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Egyptian Staff

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THE EGYPTIAN

VOL. I

CARBONDALE, ILL., JUNE 1, 1921

NO. 11



PENMANSHIP DEPARTMENT

PENMANSHIP DEPARTMENT

During the last few years interest in Penmanship has been rising until it has reached a very high stage in its development. Since the copy plan of teaching it has been relegated to the dumping grounds of inefficient pedagogy and the modern muscular method-way employed, greater results have been accomplished. Students have come into the department thinking that they never could learn to write because their parents could not write, and before the end of one term they were beginning to use easy muscular movement, which makes hand-writing a pleasure instead of a drudgery.

Our handwriting serves as a show window does to a merchant. It helps to sell our "goods." The merchant has learned long ago to keep his show window well dressed if he wants to attract the buying public. The teachers and the commercial man or woman must apply this same principle by keeping their handwriting—their "show window"—dressed in its best in order to attract the employer. Instead of selling goods we are retailers of our own time, and the man or woman

who has the best dressed "window," other qualifications being equal, generally gets the best jobs.

We are very proud of the present class in writing, which numbers more than 150. Above you will find a cut showing this class.

In order to create interest and to stimulate enthusiasm the A. N. Palmer Company has a plan whereby awards are given to teachers and students who are making a study of their system, and who have reached certain stages in its development. Among these awards are found Buttons and Improvement certificates for use in the grades one to eight inclusive, and the Students', Teachers and High School certificates for students above the eighth grade and teachers who wish to teach writing.

During the last three years 300 students of this school have won "Palmer Teacher's Certificates." We give below the names of the winners.

Palmer Teacher's Diplomas.

Uldene Adams
Leila Albert
Jewell Allen
Oscar Anderson
Hazel Andrews
Lucille Barnett

Gussie Batson
James Bennett
Anna I. Bishop
Clara Bell Bishop
Nina Black
Homer Bishop
Grace Blue
Cornelia Blum
Erna A. Boltz
Maude H. Boudinot
Doris Bowers
Madelle Boyd
Joe Boyles
Grace Bradford
Bessie Bradley
Kate R. Bradley
Daisy Brandon
Irene Brock
Rosa Brown
Sam Brown
Florence Brown
Mrs. Anna Brummett
Lucrèce Brush
Elizabeth Buncher
Hazel Bunting
Sara Burke
Letha Burroughs
Addie Busch
Edna Butcher
Myrtle Byard
Nellie Byars
Gladys B. Carpenter
Ada Carter

Ruby Carter
Addie Cates
Maude Cates
Mae Cavitt
Ruby Cerny
Mary Chamness
Blanche Chapman
Paul Chapman
Roy W. Childerson
Russell Lee Clemens
A. Wayne Clemens
Josephine Clerdenin
Leah Cockrum
Alice Vivian Cooper
Reta Cowan
Mabel Cox
Sibyl Crain
Opal Crain
Fay Cram
Ruth Crest
Edith Crimm
Ruth Crocker
Margaret Crook
Roy R. Crouse
Anna Curry
Winifred Calhoun
Hallie Damron
Leah Davis
N. Ina Davis
Mida Davis
Oma L. Davis
Thomas J. Davis
Zada Davis

Velma Deason,
Blanch De Loach
Mary Dexter
Thelma Dial
Fannie Dick
Laura Dillinger
Myrtle Dillinger
Mamie Dillon
J. L. Dojan
Roy R. Crouse
Agnes M. Dyer
Idene Eaton
Edna Ester
Othel Eston
Opal Eblin
Emil Elder
Ada D. English
Mae English
Elsie Etherton
Marr Etherton
Hallie Eubanks
Thelma Eubanks
Nettie Farless
Sarah Fisher
Clemens F. Foreade
Edward P. Fosse
Maggie Fox
Norma Fox
Jesse Fox
Cecil O. Franklin
Nina B. Franklin
Vivian Gambill
Mary Goddard
Pauline Gogue
Mildred Goings
Opal Gray
Emma Green
Mildred Gregory
Vey Griffith
Clarice Grisham
Isla Guard
Blanche Greer
Alice Hackett
Bessie Hagler
Leota Hails
Pearl Hall
Cecil Hamilton
Effie Hamilton
Alma Harrell
Elsie Harsy
Jaunita Hatch
Hal Healy
Dail Heape
Ralph Hediger
Fris Heern
Marie Heintz
Leo Hickman
Jennie Hiller
Lesley Hiller
M. S. Hodge
Vada Hodges
Alma Holmes
Terressa Horner
Telford Hosick
Florence Huffman
Bessie Hagler
E. Lorene Jackson
Sylvia Jenkins
Lucille Kennaday
Mona Johnson
Violet Johnson
Jay Hugh Jones
Marion Jordan
Ruby Keen
Sara Janey Kell

Daisy Kelley
Grace M. Kerr
Ruth L. Kettelman
Genevieve King
Ruth Knopp
Ethel Knupp
Byron E. Kotter
Irene Kuenz
Helen Lafferty
Mary L. Lasater
Isola Laymon
Ada Leach
Nina Lindsay
George Linely
Lillie Lively
Thomas Lockerby
Jennie Long
Viola E. Lantz
Gladys Malone
Nannie Mangis
Olen Martin
Ruth E. Martin
Agnes Mattingly
Oral Mayer
Jane McBrian
Aramint McCracken
Paul McEhica
Mary McKemie
Chloe McNeill
Verna McKinney
Lillie Meininger
Theodora Mess
Rose Meutel
Herman Mescher
Mollie Mikalauckas
Anna Mitchell
Madaline Mitchell
Midge Moore
Edith Morgan
Clara E. Murnin
Orville Mowery
Elsie Naumer
Ethel B. Nausley
Hattie Nelson
Elsie Noles
Lester Norris
Verna Nutty
Lula Odum
Alfred Oment
Garnet Owen
Effie Palmer
Ruth Parker
Helen Parkinson
Iva Parrish
Myrtle Patrick
Marguerite V. Pearson
Gladys Phelps
Fay Phipps
Hazel Pyatt
Kenneth L. Pyatt
Lois Pyatt
Ruth Ray
Ella Ragsdale
Grace Reagin
Era Rector
Marguerite Reeves
Jonas Reid
Maude Rhodes
Iva Richeson
Azalia M. Rixman
Dewitt Roberson
Mildred Robinson
Martha Rushing
Laura Russell
Neva Sanders

Ruba Sanders
Sade Satterfield
Pearl Schenk
Lela Schuplach
Canyanas Schoby
Lulu Seiber
Genevieve Shanklin
Fred N. Sharpe
Anna Shaw
Ruby Simmons
Ella Sims
Ina Sims
Herman Sims
Mae Sisson
Ella Ray Smith
Helen Smith
Vivien Smith
Roxie Snider
Emily Snuder
Carrie Spann
Clara Stanley
Orland Stanley
Edith Stone
Elma Eileen Stone
Ruby Strele
Fannie Stroud
Gertrude Scull
Mabel Taylor
Jessie Taylor
Gertrude Teeter
Alice Telford
Leola Telford
Ray Tempje
Scyllia Terry
Eva Thies
Charles R. Thompson
Gordon Treloagh
Lilly Trotter
F. Velma Turner
Anna Tweate
Olyve Veagh
Kate E. Vick
Gladys Wakeford
Emma Waldron
Jewell Wall
Herman Wallace
Edna Walters
Mary E. Ward
Della Warmack
Mae Washichek
Lawrence D. Watson
Alice L. Weaver
George Wells
Verna West
Charles P. West
Fay White
Laurence White
Pearl White
Claude Williams
Julia Williamson
Whitney Wilson
Edith Winter
Opal Wright
C. E. Wright
Claude Wright
Carrie Yates
Allie Young
Maynie Young

A DUEL

The following account of a Duel between John Shott and Robert Nott is recorded in a diary of a cer-

tain man of Virginia, it is dated June 27, 1751.
Shott shot the first shot and the first shot Shott shot, shot not Nott. Then Nott shot and the first shot Nott shot shot not Shot; again Shott shot and shot not Shott. Shott shot his last shot and the last shot Shott shot shot not Nott. Nott shot his last shot and it shot Shott so Nott was notwithstand.

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BOY ESCAPES HANDS OF BALD KNOB "GANG"

Makes Wild Flight on Old Tom—
Whole Country Alarmed at
Outcome.

Some of my readers can perhaps recall from their own experience the almost isolated communities which used to exist in the country. Miniature nations with their own individual characteristics and peculiarities. The old frame church with its Sunday meetings, was usually the nuclei around which this "Little America" grew and had its being. At these meetings you can perhaps remember how the elders led the services, made-up of admonitions, prayer and song; and where after the final amen had been said the big family would mingle and mix, gradually segregating itself into groups made up of those who had most in common, the older men to talk of crops and politics, the women to placidly review the problems of the household and the care of the children, while the married folks of less mature years talked and laughed about matters less sedate. But your memories are far from complete if they fail to include the group of young men gathered in a more secluded spot, with a fringe of young faces drawn near, eagerly swallowing bits of heroism and morsels of brave exploits casually dropped from the lips of their idols.

Now if you can picture two such settlements as I have described, with a feeling of bitterness existing between the boys of the two communities, engendered over many petty acts of insolence and bravado, but particularly intense at this time because of the edict sent forth by one clan that it meant swift retribution for a member of the second clan to be seen with one of the former's young ladies, you can better understand the part of this story which follows.

Perhaps I should say that I was fourteen years old and attached mind, body and soul to the interests of the Walnut Hill group, and that Charley Haynes was sixteen years of age and equally strong in the faith of the heroes from Bald Knob. Then to add to that feeling of antagonism between the two colonies was concentrated in the relations which existed between the two of us, is all that is needed to fully prepare you for what happened.

Having been promised that I was to be allowed to spend two weeks during Christmas times in that far off wonderland, St. Louis, with my uncle, my father had to make my

joy complete bought for me my first long trousers. Upon this particular muggy Sunday night in December of which I speak I had arrayed myself in all my glory and awkwardness, and set dauntlessly forth in the early twilight, mounted upon that peace-loving, slow moving, never-to-be-forgotten charger Tom, to attend the village church two and a half miles away. Old Tom was an especially appropriate mount upon this occasion, when the flat prairie roads were so soft and muddy, on account of the immense size of his feet.

In all due time I arrived at my destination, as all must do who entrust their journey to as faithful a conveyance as I did, and being there early I deposited myself and my long trousers in a choice pew where I could have an uninterrupted view of all who came, and at the same time not deny myself the pleasure of seeing those present, for this city crowd was no common sight to me.

But as all earthly joys must cease, so did the sermon and I found myself (for up until this time I had been rather lost, seeing so many fine people and pretty girls who smiled at, or as I later came to believe about me) out where old Tom stood sound asleep. I rather dejectedly mounted and chucking my faithful beast in the ribs we started toward home, with day-light and the crowd all a memento.

Scarcely half a mile had we covered in a consistent slapping stride when my, overstrained ears caught the sound of reckless riders overtaking us. I hardly knew whether to feel relieved or more frightened. (I may as well use that word as I suspect you have already suspicioned that no other could adequately describe my feelings.) In this state of suspense I remained until the riders drew near enough for me to recognize Charley Hayne's voice mingled with those of some of the older boys from Bald Knob. When the awful truth fully dawned upon me, (I say me, for Old Tom never did seem to realize the situation.) I urged my steed into such a burst of speed as I am sure he had never known and probably never did know after. But with all my wild endeavors and despite the awful barrage of mud raised by Old Tom's feet, it appeared as though the enemy was destined to overtake me. When I saw that escape was impossible I allowed Old Tom to slacken his pace, which he did with a deal of satisfaction it seemed to me, and endeavored to look like one other than myself. I had just begun to think that my humped position, which was to make me look like some old man piously riding home from church, was to prove suc-

cessful, when Charley's ferret-like eyes saw through my disguise and he gleefully crying out, "Oh, gang, here's one of them," soon had the whole pack about me. To describe the suffering which I underwent during the next mile, which time our paths of travel lay along the same route, would require the pen of a master.

They managed to arrange themselves around me so that Charley, on his active little pony, was close to my left side and a little to my rear. This position he maintained in spite of all old slow moving Tom and I could do, until the final parting of our ways. They for the most part rode in ominous silence, now and then dropping some remark of awful portent; while to say that I had any inclination to talk, if I had had the power to do so, would be far from representing the scene in its true colors. Once when they were apparently interested in another, I endeavored to silently coax old Tom ahead and leave them, as I thought I were in a calm manner endeavoring to arrive home early. But Charley's pony without any apparent effort upon his part or the rider's, tantalizingly maintained his position. By the time half of the awful distance had been covered a cold, unnatural sweat had gathered upon my forehead. I could picture myself trampled and bruised, new suit and all, left lying helpless in the mud, for some good Samaritan to find in the morning, but worst of all never to see St. Louis. But we finally approached what seemed was going to be the fatal turning when a new dread made itself felt upon me, what if they turned with me. Expending my last energies to force old Tom into a final burst of speed, determined to win or die, I had just begun pulling upon the port side of my mount in order to take the coroner safely, when, with a wild dash of speed, and a most hideous yell my tormentors left me and I was alone with wondering Tom and an ache in the back of my head which Charley had put there with his fist as he gave up his position of executioner, which he surely would have been had the way been longer. But some way we two finally arrived at the welcome old barn yard gate, which partially dispelled the awful phantom. I suspect old Tom munched his hay in much his usual manner the rest of that night, perhaps pausing now and then to ponder over the curious happenings of his trip, while I enjoyed as best I could, my fitful slumbers.

Wife: (Buying new hat) What sort of a bird shall I have on it?
Hubby: Get one with a small bill.

DO YOU KNOW THIS?

The power to expel students without giving reasons to the faculty has been given to the undergraduate governing body of the University of Princeton. This body is composed of all the classes and may even exercise the right of dismissal over those whom they find guilty of not upholding the good name of Princeton University.

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THE EGYPTIAN

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Business Mgr.—Everett Burroughs '21
Adv. Manager—Geo. Wilson, '22
Typist—Marion Blatter '22
Faculty Advisor—E. G. Lentz

Board of Directors.

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Ransom Sherretz—'24
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your liberal patronage.

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times has difficulty in convincing
advertisers that an investment in
space in our paper pays. You can
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you think merely by mentioning the
Egyptian wherever you trade. Show
your appreciation to those who are
advertising in the Egyptian, and
ask the others why they do not ad-
vertise.

AN APOLOGY TO THE LOCAL MERCHANT

In the last issue of The Egyptian
there appeared an article, entitled
"The Local Merchant." It has been
brought to our attention that this
article has been misinterpreted. It
is not the intention of the students
of this institution to take part in
any matter not concerned with the
school. The article under discussion
was written by one of the students
for class work, and is not an accusa-
tion against our local merchants.

We are very much pleased with
the support that the merchants have
thus far given us, and it goes with-
out saying, that the merchants of
Carbondale are the most loyal sup-
porters that can be found anywhere.
Anything contrary to this fact is not

in accordance with the wishes of
the students and faculty of this in-
stitution.

Signed _____ EDITOR.

OBELISK IS DUE HERE JUNE FIFTH

Can You Answer These Questions?

1. How much has the S. I. N. U. asked of you?
2. How much have you asked of it?
3. Are you willing to take all the benefits which you receive from this school and give nothing in return?
4. Why did the manager of the Pantagraph Printing Co. have 5 extra copies of the OBELISK printed for his own personal use in advertising his concern?
5. Why did Jahn & Ollier, who did the engraving in the book, ask us to send them a copy of the OBELISK for advertising purposes, saying that they were especially well pleased with the high quality of the pictures which we sent to them to have the plates made from, which we used in the Obelisk?
6. Why did the manager of Pantagraph Printing Co. say, without being questioned about the matter at all, that the art work in the OBELISK was as good if not the best that he had seen. And printing ANNUALS is a specialty with them.
7. Will you value the three process color plate which you will find on page three of the OBELISK, something you can't find excepting in some of the larger university annuals?
8. Would you like to have a full page likeness of President Shryock at his desk?
9. Why is it, do you think, that we are offering you a 225 page book, in a leather binding for \$2.50, when the OBELISK last year contained about 180 pages and sold at only 50c less for a cloth binding?
10. Have you a picture at home of the "bunch" which you used to go to school with when you were about "so old," don't you like to look at that old picture?
11. Would you appreciate a full page picture of each of the bronze tablets with the names of the students who have been in this school and served in the army during the war? The names on these plates can be read in the pictures just as plainly as they can on the tablets themselves.
12. Have you enough school spirit to help put out a school annual?
13. Have you anything, except-

ing that which you have learned from your books, with which you can describe the school that you are attending?

15. Do you know of any one who would be interested in knowing what kind of a place it is where you were at school this spring?
WILL YOU ORDER AN OBELISK NOW? SEE IKEY.

THIRD YEAR CLASS ENTERTAINS HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS

The weiner roast given by the Normal Third year class to the Juniors in the high school was a grand success.

Last Monday night, about twenty-four students assembled on the east side of the main building, and with Miss Steagall in charge hiked for the bluff south of Carbondale.

The feast consisted of weiners, pickles and marshmallows. After everybody had eaten, the remainder of the marshmallows were distributed freely over the faces of all. Afterward every one joined in playing games and telling stories. About ten o'clock the party returned to town, feeling very grateful to the third year class for the way in which they had entertained.

—Contributed.

UNION COUNTY STU- DENTS ENJOY OUTING

We have never heard from Union County through The Egyptian, but it is not because we are not fully recognized in the S. I. N. U. We have several Seniors who will soon be leaving us and we take great pleasure in sending out such ambitious people to fill the different positions of the state as well as elsewhere.

A weiner roast was given last Tuesday night. Though there was a small crowd in attendance, all had a very enjoyable evening. Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Brown were the chaperones.

There will be a picnic next Thursday night, June the second, at six o'clock on the campus for all who have ever lived in Union county. The students are cordially invited to attend this picnic. Be sure to come and bring a well filled basket.

The following students are enrolled:

1. Teressa Horner.
2. Mary E. Lingle
3. Florence Aldridge.
4. Gertrude Pender, Secretary and Treasurer.
5. Fairis Elkins
6. Lee Ferrill, Pres.

7. Homer Hinkle, Vice Pres.
8. Sadie Lingle
9. Maude Wilmouth
10. Milo Loomis
11. Tempie Arnold
12. John Hunsaker
13. Zelma Karraker
14. Pauline Gates
15. Mrs. Ina Damron
16. Ruth Keith
17. Leota Keith
18. Lois Keith
19. Carroll Moore
20. Floyd Lingle
21. Frances Anderson
22. Beulah Walker
23. Edna Shappard
24. Hassa Hankla
25. Thomas J. Davis.
26. Charles Graham
27. Ethel Keith
28. Verletha Lawrence
29. Mildred Norris
30. Carl Halterman
31. Mildred Anderson
32. Glenn Eddleman
33. Lucille Couble
34. Vey Griffith
35. Leland Lingle
36. Martha Wasson
37. Flossie B. Hagler
38. Roy Hinkle
40. Mabel Ury
41. Veva Bishop.

POPE COUNTY STUDENTS ENJOY BIG SOCIAL

Last Word in Picnics.

Last Thursday evening, the students from Pope county said the last word in giving picnics. There have been several outing trips given by the different school organizations, but none of them ever equaled the one put over by this organization last Thursday.

About 6 o'clock in the afternoon all the students from Pope county gathered in front of the Normal, and with Miss Steagall in charge, started for the woods south of the Campus. After walking a couple of miles they found a suitable place for the spread. The boys kindled a fire, and cut some sticks with which to roast the meats. The girls emptied the bushel baskets of good eats out upon a big log that served as a table.

After they had finished eating, they sat down upon the ground in a semi-circle, about Miss Steagall, and told some real ghost stories. Some of the stories were so "Spooky" that the bravest were afraid to go home without some one to protect them. Some one told a story about some ghosts down in Pope county, that never failed to make one's hair stand on end. Had it not been for Elva Trovillion's strong arm, some of the crowd

Carbondale Candy Kitchen
Manufacturers of Candies and Ice Cream
CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS

might have escaped into the woods. Every one voted the picnic a grand success, and say that Miss Steagall is a royal entertainer.

RYE PULLING CONTEST

Seventy-four Students Entered. The First Year students suggested that they be permitted to have an old fashioned rye pulling contest. In order to satisfy their desire Mr. Muckelroy escorted them to a field of alfalfa that had some rye growing about over the field. The girls were the judges and the boys did the pulling. Every girl was allowed to cast her vote for the boy whom she thought pulled the most rye. Of course the boys wanted to do a little advertising and show their capabilities and with this stimulant behind them, they were urged to pull rye without much difficulty.

The following boys received the highest number of votes: Phillip Allen, Guy Featherly, Frank Dwyer, Harry Keen, and Elmer Schutte.

There is a rumor circulating around that some of the judges were bought off with a sack of candy. Of course Elmer Schutte could tell you more about the matter than any of the other students. At any rate an investigation has been made.

**THE BARACA PICNIC
A GREAT SUCCESS**

The picnic planned by the Baraca Sunday School Class, and carried out last Saturday was a pleasant even for all who participated. The girls classes, the Amonas and Philatheas, attended on invitation. The day was spent at Fountain Bluff. Three truck loads of merry young people left Carbondale early Saturday morning. A thick cushion of hay was spread on the truck beds, and a canvas sheet being securely fastened over this all rough riding was reduced to a minimum. Indeed, the ride proved to be one of the most enjoyable features of the picnic.

Fountain Bluff is of interest to us because it is one of the Natural Parks proposed by the State. It is a place of great natural beauty. The cliff, which begins at Leo Rock and extends southward, probably reaches its highest point in sheer ascent at Fountain Bluff. A deep gorge has been cut here, and its small stream, apparently fed by a spring, finds its way down the narrow valley. Some distance back from the face of the cliff on both sides of the gorge are the highest points of surrounding land. It is a long, breathless climb, but the view one gets from these points of vantage fully repays all exertion.

During the ascent the river comes into view, widens and lengthens, till

from the summit it can be seen winding its way among the farmlands. The dusty wagon road stretches out below like a white ribbon. The farm houses look like toys, and the different colored plots of ground in the process of cultivation resemble a great patch-quilt.

On the north side of the valley a short distance from the summit is the "Old Mystery Hole." This hole, which is about four feet square and resembles a mine shaft was dug by two brothers years ago, so tradition relates. They were supposed to be searching for gold. They disappeared suddenly. It may be they were entrapped in their mine. So far as we were able to discover no exploration of "Old Mystery Hole" has ever been made.

After several climbs had been made and the joys of the picnic dinner were over some of the merry makers visited the river. One truck load of enthusiasts drove to Grand Tower. Most of the party found opportunity to visit Botton Springs on the eastern side of the ridge. This is a particularly attractive place in the afternoon, being in the cool shadow of the rock, and the water from the spring being cool and clear.

Several members of the party left their names carved on the rocks of Fountain Bluff in places that show the daring of the owner and his skill in climbing.

The day was a pleasant holiday for all. The Baracas are always doing something worth while, both entertaining and instructive. Join them and see for yourself.

(Note: The above Sunday school classes are composed chiefly of S. I. N. U. students.)

PROGRAMS

Illinae, May 31, 1921.

Reading—Gladys Bradley.
Debate: Resolved, that the U. S. should prohibit the use of tobacco in all forms.

Affirmative—
Mabel McGuire,
Selma Fullmer.
Negative—
Ruth Graham,
Roberta Walker.

Aggra June 6, 1921.

(The last regular program this year meeting at 7:00 P. M. Visitors are welcome.)

Zetetic Society, June 3, 1921.
Piano Solo—Zelma Fullmer.
Optional—Bonnie Batson.
Stunt—Levi Browning.
Quartet—Hogg, Robertson, Walker, Wiley.

Debate: Resolved that the Metric System should be adopted by the U. S. on one year notice.
Affirmative—

Van Brown.
Mabel McGuire.
Negative—
Robert Walter,
Dorothy Deitz.
Ag. Club, June 1, 1921.
Music—Frank Dwyer.
Reading—Irene Sibert.
Debate: Resolved that the hired man is of more use on the farm than the hired woman.
Affirmative—
Vey Griffith,
Mrs. E. E. Downing.
Negative—
Guy Hogg,
Harry Ohms.
Optional—Guy Davis.
Y. M. C. A. June 7, 1921.

**A MORNING WALK IN
SPRING**

The early morning moonlight tempted me forth before the sun was up, an unusual experience. The air was cool and fragrant with the smells of dew and growing buds. As I walked along, drawing long, deep breaths of air, I met another early riser. He was not enjoying the fragrance of spring but was pulling away at an old cob pipe. Is it not a shame that many persons are educated away from the enjoyment of the healthful things of the world, pure air, pure water, the simple joys that come from the sky, the fields, and the waters? As I passed the campus a robin called sleepily from a tree-top and was answered by a catbird from a bush across the way.

Soon I heard the cry of some bird passing high overhead on its way to a more northern land. The whistle of a train far down the tracks to the south and that of another away to the north reminded me that the bird was not the only creature that traveled north and south and east and west. The red and green lights along the tracks guide man on his long travels but what guides the little birds?

In the west the moon was sinking behind a low-lying cloud but the clouds in the east were crimsoned by the rising sun not yet above the eastern horizon. As I reached the summit of Snider's hill the sun came up out of Williams county. To the north lay the fertile fields of Carbondale, to the south the fruit crowned hills of Makanda and Boskydell, while to the northeast rose the smoke from the coal mines of Carterville and Herrin, and to the west the domes and towers of the S. I. N. U. nestled in among its green trees. After a short rest I returned, the warm sun shining on my back, the restful colors of wood and sky in my eyes, the full bird chorus in my ears, joy in my heart, and hunger in my stomach, and I felt able to eat the same old cornflakes and skimmed

milk, and then to prove that the sum of the angles around the center of a circle is four right-angles. Yes, "It is good to get up in the morning"—in the spring time.

Stenographer—The city salesman has been asking for a raise. Did he get it?
Bookkeeper—Yes; his landlord gave it to him.

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STORY TELLING

(Continued.)

By Miss Kate Vick, Training School Critic Teacher.

When telling stories to young children, the story-teller may do more or less leading of the feelings and the taste, thus educating the child to respond to what is playful, brave, humorous, or beautiful. If the story-teller will show pleasure in obedience, fun, good nature, loveliness in nature or art, the imitative listener will respond in like appreciation.

"The story-teller," says Amelia M. Keyes, "is governed most by the supreme canon of simplicity. His must be a peculiarly unelaborate, apparently artless art. In gesture and facial expression, in dramatic suggestion in speech, his is that form or degree of the artistic manner that will carry to the listener, the unaffected frank child-like kind of life which the child story deals; not intense in manner; not intellectual nor artificial in gesture, not pedantic nor studied in speech but sincere and simple."

Every lover of children knows that a good story, well told is a source of the purest joy; but while this of itself is sufficient reason for story-telling in the home and in the nursery, it is not sufficient reason for general story-telling in the school. Happiness is a powerful ally of successful work, but it never should be substituted for the work itself; it may well be made one of the means of attainment, but never the object to be attained. Useful service is a far higher ideal than personal happiness, and it should be the ideal held before the child who enters school.

For a number of years it has been conceded that story telling is of value in the kindergarten and primary school, but little provision has been made for it in the educational scheme of the older child. Gradually however, educators in America have come to realize what their European colleagues realized long ago, that the narrator's art can be a powerful element in the mental, moral and religious development of the boy and girl and can mean as much to the adolescent child as to the tiny tot. Consequently they are now giving it an honored place in the schools, homes and libraries. The period has become a part of the program of every well-regulated library. Teachers of elementary and grammar grades are recognizing its value in the class room, and in some states story-telling is included in the curriculum. Each year brings new texts, and collections, from the publishers, until it seems that the art so much honored in the past is coming again into its own.

Through story telling the child is brought in contact with the best English. He hears and soon becomes familiar with new words which he adds to his vocabulary. The child who hears many good stories and unconsciously learns to distinguish between the tawdry and the real, reads good stories when a boy and becomes

a man for whom sensational book sellers have no charm.

By means of a story, a teacher may come into so close and happy relationship with her pupils that they will respond to her suggestions, and be molded by her influence to a degree not easily attainable by any other means.

Stories may be used as an aid to language work. The self-conscious child who cannot be induced to talk upon the ordinary topics of school work, can be aroused into forgetfulness of self, and made to respond with growing animation to questions regarding a story that has awakened his interest. By stories of birds and animals, of trees and plant life, a love of nature and out door life is strengthened, thus leading to composition work.

A story guides, directs and stimulates a child's imagination. Often a child has too many fanciful pictures, he isn't able to select the most worthy. For children who haven't any imagination, stories stimulate their power of imagery.

Stories are valuable for their refreshing recreative powers. Often in a room full of restless children, a story will do more to restore order than anything else. The funny story has its legitimate place in the school room. Although there are teachers who question its value, and would as soon think of introducing a bit of fun into a church service, as into a school session, Julia Darrow, Cowles says, "Fun is a wonderful lubricant, and there are times when a funny story will oil up the pedagogical machinery as nothing else could."

In the more advanced grades, stories may be used to awaken an interest in history, both local and general, ancient and modern. Nothing better can be devised for making the dry bones, and names, and data take on life, than the telling of an interesting story of the time and the characters of the lesson. Such stories should not be told as an end in themselves but as a means to an end in the awakening interest in historical subjects, by giving life and reality to historical characters. In the same way, an interest in the works of the best authors may be aroused by telling the story of one character in a book or by telling part of the story, then leaving it at an interesting point.

There are many children who leave school after passing through the seventh or eight grade. If they have not formed a taste for good literature, their reading after leaving school is likely to be without value, if it is not positively injurious. One of the surest means of leading children to read and enjoy good books, lies in the hands of the teachers of these grades. Let her tell stories from Dickens, from Scott, from Cooper, from Stevenson; let her tell stories from local history, general history, stories of discovery, of science, and of art. Let her make these things attractive and show her pupils where more of the same fascinating material may be found.

So thoroughly is the value of this

class of story telling understood that progressive librarians throughout the country are having story hours, at the libraries for the purpose of reaching the children of this age and bringing them into closer touch with the treasures of the library.

Stories well selected and well told will do much in molding and shaping a child's character. From these stories he will get lessons of unselfishness, of thoughtfulness, of truthfulness, of cleanliness and many other good qualities that will fit him for broad, useful living. The literature of maturity is naturally permeated by the influence of the literature of childhood. The tales heard when a child become fixed and lasting possessions. They stay with the hearer through the years, and because their ideals become his ideals, they do much toward shaping his character.

WANT ADS.

Wanted—Someone to ask Pauline Gates why she asked Ted to her house-party instead of me. I like Florence a lot better than Ted does.

Warwick Boos.

Wanted—Another thrill like I had when I went over the waves with Mildred.

Joe Elliott.

Wanted—Some one to tell me why the man that took the tickets at the Ferris wheel flirted with Juanita Hatch so much.

J. P. Wham.

Wanted—A senior boy to ask Dick Cherry to start in Normal. I feel so lonesome without him.

Ruby Stoll.

Wanted—A nice sober industrious fellow to ask me for dates. I don't see why people call me a man-hater.

Edna Walter.

Wanted—Some one to tell me that I look like I am twenty years old. Won't people ever realize I am almost a man now.

Squezzel Alien.

Wanted—A handsome man with eyes like Billy Atwell's—hair like Claire Carr's—teeth like Deneen Watson—and soft smooth hands like Max Brock.

Helen Young.

Wanted—Some one to show me how to make spit curls, so I can vamp Paul.

Emma Smock.

Wanted—Information concerning the traveling salesman I was with last Sunday. He was so thrilling.

Juliette Hanford.

Wanted—Lightning bugs to please, roost on the clothes lines at the State Farm. I simply ruined my complexion the other night when I ran into the clothes line and left my curls hanging on the wire.

Mable Hall.

Wanted—Some one to tell me if I look better with a mustache, or without. I always like to look my best.

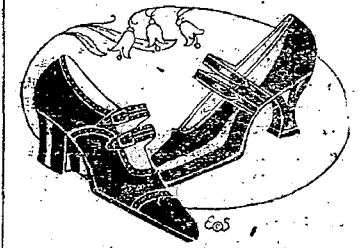
Max Brock.

Wanted—Information concerning the girl who had my little Zoa out riding last Sunday.

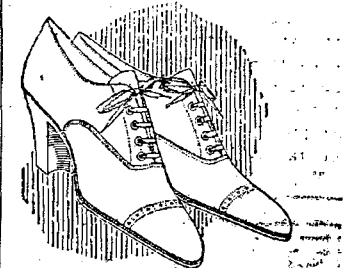
Gladys Williams.

Wanted—Some one to make love to me. William Richard Ashley

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SHOE DEPT.

seems to think so much of Helen Blackman, he simply won't have dates with any one else since she left.

Helen Blake.

Wanted—A friend of Lora Martin's to please tell her I wish she wouldn't get such large hats. They are very much in the way, especially after dark.

Alfred Ozment.

DING DONG COLUMN.

Virginia Meyers: Otis Winn makes a very nice tennis partner, to be sure. He is very thoughtful but being "auburn headed."

Alvin Mathis: Since you would like to go with a girl who sings well ask Edith Emmert for a date. She sings beautifully, and is very attractive. Ask Rowena for further details.

Mary Server: You should not have been offended because Mr. Shryock called you Mary Lingle in chapel. There is a young lady here in school named Mary Lingle.

Ursula O'Connell. I am surprised that you accepted that big box of candy from the good looking traveling salesman the other day. Of course, you were nice to him and accepted because he is a "friend of the family."

Vey Griffith: In the event of the

hot weather no one will object to you and Maurice looking down upon them from a third story window. Many a man, however, has lost his life by falling from windows of the New York sky scrapers. When you feel yourself becoming dizzy, hold on to the window sill.

Louis Oder: Rivalry is a dreadful thing. Harold Allison may mean no harm whatever. You should take a different view of the situation. He has done no more than a young man should do for a girl who sits next to him in chapel, especially, since there are not enough song books for every one.

Othel Eaton: Since you say you like Zella Ford, it is all right for you to ask her for dates. I am sure you will make a congenial couple, since you both play in the Orchestra. It will be better, however, to talk about your violins or the weather the first night you are with Zella. Then you can gradually breach the subject you mentioned in your letter. Break the news gently.

Otis Huffman: Don't feel timid about asking Ethel Bruce to go to the Roberts House with you for dinner Sunday. You know that Ethel will show you exactly what to do, if you forget. No, you do not have to pay as you enter, but you should pay the clerk at the desk as you

on-the-table for the waiter, however this is not necessary. You do not have to wear an evening suit, and tell Ethel it is best for her not to wear her evening gown.

Riggy Allen: It is very unusual that you and Ike both should get sea sick on the moonlight boat excursion last Monday night. The reason that Hgnnah and Lucille didn't get sea sick is because they are used to boat excursions. Next time carry lemons in your pockets.

Joe Boyle: Since you like Hazel Erwin so well, why not ask her to meet you at the swings? She loves to swing and she will love it more than ever, having your strong good hands to push her, and your sweet countenance to gaze upon.

Now then, having graduated at the Sublime Invisible No-Nothing University, and having had, while there, a most thorough training in tooting, I shall find it convenient to allow not more than ten goofs to take advantage of the opportunity I am offering. I am having a specially prepared sound proof edifice erected at Boskeydell where I shall deign to act as tooter to the first ten nabobs who shall show an earnest desire to be tooted.

Professorless Earl Y. Smith.

Read The Egyptian!

IN PHYSIOLOGY

The cerebrum has many wrinkles, which are called convulsions.

The arborvitae is a small fan-shaped brain below the cerebellum. It is sometimes called the tree of paradise.

The eye contains both the strenuous and the virtuous humor.

An enzyme is shaped like a pin capable of catching things with its hair like projections.

The air passes through the vacuum to the lungs.

Epidermal scales collect on the body and interfere with the preparation glands.

Houseflies spread typhoid and remittance fever.

Vacation is a good preventative for typhoid.

AWISE MAN.

There was a man in our town.
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a bramble bush;
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush;
And scratched them in again.

Read The Egyptian!

CRANKS, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

¶ Don't be discouraged because some body thinks you a crank. All the good things that ever amounted to anything in this world were started by cranks—cranks on expression have produced the greatest literature; cranks on form have produced the greatest sculpture; cranks on liberty created the United States.

¶ And don't forget it takes a crank to start your car when the self-starter bucks.

¶ We, ourselves, are the original cranks in the Book and Novelty Business—cranks on design; cranks on wood; cranks on finish, on value, and we like the company of cranks, because every time a crank comes to Rathgeber Bros. looking for trouble he gets disappointed.

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