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Egyptian Staff

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First Game Dropped

Last week the S. I. N. U. lost their first game of baseball since 1914. This was not because we have had championship teams since then but because it is the first nine we have had for that length of time. Cambria won the initial contest by a 6-1 score. Ray Hamilton, manager of the teams states that all that can be said is that it was lost by poor playing and punk judgment.

The following men performed for the college:
Richard Dickson, p.
Wesley Dickson, c.
Walter Valentine, 1b.
Virtus Bixenate, 2b.
Clarence Birkner, 3b.
Lot Henson, ss.
Byron Mudd, rf.
Tom McKee, if.
Paul Chance, of.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE RELEASED

A schedule has been mapped out for the Mount Sluggers that will keep them occupied until near the close of school. Besides the opening tilt with Cambria and the Brown shoe factory of Murphysboro, there remains six more games on the schedule.

To Meet Cape May 18-19

The feature contests will be the meeting of Normal and Cape Gipson in a two day series to be played at Cape May 18 and 19. On inquiring as to the probability of Cape’s playing here, we learned that no home games will be scheduled with the Missouri pedagogues unless the interest and attendance at the other home games warrant the expense of bringing Cape to Carbondale. Three games have been scheduled to be played away from home and four to be played on the home field.

Benton Here Friday

Having already met Cambria at the Murphysboro industrial league team, the next encounter will be with Benton on the home field this Friday. Benton always presents a fairly strong team and a good game is the expectation. A return game will be

(Continued on Page Eight.)

Sigma Alpha Pi Holds House Warming

One of the most enjoyable social events of the year was held Saturday evening when the school’s first fraternity was formally opened by a banquet and house warming.

Everyone about the campus has noticed that the fraternity home was rapidly nearing completion and that entertainment came as a culmination of the efforts to make the Sigma Alpha Pi’s home one of the finest in the city.

As guests of honor the members entertained Miss Rue, Mr. Hotten, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Lunt and Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Stotlar.

Mr. Lunt spoke of the school’s history and in addition told of the many myths and legends that surround the present home of the fraternity. Mr. Stotlar assured the members of her beauty co-operation in making the fraternity a success. Mr. Bryant told of events which led to the establishment of the Sigma Alpha Pi.

Mr. Hotten compared the facilities of this fraternity with those of other colleges, and assured the members that their home compared favorably with fraternities elsewhere.

Mr. Hotten was a fraternity brother three years at the University of Wisconsin. Miss Rue, who has always shown a deep interest in the fraternity movement and who has always given her time and service on every occasion, spoke of her regrets that this is her last year among us. Everyone present expressed regret that Miss Rue is leaving and we all wish her an enjoyable stay in Europe.

The most heartfelt talk of the evening came from Mr. Burt, the father of Loirette Burt, who after spending the whole day in the house and seeing the activities and home atmosphere of the house declared that he was more than pleased to have his son a member of such an organization.

After the banquet the guests were shown through the house. After this a radio concert was given in the reception room. At nine o’clock refreshments were served.

Annual Spring Concert to Be Given May 17

A treat for the music lover, an adoration to the layman, a feast of entertainment to the weary, a bit of heaven to the idealist, an hour of bliss to sweethearts, and to all a joy and inspiration, will be the Spring Concert, given by our chorus on May 17th. A well balanced program has been selected. Rehearsals are being well attended and great interest is shown. Several new voices have been discovered this term and the chorus is very promising. Some of our best musical talent in this city has come to enroll in the ranks and adds strength to the line.

To aid in making the program more vigorous and peppy, Mrs. Tate, whom we all know, will be here. Her songs and music are always enjoyed by the real live audience and we are sure that she will add a great deal to the attractiveness of the program.

Vocal music has always been the most pleasing of all music. The vocal cords of man were created by the Almighty, and are not his works more perfect than those of all mankind? In primitive times the people loved to sit and listen to the shepherds singing. Today it is likewise. Everybody loves a good song better than the music of an instrument. We should therefore consider ourselves fortunate to have a chorus that has been praised by authorities of music in this city and we make our chorus what our school orchestra is, the biggest and best in the state outside the universities.

From 9:30 to 12:00 an informal dance was given. Music was furnished by the “Original King Tut’s” six piece orchestra.

The guests were: Margaret Fox, Norma Keen, Nell Munday, Vera Vaugh, Mae Davis, Verna Nettie, Margaret Edwards, Velma Harrison, Virginia Minor, Myrtle Stobbe, Agnes Lenta, Bella Wilson, Anna Bel Wahl, Genevia Burrel, Vera Pick, Maude Geary, Leona Gunth, Earle Lyons, Genevia Crenshaw, Margaret Hill, Blanche Wilhelm, Mildred Swan.

New Anthony Hall Matron

MISS ELIZABETH HICKSON

With Miss Rue’s resignation as a member of the Faculty, came the problem of finding a new matron for Anthony Hall, the girls dormitory. Miss Hickson has been the one chosen for this position. She has been with us in the English Department for four years and will continue to teach along with her other duties. Miss Hickson has her B. S. from the University of Penn., and her M. A. from Brown’s University.

Miss Rue is to study in Europe during the coming year.

FREE FILM PROGRAM HERE

Tonight the Association will bring to the students the spirit of Geneva. A special Geneva meeting is being held to which everyone is invited. It will be a real time of joy. The meeting will open with Geneva songs and yells. After the pep meeting there will be a hour and a half of music. At this time some of our delegates of the film will be on hand and a bit of real entertainment, and also you will get an insight into the life of the largest Student Christian Camp in the world.

Co-eds, always keep in mind, “a fast horse can’t go fast far.”

COMING-ANNUAL SPRING CARNIVAL
THURSDAY CHAPEL
The following will explain itself:

Our Daily Program
In the class, room now I sit,
Thinking Mother dear of you,
And the bright and happy days so long ago,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Thinking of the lessons I must get tonight.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, they all are marching,
Cheer up mates, the end may come,
And although we may be bored,
We shall meet them soon again,
In the class rooms of our own S. I. N. U.

We can't even rest in peace,
Thinking of that morning class,
Hotton calls us out six and sometimes four,
And when all the birds have flown,
Bailey greets us as his own,
And we pause for History at Lentz's door.

Felt, Felt, Felt nae Algebra,
Warren sings Arithmetic, you know.
And of Furr and Ciare too,
Methods of all schools we learn,
But 'tis Physics that we get from Simeon E.

In this chapel now I sit,
Thinking Frezie, dear, of you,
And your Monday blue laws,
Now I know so well,
Spite of all that you can do,
In your lecture, trite and true,
From assigned seats I do rebel.

Tramp, tramp, tramp to the Farm we go,
There will meet your Mukkeboy.
And of Colyer, weather man,
Who the heavens often scan.
They can tell our fates so true,
You surely know.

in the twilight dusk I stand,
Catching balls at Mac's command.
And of supper hot I often will dream.
But 'tis useless I now know,
For to Wham's class I must go,
And it takes such endless hours to prepare.

Dick, Dick, Dicktonary Pierce,
He tells us Spanish tales,
And before our very eyes,
Students do our verses prize,
As we sing this doleful tale of Normal school.

And to our historic man—George Washington Smith,
Also Pritchard of the band; Chemistry we smell from Georgie Mervin Browne,
And yet Peterson will fret,
Till a brand new Gym we get,
And so let him down at least a floor or two.

Haste, haste, haste is Tracy

Bryant.
Thou we know things never move,
And for Albert we do haunt.
As the maze leads up to Miles,
But our walking tale it now is near.

Encore Meditation
To Normal I came in September,
Left all my dear ones at home.
Their faces I fondly remember, as
Now I go walking alone.

Lonesome, weary, I think I'll go back to my Home. Sweet Home.
I don't see why I should be walking alone.

Last night as I sat up to study, last night as I sat up to write,
Last night as I sat up to study, they told me to put out the light.
Lights out, lights out, it's time that you all were in bed,
Lights out, lights out—O didn't you—Hear—What—I Said.

Tuition Raised at Beloit
Tuition at Beloit College will be increased next year from $200 to $325 a year. A matriculation fee of $10 will be charged all incoming students. The reason for the increase is that the emergency donations received from the Rockefeller Foundation during the past three years will not be continued after this year.

Hear the Chorus Concert May 17th.

The editor, he sits around
And wonders what to write;
He looks for news the whole day long
And prays for it at night.

Well, let's all help the editor
With contribution stuff.
Let's deluge him with newsy news
Until he cries "Enough."

Seniors Insured at Smith's
The Seniors at Smith have taken out insurance for a class gift. Twenty members are insured for 25 years and premiums are paid by collecting $4.50 a year from each member. At the end of 25 years the class will give $45,000 to the college.

THE EGYPTIAN

THREE people please come to the Obelisk office and pay for their pictures AT ONCE:

Normal Seniors
Nora Cowger
Paul Doolittle
Helen Gould

Juniors
Paul Barker
Bonnie Batson
LeClare Burt
Homer Corgan
Mae Davis
Helen Fitzgerald
Orlean Thomas

High School Seniors
Florence Whitlock
Maud Hood
Viola Snider

THE OBELISK

SPRING CONCERT
Given by College Chorus
MAY 17th 8:00 P.M.
A joy and inspiration to all.
COM E!
Admission 35c

AUDITORIUM
--- THE RADIATOR ---

The following article is a portion of a play that was written for the Egyptian's part in last year's Carnival. Plans were changed and the play was not given:

Caesar:
Night! Darkness and remoteness! Here then lies Below me Egypt country of the past, Mother of dreams, land of dim wisdom, Storehouse of the fruits and strength that feed Our little world. Why this is past; The future 'tis here now. So come! Caesar, Maker of the world, bestirring destiny.
If here lies aught of matter for our civilized increase, Then come I here to seek out wisdom, wealth.
Why, food is wealth, yet wealth alone
Makes not a world. Here rest we!
Long the fight That brought us hither now to rest;
To stop, To play, to serve ourselves with beauty and With jest. So shall I then go forth, great Caesar, To behold this Roman world, to take And shake it, make it wholly mine. Sure, 'tis the gods that smiled upon my birth, That lead me through my fights, that brought me here. I, future terror of the schoolboys' nights.

Great Caesar's ghost. While yet I walk on earth, May here disport myself. Here rest, in fine,

Egypt, the great world's synonym for all
That oaths the springs of human life, Great Egypt shall provide me space For holiday. How shall we take Our pleasure? I have heard the queen that dwells Here is smiled on by the stars, hath time
For dalliance, or perhaps may we amid Egypt's wealth and wisdom for a space bold carnival,
My greatness no less great that it should lay Aside imperial sway, the Latin grammar,
And all forebodings of that future world Where boy to boy unites to mock my name.

Great Caesar's name! Great Caesar's ghost! O what
A future lot is mine, to weary and To harass,
Lose my fame and be a stumbling block

For stupid boys, and girls perhaps no less.
Ah Girls! I love them all. My name on Their lips, that gives me joy. For what is fairer Than that fair-off girl all bobbed and shortened
Here and there, with cherry-colored cheeks
And painted hair, the girls that glance adown My dusty page. There's pleasure for me
In that future age! But soft! I'll rest awhile. Tomorrow's light must bring me
To the queen. I'll rest, Good night.

Cloth Cap:
A Roman! Oh, and I've been taught all Romans
Live to seek out tender girls to eat! So says Kalicrates, my tutor. He always said beware, and let no Roman come within your reach. Just clap your hands
And men rush in to slay. And yet at least
A man, and I've been lonely here. Slaves, nurses, governors. Why I've a nose and here's a mouth.
Here a powder-puff—all together
May make Egypt fair. What use to kill
A man, a living man, the only man I've seen. See but his eyes, lie down-dropped.
When he awakes, then there'll be time to run.
A sword he wears, and armor. 'Tis a No friendly guest, but though he comes
An enemy my heart says any man May yet be made a friend, with just a smile.

OUR EXCHANGES
We print below a list of our exchanges:

Illinois Colleges
Eureka College Pegasus, Eureka. The Northern Illinois, DeKalb.
The Millikin Weekly, Decatur. Monmouth College Oracle, Monmouth.
The Papyrus, Greenville.

Other Colleges

The University Log, Kansas City, Kan.
Campus Chat, Deerton, Tex. The Argus, Findlay, Ohio. The Upsala Beacon, Klinworth, N. J.
Centre College Cento, Danville, Ky.
Illinois High Schools
The Orange and Black, Mt. Vernon.
The Q. Quincy, The Purple Clarion, Harrisburg.
Maroon and White, Belleville, The Marion Blues, Marion.
The Astonisher, Herrin.

Ohio Colleges
The Sphinx, Central Ohio.
The Sparta Bulletin, Sparta.
The Reflector, Mount Gilead.
The Barb, De Kalb.
The Budget, Galesburg.

High School Papers
Heinrick's High School News, Eugene, Ore.
The Pinion, Honolulu, Hawaii.
Commercial News, New Haven, Conn.

The Obelisk
The Wasa Beacon, Wazaczee, Tex.
The Acorn, Dallas, Tex.
The Comet, West Division, H. S., Milwaukee, Wis.
The Student, Covington, Ky.
The Clarion, Rochester, N. Y.

To Use Quarter System at Lawrence
Lawrence College plans to change from the semester to the quarter system next fall. A summer school session for 1924 is also being planned.

New Haven: Driving of automobiles will become a senior privilege after May 3. This action was taken after a petition was granted by the university authorities to the members of the Academic and Sheffield Student Council.

RATHGEBER BROS.
Headquarters for everything that students need for school.
Miscellaneous books, popular copyrights and latest fiction.
The store where students are always welcome.

SPALDINGS ATHLETIC GOODS
I.W. DILL CO.
OUTFITTERS FOR MEN AND BOYS
The Egyptian Board for the Week

JEWELER  CA. Cum  OPTOMETRIST
GIVING A PARTY?
Several inviting dishes of rich chocolates, Jordan almonds, chocolate chips and cream Sebastians around the room, make any affair go better.

Our candies are certain to please your guests, for they pass the most exacting tests of super-fine quality and delicious freshness; in fact the best candy you can buy.

And it certainly does taste good.

CARBONDALE CANDY KITCHEN

AS EACH DAY DAWNS

Suddenly, across the sky, great rose-hued bars streamed forth, dispelling the morning mist, soon to be followed by a beautiful yellow orb—another day has dawned, another fraction of life is here, bringing new opportunities.

Yesterday is passed, tomorrow never comes; today must be filled with good things, if we are to progress.

Here in this store we strive to make each day a successful unit in the months and years of our business. Each of your visits is a pleasant, profitable part of your friendship for this store.

For these are the things that strengthen the bond between us, and permit us to look forward to your continued good will.

Our future depends upon doing each day's duties well.

JOHNSON, VANCIL, TAYLOR CO.
I'd love to have a hill,
All my own for keeps,
With all its trees and flowers.
I'd love to have, just heaps.

But more than I can tell
My tongue expressions fail,
Rather than a hill my own
I'd love to have a dale.

—By Norvin Julian.

Grace has a little light,
She has it trained, no doubt,
Every time that Watson calls,
That little light goes out.

Tell me, pretty maiden,
With eyes of deepest brown,
If I kissed you on the forehead,
Would you call me down?

If money talks
As some folks tell,
To most of us,
It says, "Farewell."

The Old Battered Picture
I've a picture on my dresser that is
Very dear to me
And often I gaze on it with tender eyes.

It's the picture of my "only" just as
sweet as it can be,
And it makes a splendid place to hang my ties.

"Ofttimes I sit and ponder with the picture on my lap,
And I dream of her with many smiles and sighs.
But sometimes when I get drowsy
And lie down to take a nap,
I lay it on my face to keep off flies.

I have used it for a lampshade, and
Place to strike a match,
It has served to hide a quart of hooch from sight.
And the face is marred by little gobs of toothpaste, and a scratch,
And a hole I bit once, kissing it good-night.

It's a trifle siled in places, quite a bit the worse for wear.
And artistically, I guess, it's not so good,
But to love's enraptured vision it is
Still divinely fair.
And I wouldn't have another if I could.

There little girl don't cry!
You've flunked in exams we know.
But by others it's done,
The it isn't much fun,
But many will do just so.
I've done it myself, oh, my!
But there, little girl, don't cry.

When father slipped upon the ice,
Because he could not stand,
He saw the glorious Stars and Stripes—
We saw our Father—land.

So close, so close the faces drew
The lips had touched before they knew
And 'ere they parted in disgrace,
She left a stain on the mirror's face.

On mules we find
Two legs behind,
Two we find before,
We stand behind—
Before we find
What the two behind be for.

Who Steals My Purse Steals Trash
"O stop the thief! O stop the thief;
He stole my purse, oh dear!"
Thus loud the maiden cried in grief,
But no police were near.

In safety then, the thief had brought
The fat purse to his lair;
But that which most his heart had sought
Alas! it was not there.

He looked for coin, but found instead
A chamois skin and glass;
A store of powder, white and red;
Her gem—a chewed up mass.

A phial filled with perfumed stuff,
A picture of her beau,
A handkerchief not large enough
To wipe a tear of woe.

And then he found a button-book
And a hair not for her locks
But not a thing for which a crook
Would risk his shoes and sock.

"I know now," sighed the thief at last,
As down the purse did crash.

The Gingham Frock
In the spring a young girl's fancy
Lightly turns to gingham frocks.
Though she dwell high in the mountain land
Or wander by the docks,
When the sky is greyed frosty,
And the keen wind sharply blows,
Then it's all right—she will wear them—
All those dark and heavy clothes,
But when dandolions are peeping,
On the campus, thru' the grass,
When the sun and all just call her,
Then her thoughts are not in class.

You may know that she is thinking,
As she glances at the clock,
Of a date when class is over
And she smooths her gingham frock.

Where the happy birds are mating
And their love songs time doth mock
There they walk along together
And he says her gingham frock is
c
Is so lovely and becoming
—She tosses back a lock—
(Continued on Page Eight.)
Too Personal

Frank Meeker spent the week end and his home on South Normal Ave.
Mr. Furr told Anna Payne that she ought to get a good job with her new brown orange dress.

Carrie Yates and Norvin Julian sit south of the Library building evry third hour to study Caesar.

Detha C. and Eugene A. went out and picked violets the thirg hour the other day. They get four.

It is whispered that Mary Van Sicklo likes to wander on the campus again, as in the days of old.

The callers at Anthony Hall are growing more numerous. Who can resist a pleasant stroll these long evenings when study hour doesn't begin until eight?

According to reports, Clyde Dearing is often seen on the campus with a certain friend.

Even practical minded John Erp can't forget his young man's fancy.
THE EGYPTIAN

THE EDITOR

The following contribution has been handed in to the Egyptian.

Altho the Editor does not agree with it, all he hopes is that you will do as suggested in the last lines:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, 'That editor has quite a head, I'm glad to take his paper. He's got a raft of grit and sand, and prints the news of all the land. He booms the Egyptian to beat the hand, and that's the proper paper. He soaks the grater in the neck, he saves the school from wreck, he's Johnnie on the spot, by heck, when things are in a jumble. He never gets stuck up. He's worked since Hector was a pup, to keep us interested in our school paper. I know we owe him nay plunks, so let us shame the other skunks and furnish him with contributions in chunks, whereby to live in clever.'"

WHY PAGE WAS DEDICATED TO NON-CONTRIBUTORS

In last week's edition of THE EGYPTIAN it will be recalled that a page was dedicated to the ones who did not contribute to the paper.

This was not done to remind you that some were not turnin in articles but that there was not enough in to fill the page. Now of course the staff could have done extra work and filled the page but it would not be the kind of material best suited for a school paper and the kind you would like to read. There is plenty of material and news going around. Collect it and contribute it, and in turn some one else will do the same and you will get an exchange.

NEAR POETRY

(Continued from Page Three.)

To the memory of an aged man
'Will be dear till the gingham frack.'

E

A little bit of knowledge
Plus a little bluff
Makes the best of teachers

Think we know our stuff.

E

Lists of book reports remind us
We should get ours in on time.
Yet if we did, you'd surely find us
Without a subject for our rhyme.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE RELEASED

(Continued from Page One.)

played at Benton, June 8, commencement day for them.

The complete schedule is as follows:

Cumbria, April 20—There.
Star 5 Star, April 27—Here.
Benton, May 4—Here.
Cumbria, May 11—Here.
Cape Girardeau, May 18-19—There.
Hurst, May 25—Here.
Corden, June 1—Here.
Benton, June 8—There.

HAVE YOU AN OVER-DUE BOOK?

HOW LONG WOULD A SUIT OF CLOTHES LAST ON A GRINDSTONE?

All day long the clothes we wear are subjected to the grinding action of particles of grit and dust which gather in the fabric—

There is just one way of stopping this grinding—to wash away this dust and grit.

That is what dry cleaning does; grease, soil, dirt—all the little enemies which constantly attack our garments—are carried away during the process of cleaning—

Do you wonder that clothes which are dry-cleaned regularly not only look much better, but wear longer? Resolve today to give your clothes this benefit; simply phone, and we will call.