

6-1917

The Egyptian, June 1917

Egyptian Staff

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Volume 1, Issue 9

Recommended Citation

Egyptian Staff, "The Egyptian, June 1917" (1917). *Daily Egyptian 1917*. Paper 4.
http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de_1917/4

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THE EGYPTIAN

VOL. I.

CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS, JUNE, 1917

No. 9

Progress

The rill runs merrily along,
 And ripples on its ocean way;
 It tinkles happily a song
 Of cool green meadows, new mown hay,
 Of modest violets, sprouting maize,
 Of shadowing giving trees, a joy—
 Of all the birds, and of their ways,
 And joyously it sings all day.

The brook is now a growing stream
 That murmurs on its ocean way.
 It sparkles, flashes, shines—a dream
 Of fairy dance at break of day;
 Of flowering hillsides, soft blue sky;
 Of merry, happy children's play;
 Of tender notes that breezes sigh,
 Of woods in summer dress so gay.

The quiet river flows along,
 Toward the restless ocean's way.
 It neither laughs nor sings a song,
 Sedately flows it all the day.
 It giveth drink to him who needs;
 There's nothing living 'twould repel
 It ministers to wants of trees;
 And does its duties gently, well.

The rill has grown an ocean strong
 And ended now its ocean way.
 The waves rush angrily along,
 And roar and tumble all the day.
 The ocean hurls its burdens high
 It thunders, raves a fearful cry,
 It fights and smites all in its path—
 Smoking and frothing, full of wrath.



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PHONE 372

THE EGYPTIAN

Volume 1

CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS

Number 9

THE SPELL OF MONA LISA.

It was not really the quality of the picture in the window that first drew our attention to the Curiosity Shop, but rather the unique atmosphere which surrounded it. Its location far from the main boulevard, on an unfrequented street, helped to shut out the noise and bustle of the gay streets of Paris.

At the first glimpse of the window it could easily be seen that the owner of this little art shop did not favor modern art as all Paris is doing today, but preferred the exquisite creations of the famous masters of the medieval period. Here was a copy of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," and towards the back Michael Angelo's "Fast Judgment." The pictures were few, but artistically arranged.

I looked in vain for some sort of a print or copy of the picture, the loss of which had thrown Paris into tumult and excitement. It was indeed queer if this man had not heard of the loss of "La Joconda," for no matter how small or poor an art shop seemed to be, a copy of this missing picture always occupied a prominent place. Even the peddlers on the streets had prints of it hanging from their boxes. I entered the shop with the hope of finding out the reason of this strange mission.

It was indeed an unusual store. The room was a little two-by-four, with white-washed walls and a low ceiling. The most striking thing about this little shop was the lack of a counter. Strange to say, the pictures for sale were either hanging on the wall or resting against chairs. In the corner a canary bird was singing gayly, and a group of plants were arranged artistically in the background. I felt as though I had forced my entrance into a private art gallery. A very old man came forward and asked me what I wished.

"Have you a copy of La Joconda?"

"Not in my little shop, Mademoiselle, for after the loss of so great a picture painted by my dearly beloved and honored master, I cannot bear to be reminded of it. You see, Mademoiselle, I have read so much about these great masters that I feel as though I saw with their eyes and felt the same things they did."

"Do tell me about them."

Then the old man began. The three great masters of the medieval period are Raphael Santo, Michael

Angelo and the greatest master of all, Leonardo De Vinci of Florence. I will tell you a little about the history of each.

"The great Leonardo was born in Florence in the middle of the fifteenth century. 'The Last Supper,' the first great work of the Renaissance period, and his greatest expression of thought, was painted in 1498. In this, his only wall picture, is shown the rapid change which has taken place in art from the preceding century. Then the figures were crude and not perfectly moulded; but now the artists have awakened to the wonders of the human mind and body.

"But a word more about this 'Last Supper' which is now in the dining room of the convent Santa Maria Della Grazia in Milan. The figures are double life size, but from continuous restorations very few of them can be considered as original work. Notwithstanding this, the wonderful thought of the artist and the marvelous painting and composition are well preserved, and of never-fading remembrance. But I think this picture, 'La Joconda,' which has so strangely disappeared and deprived the world of such a great treasure, is the star on his horizon.

"How well everyone knows this wonderful masterpiece in which is revealed love and tragedy. Remember those eyes. Do they not follow you? The sweet drooping mouth, coaxed into position by the efforts of flute-playing, is almost relaxed into a smile. There is the fine straight nose and the high forehead. Her hair hangs straight over her shoulders and falls on the gracefolds of her robe. But the hands, such beautiful hands with long, slender fingers, are one of the exquisite impressions of the artist.

"But now this wonderfully created woman is gone, how soon will she be restored to us?"

A deep silence followed this last remark, and my friend bowed his head in deep thought. I arose as if to go.

"But, Mademoiselle, will you not wait to hear the remaining histories?"

"Now, it came to pass that two years after 'The Last Supper' had been created, and in the time for Henry the Eighth, one Raphael Santo made his mark. This period corresponds in vitality and pro-

duction to the later times of your great Shakespeare.

"This creator of Madonna began his life work at the age of fifteen and accordingly his skill improved and developed. Today we have the 'Sistine Madonna,' one of the greatest results of his efforts. This painting is in the Dresden Gallery, and occupies an entire room. The room is hung with heavy draperies, which throw a wonderful shadow on the picture.

"This exquisite creation represents a dream in which the Virgin, attended by St. Barbara, revealed herself to the Pope, St. Sixtus the Fourth. The wonderful childish expressions are marvelous, and help to make the picture one of the masterpieces. It is said the picture shows the artist's love for children. It was Raphael who helped to make the Vatican such a great treasure.

"On the Madonna subject much may be said. It represents in art not only the Virgin Mary, but the sanctity and idealism of motherhood in general. They are distinguished among all other pictures of their kind by perfection in coloring, design, poetry and deep feeling.

"Men of genius could at least copy their pictures, and were not obliged to create their models. They were right at hand, and it was only a question of improving methods already practiced to bring about perfect impression.

The picture of 'St. Cecilia,' 'The Transfiguration,' 'Raphael's Bible,' 'The Bethrothal of Mary and Josepa,' are all familiar, so I will pass on to the life of Michael Angelo.

"This master had wonderful intellect. He was twenty-three years the junior of Leonardo Da Vinci, who was somewhat jealous of his rival. The progress of Florentine interests was due to Leonardo's studies, and he himself made the weapons for his friend Michael Angelo. His work in fresco in the Sistine chapel show the perfection of his study. The subjects in the ceiling fresco are arranged along the center in panels showing the story of the creation day by day. These frescoes were done without assistance and were completed in 1512.

"Michael Angelo is famed for his noble spirit and impassioned hatred of the base and petty feelings of human nature; for a religious character and a tendency to use only the purest and highest in his art. He experimented rather than studied. His wonderful knowledge of the study of anatomy which found relief in creations of unrest.

"Now, Mademoiselle, that I have told you a little about each of my greatly beloved masters, tell me whose pictures appeal to you most."

"It is odd," I said, "and you may not believe it, dear sir, I have always loved best the picture 'La Joconda' painted by your cherished master, Leonardo. I never could understand why this picture does not appeal to the majority of people, for it possesses such grace and beauty and this beauty

is of a never fading remembrance."

The old man turned aside, and I heard him say, "At last she has guessed the reason. But shall I tell her? Yes, why not?"

Turning to me he said, "I do not know, Mademoiselle, what is making me confide to you the secrets of my heart, but I think the reason is that you understand and sympathize with me. It is not only great reverence and love for this artist that exists in my heart, but a love for something which—but you shall soon see.

"My parents, who were in moderate circumstances, managed to give me a fairly good education. I inherited an artistic temperament from my mother, who encouraged me as far as she was able. I studied, but felt that I should never be able to move anyone to tears on scanning anything I might paint. I struggled along, until one day I stopped, for I saw her who was to become my wife. I soared up in the clouds, not in fame but in love.

"We married and were wonderfully happy—yes, I am afraid, too happy, for my beautiful wife left my little daughter and me a few short years.

"Mademoiselle, my daughter was the sweetest little angel that ever lived. She had a little rosy face which was crowned by a coronet of golden ringlets. She had a dainty rosebud mouth, which used to give me the sweetest kisses.

"She had always been frail, and fate soon decreed that I was to lose her also. She lay very patient in her little white cradle and amused herself by looking at the eyes of 'Mona Lisa' or 'La Joconda,' as you see it, which hung on the wall at the foot of her cradle. Now you know the reason.

"I used to sit by her side, holding her little hand and marvel at her sweet childish prattle, 'Look, dad,' she used to say: 'I look dis way and dat, and the bootiful lady's eyes come too, even if I try to play hide and seek wif em.' You see she, too, was fascinated by those wonderful eyes.

"One night I stole noiselessly into her room, and discovered her standing in the middle of her bed, her little nightgown held up by one dimpled hand, while with the other she was supporting herself against the wall, for she was very weak. She was talking to her lady.

"'Dive me a tiss; dcood-bye,' I heard her say as she pressed her lips against those in the picture. Then she lay back and was barely strong enough to touch my cheek with her little mouth. It seems to me, Mademoiselle, said the old man, "I can still feel her kiss," and he raised his shaking hand to touch his cheek. "Then she went to sleep and never awoke."

By this time I felt I must be going rather than break down before him.

"I will come again," I said, "when you will tell me more." But the old man remained silent.

I went out slowly and gently closed the door behind me. When I was once again in the twilight,

I turned and looked in through the glass door. The old man was still sitting in his chair, with his right hand he was slowly caressing his cheek, as though he could again feel the touch of those baby lips.

JEFFERSON COUNTY STUDENTS OF S. I. N. U.

On May 30 a number of Jefferson's students with crowded lunch baskets boarded the train for Makanda. They were chaperoned by Mr. M. A. Thrasher, superintendent of the sister county, Marion. Mr. Thrasher put his school duties aside and became the fun-maker of the crowd. Jefferson County was supposed to have been the entertainer, but for this once the order was reversed, much to the delight of the picnickers.

After reaching Makanda the pleasure seekers took a southeasterly direction, reaching Giant City. This is one of the wonders of Egypt. It contains caves, high precipices and narrow passages, around one of which is wound the threads of romance. It having witnessed 50 weddings within the pass-month. On the walls of this hall are carved names and dates from the year 1840 to the present time. In the distance can be seen the tallest tree in Southern Illinois, the first foliage of this remarkable tree is 100 feet from the ground.

After feasting their eyes upon the beauties of nature the party enjoyed their lunch as only tired Epicureans can. The first course was served by Winnie Free and consisted of Indian turnip, which had been gathered for the occasion.

Mr. Thrasher, ever of an inquiring mind, ate a wee morsel of the turnip, after which he ate an enormous amount of the sandwiches and pickles, to take the taste out of his month.

The impending storm hastened their return, and Mr. Thrasher generously employed a farmer to convey the party to the depot in his substantial farm wagon. Luckily they reached Carbondale before the terrible storm came.

ZETETIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meetings the past month have been in charge of the different classes and some good programs have been given. The first, second and third years had charge of the first program. One of the unique features was a "stunt." This "stunt" was appropriate to the time and did not verge toward vaudeville as stunts are so apt to do. We upper-classmen who have shown such literary ability, take off our hats to these lower-classmen. The Juniors had a program that reached the climax for real literary value. Every selection given was classical and their "stunt" too, which was pictures of the Seniors, showed originality yet was in keeping with the rest of their program. The Seniors program had several good features—the "Faculty Prophecy" and the "Senior Will." However the Seniors could not refrain from doing something foolish, so they had

a "minstrel" show. They do not wish to have this imitated in next year's programs unless, of course, the Seniors of '18 wish to do something similar.

Fifty-two of the Seniors this year are members of the Zetetic. The following is the senior roll for Zetetic:

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Carl Gregg. | Otto Oliver. |
| Eunice Banes. | Lottie Pergande. |
| Zoe Allen. | Florence Pope. |
| Maude Barkley. | Stanley Smith. |
| Blaine Boicourt. | Irene See. |
| Arlie Boswell. | Jennie Stewart. |
| Edith Boswell. | Jessie Stewart. |
| Fred Boswell. | Lucy Twente. |
| Ruth Britton. | Claude Vick. |
| Fred Brandhorst. | Lena Westerman. |
| Annabel Cathcart. | Loren Able. |
| Adlai Eddleman. | Felix Tittle. |
| Mary Cowan. | Clide Sitter. |
| Amzi Epperson. | John Beck. |
| Eugene Epperson. | Harry Mundell. |
| Elbert Goforth. | Lelia Reid. |
| Charlotte Grinnell. | Lloyd Pepple. |
| Raymond Gregg. | John Finley. |
| Olinda Hacker. | Earl Minton. |
| Herman Greer. | Noma Davis. |
| Grace Jessup. | Wesley Neville. |
| Gertrude Karr. | Ed. Scherer. |
| James F. Karber. | Byron Echols. |
| Margaret Kramer. | Elva Brannum. |
| Lilly Maddux. | Elsa Schuetze. |
| Lucia Mysch. | Leona Coker. |
| Bertha Moyers. | Vivian Creed. |
| | James Churchill. |

CRAM, CRAM, CRAM.

Cram, cram, cram,
Till the last day wanes, O fool!
And I would that exams were over
And I were out of school.

O well for the lucky Seniors,
Who serenely wend their way.
And wander about on the campus
And dream of commencement day.

But alas for those who go on
And toil and sweat and cram
And long for the sight of a book that is closed
Or the thought that would satisfy Wham.

Cram, cram, cram,
Try to pass at the last, O fool!
But the wonder is, how you live through the quiz
And finish this Normal School.

Eunice B. (on receiving a favor): "Bless your old sweet heart.

Bertha M.: "There's no use blessing him. He received his blessing two years ago."

THE EGYPTIAN

Published every month during the collegiate year
by the students of

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS NORMAL UNIVERSITY,
Carbondale, Illinois.

Subscription price.....One dollar per year

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Lena Westerman	Ruth Bernreuter
Arthur Browne	

Entered as second-class Mail Matter November 4, 1916, at the Postoffice at Carbondale, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

This edition closes the initial year for The Egyptian and we hope a very satisfactory one. You must realize the disadvantage under which the management and staff organized and worked. Since this was a new undertaking, everything had to be learned by doing and we hope our readers and supporters will excuse our mistakes with our assurance of an advancement.

Since this publication has lived through its initial year and has continued to grow, it is the sincere wish of the management and staff that The Egyptian continue to grow.

This publication has not only proved a pleasure to its readers and supporters, but a value—a necessity.

The management and staff wishes to thank President Shryock for making this publication possible; to Miss Gubleman and Dr. Allen we extend our thanks for the many kind and helpful criticisms and suggestions.

We wish to thank the reporters for the contributed articles; to the subscribers and advertisers we are much indebted for the strong basis on which they placed the management and we hope the advertisers have found this publication a good medium for advertising.

We, the staff, leave The Egyptian's future to you, under-graduates. We hope you will successfully continue this work and you may feel assured that we will gladly give you the benefit of our experience and we assure you our co-operation and our anticipated appreciations.

Max Brock contributed an article from his department last month. Girls of the Domestic Science Department, why don't you try an article from your department? You might get married, too.

Archie O. Boswell claims to be the most patriotic farmer in Southern Illinois. He plowed corn ground with three horses—one a red, one a white and one a blue. He planted red, white and blue corn; now he is wondering if the shucks won't prove to be American flags.

FAIRVIEW STOCK FARM

San Angelo, Texas,

August 5, 1927.

Miss Jessie Stewart,
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Dear Friend:

I must tell you of a most unusual experience I had a few weeks ago. I was returning from my vacation in the Adirondacks and arrived in Chicago ten hours late, thereby missing my train on the Illinois Central. In order to kill time I dropped in at the matinee at the Colonial on Randolph street.

I was just in time, for the lights were switched off before I reached my seat. The first feature was Heart's Weekly News. I sank back in my seat preparing to enjoy it with the keen interest I had back in those days at the S. I. N. U. As the first picture flashed on the screen, I held my breath in astonishment—"The Unveiling of Monument to America's Greatest Living Educator," was to none other than Henry William Shryock, whose powers as an orator and organizer has placed the S. I. N. U. second to none as a university in the United States. This splendid monument was executed by Grace L. Burkett, head of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Next, in following the fortunes of the incoming millions, who but Mr. Wham should be vigilantly directing the examinations of the countless throngs of immigrants pouring through the gates at Ellis Island.

"Prominent Social Leaders in Court of Domestic Relations" portrayed Mr. Taylor and Miss McOmber, whose brief career of wedded bliss had been ruthlessly shattered by a breach of promise suit brought by Miss Bowyer. The agonized countenance of the young bride excited my deepest sympathy.

"The West Side Riding School for Girls Practicing in Cortlandt Park" held me fascinated. And the audience burst in applause as one instructor on a magnificent black horse took a ten-foot hurdle, as the rider drew into the foreground I was amazed to see Miss Grace Elizabeth Jones.

The scene next shifted to Yale Campus. "Prof. of Chair of Geology takes Daily Constitutional" was no other than Prof. Frank H. Colyer, pacing down the winding walk, his black silk gown-insignia of his rank, flowing out in graceful swirls.

"Southern Illinois' Champion Knot-tyer" was Mr.

THE EGYPTIAN

VOL. I.

CAR

OBER, 1916

No. 1



THE STUDENT PUBLICATION OF THE SOUTHERN
ILLINOIS NORMAL UNIVERSITY



Felts, now Justice of Peace at Makanda, Illinois, trying the nuptial knot for the 1000th couple to require his service. I could not help but note the mathematical precision with which he performed his duty.

Then smiling out at us over her desk was Miss Lily Gubelman, now president of the National Federation of Pep Clubs.

It was with a heart glowing with pride that I gazed on the next. There looking every inch the true American he is, was General William McAndrews receiving the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the President of France, for distinguished service rendered during the war."

"Famous American returning from Years Research" introduced us to Dr. Allen, who seeking a deeper appreciation and interpretation of the Latin, had secured leave of absence from the University and had been gone on a three years' tour of research among ancient ruins. He had been successful beyond the wildest dreams, unearthing the diary of Mark Anthony, thereby enriching the Latin language to an immeasurable extent.

I easily recognized Miss King with her troupe of trained canaries giving an exhibit before the Woman's Club of Carbondale, presided over by Miss Steagall.

I was much interested in the advertising slides which followed next. I here learned that W. A. Furr gave instructions in taxidermy at \$2.00 a lesson on the tenth floor of the Tribune Building. That the George Washington Smith Employment Bureau needs 100 young men immediately.

The latest edition of "Nineteen Causes of the Late War" in 30 volumes by E. G. Lenz could be secured for \$21.95, or \$5.00 cash and 50 cents per week. The W. O. Brown record book with fountain pen attachment on sale at all drug stores. The Wm. Bailey Face Powder at 50 cents a box—soothing to the skin and deliciously fresh. Save the coupons!

The flickering of the screen announced that the play of the afternoon was starting. I quite forgot to breathe as I read, "The Princess" arranged by Miss Helen Bryden, presented by the H. B. Piper Picture Play Co. With Miss Jennie Mitchell starring as the Princess Ida. I surveyed it with deep emotion, as a flood of old memories of an intensive study I once made of the play, surged o'er me and thus I sat 'till the end. As I sat blinking in the sudden blare of light I was aroused by a muffled German exclamation at my left, and turned to find Prof. Pierce smiling at me. I managed to locate my voice and returned his surprised greetings. He was accompanied by Miss Ruth, now a radiant young miss of sixteen. At their earnest invitation I joined them at supper, and the time went very quickly, as I listened to the changes which have occurred since our commencement.

One of the first inquired for was Miss Buck, who

has donated to the University a Young Men's Dormitory, known as Buck's Hall, from the proceeds of the sequel just published to her masterpiece. Another literary bud of great promise is Mr. Muckelroy whose latest volume of poems, "Verses from the Herford and Berkshires," is quite popular.

Mr. Black, as proprietor of the White-feather Poultry Farm won first prize at the "International Poultry Show," this year.

Tears came to my eyes as I heard how Miss Holmes, after searching in vain for her fiancee, on the battlefields of Europe had returned home heart-broken, and was now conducting the Love Lorn Column in the St. Louis Star.

Miss Woody, as the wife of the American Counsel to the Republic of Germany, sailed last month from New York. I was so glad to hear that Mr. Browne had been granted leave of absence to visit the region where he was once a small boy.

I also learned how much is due to Mr. Bainum's Military Band, 'twas the strains of the Alma Mater song without words that inspired the men at the Siege of Berlin to stay' till the walls fell.

Long ago Misses Bradley, Marshall and Neusum fell prey to King Cupid's Arrows, but Miss Steagall's presence still falls on the hearts of the students like the ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.

Mr. Boomer assisted by his daughter, a veritable prodigy in science, has discovered a new constellation and received the Noble prize in 1926.

Mr. Gilbert—but catching a glimpse of the time from the watch, which conspicuously adorned Mr. Pierce's wrist, as his spoon was poised in midair a moment—I left them with their tale half told with ten minutes to reach my train.

Forgive the length of this epistle and answer soon.

Yours sincerely,
IRENE M. SEE.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES.

- "Athalia"..... Mendelssohn
Orchestra
- The Processional.....
- Invocation..... Rev. W. W. Brown
First Baptist Church
- "Consider and Hear Me"..... Wooler
Mr. William Hays
- Hymn America
- Scripture Reading..... Dr. D. B. Parkinson
President Emeritus
- "Send Out Thy Light"..... Gounod
Quartet
- Baccalaureate Address..... Hon. F. G. Blair
State Superintendent of Public Instruction
- Announcements
- Doxology
- Benediction..... Rev. J. S. Cummins
First Methodist Church

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE
SOCRATIC SOCIETY.

Monday Evening, June 18, 1917

Eight o'clock

Normal Hall.

Music—"Berceuse" Grieg
Orchestra

Invocation..... Rev. W. W. Brown

President's Address..... Winnie Free

Reading—"The Lost Word"..... Van Dyke
Pauline Conant

Cornet Solo—Ave Maria..... Schubert
Clare Carr

Presentation of Diplomas..... Esther Zimmer
Intermission

SLATS

A College Comedy Drama in two Acts
by Bessie Wreford Springer

Cast of Characters as they appeared

Jean, Mrs. Rowland Phillips..... Lucy Murray

Helen Saunders, a co-ed..... Lucy Borsch

Pauline Winthrop, Mrs. Phillips' niece. Helen Welton

Dalmain Remington (otherwise known as
"Slats")..... Claire Carr

Katherine Davis, a co-ed..... Ruth Liller

Rowland Phillips, of Phillips and Randolph,
brokers..... John L. Leevy

"Bubbles" Clinton, a college man. Raymond Coleman

Stephen Ward, an amateur detective.... Omer Burge

Chas. Foster, a real detective..... Tracy Bryant

"Peck" Baxter, a college man..... Clyde Belford

Kennedy, a policeman..... Eugene Werner

Act I—Mr. Phillips' den, Friday evening.

Act II—The same—the next night.

Place—A college town.

Time—The present.

ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY ZETETIC
SOCIETY.

June 19, 1917, 8:00 p. m.

Normal Hall.

Programme.

Motto: "Learn to Labor and to Wait."

Berceuse Grieg
S. I. N. U. Orchestra

"Blackbird's Song"..... Cyril Scott

"Call Me No More"..... Cadman
Elsa Schuetze

President's Address..... James Karber

"The Sparrows Twitter"..... Otto

"A Spring Song"..... Smith
Elsa Schuetze Clara Kramer

Anna Niehoff Annabel Cathcart

"What War Means to Women of France,
Catherine Van Dkye

Edna Young

Presentation of Diplomas..... Mae Floyd
Intermission

"CONTRARY MARY"

Cast.

Teresa Murphy (a privileged cook)...Olinda Hacker
Frank Warner (a lawyer; Erwin's friend)

Paul Gregg

Mary Erwin, nee Trowbridge..... Edith Boswell

John Erwin (a successful business man),

Rolla Sanders

Miss Jones (a dressmaker)..... Elva Brannum

Barbara Drew (Mary's friend)...Lena Westerman

Mr. Trowbridge (Mary's father; retired from
business Herman Duncan

Juno Jergerson (a Swedish janitress). Clara Peterson

First Drayman..... G. E. Goforth

Second Drayman..... Otto Oliver

Fairfield-Fairfield Stevens (a Fifth Avenue
beau) John Hinchcliff

Time—The present.

Act I—Morning room in John Erwin's suburban
home on the Hudson.

Act II—Late afternoon of the same. A vacant
studio room.

Act III—Two weeks later. Mary's studio.

FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

Wednesday, June 20, 1917, 9:30 a. m.

Program.

"French Military March" (Algerian Suite),

Saint-Saëns

Orchestra

The Processional

"Glorious Month of June"..... Gilbert

"Who Knows" Dunbar Ball

Quartet

Invocation..... Rev. Duncan McFarlane
First Christian Church

"Song for June"..... Johnson

"A June Morning"..... Welleby

"Summer Time" Ward-Stephens
Ruth Bradley

Commencement Address..... W. C. Bagley
Director School of Education, University of

Illinois

"Neil Gwyn," three dances..... German

No. 1. Country Dance.

No. 2. Pastorial Dance.

No. 3. Merry Makers' Dance.

Orchestra.

Presentation of Diplomas..... Judge W. W. Barr

"God Save the King".....

"Marseillaise".....

"Star Spangled Banner"..... Orchestra

A New Piece of Mechanism.

Blaine B. (explaining a problem to Margueriete
B. in physics): "That's the way it is with a dynamo
and don't-you-know."

Lucia M. (interrupting): "What is a don't-you-
know?"

Tell me not in joyful numbers
Normal is a happy dream
For exams will spoil your slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Profs are real, profs are earnest,
You must make a grade your goal
If you fail to home returneth
With a sick and weary soul.

On the campus, in the class-room,
In the battle-field of life;
You must some time be a junior
If you'd conquer in the strife.

And my friend, be not discouraged,
Tho' your hopes be almost dead;
For if now you stand the weather,
When a senior, you'll come out 'head.

Lives of seniors all remind us
We can make our lives like theirs,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the Normal stairs.

Footprints that perhaps a junior,
Working with all might and main;
With a heart so sore and heavy,
Seeing shall take heart again.

But you must be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
All your lessons, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—E. P.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR SPREAD.

On Tuesday evening, June 5, the Junior girls at Anthony Hall entertained the Senior girls. The invitations were rolled and tied with blue and white ribbon representing diplomas. When 9:30 came all of the seniors were right there and the Juniors showed what they could do along the line of entertainment. And then the refreshments! The sandwiches and cream were delicious. All of the Seniors voted the Juniors a capital bunch to have charge of an evening's fun.

Leona C. (at "First Aid"): "Now, Dr. Brandon, when I was at the Insane Asylum at Peoria——"

Was it Bernard or Theron, Affie said she heard from?

Mr. Smith (calling upon Ruth C.): "What do you know about this lesson?"

Ruth C.: "I don't know."

Mr. Smith: "What do you know?"

Ruth C.: "I don't know."

Mr. Smith: "If you were teaching and the pupils

asked you a question, what would you tell them?"

Ruth C.: "I'd tell them I don't know."

Mr. Smith: "Where did you get that habit?"

Ruth C.: "I don't know."

SENIOR COLUMN.

The Class of '17 has voted to contribute the funds left in the Senior treasury to the Red Cross Association. The money ordinarily used for the president's reception was also presented to the local chapter of the Red Cross by unanimous consent.

Considering that economy is the best policy in war times, the Juniors have dispensed with the usual Junior-Senior reception for this year. For the same reason, the Senior class voted that no unnecessary expenditure be made for an Alumni banquet this year. Consequently, instead of the usual Alumni reception and banquet, the Alumni decided to hold an informal reception to meet and accept the members of the Class of '17.

Following the same course of economy, the Class of '17 initiates a new practice into the commencement exercises this year. The Normal Seniors wear the official dark blue Normal School caps and gowns at baccalaureate and commencement exercises. We hope that a practice which we have found so convenient and satisfactory as this of caps and gowns will be adopted by other Senior classes to come with the same satisfactory results.

The Junior girls of Anthony Hall entertained the Senior girls at a spread on the night of June 5th. The affair was a complete surprise to the Seniors which added to the pleasure of the occasion. A brief but very enjoyable program had been arranged and each number was carried off with all desirable success. Light refreshments consisting of sandwiches, pickles, olives, ice cream and wafers were served. One clever feature of the evening was the "fortune box" from which each Senior pulled a Red Cross upon which she found written her occupation one year hence, some very surprising and amusing prophecies were drawn.

Diplomatic relations between Seniors and Juniors of Anthony Hall were broken Senior week. Some rooms were "stacked" and sundry articles disappeared (?). No dangerous complications set in, however, and excepting some undue disturbance after "dips" no one would ever guess that a state of war existed.

The 1917 Obelisk appeared on the campus June 5. Everyone immediately pronounced it a success and it has proved such—financially as well as otherwise. The book is bound in dark blue with the gold school seal on the cover and letters in gold. We feel that everyone agrees with us when we say we like the pictures, we like the reading matter, we like the jokes and cartoons, we like the 1917 Obelisk.

The Seniors of '17 wish to bid the readers of the "Egyptian" farewell and say that we hope that

fortune will smile her sweetest smiles upon each and every one of you. We shall not forget S. I. N. U. and we hope that you will not forget us.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY THAT WASN'T.

The day didn't dawn bright and fair and the sun didn't sink to rest in the golden west on the eleven teenth of June. The Juniors didn't slip quietly away, from the scene of mirth to be, to their rooms to make their elaborate toilets for the evening.

The party wasn't given on the campus which wasn't adorned with mother nature's colors. Before a bower in which didn't sit the president of the class of '18 to welcome the class of '17 wasn't the most elaborate derocations of blue and white.

The symphony orchestra of the Normal didn't sit behind palms at the rear. They didn't play exquisite melodies, in honor of the Senior Class.

The air wasn't filled with a buzz of conversation and girlish and boyish and teacherish laughter. The evening wasn't spent delightfully in playing drop the handkerchief, ring around the rosy and London bridge.

Lucia Mysz didn't fail to discuss her character. Lucy Murry didn't bring her 'yellow cur' which was of good stock. Fuzzy Pyatt didn't grace the occasion with his presence because he had to stay with his pig, for which Winnie C. didn't look glum all evening.

Blaine Boicourt didn't wear her little black silk dress. Elsa Schuetze didn't wear her striped dress, nor did Marie Trevor turn flips in the air for the general amusement.

The most delicious refreshments weren't served by the prettiest girls.

Thus didn't end delightfully the party that wasn't given in honor of the Seniors of '17.

—Ruth M. Liller.

"A SOLILOQUY" BY THE PRES.

(Apologies to Shakespeare.)

Scene: President' office.

To certificate, or not to certificate; that is the question;

Whether 'tis better in this school to suffer
The slams and criticisms of outraged students,
Or to take arms against a sea of questions,
And by certification end them—to teach to certificate;

To teach, and by teaching they think they end,
The drudgery, and the thousand natural ills
The student is to heir to, 'tis a culmination
Devoutly to be wish'd. To certificate, to teach;
To teach; perchance they'll fail; ay, there's the rub;
Yet, in the spring what temptations there are,
When they have finished their Junior year,
To beg a certificate; there's the History of Ed
That makes havoc of their Senior year.

For who would bear the quizzes and the flunking.
The constant cramming, the exam that's sprung,
The loss of sleep, the nervous expectation,

The teacher's rage, and the C minuses
That sudden vengeance of the shirker take
When he himself might his quietus make
With a second grade? Who would choose
To plod and grind yet another year,
But that the dread of something after school,
The pedagogic world in whose realms
There's so much discontentment, warns them
And makes them rather bear the ills they have
Than fly to others that they know not of?
Thus certification does make cowards of them all,
And yet their senior year
Is blighted with the thought of term exams,
And entertainments of importance and moment
With these clouds are o'er shadowed,
And lose the name of pleasure. Yes, oh, yes,
Another Junior! Boy, on the records
Have you enough credits to be certificated?

WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF THEM 18 YEARS AGO

(Gleanings from the Year Book of 1899.)

Professor Shryock is an ideal man,
Find another such a teacher if you can;
A frown for a failure, a smile for success,
Of all your good teachers, we know he's the best.

Professor Smith is a favorite with all,
A teacher and friend of the great and the small;
To him for sympathy the poor student goes,
Kind words and encouragement professor bestows.

And there's Professor Colyer, so earnest and good,
A teacher we like, as everyone should;
He has no favorites, as some teachers do,
But to every student is honest and true.

Some like Professor Allen the best of all,
For Latin and German upon him they call;
We know there's no other teacher equal to him,
Unless it's our teacher who governs the gym.

Miss Buck on the subject of grammar is wise,
A teacher like her every student should prize;
Asleep or awake she can grammar teach,
And she always frowns at awkward speech.

In the northwest corner, on the second floor,
Is Miss Salter, a teacher whom we all adore;
For she with a smile every student does greet,
Without her cur faculty would be incomplete.

And there's Professor French, so good and kind,
Who—nowhere else in this state you could find,
A teacher of 'ologies with so much patience,
To govern the student by such a soft cadence.

SENIORS CONDUCT CHAPEL.

Class of '17 Impersonates Faculty.

Friday, the 15th, was the last day of school.



THE NEW AUDITORIUM UNDER CONSTRUCTION

After singing the song "God Be With You" Mr. Smith turned the exercises over to the Seniors. They entered as the orchestra directed by Glenn Goddard as Mr. Bainum was playing, and took seats on the platform after the customary manner of the faculty members.

The cast of the morning performance was as follows:

H. G. Shryock.....Owen Foster
 G. W. Smith.....Raymond Coleman
 R. V. Black.....Tracy Bryant
 J. M. Pierce.....James Karber
 G. D. Wham.....Robert Browne
 L. C. Peterson.....Gail Ussery
 W. Taylor.....Otto Oliver
 H. B. Piper.....Goforth
 W. O. Brown.....Joe Chamberlain
 F. H. Colyer.....Winnie Free
 G. C. Bainum.....Glenn Goddard
 L. Gubelman.....Elsa Schuetze
 M. Buck.....Helen Welton
 I. L. Hollenberger.....Marie Short
 G. E. Jones.....Frances Fowler
 H. Bryden.....Lucy Murray
 L. Marshal.....Blaine Boicourt
 F. M. Holmes.....Annabel Cathcart
 E. W. Bowyer.....Ethel Morgan
 J. Mitchell.....Ruth Britton
 W. Newsum.....Ruth Bernreuter
 F. L. King.....Mary Rodman
 Williams.....Noma Davis
 G. L. Burkhart.....Irene See
 M. I. Steagall.....Margaret Kramer

Following the number by the orchestra, Mr. Shryock spoke about the increased attendance, the new auditorium, loafing in the corridors and the certification law. This was followed by characteristic faculty announcements. The orchestra then played and the students were dismissed.

HOW WE AMUSE OURSELVES.

Glenn Goddard—Whistling for Marie.
 Lee Russell—Looking at a Pery picture.
 Zoe Allen—Winking at the girls.
 Fred Boswell—Making speeches.
 Stella Brewer—Talking with Cole-man.
 Adelai Eddleman—Putting his belt around the house.
 Raymond Coleman—Addressing the Brewer Association.
 Gertrude Eckhardt—Looking for bookworms in the library.
 Winnie Free—Sticking pictures in people's watches.
 Owen Foster—Adjusting his head to see Smith's points.
 Lois Gram—Posing as the "Maid of Troy."
 Lottie Grinnell—Hunting for her rouge.
 Raymond Gregg—Imitating dogs.
 Herman Grier—Flunking.

Bernice Huffman—Keeping on the good side of Miss Jones.

Grace Jessup—Trying to grow.
 Mabel Johnston—Trying to find a room-mate.
 Ruth Liller—Assisting Miss Bryden in the "osculatory menu" demonstration.
 Lillian Maddux—Having law suits.
 Cerid Morgan—Teaching people to pronounce Ceridwen.
 Ethyl Morgan—Imitating Charlie Chaplin.
 Raymond Pyatt—Taking a Cru(i)se.
 Stanley Smith—Trying to get a date.
 Ralph Schedel—Taking a bath.
 Lucy Twente—Trying for to be one.
 Claude Vičk—Sympathizing with Mary Cowan.
 Joe Allen—Stooping.
 Felix Tittle—Hazing a Senior.
 Blaine Boicourt—Translating Latin.
 Joe Chamberlain—Stalling.
 Lucy Murray—Debating the "Wherefore of the Whence."
 Lloyd Pepple—Writing a quotation to place under his picture in the year book.
 John Finley—Edging up under his wife's hat.
 Olinda Hacker—Preserving peaches.
 Helen Welton—Watching for a Car(r).

LOST.

1. Otto Oliver—A History of Education grade.
2. Blaine Boicourt—Dreams of a famous fiddler.
3. Marie Short—Curling irons.
4. Owen Foster—His tune in Socrat Orchestra.
5. Fred Karber—His heart.
6. Dutch Bernreuter—Dates.
7. Margaret Kramer—Ams "I".
8. Frances Fowler—The use of her little finger.
9. Jennie Stewart—Her '17 tie.
10. Paul Smith—His way to Spanish class.
11. Olinda Hacker—Golconda.

FOUND.

1. Arlie Boswell—An occupation.
2. Ethel Morgan—A royal road to cleverness (?)
3. Glen Goddard—President's authority.
4. Ruth Britton—A home in Arkansas.
5. Stella Brewer—A chummy roadster.
6. Joe Chamberlain—A "stiff-kady" hat.
7. Cerid Morgan—A new picture to adorn the wall.
8. Mr. Finley—A way into the Senior class.
9. Lois Gram—A flivver.
10. Raymond Pyatt—His way to the "Dorm."
11. Elsa Schuetze—A new expression, "Oh, my soul!"
12. Winnie Free—A score of positions.
13. Shakespeare Class—Some new wrinkles to signify knowledge.
14. Senior Class—Caps and gowns.

MEMORIES.

1. Loren Able and his "Roberts' Rules of Order."
2. Joe Allen and his orations in Socratic Society.
3. Frank Lacky and his violin solos.
4. Annabell Cathcart and the Y. W. C. A., eight weeks club.
5. Lottie Pergundie and her smile.
6. Seniors' memory of the crab meat.
7. Tracy Bryant "poosh, poosh, poosh." "Lemme hip ye."
8. Marie Trevor's extemporaneous speech at the Junior-Senior spread.—"Antagonasm."
9. Mary Rodman's long distance call in English poetry class.
10. Oration on basket ball in chapel by Fred Boswell.
11. Ruth Liller—Her pleasant smile.
12. Edith B. and "John dear."
13. Ethel's fall down the stairs.
14. Maude and her special deliveries.
15. When the Seniors took the Junior alarm clocks.

Why?

Marie S. (when Anthony Hall had a picnic supper in Dowdell's pasture): "Why did they put this salt out here in these boxes?"

Ethel M.: "To keep country girls like you from getting fresh."

Wouldn't that get your goat?

What?

The way the Shakespeare class crammed "Lamb's Tales."

Miss Newsum (looking into door of Room 28 after 10 o'clock): "Girls, you are not making so very much noise, but you are talking loud and others on the floor are doing the same and altogether it creates a bit of disturbance. Will you promise to 'keep it up,' ah-er-I mean quit?"

Jennie S.: "Marie, when was Shakespeare's last play written?"

Marie T.: "I don't know, but the last one played was in 1611."

Belford (discussing evolution): "Now, first, there was the meba, then the worm, then the monkey and then man."

Gladys F.: "Now, let's see. First came the amoeba, then the worm, next the monkey, and then came Belford. Is that right?"

Jennie T. (coming back to get her purse, which she has forgotten): "I guess if I'm going on the train I'd better take some money: They might not let me ride on my face."

Alby F.: "Oh, well, you probably wouldn't get very far at any rate."

Jennie T.: "Oh, I don't know, sometimes I have a pretty long face."

Affie M.: "Did you ever have a crush, Gail?"

Gail B.: "Yes, I stepped on a worm once."

Blaine: "Have you heard anything about Lucia's character?"

Annabel: "No; has she one?"

Eunice B.: "What did you have in Eng. poetry today?"

R. Britton: "A nap."

—————

A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play.
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern today.

—Selected.

A TOPIC A MONTH.

Sept. "Will you please me the entrance show,
That I to the outside may go?"

—Leo A. Dietz.

Oct. "Girls, Mr. Smith asked me to be in a Hallowe'en float."—Margaret K.

Nov. "No, sir; I wouldn't have a date with him 'cause he's a Democrat."—Mabel M.

Dec. "I just can't wait to get home."—Lucy B.

Jan. "Has Ethel the measles or not?"

Feb. "Did you see 'Green Stockings?'"

Mar. "How soon will the Seniors know if they'll get caps and gowns?"

Apr. "What course are you taking in the Red Cross work?"

May. "When will the Obelisks be out?"

June. "Are you going to stay for commencement?"

—————

Miss Steagall: "In what kind of water can fish not live?"

Mabel M.: "In boiling water."

Miss Coker: "There's one fellow in school whose face has always been an inspiration to me. That's the president of the Senior class.

Why did Mr. Taylor walk home with Miss Gubelman when she was staying at Bowyer's?

If you want to hear anything about Golconda notify Olinda Hacker. She is bubbling over with information about it. Call or phone 227-K.

Crimes that will not affect your certification:

Killing time.

Hanging pictures.

Stealing bases.

Shooting the chutes.

Choking off a speaker.

Running over a new song.

Smothering a laugh.

Sitting fire to a heart.

Murdering the English language.

Arlie B. "I'm going to get a job for \$125 per. No cheap place for me."

L. Russell: "Yes, for \$125 per-haps."

Mary R.: "Is Rob a man of regular habits?"

Frances: "Yes, he's alwlayls here before I am ready for him."

Julius M.: "I must be going. I've staid three hours already."

Bertha J.: "But you'll come again soon, won't you?"

Julius M.: "Why, sure, I'll be back in ten minutes."

TENNYSON APPLIED.

"And pawed his beard—and with long arms and hands reached out and picked offenders from the mass."—H. W. Shryock.

"The knightly growth that fringed his lips."—Carl Gregg.

"Rough to common men, but honeying at the whisper of a lord."—Jennie Stewart.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."—Lelia Reid.

"A little sense of wrong had touched her face with color."—Eunice Banes.

"Myself too, had wried seizures."—Margaret Kramer.

"For still we moved together, twinned as horse's ear and eye."—Amze and Eugene.

"Fixing full eyes of question on her face."—J. Churchill.

"Cracked and small his voice, but bland the smile."—Mr. Colyer.

"We remember love ourself in our sweet youth."—Miss Buck.

"A young man will be wiser by and by."—W. Neville.

"And still I wore her picture next my heart; and one dark tress."—Herman Duncan.

"From skirt to skirt."—Lonnie Etherton.

"Kept and coaxed and whistled to."—Marie Short.

"Came running at the call."—Walker Schwartz.

"And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love and kiss
again with tears."—Winnie Free.

"Such eyes were in her head and so much grace and power."—Katie Williams.

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth, two in the tangled business of the world."—The Karbers.

"And secret laughter tickled all her soul."—Blaine Boicourt.

"All night long her face before her lived."—Olinda Hacker.

"She stood rapt on his face as if it were a god's."—Bertha Johnson.

"A little shy at first."—Paul Gregg.

"And now, O, Sire, grant me your son."—Frances Fowler.

"Sweet is true love though given in vain."—R. Britton.

"Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."—Paul Gilbert.

"My life is dreary, he cometh not."—Irene See.

"O, marvelously modest maiden you."—Lucia Mysz.

"Looking wistfully with wide blue eyes."—Edna Young.

"Peace, you young savage of the northern wild."—R. Greathouse.

"Once she leaned on me."—Julius Malrick.

"O Death in Life, thy days that are no more."—D. Samms.

"So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men."—E. Brannum.

"Brief is life, but love is long."—Annabel Cathcart.

"There, like parting hopes, I heard them passing from me."—Leona Seibert.

"Out so late is out of rules."—Vivian Creed.

"Woman if I might sit beside your feet and glean your scattered sapience."—Robert Browne.

"When love and duty clash."—Claire Carr.

"Go; we have been too long together."—Bertha Moyers.

"He issued gorged with knowledge."—Otto Oliver.

"Once or twice I thought to roar."—G. D. Wham.

"Rapt in glorious dreams."—Mary Gowan.

"One walked reciting by himself."—Mr. Pierce.

"Tinged with wan from lack of sleep."—Lena Westerman.

"Hers more than half the students all the love."—Miss Gubelman.

"And round these halls a thousand baby loves fly."—S. I. N. U.

"And hope a poisoning eagle, burns above the unrisen tomorrow."—Class of 1917.

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