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TEACHERS COLLEGE NEWS

A Paper of Student Opinion and Criticism

Published each Monday during the school year by the students of the Eastern Illinois State Teachers College at Charleston.



Practical Arts Building

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Member Illinois College Press Association.

Member Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

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"They Tell Me"
"Chit Chat"
Feature Writer
Reporters
H. S. Editor

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THE NEWS ADVOCATES:

The establishment of at least one advocacy.
The abolishment of 'yop' systems. A more active Student Council.
An intercollegiate system of sports for girls.

DEAD BROKE

Can it be that our impoverished mentalities, about which we hear so much, have any relation to our empty pocket-books? We wonder. One morning recently an instructor arrived at school without any money. During a vacant period he visited to get a cup of coffee. He had to approach three faculty members before he could make a loan of ten cents. A certain athlete remarked that if anyone on the team had as much as two-bits while away on a trip, he was lucky. Can it be that we are actually as poor as these instances indicate? Joking aside, the writer is inclined to believe that the average student is operating on a "sho-string". The problem of the faculty he will leave to the skilled economist.

Can it be that parents fail to realize the increased cost of a college education, and still believe that their children can get by on the same budget that their dads did twenty years ago? Perhaps this is true in some cases. Can it be that certain capable students are too proud to apply for aid from the students' loan fund? Perhaps, in some cases. Is it not more probable, however, that too many students prefer to work at outside jobs while attending school, rather than to remain out of school for a year working at respectable wages, returning later with sufficient money to see them through? Usually a student with ability and confidence in himself can find a friend who will lend him money for his education at a reasonable rate of interest. Are there not dignified ways by which the conscientious student can keep himself out of the class of dead-beats while at college? We think that a change in the general attitude toward the glory of working a parent's way through college will help.

Talk may be cheap, but many people use five dollar words.

THE SODA FOUNTAIN IN COLLEGE LIFE

Another ritual has gone! Just as other rituals have gone before and nickles will follow just as long as there are soda fountains. And who wants to abolish them? What would college be without the soda fountain just across the street or around the corner? It's the convenient hang-out for students. It's the best place to meet people and really get acquainted with them. In the class rooms and corridors there is little opportunity to converse in friendly groups. Everyone seems to eat and drink, and where there is a soda-fountain, there will you find life.

What if the nickle has gone and you are dead broke? Maybe, you have just met the person who figures the odds in his pocket and isn't afraid to make a loan.

We read the other day that scientists have discovered a way to get the temperature down to 60 degrees below zero. Now that is what we call unnecessary labor. Why not get all the girls that go with the same fellow, together? That ought to bring it down to 500 below, at least.

As We See It

EVERYTHING was quiet last week, with nothing but plans. Most of these are on the quiet. Three dances are being planned but none happen, so we must wait. This must be the dull season.

PERHAPS we had better do as some of our brother editors over the state seem to be doing. They have let various organizations around the school take turns in putting out the paper. It means a lot of advertisement for the organization and pretty soon a Freshman Edition of the Egyptian and the last two issues of the Bradley Tech have been put out by the Music and Business Departments.

M. R. LOCKE was undoubtedly one of the best speakers coming in from the outside and speaking from our platform. He must be a man of much experience and who has traveled extensively. More of his kind will be welcomed by the students.

IT was very interesting, however, to note that he, among many other speakers we have heard, referred to Mr. Lord as Dr. Lord. This happens quite frequently, and over the student body, it is quite evident that none of us will ever be guilty of that error.

ONE of our readers has remarked, lately, that he no longer had to read the "American Mercury"; only read the "Teachers College News". This may signify something and then again one can never tell. Anyway, don't let H. L. Menchen hear this.

THE News has joined another press association and submitted papers in its content. While we don't expect to carry off any prizes, we may get some valuable suggestions for improvement of the paper and will use as many of them as we can get. We are always open to suggestions for improving the quality of the paper.

WE hear rumors floating around that a society may be organized here. This information is not official and we pass it along for what it is worth. The establishment of such an organization has been a plank in the News' platform and we would like to see the plans for its inception completed in the near future.

DELTA LAMBDA SIGMA carried out the women's right and changed its mind. They are instead of demand. We guess we'll have to wait for that house down.

An English pathologist has discovered that bad temper increases the sugar in a person's blood from ten to twenty per cent. Now there is an idea for our SUGAR friends. Why buy the old brand expensive candy when a quack won't cost anything and will produce the same results?

LITERARY LIFE

Reviews
Poetry

Stories
Essays

The Beacon

Across the way it shoots
To twist around and search
The heavens. The pale starlight
Is swallowed up. It bites the cold,
And night drops close its veil
To think that dawn is coming—
Twining slowly—more dimly seen,
Across the depth of hazy blue,
Striking white the coolest dew—
It builds a road out in the sky.
Where tired eyes strain,
From low clouds peeping,
Are warmed to rest.
On and on in silence,
Trails the moon
Her watch in keeping—
Like a comet hot in blaze—
Silently afar
Its beams are thrown
Through stinging winds from northland's
blown
Throughout the night.
Tis shining bright—a friend to me.
—John Miller

Keeping Up With The Jones's

It is not hard to keep up with the Smiths or the Browns, in fact, one can often get a little ahead of them without too much effort. The hard work comes when one tries to keep up with the Jones family.

Young Miss Jones, the one that goes to college, always seems to have more and better looking clothes than we have. She skips more classes, she goes more places, and she does more things, than we can possibly manage to do. She is a very difficult young lady to keep up with.

There is an older sister that has made nothing but A's since she has been in school. We envy her scholastic ability but we soon realize that it is hopeless to think we could ever rate as high as she does.

There is a boy in the Jones family that drives a good looking car and has plenty of spending money. He is allowed to do about as he pleases and so the other collegians are left far behind.

But then, why worry? Aren't the Smiths and the Browns interesting people? Well, yes, of course, but the Jones's—

A Forget-me-not

On a mountain side we found thee,
Just a glorious bit of blue
With the tumbled grass around thee,
And thy petals wet with dew.
On the border of a woodland
Little blue forget-me-not,
For the dwelling of a lifetime
What could be a better spot.
—Viola Scheller

The Battle Eternal

A little scream! A puff of white!
A sickening spat! I heard,
The Minnie ran—And its goal, all right,
I stood there unmoving, with out a word.

A hander crumpled the winter sun
And settled white upon my do'-hee,
The old-war battle had begun—
A woman, a powder puff, and a shiny
toe.
—Arthur C. Shriver

When Dreams Come True

Where is the land where dreams come true,
Where songbirds are singing and
skies are blue;
Where soft summer breezes sing to
the flowers,
And happiness reigns in all the
hours?

'Tis said only those who have longed
and prayed,
And by working and waiting have
darely paid
The price of substance can enter here
The gates to the land where dreams
come true.
—Lenora McKiver

A Collegiate Cinderella

The News's own story of College Love and Romance.
By: Betty Shaffer, Kathryn Mallory, and Mary Abraham.

(CONCLUSION)

"Here, Sue, will you fasten this dress for me? I didn't know I had gained so much. There, you've got it," said Anne as her room mate finished. "I'm so sorry you don't feel like going to the dance. Steve will be so disappointed."

"Oh, don't think about me. I'll be all right," answered Sue with more cheerfulness than one would expect from a girl who was going to have to miss the formal dance at the B. A. E. house.

Susan Winthrop was merely an ornament in society. Her presence was never demanded and never missed. If some one happened to notice her, it was to make a laughing remark to his partner about the clinging vine which was too green to harmonize with the surroundings. The dance started and no one knew whether Susan was there or not, and no one cared.

It had been that way all year and the night of December 31 was no different. Susan was not seen at the B. A. E. dance when the first strains of music flowed from behind tall palm trees in a far corner of the room. She was not there at the intermission and still no one had cared to ask where Susan Winthrop was.

Music was heard after the first fifteen minute intermission, and couples began to flow into the room. The young gentlemen, taking their partners, soon filled the floor in answer to that urge of modern youth for dance. A few were seen gracefully gliding about the room. Some did a stomp, which might have been misinterpreted for an Indian dance, and others were seen bouncing and twirling around like balls bouncing at a rapid speed. Such is modern dancing, and work one must to keep up with the latest steps.

An onlooker might now have observed that attention was drawn to the east side of the room. We shall

turn our eyes in this direction and see what it was that held so much interest.

We are dazzled! A moonbeam had entered the room and had been changed by a wave of an unseen fairy's wand into a living, swaying, laughing, dancing, princess. She was clothed in a silver dress which outlined the curves of her body in a shining mist. Long flames fell to the floor and would just permit tiny silver slippers feet to be seen emerging from the folds. Our princess was in the arms of a dark prince who led her as his will in swaying, graceful figures across the floor.

Eyes were wide in wonder. From whence had this princess come to grace the ball? As the eyes caught a view of the prince's face they recognized him to be Steve Brooks. Could the princess be Susan Winthrop? Susan with her frills, her bows, her lace, her pre-war dresses? Susan whose awkward steps and manners were a source of hidden laughter? The princess's eyes flashed at her admiring subjects, and her identity could no longer be doubted. It was Susan Winthrop. And who could her fairy godmother have been?

The clock struck twelve, but our modern Cinderella remained a princess. As the last chime pealed, an unexpected guest was ushered into the room. It was Richard Donovan. His glance took in the throng of dancers in one sweep. It was arrested by a figure in gleaming silver and there it remained. A thrill flashed through his body as he saw in the face the features of Susan Winthrop. Could this be the girl whose S. A. E. pin he had doubted? Perhaps he had been mistaken in thinking she had taken him, for she was there with Steve Brooks, a member of the same fraternity, and might she not have been wearing his pin? He was not with a sudden shame. "What a beauty

(Continued on page 4)

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The Curious Cub

DO YOU THINK THE GIRLS AT E. I. USE ROUGE AND LIP-STICK IN GOOD TASTE?

Martha Ann Ruth—According to the boys some taste better than the others, but as a general rule one may survive a night with the general trend.

Marion Rosborough—Yes. You see very few around here using lip-stick and rouge in excess. I think Mr. Lord's talks in chapel on this help out.

Margaret Lumbrick—Yeah, I think the majority do. I know some who don't wear the same color of rouge and lip-stick. They're in the minority, though.

Johnny Blackburn—Well, that's for the fellows to decide, but I think the lack of taste comes with the pale co-eds who use no "school girl complexion" at all.

Joe Callahan—That's a divided question. Sometimes it doesn't taste so good. The taste depends upon the quality of the rouge.

Charlie Reason—Yeah, I think they use it in pretty good taste. I do hate winter green though.

Kenneth Sloan—The majority of girls use it in very good taste. A few use it in no taste at all.

Lyle Henderson—I think most of them do. Probably a little too much lip-stick.

Betty Shaffer—On the whole I think they do. Of course, there are girls who always go to the extremes in everything, but I think the girls here use good taste.

Make way for Sid Conrad! A week late as usual....A sorority here would just make a few of the country girls that come here a little more up-ish and snobby than they are now. It burns me up to see some of these ultra-collegiate maids that are always gumming up the works with their non-sensical chatter. Some of them seem to think that the more noise they make the more popular they are. Personally I would be opposed to any organization which would tend to degrade the fine standing that E. I. now has at this time.

Egotism is the anaesthetic nature gives to deaden the pain of being a darned fool.

When the cat's away the mice will play—but maybe the cat's not having such a punk time either.

We Admit We Do Not Study

It is an admitted fact that we are not studying or thinking. Why? Well, in the first place, everyone is lazy by nature. The less he has to do the less he wants to do. This is what has happened in the schools, and has caused the decline of studying. A large part of this decline can be laid on the shoulders of the students, but we believe that just as large a part can be blamed on the teachers. Teachers not only do not require studying; they discourage it. The intelligent student who studies and thinks is "set down" in class and given a "D" in the book. Then some parrot goes to some thinker's work and refreshes it; gets a pat on the back and an "A" in the book. What encouragement is there in this?

There are four kinds of student in each class. The first is made up of those few brave souls who still think and study. These are the ones who may get the "D's" on the book but get a real education in spite of their training in school.

The second class is that of the strict-conformists — those who go along putting in their time reading what is prescribed for them and doing the same old things in the same old book which has been used for the past fifty years. These are the successful imitators — the ones who fit into the theory of present day education.

The third class consists of a variety of specie. First is the parrot, who never has an idea worthy of being called that. Teachers especially like these students. They hand in work figured out by some master in the field and get credit for it. Another in this class is the bluffer, who always makes a pretense of knowledge for which he has not the slightest basis. He is popular with some teachers and not with others.

The fourth class is the poor but honest "flunker" — the man who "knows not and knows that he knows not". Perhaps he is the best off in the whole lot.

Fancy stepping isn't difficult at all, when you catch on how to do it. Simply walk as though one leg were shorter than the other and every once in a while, pretend you have fallen over a chair. Dodge around the corner and don't pay much attention to the music, and there you have it.

Over the Hills

Squalls

The editor of an ultra-practical magazine recently commented on what he termed the passing of the liberal arts course in colleges and universities. His utterances were pitched in the most impressive, apathetic tones—as if the world were not split into at least two planes of cleavage, the "me" and the "not me," as if the whole lump of cosmos were ego, with ego's ideas and opinions; as if a liberal arts education bore the same relation to twentieth century life that the verminifer appendix does to the present-day body.

Have any of you met any "practical" journalists? Of the hare-brained, uncouth, "wild jackass" type whose coming is announced by a medley odor of barnyard, poultry house, and horseshoe plug? The writer did once, with his regret. Not that he is above barnyards and poultry houses. He merely does not choose to locate his parlor there. There he would not lead his daughter to be given in marriage. This remark was the alpha and omega of the famous newspaperman's philosophy of life: "What'd'ya want to study French for? They ain't no money in that."

There are people (and their number has increased to a disturbing degree) who believe not unless they see. They would thrust not their hands, but their feet into the side of the wounded Galleian. They would make our educational system a series of laboratories for the study of cheese-making, carpentry, metallurgy, engineering, printing, and plumbing. They think the English language is useful only when it is recording week-end trips or performing some other puerile function. Having once suspected that life originated in slime they are unable to lift their minds above the plane where their feet ought to be.

Liberal arts not worthwhile? Then what is worthwhile? Then the bluest blood that ever throbbed in the temples of the world was not worthwhile. Then we shall ever remain a nation of the cross, the crude, and the unwashed when the almighty dollar stalks supreme, a yardstick for measuring human values; where the furniture of the mind is ever composed of rough oaken boards and the elegance and grace of a Queen Anne suit are unknown. Away with Pullman cushions and upholstered automobiles! A rail is good enough for a man to ride on.

The Gentle Art of Wasting Time

In this age of efficiency experts, the gentle art of wasting time is considered a vice. We have our days and even our hours systematized so that we can make every minute count. Machinery and devices are constantly being invented to save time. But what does this all lead to? Perhaps to a day of maximum business efficiency, but certainly to a feeling that one has to run to keep up with himself. Everyone should waste time once in a while, if not for the relaxation, at least for the variety. For example in reading; back lists are made for us and we are expected to follow them. But if somebody did not waste time wandering through a book-shop, good books would go undiscovered. A short time ago a book 'A tale of St. Nichel' was published. Few people read it—glancing at the title they would say, "Another travel book", and would pass it up for a "best-seller". Book-sellers shivered it as a bad guess, and thought no more about it. But someone roamed about a bookstore with no object in view. He bought "A Tale of St. Nichel"—he praised it—a review was written. People began talking about it—a demand was created. The book was re-printed after several months business, and became overnight a "best seller". I have heard this book is very fine, but it might yet have been "just another travel novel" if someone had not wasted a little time.

Since we may be golden, but make the teachers believe it if you can!

College Campus Castes

There is some diversity of opinion on the subject, but the Michigan State News recently pointed out that the American colleges are in the grip of a complete caste system.

"We have royalty—the athletes. They are untouchable in the aloofness from the common herd. They are accepted, envied, and above criticism. The king can do no wrong and we have our first division of modern feudalism.

"We have nobility—the activity men. They are not of royal blood but they are the controlling element. Theirs is the power and the glory which is almost as untouchable as the athlete's except that the activity men are not born to it.

"We have the fashionable gentry—the well-dressed, wealthy student who has to but loil and bask in the reflected light of his father's gold. His is the part of the court retainer, a "yes man" in a sense.

"After this upper stratum of campus society is named, we have but to add the long list of students, grinds, men and women working their way through, and those who do little or nothing."

And we hasten to add, why shouldn't we have this caste system? Ours may be a democratic system in theory but in reality, we all know that all men are not equal and that since the outside world is so thoroughly undemocratic it is only natural that the college should reflect this social and economic autocracy.

The Dead Cat

The curiosity which killed the cat was not the cause of the student's downfall. Nor did it figure very vitally in the teacher's make-up.

"Those who are interested may read further," quoth the pedagogue. But they were none who were interested.

"What was the reason for that?" inquired the student.

"We haven't time for that now" came from behind the desk. "You get that in another course."

And the matter ended there. Papers in on time; graded and handed back with punctuality. Books closed with the sound of the bell. A sigh of relief from all concerned. Education, thy task is done!

We hear a lot about those who feign never to crack a book. More numerous are those who actually never crack their skulls. Apathy has a strangle-hold on curiosity.

The cat died; so did the teacher and the student. But not for the same reason. While all of us knew that that the cat really was dead, we only suspected the condition of the teacher and student.

The Fellow Who Never Caught On

There used to be one in every town, the fellow who never caught on. Perhaps he grew up and by accident strayed into college. A person might have thought that time would have helped him, but it didn't.

Because people laughed at him, he thought he was clever; because no one insulted him, he thought he was getting on in school. The teacher treated him like a gentleman; he thought he was a king. He shot a basket once, and the team carried him as a scrub. He became indispensable to the school. He bought a Ford, painted it up, and advertised the place. He informed the shop-girls that he had city ways. And a few of them, who had never been to the city, believed him. Then one day he got into trouble, and the trouble got into the papers. He landed in jail. But what of it? He had put the "ole skule" on the map. Ten years later he returned as a loyal alumnus. He waved the flag for old P. U., and he told of the good old days when students were "real men". Some listened to his tales and believed him. They didn't know that he was the fellow who never caught on.

Did you hear that one of our loyal E. I. ans was wreinded out of several thousand dollars last week? Yep. Her father wouldn't let her marry him.

May We Suggest?

What Happened To Our Band?

We used to see a good sized band at the games but last Friday night there was but half a band.

Of course there were several band players we used to see at football games in civilian clothes enjoying the game Friday night.

Those present in uniform were appreciated by everyone.

Let Us Now Look To Our Manners

It has been said that students at E. I. are bad-mannered. Before you agree or become wrathly, find out who it was that made the statement, and then where he is from and what age person he is. For those two facts make a great deal of difference. If he is old, he may think we are rude when we are merely young. If he comes from some other section of the country, we may be rude, according to his standards.

But stop and define your terms. Webster says manner is deportment; or the well bred actions of people. Then surely there are many styles of manners. For instance, a perfect lady, in America, sits on a chair, while an African lady, just as well bred, insists on sitting on the ground. We are taught to eat with forks and knives. It is a part of this manners business to manipulate them well. Yet, in China, they are taught to work chop sticks and in the high society of some countries, the people eat with their fingers. Well, what is right and what is wrong?

If we must differentiate between countries on this question of manners, surely we must also allow for a difference between sections of these countries, and so, between schools. You wouldn't expect us to act as do the students at Yale, or Harvard, or Vassar, now would you? Or would you like for us to take them as our model and do just as they do?

We have a small school and we admit it. We're mid-western, and we don't deny it. Few of us are very "highbrow", we acknowledge. Naturally, our manners are mid-western, but, I ask you, what of it? Aren't they as good as Eastern manners? Maybe, and anyway, we think so.

"We will now read from the Book of Numbers," said the preacher as he fingered the telephone directory.

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One of our professors was telling us about hunting in the mountains for a couple of months. We just wonder if he ever found them.

They Tell Me--

THAT Bessie Lewis, from Bridgeport, and Maxine Cook, a pumpkin-roller from south east of town, received their just dues the other day. One of E. L.'s most famous lovers sent his girl friends a little special delivery note. Well, the girl friend tore the note up, as most notes of this kind are torn up, and the team of Lewis and Cook picked the pieces out of the waste basket and carefully pasted them together. We don't know what was on the note but that really doesn't matter anyway for the next day the girls received a little card which was entitled "A Prayer for Today". This prayer sure slapped the sleuthing ladies right in the mouth. It was, "Oh Lord, please help me keep my nose out of other people's business." What a wonderful lesson this is to the girls and what a wonderful lesson it should be for the general public. When a nosy person starts nosing around, they generally get the dirty end of the stick in the long run.

THAT it seems like everyone is getting exposed this week. Bernice Pfeiffer, a little rascal from Arcola, tried to put one over on her instructor and it turned out that she wasn't quite clever enough to pull the trick. We'll admit that it is reasonable to assume that the answer to a question asked at the close of the hour should be found in the last part of the assignment, but when a clever instructor crosses you up and asks a question which is on the first page of the assignment and doesn't ask it until the close of the hour; then what chance is there to bluff? Poor little Bernice was asked a question just before the class was over and her answer that she didn't get that far, didn't get over because her instructor says, "Well, well, that's too bad. The answer is on the first page." We are extremely thankful that all instructors aren't like this, because think of the additional hours one would have to spend on his books if you had to compete with such strategy.

THAT here's one that should appeal to bridge players. It might be entitled, "What's the use of spending four years in college if your bridge is this poor?" A little girl from the great state institute that Red Grange put on the map, couldn't understand why her Jack of Hearts wouldn't take a Ten of Diamonds when diamonds were trumps. "Why," says she, "the left bower will take everything but the right bower." Wouldn't poor old Milt Work rave if he knew his lectures on how to play bridge fell on little girl—she looked like a child such unhearing ears as these? Poor who had just learned that his parents don't eat spinach, when she was told that it must be euchre she was thinking about instead of bridge.

A COLLEGIATE CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 2)
that girl has turned out to be! I-I-I can't understand. Why, how she dances! And Richard Donovan dared to insult her. By----! I must dance with her," said Rich to himself.
The dance ended and Sue and Steve were left in front of Rich. Steve recognized his fraternity brother, and Rich joined the couple. Sue was in no means a little surprised and confused to meet so unexpectedly the owner of the S. A. E. pin she now had in her tiny evening purse. Rich was master of circumstances and secured the next dance with our princess.
Steve was an understanding person and readily comprehended the mutual attraction between Sue and Rich as his eyes followed them about the room. He caught a wink from Rich and after returning it, he faded unobserved from the picture.
Half-concealed faces might have been seen peering out of windows as a Stutz roadster rolled up to the front of the girls' dormitory.
"Rich," said Sue as she and Rich Donovan stood on the steps of the dormitory, "I know you must think me a little fool. There is nothing I can say to explain."
Opening a sparkling purse, Sue

SPORT BRIEFS

With the enrollment of "Buster" Coulson, Millikin presents a much stronger lineup. Coulson was the best high school forward in the state last year and this season has been playing with the Decatur Morans.

State Normal won their first victory over a Wesleyan team since 1922 when they won Saturday night's battle 24-21. Earlier in the week, Wesleyan had won a one point victory over the State Normal cagers.

Bradley crushed St. Viator 23-26 and it will be interested to watch the next Bradley-Millikin game.

McKendree evened up its earlier season defeat at the hands of Carbondale by noosing them out 25-24 in a thrilling encounter.

Forrest Buckler broke into the local lineup for the first time in the game with State Normal and played a very creditable game.

For the second time this season, Wasem played the brand of basketball that he is capable of. Besides scoring the winning basket, Wasem scored several other field goals and personally directed an effective stall against the State Normal five.

Fenolio fouled out for the first time this season in Friday's game. Dappert, who replaced him, received a bad fall when he was fouled going under the basket, but "Daisy" wouldn't think of leaving the game and added to the local cause by adding a free throw.

Porter Simcox turned in his best performance of the year. Simcox fitted in perfect in the fast breaking attack and broke through to score two field goals.

It is rumored that Earl McAdams, one of the best athletes in the central part of the state several years ago, will enroll for the spring term. McAdams helped make football history at Pana when "Butch" Nowack was the sensation of prep football circles. Earl played quarterback on the football team, starred as a forward in basketball and has made a name for himself as a catcher for the Pana semi-pro baseball team.

Shurtleff's victory over Carthage gave them undisputed possession of first place in the conference race. Carthage, boasting a record of six-straight victories, met a crushing 45-30 defeat at the hands of the Alton Pioneers.

Millikin showed the effects of their summer vacation and took a 20-16 defeat at the hands of the Sparks Business College five. By comparative scores, Sparks rates as the best amateur and college five in the state.

"Non parata," dixit Freshie, Cum a sad et doleful look.
"Omne recte," Prof. respondit, Nihil scripsit in her book.

We heard that the eye is an index to the mind. If that is so, will you kindly explain why so many of the girls around here have bright eyes?

We do not believe in the theory that saintly people live longer than bad people. Its just that life, to them, seems longer.

Exercise is a wonderful thing, but about midnight we wish the people in the room above would take their daily dozen with their meals.

drew out a small pin and extended it to Rich. "Here, I am sorry."
Rich's eyes met hers. "Think nothing of it," he said lightly, but then more seriously, "I would like for you to wear it always."
(The End)

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Westfield Bumps T. C. in Fast Contest 23-18

(By John S. Bowman)

The Westfield High Camerites lived up to their reputation of being next to an unbeatable quintet on their own floor Friday night, but their reputation was threatened considerably. Coach Robbins' T. C. outfit invaded Westfield's gym Friday night, grabbed a lead at the start of the contest, held it through the first half, fought on even terms with the Westfield five the third quarter, but was nipped out in the closing minutes of the last quarter, Westfield winning 23-18. It was the third straight defeat for the Robbins' Preps but they put on an exhibition of basketball that had previously been unrevealed and should have won.

Robbins, dissatisfied with T. C.'s previous showings shook the lineup, with gratifying results. Gray, the rangy Rardin native, was shifted to

Titus's position at forward. Pinnell, who played previously at running guard, was moved back to Gray's erstwhile position and Titus filled in at running guard. Due to this change, everyone in the T. C. lineup entered the scoring column, everyone but Pinnell making field goals. Pinnell made up for this deficit with a timely free throw. Not only were the T. C. basketballers efficient in team work, but they were next to perfect as far as free throws were concerned, eight charity shots irritating the net in nine tries.

T. C. jumped into the lead rather unexpectedly the first quarter, leading at its end, 6-4. Westfield fought desperately in the second canto and managed to score six points to the Robbins' Preps four, and when the first half ended the score was knotted at ten all. T. C. forged ahead at the start of the second half and held it through the third quarter when competition became bitter and close. Westfield again knotted the count and the game became a nip and tuck

(Continued on page 6)

A Maybe So Tale

Long ago when the Kickapoo Indians lived in this region, and the hills and valleys were lighted by the glow of their many camp-fires; when old weatherbeaten warriors sat around the fires sharpening arrow-heads and telling tales, while the squaws cooked and the younger men danced or went hunting or on the war path, there was an old Indian legend, that had been handed down through the ages, that was told most and liked best by all the Indians. This tale was about an old Indian chief, Kee-atoh, who had lived many years before. The story ran that after killing a large bear single-handed he had made a beautiful fairy, whom the bear had found ensnared in a spider-web and had been about to devour when Kee-atoh's timely arrow saved her. This wily old chief, foreseeing the end of his days soon, when told that she would grant him one wish in token of her gratitude, asked that after his death he might return to earth once every thirty years, and thus keep in touch with his tribesmen. According to the legend his wish was granted, and every thirty years, old Chief Kee-atoh returned to earth at midnight and wandered through the camp for an hour, after which he climbed to the top of a large oak tree, which stood in the place of E. I.'s main tower, and there he extended his arms and blessed his tribe. After this he returned to "The Happy Hunting Ground" to await another thirty years.

On the night of his supposed return all the camp was made tidy and the entrances to the lodges were left open. Then everyone went to sleep for it was said that the old man disliked being spied upon.

Finally the white settlers came and the Indians gradually disappeared. However, this had not been provided for in Kee-atoh's wish, besides he probably did not understand that his people were entirely gone for one hour out of every thirty years is an insufficient time to measure one's losses.

Therefore, in 1900 if you had been down by the lake you would have seen a tall figure glide through the trees and approach the main building. As he neared it he became more cautious and looked from one side to the other as if searching for something. Then he slowly put out his hand and touched the grey stones of the building, and then jumped back as if he thought it was alive. At last he seemed to come to some def-

(Continued on page 6)

Coincidence?

Does history repeat itself? Well, let's hope not (at least in this case).

Two years ago T. C. had one of the best football teams in the history of the school. That team won most of their games. Then basketball season rolled around. The basketball team was composed mostly of football men and the material for a team looked very good. The season began; this team, all seniors, lost nearly all their games; they went to Casey to the E. I. League tourney; they drew Casey for the first game; Casey eliminated them. Instead of being good little boys and obeying rules they stayed for the rest of the tourney, and were marred for the rest of the season.

This year, T. C. had a strong football team. This team did not lose a single game. Basketball season rolled around and most of the candidates for the basketball team had been on the successful football team. The season started; prospects looked good for a winning team this year; they lost several of the most important games. This team (also seniors) is going to Casey next Thursday to the E. I. League tourney. They play Casey in the first game. What will happen?

Is this merely a coincidence or is history repeating itself?

DOPE BUCKET

Charleston High, those overconfident Napoleons of Central Illinois basketball, with a season's record of nine straight regularly scheduled games in their "win-bag", met their Waterloo here last Tuesday night, when the Paris High Tigers bumped them by a 14-11 count.

Bob Adams, rated by some of C. H. S. "rail-birds" as the leading Central Illinois forward had to be content with a lone point gained from a free throw. His little playmate, Captain Lanman, went scoreless for the evening.

Harry "Gunboat" Smith, C. H. S. sport scribe, had this to say in the C. H. S. Sidelights, while weeping over the Northsider's loss:

"Maybe T. C.'s Dope Bucket was right when it said that C. H. S. was getting 'cockier and cockier'. Who knows?"

"Our boys were more individual in the Paris game than they have been this season. Too much shooting and not enough passing lost the battle."

"At last the Paris victory over C. H. S. will give the T. C. scribes something to crow about."

Well, Harry, we won't say much about it. We know how it is to taste defeat and we know how to enjoy our wins. Perhaps C. H. S. will swing into another "winning streak", but we have our doubts to its length.

"Oh! yes, our reason for that statement? Did you ever hear of the Eastern Illinois League tourney? It is to be held at Casey around Feb. 6, 7, 8th. We're both entered in it. (Meaning?) After that your next hazard will be down here when you invade our gym for the second game of "that city series". If you get by both of the previous obstacles, you still have to sweep several teams away in the little District Tournament at Mattoon the following month. But don't let that worry you, things could be worse, you might have LOST nine straight.

T. C.'s opponent in the forthcoming E. I. League Tournament at Casey, Feb. 8th, will be Casey, the host of the tourney. Casey went to the Wabash Valley finals at Terre Haute and should be quite an obstacle in T. C.'s path toward championship recognition. The game is scheduled for 7 p. m. and will be the opening contest of the basket eliminations.

Coach Robbins, ex T. C. Mentor, is taking no chances on his team tiring out on these big tournament playing floors. A trip was made by the squad last week over to Mattoon, where they played Coach J. M. Culbertson's Basketeers a practice game in Mattoon's new \$125,000 gym.

No casualties were reported but it is whispered around that some of Robbins' Protoges had occasional cases of chronic "hanging out of the tongue" or in plain words, lack of wind, due to those long journeys up and down the floor.

Those handsome young members of Robbins' squad would have become all "steamed-up" if they could have noticed the numerous representatives of Mattoon's fair sex who gazed with great admiration upon the prowess displayed by T. C.'s basketeers in the practice game. Yes, folks, in fact you have no idea!

We note that one of the fair-sex of our dear high school has received interest in the time-honored game of ping-pong over at Penn Hall. Well fellows, they're always thinking up something sensational, why can't we do something for the good of indoor sports? Why not drum-up a quiet little game of tiddle-de-winks? It sounds plausible!

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New Writers' Club

This year T. C. is starting a Writer's Club. Miss Parker, of the College English department, is the sponsor of the club. Membership has been limited to Juniors and Seniors who have special interest in writing. The club meets twice a month, and some real talent has been displayed. As the name of the club suggests, the purpose is to develop interest in creative writing. If there are any Seniors or Juniors, who enjoy writing original poems, stories, essays, or plays come to our next meeting which will be held on Thursday, Feb. 13, bringing with you a sample of your own writing.

"Back-fence Gab"

Said Mrs. Trout to Mrs. Gwinn: I'm told that Charleston did not win."

Said Mrs. Gwinn to Mrs. Trout: The Paris Tigers nosed them out.

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We Know How

Parents are sure getting funny these days. A certain fellow's father actually asked to have the family bus, last week-end. What is the older generation coming to?

Sir Sid Confers With St. Peter

Sid Conrad, the scandal writer for the "News", had an interview with that famous ticket-taker, St. Peter. Here you have, word for word, what actually took place when those two famous men went into conference.

"So you are Sid Conrad, eh?"
"That's what I'm called."
"And you received your education at E. I. in Charleston?"

"Well, I went to school there."
"What are you doing up here, then?"

"I want inside those gates."
"What for?"
"To see what's on the other side of course."

"But hasn't your preacher ever told you what heaven is like?"
"No, and if he did I was asleep. Besides, I don't take anyone's word for anything. I must know what the place is like. What if I behaved myself all my life and then, after I died, I found that I didn't like it? It wouldn't be any reward and I don't want to be good for nothing."

"Well, I don't imagine you will need to worry much about what this place is like. And anyway, there are some things you should take for granted."

"Not me. I am a CYNICAL and DISSILLUIONED MAN. No one is going to put anything over on little Sidney."

"Very well. If you feel that way about it, you may look through this knot hole in the fence, even though I can't let you inside."

"Well, well. What a quaint looking bunch of old souls, all dressed up in night shirts and playing on harps. Such sour music."

"Sour? Say, they're all experts. We have a special school up here, to teach them to play."

"From the way it sounds, they must be playing hookey."
"Oh, I don't know. They could be a lot worse."

"Undoubtedly. But then, why try? They're mad enough now."
"We would like to put in a broadcasting station but the Federal Radio Commission won't give us a license."

"Is that so? Then evidently it has done some good. But, no kidding, the place don't look so worse. I could probably learn to play a harp. I'm an expert on the lineoleum, now. What are my chances for admission?"

"I'll look up your record. H-m-m. How about this affair on June 14, 1907?"

"Well, it was this way...."
"And August 19, 1915? September 30, 1918? July 4, 1922? December 15, 1925? February 29, 1927? April 31, 1929?"

"Gee whiz!"
"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Why, I was wondering if you had any record for March 3, 1923? Or January 18, 1929? An how about the other night, when I...."

"Say, I've got the writer's cramp now, keeping your record up to date. Don't tell me any more."
"Do you think there is any chance for me to get up here, later on?"

"It don't look very hopeful. If you're planning to come up here, you'll have to reform and you'll have to give up writing smart things about the poor defenseless students at E. I."

"Give that up just to come up here and strum a harp? I think not. If this is all you have to offer, I believe I'll take a trip to Hades and see what that place is like. It pays to look around before you decide on your permanent residence. Well, so long, Pat, old kid. I guess I'll go to the devil."

From the number of diamonds flashing on the left hands of some of our young co-eds, how can we say that women girls' hands show no sign of toil?

History repeats itself, especially if you flunk.

At the Hall

Betty Lewis can converse quite intelligently in her nightly slumbers. In fact she is quite entertaining and as many as ten neighbors have been known to gather for discourse with her at one time. She can tell the past, present, and future with a mere "uh-huh" or "huh-uh". When he audience can suppress itself no longer, she is allowed to awaken. This idiocy of Betty's troubles her a great deal. Last Friday night she raised herself upon her weary elbow and said, "I'm going to ask Mr. Beau what's wrong with me." Good old Father Beau, how he does set these young co-eds' min.'s at ease!

Pat Wilson, who underwent an operation for appendicitis a week ago, is much improved and is expected to be back at the hall within a few days.

Now that the Gentlemen have taken to Ping Pong, those of the fairer sex can better understand how the fair wenches of old must have felt while watching their cherished ones chide each other to the tune of foil upon foil. But what a more reassuring click these Ping Pong balls make:

We hear girls in the dorm referred to as "Pollyanna", "Orphan Annie", "Alice in Wonderland", "Fuzzy Fazzenda". Are we harboring ghostesses of the ages?

COINCIDENCE?

(Continued on page 5)
inite conclusion about the huge structure, and the next moment he rose in the air like a huge bat till he reached the topmost part of the main tower. Just then the moon broke from behind the clouds and shone down on the figure, dressed in buckskin and feathers, and yet gifted with wings. For a moment there was silence and then the arms of the old warrior extended, and in a language no longer used he blessed his children, blessed them for building this huge structure to be his pedestal when he returned to earth. A cloud swung low and then there was nothing. Nothing, only the shadows, and stillness, and the towers.

Of course it might have been some Freshman, but whoever saw one with wings, or it might have been—well anything. But it was the year for old Chief Kee-a-toh to come. What's more this may only be a fairy tale, and then again it may be so. Nevertheless it is 1930 so watch the tower.

WESTFIELD RALLY IN FINAL CANTO PROVES MARGIN OF VICTORY

(Continued from page 5)
affair until the closing minutes of play. The score was tied 18-18. T. C. was battling for a chance to grab the lead when W. Goodman, a Camelite forward, got behind the T. C. guards for two sleepers to give Westfield a four point lead. Westfield brought the count to 23-18 on a free throw just before the gun barked.

Despite the fact that T. C. found itself on the short end of the score at the end of the Westfield game, it established itself as a contender for the Eastern Illinois League Tourney Flag and will have the chance to improve further with this new combination before the tournament opens Thursday night.

WESTFIELD (23)	PG	FT	TP
W. Goodman, f	2	1	5
Gibbs, f	4	0	8
R. Goodman, c	0	0	0
Balley, g	1	0	2
Jones, g	2	2	3
Totals	9	0	23
T. C. (18)	PG	FT	TP
Wyeth, f (c)	1	4	6
Marler, f	2	3	7
Gray, c	1	0	3
Thom, g	1	0	3
Pinnell, f	0	1	1
Totals	5	0	18

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