

5-5-1925

## The Egyptian, May 05, 1925

Egyptian Staff

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Volume 5, Issue 30

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### Recommended Citation

Egyptian Staff, "The Egyptian, May 05, 1925" (1925). *May 1925*. Paper 4.  
[http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de\\_May1925/4](http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de_May1925/4)

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WRITE  
TO  
MOTHER

# THE EGYPTIAN

SUNDAY,  
MAY  
10TH

Read by Four Thousand Students, Faculty and Friends of the School

Volume V

Carbondale, Illinois, May 5, 1925

Number 30

## REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER THIS WEEK

### S. I. N. U. OBSERVES GOOD HEALTH WEEK

#### Students Hear Excellent Speeches

The week from April 26 to May 2 was Good Health Week, and three beneficial health addresses were given during Chapel exercises.

Dr. Della Caldwell, the local school physician, opened the series of speeches Wednesday by addressing the Chapel assembly. Dr. Caldwell said that "Health" was too big a subject, so she talked on the individual's requirements for good health. We have learned since our first day in school that plenty of exercise, fresh air and wholesome food were necessary, but we believe that the Chapel talk will help us to realize more fully that these requirements must be watched and made use of in order to be strong during old age. We might note that "if ye know these things and do them—ye shall be happy."

On Thursday, Dr. Redding, the head of the Red Cross relief workers, made an extremely interesting talk on Relief Work and First Aid. Dr. Redding was a fluent speaker, and held his audience in perfect attention while he issued much instructive advice. He even demonstrated how to restore consciousness to a fainting person, on one of the faculty members.

On Friday of last week, another health official addressed the student body, and the week as a whole was very beneficial and instructive. If college students would make every week Good Health Week the standards of the school would be greatly raised, but we wonder if it would be in some classes if we followed Dr. Caldwell's advice about studying lessons.

#### WEE WUNDER

Why the Physical Training class growled when they did the "bear dance?"

Why some students have been dreaming of daggers?

Why Mondays, exams and rain always come together?

### Mother, The Living Manifestation of Patience, Forbearance and Devotion to Others

Mary Towlas Sasseen (Mrs. Marshall Wilson), who was born in Henderson, Ky., and taught in the public schools there for many years, is credited with having been first to propose the idea of observing a day in honor of the mothers of our nation. That was more than thirty years ago. Mother's Day is now generally observed on the second Sunday in May in most of the states of the Union.

To most of us, the appeal of Mother's Day is something that brings up intimate and tender memories. We may stray far afield from the old haunts that we knew in childhood, but the picture of mother as we saw her then, gentle, sympathetic, loving and unselfish, never fades. Those who wear the bright flower on Mother's Day as a symbol that the mother they honor still lives have cause for rejoicing. Only those who wear the white flower that signifies homage to a mother who is gone can truly understand that when mother is no longer here there is, in all the world, no one who can take her place. The minted gold of a mother's faith and loyalty cannot be counterfeited.

Mother's part in the scheme of things is usually unobtrusive. She is not an advertiser on her own merits. Father is a good press agent for himself. He makes the most of his opportunities at home to recite the thrilling tale of his triumphs or the plausible alibi for his defeats. Mother is too busy as a rule to throw bouquets at herself or to hold lengthy post-mortems on the wherefore of this and that. She has no regular hours. Her shift extends from sun-up to sun-up, three hundred and sixty-five and one-quarter days in the year. She is the ultimate manifestation of Service.

Mother is the living manifestation of patience, forbearance, devotion to others. She is a sort of clearing-house for others' big and little complaints; she is a ministering angel, a never-failing comforter, an always interested confidante. Her advice rarely proves to be other than absolutely sound. It would seem that mother has a regular gift of guessing right on most subjects, if it wasn't that, after you've carefully studied her system, you find that she doesn't exactly guess. She really reasons things out by some curious process of incomprehensible logic that cannot be charted or set down in stated rules.

Mother can think rings around father; therefore father says she jumps at conclusions. As a matter of fact, she merely hits the high spots when she's thinking, while father plods doggedly up one hill, down another, wading creeks and wheezing ponderously over each obstacle. And meanwhile mother has made

### HERRIN WINS IN "LITTLE TEN" TRACK MEET

#### Carbondale is Victor in Intellectual Contest at Marion

Everyone has heard of the "Big Ten." To every follower of "King Sport," the "Big Ten" means the best in athletics, the best in moral sportsmanship, and the best in intellectual accomplishments. The "Big Ten" has its counterpart, its little brother here in Southern Illinois. This little brother made its debut on this terrestrial ball in that memorable year of 1923 A. D.

Probably you are wondering just what the "Little Ten" has to do with our school. At least 50 percent of our student body is drawn from the ten high schools of the "Little Ten." We have at least one graduate teaching in each one of these ten schools. After all our interest in the "Little Ten" is not an impersonal one.

At first the "Little Ten" ruled in only two of the major sports, football and basketball. This year, May 2, 1925, the first "Little Ten" track, field and intellectual meet was held at Marion. Eight of the schools, Marion, Herrin, West Frankfort, Carbondale, Benton, Anna-Jonesboro, Johnston City and Harrisburg had entrants.

Herrin won the track and field meet with 55½ points. West Frankfort was second with 31 1-12; Harrisburg third with 26, and Marion fourth with 15. Austin of West Frankfort, a regular Harold Osborne, was the high point man with 13 points. Shoemaker of Herrin, who wielded the shot and javelin with uncanny skill, tied with rack, also of Herrin, another Nurmi, for second honors. Each had ten points.

The intellectual contest held in the First Baptist church in the evening was won by Carbondale, who amassed a total of twenty points. Herrin trailed close behind with 17 tallies. The third place shield was won by Benton, with 12 points.

(Continued On Page Eight)

# ORGANIZATIONS

## Y. W. C. A. SOCIAL

Last Wednesday our college Y. W. C. A. decided to drive out of town and have their meeting in the open. Since the girls did not have enough cars, they invited several "boy chums" (having cars) to go along.

Soon after 3:30 quite a crowd had gathered at the home of Mrs. Ether-ton and was soon on its way to Mid-way park.

Upon arrival we found everything in harmony with springtime, so leaving the cars, we walked over the hill to a pond, near which an interesting program was rendered. As we sat out on the green listening while Miss Effie Denison read the scripture lesson, our school cares vanished, and we let our minds drift back to the time when Jesus was teaching the multitude.

After the meeting had been dis-missed by Mrs. Reeder, a picture of the group was taken. Then some of the boys built a fire while others carried some cool water from a nearby spring and soon each one was enjoying roasted weiners and marshmal-lows. Games, songs and readings fol-lowed.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Reeder, Mrs. Etherton, Pearl Hall, Christina Carter, Doree Bowers, Ina Bowers, Elaine Kelley, Wava Keelin, Lena Randolph, Sylvia Buell, Oattie Cotter, Opal Eblin, Effie Denison, Gladys Keller, Cara Jane Dippell, Olive Etherton, Helen Etherton, Mildred Eads, Velma Christie, Reba Ivers, Hazel Lampley, Emma Hampton, Lucille Smith, Dorothy Mae Reeder, Solie Sprague, Olen Rogers, W. H. Nichols, Raymond Hoffner, Iris Randolph, Ralph Wallace, Warren Card, Byrel Grisham, Carvel Ether-ton, Halley Nebughr, Walter Trout-man, John Ivers, George Christie, George Calhoun, James and Paul Reeder, and Elmer Hicks.

## EPSILON BETA

Another successful dance was giv-en by the girls of the Sorority Fri-day evening, April 24th.

The decorations were carried out in the Sorority colors, green and gold. Crepe paper was draped from the ceiling in the shape of a diamond, the emblem of Epsilon Beta. Balloons were here, there and everywhere. The dance programs were made of green and gold paper in the shape of the Sorority pins.

Two feature dances were carried out, which were very unique. The

merriment began with the throwing of serpentine paper, and the popping of the balloons.

Twenty-four couples were present. Chaperones were: Miss Winters, Miss Herron and Mr. McAndrew. Music was furnished by a local orches-tra.

## ZETETS BEGIN WORK ON "ICEBOUND"

Work is progressing rapidly on the Zetetic Spring play. The cast has been selected and rehearsals are held almost every night. There was much enthusiasm and competition during the try-outs on account of the number of candidates out for the leading parts. Miss Trovillion says that she had very great difficulty in choosing the cast.

Icebound has been recently released for amateur production and is produced only on a royalty basis. It had a continuous run of over two years in New York and other long runs in the leading cities of the country. It won the Pulitzer prize for the best play produced in 1921. This is per-haps the highest commendation a play can have in America. This is the play that made Owen Davis famous over night.

All of the players are laboring hard on their parts and will try to present something new in spring plays this year. The cast is as follows:

Henry Jordan ..... John Kieth  
Emma, his wife ..... Kate Sturm  
Nettie, her daughter by a former marriage ..... Jewell Finley  
Sadie Fellows, once Sadie Jordan, a widow ..... Ethel Croessmann  
Orin, her son ..... Ellis Crandle  
Ella Jordan, the unmarried sister ..... Harriett Marvin

Ben Jordan ..... Carl Smith  
Dr. Curtis ..... H. S. Walker  
Judge Bradford ..... Clyde Deering  
Jane Crosby, a servant Opal Wright  
Hannah, a servant ..... Mrs. G. A. Dodd

## ANTHONY HALL

Dorothy Byron of East St. Louis was the guest of Miss Mattie Hall last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. D. Hartwell visited here Sunday with their daughter, Thelma.

Ruby Ice, Julia Bohmer, Hah Jack-son, and Oliver Boner spent the week end at West Frankfort.

Kathern Felthoven visited with Lo-rene and Kathryn Sturm, Saturday.

Cornelia Blum of Lebanon was the guest of Gail Boynton last week end. Pauline Croessmann, Hazel Pyatt,

Louise Durham, Mildred Watson and Ethel Croessmann attended the Y. W. C. A. Conference held in Champaign, May 1, 2, 3.

Mildred Bone and Thelma Hartwell attended the track meet at Marion last Saturday.

Among the other girls away during the week end were: Nina Bullock, Sylvia Chamness, Norie Hall, Viola Gaskins and Miriam Doolittle.

## BOOKS WE WANT TO READ

The Cyclone ..... Augusta Wind  
The Flapper's Worry ..... Mr. Date  
In Debt ..... Owen Moore  
The Curse ..... Gosh  
The Easy Chair ..... Eileen Back  
Midnight Ride ..... Paul Revere  
If Morning Comes ..... Dawn  
Iva Payne ..... Etta Green Apple  
The Gentle Dentist ..... Herta Little  
If Winter Comes ..... Coal

## RECIPE FOR KISS CAKE

Take one armful of pretty girl, one lovely face, two lovely brown eyes, two rosy cheeks, and two lips like strawberries. Mix well together and press to two lips.

Result astonishing. For frosting—take one piece of dark Coupe or Sorority porch and a little moonlight and press into one large or small hand so as not to attract attention.

Two ozs. romance and one or two Frat wiskers. Dissolve one-half dozen glances into a quantity of hesita-tion.

Place kiss on blushing cheek. Flavor with a small scream and set aside to cool.

The big guns of business are usual-ly those who have never been fired.—Nashville Banner.

*A pair that will win any hand-*

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## My Mother

It is not to the living presence that I bring my tribute. The mother that I knew, patient with my follies and perversities, soothing and inspiring in the hour of my discouragement, hopeful and confident when there seemed least warrant for her unwavering faith, is gone. She is no longer here to counsel and guide. But her spirit, the spirit of ineffable love, abides with me still and will continue a potent influence over my better self so long as life shall last. The beautiful memory grows dearer with the passing of the years. I invoke that spirit when troubles assail me and heartaches overwhelm me. I am a little child again at her knee with the plaintive cry of helplessness, "Mother." And when the end shall come and the fitful scurrying we call life is over, I want nothing so much as that mother shall rock me to sleep.

Happy, indeed, are you my friend, if your memory of the departed mother is saddened with no vain regret. Perchance your mother lives and waits to welcome your return home; and you may wear the red flower instead of the white on the day set apart as Mother's Day. Blessed are you beyond any power of yours to comprehend if you are still permitted to pay your tribute to the living in loving devotion for all that she has suffered for you. Be assured that she is the truest friend you have; her love is the "love that never faileth." She will not see your unworthiness; and though all the world may assail you, she is steadfast and true. She deserves nothing less than your heart's deepest devotion, all of loyalty and honor and love you can bestow. She may be old-fashioned. Thank God for that. It is the character-saving counter influence to the tawdry trend of the frivolous times in which we live.

### ALUMNI NOTES

Merl Crawford, who is teaching history in the Mascoutah High school, will attend the University of Illinois next year.

Alice Barrow '24 is planning to attend DePauw University during 1925-'26.

D. Ransom Smerretz, Ed. B. '24, has accepted a position on the Y. M. C. A. staff at Lake Geneva for the summer.

Howard S. Walker, Ed. B. '25, has been elected principal of the Carterville Community High school.

Mrs. Bertha Burnett Cline is planning to attend Illinois next year and finish the following June, getting her B. A. degree.

Harrisburg, Ill., April 18, 1925.

Mr. Hall,  
Carbondale, Ill.

Dear Sir:

On Tuesday of last week, I had the pleasure of listening to the program being broadcasted from the R. O. Burke Studio, by the Zetetic Society, of the S. I. N. U., which I enjoyed very much, especially the two readings, O! Mr. Moon and Betty at the Baseball Game, given by you and a young lady whose first name was Lillian. I failed to get her last name and also your first, therefore I am

addressing my letter to you as I have your last name. I am a former student of the S. I. N. U. and will appreciate your kindness ever so much if you and Miss Lillian will send a copy of each reading in the return envelope.

Thanking you in advance and best wishes for the S. I. N. U.

Yours respectfully,  
MRS. FRED D. SISK.

### MOTHER

Of all the words in the English language there is one that holds much more meaning for us than any other. That word which has such a wonderful significance to us is mother. To all of us it brings back pleasant memories that no other word can do. The thoughts that it brings have a deeper meaning than any other. The golden moments of the past can never be forgotten.

Mothers possess all the beautiful characteristics of a person that we can never forget. We may grow old and stray far from home, but an image of mother as gentle, unselfish, sympathetic, loving, and untiring when helping us will never fade from our minds.

What have our mothers meant to us? They have given us our greatest hopes in life. They are our guiding star all through life. The young

person who has a mother that believes in him as to moral standard and success finds it awfully hard to take the wrong path of life.

To her who means so much to us we should give our greatest respect. Mother's Day has been set aside as a time to give our greatest tribute to our greatest friend. Let's all be sure to remember her in every way possible, especially by vowing to live our lives in the way that she would want us to do.

### A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER

When all the pleasant years have passed,  
And pretty curls are straight and grey;

When Beauty's haven is eclipsed  
By care-worn furrows, which betray  
Her faithfulness and love in days gone by.

When I have yielded to the world,  
And felt its joys, its cares, its fears,  
While she in patience lives and loves,  
I wonder if I'm worth her tears

And all the love that she has spent on me.

\*\*\*\*\*

The world has lures I don't resist,  
And many pitfalls strewn between,  
But when I kiss her precious lips,  
My heart becomes all pure and clean.

Her early beauty turns to loveliness,  
Her joy is all revealed beneath her sigh.

And when again I rest beside her knee,  
I feel at last the thrill of happiness.

### CARTERVILLE COMMUNITY HIGH GIVES OPERETTA

On Friday evening, May 1st, the students of the C. C. H. S. under the leadership of Miss Lucille Clifford, teacher of music, gave a very excellent musical program. The Carterville High school is to be congratulated on its fine talent. Miss Clifford, the instructor, is a graduate of the S. I. N. U.

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# THE EGYPTIAN

Charter Illinois College Press Association Member

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

Entered as second class matter at the Carbondale Post Office under the act of March 3, 1879.

Office Telephone  
Main Building, Room 16 University Exchange No. 17

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of kindness in themselves, but they brighten the whole world. At its best this world in which we live is a sordid one, and courtesy is one of those things which take away some of this sordidness.

Boys, it will raise you two notches in every girl's estimation if you just tip your hat when you meet them—the ones you know, of course. Our teachers also deserve a respect which we do not always accord them. Most of us will be teachers some time, with the situation reversed, and this fact will come home to us. The age of chivalry may have passed, but we can show that some of the spirit is yet here!

## MOTHER

This word "mother" is one which is probably the most used and the most sacred of all the words in the world. It is used by infants learning to talk, by old men and women, in fact it is used by everybody.

It is one word which is impossible to define as no word or group of words is adequate to explain its full meaning. A general definition in part is as follows: "A mother is one who gives up for her children, one who makes the greatest sacrifice, one who shields her children from wrong, one who always forgives them and the one who alone fully understands them. A mother is glad to lay down her life for her offspring if she thinks she can save them from some evil or waywardness." This is only a very weak definition of the word. No man or woman has been able to give the full and utmost meaning of the word. I believe that no one will ever be able to give to the world all the meanings that these two syllables hold.

"Mother" is the one and greatest delight of all belonging to her. She is the one that is set up as a model by her children. What is the joy one can hope for as he comes back home after some years or even some months of absence? Who is the one who brings her children back to the straight and narrow path if they have wandered away from it? Who is the greater loved, the mother or the "father?" The mother is the reply to all the above queries. Why? Just each one of us should ask ourselves that question. We would be able to answer it, without hesitation. Probably each one of us would have a different answer, but eventually it would amount to the same thing.

This Sunday America will celebrate "Mother's Day." It will be a very joyous day for those whose mothers are living, but a very lonely day for those whose mother is just a sweet and loving memory of the past.

Some of us have mothers living, but we do not wholly appreciate them. In conclusion, a bit of advice is extended to the readers of this editorial, i. e. you that still have mothers living, do all you can to make them happy and you will live in happiness, for the things that you do to gladden their hearts will come back to you later to gladden your heart. Let every day be your mother's day, a day on which she knows by your consideration and filial respect for her that you appreciate her love, her labor, her sacrifice. Your slogan every day should be Save Mother as many steps as possible.

# EDITORIAL



## A WORD TO THE WISE

Out in the civilian world on Mothers' Day every man wears in his button-hole a red or white rose in honor of his mother. This is one of the most beautiful customs that we have; but, unfortunately, we of the Regiment are denied this outward manifestation of our love and respect. Custom decrees that the uniform shall be unadorned except by certain medals awarded by Congress, and there seems to be little chance at this late date of Congress awarding us each a rose. As the Seamanship Department would say, "What do?" How add our bit on that day in honoring our mothers? It is not a hard question to answer. We can write the best letter that we know how and send it so that she will get it Sunday morning, when she will no doubt be thinking of her boy as only mothers can. Let it be such a letter that she will know that we think of her as much as she does us, that always in our thoughts and memories she stands first, that words are really inadequate to say what we most wish to, and that, though we may show no rose in our button-hole, in our hearts we will wear a fair rose, a fair rose of love tinted with fond memories.

## BE COURTEOUS

In your home, on the street, in your classroom or on the campus, be courteous! It takes so little effort on your part and means so much to those you meet. It gladdens the one toward whom your courtesy is directed, and if only you would believe, it makes you happier for having done it.

You do not have to be born in some high-bred family and accomplished in all those nice mannerisms of a hypocritical world! While they are admirable if sincerely done, they are not all important. Courtesy is an innate quality made up of respect and consideration for others which is present in a greater or less degree in the lowest of us. Where we fail is in not showing it. It is so easy to let little things go by because they are little. But these are the things which count. They are not only little acts

## SPALDING'S ATHLETIC GOODS

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OUTFITTERS FOR MEN AND BOYS

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MOTHERS

For she has given her all on Earth and more in Heaven—Byron.

A few years ago a gorgeous reception was given in honor of a great man. The toastmaster, a statesman, a financier and a scientist, paid him tribute in glowing terms. At last he was asked to say a few words pertinent to his phenomenal success. He had prepared a great speech attributing his miraculous rise to this and that, but when the final moment arrived he arose, his eyes fixed on an aged and grey head in the balcony; emotion choked his words and he raised his glass to a toast—"To her—My mother!"

With a sacrificial nobility all their own our mothers have been the weightiest factors in the moulding of our lives. They have fostered our ambitions, allayed our fears and exalted our hopes; the first to applaud, the last to condemn. They are our great haven of refuge when all else fails, willing at any time to take a lowly place to serve us. To their everlasting glory, this powerful country of ours owes to its motherhood the making of better men, better women, and truer citizens.

Mothers' Day has been set aside as a day for everyone to lay his tribute at the feet of one who is nobler than the noblest—his mother. Let us, then, on this day fill our hearts with a longing to live in a larger, better, and nobler way. To you, Mothers of America, you who walk in spheres of sublime service—we salute you!

WRITE TO MOTHER

Sunday is Mother's Day. The best that each one can do is to write a generous sized letter to mother. It is easy to wire, to call up the florist and tell him to send flowers, to send a present, but what mothers want most is that thoughtful letter in which you tell her what she means to you and what you are doing from day to day. If mother cannot be written to then tell Dad that you love him. There is nothing so important that it should take the place of mother, her love, her prayers, her well-wishes. Write her today.

Last Tuesday evening the Socratic play cast motored to Anna to see the play, "The Whole Town's Talking" as presented by the Anna Jonesboro High School. Many helpful suggestions were derived by the visit. Members of the cast making the trip were: Viola Gaskins, Pearl White, Ruby Baine, Maude Hood Brandon, Lorraine Sawyer, Flora Clark, George Calhoun, Charles Faulkner, James Gullet, Lewis Ed Williams, Mary Kincheloe and Sam Howe. Others who made the trip but are not in the play cast were Lucille Lippert, Oliver Redd, Ralph Knight, Nellie Hudspeth, "Bud" Miller, Burtis Trees, Dorothy Furr and Mr. Frank Hayden. The chaperones were, Miss Trovillion, Miss Steagall, Miss Hardin, Mrs. Cline and Mr. Hall.

YOU, MOTHER!

By John Frederick Mason

Ah, mother, when I think of you,  
A languid love begins to flow,  
Sweet memories of the long ago!  
While thinking of your kindness true,  
My somber skies turn brighter hue.  
Your love I know,  
Dear mother mine.

And now I feel how noble, grand,  
The sacrifices made for me.  
You braved the fate of storm-tossed sea,  
And leaving loved ones on the strand  
Joined life and death with mother hand—  
That life might be.  
Oh mother love!

Then calmly through the trying years  
You gave far more than I can guess,  
A load you bore in humbleness.  
You eased life's heartaches, dried  
life's tears;  
A victory of faith o'er fears  
Was your caress,  
My mother dear.

And heavy on my heart has lain  
Each lesson filled with thought and care.  
You taught to work, to do, to dare,  
To share another's toil and pain;  
That one must give, if he would gain;  
And silent prayer,  
A mother's gifts.

A nation's flag unfurled on high  
You guard from sins that lead and lure,  
You guide to virtues that are sure.  
When storms of conflicts cloud the sky,  
From out the darkness comes the cry,  
"Send mothers pure!"  
You, mother, you!

What Mother Thinks

While walking down a crowded street the other day  
I heard a little urchin to another turn  
and say:  
"Say, Chimmie, let me tell youse, I'd be happy as a clam  
if I was only the feller that me mudder t'inks I am.  
"She t'inks I am a wonder, an'she knows her little lad  
Could never mix 'ith nuttin' dat was ugly, mean or bad;  
Oh, lots o' times I sit an' t'ink how nice 'twould be, gee whiz!  
If a feller was de feller dat his mudder t'inks he is."  
My friend, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,  
You can still learn a lesson from this small unlettered boy;  
Don't try to be on earth a saint, with your eyes fixed on a star;  
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.  
—Author Unknown

Fresh: "If I go to the show I'll have to cut two classes."  
Soph: "That's all right. You can make up sleep any time."

Courtesy

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# Golden Moments

## THE MONKEY

By Nancy Campbell

I saw you hunched and shivering on the stones  
 The bleak wind piercing to your fragile bone,  
 Your shabby scarlet all inadequate;  
 A little ape that had such human eyes—  
 They seemed to hide behind their miseries—  
 Their dumb and hopeless bowing done to fate—  
 Some puzzled wonder. Was your monkey soul  
 Sickening with memories of gorgeous days,  
 Of tropic playfellows and forest ways,  
 Where, agile, you could swing from bole to bole  
 In an enchanted twilight with great flowers  
 For stars; or on a bough the long night hours  
 Sit out in rows, and chatter at the moon?  
 Shuffling you went, your tiny chilly hand  
 Outstretched for what you did not understand;  
 Your puckered mournful face begging a boon  
 That but enslaved you more. They who passed by  
 Saw nothing sorrowful; gave laugh or stare,  
 Unheeding that the little antics there  
 Played in the gutter such a tragedy.

## OUR MOTHERS

Kate Douglas Wiggin once said, "Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world." We have set aside one day in the year to honor our mothers. But it is not the only day upon which our mother deserves honor. Mothers' Day is just to remind us that every day is mother's day, that every day her love for us is unending, that every day we may live and act and speak in the way that will fill her heart with joy.

To our mothers we owe our lives. This is obvious, but it is the obvious that we are in danger of forgetting. With life our mothers have given us our strength of body and mind and soul. Scientists are now telling us that heredity is from five to ten times more important than environment or training. Our mothers' lives have been transmitted to us.

To our mothers we owe the most important part of our education. We may go to schools which our mothers never saw, we may read books which our mothers cannot understand, we may think thoughts which to our mothers are strange, but the most important results of education are not what we know but what we are. The most important years in the making of one's character are the first nine years of his life. It is then that obedience is learned, which is the foundation of organized society; gentleness of speech and consideration of the rights of others are learned, which are the requisites of social intercourse; an attitude of reverence

and habits of prayer are learned, which are the foundations of nobleness; the disposition is formed which must forever be the measure of our happiness. The bent of our whole life is received then from our mothers.

To our mothers we owe our homes. There is no other word that touches the heart and calms the soul like the word home. Mother makes the home. Without a mother a home is but barren walls and empty spaces. Her love gives the home its warmth and color, her sympathy sweetens the atmosphere that breathes through every room, her presence is the light that floods every corner and transforms the humblest cottage into a royal mansion.

The greatest gift our mothers have given us is their love. We cannot live without love, and mother's love never falters. We are what we are because our mothers have loved us. Mother has sacrificed for us when we did not know. Perhaps she is sacrificing for us now as we do not understand. How beautifully Victor Hugo reveals the spirit of motherhood! "She broke the bread into two fragments, and gave to the children, who ate with avidity. 'She has kept none for herself,' grumbled the sergeant. 'Because she is not hungry,' said a soldier. 'Because she is a mother,' said the sergeant."

We never can pay our mothers what we owe them. Mothers wish no pay. They would be the last to admit that they have given everything for which they should be paid. If mother has gone to a better world, let us thank God that we had her so long. If mother still lives to bless us,

let us say to her now the things that some day we shall be glad that we said.

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## SEASON'S CHIMES

Spring-time a calling me,  
 (Why Study?)  
 Green fields enthraling me,  
 (Why Study?)  
 Just a little time to play,  
 Then a long, long time away,  
 Life may leave us but a day,  
 (Why Study?)

Summer's coming very soon,  
 (Why Work?)  
 Crickets play a happy tune,  
 (Why Work?)  
 Nature flings to me her gold,  
 Hides from me the crumbling mold,  
 Whispers, "You cannot grow old,"  
 (Why Work?)

Autumn's coming by and by,  
 (Why Worry?)  
 Golden days and smoky sky,  
 (Why Worry?)  
 Drifting, ever drifting on,  
 Life and love will soon be gone,  
 Caution, heedless happy one,  
 (Why Worry?)

Winter's here with frozen smile,  
 (Too Late!)  
 Grant me just a little while,  
 (Too Late!)  
 I have played my life away,  
 Nothing I can do or say  
 Brings me back a single day,  
 (Too Late!)  
 —Gertrude A. Dodd.

## MOTHER'S DAY MEMORIES.

My mother's mem'ry is calling me  
 From that dim and shadowy land.  
 And ever as the years bear heavy,  
 More strong is her guiding hand.

Like flowers lain on her silent grave,  
 Like incense burned at a shrine,  
 We offer our love on Mother's Day,  
 To acknowledge her love divine.

Mother we cannot repay with days,  
 For a lifetime of love and care.  
 But we sing to the world thy praises,  
 For the one in our life most fair.

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# MOTHER, THE LIVING MANIFESTATION

(Continued from page 1)

a complete circle of all the peaks, ignored the bogs and thickets, leaped the bottomless abysses and has in her mind a free panorama of the whole proposition.

To the true, noble, self-sacrificing mothers of the race we owe all that we have been and are and hope to be. Father furnishes the wherewithal to pay the bills, but mother's gentle, generous, refining influence fashions us into whatever we may finally become as examples of manhood or womanhood. Whatever of the dross that is separated and expelled from our characters by the refining and tempering operations of life is due to mother's influence and mother's prayers.

Let us all read a new and holier meaning into the simple ceremony of Mother's Day this year. Let us observe the day with a spirit of reverence.

### FACTS ABOUT ILLINOIS

Nickname—"Sucker" or Prairie".  
 Motto—"State Sovereignty — National Union."  
 State flower—Wood violet (chosen by legislature).  
 Area—56,665 square miles, (23rd in rank).  
 Population—6,900,000 (3rd in rank).  
 Percentage of illiteracy—3.4.  
 Settled—1720.  
 Entered union—1818.  
 Capital—Springfield; pop., 60,000;  
 (Largest city, Chicago; pop., 2,900,000.)  
 Government—Legislatures consists of a Senate of 51 members and a house of representatives of 153 members. Represented at Washington by two senators and 27 representatives.  
 Governor—Len Small, Rep. Term four years; salary, \$12,000.

Products—Iron, steel, machinery, furniture, motor cars, flour, woolen goods, vegetables, fruits, grain, livestock, coal, oil and natural gas.

Politics — In 1924 presidential election Republicans polled 1,453,321 votes, Democrats 576,775 and Third Party, 432,027; electoral vote was Republican, 29.

### MY MOTHER

When the misty, wistful greying twilight  
 Softly spreads over the cares of day,  
 Through the dusky haze of the deepening night  
 Steals a dear form in the far-away.  
 The soft shades of the light are beaming

Over her features sweet and calm,  
 On her face is a look of yearning  
 For a boy who is far from home.

In her eyes glows a look so tender  
 For the absent one far away.  
 Knows he not that when thus he wanders  
 He breaks this heart so soft and dear?

From the tiny, clutching, helpless child  
 She moulded with infinite care,  
 Giving her life, each tear and each smile  
 That he might have no pains to bear.

Full of unselfish, blindlike devotion,  
 Gaze lovingly on her aging frame,  
 And in this world's unceasing commotion  
 Let us stop and honor her name.

There in the greying, waning twilight  
 When the dim lamps are burning low  
 She sits alone with her dreams so bright;  
 Some day, some how, may each come true.

### THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE FOR ME

You see, Mub, I've been thinking more  
 Of things that ought to be,  
 And I've found a newer, truer thanks  
 For the things you've done for me.

Perhaps you've thought in years gone by,  
 As you'd toil and lovingly plan,  
 That I was receiving them all—unmarked,  
 That I never would see—as a man.

And you must have wondered and

patiently pondered,  
 When the other wind came in my teens  
 And bore me away to drossily play  
 And cast my pearls in the spleen.

But you kept on wooing and constantly doing  
 Till my sails were furled from the drive,  
 And I crossed the bar by the light of the star  
 Which you and the things that you did kept alive.

And now I have got, from these doings of yours,  
 A ship and a wind of my own  
 With which I am going to travel and trade,  
 That my doings for you may be known.

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