THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM
GIVEN IN CHAPEL

The Christmas program given by the "Girls' Glee Club" Friday, December 13, was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given by the Music Department of the "Teachers' College."

The program opened with a procession "O Holy Night." This was very impressive. The singing was in unison, but when their entrance from the back of the auditorium and separating into two lines marched down the north and south aisles and onto the stage singing all the time. The words were distinctly understood, and the ensemble was excellent. This brought generous applause from the audience.

The next number was extremely pleasing, too. "The New Moon at Xmas" arranged for solo with accompaniment by the club. Miss Mildred Bone handled the solo very creditably. Miss Bone has an exceedingly pleasant soprano voice which rang out true and clear. The club should feel honored in having among their ranks one with such a promising voice. The club gave her excellent support which added greatly to the general effect.

Another pleasing selection was "Sing! Oh! Sing! This Blessed Morn." Choruses by a solo by Miss Mildred Bone and a duet by Misses Ruby Ice and Bessie Bevis.

Other numbers were "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "English Caroling Song" and "Silent Night" with organ accompaniment. All of these, old familiar Xmas Carols were appreciated to the fullest extent, but some additional comment must be given to the latter. The singing of this beautiful song was nearer perfection than any on the program. The song moved one emotionally, "Silent Night" surely did by reaching every person in the audience. It makes one feel the seriousness of Xmas.

The Normal basketball noses out Carterville, 13 to 11

The Normal basketball team was lucky to win by a 13-11 score from the Carterville Independents last night as Hitchey tossed a long one from the side that whizzed through the hoop just as the final whistle blew. The visitors had led from the beginning of the game when Scott had put them ahead 4-0 by tossing a pretty basket and two free throws within the first five minutes of play. During the early part of the fourth quarter the locals were leading by one point, when Haggler, the visiting center, dropped in a pretty one from the middle of the floor, and put them back in front. The first quarter ended 4-4, the four points for the Normal being accounted for by lanky Hitchey's shooting in two counters from close in under the basket. The half ended 6-4 in favor of Carterville.

The visitors were a free shooting aggregation who started right in from the toss up taking long loops at the basket from all distances and angles. The Maroons were loyal to shoot from out in the floor and did not make an attempt until after four minutes of play. Throughout the game they were hesitant on taking chances from 10 yards and not until the last few minutes when the situation was getting desperate for them did they begin to crack loose from all angles and their efforts were rewarded. Beginning the third period behind 64, Hitchey soon tied the count. 6-6. Shelby about the middle of the fourth quarter dropped in a free pitch and placed Carterville one point ahead, 8-7. (Continued on page 8)

THE LITTLE CLOCODUNP

To the Y. W. C. A. members and all the new girls:

Greetings—

The year 1925 lies before us. Let us unite in making it the most successful year possible for the Y. W. C. A. here that we have had them.

We want each and every girl to come to our meetings held each Tuesday evening in Zetetic Hall at 6:30. We not only want you to come to the meetings, but we want you to become an active worker. Let us know what you are interested in.

Watch the bulletin boards in the entrance to the Auditorium and in front of the Main building for announcements of programs for our meetings.

Let's go! Full speed ahead!

THE PRESIDENT.

ATHLETIC FEE PLAN ADOPTED BY COLLEGE HERE

Athletics at the teachers' college are due for a boost in stock with the adoption of the compulsory athletic fund policy just announced by the management of the school.

Finding that interest in athletics as far as the student body in general is concerned has lagged more and more, this policy was at length approved by President Shryock, who had viewed the proposal and weighed it from all angles, the viewpoint of the student, and athletics as related to the welfare of the school. But with the compulsory athletic fee policy enforced generally in all colleges it became apparent that the teachers' college here with more than 1,600 students, could not afford to fail to give proportional attention to athletics.

The fee will be 75 cents a term. Payment of this fee by all the students entitles them to admission to all athletic contests and games and in the long run will be cheaper than the single ticket price. Larger numbers are to be expected to attend under the new plan.

Another important policy in athletics will have bearing on the future of competitive athletics at the school, is contained in the ruling to be effective immediately that no student desiring to engage in inter-collegiate athletic activities will be allowed to participate unless such student has paid the compulsory fee. This has been done to give the student an incentive to join athletics as his type of activity.

This policy was at length approved by President Shryock, who is a very catchy active comedy with a rather strong voice and a very pleasant manner. The policy was at length approved by President Shryock, who is a very catchy active comedy with a rather strong voice and a very pleasant manner. The policy was at length approved by President Shryock, who is a very catchy active comedy with a rather strong voice and a very pleasant manner.

The Zetetic Hall at 6:30, as was done by President Shryock, who is a very catchy active comedy with a rather strong voice and a very pleasant manner.

If you are not already a Zetetic, you will be anxious to join us, and you will be welcome as a member of our large organization.

This policy, "The Little Clodhopper," is a very catchy active comedy with dramatic climaxes at the end of each act. Judy is a little clodhopper from the poor-house, is a merry, trusting, innocent, mischievous little rump, her father deserted her years before, but now is a rich man in a hospital in Texas. He writes to the scheming Mrs. Chiggerso-Hoogs (to be pronounced with a hyphen at her request), who was the former matron of the poor-house, and asked her to locate his lost child. Mrs. Boggs, knowing that Judy is an heiress, determines to marry her to her son, Georgie, a city dude. The first act shows Miss Bean's boarding house in the country where Judy is staying in the kitchen. Mrs. Boggs arrives to take Judy to the city. But the child is wary and knows Mrs. Boggs to be a cruel woman and refuses to leave the country. A city actress, one Charmian Carter, is in love with Judy, and offers to take her to the country. She learns of the plot to marry him to Judy and falsely accuses Judy of being a thief. Mrs. Boggs promises to not press the charge if the little clodhopper will consent to come to her to the city. Judy reluctantly consents and discovers to prove that she is no thief. A dashing, talkative young book agent, a sentimental Miss Juliette Bean, and the country booby, Okey, Guump, furnish unlimited comedy throughout the play.

Now having read this much of the story of the play, don't you want to come out to see the rest? And this part is invaluable. Who can afford to miss one of Georgie's (Clay Deering) lessons in knitting or dancing? Carl Smith, as Septimus, proves his unlimited ability as a book agent until Okey Gump, Kay White, entices him to go to a party, at which Septimus believes he would be the shining light.

Other members of the cast are:

Mrs. Chiggerso-Hoogs

Judy

Miss-Julietta Bean

Kate Sturms

Charmian Carter

Mildred Bone

Ethel Groosman

Harley Hammock minus Ruth Rich- mond equals "Lonesome."
THE SOCRATIC

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Socratic society welcomes back to its hall all its old members and new members who wish to join. Of course the old members will not leave our ranks, but will come back stronger than ever with the same old spirit characteristic of a Socrat. To the old students of the school, who have not joined one or the other of the societies, we entreat you to join our ranks. To the new students, here for the first time, we greet you with outstretched arms, and we can feel safe in saying that you will feel at home as one of us.

The Socratic Literary Society, one of the largest organizations on the campus, and made up of students from all the classes, including many of the leading students of the school, is an organization that you can not possibly get in your class work, such as an opportunity to appear before an audience in order to develop your self-confidence, it gives you an opportunity to take part in affairs, which will be of practical benefit to you in after years, but most of all, here is where most of your friendship is formed. In later years when you look back, one thing most of all you will remember will be your school days in connection with the Socratic Literary Society.

You can not do better than to join the Socratic Society—for you are more than welcome and we wish to see you out and be one of us.

PRESIDENT.

Y. M. C. A. STAG SOCIAL

"Last Tuesday night, at 7 o'clock, about fifty men, representing the finest type of manhood on our campus, gathered in the "gym" to enjoy the usual good time that the college Y. M. C. A. offers at their stag socials. The hour was spent in playing games and performing stunts of various kinds and we must say that some of the participants were very well skilled in their particular fields of activities. The refreshments were then served by the scrimmage system. The evening fun was brought to a close by a short talk from D. Ransom Sherrets, an old "Y" man, and a few words from the president. Every one present had a big time and were convinced that the Y. M. C. A. does really mean a lot to them in their school life. Fellow students, you probably will not realize now what your close contact with this organization means to you, but sooner or later you must. You come here, most of you, from homes where you have had the right kind of training and if you don't get in with us you are the loser and your losing means much to you. Some one has said that "We are a part of all we meet." Indeed this is true. Then you can very easily see that we come here and fall under the influence of either good or bad. Surely the Y. M. C. A. with its Christian Objective is far the best and the one you should support, so let us ask this one question, "WILL YOU PLEASE SUPPORT IT?"

THE VALUE OF WORK

Remember, my son, you have to work! Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, dig ditches or edit a paper, ring an auction bell or write funny things, you must work. If you look around you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their lives without work are the men who work the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6:00 p.m. and don't get home until 2:00 a.m. It is these intervals that kill, my son.

The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men today who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old So and So's boys." Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are here.

So, find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into; the sweeter will be your sleep; the brighter and happier your holidays; and the better satisfied the world will be with you.

Patronize Egyptian Advertisers.
Poultry Show Fine Success

The last week of the Fall term at the Southern Illinois State Normal was featured by a combined poultry and corn show. The corn show was a grand affair. The poultry show in connection with it was the culmination of the shows of Southern Illinois and contained the cream of all the former ones held in this region, that is it was a sweepstakes show. It is worth a bit of our attention.

Poultry is now not a matter of the farm wife's pin money but has reached the point when it has become a billion dollar industry, and representing almost the only article on the farm which is showing a profit. This is a reason why this school is aiding its development. All development along any line has come through the united efforts of those interested in the work and the comparison of the results of their efforts. This a poultry show permits.

Shows, the united efforts of breeders, have changed the old farm-yard fowl that laid only when the cock crowed, to the present highly developed egg machine that has produced almost an egg a day the entire year. We have records of as high as 340 eggs in a year. When we build our homes we go to as great an expense as we dare to indulge our love of beauty. We surround it with fine trees, and beautiful shrubs. We sow and care for the finest grasses and plant and cultivate flowers to ornament its exterior. The interiors we paint and decorate in every way we can afford, so why may we not indulge our love of the beautiful in our domestic animals, especially our poultry, which so readily responds to our efforts.

The first instance of this to which your attention is called is to the quaint Sebright Bantams which grace the Junior Aisles. They are probably the finest work of the breeders' art. Thirty years of painstaking effort was required, for its consummation. Yet their beauty is well worth all the effort and it will be the delight of generations to come. They are valuable too, laying many eggs and of a nice size for the weight of the fowl. Hospitals desire eggs from these birds as they suit the sick so well. They furnish not only pleasure to their breeders but profit as well.

Probably the next fowl to attract your attention for beauty was the snowy White Wyandotte, the bird of curves whose graceful lines fit and adorn the coop. They are valuable also and are among the highest layers in all contests. Beside they dress well and offer a plump, yellow carcass. Beauty is, as beauty does, and they certainly do beautifully in a financial way for those who care for them.

Only two pens and a few scattering singles of the grand old breed of the Barred Plymouth Rocks. It seems too bad that the female of the species is the only one to throw the 'bars' make-

(Continued On Page 6)
THE EGYPTIAN

Charter
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FOOTWEAR

As usual, we have everything that is new, while it is new. Advance spring pumps are now coming in every day, as well as new and different patterns in mannish brogues.

THE FASHION BOOTERY
Always cheerfully at your service
The Alumni Bulletin

West Frankfort, Ill., Jan. 1, 1925.

Mr. E. G. Lentz,
Carbondale, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lentz:

Some time ago you asked me to write an article for the Alumni section of The Egyptian. I am not just sure that this will belong in that particular column and I shant feel hurt so badly if it does not make its appearance at all; but I remember that just a year ago we were searching for materials from many sources; those articles which could be used at any time and anywhere, "fillers" as the printers did say, and I take it that conditions are largely the same this year. There may be those who would be interested in knowing that West Frankfort is a city with a population of 20,000 and that this is a population of nearly every race with the exception of the colored people. There are 67 teachers in the public schools of the city, 16 of whom are graduates of the S. I. N. U., with 42 others nearing graduation from the same institution. There is no teacher in the system who does not have work beyond the high school in some normal school or university.

One of the things that I found out while I was in school was that the world is nearly filled with people who are doing research work. I became very much discouraged to think that I had lived to be old enough to vote in a presidential election and had never yet made any venture into that great field, where so many are at work. I am afraid that I might have passed "unseen, unhonored and unsung" and that I likely would never have made a "mark" in that particular field if it had not been that in a certain issue of The Egyptian a most interesting article was written about a Swiss girl.

When I read it I felt inspired to become a "researcher" and I betook myself to the task of finding out some things about the boys and girls who are pupils in the school in which I have the happy privilege of being one of the 15 teachers. I have been able to gather these facts: We have about twenty pupils who were born in one-half that many foreign countries, and strange as it may seem to you, only three of them were born in Italy and six were born in England. Then comes France and Germany to claim two each. Our pupils come from over half of the states in the union. I myself was surprised to find that nearly two hundred of them do not claim Illinois as their native state. Their fathers and mothers come from nearly every state in the union and country in Europe. You see ours is a mixed population, whose ideas and ideals are not in absolute harmony; whose command of the English language is not the best, whose love for America and a higher type of citizenship must be built up in the school. We have sensed the responsibility that is resting upon us, and are doing all that is in our power to prove ourselves worthy of our vocation. We have not forgotten our Alma Mater and we are striving to do our work so well that next year when vacancies in the school system here must be filled, the superintendent will feel inclined to seek to fill such va...
POULTRY SHOW FINE SUCCESS

(Continued From Page 3)

The old American breed. The peculiar arrangement of black and white bars make them a very attractive fowl and their laying qualities are among the highest. No fowl furnishes a finer nor more saleable carcass.

Did you note the great quantity of Reds? Were they not wonderfully beautiful, with their glossy red plumage? Why were they so many of these? Simply because they are hardy, prolific and extremely profitable to their owners. Of course their beauty counts.

Then the graceful Leghorn. Nothing exceeds them anywhere in grace or carriage, nor in beauty of plumage.

THE STYLE SHOP
Outfitters For Women

Dr. W. A. Brandon, '01
Carbondale, Ill.
Specialties
EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT
Glasses Fitted

Quality Supreme
Everyone likes OUR candy. Probably because of its superfine quality - it’s the purest, most delicious candy that money can buy. And it is ALWAYS perfectly fresh.

Whether you want soft, nut-filled or jucruous creamy chocolates - so soft and smooth that they melt in your mouth - or old fashioned hard candy, THIS is the place to come. We carry ONLY the BEST moderate or priced.

Carbondale Candy Kitchen

Are they profitable? Ask their owners who have made themselves homes and given them much of the pleasures this world affords from the profits afforded by the industry of this wonderful fowl.

LET US SUPPLY YOU WITH OUR PRODUCTS

Mary

Mary Supreme
Luscious creamy
delightfully fresh.

Everyone likes candy.


MARY ANN BEAUTY SHOP
Operated by Marinello Graduates
Shampooing, marcelling, manicuring, dyeing, facial and scalp treatments.
Ladies Hair Cutting a Specialty.
205 South Illinois Avenue.
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Bakers of Better Bread
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Special attention to picnic orders
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IMPERIAL CAFE
Good Things To Eat
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We extend you our best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year and solicit your further patronage.

LANEY GIFT SHOP
(Hemstitching)
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For latest Edison, Okeh, Gennett, Columbia and Pathe Records, also latest sheet music.

Always Remember
THE YELLOW HOOD TAXI
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WILHELM DRUG CO.
The Students Drug Store.

School Supplies
Fountain Pen
Pencil
There are now five rural practice schools: "Bridge," "Glade," and "Buckles" in Jackson county, and "Stone" and "Poreville" in Williamson county. There is a contest for spelling and attendance on between the five schools. At the close of the school year a prize is to be given to the school which has had the best attendance, and one to the school with the best spelling record. We are also hoping you did. Only gods can know. Was having a school year a prize is to be given to the school which has had the best attendance, and one to the school with the best spelling record. We are also hoping you did. Only gods can know. Was having a school year a prize is to be given to the school which has had the best The Marion Blues, Marlon, Ill.—Your "Mutterings of Maniafacts" and "Battle Smokes" are very interesting. The Spartan Bulletin, Sparta, Ill.—Did you "East Chester"? We surely hope you did. The Candle, East Las Vegas, N. M.—We enjoy very much reading your "Candle Was." Your editorial on "School Spirit" was very good. The Astonisher, Herrin, Ill.—Say! There was a great contrast between the "Rooster" you own and the one owned jointly by Marion and Murphysboro. The Monmouth College Oracle, Monmouth, Ill.—Your "Line" is very interesting. The Sphinx, Carterville, Ill.—You have a well balanced paper. The joke section was very good.

As I was walking down the hall I saw a trembling mass, The greenness of it attracted me, It was the freshman class. I tried to show their ignorance By asking a question keen, They made no move nor did they speak, But grew a shade more green.

The potter took a formless mass of clay, And strove to change it to a thing of shape, But after it appeared to be complete, Displeased, he did not cease to touch and scrape. At last, the finished vase in beauty robed, Was placed in view its beauty to display, But mishap caused the thing to fall and break— And changed it back to a mass of dust and clay.

We, too, are being formed of worthless clay, And on the harder road we've just begun; The day is here when we wear a Ring in token of success nearly won. Let not that Ring become the final goal, But let it be an urge to higher things— Nor let the work we've done decay For then the Bond of Gold no glory brings. Ambition dawned within our souls, Then effort, zeal and work both bring Reward for all that's gone before, The symbol of it all—The Senior Ring.

The Zetetic Society will present next Friday Night, January 9 a 3-act comedy drama

'A Little Clodhopper'
The cast is an experienced one

Everyone is invited and we urge you to join our society
THE EGYPTIAN

THE MAN YOU ARE

It isn't the man that you might have been
Had the chance been yours again,
Nor the prize you wanted but didn't win.
That weighs in the measure of men.
No futile "if" or "but to reason"
Can, rowel your stock to par.
The world cares naught for what never was
It judges by what you are.

It isn't the man that you hope to be,
If fortune and fate are kind,
That the chill, keen eyes of the world will see
In weighing your will and mind.
That years ahead are a chartless sea,
And tomorrow's a world away:
"Isn't the man that you'd like to be,
But the man that you are today.

There's little worth in the fantom praise
Of a time that may never dawn,
And less in a vain regret for days
And deeds long buried and gone.
There's little time on this busy earth
To argue the why and how.
The game is yours if you prove your worth,
And prove it here and now!

REVERIE

Little maid with eyes of blue,
I am quite in love with you,
As I sit and watch you there
Looking through the bill of fare.

Lobster salad, squash on toast,
Oyster cocktails, pie and roast,
Then I scan the card and see
How much you will mean to me.

NORMAL BASKETBALL NOSES OUT CARVILLE, 13 TO 11

(Continued from page 1)

The game then came through and it stood Maroons 9, visitors 7. That was a short-lived lead as Hagler with only a short time left shot a pretty one from the center to tie it up, at 11 all. Both teams were fighting desperately when Ritchey dropped in two points as the whistle blew.

Carrville

Scott, f. G F P
Shelby, f. 1 1 0
Hagler, c. 2 0 1
Baker, g. 0 0 2
Smith, g. 0 0 1

Normal

G F P

Hartley, f. 0 0 0
Hickey, f. 0 0 1
Munger, f. 1 0 0
Menaff, f. 0 0 1
Johnson, f. 1 0 0
Ritchey, c. 4 0 1
Pyatt, g. 0 0 0
Mclure, g. 0 0 0
Referee, Goforth; scorer, Gher; timer, Farmer.

At a Barber Shop

Barber shops used to be as forbidden to the feminine sex as pool halls. Now at almost any time of the day you will find the "Shave Shop" crowded with men and women of all fifty-seven varieties. After one has spent countless hours in a barber shop waiting for the turn that never comes, he (or she) becomes fairly well versed in barbers and in the different types of persons upon whose heads he uses the same white brush with gracious impartiality day after day. If one wants an hour or so in a shop, he (or she) has an excellent opportunity to study both the labels on the perfume bottles and human nature as it is.

In the first chair one may see the person who is too old to have bobbed hair. She is fat and forty and by rights should be comfortably domestic. Instead she wears long green ears and a shingle-bob and flirts with the time that looks at her as if it suffered from chronic dyspepsia. The wedding ring on her finger probably spells death and disaster for some poor unfortunate.

In the second chair one may see the man who was out on a party last night. He has a slightly hang-dog look and shifts his eyes nervously, in the course of half an hour or so he emerges from a shave, hair-cut, facial massage, toilet water and manicure, a new man, at whom the barber looks with a curious expression of amusement and disgust.

In the third chair one may see the College Girl. She wants a shingle-bob and I'm so glad I got you, third chair. All the girls say that you give the best shingle-bobs in town. The barber smiles at this subtle flattery which he has heard for at least the twentieth time that day. As he puts on his fascinating operations with the comb and "shara." Apparently he is not the poor unfortunate's hair beyond all hope of recognition, but in the end he hands her a mirror in which she views a cut which she considers neatly satisfactory. She manages to escape before the inevitable deluge of toilet water.

In the fourth chair, presided over by a man who looks like nothing less than a bank president, is a fat, big-eyed baby, ready at any instant to put a vigorous vocal apparatus in motion. A few whimpers escape him at the first clip of the scissors but fond mother prevents the patrons from a rare vocal treat by saying, "There, now Georgie—see the nice barber man isn't going to hurt you at all. Isn't it fun to see those big scissors cutting off all those horrid long hairs?" During the speech Georgia eyes her mother with an air both bored and threatening, but finally decides that the game isn't worth the candle and silently lets the barber do his worst.

In the fifth chair—oh, it cannot be the fifth chair is being vacated. Further meditations cut short by the barber's firm hands plucking on our blue and white striped protection.

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED?

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, spent seventeen years of his life paying off debts of a worthless partner. He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—she died. He became candidate for the U. S. Senate and was badly defeated. In 1868 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the country's greatest, if not the greatest. What do you think of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged just because the road is a little bit rough and bull's eyes don't ring often as they should?

Watch your step, if you will, but cheer up. The United States is a great big country and is here to stay and there are opportunities for all.

Be patient—smile and stay in the game.—Exchange.