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Egyptian Staff

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THE EGYPTIAN

VOL. I

CARBONDALE, ILL., JUNE 8, 1921

NO. 12

STORY TELLING

By Miss Kate Vick (Training School Critic Teacher.)

Next to literature, history is the greatest story book in the world, and the source from which the best stories have been drawn. Excellent stories have been woven around some of the great historical characters. Wyche says "To one void of imagination, the richest material in history would be but a valley of dry bones; but he whose imagination pierces the shell of appearance gets at the inner significance of things, and he can breathe on the valley of bones and they will arise and become living people."

Frederick Harrison in his "Choice of Book" has said: "The most useful help to reading is to know what we shall not read, what we shall keep from that small, cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of information, which we can call our ordered patch of fruit bearing knowledge." Now the same statement applies to the selection of our stories. We must set up a standard of principles to use as the basis for our selection.

Has the story something which is in common with the life and experience of the listeners? Has it a familiar back ground? Does it deal with familiar objects or actions? Not that all the characters nor all the adjustments of the story need to be those which the child already knows by experience, but there must be some common ground from which a start may be made. Little children love to be told stories of the home and of the home industries, of school, of children, of pets and animals. The experience portrayed in the stories should be such as they can conceive and imaginatively appropriate, or such as they might safely experience. There should be nothing reflected in the story which the inquisitive child may not probe to the very bottom, without coming upon knowledge too mature for him.

Every good story is made up of essentials as necessary to its structure as bone and muscle to the human frame. A good story should have a beginning, middle, and end. It is series of related incidents, each one illuminating the other and all converging upon the climax. Unity, action, sequence and climax should make up the construction of a story.

Every story should present a sound and beautiful organization. If it is a short story, it should go to its climax by a direct and logical



CLYDE BROOKS ELECTED BASKET BALL CAPTAIN.

CLYDE BROOKS ELECTED BASKET-BALL CAPTAIN

The basket ball team for 1922 was assured of competent leadership when Clyde Brooks was elected to captain the quintet. "Brooksie" had one year's experience on the University High School team and has played his third year on the Normal. He was a member of the aggregation which won first place (Minor Division) at Peoria in 1917, second place at Rock Island in 1920, and second place at Millikin in 1921. Clyde is a hard worker and observes all training rules so that the boys who attempt to make the team next year will not only have to step to keep up the pace the little leader will set—

path, and close when its effect is produced. If it is a long story, it should have that arrangement of details and parts that correspond to the movements of the action, and that serves to get the material before us in the most effective and economical way.

Every good story has a central action to be accomplished, toward this many minor activities co-oper-

but will have to train some to live up to his example.

Brooks performs at forward—is fast as a streak—has a good eye—puts absolutely everything he has in the game—and above all is as a clean a type of player as ever went upon the floor. Little, unfair, underhand tricks—the stock in trade of so many players—are foreign to Brooks. He was absent from the team during the first half of last season, due to the fact that he was suffering from a sprained wrist.

The prospects for next season's team are good. Five of the seven letter men of this year will be back and several high school men have signified their intention of coming in next fall. With these prospects in view, we are very sure of making the basket ball section of the S. I. N. U. come into the limelight.

ate; there should be enough of these minor activities to accomplish the result, but there should be economy of invention and skill in arrangement, so that one does not feel there has been a waste of material. We must not forget to consider the plot as one of the essentials of a good story. For a story to be told a child under thirteen years, the plot should be simple and

easy to see through, containing very little of the element of suspense and only a legitimate amount of the element of surprise.

Three good examples of little children's stories are viz: "The Three Bears," "The Three Little Pigs" and "The Old Woman and Her Pig." In these stories we find three marked characteristics of a good story action, familiar images and some degree of repetition. Every step in each story is an event, something happens all the time. The stories tell what people did and what they said. We find that each event presents a distinct picture to the imagination, and that these pictures are made out of very simple elements, usually familiar to the child. The third characteristic found in these stories is repetition. Children love stories abounding in repetition. They are happy to find after a toilful alertness, some familiar phrase repeated again and again. This serves to lessen the strain of attention.

Another very important qualification which should be required of the story told to children, is that it should be written in good literary form. Since one of the objects of story-telling is to cultivate a taste for good literature, the story chosen should not only be tellable in its form and true in its essence, but it should be written in pure simple English, fitted to the thought expressed. When the story teller learns her story thoroughly and becomes so at home in every essential detail, the style of the writer will be assimilated and so bound up with the story itself, that the literary qualities will be retained and their essence imparted to the orally reproduced story.

With all the interest that is manifested throughout the country, story-telling is not doing its most vital work, because so little thought is given to the selection of material, so little study to the response of children who hear the tales, and the effect upon them. Before even half of its possibilities can be realized, those who tell stories must know the story interest of childhood and must choose materials, not only because they are beautiful in theme and language and embody high ideals, but because they are fitted to the psychological period of the child who is to hear them. Each tale selected must contribute something definite toward the mental, moral or spiritual growth of the child, just as each pigment chosen by an artist must blend into the picture to help make a beautiful

and perfect whole.

The child's interest in "The Three Bears," "Cinderella," "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Beauty and the Beast" is a better guide to us than the opinion of the otherwise adults in determining the literature he shall have. The stories that gave pleasure and inspiration through the ages lived while others were forgotten, and we have today the best of the world to choose from.

Having chosen the right kind of story our next step is to tell it in the best manner possible. Aside from voice, enunciation and ease of manner, there are two absolute essentials to successful story-telling, viz.: a thorough knowledge of the story and forgetfulness of self. Sarah Cone Bryant says, "The most fundamental rule of all is: Know Your Story." The best story may be spoiled by the manner of telling. A good story told by a master of the art will be a source of delight, while the same story told by a self-conscious, poorly prepared person, will be annoyingly tiresome.

Before we can tell any story in the best manner, we must have as a prerequisite a genuine appreciation of the story. After we have formed this genuine appreciation, the first step in the preparation for telling it, must be a thorough knowledge of the story. This does not mean memorizing it word for word, but the substance of the story must be made your own. Formulate its plan or outline. What is its climax? What are the essential facts leading to this climax? How do they follow in order to bring about the final surprise or ending. After the outline is well fixed in our minds we may begin to fill in details. It is well in the preparation of a story for telling, to note the phrases of expression which exactly fit the thought, and memorize these. Think the story over, again and again, until it becomes a personal possession, something which you know. Repeat the story mentally, until you become so familiar with the literary style, that you could scarcely tell that particular story in any other form. Then you are ready to give the story orally, first to an imaginary audience, then to the real audience, who you hope will appreciate your efforts.

In the preparation of story-telling the mastery of pause is important. In ordinary communication the story teller, as does everyone else, uses pause a hundred times a day, but he is inclined at first to overlook its part in story-telling. He should learn to pause to make clear not only the divisions of single sentences, but of the whole story, its setting, action, resolution and close. Pause is one of the simplest and

most effective means of emphasis.

The story and the audience should be the only things of which the story teller takes note. A consciousness of one's self spoils all. This self consciousness may be betrayed by a nervous twirling of a handkerchief, a twisting of rings or bracelets, or by an arranging of the hair or dress. Forget yourself, become so interested in your story that you can think of nothing else, except your audience. Give yourself perfect liberty and as you watch your audience, enlarge or explain briefly as you see the need arise, but you can only do this if you know your story. The changes made should all be kept in harmony with the style of the original narrative, and used only in order to stimulate or to arouse your hearers to a quicker perception or a better understanding.

A story should never be hurriedly told, any more than it should be hurriedly prepared. Take time to bring out the essence of the tale, to impress the beauty of the description, to enhance the humor of the situation. The story-teller may not as a rule require special training in the use of the speaking voice, but it is essential that she enunciate easily, clearly and agreeably. Often a story-teller is prone to give to her audience her interpretation of the story. Certainly the teller must possess and feel the story, but she must not try to put into, what does not belong there. What is wanted is the story, not the story plus one's personal reaction to it. What the story teller puts into the story must be what anyone will feel who gets the story clearly in mind. What is precisely wrong is to strive to point out a moral. If the hearer becomes conscious of the teller's effort to impress something upon his mind, to try to get more out of the story than there is in it and that the teller is trying to influence him to accept a personal interpretation of the story, the attention becomes divided between the story and the teller.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

About four o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, immediately upon the adjournment of the faculty meeting, I witnessed from my position in a third floor window a destructive sight.

My attention was drawn to the front of the auditorium by the chatter and laughter of some five or six of the younger faculty members, apparently nothing very serious had been discussed at this meeting for they seemed to be very free-minded and happy.

With but little hesitation after the ascension of the last steps they

boarded a Buick and a backward movement was created. Now as it happened the Doctor's shiny little sedan was parked in the turn of the drive way about twenty yards from the Buick. Miss ———, the Buick driver, was watching her course from the left side of her car but she couldn't see what was on the right side for the back of it.

All seemed to be going well with them until with a sudden bump and jolt, the shrill screams of the ladies, the whistle of escaping air from an unlucky tire, the clank of steel, and the crash of tin, they became well aware that all was not well.

It was an exciting moment, all passengers sprung from their seats as though they had been thrown, to view the horrible and destructive sight. It was quite evident that the Ford had received the worst end of the noble affair, its brakes having been well set and the Buick having had all of the force.

The main defects of the roughed up Sedan after the unintended coming together were a front fender crushed, a tire bursted, and the radius rods slightly disfigured, thus leaving it a sort of a pigeon-tied contraption.

Miss Caldwell soon arrived however, but no very cutting remarks passed between the accidentist and the accidenter. Thence the garage-man was called who escorted the afflicted concern to a place of recreation where it remained as long as it stayed there.

But the final conclusion between Miss Caldwell and Miss ——— was, ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

ERNEST DOWNING BUYS A NICE, LARGE VASE

Earl Y. Smith tells the following story on Earl Ernest Downing, who at one time was a Senior in the Southern Illinois Normal University. Downing was attending school during the summer term following the spring term of school that saw his affinity graduated. Earl Ernest made up his mind that a beautiful vase would make a most appropriate present for this said affinity and so asking me to go with him we made a special trip to the ten cent store to make the purchase. Earl, upon seeing a vase sitting bottom side up on the show case said, "This is a queer vase it hasn't any opening at the top." Then turning the vase up the other way, said, "Well, what do you know about that; it hasn't any bottom in it either?" Earl Ernest afterwards laughed heartily over his experience as a vase buyer.

Mr. S. F. Boomer delivered an address to the graduating class of the Ridgway School in Gallatin county last week.

Just imagine a young man going up to a young lady's house some evening in Carbondale and reciting this little piece of poetry:

Tell me darling, tell me dear,
Will you try me for a year?

Then have a fellow on the inside raise the window and stick his head out and say, "Skidoo, you crazy freak, I'm on trial here for a week."

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When Thirsty

**BREAKFAST ABOARD
AN ARMY TRANSPORT**

By Earl Y. Smith.

The date was April 18, 1918. We were on board the Princess Mataoka, a large troopship, which had been captured by the English and turned over to the Americans, who repaired the injury done it by the Germans before surrendering. The repairs having been completed we raised anchor and in company with fourteen other transports, one battleship and a patrol boat, started for somewhere in Europe.

We were eight days out when my story starts. The weather was fine and the sea smooth. The monotony of the voyage had been broken only once, and that by the sight of a few whales, spouting in the distance. But on the eighth morning we awoke to find a change in the motion of the ship. It no longer rose and sank with the ease and grace we had so much admired and enjoyed. Instead there was a sickening instability, about the floor of our hatch, that was very exasperating and caused an indescribable feeling of uneasiness, a feeling which was neither fear nor homesickness, yet a combination of both. I rolled from my bunk to the floor, still holding with one hand as I put my life preserver on with the other. I then secured my belt with canteen at all times. The latter was examined each day by an officer to make sure it was filled with fresh water.

Then starting up the hatchway on my way to the messline I distinctly remember that the steps were trying to sink from under me; to leave me suspended in mid-air. Then they came up and deliberately tried to hit me in the face. When I lifted a foot from one step to place it on the one above, it came up and met me too soon; sank from under me or uncanonically slipped to one side. All this time I was clinging to the waving, treacherous chain with one hand while the other was tenderly but firmly supporting that portion of my anatomy known as my abdomen. I was sick. Not sea-sick, for one of my friends, who had sailed two or three times on Lake Michigan, and knew all about boats and such things, had told me how to prevent seasickness. He told me to look over the side of the boat at the waves for hours each day, and I would be immune from that awful condition. I religiously followed his advice and up to this time had been fit and fine.

But now I was sick and I wondered what was wrong. I thought, if I could only reach the deck where the air was fresh and cool I would improve. So putting forth all my strength and energy I at last emerged above deck.

But such a deck, it was rising and falling, now at an angle of zero, now forty-five degrees. It was moving faster, farther and in more different directions than had the steps moved. A gale was raging through the rigging, and it was cold and wet. The whole ship seemed possessed by some evil spirit. The ropes and timbers reeked with odors of unclean stagnant water.

I slowly and cautiously moved across the slippery deck to where the men were being given their mess. The meal was one potato, with jacket on, plus one mess-kit full of tapioca per head. No seconds. I do not now recall seeing anyone eating. I do remember, however, how some sadly moved to the rail and slowly poured their breakfast overboard. My friend, Bob Swartz, who was noted for awkwardness, stepped where some tapioca had been spilled, just as the deck started on one of its ascensions. They met and Bob distributed his tapioca among some half dozen soldiers who were near and was soundly cursed for his generosity.

I shall never forget the breakfast given me that morning. The potato had a knot on one end which resembled a frog's head. And as I looked closer the whole potato took on the shape of a big fat toad. I could almost see it wink its eyes as it slipped back and forth across my mess kit with the rocking of the boat. I expected any moment to see it jump from my kit and go hopping off. And for the first time I noticed how tapioca resembles frog eggs. This resemblance recalled to mind the days of my youth; when my sister and I, with bare feet waded the brook which flowed through out woods-lot. I remember how with bare toes we chased the old toad from the warm shallow pools; how with a stick I would raise aloft long strings of her eggs, how we gazed at these and wondered how they became tadpoles, then frogs.

At this point in my musing I became aware of an unpleasant sensation in my stomach. That awful feeling of emptiness had gone. It now seemed full, too full. I dropped my mess kit; spilled the tapioca. The potato rolled across the deck. And amidst cries of, "Make way there, give him room," I rushed to the rail,

leaped over. The fish looked up, saw me and were glad.

GRADUATES

Graduates or either Phi Betes or lucky.

Some people get through school on knowledge and others on the semblance of it. Others, sad in their plight, do not get through school.

To be relieved of educational duties is not to graduate.

After graduation some graduates get a job and go to work, others get married. In either case the value of the sheepskin can only be determined by a six place table of logarithms.

It seems futile working four years for a piece of paper until we look at the league of nations. They are still working for that piece of paper.

To return to the subject of graduation it may be said that there are degrees of graduation just as there are degrees of murder.

once in a long while a student graduates cumlaude, which means he was a working fool; most people usually graduate B. G. D. (By the grace of God) or L. C. (leniency of the faculty).

The two of them sat there in the porch swing, Alone
It was easy to tell he had something on his mind. He wanted to ask the question which was to make him The happiest, or most miserable Fellow in the world. Finally, he drew closer, His heart pounding. And his breath coming in gasps.
"Dad," he said, "Can I go to S. I. N. U. This fall?"
What will you do when you graduate?
Try to find something to do.

When your weary limbs begin to ache and terrify your intellect, inclined to make you adverse or cross with a wry face, and your indignant wrath of temerity becomes so vexatious towards your fellow citizens, that viciousness tempts corruptibility, then disconnect the relationship and turn from such vilification immediately into superiority, increasing magnanimously, by letting your face beam with a loving smile, bearing all aches and frivolity with as much ease and endurance as possible.

ANY STUDENT

who wants an opportunity to make big money during vacation, see O. H. Epper-son at once. Enjoyable work, a chance to see the U., and income limited only by energy.

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**Where They Know How
No Amateurs**

Miss Maldetta Toler of Dongola was the guest of Pauline Gates and Mary Louise Anderson last Thursday and Friday.

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THE EGYPTIAN

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UNION CO. STUDENTS ENJOY ANNUAL PICNIC

Listen! Here is a splendid story of how the Union County folks enjoyed last Thursday evening. Talk about "Eats!"—You never saw so many good things.

First of all we went to the east side of the campus and found a large group of splendid looking ladies, who formerly lived in Union county. We were delighted most to see the many baskets and boxes sitting around, as we knew what they contained.

Some one told our President what was in the baskets and he began to say he hadn't eaten a bite of supper and was so hungry, he could eat baskets and all. As soon as the supper was spread he soon proved, to the on-lookers he knew perfectly well how to feed his face.

Of course you will want to know what the many delicacies on the table were. I will now proceed to state them; although the writer ate so much her memory is very badly impaired. But as well as I remember there were many kinds of sandwiches, salads of all kinds, fried chicken, (yum, yum,) pickles, pie, cake and many other good things.

I must not forget to speak of the delicious ice cream served after lunch. The boys who filled the cones weren't very saving with the cream for every one who received one was given three stories of cream. If any one wishes to know how much

three stories of cream is just go ask Mr. Lee Ferril, our president; for he ate some where between six to twelve cones. Don't ask him how he felt for I am sure you could have told if you saw him Friday morning.

Mr. W. O. Brown was present and he was so hungry, he ate with both hands for fear that Mr. Goddard would get his share of the eats, but I am sure we can excuse Mr. Brown for he really did look hungry. I am quite sure Mrs. Brown didn't let him eat any supper before leaving home for they brought so many delicious eats with them.

The closing of this event was a race for the main building for some shelter for it began to rain and many of the members of the picnic desired some more cream. Mr. Bishop and Mr. Hinkle were put at the cream can to fill cones three stories high.

So now if you are from Union county or ever lived there and want a square meal just come to our annual picnic supper, which will be continued.

SUE ELLEN LAY GOES TO CHICAGO

Will Have Personal Interview With
"Peg O' My Heart" Star

Sue Ellen Lay, taking the leading part in Zetetic spring entertainment play, went to Chicago Friday night to see her part in "Peg O' My Heart" played by the professional actress, Miss Laurette Taylor. Arrangements have been made for Miss Lay to have an interview with Miss Taylor, as well as see the play performed by a company that have played it since 1912, in London, New York and other large cities.

"It will undoubtedly be a wonderful help," says Miss Trovillion, "for Miss Lay to watch her part and pick out the finer points of technique although the cast is doing as well as could be expected. This opportunity will be a boost that will lift them to a higher plane of good acting than before. The play bids fair to be a great success, the cast is very enthusiastic as they are getting to the place where the drudgery is left behind and the real pleasure of acting is nearing the climax of perfection. They believe that this is to be the best play ever given at the S. I. N. U."

Mr. G. D. Wham delivered an address to the Graduating class of the McLeansboro school last Friday evening.

Subscribe for The Egyptian.

HOUSE PARTY GRAND SUCCESS

Miss Ethel Keith Entertains Large
Number of S. I. N. U. Friends
at Beautiful Country Home
Near Alto Pass.

The grandest event of the season took place last week and, in the form of a house party at the beautiful home of Miss Ethel Keith of Union county, for her Normal school friends.

Miss Ethel Keith assisted by Miss Pauline Gates entertained their many S. I. N. U. friends, royally. Nothing was lacking in making the whole affair a grand success.

Six o'clock dinner was served on the beautiful lawn, in front of the Keith home. After dinner, the crowd joined in various games and every one took part without exception. Later in the evening Miss Edith Emmert entertained by singing many beautiful songs.

Sunday morning, the party journeyed to the huge cliffs by auto. Upon their arrival, they climbed to the summit of an overhanging cliff and there upon a large flat rock, set camp. A fire was kindled, and the entire party took a hand in preparing breakfast. When breakfast was over, we took a long drive over the winding road through the beautiful hills, before returning to the Keith home.

The remainder of the day was spent in merriment of various forms. Those present from Carbondale were:

Olive Johnston
Emma Snook
Ethel Keith
Viola Lurtz
Wilda Deslie
Edith Emmert
Marion Blatter
Carroll Moore
Leland Lingle
Nelle Thies
Claire Carr
Guy McLain
Beulah Eldridge
Max McCormack
Earl Taylor
Arline Chappae
Pauline Gates.
Lois Keith
Herman Reid
Ruth Keith
Edith Griffin
Ted Carson
Florence Huffman
Earl Throgmorton
Loretta Gerlach
Mary Wiggin
DeWitt Robertson
Flossie Hagler
Lucille Cauble.

PROGRAMS.

Rural Club, June 9, 1921.
Music—Emma Sturm
Current Events—Eva Davis
Jokes—Letha Borroughs
Music—Daisy Edwards
Optional—George Lichliter

Ag. Club, June 8, 1921.
Music—Guy Davies
Correct Eating Habits—Viola Lurtz
Essay—Grace Keller
Reading—Guernsey Nugent
Talk—Louis Oder
Optional!—Ralph Krupp

Y. M. C. A., June 14, 1921.
The last regular meeting of the year.

Agora, June 13, 1921.
The last meeting this year. The "A" will be awarded. Also special program.

Zetetic Society, June 10, 1921.
Senior Program. A surprise.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Did you folks know that there was going to be a special program at the Socratic Literary Society Friday night? It's a Junior night and a good program is going to be given. SO COME OUT.

The program is as follows:
Reading—Evelyn Davis.
Music—Norma Keen.
Optional—Vay Griffith.
Reading—Halcyon Glenn.
Music—Edward Zeiler.
Stunt—Rollie Welker.
Talk—Lyndon Hancock.

EXAMS. FOR CREDIT

Godwy's Grammar
C Grammar, June 13, 7:30 to 9:00 A. M.
B Grammar, June 14, 7:30 to 9:00 A. M.
Kittredge And Farley.
Adv. Grammar, June 15, 7:30 to 9:00 A. M.

WORK.

Work! Work! Work!
Seldom ever shirk.
Never quirk, quirk.
When a sucker,
Wants to jerk
Grit your teeth,
Roll your sleeves and—
Work! Work! Work!

An out of town visitor said the Normal Campus is the prettiest part of Carbondale.

Carbondale Candy Kitchen

Manufacturers of Candies and Ice Cream
CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS

DING DONG COLUMN.

Earl Y. Smith: I think that it would be entirely proper for you to change your seat in Chapel from Section 3. Row N, seat 2, since you feel that you can't keep from talking to the "brown eyed little girl," as you call her, during devotional exercises. No, I can't see that there was any harm in her borrowing your Egyptian. Yes, you did the right thing in marking her absent, even at the risk, as you say, of incurring her displeasure.

Isaac Lavender: No there is no way in which you can increase your height, without impairing your health. You say that you would like to keep company with some of the larger girls, but that on account of your size they don't seem to take you seriously. I suspect, from your letter, that you will always have this trouble trying to make people take you seriously. Yes, it is true that the young girls with whom you now keep company will soon grow into larger girls. The marriageable age in this state is 16, I believe. If you have the parents consent. Yes, I am married.

Anna Mary McCreery: I would suggest that since the young man is so poetical you study up on poetry so that you will know some poem that contains more poetry than "Humpty Dumpty."

Hazel Rendleman: Of course it is not proper for you to entertain callers when you can't find a seat for them which would be more comfortable than the pump handle. I would advise you to not let Leslie call again until you are sure that the porch swing is unoccupied.

James Bennett: I think Mary Peace would like you better if you joined the Elks. She is a splendid dancer, and you could win her heart by taking her to all the dances.

Agnes Lentz: Since you have known Max Lollar so long it is all right for you to ask him to buy you an ice cream cone after Chapel. He will understand that you will pay him back when you get to teaching school.

Doc Foster: If you want a true likeness of yourself, I can recommend Blanche Jockum. Perhaps you have seen some of the society posters she has painted. She is a wonderful artist, and at present she is now having dates with anyone. This is your chance to win the heart of an artist.

Lena Bailey: Don't let Richard Tyner know how bad it's hurting you, because he treats you with such indifference. You have cut your hair now, its too late to worry about it. Don't cry over spilt milk. By the end of the summer term your hair will have grown so that you can do it up, if you use Grow Quick Lotion.

Philo Gilbert: Sue Ellen Lay's brother really has a wonderful voice and because of this fact, he stands higher than you in Marjorie Burkhardt's estimation. However, be of good cheer, and take vocal lessons. He won't be in town forever.

Belva Smith: Since you and Adam Reed are both taking French, it would be all right for you to do your courting in French. In that way, no one would be able to tell whether your case is serious or not.

Selma Fulmer: If you wish to break your contract to teach Sioux City next year, do it at once. The superintendent of that place will be glad to let you off, especially, if you tell him that it is Creel Plunkett who has caused you to change your mind. You are right, woman's place is in the home.

John Watson: It is not at all surprising that you get the Sturm girls confused. Now, since you say you like Emma the best let me suggest that you ask her to wear a red rose in her hair every day.

Mildred Norris: Marvin Hamilton has a car, and is very liberal with it. Since you wish to have a case with some nice young man, who has a car, why not give him a trial?

Myrtle Draper: Even tho' you do room with a member of the faculty, I am sure she would not object to you having occasional dates with Guy Hogg. He is a very interesting and distinguished gentleman. He was King of the Campus Carnival, you know.

Elva Trovillion: Since you wish to be introduced to Dudley Herrin, ask Harold Pritchard or Myron Brooks to introduce you. I am sure he is a very nice little boy, and if you tell him you like Hersey's bars undoubtedly he will buy you some.

Bernice Brimm: No wonder you expect to be so happy on June 23. We boys all know about it and expect to charivari you. It is advisable to have Rowena and Lawrence as your attendants.

Mr. Zeller. Yes, I think it would be all right for you to meet the train, next Friday eve. The young lady in question, you of course will recognize at once. You can soon

tell whether you would care to further your acquaintance. I do think however that it will be necessary for you to wear a red rose, you might not want her to recognize you.—"C?"

E. B. Yes a new hair dress, flowers, people, bright lights and music, will do wonders for you when it comes to giving one the appearance of a debutante.

THE USUAL PLACE.

"Don't cry little boy, you'll get your reward in the end," said the kindly old gent. "I suppose so. That's where I always get it," said the boy.

NOW THEN, DEAR EDITOR

Now then, dear Editor. I think there is a general misunderstanding among people about my mishap with the train. Now then I want folks to know that I didn't really knock the engine off the track with my Dodge but the engineer saw me coming and got out of my way. I also want people to know that I am more careful now and I always stop and count to 40 or so before I even start to cross the track especially if I feel a presentiment that a locomotive is approaching.

Yours for safety,
 MAC C. TROVILLION.

Now then, dear Editor, I wish you could help me convince Ursula that I do know the difference between pigs and cows. That was only a slip when I said that, but I can't make her believe that I really know better.

Yours in dead earnest,
 EMMMA SUE SCOTT.

Now then, dear Editor, can't you think of something to say about me in the paper? Please, don't tell Emma. Sure I said so, but it nearly makes me jealous to see her name there so many times when mine so seldom appears. You know she and I are running a pretty close race so please don't let me lose out on the last.

Yours truly but rather discouraged,
 URSULA.

Dear Editor: Some of the fellows are trying to be funny and saying I ate a pound of Sauer Kraut for supper and was sick next day. Now I'll admit I ate the Kraut but I was not sick. Yours for Sauer Kraut,
 CHAS. SATTGAST.

UNUSUAL FRANKNESS.

The two village trouble-makers had gotten into a row and the matter was up in court. Uncle Wash, an old gentleman of color, was a witness.

"Now, uncle," said the lawyer, "tell me just what conversation occurred."

"I kaint jes' remember it all," replied the candid Wash, "except dat each ore was callin de other what dey is."

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WANT ADS.

Wanted—Somebody to tell Leland Lingle that I sure did have a good time with him at the House Party—O, dear, I never before had such a romantic time.

Loretta Gerlach.

Wanted—All good looking girls who wish to take a sight seeing trip in Carbondale, to see me immediately. My assistant, David Halliday, will point out all the historical spots, and the boarding places of all the eligible young men. I am a careful driver, and only charge a dollar for a round trip ticket.

Lynnndon Hancock.

Wanted—Someone to please tell Lynn McCormack that I am a man-hater but there is something I like about him.

Mickey.

Wanted—A date with Milo Loomis. Must take me to the picture show and buy me a coca-cola, no other requirements necessary.

Myrtle Hallberg.

Wanted—Some loving, kind man to have dates with me. My natural disposition is so cross and unhappy, that I don't like to have it imitated.

Happy Free.

Wanted—A nice little boy to carry my violin case back and forth to school for me. In this hot weather the road seems so far and lonely. Applicant must be good-looking.

Emilie Kersvine.

Wanted—Some one to tell Leslie Snider's father that I wish that he would make his son quit flirting with me.

Florence Exby.

Wanted—Bud Doolin to give me private instruction on "How to win the Ladies' Hearts." I never have understood how some of the fellows got up the nerve to "strut out" as they do.

Albert Krysher.

Wanted—A member of the Obelisk staff to tell me if there is a joke in the Obelisk about me and Leslie Chism. He is so timid, I am afraid if there is a joke about us, the shock will be so great to him, that it will be disastrous to our mutual friendship.

Edith Cooke.

Wanted—Some one to tell me why Bess McGuire is always talking to my Jack Wiley. If she thinks I don't care, she is mistaken.

Sue Ellen Lay.

Wanted—Clyde Conaster's sister to please arrange a date for me with her brother.

Mary Grant.

Wanted—Information concerning the "Art teacher from Cartersville." I sure do like her looks. She entered school last Tuesday. I have al-

ways longed to pose for a good looking artist.

John Watson.

Wanted—The person who borrowed my curling iron, to please return it at once. Pauline likes my hair curled much better than she likes it straight.

Earl Taylor.

Wanted—George Wells to ask me to go to the Forum banquet with him. I just love to go to banquets.

Madge Moore.

Wanted—Every one who is a true friend of mine to speak a good word for me to Helen Brayfield. She is so good looking.

Leland Lingle.

Wanted—Information about the fellow I was with last Tuesday night.

Laura Dillinger.

Wanted—Six prize fighters here in Carbondale to lick postage stamps.

Hank Dixon.

Wanted—A genuine good tooth brush to shine shoes with.

George Ward.

ADIEU!

Farewell, oh school of radiating fame!

Forever dear shall be your name.

When memories of victories and glories

Recall the ever delightful stories

Of days of sport and frolic spent,

We silently brood and ever lament.

Many the hours of unnerving strain
Our struggles seemed in vain;

And eager for our frivolous diversion

We were lured and tempted to desertion.

But your promises of future fame,

And your valiant pleas to remain

Guided our steps and our destiny planned,

And kept the spark of courage fanned.

These were days, toilsome and dull,
When our spirits seemed to lull:

But we struggled on with ambition

Trusting for our future mission,

Hoping for an honorable destination.

Ardent for distinction in the eyes of our nation.

Thus ended our toil and despair,

And now again our days are fair.

But to thou, oh institute of learning,

May we ever continue yearning;

Yearning for thee, dear S. I. N. U.

We bid you farewell, adieu.

—O. E.

Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Mauer of Collinsville, were the guests of Ursula O'Connell and Emma Sue Scott last Thursday. Mrs. Mauer was formerly Miss Helen Balance of Vienna, and attended school here in 1918.

Question—If a young boy is sent to the butcher shop with a nickel to buy five cents worth of liver, what does he get?

Answer—He gets sent home for another nickel.

A MODERN LOCHINVAR

"If I only could talk to her," groaned Donald West, called Don by everyone who knew him. "There she goes now with that sissyfied idiot and I can't get a word in edgewise."

The object of these disconsolate words was a small will-o'-the-wisp girl, with fluffy, black hair which was the envy of all beholders and her own despair. Just now she was apparently absorbed in the handsome fellow beside her as he sent the grey racer fleetly down the street. I say, apparently, absorbed, for if Don had not been so absorbed in his own reflections he might have caught a wistful glance as she was carried by.

Don had "gone over" in the early stages of the war, long before America came into it. Rhoda, sharing the usual feelings of that time had absolutely failed to see the need of his "getting mixed up in that mess" and they had parted with a coolness which had remained unbroken up to the present date. It was this coolness that Don was wishing to break up.

Seeing that the present state of affairs was not likely to be improved by sitting there and waiting, Don departed for the city.

Once arrived and entering his hotel he bumped full into someone and heard, "Don't you old rough-neck! Where did you strike from?" "Jack, you're the only one in this country I wanted and the last I expected to find." The twinkle deepened in the other's eyes. "Oh, you can't blarney me, but you'll want to when you know what I've got our old bus!" "Honest? The one we flew Over There?" "The very same, all fixed up like new. Let's hike for grub and we'll talk it over."

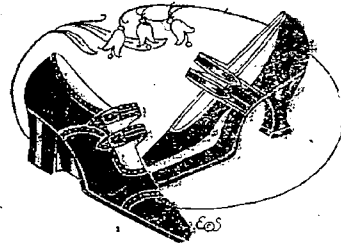
At dinner it was revealed that Jack's father, a wealthy munitions manufacturer, had promised him an airplane. Through a rare streak of luck he had secured the one the two pals had flown in France. Don instantly accepted the offer to act as pilot and they laid plans for carrying passengers, mail, and parcel post.

During all this, Jack's keen eyes had taken in all the carefully covered depressions of his friend. "Now that this stuff is out of the way, tell me all about yourself since I've seen you. Have you seen Her yet? Under pressure, it all came out. Jack's eyes shone. "Say, you couldn't mean that it's Tom Lane's daughter you mean?" "Yes, exactly." "Well, your troubles with him are over. He's Dad's best friend and my god-father."

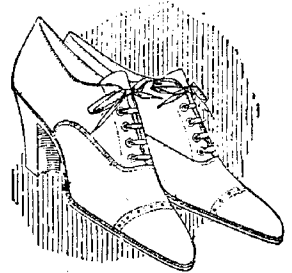
A few days later at the breakfast table, Mr. Lane spoke, "Rhoda, while I'm busy this morning how would you like to try joy riding in the air? A couple of fine young fellows are starting out in business and as I am quite interested in them I'd like to have your opinion of the outfit."

Rhoda's reply was so enthusiastic that at ten o'clock that same morning she was assisted into a waiting plane by a Mr. Jack London. The pilot was already in his place and

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SHOE DEPT.

she heard the words to start given, "Contact?" "Contact." At the sound of the voice, Rhoda jumped. However all thoughts were driven from her mind as she realized that they were leaving, indeed, had already left the ground. After a few minutes of nervousness she began to relax and note the oddly familiar shoulders in front of her. She was noting that they were clad in the uniform of a Lieutenant of the Royal Flying Corps when she saw that they were about to land.

No sooner was the plane stationary than the pilot climbed out and came to her. It could not be—it was. "Rhoda," said a determined voice, "get out." The dazed girl obeyed.

Sitting in a grassy spot near the plane he told her all about it. How he had gotten into the British flying corps and risen rapidly in rank. (He did not mention his "V. C.") How he had written and received no answer. How his mother had passed away during his absence and how unutterably lonely he was. Here, Rhoda stopped him. She had received no letters and thought he had forgotten. She, too, had been lonely and—very softly, he was "The one man in the world." "But that other"—"was engaged to my cousin."

After a long, rapt, silence she inquired, "Don, where in the world

did you get the idea of carrying me off like this?" Laughingly, he replied, "Jack had been reading that old poem about Lochinvar and he suggested that I modernize it. I have the license in my pocket. We will proceed to the next town, see a minister, order our baggage sent on and depart for our honeymoon, via airplane, to any spot in the old U. S. you care to visit."

SOME BIRD DOG.

"I had a bird dog once," the old sportsman observed, "that was really noteworthy. He never failed on a point. One day I had him out for exercise in the park, when suddenly he pointed, rigid as a stone. I was puzzled. There was no possibility of game. The grass was close clipped. The dog had his nose straight on a man seated on a bench. I thought the man might have a live bird in his pocket, but no, the man was in his shirt sleeves. Then I had an idea.

"'Pardon me, sir,' I said, 'but would you mind telling me your name?'"

"'No, I don't mind,' he replied. 'It's Partridge.'"

Mr. Chas. Combe of Harrisburg, visited the school Wednesday. Mrs. Combe was formerly Miss Myrtle Coker and taught in the Junior High School.

A SLIPPERY WALK.

A slippery walk,
A flash of hose,
A little squawk—
And down she goes.

A startled look,
A quick exam,
A crumbled book,
A whispered, "Damn!"

A quick arising
To her feet;
A few more steps
And then—repeat.

A TOWERING TRAGEDY.

Oh Ruth fain would I dance with thee
Or take thee out to tea
And you're willing servant be
And serve but thee.

You are the fairest of them all
And you above all others would I call

To go to any dance or ball.
But stern propriety, which binds us all,
Binds me, and says you're too d—
tall.

"What kind of a fellow is Smith?" asked Brown.

"He's the kind of fellow who spends half his time making promises and the other half making excuses for breaking his promises."

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