

Panther "B" Team Loses to Pana Zippers

The Panther "B" team played the Pana Zippers on even terms during the first half of a game at Pana Thursday night, but faltered in the second period to lose out by a 45 to 28 score. Two former E. I. stars, Fearn and Viscer, led the Pana conquest, Fearn scoring ten points during the fray.

Several of E. I.'s recruits showed promise, Neal, Allen and Barrick doing particularly well. After scoring eighteen points in the first half, however, they slumped and Pana took a commanding lead.

Finding a date for the Teachers College tournament seems to be a large order for the coaches of the school. Coach Lantz doesn't want it held on March 4th and 5th because it will conflict with the term examinations. McAndrews, Carbondale, coach, doesn't want it held on the next week because of the district tournament and indoor track meet.

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South Side Square
6oz Gillette Blades, 50c Lavender Shaving Cream both for 49c
2oz Magnesia Tooth Paste (One Penny Free) 25c
7oz Babbing Alcohol, 60c MI-11 Mouth Wash both for 59c
25c Firstaid Sanitary Napkins—1/2 15c
YOUR RXALL STORE

Health Department Aids Students By Giving Information About Colds

The most generally accepted theory is that colds are caused by a virus so minute that no one has ever seen it. Like the chicken pox, it is known to be passed by direct contact.

Modern public opinion says that the chicken goes thru the blizzard and starts winter without colds, only to start coughing and sneezing the day the first steamer of the Spring drops anchor in the harbor. Almost every one believes that colds are infectious, i. e., caused by germs. You can sit in wet clothes by an open window in January and, if there are no cold bugs present, you won't catch cold. The chances are, however, that cold bugs are present. Most people carry a quota of cold bugs with them. When their resistance is lowered by wet feet or exposure, they catch on to the bugs and "catch cold." It is in the germ which causes the cold, however, not the wet feet.

Cold vaccines have been used for years, and with considerable success. However, there are several high hurdles which must be taken before vaccine-for-colds can approach absolute success.

Ultraviolet rays are of considerable help to cure Dr. Smiley of Cornell thinks they tone up the capillaries so that the patient becomes hardier to drafts.

Some doctors believe that colds result from an acid condition of the body. To overcome this they prescribe various alkalies; bicarbonate of soda, for instance. There are certain rules for eating which are unanimously accepted.

To ward off colds, you should get plenty of Vitamin A, which is found in cod-liver oil, prunes, spinach, carrots, and other depressing food stuffs. And plenty of Vitamin B, which occurs in whole cereals, fruits, nuts, and vegetables. Very little candy, and at least six full glasses of water daily are advised.

One of the best preventive measures is the isolation of persons suffering from colds. "The greatest single thing which can be done to stop colds," declares a leading pneumonia specialist, "would be for every office, factory, school, and college to have a hard and fast rule that any one showing up with a running nose is instantly sent home."

Once a cold has been caught, there is little to do except wait for it to subside. Bed is the only place for a cold sufferer. Gargling with warm salt water is helpful. Take a laxative if your bowels are sluggish. Eat light nourishing foods.

Manufacture indeed is the reply by Dr. Alabama Duxon to a query as to what he did for his own colds. "I stay home, in bed."

Continued from Previous
If you wish to avoid a cold, give your smoking, coughing friends a wide berth. The probability of avoiding infection is frankly acknowledged, as a large number of people will not be kept in by "Just A Cold." The innocent bystanders suffer. They are sprayed with the infection liberated by a sneeze of a cold or sneeze of a person with a cold and are practically sure to be infected from his nasal secretion, and the infection which will be conveyed to articles he handles and to other hands which he touches.

But the time has not yet come when every one with a cold will retire from public contacts. If he does go out among his fellows, however, he should, in common decency make every effort to protect them. Every cough and sneeze should be covered to prevent spraying the infection over his own shoulders. The hands should be washed many times a day to remove the infection which might otherwise be passed on to some one else. This is a simple but worth while aid to the progress of the common cold.

Optimist Rises In Our Midst and Tells Why

It's no fun being a Pollyanna but we might do worse things than to say that the depression has done some good.

Look at college life. It certainly isn't what it was back in the old money-flinging, rail-rail days, but the colleges and the colleges seem to be existing, nevertheless. Johnny last writing took home every week five dollars so that he can "throw" a party for the gang five nights out of seven, and Mary doesn't make life miserable for the home folks just because they won't give her a new mink coat. They can't afford it, and they tell her so. Furthermore, friends of Mary and Johnny are just as glad now to drink a "colt" with them as they were to eat a banana split before.

But the queerest thing is that students are really studying. They know that they can't play around for six or eight years, and they aren't ashamed to admit that they stay at home two or three nights a week and study. It's funny how people who stuffed used to be criticized. Not that the colleges are going culturalistic. Just ask Bill. He'll tell you that's all a lot of booby. People go to college to get an education not to learn to speak before a Brooding club or a Ladies Aid. They're getting away from squealing and are taking vocational courses so that they are actually prepared to work. Most college students are intelligent, and they know that the idea of making half a million because you have an A. B. is the bunk. But even this fact has its advantages, for students really think what they can and most want to do, and then prepare for it thoroughly, without depending on that one type of work, however.

Don't think, though, that colleges are places of hard work and common sense. There are still loveless couples mooning around the campus, and offenders who are requested to visit some other branch of learning. It's just that the spotlight of the depression is turned on the average people instead of the slackers and loafers. This is 1933, not 1930.

Technocracy Topic for Forum Meeting

That newly proposed economic system, "Technocracy," will be studied by the Forum members at their meeting next Friday evening in the reception room. Two papers on "Technocracy" will be read by Harold Cottingham '34 and Roy Wilson '34. The one by Mr. Cottingham will be entitled "Technocracy and Its Advantages," while Mr. Wilson will talk on "Points Against Technocracy."

There will be a general discussion of this new topic following the reading of these papers. This will be in the room of Memorial Building '34. Members of the Forum are asked to read up on "Technocracy" for this meeting. Available material on this subject will be found on a special reserve at the loan desk in the general library.

\$250,000 Library Bill Introduced

A bill providing for an appropriation of \$250,000 for a library and class rooms building for the college has been introduced at Springfield by Representative Sol Standy of this district. An additional \$25,000 for the equipment of such a building was also asked for. Two years ago Representative Standy introduced a similar bill for \$200,000 but the measure was defeated.

Why the World Doesn't Collapse

When most of us gather up courage enough to say what we think, we have forgotten what we thought.

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Calendar	
TUESDAY	
College Orchestra	4:10 p. m.
Fern Ball Concert	8:30 p. m.
Women's Glee Club	6:45 p. m.
Phi Sigma Sigma	7:30 p. m.
WEDNESDAY	
Class Meetings	9:00 a. m.
Women's League Council	3:30 a. m.
Concert Band	4:10 p. m.
Male Chorus	8:00 p. m.
Doughboy in France	7:00 p. m.
Science Club	7:00 p. m.
THURSDAY	
College Band	4:10 p. m.
Merry Widow (at home)	7:00 p. m.
FRIDAY	
College Orchestra	4:10 p. m.
Male Chorus	8:00 p. m.
Concert Band	7:00 p. m.
Doughboy in France	7:00 p. m.
Dr. Hay's Recital	8:00 p. m.
SATURDAY	
Bridge Tournament	3:00 p. m.
MONDAY	
News Broadcast—WDZ	10 a. m.
Merry Widow Rehearsal	7:00 p. m.
Sigma Delta	7:30 p. m.

Rehearsal of Merry Widow Progressing

(Continued from page 1)

Paugh, M. Nisch, Dale Whitney; Baron Popoff, Marjorie Ambassador, Roland Wislizer; Natalie, wife of Popoff; Barbara McDaniels; servant of the Embassy, Nolla Foley Jr. and Ladies and Gentlemen of the Embassy.

To Give Two Shows
In order that the public will have an opportunity to see this programme two performances will be given. On March 16 students only will see the show. On March 17 the general public will be permitted to see the programme. Rehearsals are under way Monday and Friday at 7:00 for "A Doughboy in France"; and Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 for "The Merry Widow."

W. A. A. Plans for Vaudeville Night

The regular meeting of the W. A. A. was held on Friday evening, January 27 in the high school auditorium. Kathryn Towler, president, presided at the meeting.

Reports were given by the sport chairman, Elean Berg, Virginia McDougall, Dorothy Milton, and Verna Wilson. Plans for a vaudeville to be held in the spring; were discussed.

Drama, N. Y.—(IP)—Frank E. Ganett, head of the Ganett chain of newspapers, last week told Cornell University journalism students to take advantage of the current lean years to do graduate work and acquire a store of varied information before going newspapering.

He spoke before the Cornell chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, journalistic fraternity. The modern newspaper, Ganett said, demands men of broad knowledge which could be more readily acquired before entering the profession than afterward.

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Professor Agrees to Common Expressions

Memphis, Tenn.—(IP)—Grammar has no more right to dictate language than psychology has to dictate table manners. Prof. Robert C. Pooley of the University of Wisconsin said in an address here before the National Council of Teachers.

This being the case, he said, grammar has no right to say it is wrong to litter such expressions as "it's me."

"Grammar," he said, "is not the science of what is right or wrong in language, but simply the science of language as it is."

"Aristocratic ninety has no place in the class room. It is our job to teach children to communicate with one another in a clear, direct, unselfish manner and to leave the artificial niceties of class dialect out of class room standards."

Other leading educators at the convention joined Prof. Pooley in endorsing such expressions as "it is me," "who are you looking for?" "had rather," and dozens of other similar expressions as well established by colloquial usage.

At one session of the convention, Burton H. Fowler, headmaster of Trent High School, Trenton, N. J., said that high schools are educationally in "a mess."

College of this country are trying "for boys and girls who can read and write," he said. "High schools have failed to bridge the educational gap between the lower grades and college instruction."

Track Star Goes Into Vaudeville

New York.—(IP)—Eddie Tolan, University of Michigan colored sprinting sensation and winner of both the 100 and 200-meter dashes at the last Olympic Games, is now working in vaudeville, trying to earn enough money before his victories are forgotten to support his mother and sister.

Eddie wants to be a doctor. His desire is complicated by the fact that he is the sole support not only of his mother but also of several brothers and sisters.

His vaudeville appearances have been with a show headed by Bill Robinson, famous Negro dancer. Tolan's routine if brief, he explains how he won his room and describes some of them. He does not expect his stage career to last much beyond spring. He has been living quietly in Harlem.

Patronize the Charleston merchants showing the sign. This Store Advertises in the Teachers College News.

Classified Ads

The News will print free of charge each week any ads for work. This is restricted to college students only, and each ad is limited to ten words, name, and address. All ads must be in the News box by Thursday evening.

WANTED—I would like any kind of an odd job.—John Ferrasche, R. R. 5

WANTED—Would like odd jobs on Saturdays afternoons and Mondays. Chafford Coles, phone 922.

TYFINO—Have you typing to be done? See or call Walker Reid, 1431 9th St. Phone 944. Reasonable rates.

WANTED—Housework, sewing, or care of children. Free at 2:35. Fern Matson. Phone 250.

WANTED—Any kind of an odd job appreciated. Clarence Coleman, 1000 South 77th street.

Guinagh Is Speaker at Rotary Meeting

K. J. Guinagh was the speaker at the Charleston Rotary club meeting last Thursday. In his talk he dealt with graft in ancient Rome and the various phases of economic life in that country.

Mr. Guinagh's talk was unusually interesting, and one which pleased the Rotarians to the utmost.

EMMANUEL LUTHERAN CHURCH

Ninth and Eleventh
8:30 a. m.—Sunday school, Bible class, and Young People's class. Mr. Snyder is happy to see so many young people in his class, and invites others to join. If you are not attending elsewhere, come to the little brick church on the corner.

10:30 a. m.—Morning hour of worship. Pastor's sermon: "The Ideal Christian Life." Text: Col. 3, 12-17. You attend college to become ideal students. Come to church to become ideal Christians.

LET
Eaton the Jeweler
SAVE YOU MONEY
On Watch Repairs
ESTIMATES FREE
West Side of Square at the
Palace Barber Shop

New TIES

Boulevard Heel
Black Calf or Black Pig



\$295

"NEW LOW PRICES"

INYART'S Brown hilt Shoe Store

THE EAGLE STORE

PURE SILK CHIFFON HOSIERY

Perfect Quality



Never have we featured a hose of this quality at such a low price. Silk to the top, full fashioned, French heel and grade foot. New spring shades.

39c



Education Class Is Divided on Question

"Plenty of service never can be compensated by money," was the final conclusion drawn in Miss Reinhardt's 8:10 education twenty-three class Thursday morning in discussing whether men will work effectively without money. Although various artists, musicians, and poets were cited as examples who worked for pure love of work, the class was almost evenly divided in taking sides as to whether or not money may be omitted in motivating work. Miss Reinhardt stated that everyone who has service glibly on the lips doesn't have any idea of its meaning.

Literary Contest Supplement

of the

Teachers College News

EASTERN ILLINOIS
STATE

AT CHARLESTON,
ILLINOIS

A PAPER OF STUDENT OPINION AND COMMENT

SEC. 2—NO. 17

CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS, TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1933

VOL. XVIII

And So I Wrote An Editorial

Winner of Second Award in Short
Story Division.

By Alexander Summers '36

If you're under twenty-five this story will bore you; if you're over twenty-five you won't believe it, and if you're at an age where no one thinks you're under thirty, then read between the lines. That's where I hid my subtle digs about the younger generation.

It was one of those tragically somber winter months when everyone was melting snow drifts with the strains of the new national anthem, "Just a Little Peep for the Old Soaks." You see, the national election had just taken place and—well, you know what happens after one of those things. But a minor tragedy like an election had not affected me, for I was a sports writer and it is uncommon to legislate athletics. However, something of far greater magnitude had crept upon me, for I had fallen in love. The object of emotion was a cute little brunette trick whom everyone called "Frances the Fibber" because she had a habit of telling boys she loved them when she really had no such sentiments. But, as I was saying, I fell in love; the kind of love that made the winter days seem suspiciously spring-like, if you understand. I can recall having felt a similar emotion sweep over me at least twice before in my life. Once I possessed me when a careless sweep of the hand sent mother's costly vase crashing to ruin, and again when I called grandfather a sissy because he refused to smoke cigarettes, after which he disintegrated me.

This sickening sensation arose from knowledge that The Fibber was somewhat infatuated with one of the college's star athletes by the name of Harry String. However, people called him "Ham" for short and for fun, since this nomenclature provided excellent opportunities for many amusing puns. Now you might be led to believe that my competition with Ham String was of long standing and that my love for F. F. was the result of long relationship, but you're wrong. As a matter of fact, I had never been with her—yet. That final word gives the whole thing away; so I might as well confess that I visited her one night. The story continues in detail:

We were a trifle shy at first and talked desultorily with no apparent purpose. I asked her if she cared for a smoke and she replied "yes," but when I produced a pack of Twenty Grands she recoiled and dissented for reasons unknown to me. Finding no other topic at hand, I began talking about myself and my prowess as a sports correspondent, admitting modestly that the way I dealt out the dope was fit for a Forum filibuster. She seemed not at all enthused.

"I can't admire anyone who dabbles with the deeds of real men."

I didn't fancy the way she said "real men," but I was a gentleman and merely told her to hush up or I'd leave. She replied unconcernedly that she didn't care; so I donned my coat and hat, kissed her good-night, and stayed two hours longer.

Her evident hostility toward sports writers set me to thinking, and following said long process, I decided to reform and become an editorial writer. I congratulated myself for the decision, since it would give me a chance to ridicule Ham String and the general unhappiness of all athletes. Therefore, I prepared an elaborate treatise which indicted the present college athletic system. The indictment closed with this:

"In a word, participants in amateur sport seldom love the game for long, but once abducted into the net cannot escape. Paradoxically, if they resist abduction, they feel the lash of adverse criticism even more severely and suffer infinitely more for their defiance than do those who conform."

I proudly exhibited the bit and refrained with effort from calling it a masterpiece. Instead, I indifferently referred to it as epochal, breath-taking, and sensational. Unfortunately, the tranquility was snatched unceremoniously

(Continued on Page Two)

Winners in Teachers College News Literary Contest

FIRST PRIZE IN SHORT STORY
DIVISION—\$6.00

Miss Josephine Hampton

SECOND PRIZE IN SHORT STORY
DIVISION—\$3.00

Alexander Summers

HONORABLE MENTION IN SHORT
STORY DIVISION

Miss Kathryn Malkory

Ebert E. Field

Miss Naidene Stroud

Mrs. M. Kedley

FIRST PRIZE IN POETRY
DIVISION—\$3.00

Miss Lois Beatrice Widger

SECOND PRIZE IN BOOK
REVIEWS—\$2.00

Miss Mildred Grush

HONORABLE MENTION IN POETRY
AND BOOK REVIEW DIVISION

Rolla Foley, Jr.

C. L. Higgins

Mrs. M. Kedley

Miss Lois Cottingham

The Gift Most Perfect

Winner First Award in Short Story Division

By Miss Josephine Hampton '35

"ONE, two, three, four, five." Mike's grimy little fingers closed tightly around the limp dollar bills, and he pressed his small freckled nose once more against the window in Schmidt's clothing store with satisfaction in his soft baby eyes. The object of his worship was an awkward little model clad in a navy blue chinchilla overcoat. It had six brass buttons down the front and on the left breast a silver star which was an exact imitation of Uncle Mike's, who was a policeman, and for whom Mike had been named. On the model's head was pulled a leather cap with "red goggles-eyes." For weeks little Mike had longed and waited. He had really never dreamed that he would some day possess it. Four dollars and ninety-eight cents was too much to pay for a coat when he had one that was warm, his mother had told him. How Mike hated that coat he was wearing. It had been Katy's, and it had a stringy brown fur collar that tickled his nose and chin and made him an object of derision from the other boys. Only last week Pat O'Ryan had called him "Sissy." The remark had so rankled in Mike's soul that, when Miss Ann had come to take the children in his tenement to Sunday school last week, he had remained at home rather than wear the old sissy coat.

Now all was changed. Uncle Mike had "a good feeling for him" and had given him five dollars, all his own, for his birthday. Mike wondered how the window would look without the coat. He was only seven and he felt very small but very happy as he stood there a moment before he entered the store. There was no difficulty in buying it, for Mike had no choice to make.

"I'm after likin' the coat in the window," he said in his most grown-up voice to the clerk; but wishing deep in his heart that he had let Katy come with him as his mother had suggested. The clerk, much amused, tried the coat on him and pronounced it a perfect fit. A few moments later Mike sped home with coat and goggles-eyed cap done up in a neat package under his arm.

THE next day was Easter Sunday, and Miss Ann came at four Saturday to take the 36 children in Mike's tenement to Vesper service in the big church. Mike summed Miss Ann up in a few words. "She has eyes all smiley and hands to cool your face," were his words. Mike, wearing his new coat and cap, sat proudly beside her in the pew and looked at the little half clad figure of the Christ Child which stood on a pedestal in front of a rose window. Something about the way the little figure held its arms reminded Mike of

the model in Schmidt's clothing store. Suddenly Mike gasped. The little boy next to him was whispering.

"I'm going to burn three candles, cousin' fifteen cents each, before the Christ tomorrow." Mike felt cold and alone as if the world had fallen away from around him. The candles! He had forgotten. Every year at Easter the children burned wax candles before the Christ Child. Good candles, like the others would have, cost at least ten cents, and poor Mike had only two cents left. Mike remembered something Miss Ann had said at Christmas. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He had bought a coat and now to the Christ he could not give a single candle. He pulled Miss Ann's sleeve.

"Does a little Christ Child know if one boy's candles don't burn on Easter?"

"Yes, dear, Christ knows everything." Mike's small face darkened. He had hoped that among so many candles Christ would not miss his. He thought the little figure looked rather cold and forlorn standing there on one foot all alone.

"Does a big church go dark and cold at night?" he asked Miss Ann.

"Yes, dear. Now you must listen to the service." Mike was silenced; but he still watched the little figure. Once he thought the baby

(Continued on Page Two)

Small Things

Winner of First Award in Poetry
and Book-Review Division.

By Lois Beatrice Widger

Small things can mean so much to me:
The shadow of a pepper-tree,
The silver hoop of a moon new-made,
A patch of sunlight in the shade,
A city street made soft by snow
Or in the night fog huddled low,
The shimmering silver of the sea—
Each is a breath of ecstasy.

The trembling of the evening star,
A harbor light across the bar,
A winging bird against the sky,
A osprey bird against the sky,
The lilac tree beside my door,
Curlies creeping on the shore,
A yellow crocus just awake—
So lovely these, my heart must break.

An Old Spanish Custom

Winner of Second Award in Book Review
and Poetry Division.

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON. By Ernest
Hemingway. Scribner, 1932. \$3.50.

Reviewed by Miss Mildred Grush '34

TO begin with the statement that "Death in the Afternoon" is a book about bullfighting, rather than a new murder mystery, is to divert some from further consideration of it. Bullfighting to most Americans has become inextricably associated with those opera singers agonizing over the "Torreador Song," and, such being the case, prejudices against it may be justified, but, fortunately, Ernest Hemingway has included no opera singers in his book and the nearest approach to agony is the reader's regret that, like proverbial good things, the tale ended too soon.

"Death in the Afternoon" is Hemingway's attempt to explain the intricacies of a decadent sport to a reading populace who have never, and probably will never, see a bullfight, or in the possibility that the reader has attended a fight, to interpret what occurred. Hemingway himself is deeply interested in the sport, having witnessed the killing of fifteen hundred bulls and the fatal wounding or death of not a few men; he has read far back into the history of the game; he knows of its great heroes and is qualified to compare with them the modern exponents of the pastime; he knows the breeds of bulls and how the strains have been weakened to meet the demands of the matadors; he explains under what circumstances the animals are raised, tested, shipped, exhibited, and sold. He understands the customs and etiquette of the ring, the life and philosophy of the bullfighter. But more interesting is his great knowledge of the technique, and, closely related, his appreciation of the emotional and artistic significance of the encounter in the arena. Although the reader will breathe more easily after Hemingway's explanation of the role of the horse, whose fate is the phase most objectionable to Nordics; although he will smile over Hemingway's subtly satiric comments on literature and church equally at the conversation, sparkling and near-sensational, with the nice old lady who wished to learn about life, in the end the reader will find most enjoyable the explanations of the technique and the artistry of the fight.

HERE it is, too, that one becomes aware of the literary skill and aptness of the author. Hemingway admits that his first attempts to put a bullfight into words were self-assigned literary exercises when he was learning to write. He saw in the bullfight color, action, emotion, a faithful representation of which would tax the most ingenious, embryonic author. From that beginning evolved "Death in the Afternoon." It is hard to imagine a book on bridge or golf or baseball having any weight in the field of letters; in fact, it is difficult to imagine one fully understandable. And yet, such is Hemingway's skill that he has described the complexities of bullfighting in clear, lucid prose, comprehensible to all. Furthermore, the author is so enthusiastic about it that he succeeds in thrusting his enthusiasm upon the reader, in making the reader feel the emotion and tragedy of the fight, and finally, in rousing him almost to the point of snatching the red tablecloth and setting forth to seek a bull.

"Farewell to Arms," which was Hemingway's quite excellent contribution to the deluge of war stories of several years past, established him as the possessor of a particularly pertinent vocabulary; he calls a spade a spade and he hesitates not a split second to do so. If this strikes you as vulgarity, as it does some Hemingway critics, your enjoyment of "Death in the Afternoon" will be appreciably lessened; but if you are a reader who strives to rid himself of prejudices, one who enjoys subtle wit and nobility of expression, this vivid account of bullfighting will appeal to you immensely.

A Story of the Dance

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ. By Raymond Lehmann. Henry Holt and Co. 1932. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Member of News Staff

I have read to the point where I feel there is very little that is new. You can depend on one type of book to be long, tiresome, and dull. Others are long, flat, and insipid. I could list types indefinitely. I have read the classics (some of them) and I have read the moderns (also some of them). I have read highbrow books and I have read paper backs. I have read the calendar and the almanac, the advertisements in the magazines and the directions on the bottle. When I read "Invitation To The Waltz" by Raymond Lehmann, I realized that I was reading something that was, to quote a trite phrase, "refreshingly different." I was fascinated with it. I read it during study periods. I read it during lunch hours. I even—oh shameful to confess!—read it during class period.

The book is not a gripping "thriller." The plot situation does not hold you breathless. There is no mystery, no glamor, no foreshadowing, no excitement. The humor is subtle; certainly one does not read it for that reason. The characters are not outstanding; they are simply normal, everyday people doing nothing much out of the ordinary; incidental characters introduced in a minor manner show more plot material than the major characters. Then what holds the attention? It must be the simple, flowing, story-telling style of the author.

But perhaps it is the characters that hold you and make the book what it is. They do such human things. For instance, the heroine, Olivia Curtis, on her seventeenth birthday, has put on an old brown dress, but—"Over it she fastened a broad scarlet patent leather belt. The belt was an object that had virtue in it. She had had it for two years. It was cracked, peeling a little. Within its compass she felt a certainty of individuality like a seal set upon her and she loved it, liked to think of it lying cold, secret and brilliant, in the top left-hand drawer. She had another belt, a thin silver brown one of suede; and that was a good belt too, though less dependable."

That is her sort of humor, and yet, is that humor? I remember, how, only yesterday, I halted with joy my bright red patent leather belt that I lost and mourned for so long. It is worn out and why I prefer it to others I don't know any more than Olivia knew why she liked hers. I do know I wear it when possible and when not possible; even now, it is around my smock.

The whole story concerns the action of only two days and is mostly very clever character portrayal. She does not drag a man in and say, "Here is Whosis. He is like this and that. You'll not like him." Much more clever. The young curate that is going to spend the week-end and take the two sisters to a dance, arrives drenched to the skin because he missed the car sent to the train and very much of a martyr, insists he is perfectly all right. He only likes things "in moderation." Imagine going to one's first ball with that! He confides to younger brother, who immediately tells Olivia and Kate, that he only likes girls "in moderation." "I'll moderate him!" was Kate's answer.

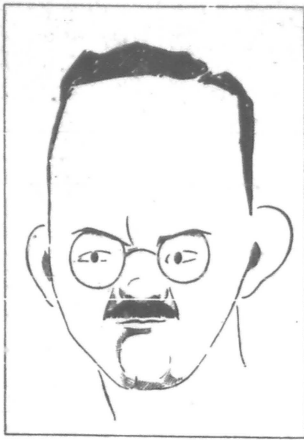
Little Olivia, at her first dance, is neither a big success nor a wallflower. She does not know that the young poet with "O'Ceard mop hair" is not strictly sober and sends him home to get well. She feels sorry for the old man who claims her for four dances and then invites her to tea at his cottage, alone. She is amazed to see the Curate get lively; after all, if one has dedicated one's life to the church, one should not go to balls at all or one is very likely to be all upset. She meets and dances with a blind young man who is neither a noble martyr nor a whiny invalid, but simply a normal man living a normal life under a terrible handicap. He is one of the minor characters about which an excellent story might have been written. Olivia goes home at four o'clock in the morning as heart free as when she went, which might be disappointing but isn't, especially if you're fed up with stories of young people who meet and marry within two or three days at least, with a week as the time limit.

Characters are brought in by the handfuls and yet there is no intricate detail to complicate the plot. It all runs smoothly along, and I felt that I had been to dance myself and met a lot of new people. It had just that effect on me.

Rusticana

By O. L. Higgins '36

Aster picking has its lure
Especially when I'm with her.
Up winding lanes we trudge go,
Two hearts in love—dull Earth's below.
Just to lend credence to our walk
We pluck poor asters, stalk by stalk.
And now returning down the lanes
Our hearts are full and quite astr.
For her arms are full of asters;
My arms are full of her.



MR. CHARLES COLEMAN, history teacher extraordinary, is a member of that famous clan of politicians now in power in the United States, the Democrats.



MR. GLEN SEYMOUR, also a history teacher of note, is a companion of Mr. Coleman. Need more be said? Drawn by Miss Ruth Major.

Corn Bread and Stew

A Story Dished Up in a Style Everyone Likes... Just as Corn Bread and Stew

By Miss Kathryn Louise Mallory '33

"I've worked hard for a good many years," said Mary Macgruder, stirring a pot of stew vigorously as it bubbled on the range. "to keep body and soul together in my family and if you ask me, it ain't no harder to get three meals a day for your body than it is to keep your soul going. But I've done it. There ain't nobody got children no better than mine nor a husband no better willing to work. It ain't his fault times is hard and men is laid off."

Mrs. Leslie Howard occupied the only available chair and swung a well clad foot in a pre-occupied manner.

"With all my money," she said, "you have something that I haven't. That is why I wanted to talk to you about myself. You have no idea of the worries that wealthy people have. Oh, I'd give anything to change places with you for awhile! That stew smells delicious. If I were to ask my cook to make that, I would never recognize the results. That is fit for royalty."

Mary Macgruder looked around the room, wondering how it appeared in the eyes of her visitor. To her it had become home and she took it for granted. It had originally been intended for a kitchen but its services had been extended until now it was a dining-room, living-room, and bed-room. Chairs, a table, a clothes line full of drying clothes, and an ironing board were all huddled around the great range. In one corner stood a Morris chair, sagging slightly, but very restful looking. Opposite, beneath a smoky window, was a couch over which was thrown a worn red tapestry cover, bulged at the top by a pillow. This was not the only room in the house but you felt that the other rooms were superfluous and you knew instinctively that in this room all the real business of living was carried on.

"If it's advice you be wanting," said Mary Macgruder, slowly, "I ain't the one to come to. I ain't had much in my life. I ain't had the advantages that you've had. But there is one thing I've learned; money ain't the only thing that counts in this world."

"I just knew you would know that. That's why I came to you for advice. It took me a long time to find that out for myself. I thought it was money that I wanted. I am so glad I took up this Social Service work. You can't imagine how much good it has done me to find so many women so happy when they have so much less of the material things than I have. Every since I've been coming here I've been wanting to talk to you because you seem so vital, so much a part of life."

"It has never worried me none whether I was getting a lot out of life. I never had no time to stop and think of things like that. I've had three children and a husband to look after and very little money to do it with. Some day my children will grow up and then I'll be looking around for something to think about."

Mrs. Howard smiled. "Everywhere I go in this building I hear you praise stew. The whole house adores you. You are a mother to the lot of them. The time will never come when you don't have an interest in life. Please, couldn't you help me? I can't go to my own mother for she wouldn't understand."

"You told me once that you had been to college," said Mrs. Macgruder, turning her attention to a yellow mixing bowl and its contents. "Do you keep up that sort of work? Read books and such like?"

"Oh yes," answered the woman, wearily. "I've read everything worth reading that is being written but I never get much farther than the last chapter. You can't imagine how boring it is to have to spend a lot of time reading."

"No, I couldn't imagine that," she answered.

casting a furtive glance at a half-hidden shelf of books by the side of the Morris chair. "I never had no chance to finish my education though I often wished I had. Do you ever study art, drama, or things like them?"

"I studied that when I was in school so I am fairly well informed. No, study isn't what I need, I'm sure. I feel my education is pretty complete. If you had ever gone to college you'd know that you learn quite a bit about most things, at least enough so that it isn't necessary to study any more when you finish school."

"H-m-m-m. I see," was the answer as she carefully broke an egg into the bowl. "Then I should think that the only thing for you to do would be to take an interest in your family. Let the nurse go and look after your children yourself. Give them their baths, feed them, read to them, play with them, take them out for an airing. Of course, I ain't presuming to tell you what to do or how to raise your children but children can certainly take up your time and they give you an interest you'll never find nowhere else."

"My children are adorable," said the beautiful lady, smiling wistfully. "but they hardly know I'm their mother, I see them so seldom. I have a feeling you are right and I have a feeling I'm going to try your idea. I'll start in tonight."

"Fine!" applauded Mrs. Macgruder, heartily. "Sure and its talk like that I like to hear. It's your husband that will be proud of his wife and the children that will be glad to have their mother with them."

AFTER her visitor had gone, leaving behind her bundle of warm clothes for the three Macgruder children, Mary stood fingering the garments with a weary smile on her lips. Then, after putting the corn bread she had mixed into the oven, she sat down in the Morris chair and picked up her book.

A half an hour later, when her husband came in, she gave him an absent-minded smile as she glanced up from her book but his "Well, Mary!" spoken in such a tone that she knew something big was to come, caused her to give him her full attention and a bright, "Well, John?"

"It's all settled," he answered, as if he could hardly wait to tell her the news. "The job starts Monday and we can go apartment hunting tomorrow. No more tenements, no more worry, no more charity."

"John!" was all she could say, the book falling unheeded to the floor. "John, how wonderful!"

John's eyes had fallen on the pile of clothing in the chair and he heaved a big sigh of relief.

"Mary," he said, "won't you send all that stuff back to that woman? We won't need it now and you've no idea how I've hated having to accept things from people."

"In that pile there are good warm things for Betty and Jacky and Sue. Now that we know we could buy them, there is no disgrace in having them given to us. Besides, it wasn't charity this time, it was a bargain. I exchanged advice for all of this."

"How?"

"Mrs. Leslie Howard has been reading 'too many stories about the poor little rich girl. I sent her home to look after her children—you know, do her duty by her family and all that sort of thing. She asked me what she should do to amuse herself so I told her."

"Did she patronize you, as usual?"

"Oh yes, but I can forget I have a university degree and that I have read a book if it pleases her and brings such results. After all, it never paid me to remember my education. I never

(Continued on Page Four)

The Nether World

By Elbert Edison Field '35

A JOB such as I had gave me freedom when I wished it, and I wished it often. I frequently visited the insane hospital across the river, and watched or talked with some of the milder patients. Here, if anywhere, I awakened to some of the deep tragedy in life. These poor helpless animals in human form depressed me beyond measure, and I spent hours pondering why such misfortunes had to be. I heard many plaintive voices pleading for release to return home; elderly patients would condemn their relatives for committing them to such a place, just because they were old and helpless. When I looked into their eyes, I believed that some of them spoke the truth. I turned away to nudge my distress.

But some of those patients were as funny as they could be. I often visited the institution in company with Father—the rector of St. Paul's. The ministers of the different churches held public services there a certain number of weeks each year, in addition to their many private visits. One jolly, fat, red-faced fellow of about sixty, who wore a brown sweater, a red shawl around his big middle, black trousers, and shoes run over at the heel, was always waiting to talk with Father. He had wanted to be an Episcopal minister from boyhood. Time and again he asked the same question: "When can I start to theological school?"

Many of the patients were unbalanced only on some minor thing; these were perfectly harmless and very interesting to talk with, because they were so unsophisticated. Patients of this kind were given responsibilities around the hospital. Once some friends of mine were shown through one of the buildings. Their guide was also a patient, although they didn't know that he was. He showed them the different parts of the building and described particular cases with a tongue as facile as a psychiatrist's. The guide called the visitors' attention to a sane-looking patient and said, "Here is a very peculiar case. This man is as sane as I am except for one thing: he thinks he is God."

"Perhaps he is," jokingly remarked one of the visitors.

"But he can't be, because I am," replied the serious-faced fellow.

Another day some pre-medical students from the University of Chicago were going through the hospital. One of them, "Herbie," was a happy fellow with red cheeks and laughing blue eyes. He was greatly enjoying the visit, and happened to be a few feet ahead of the rest of the party when he suddenly froze in his tracks. A patient was coming steadily toward him, holding the blue-eyed lad with the steady, glassy gaze of a snake charming a bird. The fellow came to a halt about a foot away and continued to stare. It was necessary to jerk "Herbie" away to break the hypnotic spell. The boy was as white as a sheet, and his knees were shaking. When he recovered his composure, we asked him how he felt. Herbie said he thought the patient was thinking, "My God, here I am locked up, and such as you go free."

The river provides the peaceful unnoticed exit from the world for many of those poor devils. The body is forked out of the river and returned to the common burial field to the dust from whence it came.

A Trilogy

By Mrs. M. Kedley '36

I.

The Quilter

She sat with sainted patience
And pushed her needle in and out
Plucking up bits of cloth and cotton
"Til she fashioned a multitude of tiny squares.

Their sameness bored my eye
While pleasing her —
For was not her life as blameless
And as boring as a perfect square?

II.

The Quilter Rests

Silently she mounds
The names of quilts—
Rose of Sharon, Friendship's Key,
Grandma's Garden, Lone Pine-tree,
Old Log Cabin—all Greek to me—
Yet mean so much to her.
But I can only see bits of calico
Cut up and laboriously
Stitched together again.
One of us is blind.

III.

The Quilter Bends A Quilt

"Your granma's wedding dress, it was
And Uncle Ruben's first short pants
(You've seen his little shoes.)
Yourder's Aunt Lattie's bap'ling gown
Your granpa's mourning vest,
Miss Callie's second best black crepe
And her Bob's wine-spotted tie—
See—there's your christening robe,
And here's your wedding dress,
This is the dress you wore back home—
What will you wear when you go again?"

