The Egyptian, January 20, 1925

Egyptian Staff

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DEARING AND GAINES LEAD IN CONTEST

JOURNALISM CLASS GOES TO HERRIN

Visit to Herrin News Office-Project Work

Miss Henderson's Journalism class was both well instructed and royally entertained on a project trip made to the Herrin News office last Thursday. Herrin was chosen, because it has the best up-to-date printing presses and equipment of any neighboring newspaper office. The class has been studying newspapers: their form, content, and means of publishing. They saw almost every machine in operation, and even the paper on press. Mr. Trevor, editor of the "Herrin News," was exceedingly cordial and very much interested in showing the class around the office and explaining all mechanisms of a printing press. Mr. Stratton left his work and spent an hour or more answering questions asked by the class concerning the work there. Miss Henderson, Mrs. Dodd, Mr. Walker, Harold Farmer, Frank Smith, and Alice Patterson drove their cars and took the other members who are: Mrs. Walker, Misses Brickley, Hartwell, Finley, Hayes, Deason and Mrs. Cline. Messrs. Deering, Taylor, Carrington, Harrison, Moore, Griffin, Shepherd and Davis.

At noon hour the editor sent Mr. Stratton with the entire class to a cafe, where they were served lunch. Before leaving the office Mr. Trevor presented each with a booklet for a souvenir of their trip to the Coal Belt's greatest newspaper.

STANDING OF VOTES

Jan. 7 Jan. 12 Jan. 15
Louise Durham 15 145 245
Mildred Watson 5 150 250
Ruby Baine 0 0 8
Mildred Logan 16 120 120
Mina Trobaugh 0 55 120
Edna Hampton 0 0 52
Gertrude Gaines 0 130 428
Grace Magillston 0 0 130
Raymond Echtern 100 130 170
Clyde Dearing 10 176 188
Red McLaughlin 1 35 54
Cecil Carlington 1 45 155
Clyde Winkler 0 75 75

MAROONS WIN FIRST OUT OF TOWN GAME

Maroons left for Shurtleff Saturday at 1:15 and arrived in East St. Louis about 4:30, where they remained for one hour. During this time they had a light lunch consisting of grape fruit, soft boiled eggs, buttered toast, and tea. While partaking of the nourishing grape fruit the boys were suddenly disturbed by an unfamiliar noise. On looking around they found a grape fruit on the floor upside down. Further investigation showed that it belonged to the Maroon coach. After lunch the lads decided to take a walk. They started down one of the hidden sidewalks better known as a subway. After leaving this place we found ourselves in the same place we started from.

The Southern long board a train for Alton, after which they secured a square wheeled street car that started up hill. Two miles of such traving placed us on the Shurtleff campus.

The men who started the game were Mungur, Hartley, Ritchie, Sattuck and Pyatt. The Maroons scored two baskets before Shurtleff made a point. The score did not remain this way long for Shurtleff came back with five points and the Maroons called time. The game was close through the first half. When the whistle blew for the middle of the game Shurtleff led by a nine to twelve score.

Each part of the second half the Maroons gained the lead and held it during most of the remaining part of the game, with six minutes to go the Maroons were ahead nineteen to sixteen.

By holding the ball and two free throws, the Maroons held Shurtleff to a twenty-one to eighteen score.

Ritchie was high point man with four field goals. Mungur second with three field goals, Hartley next with four points and Sattuck with one field goal. Pyatt played a good defensive game at guard. Hickey played five minutes of the first half for Mungur. Pernell was the other man who made the trip.

(Continued On Page 3)

MAROONS LOSE TO E. I. BOYS 20-30

Locals Entered Game Without Rest After Long Trip

The Maroons played their second conference game with Charleston last Thursday night at Charleston.

The Southern boys entered the game tired from a long journey and no rest before the game. The local papers at Charleston expressed the idea that the E. I. coach was figuring on using part of his second team in the latter part of the game.

The E. I. boys scored five points before the Maroons got started. In the first half the Southerners slowed their opponents' offense by two time periods. In general the game was rather slow. The main feature of the first half was the accuracy of the E. I.'s shooting from out in the floor. The half ended with the score 17-6.

In the second half the Maroons held their own with their opponents. At several times during the second half it looked possible for the Maroons to gain the long end of the score, but the E. I. boys were determined to hold the upper end of the score. In the last few minutes of the game the Maroons began to shoot from out in the floor. It seemed impossible to score, although every shot silenced the E. I. roosters.

It can be said of Charleston that they support their team. The Maroons are planning on showing Charleston a closer game when they come south.

The E. I. coach said that this was his hardest game this season, not excluding the Normal and Millinville games. This is saying a good deal for the southern boys. If the Maroons had not been in a run-down condition from their long trip and no rest the score would have been higher.

(Continued On Page 3)

VOTE TODAY

The contest is just beginning to get interesting. Votes are coming in fast. Are you willing to see your candidate defeated? The contest closes Friday! Bring your votes in today. Watch each morning to see how your candidate is standing. The Dormitory is sure doing their part. Who are you for? Tell us, please.
INTERVIEWING REPORTER
TALKS TO MISS BOWYER

I had been the duty of interviewing certain members of the faculty, especially those who are the heads of the different departments of the school work. Last Tuesday afternoon my particular task was to interview Miss Emma Bowyer, acting head of the English Department. All afternoon I suffered all sorts of hallucinations, but finally at the seventh hour I summoned enough courage to step out into the hall and trod my weary way to the third floor toward the English den. Nearing the said den, I heard various voices all seemingly trying to outwrest the other in volume. I hesitated to enter such a confusion. I gulped—a drink of water and looked wildly about for some means of escape. To descend again to the second floor was, in all respects—well—death. (If seen wandering in the corridor), I had no other choice—must go on and face the music.

Straightening my shoulders, I walked into the English den and found there Misses Bowyer, Henderson and Trovillion discussing current topics. In a voice I scarcely recognized as my own I said: "Miss Bowyer, I wish to interview you for The Egyptian. We plan to write from week to week an account given by the different department heads of the school, get the departmental program of school work and such items as would interest people to come to our school and—

"Yes, go on," interrupted Miss Bowyer, "say something. I am so cross today that you are liable to be kicked out of this window before you know it."

Now that was encouraging! I thought I had said something, but certainly did not relish the idea of making an exit from the den through that third story window. Finally my purpose was restated and Miss Bowyer said: "Well, let's see—there is that course Short Story. It is principally an advanced spring course dealing with the technique of the Short Story, with illustrative material from the work of the best short story writers. Then there are the courses in Modern Drama and Development of the Drama, which include the technique and study of the modern drama. There is also the course in Journalism, which teaches one to judge the standards and qualities of newspapers. Next there is the course in Old English, where some reading of Old English is done, but principally the development of our language is traced and the presence in our modern speech of many irregular forms are accounted for. The course in Shakespeare deals with the study of several Shakespearian plays. In the Essay Course various types of essays are read and discussed.

"By the way," she said to the others, "I do hope we won't be burdened with large classes in the Spring term. I had nearly 85 or 90 in some classes last year."

"But to go on with this," she said, turning to me, "there is an advanced Rhetoric course, and a course Victorian Novel, a study of representative Victorian writers. Also there are the courses in Contemporary American Literature and Contemporary British Literature, giving special study to those writers whose books can be used in teaching. The course in Nineteenth Century Poets explains itself. In Magazine Fiction the principles of the short story are studied in a few classics, but mainly the fiction of current magazines.

"Well, I guess that's about all. I can furnish you with an English program sometime later." She waved her hand to me with an air of finality, so I considered myself dismissed. I thanked her and left the realm of English teachers (thanking my lucky stars I had not made a flying leap from the window). Such was the interview.
When the lights are beginning to glower, no matter what it is. Now as to how much that will be usually depends on how deep you spread it, and it is evident that the depth will depend on how much space you cover with what you have. A simple illustration will show exactly what we are trying to say: If you have just so much butter the less bread you can spread it on the thinner you can spread it, then on the other hand the more bread you use the thinner you will have to spread your butter. Now if this principle holds we can apply it to our school work, both in literary achievement and college activities.

If we try to spread what we get in school over too much space there is a danger of losing it, because we get it too thin. Yet there is a precaution on the other side. If we cover too little space we are apt to become or rather remain, narrow. So you can readily see just how important it is to give your course of study some thought and not just blindly stagger along in your school work. Select your school work and plan it as best you can for your betterment as a student and teacher. If you will take this advice The Egyptian feels sure that in a very few years you will be thanking us.

MAROONS LOSE, 20-30.

(Continued from page 1)

game might have been different. We can say for the F. I. boys that they have a fast team and are hard to head off.

Charleston
Foreman. F. 5 1 0
Hall. F. 7 1 3
Mean. C. 6 0 1
Cochrane. G. 1 0 1
Brown. C. 1 2
Osborn. C. 1
McCall. C. 1
Cooper. G. 1

Carbondale
G F P
Hartley. F. 2 1
Munner. F. 4 2 3
Ritchey. F. 2
Ritchey. C. 4 1
Sattigast. G. 1
Plyatt. C. 3

TO THE MAIN BUILDING

Building, you are old,
Yours is the wisdom of years.
How many secrets you hold—
Secrets of laughter and tears.
You have seen dreams come true
Of those that worked for their prize.
You have seen students pass through
Your doors.
Some passed once and then—no more.
Some returned and are here today.
Others come back but are far away.

Building, if you could speak and tell
Me your story—
Tell of the failure and all of the glory—
Some of the pupils have gained great fame.
Out in the world they have honored your name.
Some are singing lullabies, soft and low.
And the Alma Mater song as they did long ago.
No matter what they're doing now
They've all been made better by your somehow.
Oh, the years go by
And some of us sigh,
Some of us smile to think we're through,
But all will always remember you
M. E. W.

OFFICIALS

T. E. G.

Kelsey, Capt., F. 6 1 1
Schmerman, F. 0 0 1
Woods, F. 22
Rice, C. 1
Wykoff, C. 1
Tyner. G. 1
Henderson, G. 1

Carbondale
G F P
Hartley. 1 2 6
Munner. 3 0 2
Ritchey. 4 0 3
Saltigast. 1 0 6
Plyatt. 2
Hickey. 1

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THE FASHION BOOTERY

THE EGYPTIAN

Page Three

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THE EGYPTIAN

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THE BIG NEWS OF THE MONTH

PRE-INVENTORY SALE

Of Men's and Women's Apparel, you can save 1-4 to 1-2 and in lots of instances more than half by buying now.

COAT SPECIALS

$41.50 women's black alpaca Cloth Coat, pre-inventory sale price $39.75

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A BIG SUCCESS

Among one of the many good numbers rendered on the program of the Zetetic society Friday, January 16th, was "A Pair of Lunatics," a short play given by Jewell Finley.

The two lunatics—Jewell Finley and Thomas Whittenburg—otherwise Clara Manners and George Fielding, are visitors at a lunatic asylum dance. Each thinks the other is insane; to keep him from becoming violent she humors him and vice versa. This adds much merriment to the story. Each tells the other an insane rambling tale about himself or companions, such as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, etc.

But because of a letter dropped by Miss Manners their sanity is discovered—so they remark—"What lunatics we really were—to think each other insane."

Watch for the next program. Zetetic Society always puts on something new and different.

CALLED HOME

Miss Marie Cope was called home Wednesday night because of the death of her father. Miss Cope is one of the new girls at Anthony hall this term. She attended school at Normal last year.

EDITORIAL

BE LOYAL

Loyalty! It is not a very big work but think what a great meaning that it has. The man with average ability, who has a spirit of loyalty to all the institutions and organizations to which he is associated, is worth more to his community and nation than the genius without it.

Stop! Ask yourself if you are as loyal to all the phases of school life as you should be. Are you backing the school publications? Is the basketball team doing your encouragement? Do you say a good word for the school every time that you get a chance. If you don't do these things, it would be a good idea to think about a change and make some new resolutions for the future.

Right now is a very opportune time to show that you are backing school affairs. The school publications are running the beauty and popularity contest in which everyone should be interested. If you do your part in this contest, you won't only be helping the "Obelisk" and "Egyptian" but also the society or club to which you belong.

The basketball season has begun and the team is doing good work. Surely they deserve all the backing that we can give them. Nothing does a team more good than a big bunch of peppy rooters. They can't tell whether you've appreciated their good playing or not unless you let them know by your actions. Being at the games with enthusiasm and cheering is one of the best ways to express your feelings.

There are some things connected with school life which we are likely to forget. One thing which we should bear in mind is the fact that the people who advertise in our paper are backing the school and deserve our support. If you can patronize our advertisers, don't fail to do so. Every little act of loyalty counts. Surely, you won't miss the opportunity to be a true blue booster of your school.
Golden Moments

THE LONE TRAIL

Ye who know the Lone Trail fain would follow it,
Though it lead to glory or the darkness of the pit.
Ye who take the Lone Trail, bid your love good-bye;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow till you die.

The trails of the world be countless, and most of the trails be tried;
You tread on the heels of the many, 'till you come where the ways divide;
And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the other is dreary and wan
Yet you look aslant at the Lone Trail, and the Lone Trail lures you on.
And somehow you're sick of the highway, with its noise and its easy needs.
And you seek the risk of the by-way, and you reck not where it leads.
And sometimes it leads to the desert, and the tongue swells out of the mouth.
And you stagger blind to the mirage, to die the mocking drought.
And sometimes it leads to the mountain, to the light of the lone camp-fire.
And you gnaw your belt in the anguish of hunger-goaded desire.
And sometimes it leads to the Southland, to the swamp where the orchid glows,
And you rave to your grave with the fever, and they rob the corpse for its clothes.
And sometimes it leads to the Northland, and the scurvy softens your bones,
And your flesh dints in like putty, and you spit up your teeth like stones.
And sometimes it leads to a coral reef in the wash of a weedy sea.

And you sit and stare at the empty glare where the gulls wait greedily.
And sometimes it leads to an Arctic trail, and the snows where your torn feet freeze,
And you whittle away the useless clay, and crawl on your hands and knees.
Often it leads to the dead-pit; always it leads to pain;
By the bones of your brothers ye know it, but oh, to follow you're fain.
By your bones they will follow behind you, till the ways of the world are made plain.

Bid good-bye to sweetheart, bid good-bye to friend;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow to the end.
Tarry not, and fear not, chosen of the true;
I over of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail waits for you.

A BUTCHER'S LOVE

Oh, could I but my love reveal
And meet your eyes of blue,
And kiss the lights of them In a style befitting you,
I'm bacon in the heart of love,
I'm so sheepish I cannot stop.
My heart is yours, so please become
My spare-rib or my chop.

We never manage a pretty girl,
When this little lamb I spy,
I'm ready now to steal my life
With lard enough to fry.
Porc Creature. I'll be corned all day
Until I'm surely hooked.
So weigh me well—clothes, bones and all—
Or else my mutton's cooked.

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Pictorial Review Patterns
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The Alumni Bulletin

Mrs. Clyde Cheatam (formerly Miss Gladys Hickey) now living in Willisville, where her husband is employed in the bank, requests that the Egyptian be sent to her for the remaining part of the year.

Mr. Claron Robertson, superintendent of schools at Dowell, Ill., dropped in to the Egyptian office some few days ago and subscribed for the Egyptian.

Mr. Glenn Fishel, coach of athletics at Carterville, Ill., treats them all alike. His team has lost two out of fourteen games.

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Y. W. C. A. will meet tonight at 6:30 in Socratic hall. Rev. Pardee of the Christian church is to speak to us. Let all girls come out to hear him. He will tell you about the Older Girls' Conference which is to be held sometime in the near future here in Carbondale.

For years the boys have had an Old Boys' Conference, and those who know of its work verify the statement that much benefit is derived from these conferences. Why can't we do likewise and have a conference of our own? Come out and hear Rev. Pardee tonight.

The program that was given last week was enjoyed by all and we are sure if you come, you will not regret the time spent.

ANTHONY HALL

Thelma Hartwell spent the weekend at Marlon.

Edna Yong visited with friends in Alto Pass last week.

Marie Walter visited with Lucille Coulter last weekend. Marie is teaching Herrin this year.

Hazel Keith visited with Clea Klotz Sunday.

Theresa Bunting visited friends at Hall Saturday. Theresa is teaching in Du Quoin H. S.

Florence Crossmann spent the weekend with her sister, Pauline and Ethel.

Ola Goetz spent the weekend in Grand Tower.

Mildred Gaston has been out of school for a week, on account of illness.

ACACIA CLUB

The Acacia Club met this morning and planned for the coming year. Regular monthly meetings are scheduled for the future.

The purpose of the club is to promote brotherhood among the Master Masons of the school and the President appointed a committee consisting of Prof. Jajish, Prof. Scott and Eric Griffith to plan a banquet in the near future—a step in the right direction.

HOW THEY DID STRUT

The Strut and Fret met Wednesday evening and enjoyed seeing the play. "Please pass the Cream," presented by Harley Hammock and Delta Fink with Miss Viola Gaston as coach.

At the beginning of the hour, it was announced that it was the night we would have a lesson in coaching and those not desiring to stay, could be excused, but all were anxious to remain.

Some of the hard scenes to act were discussed by Miss Trevillion, but all agreed that the parts were played well.

An opportunity was given for asking questions with special drill upon walking across the stage and being graceful at your desk. It was decided to meet on Thursday evening the rest of the term.

Next week "Johnny's New Suit" will be presented.

S. I. N. U. "N" CLUB

It has long been the custom in the last week of the better high schools, to have a letter club, that is, a club composed of all the men who have been awarded honor letters for participation in major sports.

For some unknown reason a letter club, although it has often been talked about and materialized as a fact in S. I. N. U. and the members of this year's football team feel that the school has an enrollment and athletic reputation which not only warrants the formation of this club, but feel that the club, the teams of the school might find inspiration in the support the club would offer.

With the recent completion of one of the most successful football seasons this school has ever enjoyed, which included a 23-0 victory over Cape, our traditional enemy, a good showing in the national tournament, and prospects for a first class baseball and track team looking "rosy," now seems to be the ideal time to organize an "N" club.

Coach McAndrew, under whom sincere and conscientious tutoring the teams have developed, is highly in favor of the club, and a meeting will be held at 12:45 p.m. today (Tues.) to elect officers and formulate plans for the club's activities for the remainder of the year.

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 off the beaten track, 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 slovenly. If we wear new clothes, we are not noticing that thunder is the poor editors to do anything? Like as not, someone will say we whipped this from an exchange. So we did.

The fellow who used to sell lightning rods is now a stock salesman who makes us believe it is all that will be struck.—Mobile News.

THE RAVING

Once upon a Monday dreary while I pondered, weak and weary O'er many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten English.

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping.

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my study door.

"Tis a member of my section tapping at my study door.

Oh, for this, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in bleak December (just before Christmas).

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I sought to borrow

From my classmates books on Eng.

ing. Tome not a little more.

For that rare and awful quizzing, that was the book was for.

That awful quiz I'd had before.

And the vaguely faint-heard rumors of each question in that quiz.

Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic horror—what—what

So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

"Is there some section girl entreating entrance at my study door?

Come to warn me of the coming of my teacher with that quiz.

This is it and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating, then no longer "Fog," said I, "for Helen, truly your English I implore.

For the fact is I'm not ready and I counted on you to steady

Me in that awful quiz that my teacher's going to give me soon.

Going to give me very soon"—here I opened wide the door.

Darkness there and nothing more.

Back into my study turning, all my mind with thinking burning.

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.

Said I, "Surely, I thought I, surely that is Kath crine at my door.

Let me ask her if she knows her English, can that mystery explore.

Tis just cats and nothing more.

Open here I flung the door when with many a stern look

In there stepped my English teacher, witness of my recent failures.

Not the least of smiling made she, not a minute stopped or stayed she

But with men of lord or lady sat up on my softest chair.

Sat right on my cretonne cushion placed upon my softest chair.

Sat, and looked and nothing more.

Then this stately one beguiling my scared self to nervous smiling

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance she wore

"Tho' the day is warm and pleasant, still," I said, "the snow is in the lath."

Thinking thus to turn her mind from pondering on that awful quiz.

But she would not be distracted thus and turning eyes on me—

Quoth this teacher, "Tell me more."

Still you cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with memory for all life's hidden lore.

And I swear I couldn't think a thought while that awesome person

Sat there saying, "Tell me more."

But the teacher, sitting, staring, on my softest chair spoke only.

That other teacher in that one phase she did outpour, nothing farther then she uttered, nothing seemed her mind to clut-

Till I scarcely more than muttered: "Other tests I've passed successful-

ly and I'm bound this one I'll master and show what I am good for."

Started at the stillness broken by re-

speak so aptly spoken.

"'Hoey," said I, "I think that reading is a thinking process only

While Jenkins says the vowel sounds are the most important thing.

Followed fast and followed faster, this burden broke-

Still the words from her stern visage this same gloomy burden bore.

Of 'Tell me—tell me more.'

There I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing.

To this woman whose accusing eyes now burned my bosom's care;

Desolate, yet undaunted, in this lonely room enchanted

Thinking hard but with no answer—finally her implored

Is the work in college any easier—

teacher, teacher, I implore

Quoth the teacher, "Tell me more."

"Teacher," said I, "thinks of kind edze, teacher still, or bright or no"

By that Heaven that bends above us—by the God we both adore

Tell us, O, our sorrow laden if, sometime in far off June,

I shall clear my desired sheepskin whom the trustees call, [Diploma],

Clasp this much desired diploma even though I flunk this quiz?

Quoth the teacher, "Tell me more."

Then my temper stayed no longer and

I rose in wrath before her.

"Well," said I, "I'm sorry—very—but I'm sure I know no more."

And I do not care to know whether Jenkins thinks or no.

Please go back into your office, leave me to my solitude.

Take yourself from off my cushion, off my softest cretonne cushion, and leave this place forevermore.

Thinking thus to turn her mind from pondering on the awful quiz.

But she would not be distracted thus and turning eyes on me—

Quoth this teacher, "Tell me more."

there, away out of that room.

But though I run to end of earth's space and though I hide my ears

Still in all my life resounding, still will come that sound in years.
Small Town Stuff

The last youngster passed out at the door of room nineteen, and cast a backward glance upon the "new teacher," as to make sure his observance of the new teacher on the third grade was not the old maid with the spectacles who had applied for the position. But a very young girl—possibly twenty-two or three—who had brown hair with red and gold tints, and very large violet eyes, like stars, was all small, but still, and wore high heels and "swell" clothes, as one of the children put it. At least that was the impression carried home by Jackie Landlers, and he immediately said, "No, I was going to walk over to Chicago—who was really only his half-brother—and told him to come to the party, for he had never taught before in all his life. And to make exactly plans—to be made for a whole week in advance. So there was never any resistance. And with a sudden determination she set to work, although her heart started beating. Leaving the building at a few minutes before five, she found waiting for her—both to his surprise and delight—Jackie. And the two walked slowly down the shady street leading from the school building to her boarding place. Marion learned from her small companion a touch of his family history. He was the only child, except a brother in Chicago who was studying to be a doctor. But he supposed no names and she was not insidious enough to ask.

"But," the little fellow continued, "he's coming home next month, and maybe you'll get to meet him. I'm going to write and tell him about you." And, in his loving manner, he smuggled his moist little hand into that of his companion, and told her good-bye at the gate of her boarding place. Miss Marion busied herself industriously to her room with joy in her heart since her little conversation with Jackie. And all during the evening his vivid blue eyes haunted her and remained in her dreams.

A teachers' meeting was set for the last day in the room at nine o'clock. The principal each teacher was to make a report of her work during the first month. So for a while Marion and Jackie had no evening walks together.

At the meeting it was announced that the teachers were to give their annual "get acquainted" party two weeks from Thursday. According to the custom, the lady teachers were to invite a gentleman friend, and vice versa.

So as she walked home in the afterglow of a perfect autumn day, she wished in her heart of hearts that she could ask Jackie's brother. But she never did. She gathered up enough courage to ask Jackie his name—or whether he would be home at the time set for the party. Realizing that something must be done—since two weeks was not so long after all, she finally decided that she would ask her room-mate as they walked home together.

But the next evening, having purposely left the building a little earlier than usual, she found no little starry-eyed eager follower waiting for her. But she experienced a pang of disappointment. Nevertheless, a note was written that evening. "Miss Carson," she placed beneath it.

"I was all entirely sure, I was thinking of the messenger." And in the secret appointment she set to work. Although it had come to death she found no little teacher, and he immediately sat down and wrote to his brother in Chicago—possibly get to meet this new teacher, decided, if she could possibly help it. Saved the situation by saying:

"I'm accompanying a letter—lying upon her pleasure than to depend upon some other person to ask him, but I was wondering if you would come to the party. I'm sure you must be wonderful. Hannon is his name—Dr. Hannon. He is Jackie's stepbrother, you know. I learned his name only today."

So on the following evening Merle's note replied that "she" would only be too glad to go. "And I will meet you in front of Baker's drug store at 8 o'clock sharp." It finished.

On Thursday evening Marion dressed in one of her most becoming gowns—and used a maid, but found it so different from Chicago—and she had learned a great deal about "real life."

Donning a light evening wrap—for it was cool these autumn nights—she made her way slowly toward the drug store, for it was yet 10 minutes before eight. Arriving there, just as the church bell chimed the hour, she found no one waiting. At least there was no young lady there—not even in sight, and she had said "eight sharp." Surely she would be here any minute.

A young man was loitering near the doorway. And on the inside were several loafer—out who was the little fellow? Why, it was Jackie—and she started to enter. As but as she reached the door the young man spoke.

"Beg pardon, madam, are you looking for someone?"

"Why—I—" she stammered, "yes, I was. Have you seen Merle Carson?"

"I was to meet me here at 8, and it's past now." After a tense second that seemed like centuries to Marion, he replied, "I am Merle—Merle Carson."

And handing her a card, she read, "Merle C. Hannon."

"You are—and I—again she stammered. "But the notes—she—"

"I have all of them right here," said he, handling her several pieces of folded paper which she recognized as her own notes to "Miss Carson."

But just then Jackie appeared and saved the situation by saying "I was the messenger." And in the secret of her own room afterwards—Marion declared, she had found in this quiet little town that for which she had hunted in the city and never found.

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