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ICEBOUND—A DRAMA
OF REALISM WARMED
BY ROMANCE.

Owen Davis turns to New England and
somewhat bitterly plays his mi-
scope on the familiar folk of the
speaker's familiar regions. We find the
Jebbings, a clan of New England vil-
agers, prepared to settle between
themselves the comfortable estate of
their aged and just mother, who is on
her death bed. She dies during the
first act, with the nose-thumbing pes-
tre of disdaining the pack of them.
The balance of the piece de-
votes itself to their futile efforts to
adjust themselves to a realization
that the small fortune they expected
has been wasted to an "in-
terloper" in the family. Jane Crosby,
Opal Wright, a girl who has lived
with the mother, loved and helped her
for several years. A sea of hate, ser-
vility and envy whips up, with the
girl herself steering a difficult course
through it and coming at last to dis-

close that the money was not really
left to her for her own use, but in
trust to Ben Jordan (Carly Smith),
the bad brother, the shiftless black
sheep of the herd, under indictment
for arson. This surprises a some-
what implausible one, be it said, is
occasioned by Jane's becoming aware
that the dead woman's plan of having
Ben fall in love with Jane, who

has seemingly inherited the money
with a view to their marriage and his
redemption, has failed. The black
sheep is not so black. He is, how-
ever, a trifle thick not to see the ob-
vious love pouring at him from the girl
herself and crying aloud for its
resignation. The final curtain gives the
poor chap light, and the old woman
in her grave—we must presume
—gives a contorted chuckle at having
beaten her greedy family on all
counts.

BRADLEY WINS "LIT-
TLE 19' MEET—"RED"
STARS FOR S. I. N. U.

Bradley of Peoria won the annual
"Little 19" track and field meet at
Knox college May 22 and 23 by
domination over Knox. Bradley and
Knox ran neck to neck during the
meet, the relay points putting Brad-

(Continued on page 8)
ORGANIZATIONS

WEDDING BELLS WILL RING

Mr. Glenn Fishel, coach of athletics in the Carterville Community High school, and Miss Lillie Trovillion, teacher of English and History in the Mill Shoals High school last year, were married on Saturday, May 14th. Miss Trovillion is a 1922 graduate of the University of Illinois and Mr. Fishel is a 1925 graduate.

The plan of some children, who had to be in by twelve, to scare us failed as they came at 11:30 and only had thirty minutes to do the work in. We all knew that master minds have to have more than thirty minutes to work out a good plot so children should not attempt such a difficult task in so short a time.

All the girls enjoyed the sunrise and a row around the lake before breakfast. All through the day there was much swimming and boat riding. So each girl enjoyed the day after sandwiches and salty lemonade, we returned to town.

REV. MacVEY SPEAKS TO Y. W. AND Y. M. C. A.

On last Tuesday evening the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. held joint meeting and a very good program was rendered. The first number on the program was a vocal solo by Miss Patsy Read. The remainder of the program was an address by Rev. MacVey of the Methodist Church. Rev. MacVey gave a very interesting and profitable talk to the young people.

The associations are rendering good programs this term with special speakers each time. A good program is expected tonight. Be out and help reap the profits of hearing a good address.

Cave-in-Rock, Ill., May 13, 1925

Agora Debating Club,
Cave-in-Rock, Illinois.

Members of the Agora:
Congratulations on your success in the tri-club debates. It was no more than I expected for I know what Agora training means.

I had planned to be back with you next year, but have accepted a position in the school system at Serena, Illinois, so I suppose I shall have to be satisfied in hearing of your success through the mail.

Keep the good work going.

Yours respectfully,

J. ALFRED PURDUE.

THE OUTLOOK

The Pioneer, Atton, Ill.: Your editorials were exceptionally good in your last issue.

The Lombard Review and Alumnus, Galesburg, Ill.: A very well balanced paper with much worth while material.

Teachers' College Bugler, Valley City, N. D.: Your "campus scenes" were certainly beautiful. We wish to congratulate you on your school buildings.

The Antelope, Kearney, Neb.: Your editorial section was very good, but you need to add a joke occasionally which will add some spice to your paper.

TO THE COLLEGE GIRL

Heaven keep you dear.
Safe from all harm.
Heaven keep you dear.
With your sensuous charm.
Heaven keep you, dear. Is all I can chant.
Heaven keep you dear. Goodness knows—I can't.

Disappointed Lover: "What's your name girle?"
Little One: "Lisbeth."
D. L.: "Well tonite you can eat, drink and be Mary."

THE COLLEGE BOOK STORE has changed hands
The new owner comes to you with the word Service for his slogan. What we can give is as much our concern as what we can get.

Our first thought is not a mercenary one but one of helpfulness.

Give us an opportunity to serve you and we will be content.

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC GOODS

I.W. DILL CO.

INTEGRATION OF MEN AND BOYS

Candies
Soda Fountain
Phone 276

WILHELM DRUG CO.

School Supplies
The Students Drug Store.
Fountain Pen

CANDY

IMPERIAL CAFE

Good Things To Eat
L. M. Atkinson, Owner and Prop.
ZETETIC SOCIETY

A Hot Night but--

“Look out there! It’s like that half the year—froze up—everything and most of all the people. Just a family by itself maybe, just a few folks good and bad with nothing to talk about but just the mean little things that really don’t amount to anything but get to be giver than all the world outside. Icebound—that’s what we are—all of us—Icebound—inside and out.”

—BEN.

Bring No Fans but--

“They all hate me and they all want something all, the time. I can’t say Yes and it’s hard to always say, no. Then there’s the farm big and poor and all worked out. The Jordan’s have been taking their living out of this soil—for more than a hundred years and never putting anything back.”

JANE.

ICEBOUND

Keep Cool Bring. Your Furs
June 16, 8:00 p. m. Auditorium
THE SPIRIT OF SUPPORT

The time for the spring plays is at hand. These plays are the main event of the year for the literary societies. It is the literary societies that are the old and reliable organizations of the school. We should back them to the last. Are you doing your part?

The members of the cast and the coach are putting in many long weary hours during these last weeks of the term. They are putting forth this effort in order to put forward the best plays possible. The good plays in turn go to make up a better college. It's your college as much as theirs; so boost them to the last.

There are three types of people to be found in colleges. These are the boosters, the knackers, and the people who do not do anything. It is hard to choose which of the last two are the worst. But they are both undesirable enough that we want them to be in the very small minority.

All the boosters are backing the school activities especially the spring plays at present. If you are not in line already, fall in and boost, boost, boost!

TRY THIS

"Don't cross your bridges until you get to them" is a good sound statement in some cases and in some it is not. As far as borrowing trouble is concerned it is a very good thought. Some people always think of the gloomy side of life. They worry about all the difficulties which there are going to happen before they come to them. This is a poor policy. Half of the difficulties and failures of some people could be avoided if they would only spend their time about how to construct and systematize their work instead of how to pull through the failures which they may never meet.

When a person makes a firm decision that he can do anything, half of the battle is won. It won't be long until he can look into the future and see success shining there. Don't let failure enter your mind. Think about how you are going to make a success of the task at hand instead.
Socratic Society

PRESENTS

Come See Why

=THE=

WHOLE TOWN’S TALKING

At S. I. N. U. Auditorium

Monday June 15, 1925

8:00 o’clock p. m. Admission 50 Cents
Life's Little Jokes
(Continued From Page 1)

Slowly and sadly, the crescents had wended their weary way toward the desk and made a last plea before his executioner. "But, Miss Palmer, it's broke. It won't make any more noise."

"Go back and sit down and study your history." The sacrifice was made before the altar of wisdom. Once more Tommy O'Sullivan Jones has added a trophy to the evergrowing collection that lay in the desk of the Superior Being that held sway over the fortunes of Young America.

Five minutes had passed. Again the world was at peace, forgetful of the tragedy that had passed. Tommy Jones in a semi-reclining position unheedful of stray paper wads, was pursuing the fate of Sherman as he marched to the sea. Even the tragedy of the tin ornithological songster had passed from his mental jurisdiction.

Slowly but surely he drifted from the school room out on to the fields with the blood of warring men. Captain Jones, no longer Tommy Jones, was going out to kill or to be killed. Across the shell swept field came line after line of gray clad figures only to meet destruction at the hands of Capt. Jones and his band of veterans. Soon victory was synonymous with the name Capt. T. Jones. The war was over. No longer was he Capt. Jones, then Gen. Jones and finally President Jones. One day as he was talking to Miss Palmer, once his dear teacher, he was stricken by the bullet of an assassin. He had risen only to fall. He paid the supreme sacrifice. There was a sound of voices. Was it possible that he was not going to die for his country? No, the assassin was firing once more, this time, with his noble head. He must cry for help. He must not stand and be shot down as a dog.

The silence of the drowsy quiet school was rent by a cry so great in volume that even the owls in the belfry wakened and wondered what manner of beast was abroad. The assassin was gone. Everything vanished. Slowly he opened his eyes. Before him was a paper wad of gigantic size that had been molded and aimed by an artist. Did I say everything was gone? No, Miss Palmer was there, her dear beloved school teacher, but the sphinx-like figure that ruled with an iron hand. Tragedy again pervaded the air. The same calm before a more dreadful storm. At last the storm broke as storms have broken thousands of times before, brief but terrific.

"Tommy, go to the office." Once more the hungry pedagogue must be fed. So Tommy Jones, late president, military genius, and national hero, wended his weary way from his seat up the long stairs to a fate that he knew not.

Are you Tommy Jones? Do you know any Tommy Jones? Just wander around the main building any time and glance at some of the inspired expressions on the faces of your classmates as they listen or seemingly listen to their dear Miss Palmer. Such far-away expressions are not inspired or founded in any classroom. Probably they are a thinking or dreaming of the day they will become president, or the day when they will wage battles with their lady love over a breakfast table, or it is barely possible that they are not thinking at all, but merely sitting. Aren't we all Tommy Jones regardless of our age? A man at his best is just a grown up Tommy Jones, dreaming dreams that can only be dreamed, fantasies that vanish with rude awakenings. Isn't it best that we should dream and see life in a fantastic fashion? Dream on, Tommy Jones, may your visions not be in vain.

MORAL: All are dreamers and all must be rudely aroused.

Prof.: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk our exams!"

We have a wonderful line of Georgette Crepes for banquets and graduation; also a fine line of sport dresses in English broadcloth and tub silks.

THE STYLE SHOP

NEW DEPARTMENT STORE — A choice line of GROCERIES and MEATS; also a complete stock of Dry Goods and Notions.

C. A. HELTON
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THE FAMOUS SPECIAL DRESS SALE

of all our georgette and silk dresses in plain colors, printed and flowered designs, suitable for banquets, and graduation, also for street wear.

Sale Price $12.75

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Is never so keen as when your photographs do not meet your expectations.

We positively refuse to deliver photographs that disappoint!

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After the Show, visit

CARBONDALE CANDY KITCHEN
With all kinds of refreshments—Sundaes and Sodas

We Wholesale Ice Cream

Special on Sunday, only

Brick Ice Cream .................. 40c
SLIGHT SLAMS COMBINED WITH GENTLE JARS

Who's the nicest of them all? Foster Ray.
Who's the one you cannot fool? Mr. Wham.
Who's the "cutest" of the school? Dwight Kerley.
Who's the one with the broadest grin? Loren Anderson.
Who's the thinnest of the thin? Ted Finley.
Who's worth their weight in gold? The Profs.
Who's so frigid he is cold? Cary Davis.
Who could never break a mule? Seph Clarence Connaway.
Who's the fattest of the fat? Albert Webb.
Who's charming sweet and steady? Orval Pyatt.
Who's the one who laughs the arrived? Robert Adcock.
Who always tries to please? Robert A. rook.
Who's as Maude, the girl, plays.
Who's the biggest one to tease? Elmer Sattgast.
Who looks like he lived on toast? Why some of the Y. W. cabinet
Who's the one with the broadest rule? Jo-ann.
Who looks like he lived on toast? Why some of the Y. W. cabinet
Who's the fattest of the fat? Albert Webb.
Who can throw them on the Mat? WEE WUNDER. Clothier and Furnisher.
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20TH CENTURY WISDOM

The Flapper Philosopher says: If you give a girl everything she wants, she will soon be wanting a pardon from the governor.
When you find that you can't reason with the speed cop, you'd better let him have the last word at once.
True blue never fades.
When a girl wears wool socks over her silk hose, it is the same thing as wearing a glove over a diamond ring.
The eternal triangle consists of health, a savior and a corseter.
Even a bad egg will not offend if you leave it alone.
An S. I. N. U. man, when in doubt as to whether he should kiss a girl, will give himself the benefit of the doubt.
The easiest way to hit the mark every time is to aim at nothing—many succeed.
One reason why it is dangerous to go to sleep on the job is that you might fall off of it.

WEEN WUNDER

Why some college men still like to indulge in childhood traits such as shooting merely for the sake of making a noise?
If everyone knows that summer has arrived?
When we'll get our Obelisk?

A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS

A rook . . . a saxophone . . . a sorority he plays.
A head . . . a flower pot . . . a crash .... he lays.

THE FASHION BOOTERY

New Neckties, New Shirts, New Wide Belts, New Straw Hats, New Belt Buckles, New Beltograms. See the new Bronze Belt Buckles. Two-pants suits, $25 to $40

JESSE J. WINTERS
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UNION BAKING CO.
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Special attention to picnic orders
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COLD DRINKS, ICE CREAM
AND GROCERIES

THE EGYPTIAN

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For Quality and Service Call on
RUSHING & GIBBS
Phone 604

NEW SHOES, NEW IDEAS, NEW WAYS OF DOING THINGS

THE EGYPTIAN Page Seven
The Whole Town's Talking
(Continued from page 1)

"Red" won his trial heat in 9.9 seconds. He was set back one yard in the semi-finals and won it in 10 flat. In the finals, which was won in 9.9 seconds, he was set back one yard and finished fifth.

"Red" won his trial heat in the 220 in 22 seconds—at the rate of 19.8 for the 100. In the finals "Red" led until the last 40 yards, when his legs began to weaken after running so many heats and failed to place. "War Horse" Senn, Knox, made a new record of 21.5 seconds.

Hitchey tied for third in the high jump and brought back a medal. He would have placed in the pole vault if his pole had not broken.

Better luck next time, boys.

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING NOT CONVENTIONAL

"The Whole Town's Talking" is different, unique and somewhat novel in a lot of ways. For instance, there is not the conventional butter, no dress suits, no Negroes, no tall silk hats, no spots—none of the usual "impediments" of a race, and there's not a flat or better. "Red" won his trial heat in 9.9 seconds. He was set back one yard in the semi-finals and won it in 10 flat. In the finals, which was won in 9.9 seconds, he was set back one yard and finished fifth.

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TAGGART'S HAT SHOPPE
Wonderful assortment of new gifts and Hats

We are too busy selling athletic goods to write an ad.

This space paid for by Patterson's Sporting Goods Store.

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A Free Shampoo with a Marcel each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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