

1-20-1925

The Egyptian, January 20, 1925

Egyptian Staff

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Volume 5, Issue 16

Recommended Citation

Egyptian Staff, "The Egyptian, January 20, 1925" (1925). *January 1925*. Paper 2.
http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de_January1925/2

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WINNER IN
THE
BEAUTY CONTEST

THE EGYPTIAN

BACK UP
YOUR CLUB
IN THE
POPULARITY
CONTEST

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

Volume V

Carbondale, Illinois, January 20, 1925

Number 16

DEARING AND GAINES LEAD IN CONTEST

JOURNALISM CLASS GOES TO HERRIN

Visit to Herrin News Office—Project Work

Miss Henderson's Journalism class was both well instructed and royally entertained on a project trip made to the Herrin News office last Thursday. Herrin was chosen, because it has the most up-to-date printing presses and equipment of any neighboring newspaper office. The class has been studying newspapers: their form, content, and means of collecting material, so took this method of studying the way in which the paper was printed. They saw almost every machine in operation, and even the paper on press. Mr. Trovillion, editor of "The Herrin News," was exceedingly cordial and very much interested in showing the class around the office and explaining all mechanisms of a printing press. Mr. Stratton left his work and spent an hour or more answering questions asked by the class concerning the work there. Miss Henderson, Mrs. Dodd, Mr. Walker, Harold Farmer, Frank Smith, and Alice Patterson drove their cars and took the other members who are: Mrs. Walker, Misses Brickey, Hartwell, Finley, Hayes, Deason and Mrs. Cline. Messrs. Dearing, Taylor, Carrington, Harrison, Mohre, Griffith, Sheppard and Davis.

At noon hour the editor sent Mr. Stratton with the entire class as guests to a cafe, where they were served lunch. Before leaving the office Mr. Trovillion presented each with a booklet for a souvenir of their trip to the Coal Belt's greatest newspaper.

STANDING OF VOTES

Jan. 7 Jan 12 Jan. 15

Louise Durham	15	145	245
Mildred Watson	5	150	250
Ruby Baine	0	55	55
Mildred Logan	101	136	136
Mina Trobaugh	0	55	120
Edna Hampton	0	52	54
Gertrude Gaines	0	130	425
Grace Eagleston	0	0	130
Raymond Etherton	100	130	130
Clyde Dearing	10	176	186
Red McLaughlin	1	35	36
Orville Carrington	1	45	155
Clyde Winkler	0	75	75

Miss Helen Bryden, a former member of the faculty of the S. I. N. U., passed away January 3, 1925. The funeral was conducted at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. E. Craine, of Murphysboro.

In the death of Miss Bryden this school has lost a loyal and devoted friend. She graduated from the S. I. N. U. in the class of 1885. For several years she taught in the public schools of Carbondale. Later she taught in the high schools of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Clinton this state. Following this Miss Bryden was given the position of assistant in the English department. During all the years she was associated with this school as a teacher, her greatest delight was to be of service in her classes and to the student body in general.

Miss Bryden was one of those gentle, refined natures who always win a place in the affections of those with whom they came in contact, and who look upon service for others as the greatest thing in life.

The memory of Miss Bryden will be a benediction to the hundreds of students who have been in her classes. "To live in the memory of those we leave behind, is not to die."

MAROONS WIN FIRST OUT OF TOWN GAME

Maroons left for Shurtleff Saturday at 1:15 and arrived in East St. Louis about 4:30, where they remained for one hour. During this time they had a light lunch consisting of grape fruit, soft boiled eggs, buttered toast, and tea. While partaking of the nourishing grape fruit the boys were suddenly disturbed by an unfamiliar noise. On looking around they found a grape fruit on the floor upside down. Further investigation showed that it belonged to the Maroon coach. After lunch the lads decided to take a walk. They started down one of the hidden sidewalks better known as a subway. After leaving this place we found ourselves in the same place we started from.

The Southern next boarded a train for Alton, after which they secured a square wheeled street cart that started up hill. Two miles of such traveling placed us on the Shurtleff campus.

The men who started the game were Munger, Hartley, Ritchey, Satgast and Pyatt. The Maroons scored

two baskets before Shurtleff made a point. The score did not remain this way long for Shurtleff came back with five points and the Maroons called time. The game was close through the half. When the whistle blew for the middle of the game Shurtleff led by a nine to twelve score.

Each part of the second half the Maroons gained the lead and held it during most of the remaining part of the game, with six minutes to go the Maroons were ahead nineteen to sixteen.

By holding the ball and two free throws, the Maroons held Shurtleff to a twenty-one to eighteen score.

Ritchey was high point man with four field goals, Munger second with three field goals, Hartley next with four points and Satgast with one field goal. Pyatt played a good defensive game at guard. Hickey played five minutes of the first half for Munger. Pernel was the other man who made the trip.

(Continued On Page 3)

MAROONS LOSE TO E. I. BOYS 20-30

Locals Entered Game Without Rest After Long Trip

The Maroons played their second conference game with Charleston last Thursday night at Charleston.

The Southern boys entered the game tired from a long journey and no rest before the game. The local papers at Charleston expressed the idea that the E. I. coach was figuring on using part of his second team in the latter part of the game.

The E. I. boys scored five points before the Maroons got started. In the first half the Southerners slowed their opponents' offense by two time out periods. In general the game was rather slow. The main feature of the first half was the accuracy of the E. I.'s shooting from out in the floor. The half ended with the score 17-8. In the second half the Maroons held their own with their opponents. At several times during the second half it looked possible for the Maroons to gain the long end of the score, but the E. I. boys were determined to hold the upper end of the score. In the last few minutes of the game the Maroons began to shoot from out in the floor. It seemed impossible to score, although every shot silenced the E. I. rooters.

It can be said of Charleston that they support their team. The Maroons are planning on showing Charleston a closer game when they come south.

The E. I. coach said that this was his hardest game this season, not excluding the Normal and Millin games. This is saying a good deal for the southern boys. If the Maroons had not been in a run-down condition from their long trip and no rest the

(Continued On Page 3)

VOTE TODAY

The contest is just beginning to get interesting. Votes are coming in fast. Are you willing to see your candidate defeated? The contest closes January the 28th. Bring your votes in today. Watch each morning to see how your candidate is standing. The Dormitory is sure doing their part. Who are you for? Tell us, please.

INTERVIEWING REPORTER TALKS TO MISS BOWYER

I had been given the duty of interviewing certain members of the faculty, especially those who are the heads of the different departments of the school work. Last Tuesday afternoon my particular task was to interview Miss Emma Bowyer, acting head of the English Department. All afternoon I suffered all sorts of hallucinations, but finally at the seventh hour I summoned enough courage to step out into the hall and trod my weary way to the third floor toward the English den. Nearing the said den, I heard various voices all seemingly trying to outweigh the other in volume. I hesitated to enter such a confusion. I gulped—wished for a drink of water and looked wildly about for some means of escape. To descend again to the second floor was, perchance,—well—death, (if seen wandering in the corridor). I had no other choice—I must go on and face the music.

Straightening my shoulders, I walked into the English den and found there Misses Bowyer, Henderson and Trovillion discussing current topics. In a voice I scarcely recognized as my own I said: "Miss Bowyer, I wish to interview you for The Egyptian. We plan to write from week to week an account given by the different department heads of the school, get the departmental program of school work and such items as would interest people to come to our school and—"

"Yes, go on," interrupted Miss Bowyer, "say something. I am so cross

today that you are liable to be kicked out of this window before you know it."

Now that was encouraging! I thought I had said something, but I certainly did not relish the idea of making an exit from the den through that third story window. Finally my purpose was restated and Miss Bowyer said: "Well, let's see—There is that course Short Story. It is principally an advanced spring course dealing with the technique of the Short Story, with illustrative material from the work of the best short story writers. Then there are the courses in Modern Drama and Development of the Drama, which include the technique study and the development of the modern drama. There is also the course in Journalism which teaches one to judge the standards and qualities of newspapers. Next there is the course in Old English, where some reading of Old English is done, but principally the development of our language is traced and the presence in our modern speech of many irregular forms are accounted for. The course in Shakespeare deals with the study of several Shakespearian plays. In the Essay Course various types of essays are read and discussed.

"By the way," she said to the others, "I do hope we won't be burdened with large classes in the Spring term. I had nearly 85 or 90 in some classes last year."

"But to go on with this," she said, turning to me, "there is advanced Rhetoric—and oh, yes, there is a course Victorian Novel, a study of

representative Victorian writers. Also there are the courses in Contemporary American Literature and Contemporary British Literature giving special study to those writers whose books can be used in teaching. The course in Nineteenth Century Poets explains itself. In Magazine Fiction the principles of the short story are studied in a few classics, but mainly the fiction of current magazines.

"Well, I guess that's about all. I can furnish you with an English program sometime later." She waved her hand to me with an air of finality, so I considered myself dismissed. I thanked her and left the realm of English teachers (thanking my lucky stars I had not made a flying leap from the window). Such was the interview.

Carlinville, Illinois.

January 7, 1925.

The Egyptian,
Carbondale, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

I like your paper this year, especially some of the features, "Exchanges" and the editorials.

From your January 6 issue I clipped the item "Are You Discouraged?" and tacked it on the wall before my desk to look at when things tug against my plans, wishes, and ambitions.

I wish you continued success and cooperation with the Egyptian, and am

Sincerely yours,

EDMUND de TRZASKA.

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MAROONS WIN FIRST OUT OF TOWN GAME
(Continued From Page One)

Coach McAndrew was well pleased with the way his team played. Let's back the team and help them win!

Shurtleff		G	F	P
Kelsey, Capt., F.	6	1	1	
Schmerman, F.	0	0	1	
Woods, F.	22			
Rice, C.				
Wykoff, C.	1			
Tyner, G.	1			
Henderson, G.	1			
Carbondale		G	F	P
Hartley	1	2	0	
Munger	3	0	3	
Ritchey	4	0	2	
Sattgast	1	0	0	
Pyatt			2	
Hickey			1	

TO THE MAIN BUILDING

Building, you are old
Yours is the wisdom of years.
How many secrets you hold—
Secrets of laughter and tears!
You have seen dreams come true
Of those that worked for their prize
You have seen students pass through
your doors.
Some passed once and then—no
more,
Some returned and are here today,
Others come back but are now far
away.

Building, if you could speak and tell
me your story—
Tell of the failure and all of the
glory—!
Some of the pupils have gained great
fame.
Out in the world they have honored
your name.
Some are singing lullabies, soft and
low,
And the Alma Mater song as they did
long ago.
No matter what they're doing now
They've all been made better by you
somehow.
Oh, the years go by
And some of us sigh,
Some of us smile to think we're
through,
But all will always remember you
M. E. W.

DON'T SPREAD IT TOO THIN

When we come to think about it, a fellow just gets so much of anything, no matter what it is. Now as to how much that will be usually depends on how deep you spread it, and it is evident that the depth will depend on how much space you cover with what you have. A simple illustration will show exactly what we are trying to say: If you have just so much butter the less bread you can spread it on the thicker you can spread it, then on the other hand the more bread you use the thinner you will have to spread your butter. Now if this principle holds we can apply it to our school work, both in literary achievement and college activities. If we try to spread what we get in school over too much space there is a danger of losing it, because we get it too thin. Yet there is a precaution on the other side. If we cover too little space we are apt to become or rather remain, narrow. So you can readily see just how important it is to give your course of study some thought and not just blindly stagger along in your school work. Select your school work and plan it as best you can for your betterment as a student and teacher. If you will take this advice The Egyptian feels sure that in a very few years you will be thanking us.

MAROONS LOSE, 20-30.
(Continued from page 1)

game might have been different. We can say for the E. I. boys that they have a fast team and are hard to head off.

Charleston		G	F	P
Foreman, F.	5	1	0	
Hall, F.	7	1	3	
Meurlon, C.	0	1	1	
Cochran, G.			1	
Brown, G.			1	2
Osborn, C.				
McCall, C.				1
Cooper, G.				
Carbondale		G	F	P
Hartley, F.	2		1	
Munger, F.	4		2	3
Ritchey, F.				2
Ritchey, C.			4	1
Sattgast, G.			1	
Pyatt, G.				3

STUDY HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the lights are beginning to
glower,
Comes a day in the day's occupation
That is known as the Study Hour.

I hear in the room above me
The moving of single beds,
The sound of a door being opened,
And the patter of feet overhead.

From my room I see, in the hall light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Mattie and laughing Thelma,
And Adele with the golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their gleaming eyes
They are plotting and planning to-
gether
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
My door has been left unguarded;
They enter my prison wall.

They walk into my presence
And seize me by the hand;

If I try to escape they surround me,
A swarming, tyrannous band.

They drag me into their fortress,
And will not let me depart,
But put me down in their dungeon,
A dark, dark lonely part!

And there they will keep me forever,
Yes, forever and a year,
Till the matron comes hunting the
rumpus,
And they beat it away from here.

THANKS TO TYPISTS
The management of the paper wishes to thank Louise Durham, former Egyptian staff typist, and also Ethel Crowell, who though having no connection with the paper, missed her first hour class to finish the necessary typing for the Jan. 6 issue. So the paper got to press on time. This kind of people keep student activities going.

EVOLUTION
Freshman: I don't know.
Sophomore: I am not prepared.
Junior: I do not remember.
Senior: I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said.

Watch for our January Sale
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THE EGYPTIAN

Illinois
 Charter College Press Member
 Association

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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EDITORIAL



BE LOYAL

Loyalty! It is not a very big work but think what a great meaning that it has. The man with average ability, who has a spirit of loyalty to all the institutions and organizations to which he is associated, is worth more to his community and nation than the genius without it.

Stop! Ask yourself if you are as loyal to all the phases of school life as you should be. Are you backing the school as you should be. Are you backing the school publications? Is the basketball team getting your encouragement? Do you say a good word for the school every time that you get a chance. If you don't do these things, it would be a good idea to think about a change and make some new resolutions for the future.

Right now is a very opportune time to show that you are backing school affairs. The school publications are running the beauty and popularity contest in which everyone should be interested. If you do your part in this contest, you won't only be helping the "Obelisk" and "Egyptian" but also the society or club to which you belong.

The basketball season has begun and the team is doing good work. Surely they deserve all the backing that we can give them. Nothing does a team more good than a big bunch of peppy rooters. They can't tell whether you've appreciated their good playing or not unless you let them know by your actions. Being at the games with enthusiasm and cheering is one of the best ways to express your feelings.

There are some things connected with school life which we are likely to forget. One thing which we should bear in mind is the fact that the people who advertise in our paper are backing the school and deserve our support. If you can patronize our advertisers, don't fail to do so. Every little act of loyalty counts. Surely, you won't miss the opportunity to be a true blue booster of your school.

A BIG SUCCESS

Among one of the many good numbers rendered on the program of the Zetetic society Friday, January 16th was "A Pair of Lunatics," a short play given by Jewell Finley.

The two lunatics—Jewell Finley and Thomas Whittenberg—otherwise Clara Manners and George F.elding, are visitors at a lunatic asylum dance. Each thinks the other is insane; to keep him from becoming violent she humors him and vice versa. This adds much merriment to the story. Each tells the other an insane rambling tale about himself or compan-

ions, such as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, etc.

But because of a letter dropped by Miss Manners their sanity is discovered—so they remark—"What lunatics we really were—to think each other insane."

Watch for the next program. Zetetic Society always puts on something new and different.

CALLED HOME

Miss Marie Cope was called home Wednesday night because of the death of her father. Miss Cope is one of the new girls at Anthony hall this term. She attended school at Normal last year.

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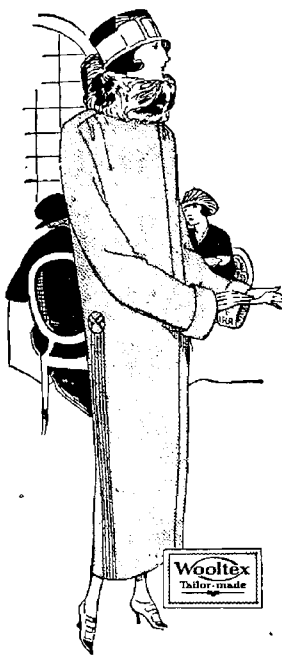
- \$64.50 women's black bolivia Cloth Coat, pre-inventory sale price\$39.75
- \$24.50 Misses polo and bolivia Coats, with fur collars, sale price\$15.95
- \$45.00 women's beaver Aurora black cloth Coat, sale price\$29.75

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- \$25.00 to \$50.00 former values, one lot women's odds and ends in left over Suits, plain and fur trimmed styles. Pre-inventory sale price \$4.95

DRESS SPECIALS

- \$57.50 women's tan and brown figured georgette lace-trimmed Dress. Pre-inventory sale price\$25.00
- \$45.00 women's black beaded canton crepe Dress. Pre-inventory sale price\$29.75
- \$27.50 misses green flannel Dress, button trimmed. Pre-inventory sale price\$19.95



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Golden Moments

THE LONE TRAIL

Ye who know the Lone Trail fain would follow it,
 Though it lead to glory or the darkness of the pit.
 Ye who take the Lone Trail, bid your love good-bye;
 The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow till you die.

The trails of the world be countless, and most of the trails be tried;
 You tread on the heels of the many, till you come where the ways divide;
 And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the other is dreary and wan
 Yet you look aslant at the Lone Trail, and the Lone Trail lures you on.
 And somehow you're sick of the highway, with its noise and its easy needs,
 And you seek the risk of the by-way, and you reck not where it leads.
 And sometimes it leads to the desert, and the tongue swells out of the mouth.
 And you stagger blind to the mirage, to die the mocking drouth.
 And sometimes it leads to the mountain, to the light of the lone camp-fire.
 And you gnaw your belt in the anguish of hunger-goaded desire.
 And sometimes it leads to the Southland, to the swamp where the orchid glows,
 And you rave to your grave with the fever, and they rob the corpse for its clothes.
 And sometimes it leads to the Northland, and the scurvy softens your bones,
 And your flesh dints in like putty, and you spit up your teeth like stones.
 And sometimes it leads to a coral reef in the wash of a weedy sea,

And you sit and stare at the empty glare where the gulls wait greedily.
 And sometimes it leads to an Arctic trail, and the snows where your torn feet freeze,
 And you whittle away the useless clay, and crawl on your hands and knees.
 Often it leads to the dead-pit; always it leads to pain;
 By the bones of your brothers ye know it, but oh, to follow you're fain.
 By your bones they will follow behind you, till the ways of the world are made plain.
 Bid good-bye to sweetheart, bid good-bye to friend;
 The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow to the end.
 Tarry not, and fear not, chosen of the true;
 I over of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail waits for you.

A BUTCHER'S LOVE

Oh, could I but my love re-veal
 And meat your eyes of blue,
 And liver in the lights of them
 In a style beef-fiting you,
 I'm bacon in the heart of love,
 I'm so sheepish I cannot stop.
 My heart is yours, so please become
 My spare-rib or my chop.

I never sausage a pretty girl,
 When this little lamb I spy;
 I'm ready now to steak my life
 With lard enough to fry.
 Pork Creature. I'll be corned all day
 Until I'm surely hooked,
 So weigh me well—clothes, bones and all—
 Or else my mutton's cooked.

THE FAMOUS

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The Alumni Bulletin

Mrs. Clyde Cheatham (formerly Miss Gladys Hickey) now living in Willisville, where her husband is employed in the bank, requests that the Egyptian be sent to her for the remaining part of the year.

Mr. Claron Robertson, superintendent of schools at Dowell, Ill., dropped in to the Egyptian office some few days ago and subscribed for the Egyptian.

Mr. Glenn Fishel, coach of athletics at Cartersville, Ill., treats them all alike. His team has lost two out of fourteen games.

MRS. IRA COX

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Board for boys35c per meal
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**Carbondale Candy
Kitchen**

Glenn Ayre played the leading part in "Deacon Dubbs" at the Socratic Society last Friday night.

Mr. Frank Watson's basketball team defeated Evansville recently by a close score of 8-6.

Miss Celeste White has accepted a position as teacher of the sixth grade, in the East St. Louis public schools. Miss White expects to return in June for graduation.

Mr. Deneen Watson of the U. of Ill., gave an encouraging talk to the Zetets on Jan. 3.

Mr. John Keith, who has been attending Cincinnati Music Conservatory, expects to enroll in the S. I. N. U. in the early part of February.

Mr. Alfred Purdue, assistant principal of the High school at Cave-in-Rock, is organizing a High school orchestra.

Mary Iva Mofield of Harrisburg visited friends here Saturday night, also attended the basketball game between Harrisburg and Carbondale Community Highs.

EXCHANGES

To the Pinion, Honolulu, Hawaii: Your editorial section was very interesting in your last edition.

The Tiger, Cape Girardeau, Mo.: Your Christmas edition was quite good, especially your faculty letters to Santa Claus.

The Grey Hound, Imboden, Ark.: We wish you success in your basketball season.

To The Pioneer, Alton, Ill.: We think Miss Rainey must be a wonderful girl. Friends that can always be depended upon are worth having.

The Capaha Arrow, Cape Girardeau, Mo.: A very snappy joke section.

The Lenoix, Rhyne College, Hickory, N. C.: Your column on "What About It?" was original.

To the Teachers' College News, Charleston, Ill.: We enjoyed reading your editorial on "Specialization" very much. Your "Fireplace Nook" is very clever.

To The Reflector, Fairfield, Ill.: A well balanced paper. A very interesting joke section.

A LARGE ORDER

Freshmen: Here is my baby picture. I want you to make a photograph of me as I am now for the Obelisk.

Photographer: Shall I take you now?

Freshie: Oh, no. I thought you could make an enlargement from this.

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ORGANIZATIONS

Y. W. C. A. will meet tonight at 6:30 in Socratic hall. Rev. Pardee of the Christian church is to speak to us. Let all girls come out to hear him. He will tell you about the Older Girls' Conference which is to be held sometime in the near future here in Carbondale.

For years the boys have had an Old Boys' Conference, and those who know of its work verify the statement that much benefit is derived from these conferences. Why can't we do likewise and have a conference of our own? Come out and hear Rev. Pardee tonight.

The program that was given last week was enjoyed by all and we are sure if you come, you will not regret the time spent.

ANTHONY HALL

Thelma Hartwell spent the week-end at Marion.

Edna Young visited with friends in Alto Pass last week-end.

Marie Waller visited with Lucile Coulter last week-end. Marie is teaching in Herrin this year.

Hazel Keith visited with Cleda Klotz Sunday.

Theresa Bunting visited friends at the Hall Saturday. Theresa is teaching in Du Quoin H. S.

Florence Croessmann spent the week-end with her sister, Pauline and Ethel.

Ola Goetz spent the week-end in Grand Tower.

Mildred Gaston has been out of school for a week, on account of illness.

ACACIA CLUB

The Acacia Club met this morning and planned for the coming year.

Regular monthly meetings are scheduled for the future.

The purpose of the club is to promote brotherhood among the Master Masons of the school and the president appointed a committee consisting of Prof. Jaquish, Prof. Scott and Eric Griffith to plan a banquet in the near future—a step in the right direction.

HOW THEY DID STRUT

The Strut and Fret met Wednesday evening and enjoyed seeing the play. "Please pass the Cream," presented by Harley Hammoc and Delta Brink with Miss Viola Gaston as coach.

At the beginning of the hour, it was announced that it was the night we would have a lesson in coaching and those not desiring to stay, could be excused, but all were anxious to remain.

Some of the hard scenes to act were discussed by Miss Trovillion,

but all agreed that the parts were played well.

An opportunity was given for asking questions with special drill upon walking across the stage and being gracefully seated.

It was decided to meet on Thursday evening the rest of the term.

Next week "Johnny's New Suit" will be presented.

S. I. N. U. "N" CLUB

It has long been the custom in colleges and some of the better high schools, to have a letter club, that is, a club composed of all the men who have been awarded honor letters for participation in major sports.

For some unknown reason a letter club, although it has often been talked of, has never materialized at the S. I. N. U. and the members of this year's football team feel that the school has an enrollment and athletic reputation which not only warrants the formation of this club, but feel that the future teams of the school might find inspiration in the support the club would offer.

With the recent completion of one of the most successful football seasons this school has ever enjoyed, which included a 23-0 victory over Cape, our traditional enemy, a good basketball team coming on and prospects for a first class baseball and track team looking "rosy," now seems to be the ideal time to organize an "N" club.

Coach McAndrew, under whose sincere and conscientious tutorage the teams have developed, is highly in favor of the club, and a meeting will be held at 12:45 p. m. today (Tuesday) to elect officers and formulate plans for the club's activities for the remainder of the year.

WAILS FROM THE EDITORS

Getting up a weekly publication is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly—if we don't, they say we lack variety—if we publish things from the papers, they say we are too lazy, to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens—if we go, we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office, we ought to be out rustling for news—if we rustle for news we are not attending to business in the office. If we wear old clothes, we are slovens. If we wear new clothes, they are not paid for. What in the thunder are the poor editors to do anyhow? Like as not, someone will say we swiped this from an exchange. So we did.

The fellow who used to sell lightning-rods is now a stock salesman who makes us believe it is oil that will be struck.—Mobile News.

THE RAVING

Once upon a Monday dreary while
I pondered, weak and weary
O'er many a quaint and curious volume
of forgotten English.
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping
at my study door,
'Tis a member of my section tapping
at my study door.
Oh, for this, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in
the bleak December (just before
exams)
And each separate dying ember
wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly
I had sought to borrow
From my classmates books on English—
to study just a little more.
For that rare and awful quizzing, that
was what the book was for.
That awful quiz I'd had before.

And the vaguely faint-heard rumors
of each question in that quiz
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic
terrors never felt before,
So that now to still the beating of
my heart, I stood repeating
'Tis some section girl entreating entrance
at my study door.
Come to warn me of the coming of
my teacher with that quiz.
This is it and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating,
then no longer
'Peg," said I, "or Helen, truly your
English I implore.
For the fact is I'm not ready and I
count on you to steady
Me in that awful quiz that my teacher's
going to give me soon,
Going to give me very soon"—here I
opened wide the door.
Darkness there and nothing more.

Back into my study turning, all my
mind with thinking burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat
louder than before.
Surely, thought I, surely that is
Katherine at my door,

Let me ask her if she knows her English,
can that mystery explore
'Tis just cats and nothing more.

Open here I flung the door when with
many a stern cold look
In there stepped my English teacher,
witness of my recent failures.
Not the least of smiling made she,
not a minute stopped or stayed
she
But with mien of lord or lady sat upon
my softest chair,
Sat right on my cretonne cushion
placed upon my softest chair.
Sat, and looked and nothing more.

Then this stately one beguiling my
scared self to nervous smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of
the countenance she wore
"Tho' the day is warm and pleasant,
still," I said, "the snow is in the
air."
Thinking thus to turn her mind from
pondering on that awful quiz.

But she would not be distracted thus
and turning eyes on me—
Quoth this teacher, "Tell me more."

Still you cannot help agreeing that
no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with memory
for all life's hidden lore
And I swear I couldn't think a
thought while that awesome person
Sat there saying, "Tell me more."

But the teacher, sitting, staring, on
my softest chair spoke only
That one phrase—as if her soul in that
one phase she did outpour,
Nothing farther then she uttered,
nothing seemed her mind to clutter—
Till I scarcely more than muttered:
"Other tests I've passed successfully
And I'm bound this one I'll master
and show what I am good for."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply
so aptly spoken
"Huey," said I, "thinks that reading
is a thinking process only
While Jenkins says the vowel sounds
are the most important thing."
Followed fast and followed faster,
still my words this burden bore—
Still the words from her stern visage
this same gloomy burden bore,
Of "Tell me—tell me more."

There I sat engaged in guessing, but
no syllable expressing,
To this woman whose accusing eyes
now burned my bosom's care;
Desolate, yet all undaunted, in this
lonely room enchanted
Thinking hard but with no answer—
finally I her implored
Is the work in college any easier—
teacher, teacher, I implore
Quoth the teacher, "Tell me more."

"Teacher," said I, "thing of knowl-
edge, teacher still, or bright or
not!
By that Heaven that bends above us
—by the God we both adore—
Tell this girl with sorrow laden if,
sometime in far off June,
I shall clasp my desired sheepskin
whom the trustees call, {Diploma,
Clasp this much desired diploma even
though I flunk this quiz?"
Quoth the teacher, "Tell me more."

Then my temper stayed no longer and
I rose in wrath before her.
"Well," said I, "I'm sorry—very—but
I'm sure I know no more,
And I do not care to know whether
Jenkins thinks or no.
Please go back into your office, leave
me to my solitude.
Take yourself from off my cushion,
off my softest cretonne cushion,
And leave this place forevermore.

Thinking thus to turn her mind from
pondering on that awful quiz.
But she would not be distracted thus
and turning eyes on me
Quoth this teacher, "Tell me more."
there, away out of that room.

But though I run to end of earth's
space, and though I hide my ears
Still in all my life resounding, still
will come that sound in years

SMALL TOWN STUFF

The last youngster passed out at the door of room nineteen, and cast a backward glance upon the "new teacher," as if to make sure his observations of the day were quite ready for an account at home. For, as is the case everywhere, a new teacher—especially for the first few weeks—is the subject of conversation in the entire community. And this one was not an exception.

The news spread about as rapidly as wild fire that the new teacher of the third grade was not the old maid with the spectacles who had applied for the position. But a very young girl—possibly twenty-two or three, who had brown hair with red and gold tints, and very large violet eyes, like pools of starlight. She was small, too, and wore high heels and "swell" clothes, as one of the children put it. At least that was the impression carried home by Jackie Landlers, and he immediately sat down and wrote to his brother in Chicago—who was really only his half-brother—and told him all about his new pretty teacher.

Miss Marion Stevenson, teacher in room 19, closed the door after Jackie, and sank into her chair, quite exhausted. This first day had been hard. For indeed it was all entirely new—she had never taught before in all her life. And so much to do—plans to be made for a whole week in advance. So there was no time for reflection. And with a sudden determination she set to work, although her heart revolted.

Leaving the building at a few minutes before five, she found waiting for her—both to her surprise and delight—Jackie. And as the two walked slowly down the shady street leading from the school building to her boarding place, Marion learned from her small companion a touch of his family history. He was the only child, except a brother in Chicago who was studying to be a doctor. But he supplied no names and she was not inquisitive enough to ask.

"But," the little fellow continued, "he's coming home next month, and maybe you'll get to meet him. I'm going to write and tell him about you." And, in his loving manner, he smuggled his moist little hand into that of his companion, and told her good-bye at the gate of her boarding place. Thus Marion Stevenson went gaily to her room with joy in her heart since her little conversation with Jackie. And all during the evening his livid blue eyes haunted her and remained in her dreams.

A teachers' meeting was set for the last day in the month by Mr. Carrens, the principal. Each teacher was to make a report of her work during the first month. So for a week Marion and Jackie had no evening walks together.

At the meeting it was announced that the teachers were to give their annual "get acquainted" party two weeks from Thursday. According to the custom, the lady teachers were

to invite a gentleman friend, and vice versa.

So as she walked home in the afterglow of a perfect autumn day, she wished in her heart of hearts that she could ask Jackie's brother. But she could not even muster up enough courage to ask Jackie his name—or whether he would be home at the time set for the party. Realizing that something must be done—since two weeks was not so long after all, she finally decided that she would ask Jackie—on tomorrow evening as they walked home together.

But the next evening, having purposely left the building a little earlier than usual, she found no little starry-eyed eager fellow waiting for her. And she experienced a pang of disappointment. With a slightly heavy heart she walked alone to her boarding place. She depended upon Jackie for friendship, companionship and encouragement—for he would often tell her of letters he would get from "brother", saying how he was anxious to meet this new teacher.

For the life Miss Marion Stevenson led in this community was quite different from the life of previous years. She had come to this quiet place seeking solitude—and found in her school work a means of forgetting the past—at least a part of it.

She was the daughter and heir of the late Professor L. M. Stevenson of Buston College in Chicago. And after his death she found it hard to lead the same old jolly, care-free, social butterfly sort of life and decided to do something to distract her mind from it—in part, at least. So she resorted to school-teaching, having inherited her father's ability at the profession.

And Jackie had proved to be her only really true friend and he had failed her when she needed him most. But if she had been watching the building about the time the janitor locked up that evening, she would have seen a little boy enter cautiously and return quickly as if he wanted no one to see him there. But she did not see.

Had she seen, she might have guessed the solution to the mystery accompanying a letter lying upon her desk the next morning—addressed to herself at "Room 19." Tearing it open with nervous fingers, she read the following:

Dear Miss Stevenson:

I hope you will pardon my boldness—but I was wondering if you were in need of a friend. I have not been in town long, but long enough to hear of the wonderful work you are doing in your school-room. My position disables me to call upon you at the present and I hope you will accept my offer of friendship and leave an answer on your desk. I can get it there.

Waiting,

MERLE CARSON.

"What a mysterious note," she exclaimed, half aloud. "How did it possibly get here?" Perhaps they didn't know where I boarded and had the janitor to leave it here in my room. Now isn't it strange—why Marion

Stevenson," she continued aloud, "you have someone to ask to the party. Isn't that a coincidence, just when you were needing a friend, one popped up, just like that," and she snapped her finger in the air. "Now don't forget to answer that this very evening, and don't worry about the mystery of the thing. It's lots of fun just to wonder and—daydream." "But," she reflected, "it didn't say whether she was a "he," or "he" a "she," or what, but surely it was a girl—where was there a fellow in this town who would write to her, asking for her friendship? They all thought she was more or less "stuck up."

Nevertheless, a note was written that evening to "Miss Carson," and placed beneath it would be obtained, but was too interested in the mystery of it all to try to disclose the secret by asking the janitor.

But why did Jackie avoid her? Did the gaining of a friend necessitate the losing of one? She would not lose the friendship of her little pupil, she decided, if she could possibly help it. But he never gave her a chance of speaking to him alone, and even avoided her eyes in the classroom. Surely something was wrong.

On the Tuesday before the day set for the party, Marion wrote to "Miss Carson," asking her to be her "gentleman friend," and go with her to the party.

"There isn't a single fellow in this town that I would ask to go with me—except Jackie's brother, and I haven't the courage to ask him. But I suppose he has already been 'asked' by this time. I do hope he is there, for I would certainly like to meet him. Do you know him, Merle? I'm sure he must be wonderful. Hannon is his name—Dr. Hannon. He is Jackie's step-brother, you know. I learned his name only today."

So on the following evening Merle's note replied that "she" would only be too glad to go. "And I will meet you in front of Baker's drug store at 8 o'clock sharp." It finished.

On Thursday evening Marion dressed in one of her most becoming gowns—and used to a maid, but found to depend upon one's self meant more pleasure than to depend upon some one else. She was really enjoying herself in this little quiet town—although it was so different from Chicago—and she had learned a great deal about "real life."

Donning a light evening wrap—for it was cool these autumn nights—she made her way slowly toward the drug store, for it was yet 10 minutes before eight. Arriving there, just as the church bell chimed the hour, she found no one waiting. At least there was no young lady there—not even

in sight, and she had said "eight sharp." Surely she would be here any minute.

A young man was loitering near the doorway. And on the inside were a few loafers—but who was the little fellow? Why, it was Jackie—and she started to enter. But as she reached the door the young man spoke.

"Beg pardon, madam, are you looking for someone?"

"Why—I—" she stammered, "yes, I was. Have you seen Merle Carson? She was to meet me here at 8, and it's past now." After a tense second that seemed like centuries to Marion, he replied, "I am Merle—Merle Carson." And handing her a card, she read, "Merle C. Hannon."

"You are—and I—" again she stammered. "But the notes—she—"

"I have all of them right here," said he, handing her several pieces of folded paper which she recognized as her own notes to "Miss Carson."

But just then Jackie appeared and saved the situation by saying "I was the messenger." And in the secret of her own room afterwards—Marion declared she had found in this quiet little town that for which she had hunted in the city and never found.

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