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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

HAROLD MIDDLESWORTH	Editor
CHARLES C. FRYE	Business Manager
Mr. F. L. Andrews	Adviser
Wm. Atteberry	Circulation Manager
Stella Pearce	Critic
Irvin Singler	Sports
Sidney Conrad	"They Tell Me"
Rupert Stroud	"Chit Chat"
Martha Cox	Feature Writer
Mary Abraham, Kathryn Mallory	Reporters
Marjorie Digby	H. S. Editor

Entered as second class matter November 8, 1915, at the Post Office at Charleston, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed at the Court House, east entrance.

THE NEWS ADVOCATES:

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

Personalities

Every deliberative assembly has a person or persons who seem to delight in personal remarks. The Senate has Tom Hefflin. The House has Tom Connolly. Our class meetings are no exceptions. Some seem to delight in casting personal remarks, probably without malicious intent but which hurt just the same. It is commendable indeed to speak one's mind but there are ways of handling such things and then there are other ways not so good.

Of course some of us don't mind such remarks as have been handed out in the past, but until we are all truly sophisticated and calloused to the ways of the world, perhaps we should refrain from injuring anyone's feelings, especially in a joking manner. Others may not see it in the same light we do.

The older you get the more reckless the younger generation becomes.

Again—Class Dues

Again some of the classes are confronted with the old question of what to do with delinquents in the matter of payment of class dues. Ever since this form of raising revenue for class affairs was started, the classes have had trouble collecting the dues.

Can't some means be devised of enforcing payment? Threats do little or no good, and it is really unfair to force a few in each class to bear the financial burden of the whole class.

It has been proposed that we see if this matter of collecting dues cannot be taken up through the office—say at registration time. This seems a very plausible idea and perhaps can be arranged. Does anyone have any other propositions on the subject?

Absence makes the grades lower.

Speak Your Mind

It seems that some of our students are so mealy-mouthed that they are afraid to get up before their fellow students in class meetings and express themselves on propositions under consideration by the class, so they go around after the discussion is over and start the old procedure of hanging crepe and throwing cold water. It is perfectly all right and natural for some people to disagree with the majority but the time to make this known is at the time when everyone can hear and understand the objections. Surely, we future teachers are not so inhibited by our colleagues that we are really afraid to express an honest opinion. So, you who are prone to let things go and then creep around in the dark, spreading dark clouds, raise your voices and speak out. No one will hurt you.

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Reviews Poetry

LITERARY LIFE

Stories Essays

Reputations

How much we human idiots sacrifice for reputation—the things that other people think about us. We fling intellectual honesty to the four winds and forever compromise the integrity of our souls that the world will think us to be, what we are dead certain we're not. With obsequious servility we bow ourselves down to the will of the all powerful majority well knowing how tragically they often err. Too weak to incur their displeasure, we desperately cling to the protecting mask of our pitiful reputation. Rather than take it off we would go down to death, dissemble, cheat and practice all the known arts of hypocrisy. Anything is all right, if other people just don't find out about it.

If only more people in this imperfect world of ours would forget about their reputation once, face the honest truth, do what they know they should and not what somebody thinks they ought to be; oh, what a change there would be. At funerals, for example, the preachers would not be called on to lie about their parishioners, and the aforesaid parishioners might be spared the last minutes of agony when they find they can't kid themselves any longer.

Fulfillment

I sit and dream while studying,
My book turned upside down;
But dreams are things not made to trade
Or barter in the town.
And I, who am a dreamer,
Must learn of useful things,
And put my fancies all away
—Fold tight my gossamer wings.
And some day when I've time enough,
For wistful dreams and song,
I'll find they've vanished all away,
From lying still so long.

The Valentine

He was a fool and I was too,
What does it matter now?
He is married and I am too,
Still I remember somehow,
The day he gave me the Valentine,
And promised never to forget.
Of course, it's over and finished now
And nobody cares, but yet—

Modern Education

It doesn't seem possible that two college girls could know so little about what is going on that they would have at least a faint idea of who a few prominent men are. Yet I am willing to swear that the following conversations actually took place between two girls while they were in the library.

"I gotta look up Edison or some inventor, and all the books on him are out. Who can I look up?"
"Well, there's Fairbanks, that man who did something with trees and flowers and things."
"Yeah. Who else is there?"
"Why don'tcha look up that Frenchman, Mussolini?"
"Mussolini? What did he do?"
"Gosh, I don't know. But you can look him up and find out."
"Gee, what a name. How do you spell it? I'll have to write it down or I will forget it."
"I don't know. M-a, something. Aak someone."
Now tell me, is that what they mean when they talk about mid-western provincialism and the culture of the corn belt?

SOMETHING should be done about a study hall around this place. With the Assembly Hall in use for rehearsals and practices, the library far too small to accommodate the students and the class rooms in use most of the time, it is indeed a problem to find a place to study sometimes.

You can't beat Lee's for flowers.

Father Rene Prays Twice

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

By Arthur C. Shriver

Father Rene presided over his small flock in the little village of Grand Pre, a little town situated near the boundary line of France and Germany. Since his pastorate was very small he would travel from town to town and delivered his sermons. Today, being Saturday, he had hitched his old grey horse to the rickety cart. "Yes, Francois," he said dreamily to one of his friends who lounged nearby, "tomorrow I preach in a little church just outside of Saint Maur. Tonight I shall stay in a little house near the church. The house is occupied by two old unmarried ladies; just why they stayed single, nobody knows. I've loitered enough, Francois, now I must go. Au revoir."

He took the reins and the old horse heaved a lazy sigh and plodded down the road. After a few hours slipped lazily by, the horse was stopped in front of an old tumbled down house. The house gave an impression that it had once proudly exhibited its two-stories to an admiring world. Now the lower half was almost entirely hidden by tangled weeds and underbrush.

Before climbing out of the cart the old man's gaze shifted from the house and he looked out in the distance. To the world, or to his horse, he said as he picked out the objects before him, "Over there on the hill lies the castle and town of Saint Maur; there lies my church and over there, less than a kilometer, lies restless Germany." As he climbed down the wheel he said, "Deutschland Uber Alles." Then raising his arms to the sky he prayed, "Heaven Forbid!" He turned and walked toward the house.

Chapter II

Soon after the services the next day the old horse was again hitched up and driven away. As soon as the house was out of sight the indignant horse was whipped into a fast run

and was soon brought to a stop in the churchyard of Grand Pre. "Francois! Francois!" shouted the breathless old man.

"Here, Father!"

"Fetch Dubois and come to my study," commanded Father Rene.

The man darted away and soon all three were seated in the room.

"What is it, Father?" asked Dubois.

"Please listen now—ask questions later," said the agitated old man as he jumped up and paced the room. "You both know," he began, "that I preached near Saint Maur today. Last night I stayed with two elderly women. I was received cordially and after supper we talked about their church." His voice suddenly softened. "They said that no services had been held there for almost a year. Almost a year, mind you. I told them that I would hold services there all next week. I remember now their hesitation when I asked to stay with them through one week. But to go on with my story." Again his voice hardened and he spoke harshly; his eyes were fixed and he seemed to live over again his experiences in the old house. "I was wosted to my room and I heard my hostess go down the creaky old stairs. I climbed in bed and looked out of the window over the moonlit world. As I lay there thinking, I heard footsteps coming up the stairs. I noticed something peculiar about those steps. They limped! They stopped in front of my door—it opened slowly and a small man was dimly revealed by the moonlight! He went to the dresser and pulled out a razor! I wanted to call for help but lay there sweating!"

The boys sat tensely in their chairs staring at the shaking old man before them. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"Then what?" loudly whispered (Continued on page 6)

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The Curious Cub

IS PEP A MYTH?

Sally Wasson: From the sound of things from the T. C. bunch just before a game and the enthusiasm of the rooters at an E. I. game I would say "No!"

Check Waltrip: I think most people misunderstand what we mean by the word "pep". The person may still have enthusiasm and want his team to always win. This should be left to the student's own discretion and not continually discussed in the paper. Let them choose their own way of showing their appreciation of the team.

Guilford Reynolds: I don't think pep is myth because in most schools it is a reality. Students should back their team at all times in their own way, showing their spirit by yelling and by their presence at the games.

Mildred Green: From all appearances around here in the last month pep has been only a myth. It showed signs of life at the last basketball game but in general it's just something talked about—mythical.

Lillian Waters: Yeah, I think it is. It's her all right if there was just someone to bring it out. It's all squelched before it comes out. If it does come out it goes in the wrong channel.

Verlon Ferguson: Well, I believe it is around this school due to the fact that most people don't understand myths. Therefore they don't understand pep.

Morris Smith: Yes, pep in this institution is an aetiological myth. The chronic weed-inhalers and lonesome, home-sick students who are so numerous on our campus are not capable of arousing much pep.

Hollis Sallee: I've heard a lot discussed about it and I don't believe the majority are in favor of pep systems. I don't believe they are successful here.

Mr. Seymour: "Pep" is only a word—and a very recently coined one. There are combinations of qualities which we call "pep". There is such a thing as a combination of energy alertness, industry, enthusiasm, and a half dozen other qualities. That combination we could probably call "pep."

Austin Baker will demonstrate his ability to teach dancing in The Merchant Gentleman.

Student Life As Seen In a Public Eating House

Except it be a parlour in a girls' dormitory no one place connected with college life is more fit to be chosen as a place in which to study student life outside the classroom as a popular restaurant or "hangout." One of Gray's "mute glorious Miltons" instead of "wasting his sweetness on the desert air" might now have been famous had he immortalized in a stirring poem the then unknown college cafeteria.

As one sits in the favorite Black and Tan, eating his spinach and brown bread and gingerly casting his eye about, he sees much which intensifies his already half-formed opinion that college students are for the most part merely half grown children who like to run with the pack, leaving Plato, Nietzsche, and the great Bagley to rest undisturbed, for all the differences it makes in their young lives.

You are attracted by a lad with a homely face and dreamy eyes who vows that he always says "Howdy" to the college president when he meets him in the hall. He goes about preaching bits of his homely philosophy which embraces the idea that a happy man's life consists of his pipe, his dog, and a genuine liking for both the Song of India and Old Bordeaux.

And they say poets never grow up. Next your attention is claimed by a pale, spectacled piece of humanity at the table nearest yours. You look at her with pity in your eyes. You overhear her talking to her neighbor about the terrible morals of her fellow students. The words of Akikoe come to your mind,

"You are not lonely, I suppose, You who moralize And have never felt the warm blood of young flesh."

And the little girl didn't like to climb trees because the bark scratched her shins. You have finished your dinner. The waiter takes away your dishes. You are tempted to stay a little longer to hear and see what you might. But you realize that other people are hungry and that your table is needed. You leave, wondering if that time hasn't already arrived when "men shall become as children."

Over the Hills

No tonic of the kind dispensed in bottles, no doctor's prescription, no sedative or opiate can take the place in an efficient health scheme of regular jaunts over the hills. Muscles tighten; eyes lose the murkiness that comes from too intimate acquaintance with desk tops; and a devastating reduction is made in the bill for rouge and all other devices calculated to repair the damage which nature or both cause temperature have wreaked.

But there are other advantages which may or may not be amplifications of the foregoing physical ones according as those who are philanthropic enough to read this column may judge. Life at home assumes a flat and stale aspect. Most familiar associates retreat behind a mask of restraint and confine their conversations to bare conventionalities. John, the dry-goods man, might be an interesting acquaintance were he not afraid of offending his customers by some opinion in slight variation with theirs. School-boards, parent-teachers associations, and solid citizens with sanguine temperaments may be suspected of having a good deal to do with what school-teachers may say or think. Society moves in rigid coteries, cliques, sets. Like your boots and shoes, Brown and Smith are too common. Besides, there is work to do, and no time to apply your mind to the solution of other people's problems. To stay at home is to entertain too mean a view of life.

How different with him who has the courage to fare forth over the hills on a clear day in February even though he knows that wintry gusts crouch in abeyance around the corner of tomorrow! The prudence which keeps your job wars less against unlocking your heart to a man whom you have never seen before and have no reasonable expectation of ever seeing again. Only pierce the armor (Continued on page 4)

The Nut Shell

One secret of success is to go off where no one knows you and pretend that you amounted to something where you came from.

Lots of knees look much better in long skirts.

A critic is a person who can appreciate something he doesn't like and depreciate something that everybody likes.

If all the world's a stage we know a lot of people who are still in rehearsal.

Once you could foretell a change in the weather by the rheumatic pains in your joints, and now you can tell by the agony in your radio.

A girl coming down the street in a long dress and unbuckled gasholers looks like somebody shaking a rug.

An author reminds us that nobody loses anything by being polite. But there are a lot of people about who seem afraid to take the risk.

Half the people in the world are lucky in love. The other half are just plain lucky.

It doesn't pay to look for work. Sometime you might find it.

When you plant corn, don't expect to harvest wheat.

We want to know if the continued use of brilliantine on the hair, will make you any more brilliant.

Boys will be boys and some girls try to be.

Girls shouldn't worry about men, they're just like street cars, there will be another along soon.

Now if joyous means full of joy, and vigorous full of vigor, does plous mean full of pie?

We may belong to the rising generation but it is awfully hard to get out of bed.

Is That What It Is?

We, poor benighted 'athens that we are have been groping around in the dark for a long time trying to find out just what this thing called school spirit really is. Of course we have always argued that the idea is pure bunk without much foundation but one of our readers dropped us a line the other day to this effect: "It is school spirit which builds million dollar stadia; school hospitals and churches, and fills the campus with thousands of homecomers each year."

All of which is very interesting, but let's look into the matter a little and see just who builds these million dollar stadia, etc.

Mr. Rockefeller, who was never inside a college except on a visit or inspection tour, must have been bubbling over with "school spirit" when he practically built the University of Chicago.

Mr. Wieboldt, the great merchant prince, had "just scads" of the same "school spirit" but many more scads of surplus dollars; so he donated more money to the same university.

And then consider the strange case of Mr. Huntington, who had so much "school spirit" that he was in a curious position. He needs must divide his "school spirit" between two schools to which he had the "greatest sense of loyalty", so he donated the money to build the famous Quadrangle at Harvard and then offered Yale a like amount.

Is this school spirit? Of course not. What prompted these men to donate their money to the schools of the country was the fact that they had plenty of money and a beneficent turn of mind, so placed their money where it would do the most good, since they realized that the colleges of the country are the places where the future men and women of America are trained. Then there are the more utilitarian motives assigned to such donations. For instance there is the great advertising possibility attached to every such gift, and also the fact that such donations are really gifts from Uncle Sam, since they come under income tax exemptions. We can leave to point out that it is not these half-baked "collegians" who go yapping around about "school spirit" but "school loyalty" who demonstrated their affiliations in the ways mentioned in the quotation given above. If anyone thinks so, just let him try to raise a fund for one of these projects from such people even after they are out of school. He will certainly have much better success if he looks to those who may never have gone to college at all or those who went and paid little or no heed such matters, to who later used their real education to make themselves economic successes.

Good Ole' Saturday

Saturday we don our second best dress and rally forth to school singing, "Yuh got muh pickin' petals offa daisi-e-e-s-s." Today is the day we go home and our heart is light within us. The morning we spend blissfully discussing time tables and bus schedules with our friends and fellow inmates. In History, we sit through a lecture on the church of the sixteenth century, worriedly trying to decide whether we had better catch the one o'clock train or take the morning one and skip eleven-twenty class. Recalling, however, that we skipped last week we decide to drag through the rest of the morning, and at twelve ten make a grand dash out the front door.

We are not by any means alone in our escape; half the student body is with us. One girl confides she has never missed going home for a week end and we take her into our confidence and tell all about the terrible time when we had to stay over for three whole weeks.

Thus, after many delays and much confusion, we return once more to our paternal abode after the prolonged absence of one whole week. During our stay the earth might rise and swallow our school or some despondent person might forever desecrate our beautiful lake by committing suicide in it; we would never be the wiser until Monday, when we struggle disconsolately back with nothing to look forward to until the next week.

So They Say

The News has advocated the establishment of a sorority in this school and now some other people are becoming more and more interested in it. We submit the following as an expression from one of the girls of the school.

"A sorority would be an advantage both to the school and to the individual. It would elevate the standing of our institution in the eyes of other schools, scholastically and socially; scholastically if the requirements for joining are set high enough to bar 'drifters' and 'ne'er-do-wells'; socially if the standard of character is raised by cultivating good fellowship, refinement, rules of conduct, and the ability to live together with a common tie. Then the individual who qualifies for the sorority will possess the above attributes. It gives her a mark, a degree for her accomplishment.

Then a sorority would give us an intercollegiate spirit of cooperation. Some may ask why we should want to associate with other schools. The answer seems to be quite obvious; to expand; to learn of the outside world for the growth of E. I.; to keep us from being a provincial, narrow-minded, self-absorbed school, sinking into oblivion. What is worse than a passive disinterested person? The same is true of a school.

After leaving school, the sorority is a bond for collegiate women, giving them an introduction into the social recognition in any large community of which they may be members.

Having gone this far in our reasoning, we eagerly await the opportunity to verify the conclusion—"E. I. should have a sorority."

A Proposal for the Hour System

The writer wishes to suggest that a radical change be made in the program and that the "hour" system, which is used in most colleges, be employed.

By this plan, the classes meet on the hour; at eight, nine, ten, eleven o'clock, etc. The class periods would still be fifty minutes duration, but with ten minute intervals instead of the present five minute ones. This would facilitate some changes between classes when it is necessary to dress for a physical education class or get to a class on the third floor of a distant building. Chapel exercises could be held at the regular time and if they changed to run a little longer than usual, following classes would (Continued on page 4)

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A PROPOSAL FOR THE HOUR SYSTEM

(Continued from page 3)

be custom- ary half hour were maining be utilized for committee meetings, last minutes reviews, or any number of useful ways. "Native" students would still have time to get back a cup of black chin. The writer feels his of the complications which might arise as a result of the adoption of this plan, but he should like to suggest it to the body, as well as "the powers that be," for consideration.

A to see a of real lovers in The Gentleman. Who? Come h see.

They Tell Me--

THAT Miss Pearce, campus cut-up, had a big laugh last week. That she possessed strange power over men which made them obey her every wish, so as, "Hi! Hi! That got in"—but here it is. The thing that makes this so rare is—Stell sobbed us out. It last week and then came around us that she sure knew how to work men. "Eh! a tears and they are yours", were her exact words. But let's like the story about. buy who fooled them once with the cry of "wolf". You do it but not twice. We think you know in case you don't, the and we and looking, he replied, "What are you trying to do? Get me killed?" From his answer one think that there was question in his mind as to whether Stell was right or wrong. Well, the little much. Stell just took a car ride with an of horns. the owner and driver of the car didn't see any for less. his sweet until rather late and didn't see any why he shouldn't and it just turned out to be one of those occasions a mere man disobey the wish of Miss Pearce. So again say ha, ha. All women and horns are to work and when work long in the kitchen.

THAT if "The Gentleman" a play the Players are on F funny as one that happened in it will be a dandy.

THAT Odell alibi of the week someone how to spell a very word and then pronounced it out herself. t was funny way did it and then squared herself saying that she had spelled it that way on numerous instructors had never marked it

case poor memory or her instructors are always like as getting a "a" in "cat".

You can get your ticket for the Merchant Gentleman from any of the cast.

THAT Ike Stroud, Dieterich's contribution to our conglomeration of species, put the original absent minded man, that they tell stories about, to shame. Ike, one of the pearl divers over at the Cafeteria, left for the Frat Sunday night and forgot to remove his apron. The guardian angel was hovering near, however, and Ike discovered his error before anyone out on the street could call his attention to the matter. To show how insignificant things may alter the whole future, take Ike's case. Had he not have taken a high step (unconsciously) he would not have discovered the apron, had he not discovered the apron he would have been the recipient of many jokes at his forgetfulness; and had he received these well intended jibes he might have forgotten everything in his desperate effort to make amends for his fatal mistake. And he might have turned out to be like the co-eds around here, a walking, talking, advertisement of brainless humanity.

Simcox, after smoking his first cigar, knows why the Indians didn't want to fight after smoking the peace pipe.

"Hey, Tom, what time is it?" "How do you know my name is Tom?"

"I guessed."

"Well, guess the time then."

Have you ever met a mamamou-chi? You will at The Merchant Gentleman.

Call Lee's Flower Shop for Flowers.

SPORT BRIEFS

At least two teams may be invited further consideration as the Little Nineteen champion of the week (include the Shurtleff, C. W. and the Millikin-Illinois Wesleyan struggle.

Illinois Wesleyan showed ing strength by ing Bradley Tech. were content to 81-52.

The Millikin-Illinois Wesleyan game Wednesday night be one of the best of the season. Millikin Illinois College the week with the injection of "Dexter" the lineup, W. have to be going at Decatur five. the fast stopping

Wagon's work week has been nothing short of sensational. A continuation of this brilliant play will, no doubt, add a few more victories to the E. I. win column.

A little more accuracy in sinking free throws would be appreciated by Coach Lantz. His squad has only made ten free throws out of last two games.

From H. V. Millard of the Decatur Review, we have a few words of advice for the chronic "bums" that are present at E. I. home games. There isn't any question that are

in take of judgment, especially in basketball if the fans would only remember that the officials call the plays at the angle from which they see them and cannot be occupying the floor at the same time there would not so much

Most cage fans of course attend a contest and have a definite desire

looking at the ball game a of- see it from a position."

Although failing to break into the scoring column, the defensive work of Forrest Buckler was one of the features of the E. I. play against Shurtleff in the second half.

Von Behren snapped out of his scoring lethargy to snag ten points against Shurtleff and his return to form adds strength to the cause of the locals.

Intramural Schedule Thursday 6:45 Sophomores vs. Seniors. 7:30 Juniors vs. Delta Sigs 8:15 Freshmen vs. Coaching 37 9:00 Coaching 34 vs Physical Ed.

OVER THE HILLS

(Continued from page 3)

plate of reserve and you find that beneath rolls of fat-arg yards of sympathy, wit, and understanding. Those who go sight-seeing among buildings, mountains, and cities must have truly a wonderful time. Those who go sight-seeing among people feel even keener thrills of pleasure. Let him who comes as a stranger be accepted as a friend, for he is sweetly unaffected by the violent partisan-ships prejudices, and blood-feuds which hover about a locality, as it were the geni of the place. We must have fresh soil of face sterility.

Away, then, to the hills! Their contour is more interesting than the flat monotony of the plains. Their spirit breeds individuality in contrast to the stereotype of the plains. Master hills offer unlimited views to those who can climb them while the smoke and fog rising from a million chimney tops and, hanging like a pall over the materialism of the plain, shorten the vision and clog the lungs.

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Seniors Select Class Song

Credit for this Senior class song of 1930 goes to Inez Avtry. The tune that was adopted for the song is "Sailin' Sailin' Over the Bounding Main". The Seniors had a meeting Thursday noon and liked it and accepted it. For once the Seniors are going to have plenty of time to learn their song and work on it will begin immediately.

"Hear ye ho! my mates, our goal is near,
Toward which we've sailed for four long years.
Our ship of knowledge soon will land
And on the beach of life we'll stand.
Ere we disembark a song we will sing,
Which strong and clear through our dear halls will ring.
So here's to our year of thirty;
Here's to our school so dear.
Often we will think of both, though

far from here.
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
Many a stormy gale did blow, but we strived not in vain.
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main;
Many a year shall pass away ere we'll return again.

FROM NOW ON T. C. VS?

Feb. 12—Brocton, there.
Feb. 15—Eastman, there.
Feb. 15—Paris, there.
Feb. 21—C. H. S., here.
Feb. 25—Windsor, here.
Feb. 28—Kanaan, there.
Mar. 6-7-8—District Tournament at Mattone.

"You have saved my life," said the old man to the young fellow who had fished him out of the river. "As a reward you shall marry my daughter."

The young man glanced at the daughter. Then he threw the old man back into the river.

T. C. Wins Preliminary But Lose to Westfield

Coach Harold Robbins' T. C. High quintet capped their opening game from Casey in the Eastern Illinois League tourney Thursday evening but were forced to drop a 16-15 decision to Westfield in the last minute of play Friday afternoon.

T. C.'s defeat of Casey was an upset and Casey fans who came out to see their team annex an easy victory went home thoroughly convinced that Casey is not the only good team in the League.

Westfield's victory marked the third straight win by the Camellies over the Robbins' Preps. T. C. led throughout the first three quarters and fought on even terms with Coach Campbell's prep but some clumsy shooting from back of center by Brockjones brought the score to a 15-15 tie.

A moment later, Gibbs was fouled by Pinnell and made his free throw which gave Westfield its margin of victory.

The box score.

T. C. HIGH (23)	FG	FT	TP
Marker, f	2	5	9
Wyeth, f	1	0	2
Gray, c	2	0	4
Pinnell, g	1	0	2
Titma, g	2	2	6
Balls, g	0	0	0
Burns, g	0	0	0
Totals	8	7	23

CASEY (18)	FG	FT	TP
Wright, f	0	0	0
Ashley, f	1	2	4
Orndorff, c	3	1	5
Cady, g	1	0	2
Davis, g	2	0	4
Collins, g	0	0	0
Roberts, g	1	1	3
Totals	7	4	18

T. C. HIGH (15)	FG	FT	TP
Marker, f	2	2	6
Wyeth, f	0	3	3
Gray, c	0	0	0
Titma, g	1	1	3
Pinnell, g	1	1	3
Totals	4	7	15

WESTFIELD (16)	FG	FT	TP
Gibbs, f	1	3	5
Goodwin, f	1	0	2
Quinn, c	1	0	2
Barnett, g	0	1	1
Brockjones, g	2	0	6
Totals	5	4	16

Score by quarters:

T. C. High	5	8	10	15
Westfield	3	3	8	16

Living On Past Reputations

See him stroll the fellow who made the "All-Star Valley Team" and put Cantonville on the map last year! He may know his stuff all right, but who is there here to keep him on his pedestal? We don't know where Cantonville is, we don't know what all-star team he made, and we don't care. We want a man that will show his colors here, not for himself but for E. I.

He might have been the "guy" who beat up on "Tuffy" Madson over on the corner lot when he was just a kid, and who was looked up to as a champion here. That alone won't give him the boxing championship now.

Past glories and reputations are always greatly overrated and the race is still on, and it's a tough pull to keep in the lead. Those who live on past reputations are so far behind that they even miss the dust raised by those who are ahead and think themselves in the lead until they are passed again and again and at the last drop by the side of the road to watch the race go on without them.

Many copies flowers for Valentine Day. Lee's Flower Shop, Phone 30.

DOPE BUCKET

It was sure a tough game for T. C. to lose. The defense demonstrated by the Robinsmen was so good that only one basket was made by the Camellies within the foul line. The rest of them were made from the field.

T. C. demonstrated its Charleston superiority by whipping one good team and almost whipping another. Charleston High showed nothing but snappy basketball in their game with Palestine which they won 18-12. Palestine has only won one game this season. However, the Smithmen did show signs of life in the game with Oblong but they blew numerous set-ups which should have given them a winning margin.

Well, anyway, we were beaten by a good team, in fact the team that won the tournament, so that just makes our team show up much the better. In fact we showed up better than our northside rivals, who were outclassed in their second and last game in the tourney.

High School Year 1929-30

Winter Quarter Examination Schedule
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
February 27, 28, March 1
Thursday, February 27
8:10-9:50

Physics 2
Chemistry 2
Manual Arts 1, 2
Manual Arts 4, 5, 6
Domestic Science 2
Latin 2
10:00-11:40

French 2
French 5
Manual Arts 7, 8, 9
Geography 2
1:00-2:40

English 2
English 5
English 8
English 11
Friday, February 28
8:10-9:50

History 5
Latin 5
Latin 5
Algebra 2
Art
10:00-11:40

History 5
Latin 12
1:00-2:40

Science 5
Geometry 2
Geometry 3
Algebra 5 ("Geometry Ia")
"Mathematics Ia"
Saturday, March 1
8:10-9:50

Botany 2
Zoology 2
History 2
Agriculture 2

The Math Grade will report to Room 6 at 8:10. They will pay Spring Quarter fees at 8:30.

8:10-11:40
Senior High School students will pay Spring Quarter fees at 10:00 in Room 30.

Ninth grade examinations are held in Room 6. Examinations in geology, botany, and zoology are held in Room 30. Teachers whose pupils are taking examinations should be in examination room during the period.

All questions are to be photographed. Copy for the questions is due at the College office, in care of Miss Tamm, not later than Tuesday, February 11.

"Economics Ia and Geometry Ia are examinations on six weeks' work. If there is a conflict, let the students take Economics Ia, after he finishes Geometry Ia (Solid Geometry) and extend the period beyond 2:40 if necessary.

Flowers carry Valentine message. Lee's Flower Shop, Phone 30.

THE BULL PEN

Our gallant new cheerleader, Gene McCoy, has expressed his opinion toward holding the junior-senior banquet in Mattone this year, endorsing the idea to the fullest extent on the grounds that "we'd have more seclusion". Tak, tak, folks, what is this, another romance on our hands? Anyway, he'll bear watching, so all you 'see-all and hear-all's keep your weather-eye open for any possible developments.

Well folks, this is a new plunge in conducting a column so send in contributions. All the low-down on each other, such as romances, jokes, tomfoolery, and other nonsense and everything will be O. K., no foon-doolin.

BACK FENCE GAB

Says Mrs. Lynx to Mrs. Masey: "I hear that T. C. dropped the tourney."

Says Mrs. Masey to Mrs. Lynx: "Those Westfield boys are quite a jinx."

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PHONE 404 Raymond Westenbarger Prop. **CHARLESTON CLEANERS** 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?

Father Rene Prays Twice

(Continued from page 2)

Francis.
"He cut—his throat!" gasped the old man.

"Mon dieu!" said Dubois.
"I screamed," continued Father Rene, "and when I lit the lamp and looked the body was gone! Vanished!"
The old man passed his sleeve over his forehead and sank slowly into a chair.

"My hostesses came in," he continued calmly, "and I told them that I had screamed in my sleep. Nothing else happened through the night. I delivered my sermon the next day and then inquired about the old ladies. I found that their brother had committed suicide about twenty years ago by cutting his throat with a razor and no reason could be learned as to why he had killed himself. While I talked, I noticed a man who seemed vaguely familiar. When he walked away—he limped! I was told his name was Kohler, a new resident in Saint Maur."

"Now, boys," he said, "I thought you might like to attend these services next week. I'm afraid that something terrible is going to happen that together we might prevent. Also," he chuckled, "I know a little Mademoiselle in Saint Maur who would like to see her Dubois move so close to her, and," he continued seriously, "Germany is not far off and there have been rumors...."

"Sure we'll go," chorused the boys.
"And with pleasure," added Dubois.

Chapter III

The next evening, after the services, all three were talking together in Father Rene's bedroom in the old, tumbled down shack. Francois was looking out of the window into the moonlit yard below. Suddenly he crossed the room and went downstairs. Dubois was talking to Father Rene.

"I found the way the 'body' vanished," he said. "The man fell in such a way that he was shielded by the foot of your bed and near the wall. Part of the wall is cleverly hinged and all he had to do was roll through into the next room. The panel is locked so I could not see into the other room. Look, I'll show you," he said and picked up the smoky oil lamp and crossed the room.

Uttering a startled exclamation, he stopped short and slowly placed the lamp on a table. There lay Francois, still warm in death, with a knife buried in his side! Even now the trap door swung gently to and fro!

Mad with rage Dubois took the dagger from his friend's body, laid down and rolled quickly into the darkened room. He crept slowly around the room. No one there! He found a door and opened it. The two old ladies were cowering in one corner of the room. With hardly a word he escorted them to the room where Francois lay.

"We saw him...," faltered one lady as she stared at Francois, "come in."

"This is enough" cried the other, "I'll tell everything. Twenty years ago," she began, "the Germans cut my brother's throat because he would not let them use our house for their headquarters on this side of the Rhine. Since then we have been watched and this house is now their headquarters. Their secret agents have placed mines and high explosives under every building in Saint Maur. A little key in that room in there will blow up the whole town. Tomorrow is the great day. War is to be declared and their cry is 'Deutschland Uber Alles'. Every town in this neighborhood is to be blown up in the first advance. Their Captain Kohler is here now. Your friend saw him in the yard and Kohler was not alone." She crossed slowly to the window. "Look!" she whispered "even now sentries pace the yard.

At the Hall

The poor little maidens over at the Hall are turning Chinky. Instead of having furniture to lounge about on, they must sit, "cross-legged" fashion on the floors. What next, we wonder!

Martha Ann Ruth one of our comely young co-eds, known to some as "the chant of the jungle", states the fact that if they had television at the Dorm, some girls would get lots more attention. Why these "some", Martha Ann?

And Then Sid Sees St. Lucifer

When Sid left heaven, he flew straight towards Hades. As he drew near, the heat became more intense. At last he could see the flames and soon he was standing in the doorway.

"Hey, you," he called to a passing imp. "Where's the butler of this dump? May I come in?"

"Welcome to our city, brother. Come in and sit down by the fire," invited the imp, as he came over to shake hands.

The other imps were very busy piling coal on the fires and as they work they sang, "Turn on the heat," very enthusiastically.

"Nice little place you have, down here," said Sid, nonchalantly lighting a Murad on a burning coal.

"Very healthful climate. It is always nice and warm and still it never gets too hot."

"No, indeed," said Sid, wiping off the sweat, "Very pleasant."

"We try to please everyone, down here. We have all sorts of fancy tortures. In fact, there is never a dull moment. When things get quiet, the imps build the fires a little higher so that the poor old souls can enjoy themselves."

"Enjoy tortures?"

"Sure. The more they have sinned, the more they are tortured and so the amount of torture they undergo shows how sinful they were. They are so proud of their little sins. We try to show them all a good time. We provide them with all the inconveniences of life."

"Just one big family, huh?"

"Sure. Of course, the big sinners like gangsters, are sort of concealed about their sins and think they are a little worse than the others, but they soon get over that, for this is like America, just one big melting pot."

"Is it likely that I will come down here, later on?"

"Well, I don't know. We've heard of you several times. Of course, you are young yet, but I'd say the outlook was at least hopeful. We like the work you do on the "News". Keep it up. Make your efforts even bigger and better. It is fellows like you that make a college education profitable."

"Thanks. Then you don't think I'd have much trouble getting in?"

"Well, this place is pretty crowded and we have quite a waiting list. But if you will tell the gatekeeper that you are a friend of mine, he will let you in ahead of time. Why don't you stay?"

"I have a class in a few minutes and I have to get back to E. I."

"I understand. You know, maybe I could get you a job on the firing squad when you come down. I'll see about it."

"Don't bother. I may not come down after all."

Buy your tickets now for the Merchant Gentleman.

Last night they tried to scare you away—tonight they make sure you will not get away. Tomorrow—who knows?"

(To be continued)

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