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The Egyptian, December 12, 1921

Egyptian Staff

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THE EGYPTIAN

VOL. 2

Carbondale, Illinois, Dec. 12, 1921

No. 8

Normal Boys Too Fast

For Old-Time Stars—Alumni Defeated 36-6

The stars of by-gone days met with disaster at the hands of the Normal Boys Friday night when lack of practice and condition showed them down after the first five minutes of play. The alumni squad started out with a rush, and inside of two minutes made the first basket of the game. Short winds, however, told on them, and the Normal team soon had clear sailing.

The point-winning combination, Huffman, Brooks and Valentine, showed up well, being responsible for a large part of the Normal's score of 15 in the first half. In the second half Chance took Valentine's place under the basket, and worked well at the shooting end of the combination. Allen and Carter showed up well, as usual, allowing but few close chances at the basket. O. Huffman and Hamilton worked out as forward and guard respectively in the third period. Huffman was responsible for three excellent shots during that time.

For the alumni Etherton and Bob Entsminger played at center; Pabst, Conatser, Dowdell, and Hopper at forwards, and Roberson, Baker, Neber, and Tom Entsminger at guards. Pabst and Baker scored one basket each the first half, and fortune smiled on Tom Entsminger in the fourth period for a long, spectacular shot from center. For the Normal, Valentine put in 6 field goals, Chance 5, N. Huffman 2, O. Huffman 3, and Allen 1.

The game was full of pep throughout, for although the Alumni men might have lost some of their speed and facility in basket-throwing since they played for the school, they had not lost any of the old fighting spirit. Too many of the spectators who had seen the Alumni men in action in the past, it was a source of pleasant recollections to see them get in the game again.

CHRISTMAS WEEK TRIP IN SIGHT

Arrangements are under way for a trip over the B. & O. Railroad for the Basketball team during Christmas week, or to be more specific, the 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of December. The teams, with whom the management is negotiating are Flora, Olney, Salem and Lawrenceville. Favorable replies have been had from all except the last named above. Definite arrangements will probably have been made by the time this issue is printed, and announcements made accordingly.

Football Men Hold Meeting Marvin Hamilton 1922 Captain

At a meeting called by Captain Ted Carson of the 1921 football squad, and attended by all squad men of the season just completed, Marvin Hamilton, who played almost the entire season at fullback, was elected captain for the 1922 squad. Hamilton has had previous football experience, and played steadily all the season, contributing much to the Normal's Stonewall Defense, besides being very aggressive on the offense.

At the meeting, also, an invitation was formally presented to the squad men to a banquet given by the Lions' Club of Carbondale Friday, December 16. The squad was immensely pleased to receive the invitation, and needless to say, accepted to the man. It is cer-

tain that with this recognition of the benefits of football, to the town, in the matter of advertising, as well as to the school, showing, as it does, the appreciation of substantial business men of the work done during the season by the individual members of the team, that next year's squad will work harder than ever with the recollection.

The names were also taken of the men who will not be back next year. These include Gardner, Neber, Carson, N. Huffman, Hendy, and Myers among the letter men. However, there will be a good backbone of a team left in Fishel, McIlrath, O. Huffman, Willoughby, and others who played this season. The prospects, on the whole, look very encouraging for next year.

Fishel and Entsminger Placed on McKendree All-Star Team

News from McKendree was had last week as to an all-star team picked by the McKendree Coach. Mr. Hall does us the justice to put Fishel and Entsminger on the all-star line, and even goes farther and gives Gardner and Carson honorable mention. However, he eases his conscience by placing 6 of his own men on the team, giving 1 to Blackburn, and 2 to Shurtleff. We feel that Mr. Hall is to be congratulated on his excellent judgment.

SOCRATIC SOCIETY

The Socratic Society has been very progressive this term, and we are proud of the cooperation of the members that have made our programs possible.

We were favored by a talk from Mr. Felts last Friday evening. His talk was very inspiring to the new members and encouraging to the older ones. We are always glad to have members of the faculty visit our society and appear on our programs.

The minstrel, given by Glenn Ayre, was very unusual. The dark face characters were quite natural in pigmentation as well as action. We will be glad to see them return.

AN EPITAPH

Here lies the body of James Blake.
Tread softly, as you pass.
He thought his foot was on the brake,
But it was on the gas.

A TROPHY

The Forum, Agora and Illinae have under consideration a plan of a series of debates to be held during the winter term. The winners of this series will have the name of their organization and date engraved on a large silver cup which is being purchased as a trophy. This cup will belong to this club for one year, and will then go to the winner of the series in 1923. When one club wins the cup for three successive years it will become their permanent property.

The Anthony Hall Quartette sang at the Lion's Club which was held Friday noon at the Baptist annex. It is reported that they made a big hit. Prof. E. G. Lentz, an invited guest delivered a splendid address.

Normal Orchestra tra Scores Hit

The Normal Orchestra consisting of thirty-five pieces, under the directorship of Prof. Glenn C. Bainum, played for the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", which showed at the Barth Theatre last week.

According to a statement made by Chas. Werner, the manager of the Metro Exchange in St. Louis, who was here especially to attend the opening performances, the score had never been interpreted better than at the hand of Prof. Bainum and his orchestra.

Senior College Theatre Party

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was thoroughly enjoyed Tuesday evening by the Senior College class of the S. I. N. U. The class members and their invited guests met "on the corner" at 8 o'clock, and as soon as all were assembled, moved to the Barth theatre, where specially reserved seats were waiting for them.

Miss Steagall, the honor guest of the evening, served delicious home-made candy during the fifteen-minute intermission.

Most of the boys of the class had seen service abroad, and they as well as the rest, were especially interested in the powerful effects produced by the picture.

NORMAL GRADS WED

Miss Lois Carter, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Ingersoll, and Allen B. Churchill of Golconda were married at Champaign Saturday by Rev. J. W. Merrill, formerly pastor in Carbondale.

The bride is teaching school at Pontiac and Mr. Churchill at Chanea. He was graduated in the Normal class of 1920, and led the class in that he secured a position of teaching school at \$2,400 a year, the highest salary paid a Normal graduate the first year after graduation. The bride was a member of the 1917 class at the Normal. She taught near Chicago a year and at Herrin two years. She plans to complete her term at Pontiac this year.—Free Press.

HAY RIDE

Last Wednesday the members of the High School Senior Class enjoyed a hay ride. Although only a small number were present they report a fine time. Miss Baldwin acted as chaperone.

A CHILDHOOD DISALLUSIONMENT

It had been a great Christmas for Sam. Santa Claus had been remarkably generous that year, so generous in fact that for three long days Sam was so full of sweets that he could look upon a dish of candy in the same frame of mind with which he habitually regarded a ration of spinach or green beans. There had been the Christmas tree, blazing with candles of gorgeous colors, and perched upon a pedestal which was draped with crepe paper. About the pedestal were grouped things which brought joy to the boy's heart—an air gun, a tricycle, and a monstrous green beetle that could walk when it was wound up. Then there were a lot of frivolous, frilly things not deserving of mention, that belonged to sister.

A week had passed. Sam and his inseparable companion, Jimmie Stokes, and Jimmie's elder brother, were out in the tool shed cracking hickory nuts. Sam and Jimmie were discussing the favors they had received from the hands of Santa Claus. Now, Jimmie's elder brother was extremely wise. He could make darts from shingics that would fly so high you could hardly see them, also he was in the sixth grade, and a monitor besides. This sophisticated brother snorted in disgust.

"Aw, you kids give me a pain. Nobody with any sense believes there is a Santa Claus. Do you think he carries all that stuff around with him, and gives it to kids? Where could he get all of it?"

Sam looked thoughtfully toward the corner of the tool shed where the Christmas tree lay, stripped of all its splendor, its trunk still fastened to a pedestal made of pine boards.

That night after supper Sam asked his father if Santa Claus really brought Christmas trees to children. His father replied briefly in the affirmative.

"Does he carry everything along to put 'em up with—boards, saw, nails, n' everything?"

"Uh huh," replied his father behind the pages of the evening paper.

The next day Sam and Jimmie were again in the tool shed. They both aspired to be carpenters. It was this ambition that caused Sam's father a great deal of trouble when he wanted to find his carpenter's tools. The boys especially liked to use the shiny brace and auger bits. They had a soft pine board in which they had successfully bored several holes. Sam had the brace and bit ready for action and was locking for the board, but it couldn't be found anywhere. Finally Sam noticed a number of auger holes in the pedestal of the dilapidated Christmas tree. Upon closer examination the boys were convinced that their old pine board had been used to set up the Christmas tree.

"But my dad said last night that Santa Claus carried everything along that he needed."

"Maybe he ran out of boards," suggested Jimmie, rather doubtfully.

"Say, Jimmie, I remember on the

night when Santa Claus came, and ma had me upstairs reading stories to me, pa yelled up the stairs and wanted to know where the hammer and sack of nails were. You know we had 'em drivin' nails in the back fence that day. But ma wouldn't let me go and lood for them."

"Say, Jim," Sam began, "maybe Dad was fixin' up that tree right then. Maybe Santa Claus didn't bring it at all."

"Yes, and maybe he didn't bring any of the other stuff either," suggested Jim. "Maybe my brother is right about there bein' no Santa Claus anyhow. Looks like we ain't got any sense, believev' all that stuff."

CHEMISTRY BROWNE
GIVES AN EXAM

The hardest time in all creation
Is when Browne gives an examination.
Upon the pupils he takes no pity
For some of his questions are so witty.
When all of us fail but one or two,
'Tis fun to Mr. Browne, disaster to you.

Then over the class he gives a glance
And says, "Be good. I'll give you another chance."

So hard at work we sure did get
And worked mighty hard too you bet.
As soon as the work we did review,
Many things we really gained anew;
Then we assembled for another test,
At which we sure did do our best.
Tho in vain we certainly did try,
Still there are some who didn't get by.

Now don't become discouraged at this,
And quit calling it all amiss.
Just work harder and you will gain

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Keep on fighting, fighting, fight your best;

Thus you will win in every exam—and test.

Don't give up, you now have it all,
For upon you the class does all call.

Don't give up the ship but keep up the fight,

A quitter to all is a deplorable sight;
Don't worry; but keep your conscience

at ease;
Then hard matters you easily can

seize.

Just think of the honor it will mean;
When at the head of the class you will be seen.

Stick close to it and stand the grind;
Then at the end you will be "Master Mind."

Miss Rue (in Geog.): "What are the chief products of the Appalachian regions?"

Dick Cherry: "I don't know."
Miss R.: "Well, what does Appalachian make you think of?"

D. S.: "Apples."

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SENIOR COLLEGE NOTES

Mr. Colyer: "If you saw a bank of freshly cut earth, could you tell if it were glaciated material?"
Miss Bunting: "If it had been roughly treated it would be."

Greer: (After impersonating Charlie Chaplin)—"Give me a scissor tail coat, a fried shirt and a pickle-dish hat, and I'll do anything."

Mr. Colyer:—"What is the nature of a snow crystal?"
Clarence Creager:—"Frozen water."

Last Monday Clarence Creager had returned to him an English paper with an A plus on it. No wonder the four Koresmen appeared.

The Senior College held a class meeting last Monday. Excellent spirits prevailed and much business was attended to.

Here is the record of a certain worthy junior: Saw her Friday; introduced myself Saturday, and proposed

on Sunday.

J. S. saw an Agricultural boy carrying a chicken coop through the hall, and the following conversation ensued:

J. S.: "What have you there?"
Ag. Boy: "A chicken coop. Come and get in."
She is a Senior College student, so wasn't the statement a bit far-fetched?

ART CLUB

The Art Appreciation Club, organized recently for the purpose of studying American architecture, sculpture and painting, held its regular meeting November 29 with twenty-five members present. Miss Williams of the Art Department acted as critic. The following program was rendered:
Piano—Española, by Godard

- Wanda Stenmore
- Talk—John S. Sargent's Work
- Maud Bratton
- Song—Old Irish Mother of Mine
- Della Corigan
- Talk—Architecture of the Capitol at Washington, D. C. ... Mae Stevenson
- Violin Solo—The Dying Poet
- Gladys Smith

EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

It was a nice day in October, Last September in July,
The moon lay thick upon the ground,
The mud shown in the sky.

The flowers were singing sweetly,
The birds were full of bloom.
So I went into the cellar,
To sweep an upstairs room.

The time was Tuesday morning,
On Wednesday, just at night;
I saw, a thousand miles away,
A house, just out of sight.

The walls projected backwards,
The front was round the back,
It stood alone with others,
The fence was whitewashed black.

It was evening and the rising sun
Stood setting-in the night,
And everything that I could see
Was hidden from my sight.
—VAN BROWN.

THE LOST ASSES.

Three college youngsters, once, on taking air,
Encountered on their way an aged man;
Aged in years, with beard as white as snow,
But they, with eyes that see not gray-beard age,
Resolved to have, en passant, some good sport.

And so the first one of this trio rare
Said with low mow, "Good morning, Abraham."
The second with like courtesy bespake
"Good morning, Father Isaac," e'er he passed.
The third—the same as did the other two—
"Good morning, Father Jacob," said and went.

.....
The patriarch turned round and called back,
"Faith, neither of the three am I," he said,
"But Saul, the son of Kish, of Israel.
For long I've looked upon the field and street.
My father's asses, three of them, had strayed.
But now, behold, I see the search is o'er,
Come home, my wandering stock. The lost is found.

DORWEN WRIGHT.

MISS WILLIAMS HONORED

Gladys Potter Williams of the Art Department has recently been made a professional member of the St. Louis Art League. At present she has two paintings on exhibition at the Art League gallery, "A Girl in Sunshine" and "The Dure Poplars."

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OPTOMETRIST

THE EGYPTIAN

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2

A large crowd greets the "Iron Horse" as he pulls the Italian general into Carbondale.

As the powerful Iron Horse came puffing into the station on Saturday afternoon, it was welcomed by a great crowd of Carbondalites who were anxiously waiting to see what it was pulling. As we stood watching the cars we noticed in the rear a very beautiful dark red coach. Beautiful curtains decorated the windows, and what seemed to be nice furniture was seen in the rear of the coach.

In the front part of the coach seated at an elegantly spread table was General Diaz, commander of the Italian troops during the four years' struggle of the Great World War. Soldiers were his attendants, bringing to him many of the good things of time. The General seemed too busy with his noon-day meal to notice the on-lookers who were wishing he would step outside on the rear of his coach for view. What could be seen from the platform was only enough to arouse the curiosity of the crowd. General Diaz impressed me as being a man of medium height and weight, very straight and erect, a fine personality. As I stood and looked in at him my imagination was running on high. I could see him as he led those

Italian troops to the front lines to bear the awful scourge inflicted upon them by the Germans.

Then again I could see that victorious army of Italians as they checked the German's vicious drive. Again turning to look at General Diaz, I felt a bond of union between Italians and Americans that I never felt before. When the powerful iron horse pulled the dark red coach slowly away a very peculiar feeling came over me. One of the longing desires had been realized.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

A few weeks ago it was reported to the Student Council that a few students had been cheating in various class-rooms, and the council was asked to take action toward impeding the unfair attitude. After a lengthy discussion as to the best way of having the students co-operate with the faculty for the purpose of establishing a sentiment against cheating, the conclusion reached was that the students report all cases in either of the following ways.

1. By giving the name of the student found cheating, and signing his own name.
2. By reporting that cheating is going on in certain rooms, and signing his own name.
3. By simply reporting anonymously. (That is, giving neither name of culprit nor the one reporting.)

Charles Sattgast, by a unanimous vote of the council, was chosen to present the matter to the students. Although not caring to assume the responsibility of presenting such a matter, Mr. Sattgast kindly consented after more pressure from the council. Some students have made a few disrespectful remarks about Mr. Sattgast and the council. It is not the desire of the council, or any member thereof, to impose any hardship, or be unfair to any one. The council is willing to receive helpful criticism at any time, so if you have any suggestions for making the S. I. N. U. a better institution, please give them to one of your representatives.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL,
 Corem Waller, Secretary.

SQUAD CUT

Early last week Coach McAndrews cut the basketball squad to about 28 of the forty-some-odd who were originally out. It is the intention that these men shall get on the class teams as soon as they are organized so that they may still have the opportunity to practice. The squad will probably receive another cut immediately after Christmas when the regular season starts.

A maiden at college named Breeze,
 Weighed down by-B. A.S. and Ph.
 Deeze,
 Collapsed from the strain;
 Said the doctor: "'Tis plain
 You are killing yourself by degreeze."
 —Legion Weekly.

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**NORMAL AG. DEPT. DO-
ING SERVICE TO EGYPT**

Teaching of agriculture has attracted 135 students this year to the Southern Illinois State Normal University here:

"The Normal school is doing a unique service to the southern part of the state," is the comment of Carl Colvin, of Springfield, state supervisor of agricultural education, "in offering an excellent training in agriculture to the students who are being trained to teach in the schools of that section.

"The school farm is being put to excellent use as a demonstration farm where the best crops and farm animals are produced as a demonstration to farmers in that community. One can see there the best types of pure bred hogs, dairy cattle and horses. Alfalfa grows luxuriantly on the soil which would not grow legumes before it is limed. Experiment plots are conducted for study and observation.

"The agricultural club of the Normal school is one of the most energetic organizations on the campus. The rural teacher who has had training in such an atmosphere cannot be other than enthusiastic and helpful to the community in which he or she goes as a teacher. There the students learn that there are other responsibilities upon the shoulders of the teacher than those directly connected with the class room.

"The development of the department of agriculture in this Normal school is largely due to Prof. R. E. Muckelroy, who has been a teacher in the schools of Southern Illinois, a farmer of that section and who believes in the resources of Egypt."

—FREE PRESS.

The story "A Dilemma" (synopsis below), was read before the Short Story Class, a few days ago. The students were then asked to solve the dilemma. Two solutions follow the story.

A DILEMMA.

I was thirty-seven when my uncle, Philip, died. He had had nothing to do with my people. In fact he hated my whole family and I had been told that I need expect nothing from my uncle. So when I had an urgent wire from the West I confess it was with more curiosity than grief that I hastened westward. My uncle was an inventor, an able and ingenious mechanical engineer, and was a wealthy man. He lived alone, cooked his own meals, and collected precious stones, especially rubies and pearls. I arrived a few hours before he died and

was informed by him that I was sole heir to his jewels, which were locked up in a box. I found on the top of the box a letter which read thus:

"Dear Tom: This box contains a large number of very fine pigeon-blood rubies and a fair lot of diamonds. There are hundreds of pearls. The box contains an interesting mechanism which will act with certainty as you unlock it and explode ten ounces of my improved supersensitive dynamite. Doubt me and open it, and you will be blown to atoms. Believe me and you will continue to nourish expectations which never will be fulfilled. As a considerate man I counsel extreme care in handling the box. Don't forget your affectionate

Uncle."

I was poorer than ever. Not being wealthy at first, the trip, together with the funeral expenses, had drained my finances.

The key was in my possession but I dare not use it. The thought bore on my mind. I talked it always. People were not sympathetic. My social position went from bad to worse. Worst

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of all, my salary was reduced, and I saw that marriage was out of the question.

It was maddening. Here guarded by a vision of sudden death was wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice."
T. B.

So much for the dilemma. We ask you, dear reader, what would you do? The following two solutions were submitted by two members of the Short Story Class.

That ugly iron box. That accursed iron box. My days were full of gloom and dread of the darkest shade. My nights were long nightmares, and all on account of that box and what it contained. It had been in my possession less than one month and what it had cost me? My cash, my position, my sweetheart, my health, and my reputation as a sane man. My nerves were strung almost to the breaking point. I feared I was really losing my sanity. If I gazed at the hideous thing for any great length of time it assumed the very image of the grinning face of my mean old uncle. A night when I dozed off into a troubled sleep, the least noise caused me to sit erect in bed, clutching the covers, as the cold perspiration of terror oozed from the pores of my skin. The rumble of the carts in the streets, even the creaking of the doors had the sound of an explosion.

Something must be done. This could not go on. Two courses lay open before me. I could sink the box

in the sea or I could open it. If I chose the former, should I ever be happy again as an underpaid clerk? If the latter were followed, either wealth and happiness were mine or a free and quick journey into Kingdom Come. If the latter were chosen would I see the bright lights of famous cities or the long whiskers of Saint Peter? I had aimlessly placed the key in the lock, one little turn of this little key and all my questions would be answered. Yes, I would turn the key, "Nothing risked, nothing gained," I said with ashen lips as I closed my eyes and turned the key.

Three days later as my chauffeur threw in the clutch, and the big twelve cylinder Packard, I had purchased the day before, rolled down the drive, my bride said: "That joke your uncle played on you was what I call cruel."

"Oh, well," I answered, "what could you expect from a crusty old bachelor?"
E. S.

I was desperate. I couldn't go on this way. The sleepless nights had long since begun to tell on me, and my face was haggard and drawn. Why not kill myself and end this mental suffering? And why shouldn't it be done by the clever device of which my uncle had warned me, the contraption of uncle's canning that had brought this unhappiness upon me? Quite fitting I thought to let it be my murderer. I laughed and the echo seemed to mock me from every corner of the room. Was this insanity?

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If so I was much calmer than when I was sane. I took the key and crossed the room to the closet where the accursed casket lay. I opened the door. Another step and I would be by my chest. My jewels! I stooped down and laughed as I coolly inserted the key in the lock. It turned easily and with a little click the lid sprang back as if eager to display what lay within. I was still alive. The chest was empty.

B. S.

SENIOR COLLEGE NOTES

I, the class reporter of the S. C. Class, consider myself extremely fortunate to be present at a seance held at the residence of Mr. Sam Toler last Wednesday evening. The seance was held in order to probe into the future and find what manner of occupations the members of the S. C. would be engaged in twenty years from now. The lights were covered with dark blue bulbs so that they could be seen only as dull blue points of illumination in the pitchy blackness. Sixteen members of the S. C. Class were clasp-

hands in a ring around the room. In the middle of the room sat Miss Frederick, the seeress, in a chair especially prepared for the medium. She was in a deep trance, having been put in that condition previously by that wonderful psychologist, Prof. C. K. Watkins.

But suddenly the blue lights all but disappeared. The crickets ceased their chirping. A dog across the street howled. Grace Frederick began in softly modulated voice to portray the future vocations of the S. C. Class. They were copied by the class reporter as follows:

- Charles Sattgast—President of Brazil.
- Charles Kent Watkins—Conducting a matrimonial bureau.
- Ira Beare—Working on the section.
- Herman Sparr—Agent for Watkins' Remedies.
- Charles Amel—A rolling stone.
- Roy White—Prof. of Zoology, Harvard.
- Herman Greer—Pastor of Church of Gbd, Norris City, Ill.
- Earl Smith—Somewhere in France

- (mentally).
- Wilson Halter—Working in a tomb-stone factory.
- Gail Creager—Happily married.
- Jessie Stewart—Proprietor of a beauty parlor.
- Clarence Creager—Censored?
- Theresa Bunting—Instructor of Dancing.
- Thomas Speer—Collecting fossils.
- William Ball—Mayor of Chicago.
- Grace Frederick—Seeress and fortune teller.
- Eleanor Clancy—Also married.

JULIUS CAESAR

On December 1, "Julius Caesar" was shown at the Barth theatre. This is a very remarkable production and many students availed themselves of the opportunity to see it. Miss Helen Baldwin, head of the Latin Department, made it possible for the picture to be brought here. Mr. Clinton Taylor, the manager of the Barth Theatre, is to be congratulated on the high class productions that he is showing.

ATTENTION! FOR'ART—MARCH!

The Zetetic Society is larger than it has ever been in the history of the school. It is the largest organization of the school. Its membership has reached 134 of which 67 are seniors. There are 44 Normal seniors and 23 High School seniors. Good programs have been given every Friday evening. The Society has been especially favored with good music. You have missed something if you haven't heard the Zetetic Orchestra, Zetetic Trio, or the Zetetic Four. Come along and step in line with the Zetetics—we're moving forward. Don't forget the play which is to be given the first meeting night of next term, January 6.

PROGRAM

SOCRATIC SOCIETY, Friday, Jan. 6, 1921, 7:00 o'clock
Orchestra.
Welcome Address by the President.
Music Boys Chorus
Oration Herman Sparr
Stunt Wright Bros.

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MAKE YOUR LIFE COUNT!
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The PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

**A
Merry
Christmas
And
Happy
New Year**
R. E. Bridget

FOOT BALL LETTERS

Prof. Smith (at football game): "Ah, I can see that success at this sport can be attained only by perfect co-operation among the players, each subordinating his own individuality to that of the organization of which he is a part, thus attaining the desired co-ordination."

Ted Carson: "You may be right, Professor, but the main thing is teamwork."

THE ZETETIC QUARTET

Among the many things that have made their contribution to the success of Zetetic Literary Society this fall is the "Zetetic Three." The society is extremely fortunate in having these girls of unusual ability and talent in music. They can look very solemn and sad when singing that type of song, but you ought to see them when they sing "John Brown had a cold upon his chest." Constant demands are being made upon our girls to sing elsewhere, a fact of which the society is proud.

The musical company is as follows, Elizabeth Weir, Audre Ross, Sue Ellen Lay, Nelle Theia.

A man who tries to do something and fails is a lot better off than one who tries to do nothing and succeeds.

The Ag. Club will not have a Christmas tree, but everybody has a right to

hang up their stockings. (Provided said stockings are not too big.)

EXCHANGES

The following new exchanges have come to our desk this week:

The Argus—Findlay College, Ohio.
Student Life—Northland College, Ashland, Wis.

Willamette Collegian—Salem, Oregon.

Graceland Record—Lamoni, Iowa.
School Bulletin—Eflingham, Ill.

THE MAN WHO WINS

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win but you think you can't;

It's almost certain you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost;
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of the mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;

You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before

You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go

To the strongest or fastest man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

—Taken from The Gee Whizz.

NOEL'S YELLOW HOOD TAXI and TRANSFER

Attention! Teachers and Students! I want to impress on your minds that I have always taken special interest in your patronage in the taxi service, and now I have added trucks to my service. I earnestly solicit your trunk hauling. Be sure to call me at the end of the term. Don't forget to hold your checks for me on coming back for new term.

EARL NOEL, Prop.

Bring Your Xmas Lists to Us

We'll Fill Them

Each day new goods are arriving. We can help you to supply gifts for each member of the family.

SPECIALS

- 15c value Paint Books **5c**
- 25c and 35c Dolls **15c**
- 27 in. Filled Pearl Beads **50c**
- \$2.75 Purses, just a few **\$1.50**

Open Nights During December

LANEY'S 10 Cent Store

Annual To Be Dedicated To Mr. Brummett

Senior Class Decides To Give Recognition of His Work Here

The annual staff and five representatives from the Senior class met on Monday, November 21, to discuss the question of dedicating The Graduate '22. This feature is one of the most important of any year-book. The fact that this has not been a mere matter of form is revealed in previous dedications of G. H. S. Annuals.

A desire was expressed to dedicate the annual to an individual who had given definite assistance to the class and school. It was the unanimous opinion that Mr. Brummett, our principal, was the one to whom the Seniors owe a great deal of their success as a class.

In this act they feel that they are showing but a small measure of the appreciation of his work with them. He has commanded their respect and esteem in many ways—first, by his co-operation in every activity undertaken which is of benefit to the school; second, by his splendid school spirit and his untiring efforts in its behalf; third, by his help and favor with the Senior class for the past three years, given both individually and collectively.

Not only this community but others have had the friendship and co-operation of Mr. Brummett. After graduating from Carbondale in 1915, he taught in the Thebes Township High School and the following year was elected principal and superintendent there. In the year 1917 he obtained commission as lieutenant and was stationed at Fort Sheridan. Later he was sent to Camp Jackson, South Carolina and remained there until the close of the war. After his discharge he finished a term as principal at Vandalia High school. In the spring of 1919 he was elected principal of Greenville High School and assumed his duties in the fall of that year.

During Mr. Brummett's years as principal, the High school has shown a marked advance in every way. He has organized the school to a point of efficiency in all its departments. The standards of discipline and class work have been raised through his splendid efforts. He has kept up to the minute in educational lines by taking special study at Chicago and Illinois Universities.

In consideration of his splendid qualities as typical of the best high school principals and his work with the Senior Class, it is appropriate that he should be the recipient of the highest honor that a graduating class can bestow.



CLYDE BROOKS, CAPTAIN OF BASKETBALL

Clyde Brooks, Captain of Basketball for the year 1921-22 is playing his fourth year on the Normal team, besides one year on the High School team. Brooksy is a game fighter, has a good eye for the basket, and has a good technical knowledge of the game, so that it would have been hard to find a man more suitable for the position of Captain than he. Brooksy has the liking and respect of the whole student body, and the confidence of the squad which means a lot in the development of the Championship team, which we confidently expect Carbondale Normal will produce this year.

BEWARE OF KICKING

There ain't no use in kickin' friend,
When things don't come your way;
It does no good to holler round,
And grumble night and day.
The thing to do is curb your grief,
Cut out your little whine;
And when they ask you how you are
Just say, "I'm feelin' fine."

There ain't no man alive but what
Is hooked to get his slap;
There ain't no man that walks but
what
From trouble gets his rap.
Go mingle with the bunch, old boy,
Where all the bright lights shine,
And when they ask you how you are
Just say, "I'm feelin' fine."

Your heart may just be beatin' with
Some real or fancied woe,
But when you smile the other folks
Ain't really apt to know.
The old world laughs at heartaches,
friend,
Be they yours or mine;
So when they ask you how you are,
Just say, "I'm feelin' fine."

TO A DISTANT STAR

Far, far away,
Thy light comes faintly through the
eastern sky,
Drawn from thy heavenly heights to
us below
Thine eversecent twinkling meets the
eye.

Seeming to hold
Symbolic beauty in thy glimmering
light,
Symbol of that ideal, which, unattain-
ed
Seems ever equidistant in its flight.

Wandering Star!
Wander my life to thee! As, ever on,
Thy great Light speeding to some dis-
tant goal
So may my own ideals be upward
drawn.

Senior: "There is enough brass
in your face to make a kettle."
Freshman: "Yes, and there's
enough sap in your head to fill it."
—Ex.

ENTERTAINED AT COUNTRY HOME

Last week, a number of S. I. N. U. students were delighted with the clever invitations they received from Lucile Wiley, inviting them to her home to spend the week end.

They boarded the southbound train, and after a short ride, were met at Makanda by a man and a maid in a lumber wagon. After journeying up hill and down, they arrived at the Wiley's country home.

At the witching hour of twelve, Friday, December 2, Sue Ellen Lay was converted to the belief in "concentration." August Meyer proved the best subject and performed a very difficult feat while under the influence of these concentrating minds!

Saturday was an ideal day for hunting, and a day of doom for rabbits. It is rumored that Norma Keen has a poor bunny's tail pasted in her memory book!

Did you ever hear of a house party that didn't have one grand and glorious time? We never did either! All we ask is what became of the candy after Ralph Warren hid it under the feather bed. Information please!!

After a late dinner Sunday evening the guests reluctantly departed, once more to take up the routine and duties of school life.

Those attending were, Sue Ellen Lay, Mildred Norris, Velma Harrison, Mabel McGuire, Norma Keen, Ralph Warren, Maurice Pyatt, August Meyer, John Hincheliff and Bernard Lollar.

THE BIG TEN'S DECISION

McKendree sent word to Secretary Russell of the I. I. A. A. before last week's meeting that they would protest the decision of Referee Cox in the game here when he awarded the Normal a touchdown instead of a safety, which according to their interpretation he should have done. However, the protest was not made. In justice to Referee Cox and the local authorities since the decision has been so much discussed it is thought only right to make the following statement. No time has there been any accusation of dishonesty—the dispute has simply been over the interpretation of a rule covering an incident in the game for which there seems to be no precedent.

Mr. Cox wrote the facts in the case as he and the umpire saw them to Mr. Walter Eckersall, foot ball expert for the Chicago Tribune, and Eckersall answered that the play was rightly decided—a touchdown. Coach McAndrews at Bloomington under Mr. Cox's statement of facts took the matter up with Mr. Fred Young, Howard Millard and Major Griffith, all Big Ten referees. They were unanimous in their opinion that the play was rightly ruled a touchdown.

Illinois Intercollegiate Athletic Conference

The annual meeting of the Illinois Athletic Conference was held at Bloomington last Friday and several issues of importance were discussed. The thing of most interest to local athletic followers was the decision not to have the intercollegiate basketball tournament this year. This has been an annual affair for years and has been the greatest in the world. But lack of attendance and consequent financial loss to the teams in gathering from all over the state made it advisable to not have one this year.

It was voted not to award a base ball championship for last year and no foot ball championship for this fall. Lombard College was the only claimant for the latter—but an eligibility cloud hanging over three of her stars caused the coaches to withhold the granting of first honors. Quite a few squabbles and disputes were brought up and settled one way or another. The annual spring track meet was awarded to Monmouth College at Monmouth, Ill.

The basket ball schedule for the Maroons was practically completed though a couple of dates are yet open. The after Christmas games are as follows:

- Jan. 6, Eastern Normal at Carbondale.
- Jan. 13, Cape Girardeau at Carbondale.
- Jan. 18, Arkansas Aggies at Carbondale.
- Jan. 20, McKendree at Carbondale
- Jan. 25, Sparks at Shelbyville.
- Jan. 26, Charleston at Charleston.
- Feb. 2, Sparks at Carbondale.
- Feb. 3, Shurtleff at Carbondale.
- Feb. 17, McKendree at Lebanon.
- Feb. 18, Shurtleff at Alton.
- Feb. 24, Open date.
- Mar. 3, Open date.

The foot ball games as arranged for next year still has a couple of dates open for which it is hoped to secure games here.

- Oct. 13, Open.
- Oct. 20, Charleston at Charleston
- Oct. 27, Cape Girardeau at Cape Girardeau.
- Nov. 4, Shurtleff at Alton.
- Nov. 11, Cape Girardeau at Carbondale.
- November 18, Open.
- Nov. 25, Thanksgiving, McKendree at Lebanon. This arrangement is a two year contract. McKendree is to play at Carbondale the same date in '23.

JUST SO

A cement maker advertises that his cement is strong enough to mend the break of day.—Ex.

As man and wife are one, the husband, when seated with his wife, must be beside himself.

THE QUITTER

(By Edgar A. Guest)

FATE handed the quitter a bump and he dropped—
The road seemed too rough to go, so he stopped;
He thought of his hurt, and there came to his mind
The easier path he was leaving behind;
"Oh, it's all much too hard," said the quitter right then;
I'll stop where I am and not try it again."

HE SAT by the road and he made up his tale,
To tell when men asked why he happened to fail.
A thousand excuses flew up to his tongue
And these on the thread of his story he strung.
But the truth of the matter he didn't admit—
He never once said: "I was frightened and quit."

WHENEVER the quitter sits down by the road
And drops from the struggle to lighten his load,
He can always recall to his own peace of mind
A string of excuses for falling behind;
But somehow or other, he can't think of one
Good reason for battling and going right on.

OH, WHEN the bump comes and fate hands you a jar,
Don't baby yourself, whoever you are,
Don't pity yourself and talk over your woes,
Don't think up excuses for dodging the blows.
But stick to the battle and see the thing through,
And don't be a quitter, whatever you do.

BIRTHDAY DINNER PARTY

Wednesday, December 7, Arline Chapee was awakened by her room's singing, "Happy birthday to you." That evening a birthday dinner party was given by Zoe Fullerton, Lucile Wiley being the guest of honor.

The lights were dimmed, and the tiny candles on the cake struggled desperately to furnish sufficient light. Don't tell anybody, but Arline blew all of them out the very first time!

The table was very daintily arranged, and a delicious dinner was served to Arline Chapee, Lucile Wiley, Zoe Fullerton, Velma Harrison, Mary Van Stickle, Halene Street, Lesh Cockrum, Erbel Graham and Norma Keen.

THIRD YEAR

How about that social at the Gym last Tuesday night? Did we enjoy ourselves? Ask us, we'll say so! The Third year's not there sure missed something. We had games, cut up, and had a good time generally. George Gher made a fine "Lincoln's pig." Then came the eats. Miss Baldwin, our chaperon, then and there made an offering to the "Gods." It's also reported that Elmer Shutte ate two or three times his share of ice cream. A little later we adjourned (till the next time), to try to get a little sleep.

All urn out, next time.

SEVERAL BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

A Virginia editor threatened to publish the name of a certain young man who was seen hugging and kissing a girl in the park unless his subscription to the paper was paid up in a week. Fifty-nine young men called and paid up the next day, while two even paid a year in advance.—Ex.

IT'S EASY

It's easy, it's easy, for preachers for pay

To stand in the pulpit and point out the way,

To talk of the great, grand future abode;

It's easy, it's easy with no rough in the road.

It's easy to live and blame others who fall,

When you've hired a great fortune and in luxury sail,

To hold a high head and abhor the distressed

When you feel not the weight of the man that's oppressed.

It's easy to talk of what ought to be done,

And read of the battles that should have been won;

To dream through the present with chances so rare,

And do wonders in the past (if I had been there).

Yet we are judged. My friend you must know,

By the things that we do, and the seed that we sow,

We get to our Heaven by the battles we've fought,

By the things that we do, not the things that we ought.

Life's easy things sicken and weaken our zeal,

Corrupt our ambitions and destroys the appeal,

For the truly true things of actual life,

While labor strengthens and inspires us for strife.

F. W. '24

KEENNESS TO WIN

There is not much fun in getting beaten in anything. So long as you have a chance of winning, even though it seems rather remote, you can maintain interest in your game, or whatever it is that occupies you. It is when you are overmatched, beyond your powers to combat, that you lose your keenness to win and feel that if from now on you can only put up a good fight, you will be doing as much as can be reasonably expected of you.

How can you help the S. I. N. U. Basketball team to maintain its keenness to win? By supporting the team, by attending the games and by keeping up the spirit of the team with your "pep". The team may be overmatched at times and the struggle seems almost hopeless but if you do your part the team will never lose its keenness to win.

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

Why do some students when they arise to recite always pull at their desk to test its stability, and suddenly find that their books need to be restacked and adjusted at a more favorable angle before they launch upon a verbal discussion

Why do some older students invariably disagree with the members of the class and the instructor?

Why do some teachers take so much delight in keeping you after the bell rings until you are on the verge of hysterics?

Why does the practice teacher who relieves you always come in the door just at the last bell is ringing?

Why do some students leave the text books they use in the recitation desk until class time next day?

TEAM TO MAKE TRIP

The Maroon Basket Ball Squad will take a trip beginning Monday, December 19, and play four, possibly five games. The object of the trip is to give the fellows plenty of work before the winter season sets in. Not so much effort will be made to win games as an opportunity will be given to rotate about ten men and see how the various aspirants show up.

Games will be played as follows: Salem, Monday, December 19; Flora, Tuesday, December 20; Olney, Wednesday, Dec. 21; Vincennes, Ind., Y. M. C. A., Thursday, Dec. 22, and an effort is being made to arrange a game with a team at Centralia for Friday, Dec. 23.

HAVE YOU STOPPED TO CONSIDER

That Betsy Spiller can always explain her actions?

That Faye Chambers can't?

That Mary Peace would if she could?

That Marie Warford need not try?

That Seniors have privileges?

That Juniors don't?

That Arline Chapee receives roses and long distance telephone calls?

That Elizabeth Weir is "busy" week ends?