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The Egyptian, May 22, 1922

Egyptian Staff

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THE EGYPTIAN

VOL. 2

Carbondale, Illinois, May 22, 1922

No. 28

Spring Concert Grand Success

FULL HOUSE HEARS S. I. N. U. ORCHESTRA RECITAL

Zip! Bang! Tr-r-r-rla-la-la, Bang! To use the vernacular term commonly applied in such cases nowadays, the S. I. N. U. Orchestra was "red-hot" when, playing to a full house of appreciative auditors, they pulled off their annual spring concert last night.

To those of us who have the happy opportunity of hearing the Orchestra at Chapel every day, it was only another demonstration of the perfection that may come into an art through long practice and earnestness. The regular school orchestra, although composing by far the major part of the company, was augmented by some outside talent which Prof. Bainum brought in to assist in the classic presentation.

One of the features of the evening was the Raymond Overture, played as a xylophone solo by Prof. Bainum himself. All those who had before heard Prof. Bainum on the xylophone welcomed the opportunity to hear again this master artist. The unique programs which discussed, for the benefit of those unfamiliar with the classic pieces rendered, the history of the pieces and their meaning, together with pointing out the different parts and separate phases of each selection, attracted much attention. The discussions were full and interesting and helped in a great measure to the enjoyment of the program.

That the concert should have been such a decided success is no surprise to the many friends of this most praiseworthy organization. To each individual member of the orchestra belongs an allotment of praise as large as his shoulders will enable him to bear. Especially to Prof. Bainum, that individual who so readily enters into everything that goes to make this school step forward along school lines, and who so capably managed the whole affair, goes the praise for making the spring concert of 1922 one that will be long remembered.

The repertoire for the evening included the following:

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"—Gluck
Selection from "Hansel and Gretel"—Humperdinck.
March Slave—Tschaikowsky.
Grand Fantasia from "Pagliacci"—Leoncavallo.

Raymond Overture (xylophone solo)—Thomas—G. C. Bainum.
"Valse Triste" from the Finnish Drama, "Kuolema"—Sibelius.

ART CLUB ENJOYS DELIGHTFUL PICNIC

Last Tuesday evening the Art Appreciation Club, chaperoned by Miss Williams, enjoyed a picnic at the "Cedars", the beautiful farm of Mr. and Mrs. Easterly. As each member had the privilege of inviting a guest the crowd was quite large.

The young people were undaunted by the threatening clouds and their youthful enthusiasm refused to be dampened by the slight showers of rain. Due to the kindness and hos-

pitality of Mr. and Mrs. Easterly the refreshments were served in their spacious living room, where a fire blazed merrily in the large open fire place. Mr. Easterly entertained the boys and girls with Arkansas tales and fish stories which were enjoyed immensely.

It was rather a unique type of picnic but it is such social affairs that make our school days dear to us.

NOTICE, EVERYBODY!

We wish to present in a short time the "Obelisk" of 1922. We have labored to the extent of our ability to make the book a success; to make it something that will truly represent the activities of the year; something interesting not alone to the Senior Class, but to the entire school; and something which, in after years, you will be proud to be the possessor of.

We are calling upon you to justify our work now by asking you to buy these books. In your hands rests the fate of succeeding "Obelisks." It is fair to assume that if we "hit the hole" financially this year, that there will be no "Obelisks" in the years to come.

Do your bit! Back us! Subscribe!

THE STAFF.

Agora, Monday, 6:30 P. M.

The third section of Foster's "Argumentation and Debating" will be studied and discussed.

Y. W. C. A., Tuesday, 3:30 P. M.

S. I. N. U. Girls at Lake Geneva. We want all the girls, especially the new students, to hear this program, as it is the best we have ever given.

Zetets.

Socrats.

Agg. Club.

He: "You never use a lip stick, do you?"

She: "Well, if I did, you'd be the first one to know about it."—Echo.

Bandanna Sketches—Four Negro Spirituals—White.

March—Hail America—Drumm.

PRESBYTERIANS ENTERTAIN STUDENTS

Last Wednesday evening a banquet was given in honor of the Presbyterian ladies of the church.

While the students enjoyed the abundant spread, Prof. Bainum and his big orchestra furnished the happy young people with some real first class music. Miss Burkitt acted as toastmistress, in the absence of Prof. Boomer, who was called home on account of the death of his mother. Miss Burkitt came up to her high standard in directing the program of the evening. Many good toasts were given, readings, solos and an excellent talk by Prof. Todd of the Murphysboro Township High School.

When the hour of adjournment rolled around we had one another good-night feeling that a profitable and enjoyable evening had been spent.

The students wish to express their appreciation of the kindness and hospitality shown them.

Lentz To Deliver Baccalaureate

Mr. E. G. Lentz of the History Department, S. I. N. U., has been chosen to deliver the Baccalaureate address to the class of 1922, according to recent advices.

Mr. Lentz is an orator and speaker of note and it is certain to be a pleasure to hear him. He has been connected with the Normal for nine years, during which time his kind courtesy and gentle bearing have won for him a well deserved popularity, both with the members of the student body and with his professional associates.

It is a safe presumption that the graduating class could not have been better pleased.

ARTISTS TAKE IN

ST. LOUIS MUSEUM

A number of the members of the Art Appreciation Club accompanied by Miss Williams spent a delightful forenoon at the Art Museum in St. Louis last Saturday. As the museum was not opened to visitors until ten o'clock, then went out to view the group of Washington University buildings which Mr. Hamlin, the author of a history of architecture, classes as one of the most striking architectural project in America.

They then returned to the Jefferson Memorial at Forest Park where Miss Williams met them and conducted them across the golf links to the Art Museum. The students discussed the exterior architectural details of this wonderful building.

Within they enjoyed looking at the reproduction of the classic marbles, the Egyptian room, the marvelously wrought antique furniture and the beautiful tapestries. An especially keen interest was taken in the mural paintings which are being exhibited. There was also a good collection of Rembrandt's drawings. The rooms of the old masters and the modern painters were visited, their works discussed and compared as to technique. Miss Williams wisely and tactfully inserted humorous incidents and various bits of information concerning the most prominent painters which were valuable to the student to help him feel a real vital interest in the past and present artists.

Although weary and fatigued at the end of their tour, they all joyfully assented that their trip had been successful and well worth their time and effort.

ZETETICS NEWS

ZETETIC "SOCIETY NOTES"

On Friday evening, May 12, one of the best programs of the season was enjoyed by a large and attentive audience.

The first thing of interest was the installation of the new officers. Mr. Herbert Jay, the out-going president, made an excellent talk in which he expressed his appreciation of the hearty support that the Zetetics had given him.

Miss Bessie House upon assuming her responsibilities as president delivered a most thrilling address, one more setting before the Zetetics the lesson of learning to labor and to wait. Space wouldn't permit the detailed account of the program, but some of the outstanding numbers were "Those Doughnuts" by Dilla Hall; "A Plea for Cuba," by Dorwen Wright; and the inspiring and profitable talk by Slats. The society doors are open and a cordial invitation is extended to all new students.

"THE GHOST STORY"

Last Friday evening the Zetetic Society had one of its best crowds to see one of the many good programs which are given every Friday evening in their hall.

A play, "The Ghost Story," was given by Rosalie Comment. The coach and the cast are to be complimented on their part in working up the play in so short a time. The play took well, as it was of a different nature from most of the dramas we have seen this year.

All new mid-spring students are not only wanted, but are urged to attend the Zetetic Society.

SPRING ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM ANNOUNCED

This year the two societies will break away from the usual custom of having two parts to the annual spring entertainments. The two parts will be held at different times and places. Part two, the play, will be held as usual during commencement week in the auditorium.

Part one will be held in the society hall the previous week. The ones picked for the Zetetic program are as follows:

- President's Address, Deneen Watson
- Music, Male Quartette
- Reading, Aline Hendy
- Vocal Solo, Elizabeth Weir
- Oration, Howard Walker
- Music, Zetetic Four

Presentation of Diplomas Norman Julian
There are seventy seniors who will take diplomas from the Zetetic Society this year. This is the largest number ever to graduate in any one year.

OUR CREED

The pessimist will say when he reads this paper: "I could have put out a better sheet myself." We say now, "Why didn't you do it then? We didn't want the job anyway."

That same pessimist will say: "I could have made a better world myself." We say: "Sure. That's our job. Let's get busy."

Speaking of pessimists. We believe in the "militant optimist". Lincoln was once asked how long a man's legs ought to be. He replied that he had not given the matter very serious thought but that he should say they ought to be long enough to reach to the ground. There is a fundamental difference between the pure idealist and our militant optimist. The pure idealist has his head in the clouds, but his legs are too short to reach the ground. The militant optimist has his head in the clouds also, but his feet are planted securely on terra firma. He too, sees visions and dreams dreams, but he sets about to find ways and means to materialize his ideas. The militant optimist uses brains, the idealist indulges in "brain-storms" mostly.

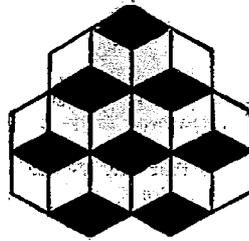
BALL REVEALS MYSTERY

Last Wednesday night Mr. Wm. Ball made an alarming confession. The subject of the discourse was "Why I Married so Young." The lecture, so full of alarming facts and sound advice was extemporaneous, which made it all the more wonderful.

Mr. Ball discussed this topic fully from many standpoints. Then as a climax he told how he, with all his youth, managed at the psychological moment. He related how he diligently sought the whereabouts of his beloved one's father and at last found him in a corn field, plowing corn, with nothing near except a span of long-eared mules, directly in front of him. Just then his strong heart failed him and he crept cautiously up to the busy man and said in faint accents, "Will you please step aside? I have something to say to you."

Suffice it to say that he got the girl and that he claims he has been well satisfied.

Note—Mrs. Ball was not present at the meeting.



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B is for boys who may read this song;
C is for comedies we often enjoy;
D is for delights of a young country boy;
E is for entertainments frequently staged;
F is for fights by our debaters waged;
G is for girls, for we want them in, too;
H is for happiness we assure all of you;
I is for interest we always stir up, here;
J is for joys throughout all the year;
K is for kindness finer than pears;
L is for loveliness of our present Ag. girls;
M is for mirth you will not want to miss;
N is for new things there always "is";
O is for officers who are wide awake;
P is for programs which our committees make;
Q is for questions discussed at every step;
R is for readings that are full of
S is for songs which will gladden
S is for sings which will gladden your heart;
T is for talents of those who take part;
U is for the usher who welcomes you in;
V is for visitors our programs win;
W is for willingness which all members show;
X is for the unknown quantity, you know;
Z is for the "Zest" with which we address this to all.

SOLILOQUY

To flunk or not to flunk; that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler to let the mind suffer
The slings and arrows of outraged teachers
Or to take arms against this sea of troubles
And by studying end them. To rest; to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
The student is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To rest, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream; any, there's the rum
For in that blessed sleep what dreams may come
Of future lessons, ten-fold, to be got,
Must give us pause. There is the prospect
That much leftover work awaits us:
For who would sleep out when not forced to
Old-time feud, the Frenchman's lingo,
The sines and cosines, the x and y.
The millionth neuron, and the thousand
Educative aims advanced by half a dozen fossils
When one himself might take

To lovely Giant City? Who would worry his bean
To pore and grind over a dry book
But that the dread of future tests
The undiscovered country through which one may not pass
Puzzles the will.
And makes us rather bear these toils we have
Than fly to others we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

RANCIES

It was one of those wonderful moonlight nights in spring, when white fleecy clouds drift across the moon making it appear that the moon has power to change its illuminating sources at will. Such was the type of night that I observed this lone, mournful being seated on a stump at the roadside, giving vent to his feelings through music.

A young couple, on their way home from church heard this music and stopped. The courage of the valiant young knight mounted and the couple advanced to a position where they could see the creator of the now in-harmonious noise.

They heard a crash in the underbrush. Just as the light of the moon penetrated through a cloud they saw a lean, hungry fox-hound go galloping down the road. What is more dampening to the spirits of a young couple, on a Sabbath night than the mournful wailing of some lone cur dog?

A FEW STRAIGHT TIPS

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*** OR hem top, dollar
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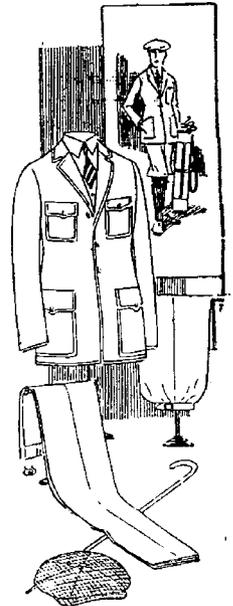
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THE EGYPTIAN

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EDITORIAL

Tennis offers, perhaps, the best training one can receive from all sports in the cultivation of that spirit of true sportsmanship. Especially is this true of informal tennis, where the game is played without the assistance of officials and each player depends, in the case of a close decision, near the rear end of the opposite court, upon the truthfulness of his opponents.

It is a poor sport who, when the ball hits the rear line and he knows he can safely hoodwink his opponents, will call the ball "out" in order to win the point. Some time ago a story appeared in one of the leading mag-

azines in which the hero, a mere boy, entered in a tennis tournament in which he was matched with players several years his seniors. He fought through to the finals, and in the final set of the match after both his opponent and he had captured one set, with the score in games in his favor in the third set, and only one point needed to win the match, the referee called a ball "out" which his opponent had returned, and which he had clearly seen hit the base line, making it a good one, and his opponent's point.

If he had accepted the referee's decision, he would have won the match. But he did not. He protested the decision, knowing full well that it was the sportsmanlike and gentlemanly thing to do. He lost the match, for he had been tiring fast, and his opponent easily overwhelmed him the rest of that game, and the remaining two of the set. It may be thought that the reward he obtained in the shape of his own satisfaction did not overweigh his disappointment at losing the match. But we are sure that anyone who has been in his position will agree with him, as the story closes when he says: "It paid, Dad, it paid!"

There is no honor in winning a game by foul means. In the category of sportsmanship there is no truer axiom than "Do unto the other fellow as you want him to do unto you."

In the greater game ahead, the Game of Life, we have no referee save Fate. And it may be admitted that, in Life, as in these school sports that are giving us the preparation to play to the fullest extent that bigger game in the future, that little rule that we learned in childhood functions still—"Cheaters choke".

FISH FOUND WITH HANDS AND FEET

While fishing in a stream the other day, a certain fisherman caught a fish of unusual interest. Upon inspecting it, the fisherman found on it, four arms and four legs, resembling a Chinese dragon. During his long years of experience he declares that he has never seen anything like it.

The Secretary of the State Game and Inland Fish Government, who now has the fish in charge invites scientists to give it the "once over".—Richmond, Va.

Editorial Note—"Poor fish."

Enmity is a fire that would die of itself if the heart that entertains it did not keep it alive by continually supplying fresh fuel.

A habit may be good, or it may be bad, but it is never a matter of no consequence.

Good manners in life is like good style in writing.

THE POINT SYSTEM

The S. I. N. U. has been growing very rapidly during recent years, and as a result a great many organizations have sprung up within the school. All these organizations are beneficial to the students or they would not be allowed to exist.

Four different types of students are found in school:

I.—The student who belongs to no organization (except class and county organizations.)

II.—The student who belongs to only a few organizations.

III.—The student who belongs to as many organizations as he thinks he can handle.

IX.—The student who belongs to so many organizations that his lessons have to suffer.

In order to bet the most out of school each and every student should belong to either the second or third type. The Student Council has been asked to equalize these organizations as nearly as possible, so that all students may be more on an equal

basis. After careful investigation and consideration by the council, it was thought best to adopt a point system, allowing a certain number of points for each activity, and placing a maximum as to the number of points any student shall be allowed to carry. A committee appointed from the council to arrange the complete point system, submits a report for your careful consideration and criticism, which they introduce by saying:

"In preparing this tentative schedule for the point system it was thought advisable to allow one point for each sixty-minute hour devoted to each and every activity. The number of points indicated in the outline are to be counted for each organization per term that the student is so engaged."

The outline appears elsewhere in this issue.

Tentative Schedule of the Point System:

1. Athletics (Baseball, Basketball, Football, Etc.)

- (a) Varsity team, 10 points.
- (b) Varsity manager, 5 points.
- (c) Class, 3 points.

(Continued on Page Five)

STUDENTS

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**Art Appreciation Club.
Waller, The Early Bird**

Mr. Waller got up early one morning, went to breakfast, came back in a hurry, got ready for school, and struck out in a run just five minutes before class, for school. When he arrived at the Normal he was puffing like a freight engine. On noticing there was no one on the campus, he ran to the Allyn building so as to get to his class in Practice I. On arriving he found the door locked. He knocked the glass out of one of the doors, jumped through, ran up stairs, but found that the class was not there. He rushed back down the stairs and out through the broken door. He asked the first person whom he met where the Practice Class was. The person not being able to tell him, he tied into him, blacked both his eyes, and rushed off

like a chicken with his head off. At length it occurred to him that his watch might be fast, so he asked some one for the time and lo! and behold! he found that it was just 7:20, and his watch was forty-five minutes fast.

The inference is that Mr. Waller is interested in Practice One.

Theorem MCMXXII: A dead raven is a live raven.

Given: A dead raven.

To prove: Said raven alive.

Proof:

1. The raven is dead. Hypothesis.
2. . . the raven has croaked. Definition of dead.
3. But a croak is a sound. Definition of croak.
4. Sound is a form of motion. Physics. (See Boomer).
5. . . a croak is a form of motion.

Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

6. . . the raven has a form of motion within. A quantity may be substituted for its equal in any expression.

7. But all life is motion. Chemistry, etc.

8. . . the raven has life within. Obvious.

9. . . the raven is alive. Same.

Senior College Man Swindled

It is reported that an agent representing the Catchem and Skinem Chemical Co. swindled Herman Sparr by selling him an electric light obscurer. According to common report Mr. Sparr has been greatly annoyed by a light at College and Normal. He requested the mayor to remove the light or to keep it from being lighted, but to no avail. The mayor in-

formed Mr. Sparr that he would be held accountable for any injury to the light.

On Friday night an agent for the Catchem and Skinem Chemical Co. sold Mr. Sparr a powder guaranteed to obscure any light if the powder were sprayed within ten feet of the light. A spraying outfit was included with the powder. Shortly after dark a man might be observed standing under the light at College and Normal and frantically working a spray pump. After working for a half hour he threw the outfit away and was heard to consign the pump, powder, light and agent to distant regions while the electric light continued to make neighboring porches as bright as day.

When interviewed Mr. Sparr declined to give the reason for his aversion to that particular light. He admitted that the light at College and Normal was the only one that annoyed him. A staff of expert investigators from the "Egyptian" are working on the case and our reader may expect an early solution of the mystery of Mr. Sparr's antipathy to the light at College and Normal.

THE POINT SYSTEM
(Continued from Page Four)

- (d) Girls Athletic Assoc. Officer, 2 points. Member, 1 point.
2. Class Organizations. (a) Class officer, 1 point.
3. Clubs. (a) Debating, Ag. Art, etc., 3 points.
4. Societies (Literary). (a) Pres., Secy. or Prog. Com., 3 points. (b) Regular members, 2 points.
5. Egyptian. (a) Editor, 10 points. (b) Business Manager, 8 points. (c) Advertising Manager, 8 points. (d) Staff, 3 points. (e) Board of Directors, 1 point.
6. Obelisk. (a) Editor, 10 points. (b) Business Manager, 8 points. (c) Staff, 3 points.
7. Music. (a) Band, 2 points. (b) Orchestra, 4 points. (c) Junior Orchestra, 2 points.
8. School Plays. (a) Major character, 10 points. (b) Minor character, 8 points.
9. Student Council. (a) Member, 1 point.
10. Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. (a) Cabinet, 3 points. (b) Regular member, 1 point.
11. Work (for room, board, etc.) (a) Per hour for a week of five days, 1 point. (b) Additional Credits (5th sub.) (a) One-half credit, 2½ points. (b) Whole credit, 5 points.

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HOT STUFF

One of our promising young underclassmen fell hard the other day, and being rather inexperienced in matters of love felt that he must obtain some expert advice before he would know now to proceed. Accordingly he went to Leroy Pickett, a recognized authority on subjects of this nature and asked him to recommend a procedure to follow.

Mr. Pickett benignantly looked the young man over, and spoke thusly: "Be natural, my boy. Never take things for granted. Always appear to the best advantage. Don't lie to her, for she'll find you out, anyhow. Above all, always flatter her. Use those dreamy words. Tell her she's a vision, or that her eyes are heavenly, or that she is wonderful, etc."

More followed, which it were unkind to Mr. Pickett to divulge. Suffice it to say that the youth went on his rejoicing. A few days later he came back glowering.

"You _____," he said. "You gave me a bum steer." "Why, what's the matter? Didn't it work all right?"

The youth only glared. "What did you tell her?" Leroy persisted.

"Why, I told her what you told me. I told her she was a—"

"A vision?"

"No, a sight." Leroy laughed, long and loud. "No wonder," he ejaculated, between bursts, and the neophyte doesn't yet understand why.

Makanda Floods.

Where you ever in Makanda,
When the water's on the rise?
When 'tis pourin' down with rain,
An' murky are the skies?
When the dam across Drury
Has thrown all the waters back?
When the houses are all flooded,
An' the stream's across the track?
When the youngsters are a-wadin'
In the water and the mud,
An' the sidewalks are a-floatin'
Like a reg'lar Johnstown' flood?
When the people are a shoutin'
An' a laughin' when they see
Some tipsy cuss a-tumblin'
Off the sidewalks in the sea?
Why then of course it's very nice
To be hung up in the sky,
A-taking notes and laughing
At your neighbors on the sly.
Well, after all is said an' done,
Makanda's clean an' sweet;
If drowns the rats and cleans the pens
An' levels down the streets;
Yes, the city dads an' marshal,
It gives them work to do,
An' throws the corporation

In a great comotion, too.
It makes us all industrious,
When a-fishin' out our goods;
The most enjoyable thing in life
Are these semi-annual floods.
—Sma Lirely.

"My Bonnie lies over the ocean,"
goes the ancient ballad. (That's not
what the highway engineer says.

Lynnndon H.: "Boy, I'm going to
give 'em a piece of my mind."

Deneen: "Expect to have any
left, do you?"

Some of the boys who have hitherto
kept pretty well in the back-
ground appear to be doing some
"loving" on the tennis courts.

In haste,
"RED" HAUTE,
Editor.

QUESTIONS PICKED UP AT RANDOM ASKED OF MR. FELTS

Interviewer: "What do you consider
the best book you ever read?"

Mr. Felts: "That's easy—the
Bible."

Interviewer: "Who is the great
est speaker you ever heard speak?"

Felts: "Well, I hardly know,
either John A. Logan or Roosevelt."

Interviewer: "What do you think
of the system of cuts?"

Felts: "I don't know. All right,
I guess. It's a good thing for the
good student—and I think most of
our students are good."

Int: "As a young man, what was
your greatest ambition?"

Felts: "To go to West Point."

Int: "Has it ever been realized?"

Felts: "No, it never has; my father
was in the Civil War and I used
to hear him talk about it and he
had his old blue uniform that I liked
to look at. I would have given almost
anything in the world to go
to West Point, and train for a soldier.
Just think, I might have charged
and broken the Hindenburg line
in the late war if I had been a soldier!"

Int: "As a small boy what did
you want most that you never got?"

Felts: "A 'store-bought' little
red wagon. My wagon has wooden
wheels and was one I made myself.
Not until I was grown did I cease
to wish for one. I was eighteen
when I taught my first school and
when I got my first month's salary,
the magnificent sum of \$20, I just
had a notion to go to town and buy
me a wagon."

Int: "Why did you choose teaching
as a life work?"

Felts: "At first for some ready

money, later because I liked it."

Int: "If you could begin your
life again would you do the same
thing?"

Felts: "That's a hard question.
Well, I'm not dissatisfied."

Int: "What season do you like
best?"

Felts: "Autumn."

Int: "Why?"

Felts: "It's the time of harvest
and also the salary checks begin again
in the fall."

Int: "What do you think of the

styles of today—particularly of short
skirts?"

Felts: "Um—eh—um! Well, I
don't want to express my opinion.
It wouldn't do to put in print."

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Monday, Tuesday, May 22-23

MARY PICKFORD

in

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

The touching appeal and quaint, fine humor of the tender story; the wonderful art of a never-to-be-forgotten dual portrayal; the exquisite beauty of the masterly production—all of these have captured the heart of everyone who has seen this photoplay of rarest charm. Also Century Comedy "GET RICH QUICK PEGGY" and Fox News. Matinee 2:30, both days, 17c-33c. One show night, 8:00 28c-55c. No reserved seats.

Wednesday, May 24

DUSTIN FARNUM

in

"IRON TO GOLD"

A romance of the wilder west—perils of a man who had a price on his head—fast moving—stabilizing the failing law. Also Sunshine comedy, "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS" and Mutt and Jeff comedy. Night, two shows, 7:00 and 9:00. Adm. 10c-22c.

Thursday, May 25th

All Star Cast in

"DANGEROUS LIES"

A modern marriage that began with one false step—one little unspoken lie that grew and grew—failure and unrest follow. "Dangerous Lies"—beware—see it—know why. Also LARRY SEMON in "THE HICK" and Fox News. Night, two shows, 7:00 and 9:00. Adm. 10c-22c.

Double Program—Friday—Double Program

WILLIAM FARNUM

in

"SHACKLES OF GOLD"

A man's sacrifice to retain his home—what will a man give to honor his home in the end? Few give the utmost. Also

Johnny Walker and Edna Murphy in

"EXTRA!! EXTRA!!"

The winning co-stars in the lasting comedy drama of a man with all wishbone and no backbone—but it took a girl to make a success of his failures. Matinee 2:30, 10c-22c. Night 7:00 and 9:00, 10c-33c.

Saturday, May 27

ALICE CALHOUN

in

"RAINBOW"

A picture with touches of pathos and strong dramatic incident which is sure to inspire—to please—Also episode 4 of Ruth Roland in "White Eagle" Matinee 2:30, 5c-10c. Night 7:00 and 9:00, 10c-22c.

Monday, Tuesday, May 29-30

REX BEACH'S
"THE IRON TRAIL"

A LESSON FROM HISTORY

The following story by Dorwen Wright, '22, was selected as the best of a large number of themes submitted by students in M. & M. History. The themes were to be on some phase of mediæval life and to be treated imaginatively. Mr. Wright's paper was awarded first place by vote of the class.

E. G. LENTZ.

The first rays of the sun peeped over a distant elevation and shed a soft diffusion on every object in the little valley. The rude huts of the serfs, arranged with mathematical precision in two rows, facing each other, gave already indications of early morning toil. At the rear of each little hut the mellow rays of a candle penetrated the small high windows into the still dusky world outside. Here and there, moving about the stable yard might be seen early toilers intent on morning chores.

In one of these small rear rooms which we must dignify by the name of kitchen, a woman of middle age bestirred herself preparing the morning meal. Rudolph, her little son, moved busily and whistlingly about the room, helping her, inasmuch as his small fingers and chubby hands were able. Finally an exclamation from the woman gave indication that

the meal was completed and Rudolph was despatched to summon his father from the yard.

He came in, tall and burly, filling the door and almost excluding the light, faint though it was, from the outside world, as he entered. It took but one glance for his good wife to tell that something was disturbing the usual calm and frankness of his nature. Yet, as all good wives should do, she possessed herself in patience until a propitious time should arrive for asking as to the trouble. When the meal was over, she inquired as to the cause of his agitation. She could have guessed what it was, anyway, and her first question hit the nail on the head.

"Some news from Otto?" she asked gently.

"Yes. Bad news." The anxious look was giving away to gloom now.

"He isn't hurt?"

"No, but God alone guard him now. The Duke's men and ours meet today. There's no telling what that will bring forth."

The woman's hands were pressed to her bosom. "God guard him!" she echoed fervently.

The accustomed work on the manor was being neglected, for almost all the men were away. Their Lord, the Count of Treaux, was engaged with the Duke of Cologne in one of the numerous petty quarrels of the day and, as usual, his serfs, the people who traded to him service for protection, were bearing the burden of the fight. Even now the two bodies of troops were but a few miles apart, and, as the husband knew, but had not told, were heading that way. They would probably meet within a short distance from the valley, if not within the valley itself.

And, in the big castle on the very summit of the neighboring hill, another mother anxiously thought of her boy, who, too, was about to face the horrors of battle. She had been proud of her Gottlieb when had run

away in borrowed armor to join his father's forces. Yet somehow she could not rid herself of the idea that all was wrong—that she would never see her boy again. She wondered what he would be doing—what he would be thinking of. The noble lineaments of the high born woman's face gave a clear indication of the pride of family and position that was her chief characteristic. Yet, as she recognized those fears for her boy's safety that insisted on penetrating her normal armor of indifference, her mother-heart filled, and she retired to the privacy of her own chamber, there to shed freely the tears she was ashamed to have the members of her household see.

The battle had been raging for several hours now. Here, there, and everywhere, rode the young lord, always trying to gauge where the battle was thickest, and to be where he was needed most. His opposing knights, marking his presence, and taking him for an old and experienced fighter finally forced him to the wall. Three of them bearing the colors of the Duke united and bore down upon him.

Otto the young serf fighting near with a broadsword he had wrenched from a dying hand saw his young lord's predicament without realizing that it was he and ran immediately to his aid. His assistance, however, was short-lived, for one knight felled him with a blow, whilst the other two closed upon the young lord and bore him to the earth. His horse, freed of its burden, galloped away, the victorious knights rode away to seek other excitement in the battle, but the prostrate forms of the two lads remained where they had fallen.

It was hours afterward, and the battle had ceased. Two bodies were in agony, for both lads had received mortal wounds. Two souls were about to pass together into the mysteries of the Great Beyond—souls that had nothing in common on earth except life, and the horrors of war! Slowly the sun traced his course to his descent. One last hesitating beam, and he sank, softly glowing, beneath the western horizon.

As the sun went down, a snake dragged his loathsome carcass over the nearer of the two still forms. Which one it mattered not, now. Death, the Great Equalizer, had performed his ultimate office, and Otto, the serf, and Gottlieb, the lord, were now to stand a test which brooked no recognition of social inequalities. Death provides a common level on which we all must stand.

It is said that "Heaven helps those who help themselves," but not those who "help themselves" to other people's possessions.

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BASE BALL NOTES

Normal Team Defeats U. H. S.

The S. I. N. U. nine, playing Capt. Goforth on the mound with Asselmeyer receiving, defeated the U. High team to the tune of 13-4 last Thursday evening on Bayliss Field. U. High used as battery Hinkley and Collins.

As the score indicates the game was a clear walk-away for the Normal nine. Fielding was rather loose with a large percentage of errors. The game lasted only seven innings, darkness interfering.

The Normal team takes on Benton High on the Bayliss Field diamond this afternoon. A big attendance is urged.

Paul Chance, star infielder for the Normal nine was unhappily spiked in last Thursday's game. For details, see Paul.

PROGRAMS

Y. M. C. A. Tuesday evening, 7:00 P. M.

You will enjoy one hour spent at the weekly evening meetings. Dr. Caldwell will speak this evening. Special music will be given.

Art Appreciation Club, Tuesday, May 23, 1922, 7:00 P. M.

Reading—Winifred Kugler.

Art of Present Day—Bessie Atwell.

Optional—Clyde Deering.

Mural Paintings—Mae Stevenson.

Reading—Alice Cherry.

Music—Gladys Smith.

Illinae, May 29, Monday evening, 6:30 P. M.

Music—Grace Frederick.

The Brief—Round Table discussion led by Theresa Bunting.

Y. W. C. A. Tuesday, May 23, 2:30 P. M.

A Grace Dodge Program—Led by Miss King.

JOKES

Man is much the same today as yesterday, as witness, the following Arabic proverb: "A physician was asked how his patient was getting along. He replied, 'Splendid!' At first he spit upon the floor, and now he spits upon his chest!"

Father: "I've told you time and again not to see that young man and now for the last time I tell you not to have anything to do with him."

She (snobbing): "Oh father, I want Jack, I do want Jack."

Father: "Alright. Here's a hundred dollars, but remember what I said."—McKendree Review.

Aviator (turning to passenger): "Fifty per cent of the people down there think we'll never get back."

Passenger: "That's nothing. Fifty per cent up here think so too."—Echo.

How Come?

Up at our boarding house there are two children, a boy and a girl.

The boy is the living photograph of his father, and the girl is the very photograph of her mother.

Be Fair to that New Suit

Does that fine, new worsted, serge or tweed suit look its best? Have you the hat to match, the ties and shirts that harmonize?

Be fair to yourself, too. It's both your privilege and your duty to look your best. You'll find our haberdashery can help you.

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