

4-22-1924

## The Egyptian, April 22, 1924

Egyptian Staff

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Volume 4, Issue 25

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### Recommended Citation

Egyptian Staff, "The Egyptian, April 22, 1924" (1924). *April 1924*. Paper 2.  
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# THE EGYPTIAN

Wheeler Li  
Southern Il  
State Normal U  
Carbondale

Read by Four Thousand Students Faculty and Friends of the School

Volume IV

Carbondale, Illinois, April 22, 1924

Number 25

## S. I. N. U. CLUB

The S. I. N. U. Club of the southwest division of the Illinois State Teachers' Association was organized on Friday afternoon, the last day of the teachers' meeting, 1923. Due to the lateness of the day and the small assemblage of S. I. N. U. students, it was decided to dispense with any sort of a social meeting for the time. About twenty-five or more students were present at this meeting and the only thing that was done was the election of officers, appointment of committees, and the laying of plans for the 1924 meeting. Ray C. Ford, principal of the McCray Dewey Township High School, Troy, Ill., was elected president of the association; Miss Dorothy Sams, an instructor in the city schools of East St. Louis, was elected secretary, and Miss Jean McMurty was elected treasurer.

### 1924 Meeting

The association met this year under favorable conditions. Prearranged plans had already been formulated and everything was ready for the banquet and meeting. The banquet was held at the Community House in East St. Louis, Friday evening, April 4 at 5:00 o'clock. About one hundred students or more were present at the banquet and a very impressive program was rendered consisting of musical numbers and talks.

Professor H. J. Alvis, principal of East St. Louis High School, and former S. I. N. U. student, in a few well chosen words welcomed the Club into his city and soon had us all feeling right at home. Mr. Alvis's talk was followed by a real old time (not so old either) S. I. N. U. girls club. These girls proved themselves exceptional artists and they were repeatedly called back by numerous encores. The principal talk of the evening was delivered by Professor Warren of S. I. N. U. Mr. Warren was warmly received by the Club and his talk was one of inspiration in which he enumerated the large number of things that an alumni could do for its Alma Mater. It is to be hoped that Professor Warren's remarks will not soon be forgotten and that the Club will aspire to some of the high ideals outlined by him. Mr. Ford, president of the club, was toastmaster.

The same officers and committees were retained for next year. The Association plans to make these meetings an annual affair and hopes that by next year to see something like a permanent alumni association started throughout the state.

## VARSITY NINE SWAMPED IN INITIAL BALL GAME

The Maroons playing their first baseball game of the year went up in a cloud of dust Saturday, and were beaten by the fast Cambria semi-pros, 13-0. The same team won the first game of the season from us last year, 8-1. Later, beat us 3-2, and then succumbed to the Maroons 4-3 in a Commencement week game. The College boys, Saturday, were without the services of third baseman, Birkner and right fielder, Hartley—both of whom were unable to make the trip. So far, efforts to uncover a catcher has been unavailing—so short-stop, Spangler, was designated as the best available back stop. Dunne, an outfielder, was moved to short.

The Maroons were lamentably weak at bat. The Cambria boys pounded Hinckley, McAndrew and Panky hard. Their excellent stick work, coupled with the Collegers boots, mental lapses and wild heaves, accounted for the unlucky 13 counters.

Hight first up for the Normal, walked. McAndrew hit into a double play. Purrell struck out. Hinckley struck Bush out. J. Stotlar rolled to McAndrew at third and was out at first. Brown went out via the same route. Dunne started the second inning for the Maroons by hitting thru short. Panky was safe at first when too many Cambria boys attempted to watch his pop up and dropped it. Panky was forced at second on Spanglers' roller. Asbury flied out and Dunne was thrown out at the plate attempting to score from third. Storme, first up, flied out to Clark.

The Socratic Society was glad to welcome so many new students last Friday night and invites you to come again and hopes you will soon become members. "Eventually, why not now."

The orchestra was out in full force and was greatly appreciated by all present. Much credit is due Mr. Buzbee in organizing an orchestra.

The program as a whole was good. The play "A Perplexed Situation" was one of the catchiest of little comedies, and proved to man that a woman could hold her tongue at least when there was to be a momentary reward for it.

Harvel singled, Elkins rolled to Hight who fumbled and then threw late to second and both men were safe. L. Stotlar struck out. With the count two and two, Clutts caught a fast one for two bases and both runners scored. Hinckley then fanned Farwell. A peculiar circumstance—Hinckley whipped three men in the inning—but a single, a mechanical error, and error of judgment coupled with it—and a double scored two men.

In the Maroons half of the third, Hinckley went out on a long fly, to third. Clark hit and reached second on a bad throw in. Hight and McAndrew were thrown out at first. Starting Cambria's half, Dush hit safely to right field. J. Stotlar was thrown out at first. Storme doubled down right field, foul line. Harvel struck out. Stubbs tripled, scoring, Storme and Elkins. Stubbs scored on an error. Farwell was tossed out at first.

And so the game went on to the disastrous finish. Hinckley, McAndrew and Pnakey tried to stop the hitting Cambria's, but with no success.

While making a miserable showing the boys will improve. They have had only nine days practice. Purnell played a nice game at first. Hight had a bad day at second and Dunne needs experience at short. Bickner will be back to look after third. Pankey and Asbury can field, and have fair arms. Hartley, back, can cover more ground than Clark in right. Hinckley and Pankey will be able to alternate at pitching. Spangler, a short stop, converted into a catcher, will improve with experience.

Each Friday evening you may enjoy a good program and by becoming a member may participate in the same. There will be quite a goodly number graduate from the Society this spring, so join now and enjoy the pleasant associations it will bring and be ready to help carry it on for the next year.

### ANOTHER VICTIM!

Matrimony has added another to its toll. This time it was Virgil R. Tanner of Sigma Alpha Pi. His bride, Helen Price of Charleston, Ill., was a student here the fall term. They were married at Charleston on Friday April 18th. They will make their home on a farm near Charleston.

## MISS RUE WRITES FROM NORWAY

Havin, Telemark, Norway.

April 3, 1924.

Dear S. I. N. U. Friends:  
Greetings from Norway!

It doesn't seem possible that I have been in Norway almost nine months and have only three months left. I shall be mighty glad to get back to the States again but this year will always be one I shall like to think and dream about for it has been a very happy and satisfying one.

Norway is beautiful at all times but I think it is especially so during the winter months when everything is covered with snow. We have had a very fine winter with very little cold weather—nothing like the winters of Minnesota and North Dakota.

If you like winter sports you would enjoy a winter here for old and young coast and ski. I never knew how much fun coasting is before I came here but now I coast when I go to the postoffice, store and every chance I get. Skiing is more exciting and is about as much fun as anything I have ever tried.

We are living in a little country community away up in the mountains so every time we want to go any place we have to go up or down and usually both up and down several times. We have only small country stores and not even an occasional "Movie." When we want to go to town we have to take an hour and a half boat trip or in the summer we may go forty-two miles by car. I usually take the boat trip for "Lake Lennsjo" is a very beautiful lake entirely surrounded by high mountains.

The people live very simple quiet lives and are contented with few conveniences. They are very hospitable and every time you come to a home you are invited—in fact, you must stay and have coffee and lunch.

Christmas was very interesting at that time everyone celebrated for two weeks. Only the most necessary work was done, the rest of the time being devoted to entertaining guests and to visiting friends. And the heaps of food they prepare for Christmas! All kinds of fancy little cakes and hundreds of them. The birds, too, are remembered. A sheaf of grain was hung on a high pole or in a tree outside of every home.

Many of the houses are very old.

(Continued On Page Eight)

**FOR WHAT'S WRONG,  
BLAME THE SCHOOLS**

Is your child's digestion bad?  
Blame the schools!  
Is he sick, morose or sad?  
Blame the schools!  
Do your children learn to fight?  
Do they lie awake at night?  
Do they fail to do what's right?  
Blame the schools!

Is your child a nervous wreck?  
Blame the schools!  
Is there any dirt on his neck?  
Blame the schools!  
Blame the schools for what they do,  
And for what they can't do, too,  
They should seek advice from you!  
Blame the schools!

Is your daughter's eyesight bad?  
Blame the schools!  
Is your son a little cad?  
Blame the schools!  
Do your children learn to swear?  
Is there something in their hair?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
Blame the schools!

**HE IS YOUR UNCLE SAM**

**BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN**

Every American is familiar with the representation of the government which is shown in the stalwart figure of Uncle Sam.

He is the most powerful thing on earth—and all the power he has is yours.

He represents more might and majesty than all the kingdoms of history—and all this might and majesty is yours.

He is the boss of the biggest business in the world—and it is your business.

He reads the shifting winds and forecasts the weather.

He marks the ocean lanes to make safe the way of the mariner.

He speeds the sure, swift flight of the two-cent letter.

He safeguards the perilous task of the miner.

He smites the rock and the dead waste of the desert teems with life.

He makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

He is the conqueror of disease.

He is the father of invention.

He measures the heat of the stars.

He makes the money.

He regulates the time.

He fixes the standards of weight and measure.

He is the great record keeper and the world's master builder.

He is teacher and law-giver and judge.

He does a thousand things in a thousand ways—and he does them all for you.

He served your fathers and your father's fathers, and he will continue to serve you and your children and your children's children.

He is the unselfish, undefeated champion of liberty.

He is your Uncle Sam.

**AWAITING THE  
DIAMOND RING**

**By MOLLIE MATHER**

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

MRS. CAMPBELL entered the shabby room of the parsonage and looked with troubled eyes into the patient face of the pastor's wife. Mrs. Keith was bending over a worn trunk, packing the last article of Martha's wardrobe. What sacrifice was entailed in this going away of her young daughter to college no one but the little woman of many trials knew.

"Bob does trouble me with his foolish affection for this gay stranger who came to town," began Mrs. Campbell. "You know, Mrs. Keith, how I have labored to bring up my children since their father died. And Bob has been good and successful working the farm land, and carrying on his father's responsibilities. So, I hoped that when he came to choose a wife he'd choose one that could be a help to him, instead of a gay, thoughtless creature from a city. They say that her home there was very different from our old-fashioned place—which doesn't matter. What does matter to me is that Bob is quite carried away with her merry ways and thinks she possesses all the virtues. And I've gone and made a quarrel between them. Not that I'm exactly sorry, but it's hard to have my son treat me as though I am responsible for taking away the joy of his life. It was this way—and I hope you'll advise me, Mrs. Keith, for I know you are a judge of what's right and wise.

"I met Miss Chloe Armstrong on the street and she was wearing a new bright diamond ring. I'd heard about from Cary Sweet. Seems she wouldn't confess to Cary that it was an engagement ring, nor tell where she'd got it, sort of turned off the question. I was worried when I heard of it, for fear Bob had been reckless and spent money he can't afford at present. So I admired the ring on Miss Armstrong's finger and wondered, smiling, you understand, if it might be an engagement ring. Miss Chloe got real red, as though there were a secret somewhere, and, like she'd done with Cary, she turned the subject; said she'd promised to ride with Hal Forest, and would have to be hurrying on. Hal Forest is with her a great deal. She tells Bob, when he is jealous, that her aunt whom she visits, is pleased to have have Hal take her to drive and make her stay here pleasant, Hal being the son of her aunt's friend. Well, when she spoke about Hal, as I was admiring the ring, it came to me, and I admit, with relief, that maybe she was engaged to Hal, so I asked Bob about it, casually mentioning the diamond ring, when I got home. He didn't admit or confess anything about the diamond.

"But anyway, there isn't much credit to the girl if she is wearing a ring Bob cannot afford, or if she is not engaged to Hal Forest, and is wearing one he gave her. If the ring is not new, or an ordinary gift, why does she so evidently evade the subject, or quarrel with Bob about it? I did hope as I said, that when my boy decided to marry, it would be some helpful young woman who'd have a thought beyond her own adornment. And I

wish you would ask Mr. Keith to advise Bob, in his kindly way, if Bob should happen to take your husband into his confidence. He might—the two are such friends."

Mrs. Campbell went her disappointed way. The minister, coming some time later into the shabby sitting room, found his wife sitting in accustomed leisure, before the closed trunk that was to be sent with the young Martha to college.

"Peter," said the little woman, "I have a confession to make—and I trust to you to understand. You know how anxious I have been that our Martha should have her chance; how we both have planned and sacrificed. The question of suitable clothes for her was a problem. I confided my care to Mrs. Armstrong of that happy little creature who has lately come among us. I would give the only valuable I have, if by doing so I might purchase pretty, serviceable clothes of Martha. I told her, 'and my only valuable is my engagement ring.' At once, in her impulsive generosity, Chloe Armstrong suggested that she herself purchase my ring with money she had saved for a vacation.

"I will keep it so carefully for you, and at a later time you may buy it back, if you wish." So I sold her the ring; we bought Martha's things together. Miss Chloe was so helpful and she helped me with the sewing. Through all she has kept the secret of my sacrifice—that the knowledge of it might not grieve you, Peter. Bob Campbell is a worthy young man, but he would find the wife of a thousand in happy little Chloe; for love of him she is willing to 'walk his tumble way,' and know only joy in the giving. Peter, will you take our little old car and go to fetch Miss Armstrong and Bob both here for—we will call it—a going-away tea for Martha. Perhaps I may be able to make amends for the sorrow I might unwittingly have caused. And tomorrow I may be able to persuade Mrs. Campbell that she will find no disappointment in a daughter-in-law whose kindly heart is as beautiful as her face."

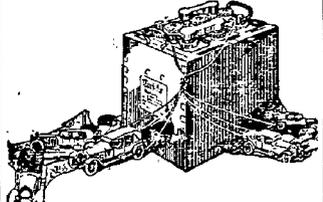
And when Chloe Armstrong the evening bade her hostess good night she slipped the gleaming ring into its old accustomed place on the tall-worn finger. "Please," she whispered, "wear it until you may be able to buy it back again. I want to keep my finger so for Bob's ring, when it shall come."

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Prof: "Sit down."  
Stude: "I won't."  
Prof: "Then stand up. I refuse to be disobeyed."  
He: "Do you know Madge is wondering in her mind?"  
He: "Cheer up! She hasn't far to go."

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**KATHERINE OF ARAGON TO HENRY VIII OF ENGLAND**  
1536

The shadow of the scaffold and of the headsman already upon her, Katharine of Aragon, first of the ill-fated wives of Henry the Eighth, bids him farewell. In its restraint of phrase, and its beauty of thought and expression, it remains one of the vital documents of all times.

1536  
My Lord and Dear Husband,

I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me with a few words to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all ye, I do wish, and devoutly pray God, that He will also pardon you.

For the rest I commend you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be farther unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also on behalf of my maids to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants, I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unpaid for.

Lastly, I do vow mine eyes desire you above all things.

Katherine.

**ILLINAE—FORUM**

When the announcement was read in chapel that the members of the Illinae and Forum were asked to meet "in front of section four immediately after chapel," the Illinae girls began to wonder if the Forum had decided to challenge them to another debate. Not so!

As a result of this meeting, the two societies set off down the State road Monday evening, casting thoughts of English Poetry, Chemistry, etc., to the winds—for the time being.

Some venturesome ones decided to outstrip the rest of the bunch in speed and waved good-bye to us. But—sad to relate—they missed the turn and had all that lively gained space to go over again.

One thing puzzled the girls. Apparently there were no "eats" in sight. Of course, they thought, it could be just an outing. However upon arriving at the "bluffs" their curiosity was satisfied for a barbecue was in full swing under the supervision of Clyde Furgess.

A pleasant evening was spent playing games and singing old songs.

The Illinae and Forum have become better acquainted this year than ever before, and a spirit of friendly rivalry has grown strong between them. May this spirit of friendliness continue to grow!

**LIBRARY NOTES**

The circulation statistics for the winter term at the library show that the amount of students reading has more than kept pace with the increased enrollment. Over one thousand and more books went out during the winter term of 1924 than during the same term in 1923.

Watch the bulletin board on the west wall of the library! It is changed every week and will tell you many interesting things. The colored book covers posted there announce the arrival of new books. If you consider taking a book trip, consult the Map of Good Stories now on the bulletin board. It will locate for you the Enchanted Canyon, Red Gap, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Poole's Harbor, and many other noted places of fiction. This map was made by one of the student assistants, Bonnie Batson.

Among the new books we should like to recommend are:

For the Y. W. C. A. advisors—Moxcy, Leadership of girls' activities.

For the prospective home maker—Holloway, Practical book of furnishing the small house.

For the lover of good biography—Bradford, Damaged souls.

For Strut and Fret—Cohen, one act plays by modern authors.

For any good citizen—Dodd, government in Illinois. (One of the authors, Mrs. Sue Hutchison Dodd is a former instructor at S. I. N. U.)

For those who like a "Western" story—Hough, North of 36.

For the faculty woman—Ashton, Regiment of women. (Fiction)

For those who have visited Italy or those who would like to—Forster Room with a view. (Fiction).

**WAILS FROM THE EDITORS**

Getting up a weekly publication is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly—if we don't, they say we lack variety—if we publish things from the papers, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens—if we go, we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office, we ought to be out rustling for news—if we rustle for news we are not attending to business in the office. If we wear old clothes, we are slovens. If we wear new clothes they are not paid for. What in the thunder are the poor editors to do anyhow? Like as not, someone will say we swiped this from an exchange. So we did.

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# THE EGYPTIAN

Charter Illinois College Press Association Member

Published every week during the Collegiate year by the students of the Southern Illinois State University, Carbondale, Ill.

Entered as second class matter at the Carbondale Post Office under the act of March 3, 1879.

Office Telephone  
Main Building, Room 16 University Exchange No. 17

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## EDITORIAL

### PERSONALITY

What is personality? Do we need it in our every day life? Are we strong in some of its points and weak in others? Webster defines personality as "that which constitutes distinction of person, individuality." Coleridge says: "Personality is individuality existing in itself." Others have defined it in such terms as the following: "Personality is the sunlight of a sterling character," "personality is the outward expression of the real you," "Personality is the adjustment of the soul to environment." It is likely that most of us had never thought of it in terms like those just listed but we are all more or less conscious of the fact that it is that something that lifts us above the common mass and makes us one of a rather small company: that something at which we all marvel, many times not knowing just why we marvel; that something that so few of us possess.

The second question, do we need it in our everyday life, can be answered rather hurriedly. We can exist without it but if we really live it must become a part of us, and the more thoroughly we develop the various points of personality, the richer and fuller will our lives be. It is the personalities of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Edison that makes it possible for men to say to the forked lightning of the heavens, O! lightning, I am mightier than thou. It is the personality of Robert Fulton that enables men to say to the watery deep, O! ocean I am greater than thou. It is the personality of all the great souls living and dead, who are giving and have given the best that is and was in them to the ousting of the unfit and the letting in of the more desirable that man is able to say, O! world of darkness, I am greater than thou. If it be a fact that personality does these things, we ought then to work diligently toward the development

of our very greatest possible personality. We are now ready for the strong and weak points; In the April number of the American magazine Mr. M. K. Wisheart lists twenty factors of personality and tells how these factors may be developed. He says, "there are twenty traits without which, though you may have plenty of ability, brains, skill, and information, you can hardly expect to succeed in competition with other men." With the hope that those of you, who have not read the above mentioned articles will be inspired to do so, we list a few of the factors given by Mr. Wisheart. They are:

1. Ambition:  
Have you the will to improve yourself?
2. Industriousness:  
Have you the ability to drive yourself steadily.
3. Dependability:  
Can you be relied upon to carry out plans assigned to you by other people?
4. Friendliness:  
Are you too critical in your judgment of other people?
5. Facts:  
Can you work in harmony with other people?

These and fifteen other factors are dealt with rather fully in the article spoken of heretofore.

We may call personality what we will; we may deal with its factors as we wish, but for many of us in the near future (when we meet superintendents and boards of education) its prevalence in our lives will be of vital importance. Let's so regulate ourselves that when this opportunity comes, we shall not be found wanting.

### WEE WUNDER

Why all the little girls with hair ribbons came to school last Thursday?  
Who are the five members of the W. A. H. Club?  
Why Carl Smith objects to his popularity in the Egyptian?  
Who that sweet young thing is that powdered Stumbling Brimm's face last Monday at the third hour?  
If you have noticed the pretty little dandelions on the campus?  
What Clarence Fegley meant when he said, "Sure, I'd like to Jonah?"  
Why Gobbie wants to take a spin on the fire-escape?  
What is the meaning of love in a tennis game?  
If you are taking a course in camp-istry, loveology or flirtation? Then why not, eventually—why not now?  
If you are brave enough to dance the Highland Fling in the second floor corridor of the Main building during recitation periods?  
Who picked the red tulips from the forbidden tulip bed east of the Main building?  
What girl Weenie Kerley will rush next?  
Why Fred Miller is called "Fritz."  
If you have a beautiful likeness of a bathing beauty pasted in your car?  
Why Harry Brinkman is called Harold Lloyd?  
If you have noticed the green grass growing all around?  
If you have well defined symptoms of a spring fever case?  
Why in the world do you wait until the last two hours on Friday to hand in articles when you could just as well hand them in a day before???

This is naughty, we know, but—Mildred Scott. Dearest, my love for you is like a babbling brook.—Lewis Shannon. Oh! Dam it!



### SHE LIKES CANDY

Take her a dainty, inviting box of our candy. She is sure to appreciate both it and your good taste.

And she likes OUR candy—well, mainly because it's pretty fine candy; excellent quality, always deliciously fresh, with a wide assortment to please the most capricious fancy.

We have everything from the most delicate bon-bons and rich chocolates to assorted hard candies, certain to please the most particular.

## CARBONDALE CANDY KITCHEN

ENGLAND'S POET LAUREATE

Now that England's poet laureate is over here lecturing to the University of Michigan students we are more interested than ever in him. We hope he writes more poetry than he has in the past; of course, there's no royalty to write about, but oh, the excitement of a classroom full of peppy wild American students—could he find any greater inspiration? Yet we fear for his safety in the same lecture room with a hundred or more real fellows.

The Pathfinder is a bit worried over the silence of this great poet, and we quote a choice bit that it gives us on the subject.

A Dumb Poet Laureate

The Prince of Wales has fallen from his horse again, and still Poet Laureate Bridges remains silent. When the poet laureate was made a member of the king's household back in the 16th century he was expected to, and did, bring out a poem to celebrate any unusual event affecting the royal family. Spencer, Ben Johnson, Dryden, Colly Cibber and others of the past laureates delivered their ode regularly every time the king had a birthday, and every victory was immortalized in verse. Now the king may have a bad cold, or the queen may express her indignation at the way women dress, but the poet laureate does not produce a single rhyme. Why this silence?

Possibly in the case of the Prince of Wales it is too hard to find a word to rime with "horse." With "prince" he could use "rinse," "since," "wince" and some others; while with "Wales" he could rime "jails," "gales," "walls" "falls" and so on. But what about "horse"? If the animal would only stumble over a spring of gorse he would have it. But since the prince never expresses any "remorse," and since it would be hard indeed to ring in "Norse," what can a poor poet laureate do?

Even Englishmen are beginning to laugh about the poet laureate's tongue-tied state. Dr. Bridges has been in office 10 years, and he gets his bit of best Canary wine annually, yet nobody is ever heard quoting his poetry. The witty Lord Darling recently called him the most popular poet of the day, "because he never writes anything." It can at least be said of him that his poetry is little criticized. A member of parliament once asked Premier Law if the poet laureate was not under obligation to write some poetry. "Of all possible obligations," replied the premier, "that would seem to be the most unreasonable."

The strangest thing about the business is that, generally speaking, poets and near-poets write too much. They not only fill the papers and magazines but also the waste baskets. It is usually as hard to keep a poet from writing poetry as it is to keep a dog from barking or a rooster from crow-

LACK NORMAL TRAINING, MANY FAIL IN EXAMS.

A very small per cent of those taking the March examination for teachers passed—only 10 out of 96 in Jackson county, H. N. Cupp, county superintendent, has learned, says the Republican-Era.

The county superintendent's office has received results of the March teachers' examination as sent out by the Illinois state examining board. Of the 96 taking examination 10 passed. Of the 80 writing for second grade 3 passed. Of the 10 taking for first grade 4 passed. Of the 5 taking for supervisory 3 passed.

The examining board reports that there were about six thousand in the state taking the March examination and that a little more than 2 per cent of the entire number of applicants for elementary certificates wrote the entire examination successfully.

It is the opinion of the county superintendent of schools that there will be a great shortage of teachers with valid certificates for the schools this year. Many of the teachers intend to enter the normal schools for the summer and continue until graduation. This possibly is the result of the new state distribution law which allows a district more distribution of state funds when that district employs a normal graduate.

Many of the schools are not considering teachers unless they have had normal school training or are normal school graduates.—Free Press.

"Daddy, can you still do tricks?"  
 "What do you mean, my son?"  
 "Well, mamma says that when you were young you used to drink like a fish."

ing. The regular poet is irrepressible. The world may throw bricks instead of laurels at him, but it will hear from him just the same.

But here is a poet with all the newspapers and magazines in the world ready to publish his verses, even to pay for them in advance, and still he is silent. The present poet laureate is indeed no ordinary type of poet. If he doesn't look out he will become a victim of his own ingrowing genius and perish of poetic auto-intoxication. Unless his system is relieved in some way he may become clogged up with unassimilated fancies that he will have to be operated on or at least take a dose of the Literary Digest after every meal and before going to bed.

Perhaps a stubborn rime has got stuck crosswise in the poet laureate's gizzard. Whatever the cause for the unnatural stoppage it should be inquired into. Probably this is a case where the new poetry perfecting machine could be used to advantage, as the poet seems to be totally helpless. Like a bashful lover, he may need a little artificial encouragement.

THE ACACIA CLUB MEETS

A very pleasant meeting of the Acacia club was held last Thursday evening at the Masonic hall with about thirty members of the faculty and student body present.

The club was reorganized by the election of the following officers: President, W. J. Zahnow; vice president, Earl Kennedy; secretary-treasurer, Lester Buford.

It was the feeling of all that the club has a twofold purpose, that of promoting sociability and good fellowship on the one hand, and of instruction on the other. A future program was arranged providing for both.

A series of Sunday afternoon meetings was decided upon for drills and instruction. These are to be given especially for those who desire to make themselves more proficient in the work of the lodge. It was further decided to hold the regular meetings of the club on the first Thursday evening in each month.

At the suggestion of Felts, strongly seconded by Smith in a masterly bacon and egg speech, a committee was appointed to arrange for an outing in the woods or on a mountain top or somewhere in the open at least and right away soon to boot. It seemed to be the consensus of opinion that in order to keep the proper balance, a man should occasionally repair to the tall uncut where he can hear the birds whoop and the grasshoppers cackle without having his sense of fitness jarred by the brazen clash of the alarm bells (excuse us Edgar), or the all piercing shriek of an Illinois Central freight. Accordingly Old Baldy or the New Country club or some other rendezvous of our picturesque Ozarks had better watch out or they'll be shy on Johnnie—Jump-ups and sweet roots before they know it.

After the weighty matters had all been attended to, Zahnow, Miles, Lentz, Williams and Buford invited the whole mob to a stag lunch at which Colyer and Combs easily starved with Muckelroy and Warren a close second. Wham and Zahnow only found time between courses to make a short announcement each, while Ray Smith, Kennedy, Harper, Scott and the rest said nary a word and thus managed with ease to hide their portion in record time. As Shakespeare or Bill Nye would have said, "It was some feed."

Here's hollerin for the picnic with the same bunch of caterers. Fill the baskets up, boys, plumb to the level and give us another square meal.

Has anybody been Boomer?

NOTICE MASONS

All Masons in school, who desire to become members of the Acacia Club, may do so by paying your dues to Lester Buford.

VALUE OF SMILES

Nobody ever added up  
 The value of a smile,  
 We know how much a dollar's worth,  
 And how much is a mile,  
 We know the distance to the sun;  
 The size and weight of earth,  
 But no one here can tell us just  
 How much a smile is worth.

Nobody knows the value of  
 A kind and helpful word,  
 The names of all the stars are known,  
 And some of 'em we've heard.  
 We know the distance to the moon,  
 To Mars and Saturn, too;  
 But no one really knows how much  
 A cheery word will do.

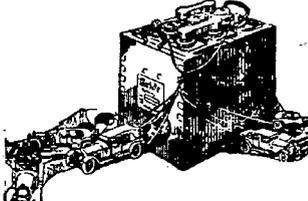
The smile you wore a year ago  
 May here be working yet,  
 It may be doing some one good  
 Whom you have never met,  
 Somebody may be plugging on  
 Believing life worth while,  
 Because across his way you shed  
 The lustre of a smile.

The kindly word you speak today—  
 You'll never live to know  
 The sun of all that it will do,  
 The distance it will go,  
 So smile and speak the cheery word,  
 And brighten up the earth.  
 Beyond all human dreams of wealth  
 These little things are worth.  
 —Ohio Educational Monthly.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

How much did Philadelphia Pa?  
 What made Mt. Vernon Ill?  
 Who will lend Nashville Tenn?  
 Why did Phoenix Ariz?  
 Who broke Athens Ga?  
 Whose grass did Hannibal Mo.?  
 How much did Cleveland O.?  
 How many eggs did New Orleans La.?  
 How often does Seattle Wash?  
 How many classes did Jackson Miss.?  
 —Exchange.

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**ALICE CARY**  
**POEMS WORTH REMEMBERING**

True worth is in being, not seeming—  
In doing, each day that goes by,  
Some little good—not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.  
For whatever men say in their blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—  
We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight.  
The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow,  
And straight, for the children of men....

'Tis not in the pages of story  
The heart of its ills to beguile,  
Though he who makes courtship to glory  
Gives all he hath for her smile,  
For when from her heights he has won her,  
Alas; it is only to prove  
That nothing's so sacred as honor,  
And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
And sometimes the thing our life misses  
Helps more than the thing which it gets.  
For good lieth not in pursuing,  
Nor gaining of greiv nor of small,  
But just in the doing, and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,  
Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage abating—  
Our part is to work and to wait.  
And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth;  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

**SOME OF THE THINGS WE  
HOPE TO SEE AT THE  
S. I. N. U. IN 1930.**

1. A new gym.
2. A campus tended by a landscape gardener, and not covered with paper and cut up by cars.
3. A concrete roadway through the campus.
4. No lake, no mud holes in the front court, but bluegrass, where the weeds now are, in the northwest corner of the campus.
5. An adequate athletic field with stands, enough money, and enough school spirit to support football, baseball, basketball and track.
6. A museum—one that is not like the present one. One that we can use without calling the assistance of the janitor.

"But, Billy, if I married you with your income you couldn't even dress me."

"Well, with a few lessons I could learn."

**Y. W. C. A. CABINET COUNCIL**

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet held its annual council at Barrow's cabin at Thompson's Lake from April 11 to 13. The purpose of this was to discuss plans for the coming year and to give the new Cabinet some instructions as to association work.

Friday night a discussion was held concerning Y. W. C. A. work. Both cabinets participated in this. Then, after various "antics," the girls settled to dreamland. Not all—for Elanche Dollins and Agnes Lentz decided that a serenade would be appreciated and supplied that entertainment very effectively. After interruptions of various sorts quiet reigned supreme.

The next day the old Cabinet left the new to make its detailed plans and returned to town.

Miss Entsminger, one of the Advisory Board of the Y. W. C. A., chaperoned the girls. Each had to take her turn at cooking, washing dishes, etc --and some spent quite a bit of time

in devising unique methods of entertainment. For further particulars as to the last, see Julia Mikalanckas.

The Y. W. C. A. has some interesting programs planned for the spring term along lines of practical value to girls. A notice concerning these will be printed later. All new students—and old ones, too, are cordially invited and urged to attend the meetings, which are held each Tuesday evening at 6:30 in Association Hall.

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INCORPORATED  
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**METHODIST KID PARTY**

Last Saturday evening the Wesley Foundation enjoyed one of the most memorable social events of the year at a kid party given in the league rooms of the First M. E. church.

The little girls, carrying their dollies and eating lolly-pops came wearing hair ribbons, short dresses and socks. The boys with pockets full of marbles and chewing gum, balls and jacks, knee trousers and blouses with big bow ties, were kids indeed.

The evening was spent in playing kid games—ball, frog in the meadow, London bridge, marbles, etc. Late in the evening the happy children drew their chairs up in one big circle while apple and cherry pie, plied high with ice cream, was served. Of course children are always hungry so each justice to this lunch. Then the tired youngsters departed for home. Their fingers were sticky with candy and they were very tired but their minds were full of happy memories.

**SPRING PLAYS SELECTED**

After some time spent in looking over various plays, the spring entertainment committees from the two societies have at last decided upon their plays. Miss Trovillion has been of great help in ordering and deciding upon the best ones to present to an audience that looks forward with great anticipation to the commencement plays.

In the past there have been such splendid plays presented that it requires a bit of time and thought to find some that will be as good as those already presented.

The committees feel satisfied they have chosen well their plays and assure the public they will enjoy these as much and perhaps even better than any previous one given. Both are for professionals, for which a royalty must be paid, and have only recently been released for amateur production.

The Socratic Society play, "The Boomerang" is a comedy by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. This was first produced in New York at the Belasco Theater with Martha Hedman as leading lady.

The Zetetic Society play, "Three Wise Fools" by Austin Strong. This was first produced at the Criterion Theater in New York in 1918.

Fair One (dancing): "I can tell you're a Freshman by the way you hold me."

1927: "How's that?"

Fair One: "Well, you see in the Senior the arm muscles are so much better developed."

**'OW AWFUL!**

An Englishman heard an owl for the first time.

"What was that" he asked.

"An owl," was the reply.

"My dear fellah, I know that, but what was 'owling'?"

**ANSWERED CALL OF THE RADIO**

By JANE GORDON

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

HARMONY sat very still. The little room that was her home seemed unusually lonely tonight. It may have been because the wind blew, rattling the old shutters, and no visitors were brave enough to venture the country roads.

Harmony had rented the rest of the big house that had been her childhood home. The old folks who were her neighbors troubled her little, and gave her little pleasure. For many years Harmony taught in the village school. Sometimes, when she would meet the parents of her smallest pupils—parents who at a former time had also called her "teacher"—she would realize, then, just how many years she had occupied the chair on the school rostrum.

Of course there was the exciting change of springtime, when the garden of the old house grew lovely in its fragrant bloom. There was, too, summer, with a change, in vacation. But always a return to the old-fashioned desk—the upraised faces of village children before her.

The radio installed in her silent room was a never-ceasing miracle. It was a new joy to hurry home in the twilight, to hurry through preparation of her evening meal and the following task of washing dishes—and then the reward—listening, rapt, motionless, as she was now, while music from far cities poured into her ears.

"If our program has pleased you, a post card mailed in will be appreciated." A manly voice would repeat. "A post card mailed in will be appreciated."

Harmony intended to write, some day, that post card; to give encouragement where praise was due. There was one sweet, ringing voice that Harmony in her loneliness, especially enjoyed—a woman's happy song. But now—the fire burned on in the grate and Peter, the great dog, came to rest his shaggy head in sympathy against Harmony's knee. An unaccustomed light shone in his mistress' violet eyes, her lips curved into a half-forgotten smile. It was an old love song that came to her now, through the air. A song recalling other past happy days—days that ended in disappointment. Harmony forgot the disappointing ending of her old-time love affair and remembered in the thrill of the song only its hopeful beginning. The very room seemed to change with the fit of the song—here where the marble topped table stood by the fire was a summertime table, laden with a burden of garden roses. There, where the square piano stood soundless beneath its black cover, was an opened piano, music strewn across the rack and on the stool before the piano sat a young man, his grave eyes glancing sidewise to seek Harmony's approval of his singing. The young man of the beseeching eyes had sung the love song that came now, stirring tender recollection. This had been the young man's way of telling his love to a shy young Harmony.

"Come and answer me, my sweet—I love you." There was the same soft break at the end of the song.

"If our program has pleased you, a post card mailed in will be appreciated." Came the number of the hotel broadcasting station in a distant city. Harmony went to her desk. She must write, while the thrill was still upon her. She mailed the postal on her way to school in the morning.

Days passed—two—three. She had not gone to her radio since, in a desire to keep with her the memory of the song that had carried her back through the years to a time of love and roses.

Peter met her one afternoon, wagging his tail in manner of explaining that a visitor awaited. The visitor stood on the porch, his fur collar turned high against the breeze.

Robert Fairly had found prosperity evidently; his appearance was that of a successful man. Harmony's father, then, had been mistaken in his prediction—the sad prediction which had forcibly separated her from her lover. "A singing chap with no work but singing and playing a piano will never be able to support a wife," her father declared. His crude gruffness and Harmony's docile obedience to her father's wish had driven Robert Fairly away. None other of her would-be suitors had ever filled Robert's place. And now here he was, after all the years, waiting her coming in the old porch that had so often known his presence.

Harmony put forth her hand. "How do you do?" she said, primly. The man in the fur coat glanced into the woman's sweet face—into soft violet eyes which he had not been able to banish from memory. He smiled—it was the old, lovable smile.

"I was given your postal," he said, "and would have recognized your writing if you had not signed your name. And, because the old song still had power to thrill you—well, I thought I would come on to see you—Harmony."

Standing before the piano she looked down upon Robert Fairly—looked long and wonderingly. "It is hard to realize that you really were the radio singer. I did not catch the name because I was so absorbed with my dreams."

The singer came close, took her hands in his. "The same old dreams, Harmony?"

She nodded, silent. "I came all the way back." Robert Fairly told her, "to beg you still to make those dreams come true."

Subscribe for the Egyptian.

**CHEMISTRY**

Here's ho! for life in the chem lab. A glorious life and free. You reek of orders of H2S And the fumes of NH3. You first choke up with chlorine, You strangle with phosphorous dust. You wade on through with experiment 92 Till your head is fit to bust.

Oh, life in the chem lab is jolly With its acids and bases and salts; With our heads in the fumes, We work in the gloom, But we love it with all its faults. Take a flask 1-2 full of HCl Add to this a few grains of zinc; Your neighbor comes near with a lighted match, Your feet hit the ceiling blink! blink!

Take a few grains of phosphorus-velow, Add to this KNO3 With the help of a jolt from a neighboring bolt Your Heavenly Father see. You take a pinch of sodium, Weigh your beakers and bottles, Then let Na drop in a moistened spot, And do it all over again.

Here's ho!—to a life in the chem lab. Sad words, "It might have been." You take a drink of H2O. And discover 'tis KCN. Don't worry, tho' we be demoted Or flunk in the course as given, We'll carry our beakers right through And finish the course in Heaven.

The University of Illinois is having its Easter vacation and several of our former S. I. N. U. students visited the school Friday, among were Burnett Shryock, Deneen Watson, Harold Pritchard, Robt. Walter, Mildred McGinnis, Leo Gardner and Dewen Wright.

Grace Eagleson, Katie Payne, Ethel Keith and Mary Louis Anderson are home from Berwyn, where they are teaching, for the Easter vacation.

Miss Evelyn Blake, who is teaching this year, visited the Normal Friday.

Miss Trovillion has purchased a new car.

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# BARTH THEATRE

Thursday, April 24,  
RICHARD DIX and LOIS  
WILSON in  
"ICEBOUND"  
Christie Comedy—Topics

Friday's Special,  
JANE NOVAK in  
"JEALOUS HUSBANDS"  
Chapter 3 of  
"DANGEROUS PATH"  
News.

Saturday, April 26,  
LEATRICE JOY in  
"SILENT PARTNER"  
"RUTH OF THE RANGE"  
Fables.

Super Special 28-29,  
POLA NEGRI in  
"SHADOWS OF PARIS"  
Comedy, "SMITHY"  
News.

Wednesday, April 30,  
SHIRLEY MASON in  
"SOUTH SEA LOVE"  
Comedy—Educational

## THE WAY WE FEEL

Life's landscapes are continually spoiled by mistaking molehills for mountains and fancying that every corner is the end of the road.

A great deal of life's hardship lies in seeing what our neighbor seems to have, rather than in missing anything of which we are ourselves deprived.

The courage of the second best is often the finest in the world, and he who can cheer his successful rival has gained something higher than the prize.

Patience is a heroic virtue. There is often more courage required for the quiet endurance of ills that cannot be avoided than for the daring doing of hard things that may be accomplished.

More people would be willing to change places with you than you would be willing to change places with.

A new car is like a new baby—full of squeaks.

A successful man is one who not only makes up his mind but makes up others' minds.

"Man wants but little here below," but wants that little big.

You'll stay out of the wet if you keep out of debt.

Famous last words: "I think I can beat 'er across."

Let your feet wander but keep

## MISS RUE WRITES

### FROM NORWAY

(Continued From Page One)

Over the doors of several I have seen the following sentence, "God protect this home from thieves and fire." In one home I found these sentences above a cupboard, bed and door. "What is the home's best ornament? A virtuous woman." Fear God and obey His commandments. For how much did the merchant sell the horse and wagon to King Solomon? The wagon for 800 silver dollars and the horse for 160." This house was built in 1801." Practically every home has an old cupboard which is either elaborately carved or painted in many colors. In many of the homes all of the furniture, tables beds and chairs are all home-made. Many of the chairs are merely tree trunks hallowed out—very durable but not particularly comfortable.

Norwegians are fond of flowers and every home has a great many plants and even in small towns you are sure to find one or two florists.

The people are very friendly and out here in the country everyone speaks—they never wait to be introduced. I think many of them were curious to hear me talk Norwegian. How thankful I am that I speak their language for that has helped me to enjoy and to appreciate these people.

I want to thank all of you who have written to me for your letters have meant a great deal to me for while I am enjoying this year thoroughly there are times when I long to be back in Egypt.

With kindest regards to you all I am

Sincerely yours,  
Julia Rue.

## ART APPRECIATION CLUB

Wednesday evening the Art Appreciation Club enjoyed an unusually fine program. The Club was indeed fortunate in having some of the best talent of the school on the program. The talk on "poetry" by Mr. Lentz was inspiring and poetic in itself. We are always pleased to hear Mr. Hottensing and Miss Aline Settemoir give one of her delightful readings.

The attendance has increased greatly, but the Club would like to have more students enjoy these interesting programs. This was the second of a series of programs on the fine arts. The third subject will be "Architecture." Come and bring your friends.

your mind at home.

If you're obscure you're not so likely to be found out.

More people hunt up temptation than are led into it.

The hand that rocked the cradle now works the steering wheel.

The people always taking the joy out of life never are the people who are putting joy into life.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Is Martha Brown?  
Did Esthnel Dye?  
Does Mildred Barter?  
Is Leona a Guiri?  
Is Bessie a Miller?  
Did Paul get a Dunn?  
Is Reba a Hunter?  
What part of the ship is the Thelma Deck?  
Has Kenneth got his Pyatt (pie-ate)?  
Is James a Dent?  
Is Robert a buzzing Buzbee?  
Has William a Ford?  
Is Oliver Redd?  
Is Mable from Boston?  
Is John a Heck?  
Did Laura Tucker?  
Is Eula a Hall?  
Is Lela a Gardner?  
Is Pearl White?  
Does Miriam Doolittle?  
Is Norma a Jay?  
Is Ruth a Fairchild?  
Is Miriam a Taylor?  
Does Dan Lauder?  
Is Margaret a Garrett?  
Does Irene enjoy Winter?  
Is Dorothy a Furr?  
Is Margaret a Hill?  
Is Kirby Lawles?  
Is Fredia Wise?  
Is Herschel a Harper?  
Is Oren a King?  
Is Pauline an Organ?  
Does Gertrude make Gaines?  
Is Thelma's Hartwell?  
Is Victor Goings?  
Has Edith a Halter?  
Is Mary a Miner?  
What did Alice Grant?  
Does Gladine want Moore?

## WEINER ROAST

A group of Baptist girls enjoyed a weiner roast last Thursday evening, given in honor of Miss Frances Greenough, a national Baptist student secretary, who was a visitor at our school both Thursday and Friday. A delightful time was had by all. Those present were Ina Teabeau, Zella Bryant, Nella Monroe, Pearl White, Annis Williams, Dorothy Ferrill, Lavina Teabeau, Myrtle Horsefield, Ruth Parker, Isabelle Thompson and Inez McClendon. Also Mrs. Capel, Mrs. Chandler, and the guest, Miss Greenough.

Dr. W. A. Brandon, '01

Carbondale, Ill.

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