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Egyptian Staff

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STORY TELLING

By Miss Kate Vick (Training School Critic Teacher.)

Next to literature, history is the greatest story book in the world, and the source from which the best stories have been drawn. Excellent stories have been woven around some of the great historical characters. Wyche says "To one void of imagination, the richest material in history would be but a valley of dry bones; but he whose imagination pierces the shell of appearance gets at the inner significance of things, and he can breathe on the valley of bones and they will arise and become living people."

Frederick Harrison in his "Choice of Books" has said: "The most useful help to reading is to know what we shall not read, what we shall keep from that small, cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of information, which we can call our ordered patch of fruit bearing knowledge."

Now the statement applies to the selection of our stories. We must set up a standard of principles to use as the basis for our selection.

Has the story something which is in common with the life and experience of the listeners? Has it a familiar back ground? Does it deal with familiar objects or actions? Not all the characters nor all the adjustments of the story need to be those which the child already knows by experience, but there must be some common ground from which a start may be made. Little children love stories of the home and of the home industries, of school, of children, of pets and animals. The experience portrayed in the stories should be such as they can conceive and imagine-appropriately, or such as they can safely experience. There should be nothing reflected in the story which the inquisitive child may not probe to the very bottom, without coming upon knowledge too mature for him.

Every good story is made up of essentials as necessary to its structure as bone and muscle to the human frame. A good story should have a beginning, middle, and end. It is series of related incidents, each one illuminating the other and converging upon the climax. Unity, action, sequence and climax should make up the construction of a story.

Every story should present a sound and beautiful organization. If it is a short story, it should go to its climax by a direct and logical easy to see through, containing very little of the element of suspense and only a legitimate amount of the element of surprise.

Three good examples of little children's stories are: "The Three Bears," "The Three Little Pigs," and "The Old Woman and Her Pig." In these stories we find three marked characteristics of a good story action, familiar images and some degree of repetition. Every step in each story is an event, something happens all the time. The stories tell what people did and what they said. Each event presents a distinct picture to the imagination, and that these pictures are made out of very simple elements, usually familiar to the child. The third characteristic found in these stories is repetition. The stories abound in repetition. They are happy to find after a toilful alertness, some familiar phrase repeated again and again. This serves to lessen the strain of attention.

Another very important qualification which should be required of the story told to children, is that it should be written in good literary form. Since one of the objects of story-telling is to cultivate a taste for good literature, the story chosen should not only be tellable in its form and true in its essence, but it should be written in pure simple English, fitted to the thought expressed. When the story teller learns her story thoroughly and becomes so at home in every essential detail, the style of the writer will be assimilated and so bound up with the story itself, that the literary qualities will be retained and their essence imparted to the orally reproduced story.

With all the interest that is manifested throughout the country, story-telling is not doing its most vital work, because so little thought is given to the selection of material, so little study to the response of children who hear the tales, and the effect upon them. Before even half of its possibilities can be realized, those who tell stories must know the story interest of childhood and the natural demands of boys and girls, not only because they are beautiful in theme and language and embody high ideals, but because they are fitted to the psychological period of the child who is to hear them. Each tale selected must contribute something definite toward the mental, moral or spiritual growth of the child, just as each pigment chosen by an artist must blend into the picture to help make a beautiful
and perfect whole.

The child's interest in "The Three Bears," "Cinderella," "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Beauty and the Beast" is a "better guide to us than the opinion of the overwise adults in determining the literature he shall have." The stories that gave special delight and inspiration were those "that lived while others were forgotten," and "we have today the best of the world to choose from."

"Having chosen the right kind of story our next step is to tell it in the best manner possible. Aside from the matter, order, and ease of manner, there are two absolute essentials to successful story-telling, viz.: a thorough knowledge of the story and forgetfulness of self. Sarah Cone Bryant says, "The most fundamental rule of all is: Know your story. Supply the vase, but the story may be spoiled by the manner of telling. A good story told by a master of the art will be a source of delight, while the same story told by a self-conscious, poorly prepared person, will be annoyingly tiresome."

Before we can tell any story in the best way, we must have as a prerequisite a genuine appreciation of the story. After we have formed this genuine appreciation, the first step in the preparation for telling it must be a thorough knowledge of the story. This does not mean that we must memorize word for word, but the substance of the story must be made your own. Formulate its plan or outline. What is its climax? What are the essential facts leading to this climax? How do they follow in order to bring about the final surprise? The ending, after the outline is well fixed in our minds we may begin to fill in details. It is well in the preparation of a story for telling, to note the phrases of expression which exactly fit the thought and memoryize them. Think the story over, again and again, until it becomes a personal possession, something which you know. Repeat the story mentally, until you become so familiar with the literary style, that you could, scarcely tell that particular story in any other form. If you are reading the story orally, first to an imaginary audience, then to the real audience, who you hope will appreciate your efforts.

In the preparation of story-telling the mastery of pauses is important. The pauses should come at the story-teller, as does everyone else, "naive pause a hundred times a day," but he is inclined at first to over-talk its "part in story-telling. He should learn to pause to make clear not only the divisions of single sentences, but pauses between sentences, setting, action, resolution, and close. Pause is one of the simplest and most effective means of emphasis."

The story and the audience should be the only things of which the story-teller takes note. A consciousness of one's self spoils all. This self consciousness may be betrayed by a nervous twirling of a handkerchief, a twisting of the hair, an arrangement of the hair or dress. Forget yourself, become so interested in your story that you can think of nothing else, except your audience. Give yourself perfect liberty and as you watch your audience's reception, omit any nervousness as you see the need arise, but you can only do this if you know your story. The changes made should all be kept in harmony with the style of the original narration, and used only in order to stimulate or to arouse your hearers to a quicker perception or a better understanding.

A story should never be hurriedly told, as more than it should be hurriedly prepared. Take time to bring out the essence of the tale. Impress the beauty of the description, to enhance the humor of the situation. The story-teller may not as a rule require special training in the use of the speaking voice, but it is essential that she enunciate easily, clearly and agreeably. Often a story-teller is prone to give her interpretation of the story. Certainly the teller must possess and feel the story, but she must not try to put into what does not belong there. What is wanted is the story, not the story plus the teller's interpretation. Often the teller puts the story in the mind of anyone who will get the story clearly in mind. What is precisely, wrong, is to strive to point out a moral. If the hearer becomes conscious of the teller's effort to interest himself in the hearer's mind, to try to get more out of the story than there is in it and that the teller is trying to influence him to accept a personal interpretation of the story, the interest becomes divided between the story and the teller.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

About four o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, immediately upon the adjournment of the faculty meeting, I witnessed from my position in a third floor window a destructive sight.

"My attention was drawn to the door of the hall by the chatter and laughter of some five or six of the younger faculty members, apparently nothing very serious had been discussed at this meeting for they seemed to be the very free-minutes.

With but little hesitation after the observation of "the last steps they boarded a Buick and a backward movement was created. Now as it happened the Doctor's shiny little sedan was parked in the turn of the drive about twenty yards from the Buick. Miss - , the Buick was making its way from the left side of her car but she couldn't see what was on the right side for the back of it.

All seemed to be going well with them until a sudden bump and jolt, the shrill screams of the ladies, the whistle of escaping air from an unlucky tire, the clanker of steel, and the crash of tin, they became well aware that all was not well.

It was an exciting moment, all passengers sprung from their seats as though they had been thrown, for the horrible and destructive sight. It was quite evident that the Ford had received the worst end of the noble affair, its brakes having been well set and the Buick hanging at all of the force.

The main defects of the toughed up sedan after the unintended coming together were a front fender crushed, a tire bursted, and the radiator slightly disfigured, thus leaving it a sort of pigeon-tied contraption.

Miss Caldwell soon arrived however, but no cutting remarks passed between the accidentist and the accidenter. Thence the garage man was called who required the afflicted concerns to a place of recreation where it remained as long as it stayed there.

But the final conclusion between Miss Caldwell and Miss - was ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

ERNEST DOUVY BEAUTY

A NICE, LARGE VASE

Earl Y. Smith tells the following story on Earl Ernest Downing, who at one time was a Senior at the Southern Illinois Normal University. Downing was attending school during the summer term following the spring term of school that saw his high school graduated, and made up his mind that a beautiful vase would make a most appropriate present for this said affinity and so asking me to go with him we made a special trip to the ten cent store to make the purchase. Earl, upon seeing a vase sitting bottom side up on the show case said, "This is a queer vase it hasn't any opening at the top." Then turning the vase up the other way, said, "Well, don't you know what 'it'd look like any bottom in it either?" Earl Ernest afterwards laughed heartily over his experience as a vase buyer.

Just imagine a young man going up to a young lady's house some evening in Carbondale and reciting this little piece of poetry:

Tell me, anything, tell me dear,
Will you try me for a year?
Then have a fellow on the inside raise the window and stick his head in and say, "Shhoo, you crazy freak, I'm on trial here for a week."

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ENTSMINGER'S
WHEN THIRSTY
FINE CANDIES AND ICE CREAM
The date was April 18, 1918. We were on board the Princess Matouoka, a large troopship, which had been captured by the English and turned over to the Americans, who repaired the injury done it by the Germans before surrendering. The repairs having been completed we raised anchor and in company with fourteen other transports, one battleship and a patrol boat, started for somewhere in Europe.

We were eight days out when my story starts. The weather was fine and the sea smooth. The monotony of the voyage had been broken only once, and that by the sight of a few whales, spouting, in the distance. But on the eighth morning we awoke to find a change in the motion of the ship. It no longer rose and sank with the ease and grace we had so much admired and enjoyed. Instead there was a sickening instability, absorbable of the floor of our hatch, that was very exasperating, and caused an indescribable feeling of uneasiness, a feeling which was neither fear nor homesickness, yet a combination of both. I replied from my bunk to the floor, still holding with one hand as I put my face down on the other. I then secured my belt with a canteen, at all times. The latter was examined each day by an officer to make sure it was filled with fresh water.

Then, starting up the hatchway on my way to the main deck, I distinctly remember that the steps were trying to sink from under me; to leave me suspended in mid-air. Then they came up and deliberately tried to hit me in the face. I had a few from one step to place it on the one above. It came up and met me too soon; sank from under me or unevenly slipped to one side. All this I was clinging to the wave, treacherous chain with one hand while the other was steady but firmly supporting that portion of my anatomy known as my abdomen. I was sick. Not sea-sick, for one of my friends, who had sailed two or three times on Lake Michigan, and knew all about hearing such things, had told him how to prevent seasickness. He told me to look over the side of the boat at the waves for hours each day, and I would be immune from that awful condition. I religiously followed his advice and up to this time had been fit and fine.

But now I was sick and I wondered what was wrong. I thought, if I could only reach the deck where the air was fresh and cool I would improve. So putting forth all my strength and energy I at last emerged above the sea. But such a deck, it was rising and falling, now at an angle of zero, new forty-five degrees. It was moving faster, farther and in more different directions than had the steps moved. A gale was raging through the rigging, and it was cold and wet. The whole ship seemed possessed by some evil spirit. The ropes and timbers reeked with odors of unclean stagnant water.

I slowly and cautiously moved across the slippery deck to where the men were being given their mess. The meal was one potato, jacket on, plus one mess-kilt full of tapioca per head. No seconds. I do not now recall seeing anyone eating. I do remember, however, how some had moved to the rail and slowly poured their breakfast overboard. My friend, Bob Swartz, who was noted for awkwardness, stepped where some tapioca had been spilled. Just as the deck started on one of its ascensions. They met and Bob distributed his tapioca among some half dozen soldiers who were near and was usually cursed for his generosity.

I shall never forget the breakfast given me that morning. The potato had a knot on one end which resembled a frog's head. And as I looked closer the whole potato took on the shape of a big fat toad. I could almost see it wink its eyes as it slipped back and forth across my mess kit with the rocking of the boat. I expected any moment to see it jump from my kit and go hopping off. And for the first time I noticed how tapioca, which resembles frog's eggs, resembles frog's eggs. This resemblance recalled to mind the days of my youth; when my sister and I, with bare feet waded the brook which flowed through our woods lot. I remember how with bare toes we chased the old toad from the warm shallow pools; how with a stick I would raise aloft long slings of its legs, how we gazed at these and wondered how they became tadpoles, then frogs.

"At this point in my narration I became aware of an unpleasant sensation in my stomach. That awful feeling of emptiness had gone. It now seemed full, too full. I dropped my mess kit; spilled the tapioca. The potato rolled across the deck. And amidst cries of, "Make way there, give him room," I rushed to the rail.
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UNION CO. STUDENTS ENJOY ANNUAL PICNIC

Listen! Here is a splendid story of how the Union County folks en-joyed last Thursday evening. Talk about "Eats!". You never saw so many good things.

First of all we went to the east side of the campus and found a large group of splendid looking ladies, who formerly lived in Union county. We were delighted most to see the many baskets and boxes sitting around, as we knew what they contained.

Some one told our President what was in the baskets and he began to say he hadn't eaten a bite of supper and was so hungry, he could eat baskets and all. As soon as the supper was spread he soon proved, to the on-lookers he knew perfectly well how to feed his face.

Of course you will want to know what the many delicacies on the table were. I will now proceed to state them; although the writer not so much her memory is very badly impaired. But as well as I remember there were many kinds of sandwiches, salads of all kinds, fried chicken, (yum, yum, yum) pickles, pie, cake and many other good things.

I must not forget to speak of the delicious ice cream served after lunch. The boys who filled the boxes weren't very saving with the cream for every one who received one was given three stories of cream. If any one wishes to know how much three stories of cream is just go ask Mr. Lee Perril, our president, for he ate some where between ten and twelve cones. Don't ask him how he felt for I am sure you could have told if you saw him Friday morning.

Mr. W. O. Brown was present and he was so hungry, he ate with both hands for fear that Mr. Goddard would get his share of the eats, but I am sure we can excuse Mr. Brown for he really did look hungry. I am quite sure Mrs. Brown didn't let him eat any supper before leaving home for they brought so many delicious eats with them.

The closing of this event was a race for the main building for some shelter for it began to rain and many of the members of the picnic desired some more cream. Mr. Bishop and Mr. Hinkle were put at the cream can to fill cones three times high.

So now if you are from Union county or ever lived there and want a square meal just come to our annual picnic supper, which will be continued.

SUE ELLAN LAY GOES TO CHICAGO

Will Have Personal Interview With "Peg O'My Heart Star"

Sue Ellen Lay, taking the leading part in Zetetic spring entertainment play, went to Chicago Friday night to see her part in "Peg O'My Heart" played by the professional actress, Miss Laurette Taylor. Arrangements have been made for Miss Lay to have an interview with Miss Taylor, as well as see the play performed by a company that have played it since 1912. in London, New York and other large cities.

"It will undoubtedly be a wonderful help," says Miss Trivolion, "for Miss Lay to watch her part and pick out the finer points of technique although the cast is doing just as well as could be expected. This opportunity will be a boost that will lift them to a higher plane of good acting before. The play bids fair to be a great success, the cast is very enthusiastic as they are getting to the place where the drudgery is left behind and the real pleasure of acting is nearing the climax of perfection. They believe that this is to be the best play ever given at the S. I. N. U."

Mr. G. D. Wham delivered an address to the Graduating class of the MeLeanboro school last Friday evening.

Subscibe for The Egyptian.

HOUSE PARTY GRAND SUCCESS

Miss Ethel Keith Entertains Large Number of S. I. N. U. Friends at Beautiful Country Home Near Alto Pass.

The grandest event of the season took place last week and, in the form of a house party at the beautiful home of Miss Ethel Keith of Union county, for her Normal school friends.

Miss Ethel Keith assisted by Miss Pauline Gates entertained their many S. I. N. U. friends, royally. Nothing was lacking in making the whole affair a success.

Six o'clock dinner was served on the beautiful lawn, in front of the Keith home. After dinner, the crowd joined in various games and every one took part without exception. Later in the evening Miss Ethel Emmert entertained by singing many beautiful songs.

Sunday morning, the party journeyed to the huge cliffs by auto. Upon their arrival, they climbed to the summit of an overhanging cliff and there upon a large flat rock, set up a camp. A fire was kindled, and the entire party took a hand in preparing breakfast. When breakfast was over, we took a long drive over the winding road through the beautiful hills, before returning to the Keith home.

The remainder of the day was spent in amusement of various forms. Those present from Carbondale were:

- Olive Johnston  
Emma Snook  
Evelyn Keith  
Violet Lutz  
Wilma Delisi  
Edith Emmert  
Marion Blatter  
Carroll Moore  
Leland Lingle  
Nellie Thies  
Claire Carr  
Guy McLain  
Betul Eidlidge  
Max McCormack  
Earl Taylor  
Arlene Chappee  
Pauline Gates  
Lois Keith  
Herman Reid  
Ruth Keith  
Ted Carson  
Florenc Hufman  
Earl Tarrogmorn  
Jayne Gerlach  
Mary Wiggin  
DeWitt Roberton  
Floccie Hugler  
Lucille Cambell.

EXAMs. FORREDIT

Cowdy's Grammar  
C Grammar, June 13, 7:30 to 9:00 A.M.  
B Grammar, June 14, 7:30 to 9:00 A.M.

Kittredge And Farley.  
Adv. Grammar, June 15, 7:30 to 9:00 A.M.

WORK.  
Work! Work! Work!  
Seldom ever shirk.  
Never quirk, quirk.  
When a 'lacker,  
Wants to jerk  
Grit your teeth,  
Roll your sleeves and—  
Work! Work! Work!

An out of town visitor said the Normal campus is the prettiest part of Carbondale.

Carbondale Candy Kitchen  
Manufacturers of Candies and Ice Cream  
CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS

PROGRAMS.

Rural Club, June 9, 1921.
Music—Emma Sturm.  
Current Events—Eva Davis.  
Jokes—Evelyn Borrroughs.  
Music—Daisy Edwards.  
Optional—George Lichter.

Aga Club, June 8, 1921.
Music—Guy Davis.  
Correct Eating Habits—Violet Lutz.  
Essay—Grace Keller.  
Reading—Guerney Nugent.  
Talk—Louis Oder.  
Optional—Ralph Krupp.

Y. M. C. A., June 14, 1921.
The last regular meeting of the year.

Zetetic Society, June 10, 1921.
Senior Program. A surprise.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Did you folks know that there was going to be a special program at the Socratic Literary Society Friday night? It's a Junior night and a good program is going to be given. SO COME OUT.

The program is as follows:

Reading—Evelyn Davis.  
Music—Norma Keen.  
Optional—Vay Griffith.  
Reading—Halcyon Glane.  
Music—Edward Zeller.  
Stunt—Rolie Welker.  
Talk—Lyndon Hancock.

CARBONDALE CANDY KITCHEN

Manufacturers of Candies and Ice Cream

CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS
Earl Y. Smith: I think that it would be entirely proper for you to change your seat in Chapel from Section 3, Row X, seat 2, since you feel that you cannot keep "from talking to the "brown-eyed little girl," as you call her, during devotional exercises. No, I can't see that there was any harm in her borrowing your Egyptian. Yes, you did the right thing in marking her absent, even at the risk, as you say, of incurring her displeasure.

Isaac Lavender: No there is no way in which you can increase your height, without impairing your health. You say that you would like to keep company with some of the larger girls, but that on account of your size they don't seem to take you seriously. I suspect, from your letter, that you will always have this trouble trying to make people take you seriously. Yes, it is true that the young girls with whom you new company will soon grow into larger girls. The marriageable age in this state is 16. I believe, if you have the parents consent. Yes, I am married.

Anna Mary McCready: I would suggest that since the young man is so poetical you study up on poetry so that you will know some poems that contain more poetry than "Humph Dumpy."* * *

Hazel Rendleman: Of course it is not proper for you to entertain callers when you can't find a seat for them which would be more comfortable than the pump handle. I would advise you not let Leslie call again until you are sure that the porch swing is unoccupied.

James Bennett: I think Mary Peace would like you better if you joined the Elks. She is a splendid dancer, and you could win her heart by taking her to all the dances.

Agnes Layman: Since you have known Max Lollar so long it is all right for you to ask him to buy you an ice cream cone after Chapel. He will understand that you will pay him back when you get to teaching school.

Doc Foster: If you want a true likeness of yourself, I can recommend Blanche Jockum. Perhaps you have seen some of the society posters she has painted. She is a wonderful artist, and at present she is not having dates with anyone. This is your chance to win the heart of an artist.

Lena Bailey: Don't let Richard Tyner know how bad it's hurting you, because he treats you with such indifference. You have cut your hair now, its too late to worry about it. Don't cry over spilt milk. By the end of the summer term your hair will have grown so that you can do it up, if you use the Quick Lotion. * * *

Phil Gilbert: Sue Ellen Lay's brother really has a wonderful voice and because of this fact, he stands higher than you in Marjorie Burk- hart's estimation. However, be of good cheer, and take vocal lessons. He won't be in town forever. * * *

Belva Smith: Since you and Adam Reed are both taking French, it would be all right for you to do your courting in French. In that way, no one would be able to tell whether your case is serious or not. * * *

Selma Fulmer: If you wish to break your contract to teach Sioux City next year, do it at once. The superintendent of that place will be glad to let you off, especially, if you tell him that it is Crecel Plunkett who has caused you to change your mind. You are right, woman's place is in the home. * * *

John Watson: It is not at all surprising that you get the Sturn girls confused. Now, since you say you like Emma the best let me suggest that you ask her to wear a red rose in her hair every day.

Mildred Norris: Marvin Hamilton has a car, and is very liberal with it. Since you wish to have a case with some nice young man, who has a car, why not give him a trial? * * *

Myrth Draper: Even tho' you do room with a member of the faculty, I am sure she would not object to you having occasional dates with Guy Hong. He is a very interesting and interesting gentleman. He was King of the Campus Carnival, you know. * * *

Elva Trolivoll: Since you wish to be introduced to Dudley Herrin, ask Harold Fitchard of Myroog Brooks to introduce you. I am sure he is a very nice little boy, and if you tell him you like hersey's bars unadulterately he will buy you some.

Bernice Brinn: No wonder you expect to be so happy on June 2. We boys all know about it and expect to cherish it. You are eligible to have Rowena and Lawrence as your attendants.

Mr. Zeller. Yes, I think it would be all right for you to meet the train, next Friday eve. The young lady in question, you of course will recognize at once. You can soon tell whether you would care to further your acquaintance. I do think however that it will be necessary for you to wear a red rose, you might not want her to recognize you.—"CJ." E. B. Yes a new hair dress, flowers, people, bright lights and music, will do wonders for you when it comes to giving one the appearance of a debutante.

THE USUAL PLACE.

"Don't cry little boy, you'll get your reward in the end," said the kindly old gent. "I suppose so. That's where I always get it," said the boy.

NOW THEN, DEAR EDITOR

Now then, dear Editor, I think there is a general misunderstanding among people about my mishap with the train. Now then I want folks to know that I didn't really knock the engine off the track with my Dodge but the engineer saw me coming and got out of my way. I should have known to my feel people to know that I am more careful now and I always stop and count to 40 or so before I even start to cross the track especially if I feel a pre sen timent that a locomotive is approaching.

Yours for safety,
MAC C. TROVILLEON.

Now then, dear Editor, I wish you could help me convince Ursa that I do know the difference between pigs and cows. That was only a slip when I said that, but I can't make her believe that I really know better.

Yours in dead earnest, EMMA SUE SCOTT.

Now then, dear Editor, can't you think of something to say about me in the paper? Please, don't tell Emma. Sure I said so, but it nearly makes me jealous to see her name there so many times when mine so seldom appears. You know she and I are running a pretty close race so please don't let me lose out on the last.

Yours truly but rather discouraged.

URSALA.

Dear Editor: Some of the fellows are trying to be funny and saying I ate a pound of Sauer Kraut for supper and was sick next day. Now I'll admit I ate the Kraut but I was not sick. Years for Sauer Kraut,

CHAS. SATTGAST.

UNUSUAL FRAKTUS.
The two village trouble-makers had gotten into a row and the matter was up in court. Uncle Wash, an old gentleman of color, was a witness.

"Now, uncle," said the lawyer, "tell me just what conversation occurred."

"I can't. I'm remembering it all," replied the candid Wash, "except that each one was callin' the other what was.

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SOMETHING DOING EVERY SUNDAY

WHERE?
At the Christian Church of course.

U. S. JOHNSON, Minister.
Wanted—Somebody to tell Leland Lingle that I sure did have a good time with him at the House Party—O, dear, I never before had such a romantic time.

—Loretta Gerlach.

Wanted—All good looking girls who wish to take a sight seeing trip in Carbondale, to see me immediately. My assistant, David Halliday, will point out all the historical spots, and the boarding places of all the eligible young men. I am a careful driver, and only charge a dollar for a round trip ticket.

-Lyndsay Hancock.

Wanted—Someone to please tell Lynn McCormack that I am a man-hater but there is something I like about him.

—Mickey.

Wanted—A date with Mike Longin. Must take me to the picture show and buy me a cola-cola, no other requirements necessary.

—Myrtle Halberg.

Wanted—Some loving, kind man to have dates with me. My natural disposition is so cross and unhappy, that I don’t like to have it initiated.

-Happy Free.

Wanted—A nice little boy to carry toy violin case back and forth to school for me. In this hot weather the road seems so far and lonely. Applicant must be good-looking.

—Emily Rosdy.

Wanted—Some one to tell Leslie Snider’s father that I wish that he would make his son quit flirting with me.

—Florence Exby.

Wanted—Bad Deolin to give me private instruction on “How to win the Ladies’ Hearts.” I never have understood how some of the fellows got up the nerve to “strot out” as they do.

—Albert Kysial.

Wanted—A member of the Obelisk staff to tell me if there is a joke in the Obelisk about me and Leslie Chinn. He is so timid. I am afraid if there is a joke about us, the shock will be so great to him, that it will be disastrous to our mutual friendship.

—Edith Cooke.

Wanted—Some one to tell me why Bess McGuire is always talking to my Jack Wiley. If she thinks I don’t care, she is mistaken.

—Sue Ellen Lay.

Wanted—Clyde Conaster’s sister to please arrange a date for me with her brother.

—Mary Grant.

Wanted—Information concerning the “Art teacher from Carterville.” I sure do like her looks. She entered school last Tuesday. I have al

ways longed to pose for a good looking artist.

—John Watson.

Wanted—The person who borrowed my curling iron, to please return it at once. Pauline likes my hair curled much better than she likes it straight.

—Earl Taylor.

Wanted—George Weins to ask me to go to the Forum banquet with him.

—Maude Moore.

Wanted—Every one who is a true friend of mine to speak a good word for me to Helen Brayfield. She is so good looking.

—Leland Lingle.

Wanted—Information about the fellow I was with last Tuesday night.

—Laura Dilling.

Wanted—Six prize fighters here in Carbondale to lick postage stamps.

—Buck Dixon.

Wanted—A genuine good toothbrush to shine shoes with.

—George Ward.

ADVISOR:

Farewell, oh school of radiating fame!

Forever dear shall be your name.

When memories of victories and glories

Recall the ever delightful stories

Of, days of sport and frolic spent,

We silently brood and ever lament.

Many the hours of unceasing strain

Our struggles seemed in vain;

And eager for our foolish diversion

We were lured and tempted to derision.

But your promises of future fame,

And your valiant plea to remain

Guided our steps and our destiny planned,

And kept the spark of courage fanned.

These were days, toilsome and dull.

When our spirits seemed to fail,

But we struggled on with ambition

Trusting for our future mission

Hoping for an honorable destination.

Arrest for distinction in the eyes of our nation.

Thus ended our roll and despair, and now again our days are fair.

But the specter of strife and conflict

May we ever continue vanquishing;

Yearning for thee, dear S. I. N. U. We bid you farewell, adieu.

—O. E.

Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Mauer of Collinsville, were the guests of Ursula O’Connell and Emma Sue Scott last Thursday. Mrs. Mauer was formerly Miss Helen Balance of Venea, and attended school here in 1918.

Question—If a young boy is sent to the butcher shop with a nickel to buy five cents worth of liver, what does he get?

Answer—He gets six cents for another nickel.

A MODERN LOCHINVAR

“If I only could talk to her,” groaned Donald West, called by everyone who know him. “There she goes now with that sissy-faced idiot and I can’t get a word in edgeways.”

The object of these disagreeable words was a small will-o’-the-wisp girl, with flabby black hair which was the envy of all beholders and her own despair. Just now she was apparently absorbed in the handsome fellow beside her as he sent the grey racer fleetly down the street. I say, apparently, absorbed, for if Donald had not been so preoccupied in his own reflections he might have caught a wistful glance as she was carried by.

Don had “gone over” in the early stages of the war, long before America got into it. “So, you couldn’t change your usual feelings of that time had absolutely failed to see the need of his “getting mixed up in that mess” and they had parted with a coldness which had remained unbroken up to the present date. It was this thought that Don was wishing to break up.

Seeing that the present state of affairs was not likely to be improved by sitting there and waiting, Don departed for the city.

Once arrived and entering his hotel, he bumped into someone and heard, “Don’t you old roughneck. Why did you strike from ‘Jack, you’re the only one in this country I wanted and the last I expected to find.” The dimple deepened in the other’s eyes. “You, can’t blame me, but I want you to know what I’ve got your old best friend—Honest, the one we flie over there!” “You’re very same, all fixed up like new. Let’s hike for grub and we’ll talk it over.”

At dinner it was revealed that Jack’s father, a wealthy munitions manufacturer, had promised him an airplane. Through a rare streak of luck he had secured the one the two pals had flown in France. Don instantly accepted the offer to act as pilot and they laid plans for carrying passengers, mail, and parcel post.

During all this, Jack’s brown eyes had taken in all the carefully-revealed depressions of his friend. “Now that this stuff is out of the way, tell me all about yourself since I’ve seen you. Have you seen Her yet under pressure, it all came out. Jack’s eyes shone. “She mean that it’s Tom Lane’s daughter—” “Yes, exactly.” “Well, your troubles with him are over. He’s Dad’s best friend and my godfather.”

A few days later at the breakfast table, Mr. Lane spoke. “Rhoda, while I’m busy this morning how would you like to try joy riding in the air? A couple of fine young fellows are starting out in business and as I am quite interested in them I’d like to have your opinion of the outfit.”

Rhoda’s reply was so enthusiastic that at ten o’clock that same morning she was assisted into a waiting plane by a Mr. Jack Louden. The pilot was already in his place and
she heard the words to start given, "Contact? " "Contact." At the sound of the voice, Rhoda jumped. However all thoughts were driven from her mind as she realized that they were leaving, indeed, had already left the ground. After a few minutes of nervousness she began to relax and note the odd familiar shoulders in front of her. She was noting that they were clad in the uniform of a Lieutenant of the Royal Flying Corps when she saw that they were about to land.

No sooner was the plane stationary than the pilot climbed out and came to her. It could not be—it was. "Rhoda," said a determined voice, "get out." The dazed girl obeyed.

Sitting in a grassy spot near the plane he told her all about it. How he had gotten into the British flying corps and risen rapidly in rank. He did not mention his "V. C." How he had written and received no answer. How his mother had passed away during his absence and how unutterably lonely he was. Here Rhoda stopped him. She had received no letters and thought he had forgotten. She, too, had been alone and very softly, he was "The one man in the world." "But that other"—"was engaged to my cousin." After a long, rapt silence she inquired, "Don, where in the world did you get the idea of carrying me off like this?" Laughingly, he replied, "I had been reading that old poem about Lochinvar and he suggested that I modernize it. I have the license in my pocket. We will proceed to the next town, see a minister, order our baggage sent on and depart for our honeymoon, via airplane, to any spot in the old U. S. you care to visit."

**SOME BIRD DOG.**

"I had a bird dog once," the old sportsman observed, "that was really noteworthy. He never faltered on a point. One day I had him out for exercise in the park, when suddenly he pointed, rigid as a stone. I was puzzled. Was there was no possibility of game. The grass was close clipped. The dog had his nose straight on a man seated on a bench. I thought the man might have a live bird in his pocket, but no, the man was in his shirt sleeves. Then I had an idea."

"'Pardon me, sir,' I said, 'but would you mind telling me your name?'

"'No, I don't mind,' he replied. 'It's Partridge.'"

Mr. Chas. Combe of Harrisburg, visited the school Wednesday. Mrs. Combe was formerly Miss Myrtle Coker and taught in the Junior High School.

**A SLIPPERY WALK.**

A slippery walk,
A flash of hose,
A little squawk—
And down she goes.

A startled look,
A quick exam,
A crumpled book,
A whispered, "Damn!"

A quick arising
To her feet;
A few more steps
And then—repeat.

**A TOWERING TRAGEDY.**

Oh Ruth faln would I dance with thee
Or take thee out to tea
And you're willing servant be
And serve but thee.

You are the fairest of them all
And you above all others would I call
To go to any dance or ball
But stern propriety, which binds us all,
Binds me, and says you're too d—tail.

"What kind of a fellow is Smith?" asked Brown.

"He's the kind of fellow who spends half his time making promises and the other half making excuses for breaking his promises."
Zetetic Society Presents

“Peg o’ My Heart”

Tuesday Night, June 21

IN THE AUDITORIUM. THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS PROMPTLY AT 8 P. M.

PRICE 25c   RESERVED SEAT 35c

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE

CHARLEY’S AUNT

“From Brazil Where The Nuts Grow”

The Annual Socratic Spring Play to be given in the Auditorium June 20, 1921. All characters are stars in the dramatic work. We hope you are a doubting Thomas, then we will have the opportunity to convince you. Come and give us the chance. Watch for our ad in next week’s edition.