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## The Mystic, January 6, 1928

Moorhead State Teachers College

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# THE MISTIC

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## A NEW YEAR SUGGESTION

"Tolerance" is a word we give as a suggestive New Year challenge to you, readers of The MISTIC.

There seems to be rather a general spirit of intolerance among people. That seems to be true on our own college campus. We find the intolerance of students toward views and customs of other students; their intolerance of the views of instructors is also shown. We find the intolerance of instructors toward the views, customs, and welfare of students; they are intolerant at times of views of other faculty members. This intolerance is a plague on our campus.

But we find that plague not alone on our campus. It may be found on the campuses of most colleges, I am sure. It may be found in the high schools; in the elementary schools. The child brings with him to school selfishness. Human nature is selfish.

With this spirit of intolerance, human selfishness, continually permeating the world, is it any wonder that we have discontent among nations and races?

"The American people need to develop a tolerant attitude toward new ideas, for even the shrewdest of men will make mistakes in evaluating new and untried theories."—How is tolerance to be developed into the lives of people? Will the home do it? Will the church do it?

The school must do it. It is the business of the school to teach that which will not be taken care of by any other agency. The school reaches more people on an equal basis than any other institution.

Education students must cultivate a spirit of tolerance for the ideas and customs of others. We must implant in the young minds and the old minds in our communities that spirit of tolerance.

—H. J. S.

## MODERN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

(Based on an article of the same name by Paul Elmer More in the January Forum Magazine.)

Are there any signs pointing to a new trend in American life and literature? (For life and literature go hand in hand.) Before such a question can be discussed adequately, the outstanding characteristics of the period we are now in should be outlined.

A year ago The MISTIC printed an article entitled "This Business of Writing," by William Allen White, American novelist and critic, in which he pointed out that during the ten years just passed "western civilization has lost much of its faith, has let go its firm hold on hope, and has forgotten something of the buoyant love of humanity which was built upon faith and hope." How this loss of faith has affected literature was pointed out by Mr. White when he spoke of "the flat spiritual sterility which characterizes the canvases of many of the contemporary novelists who think they are realistic when they are merely dirty."

In the January, 1928, Forum, Paul Elmer More has stated his view of the same tendency in the following words: . . . "it is the creed of the modernist that what has been shall be no more, and that quite suddenly we shall have been liberated from the old laws and conventions and fears, from the ancient gods and their precepts of morality" . . . "To some, immorality and irreligion are an avowed and joyous creed; for the object of their attack they have coined the contemptuous words 'moralism' and 'religionism', and wherever the infamous thing raises its head, whether in life or art, they pursue it with inquisitorial fury. Others are not so consistent. They will admit, if pressed, that morality and even religion may have a useful function in the actual affairs of life, but insist that they have nothing to do with the canons of art. Whatever may be the law of life, art exists for its own blessed sake" . . . "the American intelligentsia is rather naively convinced that whatever is illicit is artistic."

Besides this tendency to relegate morality to the limbo of the past American novelists have been spending a great deal of their energy satirizing the tendency of Americans to be as like as peas in a pod.

What are the reasons for these tendencies? Let us attempt to find some reasons for them, having as the main theme the moral issue. In order to try to discover the underlying causes we may take a peep into the background of some of the more noted writers of the time. Dr. Will Durant says that in order to understand any man's thoughts we should consider both the age in which we lived and the immediate circumstances of his life.

As to the age let us jot down briefly as some of its salient features that it is a time of great industrial progress in which numerous labor-saving inventions have brought about much standardization of manufactured products; that these products have tended to cause a sympathetic standardization of manners, habits, clothes, and thinking; that a great war with its tendency to cause men to revert to the more primitive hates, race prejudices, and fears, and to standardize people still more has come and gone; that great numbers of immigrants, particularly from Southern Europe, who have, as Siegfried says, lost something of the ideals of their own races and have not been touched by Anglo-Saxon ideals, provide an appreciative audience for those writers who ridicule, however clumsily, the ideals of the older native American stocks; and last and most important, that great progress in the physical sciences has led many people to rush on beyond the frontier of science and to arrive at the fallacy that because science has demonstrated certain things to be true, therefore what science has not demonstrated is not true.

Having taken a cursory glance at the age, let us choose, from Mr. More's sketches of Cabell, Dreiser, Lewis, Dos Passos, and Sherwood Anderson, the one of Dreiser, perhaps the most representative of the group of so-called realists, to illustrate the influence of immediate circumstances on a writer's life.

Theodore Dreiser was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1871. His father, a German, by the son's account was a poor, reckless creature, a "religionist" of a maudlin, sentimental sort, who passed his later days going the round of the Catholic churches of Chicago, whither he had taken his family. At an early age the boy, Theodore, was travelling the streets of Chicago selling shabby goods for an "easy-payment instalment house," from which occupation he broke

away after stealing twenty-five dollars. The fear of detection and punishment, he says, made him "very cautious." In his twenty-second year he got a small job on a struggling newspaper, owned and controlled by a ward politician. In 1892 he moved to St. Louis.

From St. Louis he soon drifted eastward, and ended in New York. Less than a year before him, but his stories began to attract attention, and his recent work, "An American Tragedy," a novel spun out through two long volumes, has captured the heedless reading mob and is acclaimed a masterpiece by reputable reviewers here and abroad.

For my own part I regard his autobiography as more significant than any of her novels, as, perhaps, with Sherwood Anderson's similar "Story Teller's Story," the most significant thing that has come out of our school of realism. I may be prejudiced in its favor by the fact that the autobiography, though the events of Mr. Dreiser's life were different enough from my own, recalls so vividly the intellectual and sentimental atmosphere of the America in which my youth was passed, and which is rapidly disappearing. But, apart from such accidental reasons, it is notable that the "Book About Myself" has the telling, straightforward style and method natural to a trained reporter, whereas the English of Mr. Dreiser, when, as sometimes in his novels, he tries to be literary, is of the mongrel sort to be expected from a miscegenation of the gutter and the biological laboratory. Certainly for those interested in such matters the springs of American realism are laid bare in these autobiographical records with startling frankness.

Take a boy of humble origin in a Mid-Western town some forty years ago. The only breath of immaterial things to reach him would be through religion, in the case of Mr. Dreiser a perfectly uncritical Catholicism, but with most of the others a thin, poverty-stricken Protestantism from which all ritual and symbolism had dropped and every appeal to the imagination had exuded. Art and letters would be about as remote from him as from the bushmen of Africa. Intellectually and aesthetically and emotionally, he is starved. Suppose then that such a lad, with no schooling to speak of or with a degree from some lonely, hungry "college," is carried to the bustling, congested Chicago of those days, and, aspiring to write, gets a job on a sensation-mongering paper. Of knowledge of life in its larger aspects he has brought nothing, and in the new school of experience he is pretty well confined to the police courts, the morgue, scenes of crime and calamity, sordid streets where unsavory news may be picked up, homes which scandal has made public property. We need not guess at the colors the world would assume in the eyes of such a youth, for Mr. Dreiser has described his own reactions with sufficient energy. He began his work "still sniffing about the Sermon on the Mount and the identities, expecting ordinary human flesh and blood to do and be those things." He discovered that most of the people among whom he was now thrown "looked upon life as a fierce, grim struggle in which no quarter was either given or taken, and in which all men laid traps, lied, squandered, erred through illusion" or, more succinctly in the words of one of his admired and imitated friends, "life is a—stinking, treacherous game."

Meanwhile our young aspirant to fame and wealth, being endowed with no ordinary brain, begins to read. Translations of Balzac and Zola fall into his hands, and he learns that the society of Paris, the ville lumiere, is playing a game very much like that which he sees about him, only on a more magnificent scale and with vastly greater opportunities. And he learns, or thinks he learns, that the high art of letters is to develop the sort of realism he is acquiring as a reporter. Later he dips into the work of Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer, and finds his "gravest fears as the unsolvable disorder and brutality of life eternally verified" by authorities who were then supposed by the uneducated or the scientifically educated to have uttered the last word on the mysteries of the universe—the last word "eternally verified."

Up to this time, he observes rather innocently, "there had been in me a blazing and unchecked desire to get on and the feeling that in doing so we did get somewhere, now in its place was the definite conviction that spiritually one got nowhere, that there was no hereafter, that one lived and had his being cause one had to, and that it was of no importance. Of one's ideals, struggles, deprivations, sorrows, and joys, it could only be said that they were cosmic compulsions, something which for some inexplicable but important reason responded to and resulted from the hope of pleasure and the fear of pain. Man was a mechanism, undevised and uncreated, and a badly and carelessly driven one at that."

Add to this education a spark of genius, an eye to note and record the panorama of the streets, a nervous system highly sensitive to the moods of those about him, and you have the realism of which "An American Tragedy" is the most notable achievement. In his drawing of characters from the lower strata of life and from the gilded haunts of Broadway, Mr. Dreiser shows an easy competence. In particular the hero of this tale, from his suppressed childhood in the home of ignorant, wandering evangelists, through his career as a bellboy in a hotel, and employee in a factory, ending in his trial and conviction for the murder of his mistress, is portrayed with a masterly understanding of the devious ways of a weak, untutored nature.

But when the author passes to the doings of conventional society, even to the account of a game of tennis, he displays a ludicrous ignorance and awkwardness. The same sort of contrast is seen in other fields. At one moment the tone of comment is callous and cynical, belittling his acquired theory of life's unsolvable disorder and brutality; and then there will break through the naive note of sentimentality that pervaded the atmosphere he breathed in the Mid-West of his childhood.

I lay down Mr. Dreiser's novel with a feeling that it is an American tragedy in a sense never intended by him when he chose that title. If only he knew the finer aspects of life as he knows its shabby underside; if only his imagination had been trained in the larger tradition of literature instead of getting its bent from the police court and the dregs of science; if only religion had appeared to him in other garb than the travesty of superstition and faded fanaticism; if only he had had a chance, he might possibly have produced that fabulous thing, the American novel.

It need not be assumed that we believe nothing of value has come from this school which has poured satire upon Americans and the older American ideals. It has probably made us more critical of ourselves, has made us less content to rest on our oars, has caused us to examine more carefully to see just what there is of value in our civilization. Most satire has its value, but it also has its day of usefulness. Has the day of usefulness of this American school largely passed? Signs of the times seem to indicate that it has.

As to the matter of a new trend in American literature, Mr. More has cited several men whose influence toward a more rounded view of the whole of life is beginning to be felt. We must reckon, he says, with such novelists and poets as Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Robert Frost, and Edward Arlington Robinson, who have pursued the even tenor of their way and will wield a stronger influence if a new turn of the tide should set in. We must also take account of critics like Irving Babbitt and William Allen White, who are proclaiming a new emphasis.

Perhaps the most cogent reason for believing that the influence of the present-day school of "realism" will not last much longer is that what has occurred in the past will occur again. History has witnessed, not once, but many times, an age when those who took account of the eternal verities were held up to scorn and ridicule, only to be followed in each case by a return to a saner and more wholesome view of life which recognized that inevitably moral laws must be considered. In the words of George Thomas White Patrick, in "The Chaos Called College"—"It is quite time (in education) to have it clearly understood that morality is a matter of life and death. It is concerned with that kind of behavior on the part of individuals which shall make co-operative living possible for successive generations in a highly complex society where individual demands are very exacting. It should be made plain that what would happen in a social group when morality fails is what would happen in a group of animals when instinct fails. No doubt whatever should be left in the minds of people that there are moral laws,—and that these laws have teeth."

—B. D. M.

## MISS PENNIE GETS NEW DESKS; FLOORS FINISHED

Evidently the janitors have not had as much vacation as most of us if we judge from the appearance of our building.

Most of the floors and stairs have been oiled and everything is spick and span.

They surprised Miss Pennie by fitting out her room with 35 new desks which have a dark walnut finish. Miss Pennie says she's expecting better work now in penmanship.

The Journal of the National Education Association publishes annually a list of sixty outstanding educational books of the year, selected for the N. E. A., and the American Library Association from a large number of books published during the year. The list made up for 1926 was a choice from 250 books examined. This list, which may be found in the library, has been checked with the catalog of books in the library and reveals the interesting fact that our library, with its comparatively small fund for the purchase of new books each year, has on its shelves over half of the books listed.

Miss Gibbon: "You have all heard the quotation, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes?'"

George Simson: "It's a law of prohibition."

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**THE OPEN COLUMN**

**THE BONE OF CONTENTION**

To those students and members of the faculty who resented my recent communication to The MISTIC I humbly apologize. To the president of the student council, who has so generously given his time to a very trivial matter, I bow with due respect. But when it is asserted that my "words are very bitter" I can produce no more than a smile.

Misunderstanding has always been a cause of conflict. And it is unfortunate that a copy of my communication was not brought to Mr. Nemzek, as well as the resentment against my statements. There are three sources of misunderstanding brought out in Mr. Nemzek's letter that need to be clarified.

In the first place: The "bone of contention" is not the stand taken concerning the admittance of alumni to the Freshman class party but rather the rumors that such a stand was to be made an official policy. And Mr. Nemzek's defence of the stand taken at the Freshman party lends credence to those rumors.

In the second place: I never have, and hope I never shall, "deny the right of any organization, or group of students or faculty, to specify the texture of attendance at its activities." But when the Freshmen say: "All the Freshmen, the Faculty, and student body are invited," it is pretty hard for a person of ordinary intelligence to interpret that to mean anything but an all-school function, to which, by action of the Student Council, "all two-year graduates and four-year graduates are invited. And it is not surprising that an unthinking Freshman should ask some lonely looking apparition of the past, like myself, to come down and enjoy the evening. It is surprising, however, that the president of the class should have remained ignorant of the ban on alumni until an hour after the party had started.

In the third place: No "great personal injustice has been inflicted" on me, for I have not on any occasion been asked to leave. On the occasion referred to above I was asked to remain, while others were asked to leave. I bear no ill will toward any individual or group of individuals. I have simply taken the liberty to protest against the seemingly probable adoption of an official policy that seemed to me unwise and unnecessary.

RALPH IVERSON.

**BOOK DIGEST**

**STORIES IN STONE**  
(By Willis T. Lee)

Dr. Lee has written this book in a very interesting way, telling in plain language some of the strange and wonderful facts of the formation of the earth. He also expounds theories old and new.

At the time of his death, in June, 1926, he was in the service of the United States Geological Survey. Previous to his work for the government he had been a professor of geology in colleges and universities. He is the author of "The Geologic Story of the Rocky Mountains and National Park," "The Face of the Earth as Seen from the Air," and other popular scientific and economic geologies.

Stories in Stone is illustrated with forty-nine full page plates. Some of these illustrations are reproductions from photographs taken from an airplane.

The earth is full of romance and beauty and intensely interesting stories written in the rock. Everything in nature depends on the character and the composition of the rocks. To understand and appreciate the landscape we must have a knowledge of geology. The architecture of nature is interesting in proportion to the measure of appreciative understanding with which it is viewed. To him who knows, there is a fascinating story in the structure of the earth. Everyone should be acquainted with the elements of geology.

Any natural science will help in the study of geology. A knowledge of physics and chemistry, zoology and botany will help in this study, while you will need all your literary skill to describe the beauty and grandeur of this earth.

We should enjoy the mysteries of the Grand Canyon and the grandeur of Niagara Falls. We should study the forces and structure that make Old Faithful and the cause of the boiling lava pit of Kilauea.

In 1904 the general public was first introduced to the natural bridges of the White Canyon, Utah, and in 1908, they were proclaimed a national monument. There are three bridges of great size and beauty. The largest

is called by some Augusta, by others Sepapu; the smallest is Edwin or Owanchomo; while a third is called Caroline or Kachina. These bridges are composed of white sandstone and were formed by erosion when White Canyon and its tributary, Armstrong Canyon, were cut. Of the three bridges, Caroline is the youngest and most massive. It stands 205 feet above the bed of the stream; it spans and springs from abutments 186 feet apart. The arch is said to be 49 feet wide and a minimum thickness of 107 feet.

You will want to see the painted desert with its highly colored rocks cut in fantastic shapes, amid which grow sage-brush, grease-wood, and cactus. Here large red lizards, and small modest colored lizards scramble about; and hoptoads and jackrabbits add variety to the scenery.

You would like to visit the Petrified Forests, which is rated as one of the great wonders of the world, where trees have turned to agate and chalcedony and jasper; or have been pressed in copper and iron or turned to coal. If you are disappointed because the trees are not standing, you may listen to the guide who tells the yarn of "fossil trees in fossil leaf, with fossil birds singing fossil songs in petrified branches." You will want to enjoy the National Monuments of Colorado; also the Great White Throne and the Three Patriarchs of Zion National Park, Utah.

Perhaps you will enjoy the bones of strange prehistoric animals, reptiles, and birds that have been clothed and made to live again in these pages, or perhaps you rather dream of "facts and fancies of nebulous thought" of later chapters.

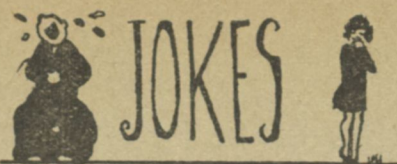
**CONCORDIA GYMNASIUM HAS NEW BLEACHERS**

After a two weeks' vacation, Concordia students will return to school to be greeted by bleachers with a seating capacity of more than six hundred for use in the college gymnasium. Other improvements include the enlarging of the shower bath room in the men's dormitory by the addition of six new showers, and putting the college skating rink into better condition.

**New Year's.**

Like a new-burst bud  
Twelve petals all  
Open one by one,  
Fade, and then fall:  
So, very like buds  
Yet unfurled,  
Lie the future years  
Hiddenly curled.

—Susan Kronthal ("Creative Youth")



**JOKES**

Albert Zech: "I don't like that ghost story. Anyway, how could a dead man get into a locked room?"

Ralph Smith: "Why, with a skeleton key, of course."

Mr. Christensen: "Miss Karlstrom, will you please call me a taxi."

Elma K.: "All right, you're a taxi."

Mr. Ballard: "Give me the name of a bird which is extinct."

Wilson Burton: "Cuthbert."

Mr. Ballard: "What kind of bird is that?"

Wilson B.: "It's our canary; the cat ate it last night."

Mrs. Moore: "What is a metaphor?"

Illa Cook: "For cows, of course."

Student Teacher: "This makes five times I have punished you this week. Now, Billie, what have you to say?"

Billie: "I'm glad it's Friday."

Arlo Baldwin (wearing chappy coat): "How do you like my fur coat?"

Irene Hagen: "That's not fur; it's just cloth."

Arlo: "I had all the fur taken off, because fur coats are too heavy for this climate."

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## PEDS DROP TWO EARLY CONTESTS

During the holidays the Ped basketeers suffered two setbacks at the hands of Wahpeton Science and Park Region by the scores of 33-17 and 30-26, respectively.

These games were lost by a lack of teamwork among the players, although they showed up well individually, and by a lack of proficiency in locating the basket.

Both teams met by the boys were unusually well advanced for this early stage of the season, but the boys have ambitions to even up the score when these teams play here later in the season.

### Flaws Being Remedied.

Though defeated, the flaws and defects of the Peds were not fundamental and Coach Nemzek is confident that soon they will be moulded into a polished machine.

Laurence Ringdahl, Basil Townsend, Albert Zech, and Captain Smith are seen wearing their new athletic sweaters with the new "niggerhead" letters.

They received these for two-year service on the football team.

Letters will be awarded later to the other men.

### J. H. S.

The J. H. S. made many beautiful things for Christmas in Industrial Arts class including black print cards, ink wells, bowls, colored vases. They also decorated the Christmas boxes for their gifts. The supervisors were each presented with a gift made by the Art classes.

The Campfire Girls, accompanied by Mable Winquist and Alvira Thompson, sang Christmas carols at St. Ansgar's Hospital. They presented two small Christmas trees to the county charges at that hospital.

### Intermediate.

On the last day of school before the Christmas holiday, every boy and girl was present in spite of the blizzard. The attendance in the third and fourth grades on the first day after vacation was 100 per cent.

The fifth grade received a Christmas box from the fifth grade at Currituck, N. C. The box contained holly, mistletoe, and Yeuon with Christmas letters and original Christmas cards.

The fourth grade is making a frieze to represent the history of transportation. It is not complete as yet but so far it includes the log, the dug-out, canoe, raft, Egyptian ship, Greek galley, Roman galley, and Viking ship.

The third and fourth grades made lamp shades, bill files and clay bowls as Christmas gifts for their parents.

### Primary.

The primary department gave an interesting Christmas program for the training school and their parents on Friday afternoon, December 16.

The stage setting was a large window in which various scenes of a beautiful Christmas story took place.

The story centered around a poor little boy who was wandering about in the streets of a city on Christmas eve. After having been chased away from a toy shop, a grown-ups' party, a children's party and even a church, he came to the home of a poor family who gladly took him in and made him happy. Moral: "We are so busy looking for Xmas that we miss Christmas."

The kindergarten is beginning to make plans for a winter carnival.

## NEW COURSE

(Continued from Page One)

pre-school period, parent-teacher relationships, the mental growth of the child, developing moral judgment, religion in the child's life, the gifted child, the subnormal child, physically handicapped children, mental hygiene, and etc. There will be a careful study of the inherited equipment of the new-born infant, and a consideration of how this equipment is used by the developing child, in doing mental work, and in making social and moral adjustments.

### Credit If Desired.

Those taking the course will not need any previous knowledge of psychology. Any who may wish to enter the class—but those who were not present for the meeting Wednesday night may telephone the College. The regular meeting date for the class may be changed to suit the convenience of those enrolled. The meetings will consist of lectures and discussions. Readings will be assigned. College credit will be given those who wish to take the examinations.

## NEW PRAECEPTOR OFFICE

(Continued from Page One)

Magazine Has M. S. T. C. Item.

It may also be of interest to the students that the Praeceptor has attracted attention at other places. "The Arts Craft Review," a magazine devoted to the development of school publications, edited by R. H. Nason of Chicago, has a column devoted to the theme of the Praeceptor. It may interest the students of M. S. T. C. to know that the Staff of 1928 is facing a difficult task. In general, the theme of the Praeceptor will be Roman life. The word Praeceptor is the Roman word for teacher. Taking that into consideration the idea expanded and assumed new dimensions and viewpoints. The frequency of the old Roman arch on the M. S. T. C. campus added new ideas to the theme of the book. Doesn't it arouse your curiosity? Just think of a few of the old Roman buildings, etc., that are prototypes of our modern buildings, and the like. There are surprises for all, but the staff does not wish to let the cat out of the bag now. Are you going to support your Annual now? Certainly you have trust and confidence in your classmates, in your staff.

## FACULTY MELTING POT

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

A few months ago a stranger wandered about the corridors of this college early in the day. A faculty member observing the visitor to be a stranger offered assistance to the lady who responded with this statement: "I was a student in this school twenty-four years ago; it was a wonderful institution in those days and I have always been grateful for the good influences that came into my life here at that time. I have a young daughter who will soon be ready for college and I have traveled far to see if this is still the college for my child."

The visitor spent at least a half day visiting the corridors, the offices, the classrooms, the library, and the assembly, and one can not but reflect upon those qualities which she so quietly sought. And, was she convinced that our college is worthy the privilege of her daughter's attendance here for further education and professional training? One wonders, too, what factors most influenced our visitor's final judgment. Was it the consideration which she received from the members of the staff who serve us in the administrative offices? Was it the individual instructors whom she observed at work in the various classrooms? Or, was it the manner and the spirit of the student body as they come and go about the major duties of their college day that impressed her most?

Certainly, a speculative analysis of the qualities that our visitor sought that morning will make an interesting problem for each of us at this, the beginning of a New Year, the season of—

noble resolves,  
clearer vision,  
happier service.

Lord Tennyson must have felt the New Year spirit when he penned these words to the Queen:

"Oh, loyal be to the royal in thyself!"  
—G. L.

## ART CLUB NOTES

### MES AMOURS

You ask me of the things I love—why ask?

There are so many things I love!  
It is—well, almost hard to tell,  
I love so many things.

A panelled door—a bit of lacquer  
with a crimson scarf,  
A polished floor; a deep blue bowl  
with

Purple heather from the moor;  
The solemn clock, so stately and so tall,

The spindled wind of staircase in the hall.

A print all blues and blacks and misty grays,

And here and there a subtle touch of maize.

A low swung couch, long silken cushions on the floor—  
Soft shaded lamps and bokos—aye,  
by the score!

All these—and many more—I love.

The regular meeting of the Art Club will be held next week. Most of the students who are taking work in Art are back to resume their work. The Advanced Design class, is working on original designs for stained glass windows.

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Some very pretty and original designs are being worked out by the Drawing classes. The purpose is to promote growth in judgment of form, tone and color.

## M. S. T. C. "STAND-BY" IS A VISITOR AT COLLEGE

O. N. Brevig paid the college a visit on Tuesday, January 3. Mr. Brevig holds three diplomas from M. S. T. C. He is taking work during summer sessions and will soon receive his degree. At present he is teaching economic geography, plane geometry, higher algebra, biology, and chemistry in the high school at Mentor, Minn.

Mr. Brevig gave a report on the work that John Cox is doing in the same school. The latter is teaching the 7th and 8th grades and has charge of the athletic work. His team has to date defeated McIntosh, Erskine, Fertile, St. Hilaire, and a few other schools. He reports that when Cox says "get off the floor" they "get".

## CAMPFIRE GIRLS SING XMAS CAROLS AT DORM

"It came upon the midnight clear  
That glorious song of old—"  
Soft harmonious strains of music

awoke the sleeping girls in the two dormitories Friday before vacation. Peeping out through their doors the listeners found a troop of kimono-clad girls bearing lighted candles and singing as they passed from floor to floor, beginning on the fourth floor of Wheeler and down to the first floor, and through the hall into Comstock. The singers were Miss Frick's Campfire class, and the music was the culmination of all the hours previously spent in practice.

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