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The Egyptian, June 16, 1925

Egyptian Staff

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GOOD
LUCK
TO YOU,
TREES.

THE EGYPTIAN

BEST WISHES
TO YOU, OWEN,
FOR A
GOOD YEAR

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

Volume V

Carbondale, Illinois, June 16, 1925

Number 36

Socratic's Tonight, Zetetic's Tomorrow Night



We, the Editorial Block take this opportunity in expressing our appreciation of the excellent support and cooperation given us by the faculty, student body and friends of the school. It is you who have made the paper possible. It is to you we are indebted both financially and otherwise for the success of this year. We take great pleasure in reminding you once more that the Business department has actually wiped out all deficits and placed a small amount to the credit side of our ledger.

To the Merchants also we owe a great debt. It is through your excellent school spirit and loyalty to our paper that contributed success to our financial ship. Last, but not least the Staff whose pictures you see on the next page, we earnestly thank you for your spirit of cooperation and efficiency to be unsurpassed by any Staff. It is to you, you we repeat who untiringly, and cheerfully contributed to the Egyptian that much credit is due. We must not forget the faithful typists who always did their work with a smile.

We trust that Editor Owen and Business Manager Trees will have the same spirited staff as the one just retired.

We wish you all a successful year.

HOWARD S. WALKER, Editor.
CARL O. SMITH, Business Manager.

Sacrifice Helps The School

The days of Alladin, of good and evil genii, of old mystic Arabia are gone, effaced by the ever forward creep of an intellectual civilization. The magic lamp that produced, quickly, silently, effectively and without sacrifice have followed their masters into antiquity. No more can super-human fetes be accomplished merely by a stroke of the hand on a Magic Lamp.

There must be sacrifice, cruel but inevitable, if there is to be a worthwhile success. Down through the ages there has been the continual life and death struggle between Man and Nature. Each century has seen a multitude of natural forces fall, vanquished by unrelenting Man. Men have conquered but Men have paid. Every river has exacted its toll of human life and energy before it has submitted to the bonds of steel that men have determined that it must submit to.

Was our auditorium, large, luxurious, almost architecturally perfect, built without sacrifice on the part of some individuals at some time? How many bricks were laid by hands that had not sacrificed or were not sacrificing? What has been the price paid by far-seeing, ambitious, confident persons that had striven, many times in vain, to perfect the steel that went into the massive structural steel frame. Each worked, suffered, and passed to his reward and the world was better and happier, not because he was gone but because he had come into the world, labored, suffered, and made it a better world for his children and his children's children.

Everyone owes his standing in this world to a sacrifice on the part of some individual. I challenge you to find an exception. Who paid the price that Caesar might hold dominion over the Roman World? Was Napoleon able to sway the fortunes of Europe simply because he was a "calculating opportunist," a military genius, or another Justinian? Show me any great man and I will show you a thousand that sacrificed that he might reach his high station.

The school year is over. But what

SOCRATIC SOCIETY

GRANTS DIPLOMAS

On Friday evening the Socratic society held the graduating exercises for the organization. At this time forty members of the Socrats who will graduate from the school this year received diplomas. We feel sure that the members who are leaving the so-

cietly will never regret the time spent in there. They will go out in life much better prepared to take part in the work that will confront them.

Girls no doubt have a fondness for nifty clothes, but they are not entirely wrapt up in them.—Florence (Aia.) Herald.

ANTHONY HALL

Miss Hardin entertained the girls with a dinner party Wednesday evening. Seniors and Sophomores were the guests. The tables were beautifully decorated with sweet peas and candles. The place cards and favors were also very unique. During the dinner Anthony hall songs were sung as well as the Alma Mater.

(Continued On Page Four)

THE EGYPTIAN

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EDITORIAL



AU REVOIR.

We must now go out from thy portals is the thought in the minds of the many people who are to graduate from the old school so soon. With this thought comes a feeling of both pleasure and pain.

It gives great pleasure to think over the many previous moments of work and enjoyment that have been spent on the campus and in the schoolroom in the last few years. Along with this pleasureable feeling comes a feeling of pain because the days are gone. But remember "Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught." Those things that it gives us a thrill to look back over and that gives us a feeling of sadness to leave are the real worthwhile things of life.

Those who are to leave will spread over the country in numerous paths of life. May they all take the high road of success! We hope that all of the people who are getting ready to start their life's career have received ideals while in school that will make them a real useful citizen in later life. There will be hard problems to face at times and there will be great goals to reach. Always remember that "with every rose we get a thorn, but aren't the roses sweet."

UNDER PRESSURE

Nearly everyone remembers with justifiable pride some piece of work that he did well under pressure. The fact that he did it so well was owing in part to the very fact that it was done under pressure. The combination of urgent necessity and a definite time limit has often a stimulating effect on the mental and physical powers of the person who is thus challenged. Worthy achievements under severe pressure constitute some of the most satisfying experiences in life. They increase a man's confidence and self-respect; they make him readier and more courageous to meet the next difficult task that may be imposed.

But the pressure, if it is to have such a beneficial effect, must not be constantly applied in the daily routine of life. To concentrate day after day to the limit of endurance on purely mechanical tasks is not stimulating but deadening. The modern movement to liberate mechanical workers from the excessive daily pressure to which in the past they have been subjected is not only good humanity but good economics as well.

The pressure that is most useful in strengthening a man's power of accomplishment is that which he exerts on himself. No one ever yet made a large success of life who responded only to the pressure of circumstances or of his superiors. The habit of independently urging himself to effort and to mastery is the most valuable habit that a man can acquire. The people who have the happiest and fullest lives are those who on being relieved from outward pressure welcome the change mainly because it affords them opportunity to apply pressure from within.

ZEAL

Zeal is the great human agent of the world. It sows and reaps, it turns the wheels, it yokes the winds and guides the waters. It rises early and labors late. It knows no fatigue, or, better still, it dominates fatigue by austere intensity of purpose. Zeal starts at the bottom and rises to the top by sheer persistence, and audacity, by the fierce, unwearied, unwearable determination to accomplish what it has undertaken to do. Some are born zealous, some acquire zeal under the magic of a great aspiration, some grow weary and forget; but without zeal little of lasting moment is achieved or realized. A zealous disposition, one of those swift rushing temperaments that are never at rest, is in the end tiresome even to the owner of it and is often inexpressibly tiresome to those who have to live with it, who perhaps like sunshine and golden ease and the large enjoyment of placid contemplation—things that cannot be fully appreciated when busy, achieving zeal is tearing about, with its relentless buzz, like an eager bumble bee. Those who have to see too much of the

zealous worker are likely to echo with a sigh the cynical remark of Talleyrand, "Above all things, gentlemen, no zeal."

But this criticism applies chiefly to zeal that is ill directed and ill controlled. There is a blind zeal that is mere restlessness, that seeks bustle only to escape from the serene repose of thought. The zeal, useful zeal, should be properly combined with mastery. There should be not only the ardor that toils inexhaustibly; there should be the intelligence that guides and the self-possession that reserves and conserves. We should cultivate not only the power to work but the power to see that our work tells and is not dissipated in mere bustle. Zeal under the guidance of wisdom is the force that produces lasting results.

NATURE STUDY CLASS ENJOYS OUTING

Last Tuesday morning the Nature Study class motored to Dillinger's lake and enjoyed a six o'clock breakfast. Miss Steagall had prepared questions for the class to test the students' ability in cooking. After breakfast the class hiked around the lake to make further observations in nature. Three cheers for Miss Steagall. She knows nature and her students.

JOHN PAGE WHAM GRADUATES FROM LAW SCHOOL

Mr. John Page Wham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Wham, graduates from the school of law at the University of Illinois this spring.

John Page finished his diploma course at the S. I. N. U. in the spring of 1922. He was president of his class that year and was well thought of by all his classmates. He shall always be remembered by the Zetetic society, serving as president and leader of the society's first orchestra. John Page established a precedent in the society that no doubt will continue to be maintained.

The editor takes great joy in printing in the columns of the Egyptian the achievements of so fine and deserving a young man.

S. I. N. U. MUSIC RACK

- Grieving For You Lloyd Norman
- Right or Wrong Mary Foster
- Baby Blue Eyes Bill Felts
- Lovin' Mamma Mary Kinchloe
- Lost (a wonderful girl of mine)..... Charles Faulkner
- Smilin' Thru Viola Gaskins
- True Blue Lester Buford
- Teasin' Augusta Sumner
- Thrills Herman Luse
- Porcelain Maid Virginia Nefitzger
- Daddy, Your Mammy is Lonesome for You Dorothy Furr
- Nobody Loves Me Albert Webb
- Who'll Take My Place When I'm Gone Ted Finley
- Over the Marcell Waves John Winn

Comment by New York Daily Newspapers On "ICEBOUND"

Solid entertainment easy to enjoy—
Globe.

Realism warmed by Romance—New
York Evening World.

No finer exhibition of character delineation—New York Morning Telegraph.

It will thaw theatregoers into moisture
of good humor—New York Evening
Sun.

An honest slice of life—New York
Tribune.

If Moscow implores us to send a play in
return for those that Moscow has sent
us we might send "Icebound"—New
American.

Zetetic Spring Play, Auditorium, June 16, 1925

SACRIFICE HELPS

(Continued From Page 1)

has that to do with sacrifice, you may ask. Nothing especially. It is an excellent time to stop and think over the past year and the sacrifices that you have made and those that have been made for you. Each Tuesday, if you have been a loyal student, you have gone to the EGYPTIAN office, received your paper, read it from cover to cover. Probably many times you have been disgusted; thought the paper was a "dub" edited by a bunch of "dubs." Did you advertise your opinion among your friends, or did you stop and think that someone had sacrificed that you might be able to say that your college was issuing a paper? Probably you think there is no hardships in publishing a paper. If there are difficulties, on whom do they fall? Who is blamed for the mistakes of omission or commission? THE EDITOR. Why? Someone must sacrifice: the toll must be exacted from some person that is willing to pay. Everyone knows Editor Howard Walker. For the past thirty-six weeks he has paid the toll that must be inevitably exacted by a critical (?) group of students.

Running the paper on an absolutely unprejudiced basis, he has produced this year the best EGYPTIAN that has ever been published in the history of the school. Mr. Walker has come, worked earnestly, patiently and conscientiously. Now he is passing (in a sense to his well-earned reward) but he leaves a monument that will endure, a better college paper, better because he worked when others played; was neutral when it would have been so easy to be partisan; and sacrificed when others would not. Mr. Walker, you will be gone, but we will not forget.

ANONYMOUS.



THE SUN DIAL

Some sentiment was expressed in a recent issue of the Egyptian concerning the Sun Dial on the campus.

During the early years of our Normal school each Senior class left in place either in the building or on the grounds some gift to the school, a tribute of their appreciation and of the happy hours spent there.

One of the earliest classes presented this Sun Dial. It was cherished through many years, but after the destructive fire in '84, which left our Main, and only building, in ruins the Sun Dial was forgotten.

Many people carried away the beautifully carved brown stone trimmings of the destroyed building to decorate their lawns as rockeries, etc., and so the Sun Dial was finally seen by a loyal alumnus, as it graced a Carbondale lawn supporting an urn of flowers.

On request it was graciously returned to a committee appointed by the Alumni Association. This committee replaced it on its original site and again crowned it with a brass dial.

But alas! In a few weeks this dial was broken.

Yes, the Sun Dial is decorative and of historic interest. And for the third time let us make it useful and replace the dial.

FACULTY NEWS

Miss Jones Sails Tomorrow

Miss Grace Jones of the Household Science Department left last Friday for New York, where she will take the steamer Berenjaria arriving in Cherbourg June 26. She will go from there to Florence and other Italian cities. She expects to spend the summer visiting friends in France and Italy.

Miss Trovillion leaves immediately after commencement to attend the first six weeks of the summer term at Indiana university. She will take courses in Play Acting, Victorian Literature and Journalism.

Mr. E. G. Lentz left Friday for Bloomington, Indiana, where he will work on his Master's degree in History.

Miss Florence King will return to

her home in Minneapolis to spend the summer.

"ZETETS" GRADUATE FIFTY

The Zetetic Literary Society graduated fifty people on last Friday evening. Ten of the fifty were members of the Senior college class receiving their degrees.

This has been one of the best years the "Zetets" have ever experienced.

May the year following be as good as the wish of the graduates.

SMITH—SNIDER

Mr. Frank Smith, president of the third year college class and a faithful member of the Egyptian staff, surprised his many friends by stealing a march to Murphysboro, and taking to himself a wife, Miss Eloise Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith will welcome their many friends in Harlington, Texas, where the groom has employment. The Egyptian staff sends congratulations to the newlyweds.

FAREWELL EGYPTIAN READERS

Birds of a passage are we, pilgrims that stop by the wayside

To drink from the fountain of knowledge, and drinking to offer others, Long have we labored and truly, to bring to you news of your classmates;

News that is cheering and strengthening, eagerly sought by the students. Sad things have we brought you and sorrow, that fair we'd have hidden away;

Joy have we brought you and gladness, the gold that never can tarnish.

But now we are forced to leave you, we who have labored so long.

We go to our many duties, no more will your bright faces greet us.

May joy be your portion in life, may sorrow be hid from your pathway. Hall and farewell! We greet thee and bid thee adieu.

THE STAFF.

It's an ill wind that blows a saxophone.—Detroit News.

At the time that this was microfilmed, April, 1966, volumes six through eleven inclusive were missing from the university archives' file.

At a later date the archives will attempt to assemble these missing numbers from other sources for filming.