S. I. N. U. OBSERVES GOOD HEALTH WEEK

Students Hear Excellent Speeches

The week from April 26 to May 2 was Good Health Week, and three beneficial health addresses were given during Chapel exercises.

Dr. Della Caldwell, the local school physician, opened the series of speeches Wednesday by addressing the Chapel assembly. Dr. Caldwell said that “Health” was too big a subject, so she talked on the individual's requirements for good health. We have learned since our first day in school that plenty of exercise, fresh air and wholesome food were necessary, but we believe that the Chapel talk will help us to realize more fully that these requirements must be watched and made use of in order to be strong during old age. We might note that “if ye know these things and do them—ye shall be happy.”

On Thursday, Dr. Redding, the head of the Red Cross relief workers, made an extremely interesting talk on Relief Work and First Aid. Dr. Redding was a fluent speaker, and held his audience in perfect attention while he issued much instructive advice. He even demonstrated how to restore consciousness to a fainting person, on one of the faculty members.

On Friday of last week, another health official addressed the student body, and the week as a whole was very beneficial and instructive. If college students made every week Good Health Week the standard of the school would be greatly raised, but we wonder if it would be in some classes if we followed Dr. Caldwell’s advice about studying lessons.

WEE WUNDER

Why the Physical Training class growled when they did the “bear dance”?

Why some students have been dreaming of daggers?

Why Mondays, exams and rain always come together?

REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER THIS WEEK

Mother, The Living Manifestation of Patience, Forbearance and Devotion to Others

Mary Towlas Sasseen (Mrs. Marshall Wilson), who was born in Henderson, Ky., and taught in the public schools there for many years, is credited with having been first to propose the idea of observing a day in honor of the mothers of our nation. That was more than thirty years ago. Mother's Day is now generally observed on the second Sunday in May in most of the states of the Union.

To most of us, the appeal of Mother's Day is something that brings up intimate and tender memories. We may stray far afield from the old haunts that we knew in childhood, but the picture of mother as we saw her then, gentle, sympathetic, loving and unselfish, never fades. Those who wear the bright white flower on Mother's Day as a symbol that the mother they honor still lives have cause for rejoicing. Only those who wear the white flower that signifies homage to a mother who is gone can truly understand that when mother is no longer here there is, in all the world, no one who can take her place. The minted gold of a mother's faith and loyalty cannot be counterfeited.

Mother's part in the scheme of things is usually unobtrusive. She is not an advertiser on her own merits. Father is a good press agent for himself. He makes the most of his opportunities at home to recite the thrilling tale of his triumphs or the plausible alibi for his defeats. Mother is too busy as a rule to throw bouquets at herself or to hold lengthy post-mortem on the wherefore of this and that. She has no regular hours. Her shift extends from sun-up to sun-down, three hundred and sixty-five and one-quarter days in the year. She is the ultimate manifestation of Service.

Mother is the living manifestation of patience, forbearance, devotion to others. She is a sort of clearing-house for others' big and little complaints; she is a ministering angel, a never-failing comforter, an always interested confidante. Her advice rarely proves to be other than absolutely sound. It would seem that mother has a regular gift of guessing right on most subjects, if it wasn't that, after you've carefully studied her system, you find that she doesn't exactly guess. She really reasons things out by some curious process of incomprehensible logic that cannot be charted or set down in stated rules.

Mother can think rings around father; therefore father says she jumps at conclusions. As a matter of fact, she merely hits the high spots when she’s thinking, while father plods doggedly up one hill, down another, wading creeks and wheezing ponderously over each obstacle. And meanwhile mother has made

(Continued On Page Eight)

HERRIN WINS IN “LITTLE TEN” TRACK MEET

Carbondale is Victor in Intellectual Contest at Marion

Everyone has heard of the “Big Ten.” To every follower of “King Sport,” the “Big Ten” means the best in athletics, the best in moral sportsmanship, and the best in intellectual accomplishments. The “Big Ten” has its counterpart, its little brother here in Southern Illinois. This little brother made its debut on this terrestial ball in that memorable year of 1923 A.D.

Probably you are wondering just what the “Little Ten” has to do with our school. At least 50 percent of our student body is drawn from the ten high schools of the “Little Ten.” We have at least one graduate teaching in each one of these ten schools. After all our interest in the “Little Ten” is not an impersonal one.

At first the “Little Ten” ruled in only two of the major sports, football and basketball. This year, May 2, 1925, the first “Little Ten” track, field and intellectual meet was held at Marion. Eight of the schools, Marion, Herrin, West Frankfort, Carbondale, Benton, Anna-Jonesboro, Johnston City and Harrisburg had entrants.

Herrin won the track and field meet with 55 ½ points. West Frankfort was second with 31 1-12; Harrisburg third with 26, and Marion fourth with 15. Austin of West Frankfort, a regular Harold Osborne, was the high point man with 13 points. Shoemaker of Herrin, who wielded the shot and javelin with uncanny skill, tied with rack, also of Herrin, another Nurmi, for second honors. Each had ten points.

The intellectual contest held in the First Baptist church in the evening was won by Carbondale, who amassed a total of twenty points. Herrin trailed close behind with 17 tallies. The third place shield was won by Benton, with 12 points.
After the meeting had been dismissed by Mrs. Reeder, a picture of the group was taken. Then some of the boys built an electric fire, and we sat at a long table and roasting laws.

The Green and Gold of Kathern Felthoven visited with her son Ellis Crandle East St. Louis last week. Mrs. James Hall and Mr. McAndrew, of the cast, were: Miss Winters, Mrs. E. W. Reeder, Mrs. G. T. Etherton, Mrs. P. E. Denison, Gladys Keller, Hannah Marvin, Mentor, Mildred Eads, Velma Christie, Dr. Curtis Davis, and Ethel Crossmann. The Flapper's Worry, Mr. Date of Epsilon Beta.

A RECIPE FOR KISS CAKE

Take one armful of pretty girl, one lovely face, two lovely brown eyes, two rosy cheeks, and two lips like strawberries. Mix well together and press to two lips. Result astonishing.

For frosting—take one piece of dark Coope or Sorority porch and a little moonlight and press into one large or small hand so as to attract attention.

Two armfuls—grammar and one or two Fat whiskers. Dissolve one-half foreheads into a quantity of hesitation.

Place kiss on blushing cheek. Flavor with a small scream and set aside to cool.

EGYPTIAN BARBQ

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 but one of helpfulness. Give us an opportunity to serve you and we will be content.

IMPERIAL CAFE

Good Things To Eat

L. M. Atkinson, Owner and Prop.
My Mother

It is not to the living presence that I bring my tribute. The mother that I knew, patient with my follies and perversities, soothing and inspiring in the hour of my discouragement, hopeful and confiding when there seemed least warrant for her unwavering faith, is gone. She is no longer here to counsel and guide. But her spirit, the spirit of ineffable love, abides with me still and will continue a potent influence over my better self so long as life shall last. The beautiful memory grows dearer with the passing of the years. I invoke that spirit when troubles assail me and heartaches overwhelm me. I am a little child again at her knee with the plaintive cry of helplessness, "Mother!" And when the end shall come and the fitful scurrying we call life is over, I want nothing so much as that mother shall rock me to sleep.

Happy, indeed, are you my friend, if your memory of the departed mother is saddened with no vain regret. Perchance your mother lives and waits to welcome your return home; and you may wear the red flower instead of the white on the day set apart as Mother's Day. Blessed are you beyond any power of yours to comprehend if you are still permitted to pay your tribute to the living in loving devotion for all that she has suffered for you. Be assured that she is the truest friend you have; her love is the "love that never faileth." She will not see your unworthiness; and though all the world may assail you, she is steadfast and true.

The thoughts that fill the hour before my discouragement, hopeful and unselfish. Thank God for that. It is the character-saving counter influence to the tawdry trend of the frivolous times in which we live.

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER

When all the pleasant years have passed,

And pretty curls are straight and grey;

When Beauty's haven is eclipsed

By care-worn straw, which betrays

Her faithfulness and love in days gone by.

When I have yielded to the world,

And felt its joys, its cares, its fears,

While she in patience lives and loves,

I wonder if I'm worth her tears.

And all the love that she has spent on me.

The world has lures I don't resist,

And many pitfalls strewn between,

But when I kiss her precious lips,

My heart becomes all pure and clean.

Her early beauty turns to loveliness,

Her joy is all revealed beneath her sigh.

And when again I rest beside her knee,

I feel at last the thrill of happiness.

CARTERVILLE COMMUNITY HIGH GIVES OPERETTA

On Friday evening, May 1st, the students of the C. C. H. S. under the leadership of Miss Lucille Clifford, teacher of music, gave a very excellent musical program. The Carterville High school is to be congratulated on its fine talent. Miss Clifford, the instructor, is a graduate of the S. I. N. U.

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We extend the services of the store to the students of the S. I. N. U. You may find it convenient to cash a check, use the phone, leave your luggage, wrap a parcel for mailing or meet a friend.

(Pictorial Review Patterns)

Phone 196

Why be worried with that worn-out lawn mower? See the new line of mowers at our store:

H. O. HALL & COMPANY
Phone 233
I is so easy to let little things go by because they are little. But accomplished in all whom your courtesy is fond memories. BE means so

While that. though campus, be

BB station Congress, in honoring our mothers?

in his button-hole a red or white rose in honor of his

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that. though. it. That is not impossible to define as no word or group of words is adequate to explain its full meaning. A general
definition in part is as follows: "A mother is one who
gives up for her children, one who makes the greatest
sacrifice. One who shields her children from wrong, one who always
for-gives them and the one who alone fully understands them. A
mother is glad to lay down her life for her offspring if she thinks
she can save them amount to the same thing. This
is only a very weak definition of the word. No man or
woman has been able to give the full and utmost meaning of the word. I believe that no one will ever be able to give to the world all the meanings that these two syllables hold.

"Mother" is the one and greatest delight of all belonging to her. She is the one that is set up as a model by her children. What is the joy one can hope for as he comes back home after some years or even some months of absence? Who is the one who brings her children back to the straight and narrow path if they have wandered away from it? Who is the greater loved, the mother or the "father"? The mother is the reply to all the above queries. Why? Just each one of us should ask ourselves that question. We would be able to answer it, without hesitation. Probably each one of us would have a different answer, but eventually it amounts to the same thing.

This Sunday America will celebrate "Mother's Day." It will be a very joyous day for those whose mothers are living, and a very lonely day for those whose mother is just a sweet and loving memory of the past.

Some of us have mothers living, but we do not wholly appreciate them. In conclusion, a bit of advice is extended to the readers of this editorial, i. e. you that still have mothers living, all you can do to make them happy and you will live in happiness, for the things that you do to gladden their hearts will come back to you later to gladden your heart. Let every day be your mother's day, a day on which she knows by your consideration and filial respect for her that you appreciate her love, her labor, her sacrifice. Your slogan every day should be Save Mother as many steps as possible.

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A WORD TO THE WISE

Out in the civilian world on Mothers' Day every man wears
in his button-hole a red or white rose in honor of his mother. This is one of the most beautiful customs that we have but, unfortunately, we of the Regiment are denied this outward manifestation of our love and respect. Custom decrees that the uniform shall be undamaged except by certain medals awarded by Congress, and there seems to be little chance at this late date of Congress awarding us each a rose. As the Seamanship Department would say, "What do?" How add our bit on that day in honoring our mothers? It is not a hard question to answer. We can write the best letter that we know how and send it so that she will get it Sunday morning, when she will no doubt be thinking of her boy as only mothers can. Let it be such a letter that she will know that we think of her as much as she does us, that always in our thoughts and memories she stands first, that words are really inadequate to say what we most wish to, and that, though we may show no rose in our button-hole, in our hearts we will wear a fair rose, a fair rose of love tinted with fond memories.

BE COURTEOUS

In your home, on the street, in your classroom or on the campus, be courteous! It takes so little effort on your part and means so much to those you meet. It gladdens the one toward whom your courtesy is directed, and if only you would believe, it makes you happier for having done it.

You do not have to be born in some high-bred family and accomplished in all those nice mannerisms of a hypocritical world! While they are admirable if sincerely done, they are not all important. Courtesy is an innate quality made up of respect and consideration for others which is present in a greater or less degree in the lowest of us. Where we fall is in not showing it. It is so easy to let little things go by because they are little. But these are the things which count. They are not only little acts of kindness in themselves, but they brighten the whole world. At its best this world which we live in is a sordid one, and courteous is one of those things which take away some of this sordidness.

Boys, it will raise you two notches in every girl's estimation if you just tip your hat when you meet them—the ones you know, of course. Our teachers also deserve a respect which we do not always accord them. Most of us will be teachers some time, with the situation reversed, and this fact will come home to us. The age of chivalry may have passed, but we can show that some of the spirit is yet here!

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OUTFITTERS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Read The Egyptian
MOTHERS

For she has given her all on Earth and more in Heaven—Byron.

A few years ago a gorgeous reception was given in honor of a great man. The toastmaster, a statesman, a financier and a scientist, paid him a tribute in glowing terms. At last he was asked to say a few words pertinent to his phenomenal success. He had prepared a great speech attributing his miraculous rise to this and that, but when the final moment arrived he arose, his eyes fixed on an aged and grey head in the balcony; emotion choked his words and he raised his glass to a toast:—To her—My mother!

With a sacrificial nobility all other our mothers have been the weightiest factors in the moulding of our lives. They have fostered our ambitions, allayed our fears and exalted our hopes; the first to applaud, the last to condemn. They are our great haven of refuge when all else fails, willing at any time to take a lonely place to serve us. To their everlasting glory, this powerful country fails, willing.

Mothers’ Day has been set aside as a day for everyone to lay his tribute at the feet of one who is nobler than the noblest—his mother. Let us, then, on this day fill our hearts with a longing to live in a larger, better, and nobler way. To you, mothers of America, you who work in spheres of sublime service—we salute you!

WRITE TO MOTHER

Sunday is Mother’s Day. The best that each one can do is to write a generous sized letter to mother. It is easy to write, to call up the florist and tell him to send flowers, to send a present, but what mothers want most is that thoughtful letter in which you tell her what she means to you and what you are doing from day to day. If mother cannot be written to then tell Dad that you love him. There is nothing so important that it should take the place of mother, her love, her prayers, her well-wishes. Write her today.

Last Tuesday evening the Socratic play cast motored to Anna to see the play, “The Whole Town’s Talking” as presented by the Anna Junior High School. Many helpful suggestions were derived by the visit. Members of the cast making the trip were: Viola Gaskins, Pearl White, Ruby Baine, Maude Hood Brandon, Lorraine Sawyer, Flora Clark, George Calhoun, Charles Faulkner, James Gollet, Lewis Ed Williams, Mary Kincheloe and Sam Howe. Others who made the trip but are not in the play cast were Lucille Liptrop, Oliver Redd, Ralph Knight, Nellie Hudspeed, “Hud” Miller, Curtis Tress, Dorothy Furr and Mr. Frank Hayden. The cheerleaders were, Miss Trevillion, Miss Steagoll, Miss Hardin, Mrs. Clive and Mr. Hall.

YOU, MOTHER!

By John Frederick Mason

Ab, mother, when I think of you,
A languid love begins to flow,
Sweet memories of the long ago!
While thinking of your kindness true,
My somber skies turn brighter hue.
Your love I know,
Dear mother mine.
And now I feel how noble, grand,
The sacrifices made for me.
You brav’d the fate of storm-terror’d sea.
And leaving loved ones on the strand
Joined life and death with mother hand.
That life might be,
Oh mother love!
Then calmly through the trying years
You gave far more than I can guess,
A load you bore in humbleness.
You eased life’s heartaches, dried life’s tears.
A victory of faith o’er fears
Was your casare,
My mother dear.
And heavy on my heart has lain
Each lesson filled with thought and care.
You taught to work, to do, to dare.
To share another’s toil and care.
That one must give, if he would gain;
To “be, not to seem, the noblest”.
It’s suffered, tried, to know the tinsel.
“Was your pensance, my mother dear.”

What Mother Thinks

While walking down a crowded street the other day
I heard a little archin to another turn and say:
“Say, Chimmie, let me tell you, I’d be happy as a clam
If I was only the fellar that me mudder tinks I am.
“She tinks I am a wonder, an’ she knows her little lad
Could never mix ’thout mutin’ dat was only mean or bad.
Oh, lots o’ times I sit an’ tink how nice ‘twould be, gee whiz!
If a fellar was de fellar dat his mudder tinks he is.”
My friend, be yours a life of toil or unadorned joy,
You can still learn a lesson from this small unlettered boy:
Don’t try to be on earth a saint, with your eyes fixed on a star;
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.
—Author Unknown

Fresh: “If I go to the show I’ll have to cut two classes.”
Soph.: “That’s all right. You can make up sleep any time.”

THE BITTERNESS OF DISAPPOINTMENT

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Golden Moments

THE MONKEY
By Nancy Campbell

I saw you hunched and shivering on the stones
The bleak wind piercing to your fragile bone,
Your shabby scarlet all inadequate;
A little ape that had such human eyes—
They seemed to hide behind their miseries—
Their dumb and hopeless bowing done to fate—
Some puzzled wonder—Was your monkey soul
Sickening with memories of gorgeous days,
Of tropic playfellows and forest ways,
Where, agile, you could swing from bole to bole
In an enchanted twilight with great flowers
For stars; or on a bough the long night hours
Sit out in rows, and chatter at the moon?
Shuffling you went, your tiny chilly hand
Outstretched for what you did not understand;
Your puffed and mornful face begging a boon
That but enslaved you more. They who passed by
Saw nothing sorrowful; gave laugh or stare,
Unheeding that the little antics there
Played in the gutter such a tragedy.

OUR MOTHERS
Kate Douglas Wiggin once said,
"Most of all the other beautiful things
in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of rows,
stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers
and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the world."
We have set aside one day in the year
To honor our mothers. But it is not
the only day upon which our mother
deserves honor. Mothers' Day is just
To remind us that every day is
the requisites of social
training.

To our mothers we owe our lives.
This is obvious, but it is the obvious
that we are in danger of forgetting.
With life our mothers have given us
our strength of body and mind and
soul. Scientists are now telling us
that heredity is now ten times
more important than environment or
training. Our mothers’ lives have
been transmitted to us.

To our mothers we owe the most
important part of our education. We
may go to schools which our mothers
never saw, we may read books which
our mothers cannot understand, we
may think thoughts which to
don't understand, but the most
important results of education are
not what we know but what we are.
The most important years in the making
of one's character are the first
nine years of his life. It is then that
obedience is learned, which is the
foundation of organized society;
gentleness of speech and consideration
of the rights of others are learned,
which are the requisites of social
intercourse; an attitude of reverence
and habits of prayer are learned,
which are the foundations of nobleness;
the disposition is formed which
must forever be the measure of our
happiness. The bent of our whole
life is received then from our
mothers.

To our mothers we owe our homes.
There is no other word that touches
the heart and calms the soul like the
word home. Mother makes the home.
Without a mother a home is but
barren halls and empty spaces. Her love
gives the home its warmth and color,
her sympathy sweetens the atmos-
phere that breathes through every
room, her presence is the light that
floods every corner and transforms
the humblest cottage into a royal
mansión.

The greatest gift our mothers have
given us is their love. We cannot live
without love, and mother's love
never
fails. We are what we are because
our mothers have loved us. Mother
has sacrificed for us when we did not
know. Perhaps she is sacrificing for
us now as we do not understand.
How beautifully Victor Hugo reveals the
spirit of motherhood: "She broke
the bread into two fragments, and
gave to the children, who ate with
satiety: 'She has kept none for her-
self,' grumbled the sergeant. 'Be-
cause she is not hungry, said a sol-
dier. 'Because she is a mother,' said
the sergeant.'

We never can pay our mothers
what we owe them. Mothers wish no
pay. They would be the last to ad-
mis; that they have given everything
for which they should be paid. If
mother has gone to a better world,
let us thank God that we had her so
long. If mother still lives to bless us,
SEASON'S CHIMES

Spring-time is calling me,
(Why Study?)
Green fields enthralling me,
(Why Study?)
Just a little time to play,
Then a long, long time away,
Life may leave us but a day,
(Why Study?)

Summer's coming very soon,
(Why Work?)
Crickets play a happy tune,
(Why Work?)
Nature flings to me her gold,
Hides from me the crumbling mold.
Whispers, "You cannot grow old,"
(Why Work?)

Autumn's coming by and by,
(Why Worry?)
Golden days and smoky sky,
(Why Worry?)
Drifting, ever drifting on,
Life and love will soon be gone,
Caution, heedless happy one.
(Why Worry?)

Winter's here with frozen smile,
(Too Late!)
Grant me just a little while,
(Too Late!)
I have played my life away,
Nothing I can do or say
Brings me back a single day,
(Too Late!)
—Gertrude A. Dodd.

MOTHER'S DAY MEMORIES

My mother's mem'ry is calling me
From that dim and shadowy land.
And ever as the years bear heavy,
More strong is her guiding hand.

Like flowers lain on her silent grave,
Like incense burned at a shrine,
We offer our love on Mother's Day,
To acknowledge her love divine.

Mother we cannot repay with days,
For a lifetime of love and care.
But we sing to the world thy praises,
For the one in our life most fair.

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The new "Straws" are here
$1.50 to $4.50
Latest in Shirts—all colors
$1.00 to $3.25

F. B. SPEAR
THE EGYPTIAN

MOTHER, THE LIVING MANIFESTATION
(Continued from page 1)

a complete circle of all the peaks, ignored the bogs and thickets, leaped the bottomless abysses and has in her mind a free panorama of the whole proposition.

To the true, noble, self-sacrificing mothers of the race we owe all that we have been and are and hope to be. Father furnishes the wherewithal to pay the bills, but mother's gentle, generous, refining influence fashions us into whatever we may finally become as examples of manhood or womanhood. Whatever of the dross that is ignored the bogs and thickets, leaped the bottomless abysses and expelled from our characters by the refining and tempering operations of life is due to mother's influence and mother's prayers.

Let us all read a new and holier meaning into the simple ceremony of Mother's Day this year. Let us observe the day with a spirit of reverence.

FACTS ABOUT ILLINOIS
Nickname—"Stocker" or "Prairie".
Motto—"State Sovereignty — National Union."
State Flower—Wood violet (chosen by legislation).
Area—56,665 square miles, (23rd in rank).
Population—9,900,000 (3rd in rank).
Percentage of illiteracy—3.4.
Settled—1772.
Entered union—1818.
Capital—Springfield; pop., 66,000; (Largest city, Chicago; pop., 2,900,006.)
Governor—John G. St. Clair.

Government—Legislature consists of a Senate of 51 members and a House of representatives of 133 members. Represented at Washington by 2 senators and 27 representatives.
Governor—Len Small, Rep. Term four years; salary, $12,000.

Products—Iron, steel, machinery, furniture, motor cars, flour, woolen goods, vegetables, fruits, grain, livestock, coal, oil and natural gas.
Politics—In 1924 presidential election Republicans polled 1,484,321 votes, Democrats 576,775 and Third Party, 432,027; electoral vote was Republican, 29.

MY MOTHER

When the misty, wistful greying twilight
Softly spreads over the cares of day,
Through the dusky haze of the deep-dying light
She steals a dear form in the far-away
The soft shades of the light are beaming
Over her features sweet and calm,
On her face is a look of yearning
For a boy who is far from home.

In her eyes glows a look so tender
For the absent one far away.
Knows he not that thus he wanders
He breaks this heart so soft and dear?

From the tiny, clutching, helpless child
She moulded with infinite care,
Giving her life, each tear and each smile
That he might have no pains to bear.

Fell of unselfish, blindlike devotion.
Gaze lovingly on her aging frame,
And in this world's unceasing commerce
Let us stop and honor her name.

There in the greying, waning twilight
When the dim lamps are burning low
She sits alone with her dreams so bright;
Some day, some how, may each come true.

THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE FOR ME

You see, Mub, I've been thinking more
Of things that ought to be,
And I've found a newer, truer thanks
For the things you've done for me.

Perhaps you've thought in years gone by,
As you'd toil and lovingly plan,
That I was receiving them all—unmarked,
That I never would see—as a man,
And you must have wondered and

patiently pondered,
When the other wind came in my teens
And bore me away to drossily play
And cast my pearls in the dross.

But you kept on wooing and constantly doing,
Till my sails were furled from the drive,
And I crossed the bar by the light of the star
Which you and the things that you did keep alive.

And now I have got, from these doings of yours,
A ship and a wind of my own
With which I am going to travel and trade,
That my doings for you may be known.

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