

TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT.

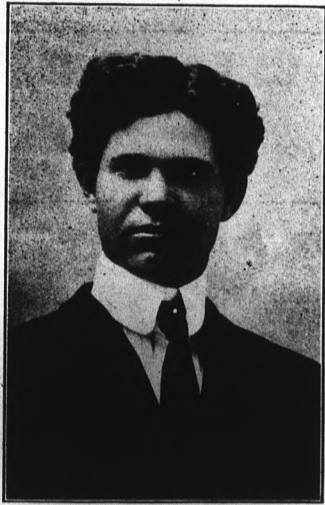
VOL. I.

TEMPE, ARIZONA, FEBRUARY 1, 1907.

No. 13

AT THE BASEBALL GAME.

(Adapted by Rosa Jaime.)
Sing not, my Orpheus, sweeping oft
the tuneful strings,
Of gliding streams and nimble winds
and such poor things;
But lend your measures to a theme of
noble thought,
And crown with laurels these great
heroes, as you ought.
Now steps Millet forth at call of fur-
ious Carr,
And now he gains the tertiary goal and
turns,
While whiskered balls play round the
timid Mesa team.



CAPTAIN JOHN DYKES.

Lo! from the crowds on the grounds
comes a shout
Beseeching bold Dykes to "line 'em
out!"
And as Apollo's flying chariot cleaves
the sky,
So staunch Dykes lifts the frightened
ball on high.

Like roar of ocean beating on the
Cretan cliff,
The strong Ayer gives the panting
sphere a biff;
And from the crowd rise loud murmurs
everywhere,
When twice and thrice Stewart beats
the mocking air.

And as Achilles' fleet the Trojan
waters sweeps,
So horror sways the throngs—Fellows
sleeps!
And stalwart Ashcroft, though by
Mercury inspired,
The Mesa-ites defies, and they retired

So waxes the strife between these god-
like men;
And as the hero's fame grows by Vir-
gilian pen,
So let Maurice Blome be raised to
heights
As far above the moon as moon o'er
lesser lights.

Normal, 6; Mesa High School, 4.
The first baseball game of the season
was played on the Normal ball
grounds last Saturday between the
Mesa High School and our own boys.
Considering that this was the first
game of the season, the crowd was
rather small; but we all hope more
and more of the students and friends
of the school will come out and en-
courage the boys.

On the whole, the game was rather
good. At times the fielding was rather
ragged—neither side had an earned
run. Mesa made but one hit, and had
our boys fielded as they usually do,
even that one would have been taken
from them. Blome, for a new man,
played his position well and promises
to develop into a good player. The
same may be said of Ashcroft, whose
work behind the bat was cool, steady
and sure. Captain Dykes fielded and
batted well. It is hardly necessary to
say that Ayer's pitching was as good
as it was last year, which is saying a
great deal. For Mesa, Leo Cuber dis-
tinguished himself, and the team did
Mesa honor by its gentlemanly con-
duct. The detailed score is as follows:

NORMAL.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Millett, 3b....	5	1	1	1	0	4
J. Dykes, 2b..	5	0	2	1	2	0
Ayer, p.....	3	2	2	0	15	0
Ashcroft, c....	4	0	0	14	3	0
Stewart, cf....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Clifford, rf....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fellows, ss....	4	0	0	1	3	0
Blome, 1b....	4	1	0	10	0	1
Shrigley, lf....	2	1	0	0	0	0
Parry, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Barkley, lf....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	6	6	27	23	5

MESA.

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lopez, cf....	4	1	0	1	0	0
H. Mullins, 3b.	4	1	0	3	1	0
R. Lesueur, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	1
L. Cuber, 2b-p.	4	1	1	2	9	2
J. Morris, c....	3	0	0	9	1	1
Z. Pe'ee, p.-2b	4	0	0	2	5	0
Ed. Morris, lf.	3	1	0	1	0	0
E. Brun'ge, 3b	3	0	0	0	0	3
H. Peters'n, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	32	4	1	27	16	7

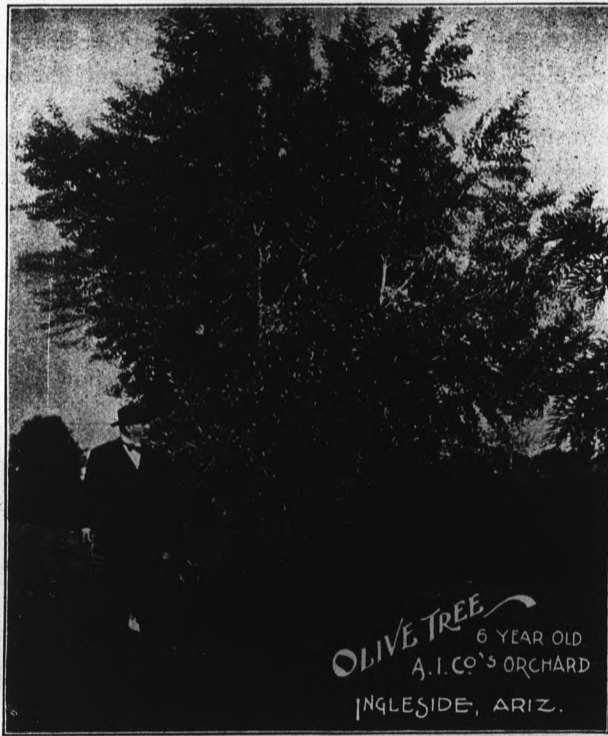
Score by innings:

Normal	2	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	—	6
M. H. S.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—	4

Struck out—By Ayer, 13; by Pearce,
3; by Cuber, 6. Hit by pitched ball—
J. Morris. Base on ball—Off Cuber, 1.
Two-base hit—Ayer.

OLIVE CULTURE IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

The great southwest of America
seems in a fair way to seize many of
the industries formerly monopolized
by Italy, Spain, France and the Orient.
Almonds, walnuts, grapes with the ac-
companying raisin and wine products,
dates and figs are all produced in



OLIVE TREE
6 YEAR OLD
A. I. CO.'S ORCHARD
INGLESIDE, ARIZ.

abundance. The cultivation of the
olive is by no means the least of these,
and if the present increasing attention
is paid to it, bids fair to be the greatest.
The raising of the olive berry and
the making of oil is one of the most
difficult of horticultural pursuits, as
well as the most interesting. The
southwest contains practically all the
American olives which are now rapidly
superseding the inferior European
product which has held sway for dec-
ades. Today there is an average an-
nual production in the United States
of about 200,000 gallons of olive oil
and 1,750,000 gallons of olive berries,
pickled in bottles and cans of various
sizes. The southwestern olive groves
produce more than two-thirds of this
amount.

The olive is a rather small tree,
branching rather near the ground. It
does not begin yielding till seven years
old, and reaches its maturity at twelve
years. The tree blossoms in the spring
and the olives are ready for picking by
December. The harvest continues for
two weeks, from December 1 to 15.
The pickers travel over the grove three
or four times on successive trips, tak-

ing the largest berries for pickling,
which must be handled with the ut-
most care to prevent bruising. The
small berries are milled for oil, and
these are gathered by spreading large
sheets beneath the trees while the pick-
ers, which in the southwest are nearly
all Japanese, mount the branches and
strip the trees.

The berries which are put into bot-
tles and cans ranging from one-half
pint to one gallon in size, are first
rolled through automatic graders to
assort the sizes. Then they are placed
in immense vats of lye and acid to re-
move the bitterness, and lastly placed
in brine to preserve them.

A strange feature of the olive in-
dustry is that the trees yield only every
other year, the crop of the "off" year
being only one-tenth of that of a

ARIZONA TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

(By R. A. Windes.)

From the windows, balconies, drive-
ways, walks, and all parts of the Nor-
mal grounds, the students and teachers
can see a brown figure passing along
four times every day in the week, Sun-
day not excepted, going to business
and church, winter and summer alike,
year after year.

For the past six years he has trudged
by, and the times were legion he has
cast upwards his eyes upon the mas-
sive stone structure and admired the
pride of Arizona with a never failing
reminiscence of the days when the
little acorn was not even planted
where the tall oak has grown. That
brown figure was your humble servant,

INDIANS 7—NORMAL 6

The basket ball season was opened
on last Saturday afternoon with an
interesting and closely contested game
between the Normal girls and the team
from the Indian school.

The game was called at 2 p. m. on
the large court on the Normal campus
and the playing was rapid from start
to finish.

The Indian girls won the toss and
chose the north goal. The first half
was played with scarcely any loss of
time, the Normal team scoring three
field goals and the Indians making
three goals on fouls. Score 6—3 in fa-
vor of Normal. In the second half the
Indians succeeded in making one field
goal and two more goals on free
throws from fouls, making the final



BASKET BALL TEAM.

the writer. Now nearly 28 years ago,
though it was not my privilege to be
in Tempe until many years later, it is
a fact that not only these Normal
grounds, but all the business part of
town was a luxuriant barley field.

Near the 1st of August, 1879, I ap-
proached the Arizona line from the
direction of Santa Fe, and crossed over
from New Mexican soil, the Arizona
line on the old Santa Fe and Prescott
backboard route at a spot where a
tall pole stood set deep and firm in
the ground. At a stage station near
by I remember remarking to a man
that the time was coming soon when a
railroad would pass through that vast
region, following closely that stage
route. He blurted out a rough reply,
"What on earth will they want it for;
to haul off all these rocks up here?"
casting his eyes up towards a great
stone ledge on the hillside above. There
at that little station I took on a little
sack of grain for my little mules and
paid a five-dollar bill for it, and a little
further on I handed another man a sil-
ver dollar for a little can of axle grease.
I had a little covered lynch-pin wagon
and two little knotty mules that

score, Indians, 7; Normal, 6.

Although the game resulted in favor
of the visiting team, the Normal girls
are to be congratulated on their good
work. The Indian team is a good one,
and all members have played before,
while, with two exceptions, the Nor-
mal girls had never before played in a
match game. The closeness of the
score is an indication that the result
of the next game will be quite differ-
ent.

It would be impossible to draw com-
parisons between the members of our
team as regards their work. Every
girl played her position well. The
forwards worked against strong and
experienced opponents, and the guards
with their long throws kept the ball
away from the Indian basket so well
that only one goal was thrown.
At center excellent work was done,
though both girls were lighter than
their veteran opponents. The game
was well attended by an enthusiastic
audience who were an inspiration to
our team and not unappreciative of
the excellent work of the visitors.

Our girls certainly looked charming
in their new olive drab uniform with



PIONEER SCENES.

had brought a sick wife and two
little daughters all the way from
the city of Chicago, the oldest,
now Mrs. Metzgar, of the class of
1895, who has taught six years

the letters "T. N. S." in red on the
blouse.

The game was characterized by
good will and absence of any jangle or
rough play.

HELEN DUVAL.

(Continued on Page 4.)

(Continued on Page 4.)

Tempe Normal Student

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TERMS—Five cents a copy; one dollar a year, containing thirty issues; payable in advance.
Subscribers failing to receive this paper will please notify the business manager.

Notice to Advertisers.

All matter for change of advertisements must be sent addressed to the Tempe Normal Student, Tempe, Ariz., and must be in our hands not later than the Monday preceding the issue in which the new advertisement is intended to appear. The paper is issued on Friday.

A short time ago the editors received a letter from two young men whose ages are seventeen and nineteen respectively, who took issue with an article in our columns apropos cigarette smoking. They claim that cigarette smoking was a good thing; that some of the greatest men in the country smoked cigarettes; in fact, they themselves smoked. These arguments were so strong that it was not in our power to answer them, and we gave it up, and would have taken to smoking the brands recommended by our young friends had not our eyes been attracted by the following paragraph in the Governor's message:

"There is another serious evil that I would call to your attention. The ill effects of the use of tobacco upon immature youth must have impressed itself upon even the casual observer. The 'cigarette boy' may be instantly known by his sallow complexion, by his stunted development, and by his unfitness for either study or work. That the victim of the vice can not be brought to see that he is blasting all his hopes of future usefulness or influence, renders his situation the more pitiful. He should be disabused of his notion that it is manly to smoke, and as other efforts, if any have been made, to abridge or correct the vice have failed I recommend the enactment of a law forbidding the sale of tobacco in any form, cigars or cigarettes, under severe penalties, to any person under 21 years of age, and with like penalties upon the person under 21 years old buying the same, even notwithstanding the consent of an indulgent but foolish parent."

The Tempe Normal Student is not given to self-praise. The editors and managers all work hard and have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing their best. It is not that we are ignorant of some of the shortcomings of the paper, but it is not always easy to remedy them. We are grateful that we have many thoughtful friends who help us by their advice, and in many other ways. As a general thing those who run down the paper are those who do not subscribe but read the other fellows' paper.

I trust we will not be considered guilty of immodesty for publishing the following letter which ought to carry weight and a great deal of encouragement to our friends. It is from Major Lamson, a man who knows a great deal of school life, for he has a successful school of his own. It is as follows:

Phoenix, Ariz., Jan. 22, 1907.
The Normal Student, Tempe, Arizona.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find check for \$12.00 in payment of the second installment on advertising contract.

We are pleased with the make up of the paper, the articles and other matter in the Normal Student. You are surely getting out an excellent paper. Some of the articles, alone, are worth a year's subscription. I am especially pleased with the article on Heredity and Environment by Professor Ruthrauff, and also the editorial on Leavers and Lifters. You surely deserve success.

I hope the support and encouragement you are receiving will warrant making the paper a permanent feature of the school. I am,
Yours very truly,
E. M. LAMSON.

For the sake of those who have not had an opportunity to read the Governor's message, we print this extract which refers to our school. In this connection we would urge our students to read the message in full for the sake of the good, clear English which they will there find:

The Normal School at Tempe.
I must refer you to the report of the Board of Education of the Tempe Normal School for detailed information concerning it.

It appears from the report of the Board in charge of that institution that the present enrollment of pupils at that school, which shows an increase over former years, is:

In the Normal Department.....266
In the Training School.....177

Total.....443
The Board estimates that before the close of the present year the enrollment will reach 500 and that within two years it will have reached 600.

The school has the reputation, not only within the territory, but elsewhere, of maintaining a very high technical standard. The particular function of this school, as of that at Flagstaff, is to qualify the students to become teachers in our public schools. Of the graduates of both these institutions a very large proportion do become teachers. The board reports that of the 59 graduates of the Tempe School who graduated therefrom in 1905 and 1906 all but six have taught or are now teaching in the schools of the territory.

During the past two years, and as authorized by the last session of the Legislature, numerous and important improvements by way of new construction have been made. A new training school building, a dining hall, dormitories and other accessory buildings have been constructed at a cost aggregating about \$40,000.00 in addition to which \$15,000.00 were expended in equipping the buildings with a modern and efficient heating system.

The Board estimates the property of the institution to now be fairly worth \$191,000.00.

The total cost to the Territory of maintenance for the year ended June 30, 1906, according to the Board's report was \$38,822.94. For the previous year it was \$30,437.41.

The receipts from dormitory boarders for 1906 were...\$14,468.20
And expenditures from that fund were.....13,701.05
Balance.....\$ 767.15

The monthly charge to those students who boarded at the institution was, for that year, \$15.50.

The levies for the benefit of this institution for the current biennial period (1905-1907) are, for
Maintenance.....9 cents
New construction.....5½ cents

14½ cents
The Board embodies some recommendations in its report to which I invite your attention.

Every student should become well acquainted with the make up of the present Legislature, and it is for this reason that we print here the make up of the two bodies. In the very near future we expect the pleasure of a visit from them:

Council.

Apache county....John T. Hogue, R
Cochise.....Steve Roemer, D
Coconino.....H. C. Lockett, R
Gila.....G. W. P. Hunt, D
Graham.....J. L. Cleveland, R
Maricopa.....E. B. O'Neill, D
Mohave.....W. G. Blakely, R
Navajo.....Robert Scott, R
Pima and Santa Cruz.....

.....E.M. DICKERMAN, R
Pinal.....Thomas F. Weedon, D
Yavapai.....A. J. Doran, R
Yuma.....Donald McIntyre, R
Eight republicans and four democrats.

Assembly.

Apache.....S. E. Day, R
Cochise.....N. E. Bailey, D
Cochise.....Owen Murphy, D
Coconino.....L. S. Williams, D

Gila.....John McCormick, D
Graham.....W. W. Pace, D
Graham.....J. R. Hampton, R
Maricopa.....W. D. Bell, D
Maricopa.....E. C. Bunch, D
Maricopa.....J. W. Crenshaw, D
Maricopa.....William Wallace, D
Mohave.....C. G. Krook, D
Navajo.....William Morgan, D
Pima.....David Morgan, R
Pima.....A. V. Grosetta, R
Pima.....A. Ball, R
Pinal.....Nott E. Guild, R
Pinal.....J. I. Coleman, R
Santa Cruz.....B. J. Whitesides, D
Yavapai.....George W. Hull, D
Yavapai.....D. A. Burke, D
Yavapai.....R. N. Davidson, R
Yuma.....J. D. Martin, R
Eight republicans and sixteen democrats.

Improved Methods.

It used to be when I was bad my mother'd surely spank me,
She'd say, "This hurts me worse than you, but some day you will thank me."
But now she's joined a mother's club, and goes 'most every day,
To find out how to train me in just the proper way.

It used to be when I would get real impudent or pert,
I'd have to go upstairs to bed, or do without dessert;
But now she lets me go ahead, and says that it will teach
Not only independent thought, but fluency of speech.

It used to be when I would yell she'd take me well in hand,
But now she lets me go ahead to make my lungs expand.
Just once when I got mad and kicked, she showed some slight surprise,
But finally said that kicking was a healthful exercise.

To train me mother used to strive with all her might and power;
But now she lets my soul unfold just like a springtime flower,
She says the club's a splendid thing; I'm sure that's very true,
But, oh, I wish my father soon would join that same club, too.
—Woman's Home Companion.

Over the Telephone.

A certain grocer has for some days been hunting for the owner of a voice that claimed his attention at the telephone one busy morning. When he finds his man the meeting will furnish material for an interesting item, and the following dialogue explains why:

The Voice—Hello! Is that you, Charles?
Grocer—Yes.
"Well, how are you?"
"First rate."
"You're looking well."
"I'm feeling better than I look."
"That's good; glad to hear it. Have you got any salt fish?"
"Yes."
"Is it fresh?"
"Yes, came in this morning."
"Cod or pollock?"
"Got both. Which do you want?"
"Well, I don't know. Is the pollock good and dry?"
"Yes."
"Well, why don't you give it a drink, then?"

At this point the grocer brought the colloquy to a sudden termination with a remark that would be out of place in polite society, and therefore unfit for publication.

True Enough.

Parkin—But why don't you try to get interested in this new thought on education?

Perkin—Because it's nothing but the same old thinking done up in a new lingo.

Whistling girls and jumping sheep
Are the things for man to keep;
One thing more you should know
To make complete is "Sifted Snow"
The flour that makes the dough
For delicious bread snow white
Cake and buns that's "out of sight."

ALFRED J. PETERS & CO.

TEETER BROS. BUTCHERS

Tempe, Arizona.

Stay at School.

We regret to see a disposition on the part of some of our young people to quit school. Stay at school another year or two, and don't be ashamed of what ought to be your glory, that you want to learn more. Step from the district school to the high school, from the high school to college, if you can. Get a business education by all means—you will never learn too much. If you desire to become a mechanic instead of an engineer or a farmer, an education will not unfit you to become either. It will always be capital bearing a large interest.
"When home and lands are gone and spent, then learning is most excellent."
—Arizona Sentinel.

Get It Done.

An intelligent looking boy walked into a grocer's shop the other day, and, reading from a paper, said:

"I want six pounds of sugar, at 6 1-2 cents a pound."

"Yes," said the shopman, "that will be 39 cents."

"Eleven pounds of rice, at 6 cents a pound."

"Sixty-six cents."

"Four pounds of tea, at 50 cents a pound."

"Two dollars."

And so he continued: "Five pounds of coffee, at 25 cents; seven tins of milk, at 10 cents; four tins of tomatoes, at 9 cents, and eight tins of sardines, at 15 cents."

The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the lad, saying: "Did your mother send the money or does she want them entered?"

"My mother didn't send me at all," said the boy, seizing hold of the bill. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."

A woman, dirty and disheveled, came into a public dispensary with her right arm torn and bleeding. As the surgeon bathed her wound preparatory to binding it up, he asked, "Dog bite you?"
"No, sorr," the patient replied, "another loidy."

Mr. Chatterton: "I've decided to go into business, Miss Weatherbee."

Miss Weatherbee: "I'm very glad to hear it, Mr. Chatterton."

Mr. Chatterton: "Yaas, I've made up my mind to become a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a mawning and see the butterflies making butter and the grasshoppers making grass—and—all that sawt of thing, you know."—Driftwood.

Madam: "Be sure to put plenty of nuts in the cakes."

Cook: "I'll crack no more nuts today. My jaw hurts me already."

Here are a few mistakes made by English schoolboys in their examination papers:

Teacher's dictation: "His cholera rose to such a height that passion well-nigh choked him."

Pupil's production: "His collar rose to such a height that fashion well-nigh choked him."

THE Tempe National Bank

Tempe, Arizona.

General Banking.

WE WANT
YOUR BUSINESS.

Charles Woolf, LL. B.

ATTORNEY

Tempe, Arizona.

W. G. DEVORE

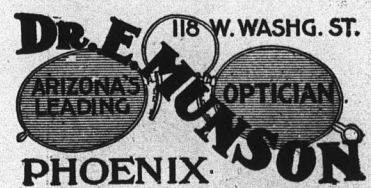
DENTIST

Tempe, Arizona.
At Mesa on Friday.

Fred E. Brechan, M. D.

Tempe, Arizona.

Office in A. H. and V. Co.
Building.



Dry Goods and Groceries
Clothing and Food
for Every body

—AT—
Thew's Two
New York Stores

Pickles:

Sweet, Sour
Dill

BIRCHET BROS.

Tempe, Arizona

TEMPE LIVERY.

Livery, Transfer, Horses Boarded

Phone 211. D. G. BUCK.

To Donofrio's Candy Store
Came Fred and Jack and Andy,
And each had a box as away they went
Of Crystallized Cactus Candy.



The place to buy your Shoes, Clothing, Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, etc., if you appreciate variety and quality at reasonable prices.

Tempe and Mesa people are especially invited to make this store their headquarters when they come to Phoenix.

Diamonds, Watches, Fine Jewelry, Guaranteed Watch Repairing, Jewelry of Special Design Made to Order.

The Crescent Store

Succeeding H. F. Vantilburg, Jeweler.
33 West Washington Street, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

ARIZONA
LAUNDRY,
PHOENIX.

Phone Main 39.



JUST RECEIVED AT
Easterwood's
 A fine line of French Bon-Bons, including Sanichas' Supremas. Also a choice line of Stationery.

Fresh Cala. Fruit Always in Stock

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Base Ball & Tennis Goods
 ALSO ROLLER SKATES

New Line Just Received
 Special Prices to Normal Students on all Base Ball and Tennis Goods at
RYDER'S

J. J. HODNETT
 Dry Goods, Plain and Fancy Dress Goods.
 LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SUITS, SHOES AND NOTIONS.
 Tempe, : : : : : Arizona

Matley Store
 Dealer in General Merchandise, Hay and Grain,
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Latest Whims
 IN
Ladies' Shoes.
MEN'S, TOO.
H. A. Diehl Shoe Co.

"A LITTLE DIFFERENT."
GEACH'S
 Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Millinery.
 ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.

Tom's Place
 For Fine Hair Cutting.
ALL STYLES.

Ring Up 131
 FOR
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SOLE AGENTS "STEINSON" SHOES.
 SOLE AGENTS "DUNLAP" HATS.
THE HUB
 THE HOUSE THAT MAKES GOOD EXCLUSIVE AGENTS.
 ALFRED BENJAMIN'S "CORRECT CLOTHES."
 "Manhattan Shirts"—"Paragon Pants."
 "CRAVENETTE" HATS.
 YOUR MONEY'S WORTH—NO MATTER WHAT YOU PAY.

TELEPHONE MAIN 96.
PHIL C. ENSIGN,
 Livery, Feed and Sale Stables.
 Calls promptly attended to.
 Corner of First Street and Adams, Phoenix.

Normal girls know that **STEIN'S** is the proper place to get Garments and Millinery.

NOW OPEN
THE AMERICAN KITCHEN
 ON NORTH CENTER ST.
 New cooks—the best in the west. My aim is to conduct the cleanest and best restaurant in Arizona. Boxes for families and parties. I do all my own pastry work. I want all my friends to be my patrons. Everything—tables, linen, dishes, stores—everything new.
 SING, Manager.

EMIL GANZ, Pres. S. OBERFELDER, Cash'r.
 SOL LEWIS, V. Pres. J. J. SWENEY, A. Cash'r.
 THE
- Nat'l. Bank of Arizona -
 Capital, \$100,000.
 Surplus, \$75,000.
 DIRECTORS—Emil Ganz, Chas. Goldman, Sol Lewis, Ed. Black, J. Thalheimer, Jacob Miller, S. Oberfelder.

LOCALS.

Gertrude Ricketts returned to the Dormitory Friday afternoon.

Prof. Ayer was a passenger on the five o'clock train to Phoenix Monday.

Miss Rush, from Placerita, is the latest arrival at the Dormitory.

Mr. P. J. Fitzgerald, of Prescott, visited his daughter, Miss Kathryn, Monday.

Mr. McDonough, of Prescott, visited the Normal Tuesday.

Miss Loreen Cox visited friends in Phoenix Sunday.

Miss Mabel Webb spent Saturday and Sunday visiting friends in the country.

Miss Frances, of Phoenix, visited Miss Alice Merritt at the Dormitory Sunday.

Mrs. O. D. Hawks spent Sunday afternoon at the Dormitory, the guest of the Misses Webb.

Miss Isabel Blakely spent Saturday and Sunday in Phoenix, visiting her grandfather, Judge Blakely, who is a member of the legislature.

The next game of base ball is to be played tomorrow at Mesa with the High School. We expect a victory, and will have it.

We regret to say that Miss Lulu Keating was called home Monday on account of the illness of her brother. We hope that she may soon return to us.

The next athletic and social event of the school year is the tennis tournament and dance on February 9. According to all reports, a number of people are expected from Tucson, and an unusually large delegation from Phoenix. Everything is being done to make the event a success. Invitations are being sent out for the dance. The Besse orchestra of four pieces has been secured for the occasion, and we trust that when our visitors leave us they will carry away pleasant memories. Our chances for winning some of the events are very good, and we shall make a big fight.

Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Bosworth read and seen him act at Belasco's theater at Los Angeles are anxiously waiting to hear him again on February 15. Added to this there will be the singing of Mrs. Bosworth, who stands as high as a singer as Mr. Bosworth does as an actor. The people in Phoenix appreciate the event and a number are coming.

RECEPTION TO MISS LEEBRICK

One of the pleasantest events of the season was the reception given by the Misses Quinn Saturday afternoon at their home on Sixth street, in honor of Miss Bessie Leebrick, who is soon to leave for her new home in Los Angeles.

Several choice piano selections were rendered by Misses Ida Cosner and Jean Quinn, together with two vocal solos by Miss Georgia Quinn. In the fifteen minute "flower conundrum contest" Miss Maud Perry won the prize, a leather-bound volume of Schiller, after which a dainty two-course luncheon was served, little Misses Lura Wickliffe, Mabel Quinn and Winnie Wickliffe making charming waitresses.

Those present were: Mrs. White E. Gibson, Misses Bessie Leebrick, Elizabeth McDonald, Mabel Perry, Ina McComas, Ida Cosner, Josephine Palmer Agnes Perry, Georgia Quinn, Ulah Hudlow, E. French, Mabel Quinn, Corinne Van Noate, Lura Wickliffe, Winnie Wickliffe, Maud Perry and Jean Quinn.

IN HONOR OF THE BASKET BALL GIRLS

Saturday night after the game found the basket ball girls tired and despondent. Immediately after dinner they retired to their rooms, where they were soon sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. In the midst of study hour they were aroused from their slumber by the fearful summons: "Wanted in the office." Sleepily they proceeded thither, wondering as they went what they had done that they should be called to task. After waiting awhile Mrs. Brown came in and, in spite of their pleas "not guilty" of any misdemeanor, announced that she had something to say to them in the Green parlor. She then opened the door, and what a surprise greeted the girls! The room was beautifully decorated with pepper boughs and pennants. A large table was spread, sixteen people. Oyster loaves, club which, too, was decorated with boughs and the new basket ball colors, sepia and carmen. The table was set for sandwiches, pickles, olives, cocoa and chocolate were served.

It also being Miss Carrie Thompson's sixteenth (?) birthday, she came in for a share of the honors and was proclaimed toast-mistress. Mrs. Brown gave an interesting talk on the subject of "School Spirit" and gave as an illustration a true incident which occurred at the World's Fair. Funny stories were also features of the evening and were indulged in till the wee sma' hours of morning.

Those present were: Mrs. Brown, Miss Carrie Thompson, Misses Webb, Schaall, Armitage, Potts, Turner, Hazlewood, Todd, Benson, McPherson, Davis, H. Merritt, Fitzgerald, Ryan and Curry.

Wednesday evening, January 23, the students of the Normal school had the opportunity to listen to Richard Burton Harrison, the noted negro impersonator. Being a negro himself, Mr. Harrison was able to present very cleverly the varying characteristics of his race. His selections from Dunbar, the great negro writer, were well chosen and admirably given. Mr. Harrison gave as his second number the Trial scene from the Merchant of Venice, and in his rendering of it showed his understanding as well as appreciation of the great dramatist. The last numbers were from Drummond, and in his rendering of the French-Canadian dialect pieces, the speaker won the hearty applause of the audience. It is seldom that the students of the Normal have the pleasure of listening to reading of such excellence.

The "Champion of Her Sex," given at Curry Hall by some of the Catholic school girls Friday evening, was a great success. Promptly at eight the program began, which was as follows: Selection . . . Mexican Orchestra Instrumental Duet

Misses Brown and Corner Song Miss Lulu Priest Instrumental Solo Miss Fitzgerald Vocal Solo Miss Fellows Recitation Miss Keating Vocal Duet

Misses Brown and Cosner Recitation Miss Fitzgerald Vocal Solo Miss Marina Priest Selection Mexican Orchestra

The program was very good, indeed, each piece meriting and receiving much applause.

The curtain was then drawn on the play "The Champion of Her Sex," the synopsis of which is as follows: While Mrs. Duplex (Miss Critchley) is away at a Woman's Rights meeting Miss Duplex (Miss Jaime) from Vassar, and her two friends, Rhoda Dendron (Miss Keating) and Polly May (Miss Merritt) resolve to teach her a lesson which will make a difference at home, so they masquerade as women who have become fanatic on the question of Woman's Rights, and they apply to her for help, as she has termed herself the "Champion of Her Sex." Each wishes to take up some man's work, as butchering or auctioneering, and the trick works so well that henceforth Mrs. Duplex decides to stay at home and send her little adopted daughter (Aileen Walsh) to school.

The play was excellently rendered by the girls, each one acting out her part admirably. Miss Critchley, striking in a widow's gown, suited her part

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wonderfully well. Miss McNichol as the old grandmother kept the audience in a roar of merriment with her snuff bottle and quaint remarks, and was one of the chief attractions in the play. Miss Jaime made a lovely and charming Vassar girl and won the hearts of all. Miss Keating and Miss Merritt made sweet young girls, but, after masquerading, the former young woman brought the house down by her wild behavior and her final startling announcement that she was going to be a butcher and kill young lambs and beeves; while the latter young woman kept the audience in convulsions by her stuttering speech and her mad determination to be an auctioneer and call out g-g-g-going, g-g-going, g-g-gone.
 Miss Curtis and Miss Fitzgerald spoke the Irish brogue fit to shame the Irishman himself, and later Miss Curtis thought it devolved upon her to become a sailor in these strenuous times, while Miss Fitzgerald, with her gun on her shoulder, was more to be feared than a mouse, and all the young ladies sought refuge on chairs. The play ended happily and little Aileen was sent to school and Mrs. Duplex relinquished her title as "Champion of Her Sex." All who know say that the young actresses are much to be congratulated upon their success.

"Lots of men," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "are useless in this world because they are merely well wishers instead of being well diggers."

"Now my child," said the cannibal lady, "I want you to be on your good behavior and not make a little pig of yourself today."

"Why, ma?" asked the little savage. "Because we're going to have that new minister for dinner."—Philadelphia Press.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS.

Olympian Society.
 1907:
 President Hubbard Moeur
 Vice-President Hattie Merritt
 Secretary Hazel Todd
 Treasurer Blanche McKee
 Sergeant Doctor Jones

Alpha Society.
 1907:
 President Leonard Dykes
 Vice-President Olin Russell
 Secretary Bertrand Hendrix
 Treasurer Jessie Waterhouse
 Sergeant Robert Devore

Athenian Debating Club.
 1907:
 President Halbert Miller
 Vice-President William Anderson
 Secretary Clarence Pine
 Treasurer Virgil King
 Sergeant Art Millett

Y. W. C. A.
 President Helen Blome
 Vice-President Mildred Eichenberger
 Treasurer Ollie Barkley
 Secretary Mary Leavel
 Meetings are held every Monday afternoon in the Baptist Church from 4:20 to 5:00; Bible study from 5:00 to 5:30. All young ladies of the school are cordially invited.

Basketball Club.
 President Ruth Webb
 Vice-President Ethel Armitage
 Secretary Jennie Devore
 Treasurer Gertrude Potts
 Manager Jay Webb

Tennis Club.
 President Genevieve Hubbard
 Secretary-Treasurer Josie Critchley
 Manager F. M. Czarnowski

Normal Cadet Company.
 Officers and non-commissioned officers:
 Captain F. M. Irish
 First Lieutenant Fred Holmes
 Second Lieutenant Frank Miller
 First Sergeant Halbert Miller
 Second Sergeant Artie Millett
 Third Sergeant Le Roy Stewart
 Fourth Sergeant Doctor Jones
 Fifth Sergeant Hubbard Moeur
 Sixth Sergeant Jay Webb
 Corporal John Dykes
 Corporal Will Anderson
 Corporal Virgil King
 Corporal Leo Hibbert
 Musician W. Fellows

Baseball Club.
 Captain John Dykes
 Manager Halbert Miller

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ARIZONA TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO

(Continued from Page 1.)

in this territory; the younger, Alice Windes, of the class 1897, has taught consecutively ever since her graduation in the territory, and is now teaching her third year at Morenci.

I must ask you to start with me at a point on the above mentioned Arizona border, almost on an air line west of Santa Fe, and follow me and my family in my little emigrant wagon trundling along 25 and 30 miles a day all the way to Prescott, a distance of about 250 miles, through the portion of the Navajo Indian reservation that lies in Arizona; thence through the regions traversed by the Little Colorado, and from there on to the great Mogollon range, where the hardest roads of the 2,000 mile trip from Chicago were waiting to defy us. Never will I forget the upward angle of my view when a rancher at Sunset crossing on the Little Colorado pointed his finger upward towards the far southwest and said "There is your objective point." I stood and viewed the great gap of Chavre's Pass through the Mogollon range with my eye elevated at about an angle of 30 degrees. Some days later I thought that if it took such climbing to get through that pass what kind of climbing would it have been to have scaled the great heights that rose skyward both north and south. For the last week I had been asking various ones along the road if there were bad roads ahead. The invariable answer every time was, "You bet!"

The ascent was so gradual, however, that you didn't notice it so much. I remember so vividly moving on up from the Little Colorado, up, up, up, all day long, and night coming on long before we had approached even the entrance to Chavre's Pass. The people we would sometimes pass would not ask us where we were going, as they had for nearly 2,000 miles back, but they would now ask where we came from. The surprise was great with every one and always would open their eyes and stare at us wonderingly. One man told us that we should have a medal. We had not gone far into the pass until we could see the rocks

getting thicker and could feel the old wagon trembling as she pounded on them all day long. Spoke after spoke would work loose, and I would wedge and patch in every imaginable way to make it stand up for another mile or two. Night would come on after we had struggled all day over 8 or 10 miles, and we would have to camp among the cruel rocks, and I couldn't find a place large enough to make down my bed. My wife and children had room enough in the wagon, but my bed was a stone. After jolting and bumping for about three days we began to realize that we were looking down on the western slope of the Mogollon range, and could see that Verde regions were soon to dawn upon us. I caught myself singing as we bounded from one boulder to the other hour after hour, the old negro melody I had heard ring from negro throats over the cotton fields of Dixie.

"It's a rough, rocky way, And I'm most done traveling, I'm bound to carry my soul to the Lord, And I'm bound to carry my soul to the Lord."

I indeed sang it with the spirit and with the understanding. My stopping to patch, wedge, put in false spokes, and wrap with rawhide became more and more frequent. We were still hoping that we could thump along in some shape until we could get out of the rocks on to the good, smooth roads of the foothills and yet get to Fort Verde, where we could repair to our heart's content. But while we were pumping this hope into ourselves among the rocks and junipers, three miles yet from Beaver Head, at the foot of the last steep pitch of the range, the old faithful wagon gave up the ghost. There we were with the keg empty and three miles from water. I cannot do better at this juncture than to copy an extract from Chap. VI of my life, which has been so kindly typewritten for me by Rev. Joseph Small, of Los Angeles. It will save me composing: "I left Mrs. Windes and the two babies at the wreck and started on the deck of a mule bareback, carrying a jug in my hand in quest of water. Before I rode the six miles, there and back, each leg seemed to weigh 50 pounds. Returning to the wreck I satiated their parching thirst, and then was showed the corpse of a large rattlesnake which had met its death at the hands of Mrs. Windes's Blue Jacket revolver, when discovered just behind the pillow of a sleeping child. Hardly having time to worry over a way to get out of the predicament, some travelers drove up behind us. The only show was to get out the front axle and take it thirteen miles to Fort Verde for repairs. The kind travelers loaded up my effects and family on their wagons and carried them down to Beaver Head station. That night after supper I got aboard my mule with the axletree on my shoulder and took night passage to Fort Verde, ten miles away. I jogged along in the lonesome night, carrying the axletree first on one shoulder and then on the other and across my lap; and then back on my shoulder, and so on, etc. By and by the monotony was broken, and for a while I thought it was my neck. In going down a long, steep hill old Tom tipped a toe, and down he and I went head first and end over end. The axletree made its escape, but old Tom caught me fast under him, and he seemed to rest easy on his soft pillow. The poor old discouraged fellow would not let me up, and I had a sight of straining and working and squeezing to extricate my bruised bones. It took him a long time to make up his mind that he was yet in the land of the living. When he did he arose and shook off the dirt. I rubbed my places awhile and then old Tom and I resumed our journey. He seemed thankful that he came off as well as he did; and I was, indeed, without any seeming. We trudged on and on, I carrying the axletree, and old Tom carrying both me and the axletree, until about 3 o'clock a. m., when the sentinel challenged us at the Post, and I laid my top-heavy ballast down at the blacksmith's door. At early dawn I was around at the Suttler's store to get some tissue paper pasted on the backs of some dismembered \$50 bills. When we arrived at Beaver Head it became necessary for us to open the combination to our exchequer, which was the hem of Mrs.

Windes's dress. We had deposited three \$50's in that safe place. When we fingered them from the vault, lo! they all dropped in twain. We thought we were ruined forever. I choked and coughed and gave the alarm, but we were soon soothed by strangers that told us what could be done. By 8 o'clock the axletree was repaired and I was turned back toward Beaver Head with my unhandy load. Very soon, four or five miles out, I was branched off by mistake on a wood road, and was out in the woods too far to get back. I steered straight through the brush and boulders towards the great mountain, looming up back of Beaver Head, and with my clothes almost torn off of me, I carried my load, and the mule carried both me and my load up to the station by high noon. A hasty lunch and I was off again up the mountain toward my wreck, three miles away. Tired, worn and thirsty, I hastened to replace the axletree into the wheels to get back to water. Alas! the blacksmith had repaired the axletree in such a way that the spindle was too large for the box in the wheel. There I was again. All day and all night without sleep, and direst disappointment in the end. Twenty-six miles with the old, heavy axletree on my shoulder, missing death by a hair's breadth, going night and day, toilsomely without rest—all a failure—all to do over again. Jerusalem! I gazed out into the air, and turned aimlessly about. The old spirit for the forlorn hope was never behind before, and was not here. I have told you that it was an old-fashioned lynchpin wagon. The straps of iron above and below the wooden spindle were made too thick by the blacksmith, so that the spindle could not enter the box. I jerked out my heavy hammer and soon had the spindle on a big rock, and there hammered and mashed on the cold iron until its thickness was flattened sufficiently for the box to receive it. It went on tight, but I said I would hitch the mules to it and roll it on towards the station until it would wear smooth and loose; and so it did. Rolling on towards the station about half a mile the first thing I knew, a hind wheel came down. I was so thirsty by that time that I unhitched my mules, left the wagon by the roadside and made for water. As fast as I could make the mules carry me I went down the mountain. For a long time it had not been necessary to speak and I did not know that I could not as usual. Most beautiful sight was the well curbing and rope. I went cantering across the yard towards the well. A man halloed from the porch and asked me what was the trouble again. I started to answer him and the words did not come. The speaking apparatus was too dry to perform its functions. Not until I had taken a draught of water could I speak well enough to tell the trouble."

I have written so far thus minutely to give you some idea of the way people got to Arizona three decades back. In 1879 the railroad was no nearer than Las Vegas on the east and Yuma on the west. When I got to Prescott for a year or two the people talked of a railroad as one of the vague possibilities of the distant future. Some of the most sanguine I heard remark that "You and I will live to see it." I found flour in Prescott at \$8.00 a 100 lbs; eggs at \$1.25 and \$1.50 per dozen; canned goods that we now get for 15 and 20 cents we would then pay 75 cents and \$1.00 for. I wanted a little store room in which to start the first Baptist mission, and they charged me \$80.00 a month for it. After about four years in Prescott I was transferred by the American Baptist Home Mission society to Phoenix, and when I began my work there the town was a little adobe burg doing all its freighting by team from Maricopa. Residents told me then that there was but one nice house in town, and that was a frame where the banker lived. I went to see the house, and my recollection was that it would have cost about \$2,000. In April, 1883, I crossed from Phoenix to Globe by way of Reno Pass, where myself and family had a more sensational trip than when we crossed the Mogollons through Chaves Pass.

At some future time I hope to relate more of the pioneer history of Arizona.

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Don't ask them to give you dried apples for 12 1/2c. and put it on the book for 60 days.
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Don't ask them to give you 16 lbs. sugar for \$1.00 and put it on the books for 100 days. But buy for cash and buy where you can get cash prices, not credit prices.

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INDIANS—NORMAL

(Continued from Page 1.)

The Indian team was accompanied by a goodly number of their school-mates who expressed themselves as well pleased with their reception. Mr. Veune of the Indian school refereed the game to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The team is now looking forward to the return game which will be played at Phoenix on Saturday, March 2, when it is hoped a large number of Normal folks will accompany the girls to cheer them to victory.

The following is the line-up of last Saturday's game:

Normal—Ruth Webb, center; Gertrude Potts, center guard; Ethel Armitage, Della Schaal, forwards; Johnnie Hazlewood, Mary Turner, guards.

Indian—Luciana Cheerless, center; Sarah Madduse, center guard; Katherine Valenzuela, Lizzie Shields, forwards; Louise Kane, Pauline Leotz, guards.

The Simple Life.

"I'm wearied of the whirl," quoth she, "Henceforth the simple life for me. Methinks it would be very wise To take my breakfast ere I rise—Of coffee just a single cup."

(N. B. Her mother brought it up!) "And when I'm dressed," thus spoke the maid,

"I'll hie me to the elm trees' shade, And with a book there I will find Sweet rest and comfort for the mind."

And so in sylvan shade she read.

(N. B. Her mother made her bed.) "A dainty lunch will suit me best—Salad with oil of Lucca dressed; No steaming soup, nor heavy roast, But broiled spring chicken served on toast."

She ate it all and found it good.

(N. B. Her mother cooked the food.) Then when the day at last was spent Her mind was filled with sweet content;

She donned a dainty gown of white With rosy ribbons all bedight,

And looked as fair as any rose.

(N. B. Her mother ironed her clothes) "I love the simple life," quoth she;

"My heart from care is ever free;

A good night's rest I'll have I know,

For prompt at nine to bed I'll go."

True to her word retired she then.

(N. B. Her mother worked till ten.)

L'Envoi

Oh ye who love the simple life,

Escaping care and toil and strife,

Evading paths where duties lurk,

Mark ye: Some one must do your work.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Teacher—"What is the meaning of the word 'Aperture?'"

Class—"An opening."

Teacher—"Which one of you can construct a sentence with the word in it?"

Bright Pupil (confidently)—"The big stores are now having their regular spring apertures."

—Baltimore American.

Mr. Parry—"If you want to make a hit, you must strike out for yourself, my son."

Frank—"You're mixed in your baseball talk, pa; if you strike out, you can't make a hit."

Two desks, one seat,

Maps to complete.

No play, no fun,

Work just begun.

A boy, a book,

A lass, a look,

Books neglected,

Flunks expected,

Tests prevailing,

Both students failing,

For home departed,

Both broken hearted.

Exams are over,

The grades are known,

Thrown in the fire

Too low to be shown,

For of all sad words

Of tongue or pen

The saddest are these,

"I've flunked again."

"How long a term does the vice-president serve, pa?"

"Four years, my son."

"Doesn't he get anything off for good behavior?"

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During the Summer Term, (June, July and August), school is in regular session from 8 a. m. to 12 m., during which time all regular recitations are held.