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Egyptian Staff

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SPRING PLAYS ONLY TWO WEEKS OFF

ICEBOUND—A DRAMA OF REALISM WARMED BY ROMANCE

Owen Davis turns to New England and somewhat bitterly plays his microscope on the frigid folk of the bleaker farming regions. We find the Jordans, a clan of New England villagers, prepared to settle between themselves the comfortable estate of their aged and tart mother, who is on her death bed. She dies during the first act, with the nose-thumbing gesture of disinheritance the pack of them. The balance of the piece devotes itself to their futile efforts to adjust themselves to a realization that the small fortune they expected to divide has been willed to an "interloper" in the family, Jane Crosby, Opal Wright, a girl who has lived with the mother, loved and helped her for several years. A sea of hate, servility and envy whips up, with the girl herself steering a difficult course through it and coming at last to disclose that the money was not really left to her for her own use, but in trust for Ben Jordan (Carl Smith) the bad brother, the shiftless black sheep of the herd, under indictment for arson. This surprise (a somewhat implausible one, he it said) is occasioned by Jane's becoming aware that the dead woman's plan of having Ben falling in love with Jane, who has seemingly inherited the money with a view to their marriage and his redemption, has failed. The black sheep is not so black. He is, however, a trifle thick not to see the obvious love pouring at him from the girl herself and crying aloud for its requital. The final curtain gives the poor chap light, and the old woman in her grave—we must presume—gives a contented chuckle at having beaten her greedy family on all counts.

BRADLEY WINS "LITTLE 19" MEET—"RED" STARS FOR S. I. N. U.

Bradley of Peoria won the annual "Little 19" track and field meet at Knox college May 22 and 23 by a close margin over Knox. Bradley and Knox ran neck to neck during the meet, the relay points putting Brad-

(Continued on page 8)

Friends of the School To Award Tennis Trophy

The school has certain friends down town that can always be depended on. Among the friends are the owners of the "Free Press" and Mr. Sam Patterson of the clothing store. These people have shown their spirit of loyalty to the school by offering awards to the winners of the tennis tournament.

The "Free Press" is offering a very beautiful loving-cup to the winner of the men's singles in the tournament. The cup is a silver one fourteen and one-half inches high with a gold finish inside. Those interested in these awards certainly appreciate this gift from the "Free Press" as it is a sample of the spirit of loyalty which they hold toward us. A real nice tennis racket is offered by Mr. Sam Patterson to the winner of the women's singles. We feel that Mr. Patterson is doing us a real favor in offering this award as it helps along the spirit of the game greatly.

Life's Little Jokes No. 1; The Ambitious Dreamer--A Tragedy With a Moral

There was a twitter; then a tweet, and finally another twitter. Silence reigned again over a quiet, silent, world in the throes of that numbing malady that men and other creatures have designated as Spring Fever. Again the Spring stillness was broken by a noise unlike any tweet or twitter that had ever issued from any feathered biped or quadruped in our modern or any prehistoric age. It was a note of tragedy that might have issued from the longest throat of the tallest heron, or the weakest voicebox of the smallest wren. There was tragedy everywhere, where a few minutes before there had been peace. The final blast had been too much for the tin throat of the tin oriole that had flown from the nearby prize package into the schoolroom that quiet, peaceful, calm May morning.

There was tragedy in the heart of Tommy O'Sullivan Jones, as he tried in vain to elicit a sound from the tin bird that never more would amuse him and his classmates. A final glance at the broken metal form, and Tommy Jones gazed into the face of real tragedy. Enthroned on a seat of dignity sat Miss Palmer, a connoisseur of all hardware, tin noisemakers,

broken and unbroken, and marbles that had wandered from the sheltering fold of a protecting pocket. Quiet and menacing were the looks of warning that came from the marble countenance of the sphinx-like pedagogue. Something was going to happen. It was inevitable. Every pupil was a sailor enough to know that the calm always precedes the storm. Spring Fever was forgotten in the tragic silence that pervaded the air. Each pupil reflected over the happening of the morning and each felt the burden of a guilty, fearful conscience.

At last the marble countenance of the sphinx-like figure enthroned behind the ponderous desk, moved and words began to issue from a throat that either spoke words of censure or words of command. A sigh of relief from every throat but one. A groan from Tommy O'Sullivan Jones, premier entertainer and, incidentally, disturber of peace.

"Bring that noisy piece of tin here. All you do is play. Don't you dare go home this afternoon until you see me. I think I shall consult your father, anyway."

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THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING ABOUT WHAT AND WHY?

Probably the biggest events of the school year are the two plays staged by the Socratic and Zetetic Literary societies every year before commencement. This year the Socratic society presents the three-act farce, "The Whole Town's Talking." Look at the title! We judge a thing many times by the name applied to it. When we hear the name "Ford" we think of tin (not ordinary tin, but tin that makes noise). Probably some of us have varied conceptions of titles. When the word "girl" is mentioned, a fellow thinks of his girl; if he has one or if he hasn't, probably thinks of some other Beau Brummel's sweetheart (that was once his. So much for Fords, girls and other necessities. "The Whole Town's Talking." Look at that nomenclature again! Down deep in your breast or somewhere isn't there a something that makes you want to know what the whole town is talking about? Or don't you wonder what kind of a town it is that's talking if a town really does talk? Is there a love plot, or is there a love triangle, or is there a villain with his funny mustache? Just a hint or two about this wonderful bit of drama, full of action, plots within plots, designing fathers, untrusting mothers, rebellious daughters, and "would-be son-in-laws." (Could you imagine Louis Ed Williams "parked" on a chandelier ten feet from the floor while a battle raged below? Could you picture our Lester Buford, married, and father of Viola Gaskins, a small town girl with naughty city ways? Those are good but can you feature this? James Gullet is a hardboiled, cauliflower ear, pugilist that has ruined the social career of more men than any other human with the exception of John L. Sullivan, himself. Now let me pull the old "gag" about Opportunity knocking at the door and I'll be done. It wouldn't be a case of petty larceny or even highway robbery to charge fifty cents for the very few things I have mentioned. You will agree, after you have seen the play, that we would have been only good Samaritans, had we charged \$1.50. Remember the date, June 15, 1925, and for the sake

(Continued on page 8)

ORGANIZATIONS

WEDDING BELLS WILL RING

Mr. Glenn Fishel, coach of athletics in the Carterville Community High school, and Miss Lillie Trovillion, teacher of English and History in the Mill Shoals High school last year, surprised their many friends by slipping off to Mt. Vernon and marrying on Saturday, May 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Fishel were prominent students of the S. I. N. U. in 1922 and '23. Fishel was star football player, claiming a record of playing the entire season without loss of time. Mr. and Mrs. Fishel contemplate taking their degrees here in the near future. Coach Fishel will attend the University of Illinois this summer, taking a special course in coaching. Mr. and Mrs. Fishel will be at home in Carterville Sept. 1st.

Word has reached the office of another would-be marriage. Mr. Eric Griffith, Ed. B. '25, is to be married the first of June.

We wish to announce the marriage of Miss Mary Iva Mofield to Mr. Orville Carrington. They were joined in the everlasting bonds in Murphysboro some four or five weeks ago.

Mr. Kay White and Miss Helen Lafferty were married the early part of May.

We wonder who will be the next victim?

Y. W. C. A.

Last Friday evening the girls of both the old and new cabinet hiked to Thompson's lake, where they spent the night at the Barrow cabin.

The plan of some children; who had to be in by twelve, to scare us failed as they came at 11:30 and only had thirty minutes to do the work in. We all know that master minds have to have more than thirty minutes to work out a good plot so children should not attempt such a difficult task in so short a time.

All the girls enjoyed the sunrise and a row around the lake before breakfast. All through the day there was much swimming and boat riding. So each girl enjoyed the day after sandwiches and salty lemonade, we returned to town.

REV. MacVEY SPEAKS TO Y. W. AND Y. M. C. A.

On last Tuesday evening the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. held joint meeting and a very good program was rendered. The first number on the program was a vocal solo by Miss Fula Read.

The remainder of the program was an address by Rev. MacVey of the Methodist church. Rev. MacVey gave a very interesting and profitable talk to the young people.

The associations are rendering good programs this term with special speakers each time. A good program is expected tonite. Be out and help reap the profits of hearing a good address.

Cave-in-Rock, Ill., May 13, 1925

Agora Debating Club,
Carbondale, Illinois.

Members of the Agora:
Congratulations on your success in the tri-club debates. It was no more than I expected for I know what Agora training means.

I had planned to be back with you

next year, but have accepted a position in the school system at Serena, Illinois, so I suppose I shall have to be satisfied in hearing of your success through the mail.

Keep the good work going.
Yours respectfully,
J. ALFRED PURDUE.

THE OUTLOOK

The Pioneer, Alton, Ill.: Your editorials were exceptionally good in your last issue.

The Lombard Review and Alumnus, Galesburg, Ill.: A very well balanced paper with much worth while material.

Teachers' College Budger, Valley City, N. D.: Your "campus scenes" were certainly beautiful. We wish to congratulate you on your school buildings.

The Antelope, Kearney, Neb.: Your editorial section was very good, but you need to add a joke occasionally which will add some spice to your paper.

TO THE COLLEGE GIRL

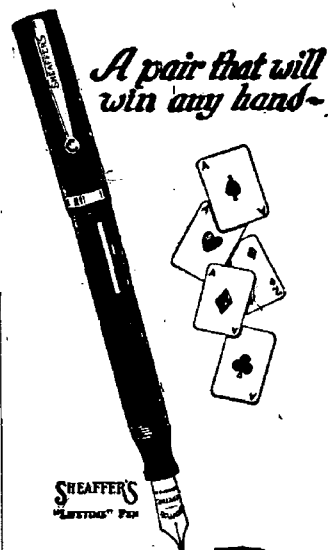
Heaven keep you dear,
Safe from all harm.
Heaven keep you dear,
With your sensuous charm.

Heaven keep you, dear,
Is all I can chant,
Heaven keep you, dear,
Goodness knows—I can't.

Disappointed Lover: "What's your name girlie?"

Little One: "Lisbeth."

D. L.: "Well tonite you can eat, drink and be Mary."



A pair that will win any hand.



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ZETETIC SOCIETY

A Hot Night
but--

Bring No Fans
but--

"Look out there! It's like that half the year—froze up—everything and most of all the people. Just a family by itself maybe, just a few folks good and bad with nothing to talk about but just the mean little things that really don't amount to anything but get to be giver than all the world outside. Icebound, that's what we are—all of us—Icebound—inside and out."

--BEN.

"ICEBOUND"

"They all hate me and they all want something all, the time. I can't say Yes and it's hard to always say, no. Then there's the farm big and poor and all worked out. The Jordan's have been taking their living out of this soil for more than a hundred years and never putting anything back."

JANE.

Keep Cool
June 16, 8:00 p. m.

Bring Your Furs
Auditorium

THE EGYPTIAN

Illinois
 Charter College Press Association Member

Published every week during the Collegiate year by the students of the Southern Illinois State University, Carbondale, Illinois.

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EDITORIAL

THE SPIRIT OF SUPPORT

The time for the spring plays is at hand. These plays are the main event of the year for the literary societies. It is the literary societies that are the old and reliable organizations of the school. We should back them to the last. Are you doing your part?

The members of the cast and the coach are putting in many long weary hours during these last weeks of the term. They are putting forth this effort in order to put forward the best plays possible. The good plays in turn go to make up a better college. It's your college as much as theirs; so boost them to the last.

There are three types of people to be found in colleges. These are the boosters, the knockers, and the people who do not do anything. It is hard to choose which of the last two are the worst. But they are both undesirable enough that we want them to be in the very small minority.

All the boosters are backing the school activities especially the spring plays at present. If you are not in line already, fall in and boost, boost, boost!

TRY THIS

"Don't cross your bridges until you get to them" is a good sound statement in some cases and in some it is not. As far as borrowing trouble is concerned it is a very good thought. Some people always think of the gloomy side of life. They worry about all the difficulties which there are going to happen before they come to them. This is a poor policy. Half of the difficulties and failures of some people could be avoided if they would only spend their time about how to construct and systematize their work instead of how to pull through the failures which they may never meet.

When a person makes a firm decision that he can do anything, half of the battle is won. It won't be long until he can look into the future and see success shining there. Don't let failure enter your mind. Think about how you are going to make a success of the task at hand instead.

WEE WUNDER

If you have a seat in Chapel. (If you hold onto it).
 Why Josephine Daszko made the sudden clearance of pictures of the masculine sex from her table?
 If Mildred Bone ever recovered all her belongings?
 Why noises heard in the wee hours of the morning, issuing from the base-

ment are always so disturbing.
 How anyone can help from moving when a wasp flirts with him?
 Prof.: "What is the oldest known government?"
 Soph.: "Bolshevism."
 Prof.: "Why?"
 Soph.: "The Bible says "Before order there was chaos."

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Socratic Society

PRESENTS

Come See

Why

?

You Will be

Talking

Too

==THE==

WHOLE

TOWN'S

TALKING

At

S. I. N. U.

Auditorium

Monday

June 15

1925

8:00 o'clock p. m.

Admission 50 Cents

Life's Little Jokes

(Continued From Page 1)

Slowly and sadly, the crestfallen lad wended his weary way toward the desk and made a last plea before his executioner. "But, Miss Palmer, it's broke. It won't make any more noise."

"Go back and sit down and study your history." The sacrifice was made before the altar of wisdom. Once more Tommy O'Sullivan Jones had added a trophy to the evergrowing collection that lay in the desk of the Superior Being that held sway over the fortunes of Young America.

Five minutes had passed. Again the world was at peace, forgetful of the tragedy that had passed. Tommy Jones in a semi-reclining position unheeded of stray paper wads, was pursuing the fate of Sherman as he marched to the sea. Even the tragedy of the tin orinthological songster had passed from his mental jurisdiction.

Slowly but surely he drifted from the school room out on to the fields red with the blood of warring men. Captain Jones, no longer Tommy Jones, was going out to kill or to be killed. Across the shell swept field came line after line of gray clad figures only to meet destruction at the hands of Capt. Jones and his band of veterans. Soon victory was synonymous with the name Capt. T. Jones. The war was over. No longer was he Capt. Jones, then Gen. Jones and fictional hero and Saviour of the Republic. Amid tumultuous sounds and flying colors he was leading his battle scarred veterans down Pennsylvania avenue. At last there was a call for a president. The nation rose as one and bestowed on him the greatest honor that it can offer. Never had there been a rise so phenomenal. Capt. Jons, then Gen. Jones and finally President Jones. One day as he was talking to Miss Palmer, once his dear teacher, he was stricken by the bullet of an assassin. He had risen only to fall. He paid the supreme sacrifice. There was a sound of voices. Was it possible that he was not going to die for his country? No, the assassin was firing once more, this time with his noble head. He must cry for help. He must not stand

and be shot down as a dog.

The silence of the drowsy quiet school was rent by a cry so great in volume that even the owls in the belfry awakened and wondered what manner of beast was abroad. The assassin was gone. Everything vanished. Slowly he opened his eyes. Before him was a paper wad of gigantic size that had been molded and aimed by an artist. Did I say everything was gone? No, Miss Palmer was there, not his dear beloved school teacher, but the sphinx-like figure that ruled with an iron hand. Tragedy again pervaded the air. The same calm before a more dreadful storm. At last the storm broke as storms have broken thousands of times before, brief but terrible.

"Tommy, go to the office." Once more the hungry pedagogue must be fed. So Tommy Jones, late president, military genius, and national hero, wended his weary way from his seat up the long stairs to a fate that he knew not.

Are you Tommy Jones? Do you know any Tommy Jones? Just wander around the main building any time and glance at some of the inspired expressions on the faces of your classmates as they listen or seemingly listen to their dear Miss Palmers. Such far-away expressions are not inspired or founded in any classroom. Probably they are a thinking or dreaming of the day they will become president, or the day when they will wage battles with their lady love over a breakfast table, or it is barely possible that they are not thinking at all, but merely sitting. Aren't we all Tommy Jones regardless of our age? A man at his best is just a grown up Tommy Jones, dreaming dreams that can only be dreamed, fantasies that vanish with rude awakenings. Isn't it best that we should dream and see life in a fantastic fashion? Dream on, Tommy Jones, may your visions not be in vain.

MORAL: All are dreamers and all must be rudely aroused.

Prof.: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk our exams!"

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**SLIGHT SLAMS COMBINED
WITH GENTLE JARS**

Who's the nicest of them all?
Who's forever in the hall? Foster Ray.

Who's the one you cannot fool? Mr. Wham.

Who's the "cutey" of the school? Dwight Kerley.

Who's the one with the broadest grin? Loren Anderson.

Who's the thinnest of the thin? Ted Finley.

Who's worth their weight in gold? The Profs.

Who's so frigid he is cold? Orval McLain.

Who's as steady as Maude, the mule? Cary Davis.

Who could never break a rule? Joseph Pearce.

Who's charming sweet and coy? Clarence Connaway.

Who's the fattest of the fat? Roy Steckenrider.

Who can throw them on the Mat? "Brutus" Pyatt.

Who keeps the teachers all astir? Orville Carrington.

Who to his books should refer? Leslie Walters.

Who's the one who laughs the most? Albert Webb.

Who looks like he lived on toast? Warren Van Behren.

Who's the biggest one to tease? Elmer Sattgast.

Who always tries to please? Robert Rogers.

Who tells the girls the most fibs? All the men.

20TH CENTURY WISDOM

The Flapper Philosopher says: If you give a girl everything she wants, she will soon be wanting a pardon from the governor.

When you find that you can't reason with the speed cop, you'd better let him have the last word at once.

True blue never fades.

When a girl wears wool socks over her silk hose, it is the same thing as wearing a glove over a diamond ring.

The eternal triangle consists of hootch, a flivver and a coroner.

Even a bad egg will not offend if you leave it alone.

An S. I. N. U. man, when in doubt as to whether he should kiss a girl, will give himself the benefit of the doubt.

The easiest way to hit the mark every time is to aim at nothing—many succeed;

One reason why it is dangerous to go to sleep on the job is that you might fall off of it.

WEE WUNDER

Why some college men still like to indulge in childish traits such as shooting merely for the sake of making a noise?

If everyone knows that summer has arrived?

When we'll get our Obelisk?

Why some of the Y. W. cabinet members look so red?

A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS

A rook... a saxophone... a sorority... he plays.

A head... a flower pot... a crash... he lays.

HEADQUARTERS

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The latest patterns and styles for the Miss as well as the Gent, in Shoes and Hosiery.

Where your dollars go farther

North Side Square

104 West Jackson Street

The Whole Town's

(Continued from page 1)

of everything good and just, remember the place.

The cast is as follows:

- Henry Simmons, a manufacturer
- Lester Buford
- Harriett Simmons, his wife
- Pearl White
- Ethel Simmons, their daughter
- Viola Gaskins
- Chester Binney, Simmons' partner
- Lewis Ed Williams
- Letty Lithe, a motion picture star
- Maudie Brandon
- Donald Swift, a motion picture director
- James Gullett
- Roger Shields, a young Chicago blood
- Samuel Howe
- Lela Wilson
- Ruby Baine
- Friends of Ethel
- Sally Otis
- Dorothy Furr
- Annie, a maid
- Flora Clark
- Sadie Bloom
- Mary Kincheloe
- Taxi driver
- Charles Faulkner
- Mrs. Jackson
- Kate Mocabee

Bradley Wins

(Continued from page 1)

ley in the lead.

Nine records were broken: The mile, the shotput, the discus, 220 yard dash; the javelin, the high jump, the 220 yard low hurdles, the relay and the pole vault.

Two of the most interesting races were the 100 and 220 yard dashes. Because of the large number of entries in the 100 it was necessary to run 8 heats. Seven were run in 10

flat or better. "Red" won his trial heat in 9.9 seconds. He was set back one yard in the semi-finals and won it in 10 flat. In the finals, which was won in 9.9 seconds, he was set back one yard and finished fifth.

"Red" won his trial heat in the 220 in 22 seconds—at the rate of 10 flat for the 100. In the finals "Red" led until the last 40 yards, when his legs began to weaken after running so many heats and failed to place. "War Horse" Senn, Knox, made a new record of 21.5 seconds.

Ritchey tied for third in the high jump and brought back a medal. He would have placed in the pole vault if his pole had not broken.

Better luck next time, boys.

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING NOT CONVENTIONAL

"The Whole Town's Talking" is different, unique and somewhat novel in a lot of ways. For instance, there is not the conventional butler, no dress suits, no negroes, no tall silk hats, no spats—none of the usual "impediments" of a farce, and there's not a

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SERVICE

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dull minute from the first line to the last.

Even the love scenes are a bit out of the ordinary—not the same love-talk that has been going on, by actual count, for several centuries now. After all, when you get an enthusiastic and charming person like Viola Gaskins in the role of a girl just home from college, and a real actor like Louis Ed Williams, you have a right

to expect a little better than the convention he-and-she amatory conversation.

"Is there an American Nation?" asks the Christian Science Monitor. Well, the notion that it is a New England side line is wearing off, as you might say.—Dallas News.

Patronize Egyptian Advertisers.

TAGGART'S HAT SHOPPE

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We are too busy selling athletic goods to write an ad.

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THOSE GRADUATION GIFTS

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Druggist

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