

2-13-1923

The Egyptian, February 13, 1923

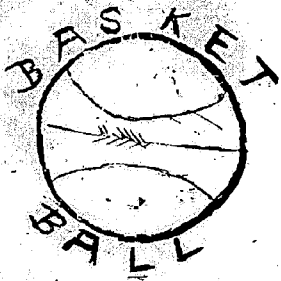
Egyptian Staff

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S. I. N. U. COLLEGIATE SCHEDULE

S. I. N. U., 30; Arkansas Aggies, 15.
 S. I. N. U., 50; Sparks, 31.
 S. I. N. U., 29; McKendree, 22.
 S. I. N. U., 37; Cape, 24.
 S. I. N. U., 28; Cape, 11.
 S. I. N. U., 30; Charleston, 21.
 S. I. N. U., 16; Sparks, 41.
 S. I. N. U., 21; Ark. Aggies, 17.
 Feb. 14, Union University (Tenn.), Here.
 Feb. 16, McKendree, There.
 Feb. 23, Charleston, Here

"LITTLE 19" BASKET BALL SCORES

McKendree, 35; Shurtliff, 15.
 Bradley, 22; Old Normal, 20.
 Armour Tech., 16; Bradley, 25.
 Augustana, 16; Wesleyan, 31.
 Augustana, 28; Armour, 24.
 Lombard, 52; Macomb, 23.

Knox, 23; Coe, 9.
 Wesleyan, 23; Normal, 14.
 Wabash, 34; Bradley, 17.
 De Kalb, 22; Monmouth, 18.
 Macomb, 24; Eureka, 19.

PRIZES OFFERED IN ESSAY CONTEST

The Institute of International Education are conducting an essay contest on the subject of "The Cancellation of the Allied Debts." The prizes are for the three best essays, \$150, \$100, \$50.

The contest closes March 15, 1923. The conditions of the contest are:

(1) The contest is open to any undergraduate student in any College or University in the United States. By "undergraduate student" is meant one who, in a college or scientific school, is doing the work prescribed for the degree of bachelor, or its technical equivalent.

(2) The essays must not exceed 5,000 words (a length of 3,000 words would be preferable) and must be typewritten, one side only of plain paper of ordinary letter size (8x10½.)

(3) Each essay should bear a nom de plume which should be included in an accompanying letter giving the writer's real name, college, class and address. Both letter and essay should reach Margaret C. Alexander, Secretary of International Relations Clubs, Institute of International Ed-

ucation, 407 West 117th Street, New York City, not later than March 15, 1923. Essays should be mailed flat (not rolled.)

(4) The award of the prize will be made May 1, 1923.

(5) For additional information address the Secretary of the International Relations Clubs.

M. Coue Has Us Guessing N'cest ce pas?

What we would like to know is whether Monsieur Emile Coue is sprouting wings yet. If he practices what he preaches and says, "Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better," surely he must feel angelic and physicaly perfect. He surely has never a pain, never an ache, for he chases them away with his clever (?) little sentence. We can't help but wonder if M. Coue ever mashed his finger while changing an automobile tire, and if he sat down on the curb-stone and began calmly to say, "It is going—it is going—" and then after about twenty repetitions, "gone!" And yet he says the pain will disappear. We couldn't think of the little verse the other night when we bumped our head on the door, but we have "doots" about ANY verse helping it—unless it be BLANK—BLANKETY-BLANK verse. About the only thing we approve of in M. Coue's method of cure is that it is so delightfully inexpensive and the upkeep is absolutely nil.

PHILIA SUMBOULAE ORGANIZED

A few weeks ago a number of students banded themselves together and organized a boarding club, now known as "Philia Sumboulæ." Its organization is similar to that of some of the boarding clubs in the other large universities. Its adopted constitution and by-laws are very much like those used by the two literary societies, only that the time, place, purpose, etc., of meeting are entirely different.

At the first business meeting the following officers were elected to serve through this winter term of school.

John Hunsaker, President.
 Edward Zeijer, Vice President.
 Coren Waller, Secretary-Treasurer.
 W. Eugene Armentrout, Chorister.
 Benjamin G. Merkel, Sergeant-at-Arms.

John A. Bigham, Jester.
 Jesse J. Deen, Mascot.

Students desiring membership in this organization should see one of the officers or call at the home of Mrs. J. J. Greer, 605 S. Normal Ave.

August Meyer—Please send a large bunch of roses to this address please, and charge it to me.

Florist—And your name, please?
 August—Never mind that, she'll know.

Are You a Burden to Your Family?

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THE RADIATOR

We shall endeavor in the Radiator Column to radiate the wit and wisdom of our faculty members and the students in general. It is hoped that the Egyptian readers will experience real enjoyment in all that finds a place here.

HIGH AND HIGHER CRITICISM

(By Louis Teeter, U. H. S. '20, now attending U. of I.)

There is one group of the genus homo which has never been made the object of psychological research, though such a study would be not only edifying, but interesting. I refer to that motley clan of morons, statisticians, and budding Ph. D.s who gratuitously give us the reactions of their minds on the margins of library books. This group, a very large one, to judge by the disfigured books, has been entirely overlooked by those interested in classifying the human race. Undoubtedly the prudent anonymity of these critics has had a great deal to do with their obscurity, but the chief reason is, I think, that those interested considered that they had already been pigeonholed. In defining idiots, imbeciles and morons they presumed they had done thorough justice, as the annotators would of necessity fall into one of these groups. This view, while true enough overlooks the fact that in calling a man an idiot you have not shown just what his particular idiocy happens to be. And this point is very important, especially in such a conglomeration as this.

Anyone who haunts the seminars must be aware of the multifariousness of these anonymous annotators. They are not confined to the narrow bounds of sex, education, or mental inclination. In my bibliophilistic rambles I have seen notes in feminine handwriting, masculine handwriting and what appeared to be the handwriting of infants, I have seen notes on Kant containing glaring orthographical mistakes, notes on Edgar Allan Guest containing such esoteric mouthfillers as Ichthyophagous. I have seen erudite comments in Latin on the "Novum Organum" and pornographic jests on "Gargantua" in the original.

Their notes take manifold forms. The smut fan, with commendable reserve usually confines himself to sublimations and occasional "Oh boys" and "Hot stuff," though I have seen lengthier and more salacious notes written in a large, babyish hand, unaccustomed to such strenuous literary exercises. Unfortunately these are usually censored by some succeeding reader less prudently inclined.

The statistician with meticulous care prints his comments in the margin.

It is this mathematically inclined person who conscientiously informs us of all technical mistakes. One can imagine him examining dates and ages with his thirsty eyes, pouncing on some typographical error, and damning the author with it for all eternity. For those interested in this specimen, I recommend the University's copy of Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." On page 293 the author mentions that one of the characters is twenty years old. Besides this statement the reader will find a neat little note informing him that on page 91 this character is 21 years old. If he is bored enough with the story to verify this accusation he will find that Dreiser on that page says that the character is in his twenty-first year. Surely such arrogant stupidity needs no comment. (My page numbers are merely approximate.)

Then there is a higher critic, the royal knight of the question mark. With smiling superiority he weighs the statements and artistry of the author and when he finds these faulty condescendingly points out the error, occasionally with learned sentences, but more often with a single damning question mark, or if the fault is serious, an underlined question mark. The plays of Wilde and Shaw are happy hunting grounds to the higher critic. How he delights to mark their epigrams. "Nothing worth saying is proper." He smiles pityingly at such a childish attempt at humor and carefully places in the margin a "doubtful" or a more laconic, but no less disapproving question mark. Or rare occasions he throws off his cloak of high seriousness and deigns to descend to the facetious level of his victim. "Only history is respected for repeating itself." Smiling indulgently at his own cleverness, our critic writes beside it, "It's clever, but is it true?"

What motive do they have in marking books up in this fashion? Certainly not fame, one would hardly hope for a place among the immortals on the strength of a sublimation in "Eric Dorn" or a question mark in "Candida." But the matter is cleared up when one remembers that the creative instinct is very strong in man and that our annotators are self-convinced egotistical mediocrities; Unable to create anything of their own, but driven by the desire to create something, they turn to the works of others as the only outlet,

and by means of brief remarks and signs consonant with their inability for sustained effort satisfy their productive instincts.

We must of course except the smut peddler from this motivation. He is moved by no egotistical motive, but by the fraternal desire to help his kind along the dirt road of their desire. He and his fellows are not interested in art, or books, and merely wade through the less interesting parts of a story hunting for the risqué lines that appeal to their love of the licentious. A tedious task it is—searching through pages and pages of highbrow stuff for the juicy spots. So when one runs across a particularly succulent phrase he carefully underlines it so later readers can, by skipping over the tiresome decencies, get the heart of the story at once.

Whatever their reasons may be, I wish someone would do something to stop them. Can't the University require entrants to pass the intelligence test of a twelve year old? They not only disfigure good books, but what is much worse, bore me. Their criticisms are usually, nay always, asinine, their statistics are often wrong, and inevitably stupid, and by the scarlet shade of Boccaccio, I do not have to have salacious passages

pointed out to me by buffoons who have probably never heard of "Mademoiselle de Maupin."—The Illinois Magazine.

HOW TO KILL THE EGYPTIAN

- Don't subscribe.
- Don't write anything for the paper.
- Don't trade with our advertisers and never mention the paper to an advertiser.
- Don't say anything encouraging to the staff but tell your friends it is a rotten paper.
- Borrow a paper from your classmates or get a copy without paying for it.

EXCHANGES

Many articles written by S. I. N. U. students have been copied by our exchanges. For example, "The Wail," written by Clifton Bowers and published in the Egyptian last term, has been copied by about six of our exchanges.

Some of them give us credit and some don't. However, that is not the important feature. It is that these articles written by our students are considered worthy enough to be copied.

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EDITORIAL



WHAT IS AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW?

All of you know the story of the child that chased the end of the rainbow in order to find the treasure that lay hidden there. In truth we are all chasing the end of a rainbow to find the treasure. It is always eluding us and just when we think we are nearest to it we find ourselves farther away than before.

Man's life is only a short procession of time which flies by in a hurry, never to return. One life is all that is ours to live, so why not make the best possible use out of it. The direction we take in our chase depends upon the location of the end of the rainbow, and the speed with which we move towards that end depends upon the kind of treasure we expect to find. Does the end of our rainbow lie in the right direction? Does it lie in the direction of kindness, love, sympathy, truth, honesty and a strong character, or does it lie in the direction of unkindness, hate, cruelty, untruth, dishonesty and a "dish-rag" character.

What is the treasure we are seeking at the end of our rainbow? Is it gold, possessions, glory, success, and ease, which shall all be left behind, or is it service to fellow men, contentment, happiness and the promise of the life hereafter? Let us all view our lives carefully and so locate the end of our rainbow and determine the treasure, that we may strive diligently to reach that end, and that the world may be better for our having lived.

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WEE WUNDER

If Ed Zeller and B. Merkel are keeping their New Year's resolutions?
Who Lydia E. Pinkham is?
What "Bee's knees" means?
What the pan that gives the chow signal at Anthony Hall looks like?
Why Corem Waller shaved his mustache before Monday night?
Why Willard Campbell was still wearing his on Tues.?
If the "Twelve old maids" have found husbands?
Why Mr. Warren sings a different tune in Geometry than in Chapel?
Why Franklin Rich always picks the dark corner on a certain porch about 10 p. m. Sunday nights?
Who combs Spud Johnson's hair?
If you know that a nearby high school has started a Wee Wunder column?
What Glen and Lillie think of to talk about every single night?
What it was that Gertrude Ewald told Cob Goodall when she called him up last Tuesday night?
Why Norma Jay wears a boy's ring?
Why John Epley makes E's in History Exams?
What Ed Carter had on his hair last week-end and why his great change?
What Cecil Davis does on Sunday nights after his "stood up"?
Why Chick B. goes in Rathgeber's book store so much?
Why Mr. Kerley does not shine his shoes?

Why Mary Ingram looks under the bed every night before retiring?
Whom Wesley Asbury is looking at in Prin. of Ed class?
Why Joe Brown doesn't visit on Elm street any more? Ask Dorothy, she may know.
Why Ruth Edna Black doesn't care for girl friends?
Why Viola Snider, Lordee, and Min. Douglas want the roads to Murphysboro to dry and smooth over soon?
What A. L. finds so interesting in Mr. Lentz's room at noon hour every day? (NOTE—Ask Berna.)
Why Emma Snook does not look forward to the week-ends so much lately?
Why Alberta Nelson sits by her window and listens for train whistles lately?
Why Entsminger's always heads every girl's shopping list?
If it was the mail man, or the male man that caused all the excitement at Anthony Hall that was spoken of in the Wee Wunder column last week?
Why Peck wore such a broad smile after the "Teachers' College News" came last week?
What is rhetorical about celery, parsnips, grape fruits, etc.?
Why we don't have any more student dances?
Last Monday Miss Williams talked on "Pictures Everyone Should Know" at the general meeting of the Women's Club at Pinckneyville.

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4 lips well pressed.
1 small waist well embraced.
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—By "Choppy Chin."



Agora—Debate

Resolved: That the government should own and operate the coal mines.

Affirmative—Clifton Bowers, Eugene Armentrout.

Negative, Cary Davis, August Meyer.

Y. W. C. A.

An interesting program will be given by our faculty advisers, Miss Bowyer, Miss Woody, Miss King, and Miss Rue. All girls are urged to come.

Tuesday evening will be the annual election of Cabinet officers. All members are urged to come and help elect the persons whom you consider best fitted for the office.

Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. will not meet Tuesday evening on account of the organ recital at the M. E. church.

Rural Club Program, Feb. 13.
Violin Solo.....Jacob Krebel
Optional.....Everett Atwood
Reading.....Edith Morgan
Play, "Recompense".....Martha Brown
Zetetic Society
Play.....Gladys Bradley

BROCK RESIGNS

(Taken from the Daily Illini, U. of I.)
I. M. Brock, assistant professor in education, has left the University faculty to accept a position as principal of a high school in Springfield. Max Brock graduated here with the class of '21. He was editor of the Obelisk that year and a leader in numerous campus activities.

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DON'T MISS THE PLAY AT ZETETS FRIDAY NIGHT

This next Friday night the Zetets are going to put on one of the best plays that have ever been given in the society halls. It concerns a man who gets married to a girl who already has four husbands, and then he later marries another girl to find he still has the same old mother-in-law he had when he was married the first time. Gladys Bradley is the coach and also is Mrs. I. Own A. Ford. Most of us have seen some of her productions before and know her reputation when it comes to coaching plays. Norvin Julian almost doesn't get married. Ellis Crandle sings lullabys to the baby and takes anecdotes for lobster salad. Agnes Lentz and Grace Eagleson are the chief heart-breakers. Don't miss seeing Corem Waller take "tooth-ache medicine."

She knew that I knew
Her father was dead.
She knew that I knew
What an awful life he had led.
She knew that I knew
What she meant when
She said, "Go to father."
C A T

HERRIN ENTERTAINERS COMPLIMENT S. I. N. U.

Mr. and Mrs. Tate and accompanist, Mrs. Whittenberg, were favorably impressed with S. I. N. U. and the student life in general around our school.

The entertainers were here Wednesday and Thursday nights for the faculty's reception to the Juniors and Seniors, and were entertained at Anthony Hall. At both parties they were delighted with the appreciative audi-

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ence and with the cordial treatment they received. "It's the most wonderful dormitory I've ever seen—such a home like atmosphere about it" one of the entertainers told us, in discussing the excellent management of the Hall. The point that pleased us most was the comment upon the friendly and hospitable spirit in the school. "In all our tours of Southern Illinois towns we've never been entertained so royally as we have been in Carbondale. You all seem so friendly and cordial."

The school enjoys having such guests as these in their midst and we hope they will appear often on the student programs.

Barth Theatre

TUESDAY FEB. 13

Thomas Meighan,
Leatrice Joy,
Lois Wilson,
—in—
"MANSLAUGHTER"
A drama of the Mad Age
FOX NEWS

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 14

John Gilbert, in
"CALVERT'S VALLEY"
Sunshine Comedy
Mutt & Jeff

THURSDAY, FEB. 15

"THREE LIVE GHOSTS"
A rollicking comedy of three
lost Buddies.
Lupina Lane
"MY HERO"
Fox News

FRIDAY, FEB. 16

Charlie Chaplin
and Jackie Coogan
—in—
"THE KID"
Also special attraction
"VALLEY OF DOUBT"

SATURDAY, FEB. 17

Constance Binney
—in—
"CASE OF BECKY"
Ruth Roland in "Timber Queen"

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Volume 2 Number 8
February 13, 1923

Editor-in-Chief Buzzing Bings
Contributing Editor..... Bitts de Bunk

Our idea of the results of Prof. Peterson's new Radio Set is a collision between a truck load of empty milk cans and a freight car filled with live geese.

S. H.

Miss Trovillon—Have you read freckles?

Elizabeth—No. I have brown ones.

S. H.

I saw a sign in a hardware store that said, "Cast Iron Sinks."

"Well, anybody knows that."

S. H.

Miss Cox—What is fluency?

Helen Blake—Well, when a person speaks fluently he is unconscious.

S. H.

Mr. Felts—What are the advantages of a merchant buying early?

Mabel McDaniel—To avoid the risk.

Mr. Colyer—What are the industries of Canada?

Joe Reñfro—Fishing and catching lobsters.

S. H.

Mr. Warren—Are you looking for trouble?

Lura Chamness—Yes, I'm looking for my geometry.

S. H.

We read "there are 50 miles of hair on the average woman's head" which leads us to pray that every mite of it stays just where it is.

S. H.

August Meyer enlightens us by saying, "Whenever I have a theme to write, I go up to the attic because we have composition roofing."

S. H.

Alfred Purdue—I have a splinter in my finger.

Miss Hickson—It's a bad idea for some people to scratch their heads when they think.

S. H.

Dear Doctor: I recently broke my glasses and can hardly see. Will I have to be examined all over again? "Benjamin Merkel."

Doctor—No, just your eyes.

S. H.

Mr. Smith—What were the causes of the Revolutionary War?

Homer Buchanan—It had something to do with automobiles but I don't understand just what.

Mr. Smith—No! that was before automobiles.

H. B.—Well, it said it was on account of unjust taxes.

Mr. Smith—When we look at this chair we think of the legs as legs of the chair; but really they are legs of the rest of the chair. It takes them to make up the chair.

Carrol Moore—Gee! the legs of some of us don't belong to much then.

S. H.

Norvin Julian—Are these four wedding rings all you have in stock? You have a whole tray of engagement rings.

Mr. Casper—Yes, sir, but it will take that whole tray of engagement rings to work off the four wedding rings.

S. H.

"Hello! I want to order a box for tomorrow."

"What size?"

"There will be six of us in the party."

"But they come only in single sizes—we'll have to have it made special."

"Is this the Barth?"

"No, this is Huffman's."

S. H.

An Excuse

A little boy had been absent from school and the teacher sent him home to get an excuse from his mother. He came running back to school and handed the paper to his teacher. This is what his mother had written:

"Please excuse my Tommy for being absent. He got wet in the A. M. and had to be dried in the P. M."



Ellis Crandle gets a hair cut.
Corem Waller goes to a dance.
Vernon Patterson hands in an English paper.

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MYSTERY CONTEST

This is the most wonderful contest that this paper has ever backed. The prize is sanctioned by the whole force, and the person who wins it can have it as soon as he calls at the office. The person who makes the most complete, and correct list, of the people to whom these names belong will get for a prize a championship game of golf with Nero on the top of Washington Monument. Next week a complete list will be published in this place.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1—Lordy | 29—Chicken-leg |
| 2—Buddy | 30—Hank |
| 3—Creosote | 31—Dunk |
| 4—Pittsburg | 32—Biscuits |
| 5—Chuck | 33—Pat |
| 6—Rans | 34—Brooksie |
| 7—Teddy | 35—Grease |
| 8—Ham | 36—Bluebird |
| 9—Shorty | 37—Tweet-tweet |
| 10—Napoleon | or tweeter |
| 11—Arty Joe | 38—Greasy |
| 12—Fresh Air | 39—Rolled Oats |
| 13—Gates | 40—Jelly Bean |
| 14—Prunes | 41—Bird |
| 15—Pee-Wee | 42—Pud |
| 16—Neutral | 43—Piggle |
| 17—Slats | 44—Snookie |
| 18—Longshot | 45—Sears |
| 19—Sally | 46—Molasses |
| 20—Loo | 47—Peg |
| 21—Grass Widow | 48—Doc |
| 22—Happy | 49—Gin |
| 23—Happy | 50—Fitzie |
| 24—Fish | 51—Lizzie |
| 25—Skeezel | 52—Ken |
| 26—Pete | 53—Happy Jack |
| 27—Blackcat | 54—Chick |
| 28—Chicken | 55—Stumbling |

GOSSIPY CHATS ABOUT THE LATEST BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

"The Cathedral"—Walpole.

Now that we learn for certain that Hugh Walpole is to be here as one of the lecturers at the Southern Illinois Teachers meeting, we'd better get acquainted with him. First, we should be familiar enough with his latest and best book, "The Cathedral" so that if we should have occasion to have words with His Majesty, we should be able to talk intelligently about his best work. Wm. Lyon Phelps says that "The Cathedral" is by all odds his best book and he knows. Walpole has the power of magic. He perceives the full wonder of life, and he shows it to you as an artist sees a hundred shades of rose and purple and gold where the ordinary eye glooms at sodden grey alone.

The story of "The Cathedral" is placed in a small cathedral town in England long before the war. It begins on a wild October evening and the course of events related occupies some eight or nine months.

A multitude of things happen to the Archbishop. He was essentially a good man but just the kind of man who is doomed. The book portrays the utter downfall of this great Archbishop. We meet him at a moment when he touches what was perhaps the acutest sensation of happiness and greatness he ever attained. He is a penetrating, a merciless study of a man blind-

ed by his own conceit, incapable of understanding anything or anyone opposed to him. Oh men, why ARE you so conceited? There are other characters in the book—there is humor and there is sympathy and graciousness; also the wild, sweet, breath of young and happy love. So read it.

THIS MEANS YOU

Have you got a funny rhyme?
Send it in.
We'll accept it any time,
Send it in.
Something that occurs to you,
If you know a joke or two,
We would like to hear it, too,
Send it in.
Do you know a list of news?
Send it in.
Surely there is naught to lose,
Send it in.
It will make us laugh some more,
(Maybe it will make us roar.)
Don't make anybody sore—but
Send it in.

—Egyptian, 1921.

(A return to an article of the Scrap Heap of Nov. 14, 1922.)

"ODE TO A JELLYBEAN"

Blessings on thee, Jellybean,
Commonly known as a cigarette fiend,
With the "patent leather" hair,
With thy "bells" worn as a pair,
With thy wild and desperate ways,
And thy "sweet-complexion" craze,
With thy "just-so" coats and ties,
And thy love for telling lies,
From my heart I grant thee shirts;
Glad that I was born for skirts.

THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS

Just a little addition to this Department and with hopes that my father, along with others, will read it:

Do you remember when in college,
In pursuit of certain knowledge;
How the pocketbook grew thinner
Unless you were a winner,
And put your watch in soak—
Dad, I'm broke.

Did you ever have that feeling?
When your pockets, they were
squealing
For that certain kind of jingle
That made your old blood tingle,
And you couldn't buy a smoke—
Dad, I'm broke.

To these words I'm not opposed,
"Son, you'll find a check enclosed."
So, dad, I know you will remit,
And I'll be waiting here for it,
It will set me on my feet, I repeat—
Dad, I'm broke.

Mr. Frank Smith,
Care of the Egyptian.
My dear Frank:

I was heart broken when you cut your "a la Rudolph" sideburns for they were my joy and inspiration. I only went to chapel that I might gaze upon them. They made you look worldly and sophisticated. You were my ideal of a man of the world.

Please, PLEASE, let them grow again, won't you do this for,
AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER.

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SOCRATS PRESENT "A BUNCH OF FUN"

"A Bunch of Fun" was presented before a capacity house by the Socratic Society last Friday night.

Everyone who saw the play will agree that the people participating lived up to their past reputation as actors. Bain Hunsaker and Geneva Crawshaw, you remember had leading parts in the home-coming play, while everyone saw Frank Watson in "Art for Breakfast."

Lulu Watson, who was a member of last year's Spring Entertainment cast appeared in a new role as "Ophelia."

Miss Trovillion was present to get an idea of the Socratic talent which she will use in the Spring play "Seventeen."

Those who saw "Clarence" last year will want to see Tarkington's latest comedy which is being presented by amateurs for the first time this spring.

"Seventeen" is to be obtained only in manuscript form and at a much greater cost than any play which either society has ever presented.

At the business meeting Slats Valentine was chosen coach for the Socratic team which will play the sister Society the last week of this term.

A committee was appointed to arrange the annual banquet which will be held in the near future.

Coming soon, the Anthony Hall Entertainers, a real treat.

Y. W. SOCIAL

Of all stimulating and enjoyable social affairs just depend on the Young Woman's Christian Association for the best. This was proven last Tuesday evening from 7:30 to 9:30 when Miss Susan Patterson entertained the Cabinet officers at her home on West Walnut street.

As this date was between two important holidays it was planned in reference to each of them. First, each person was requested to write an "Ode to Mr. Ground Hog." Several of the girls revealed rare talent and ability, but the prize, which was a natural looking groundhog, was awarded to Miss Alice Barrow, for the following ode:

"Little beast of well known fame,
Unto you goes all the blame
When the sun shines, how we fret,
For we fear more weather, yet;
But if it's cloudy, we are gay,
And praise thee all the live-long day.
But what if dog, with cutent thorough,
Should chase thee back within thy borough,
Would we, ah! how sad to tell,
Have winter yet? Pray tell! Pray tell!"

Next we each took a course in the art of making Valentines and at the end received a valuable diploma of which we are very proud.

Delicious refreshments were served and we all agree that Susan can certainly bake wonderful angel food cakes.

(Oh, here's to the Y. W. C. A. sociability.)

MAROONS DEFEAT ARKANSAS AGGIES 21-17 IN LISTLESS GAME

(Continued from Page One.)

perately and it was anybody's game. Valentine's timely shot from the middle of the court spelled victory, however, and another basket marked the conclusion of the game.

Valentine led the scoring for the Normal with three baskets and nine free throws. Brooks netted two field goals and Carter one. Carter's guarding was a feature of the game and he seemed to be the only man on the team that was playing up to form.

McCain was the individual scoring star for the visitors with a total of three baskets. Sanderson scored two field goals and five free throws. Heit scored one field goal.

U. HIGH PREPARING FOR TOURNAMENT

The U. High Basket Ball team is getting in order for the tournament and are beginning to work together like a well oiled piece of machinery. Although they lost to Johnston City at that place Friday, they displayed marvelous ability at passing and guarding but were still a little weak shooting. They started to Johnston City in cars but ended up at the High School on foot, a muddy and sorry looking lunch. Having got stuck about three miles out they had no other choice but take off their shoes and socks, roll up their pants legs and "wade" to the gym, arriving there in time to start the game at 2:00 p. m. They advanced through Flanders on foot to meet the foe, but being defeated they made their retreat on a spring wagon. The Cardinal and Gray have been resting all week.

The schedule calls for only two more games. February 17 against Murphy and February 24 against Carterville. Both games will be played in the Normal Gym. March 1, 2, and 3, they go to the district tournament at Murphysboro and then intend to redeem themselves in the minds of their "few" loyal supporters and go up state. Will they?

Helen Rosa Lee was born August 17, 1899, at Carbondale, Ill. She attended the S. I. N. U. through all her school life, graduating from the U. H. S. in '18, and the Junior College course in '22. She was the niece of Ralph Albon, now of St. Louis, also a former student of this school. She died on Feb. 8, 1923, after an illness of nearly a year.

None of the people who came in contact with Helen could ever forget her. In class work, athletics and all other activities she was unceasingly active. She was also a member of the Baptist church. She was one of the people who never seem to be tired or discouraged and it was a constant joy and inspiration to be with her. With such a person death is never the end—no one can truly die whose memory lives on in the hearts of all her friends.



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