

TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT

VOL. II.

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Reminiscences of Mediaeval Normal Days

By Oscar Mullen.

II.

Unlike the modern Normal, there were as many boys as girls in attendance during the mediaeval period. As a consequence it was difficult to even get one girl, while some of these modern gallants do not hesitate to assume ownership of several. I never claimed any, at least during this first year, and I shall not mention this subject again, as I know my readers do not care for a recital of human frailties. Suffice it to say that there were so many love-sick cases among the juniors and seniors at this time that if I were to write the whole truth my article might be condemned as unnecessarily throwing into the limelight the youthful freaks of several prominent business and professional men and women.

I remember being taught very fast one night after school. A certain junior, a boy with a patent leg, told me that if I would stay after school he would teach me a lesson in physics. I stayed. He took a stick of something from a bottle of transparent liquid and remarked: "This is phosphorus; I am going to show you how matches are made. Now," he said, "here is some sulphur and char."

About that time things began to happen around there. The phosphorus was not content in the pan. It jumped out all at once, ablaze with light and reeking with fumes. It rolled to the floor and became instead of one, a hundred pieces. Each piece burned and fumed. The flames soared toward the ceiling. We were appalled by the glare, the roar, the magnitude of that piece of phosphorus. I had never heard of phosphorus before, but I knew that something awful had happened. We began to pick up the pieces with the tongs and stove shovel, and put them in the stove. Finally all were in. We shut the stove door. The gas was too much for the capacity of the chimney. The stove exploded. The door flew open, the lids went nearly to the ceiling, the flames and smoke rushed forth to light and liberty. No man could stay longer in that atmosphere. We rushed out to fresh air and to resign ourselves to fate.

The stove, however, kept the phosphorus in hand, and nothing further of consequence happened.

Mr. Stormont never even asked who it was that burned the floor, the shelves, the desk, and the furniture. He missed the phosphorus perhaps, and his gentlemanly soul had no curiosity to know who it was that had so incompetently handled the stuff.

At the close of my first year Mr. Nott Guild, in a neat speech presented to Mr. Stormont, as a farewell of the students, a handsome microscope.

The next year Dr. McNaughton became principal, with Miss Sharpe and Miss Rice as assistants. It is important to mention, also, that at Christmas time the faculty was augmented by the addition of Mr. Irish, made necessary by the increased attendance. He was called to teach science. He found himself with no laboratory, with no apparatus, with practically nothing. The classes were so large that it was impossible for the students to perform the experiments. Irish performed them. We looked, listened, and took notes. I suppose there is no use in assuring the students of today that it was a wise thing to look and to listen. To escape the condemnation of that man was, to me, a matter of pride. What an awful quietness as he stood there. Nothing when he called each one's name but the usual answer: "I don't know." What a perfect joy it was to the one who really did know. Miss Rice was a lovely woman, admired by all the students, but I had no studies under her. We simply sang "Holy, holy, holy," a few times more, and other very pretty pieces.

One time Robert Davis, now a doctor in Arkansas, and a cousin of our Sheriff, reached around in fun in time of school and slapped my face. The smack was heard all over the room, and Miss Rice looked up just in time to see Don Frankenburg laughing, and to see me coming down on poor Bobbie with

a large-sized book. Frankenburg and I moved. Davis remained a perfect picture of injured innocence.

It was in algebra. Dr. McNaughton had placed the quantity (a-b) on the black board. Suddenly he turned and said, "Cube that Mr. Cuber." All those who saw the point laughed uproariously for several minutes. McNaughton, himself, did not try to control the situation at all, as the thing tickled him immensely.

Then there was Miss Sharpe. It wasn't very long after the beginning of school that the students decided she was well named. Few tried to deceive her. To those that did she recited poetry to their discomfort. "Oh! what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive." Miss Sharpe taught rhetoric, and we learned it. No one could go to Miss Sharpe and not learn. She was constantly criticizing certain dreaming students. I did not always escape. She frequently wondered whether certain students were waiting for the "Dim and Dismal Future" to distinguish themselves, as they were doing nothing then. Oh! how, after some general insubordination she arose and with no premature harangue she said, "A word to the wise is sufficient." Then there was silence. Each one's heart was audible to himself. The most guilty one's could be heard all over the room. Sometimes, I was the most guilty, sometimes Bob Davis was. Sometimes it was Guy Collins, sometimes Roy Frankenburg. The other boys, among whom were the "Cook" and "Bub," were guilty. And the girls, well I never saw a girl do anything bad in my life.

My unusual bulk gave Miss Sharpe a chance at me whenever I missed my lesson. "It has been said," she would begin, "that large bodies move slowly." Then she would look at me and look at me again and march back and forth across that floor, until every one knew what she meant, and I wished I was out home in the alfalfa with my dog, catching gophers.

The next day, I had a good lesson; Collins, as "Innocence abroad," gave us plenty of fun; and "Robert the Great" distinguished himself as usual by wanting to talk for all three of us.

At the end of this year we became seniors, and no one realized our importance as much as we felt it. (These Reminiscences by Mr. Mullen will be continued in our next issue.)

We have the promise of a series of historical pioneer articles from the pen of Mr. Windes. These articles will begin in an early issue. Readers of last year's "Student" will remember Mr. Windes as the writer of a most interesting series on his overland trip in the early days.

EXCHANGES.

"Russ" shows the head work of a trained and competent editor.

We have failed to receive "Pharos," "U. N. M. Weekly" and the University sheet this week. Also London Times and Figaro.

The "Native American" is the most regular exchange we receive. We read it with interest.

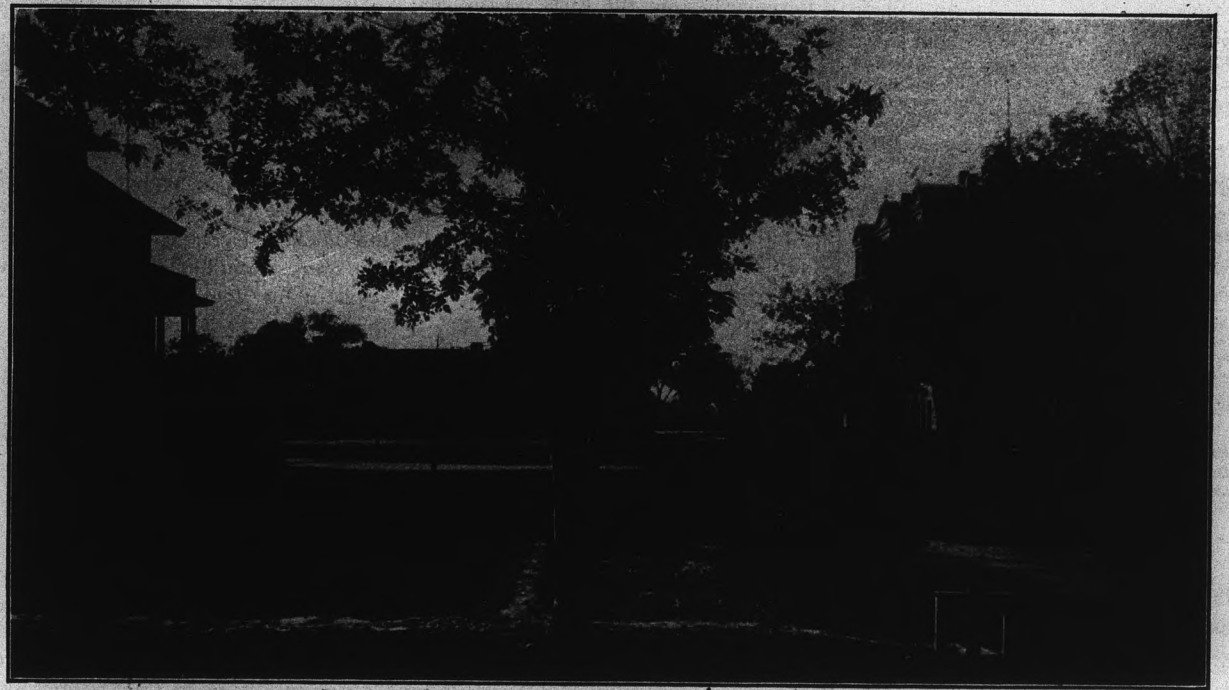
THE PITY OF IT ALL.

You've made a mistake, my child,
But wash the slate, and then
Just dry your eyes
And stop your sighs
And add it over again.

You've made a mistake, my girl,
And tears can't wash the slate;
But clear your frown
And live it down:
Just work and wait, and wait.

You've made a mistake, my man,
But you're not the first to fall.
Even angels know
How hard—but O,
The pity of it all!

—T. N. S.



FIVE YEARS AGO.

A NOTABLE CONCERT.

The entertainment season of the Normal School, and particularly the musical section of it, was opened by a marked event, not only from an artistic, but an educational and financial standpoint as well.

It occurred in the Auditorium Friday night, October 25th, when the following perfectly arranged program was rendered by four members of the faculty of the Arizona School of Music: Mr. J. Homer Grunn, pianist; Mr. Frank Lloyd Stuchal, violinist; Mr. Thomas Francis Hughes, vocalist; Miss Grace Abbie Andrews, accompanist.

PROGRAM.

Violin—
Romance, 2d Concerto.....Wieniawski
Serenade BadineGabriel-Marie Scherzo Goens
Vocal—
"The Enemy Said" (Israel in Egypt)
"Where'er You Walk" (Semele)
Handel
Questa O Quella (Rigoletto).....Verdi
Piano—
RomanceGrunfeld
L'Alouette (The Lark).....Balakirew
Etude in D Flat.....Grunn
By the Sea ShoreGrunn
En RouteGodard
Vocal—
"The Auld Plaid Shawl".....Haynes
"An Irish Love Song".....Lang
"Three for Jack".....Squire
"O, Come With Me in the Summer Night"Vander Stucken
Violin—
Fantasie CapriceVieuxtemps
Piano—
PreludeChopin
NocturneChopin
Polonaise Op. 53.....Chopin

The performance of such a program calls for musical ability of an eminent character, and its requirements were fully met by the participants, and in such a manner as to arouse the enthusiasm of the large audience assembled, from the oldest to the youngest person present.

This speaks well for the performers, and listeners as well, showing as it does the progress our people are making in musical understanding, by their appreciation of really good music when artistically interpreted.

The violin playing of Mr. Stuchal was notable in many particulars. His bowing is especially marked by a steady, strong sweep, in the legato passages, and by precision and power where rapid execution is required, as in the "Scherzo" of Goens, which was played delightfully. He is a violinist well worth hearing, and his return here at any time will always be looked forward to by lovers of good violin playing.

Mr. Hughes showed great versatility as a singer, his first number especially being a trying one upon any vocalist, containing as it did a highly dramatic selection from Handel's "Israel in Egypt," in which he displayed the requisite amount of "fire" and at the same time maintained the traditional oratorio style. This was followed by Handel's "Where'er You Walk," stately but refreshing in its severe simplicity, the number closing

Continued on page 2

Reminiscences

The New Normal

There is something in the combined sounds of Finch's bus bells and the hammers on the president's new cottage that takes some of us old-timers back to the opening of school five years ago. The lime barrels, nail kegs, the smell of pine shavings, and new furniture all come before one strangely mingled with that tight feeling in the throat (common to all) and an odd sense of the newness of everything, even yourself. Yes, it was the newness of things that made the most lasting impression on you, especially the newness of the paint on the dormitory doors.

But in spite of these little unpleasantnesses, and a few others like a barrel as the seat of water supply and no light at times, you gradually fell in line and realized that all was not new. Soon there came to you echoes of a past—parts of which were already tinged with the exaggeration of tradition. Willing historians filled your ears with the glories of the Trusslers and the Laneys in debate. Haigler and Shute loomed up among the echo-pictures as marvels of strength and endurance. You wondered if there could ever be another who could sprain both ankles the first half of a football game and play the next without blinking an eye, but when the second Shute climbed the water-pipe and scaled the upper porch to plant his society colors, you took courage—there were still history-makers, so you went at it.

It was only during those first days of the new dormitory that you were few enough to be family-like. Then all the girls used to go over to see Mrs. Matthews on Sunday afternoons and sit on the floor and talk; on Saturdays the boys asked her to show them how to sew on buttons. Of course, it is nice to have a big school, but the thing the old-timer would miss is the cozy homeliness of those earlier days.

And should the same old-timer go to the school-building it would be stranger still to him—a grass-plot and a gravel walk are now where he used to meet his critic-teacher, and just across the driveway are the two little pepper-trees over which the class of '05 built their commencement stage—now grown to nearly half the height of the building.

Inside there is a difference, too. Prof. Lee no longer ascends the stair with Latin books under his arm and the sunshine on his baldspot (called by the students "Mt. Cranium, skating-rink for flies only"). Nor is Miss Peters holding sarcastic but kindly sway over discounts and books; and in place of her who instilled into your mind the beauties of "Friends, Romans, countrymen" there is another who dotes on English kings and queens. The history room is the same and so are the dates, but the one who impressed upon you, old-timer, the necessity of changing history from a heterogeneous mass into homogeneous data, has been succeeded by three others whose aim has doubtless been the same—indifferent words.

Should you chance into the room next the office it is all changed. There where the psychology skull used to grin and those vertebrae bristle is only a vacant space of floor, and past the corner where the skeleton hung is a row of chairs for faculty-meeting—what the poor old room has come to.

There are a few places, though, that you will feel at home in. The drawing-room is in the same old place and so is Mr. Anderson—he used to talk about cool grays and wear rubber heels—so does he yet. Then there is the chemistry room that still smells of acids and brimstone; and if you should be able to find your way into the new training-school you would find the same old grumpy skull and bristly vertebrae and same dear old dedagogue. In all the rest of this whole newness there is one more familiar sight—the little critic who made you work but made you happy—if you dare—the same big chairful of geniality. It's really the same old place—just as those little trees are the same—you'd never know them.

THE SOCIETIES.

The Hallowe'en program given on October 30th by the Philomathian Society was altogether unique. The Alphas and Olympians dispensed with their programs on that day, to be entertained by the Philos.

The whole plan of entertainment was kept dark from the first, and no one outside of the performers and those intimately connected with the rendering of the program knew what was to occur.

The auditorium was darkened, and the stage was fitted out in all ghostliness. The part of the stage used was walled in with screens, upon which appeared large flying bats, snakes, and black cats. In the center was the witches' fire, over which was suspended a tripod. On each side stood a tall, forbidding figure enveloped from head to foot in a sheet.

Each performer wore a black shroud with black peaked hat, and after finishing her part took her place on the floor beside the fire.

Miss Francelle Pomeroy told a dismal ghost story; and Miss Keating read Poe's "The Telltale Heart." As the impressive parts of the tales were reached, wailings and groans were heard.

Miss Jean Quinn sang the "Erl-king." All agree that Miss Quinn has an unusually fine voice, which is particularly well suited to this kind of music. This is the kind of material that the societies should have.

As with Miss Della Schaal was extremely interesting. After brewing together the heart of a deer, the feathers of an eagle, shot on the wing and a snake, she dipped from out her kettle prophecies concerning a number of members of the societies. Every number on the program was good, but the climax was reached in the tragic selection "Adios," as given by Miss Fernandez.

M. C., '09.

TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT

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From the Press of The Phoenix Printing Co.



The way we felt over the Alumni Issue.

EDITORIAL

For seven weeks past we have been observing the society programmes which grace the cabinet in the main corridor. Every year we discover new and unexpected artistic talent, which is usually cultivated to the utmost, for on every good program the same initials invariably appear.

With regard to the numbers on each program just a word of commendation ought to be spoken. This year has witnessed unique subjects which were lacking in other years, as the "Mystery Program," "Kangaroo Court" and one-act farces, and these have been such a success that their continuance at judicious intervals is assured.

The excellency of the decorations of the Athenian programs has been a subject of general remark, and the general tone of the others has been above criticism, but occasionally they fall below the standard. As, for instance, when to an inappropriate decoration scheme is added the fact that the whole thing is done in pencil. This is adding insult to injury. Then, too, when the opportunity of a kangaroo court program presents itself it opens a field for originality which in our opinion would far surpass copying from the cover of the Smart Set.

Last year tennis reached its height, when Mr. Golder aroused the enthusiasm and energy of the whole school, and we find no diminution of interest this year under the capable management of Mr. Waide. For next Saturday the tennis association has planned a tournament which will occupy the whole day, the forenoon will be devoted to amateur games, while in the afternoon we expect to see real athletic ability.

This school tournament is just to pave the way for the annual inter-scholastic games that occur at the Normal. The students realize the advantages of a preliminary tournament, which not only will afford amusement, but will also stimulate class enthusiasm and give the players actual experience in contest work.

If you want to read the climax of Mr. Mullen's "Reminiscences" get your dollar in to the business management before we go to press next time.

Our severest critics cannot accuse us of having rushed into print concerning the Seniors' concert. Nevertheless we have an opinion and are glad to have Mr. Johnston express it for us. The students will find his article in this issue a thoroughly intelligent appreciation.

Two Flights Up

"Where the fire is bright and the air rather pure."
—Thackeray's *Bullards*.

Did you notice the boys at the Hallowe'en dance? It seems to make a difference having the girls do the asking. At first glance you'd think the boys could stand it if the girls could. For, while it might be pretty hard for a modest little Miss with short coattails to have to walk across the big hall and find a seat for a hundred-sixty pounds of masculine indifference it does seem as if the hundred-sixty would have no complaint to make. But he has. He's used to doing the choosing and he resents the change.

It's too bad, for next year's leap year.

The Barracks seems to have no idea how hard it was for Girls' Hall to get up courage just to invite it to the party, let alone asking for dances at the party. Why, girls are just that modest naturally that it was all the senior committee could do to get them to write the invitations.

Of course you can't expect the Barracks to see that. The Barracks is so bold itself and so used to asking for what it wants that when the Hall tied its bonnet under its chin and raced across the diamond and, all out of breath, begged the Barracks to come to its dance the Barracks never thought of the breathlessness as a mark of modesty and embarrassment, but with masculine vanity jumped to the conclusion that Girls' Hall was simply in haste to beat Curry Hall in securing the Barracks as partner for the festivities of Hallowe'en.

But little as boys know of modesty they ought to see that a girl needs to be helped if she has to do the asking. Have you noticed the coolness between the Cherub and Demosthenes since Hallowe'en? Demosthenes thinks he was slighted. But really now you can't expect a timid youngster to push into a boisterous crowd of boys like the Cubs and the Fussers—and that's where Demosthenes spent the whole evening. Why didn't he slip off to the side and look lonesome and give her a chance? Girls, undesigning as they are, know enough not to bunch up at a dance.

But worst of all was the way the boys showed their feelings. When the right girl danced then they were radiant; when the wrong girl danced then they were glum; when nobody danced then they were tragic. Among the wall-flowers there was none of that dissembled weariness, that look of toleration and relief that says: "I'm just worn out with dancing; it's so good to be let alone for one dance." A girl knows how to do it, but a boy left alone looks tragically lost. It was funny to see them sulk and grow mum and dance sideways when it was the wrong girl. Boys don't seem to have the knack of being kind to everyone and indifferent to the Only One, but a girl just naturally seems to like to make everybody happy but one, and she makes him so miserable he likes it.

There was a girl in school some years ago—a very good, religious girl—whose writings all show her to have had a deep interest in the young men of the Normal. When leap year came around she proposed to the girls of her class that they take advantage of the rights of the season. The others were a little reticent, but one of them suggested that they might at least all join in prayer for the young men. But the first girl shook her head. "That's not enough. I've prayed for one for years. I tell you we've got to do something."

Leap year dances will be in favor next semester, as always, with the hopelessly young and the helplessly old; but after all's been said, there's a whole lot of reason in the old, old-fashioned way—the plan that kept our fathers keen and left our grandmothers sweetly independent.

Books

"Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes.
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times."
—Thackeray's *Bullards*.

James Lane Allen never did a better thing than when he wrote "A Kentucky Cardinal." In fact, in its line, no one has done a better thing, for it is as genuine a work of art as has ever come from an American hand. Humor and grace we have had in plenty in our fiction; but these, combined with a delicate imaginative beauty that strikes deep at the root of things, is found in few books. Even Allen, himself voices this pure note but seldom and in no book of his does it ring as true as in this "Kentucky Cardinal."

The very title itself is suggestive, suggestive of all sorts of sweet memories and brilliant flashes of color before you read the book; suggestive of a most delightful experience after you have read it. "Kentucky,"—it calls up pictures of fields of blue grass and of waving corn, of soft-voiced women and of gallant gentlemen. "Cardinal"—a flash of color is all it means to us; but this is all it meant to Allen. A bird who could find harmonies only "among the tufts of the October sumac or in the gum tree where it stands a pillar of red twilight fire in the dark November woods, or in the far depths of the crimson sunset skies, where, indeed, he seems to have been nested and whence to have come as a messenger of beauty, bearing on his wings the light of his divine home."

A title so combined cannot fail in its magic allurements; it makes us wonder before we know, how it can be connected with the book, and it makes us rejoice when we find how perfectly they go together.

And the book itself is even better than the title. Against the changing panorama of the passage of a Kentucky year is staged the most delicate, the most chivalrous little gem of a romance ever written. It is a simple narrative, told in naive simplicity in the first person. It abounds in bits of raillery that are too delicious for any one but Allen to have written. With a touch he brings tears to our eyes, and then the next moment we smile at some delightful bit of humor, humor that is like the changing light on the mountains; that raises the shadow for a moment, gleams soft and light—and passes. It is absolutely unquotable, absolutely intangible and absolutely irresistible.

The story proceeds with the passing of the seasons. It opens, as such a story should, on New Year's day, and with a passage so exquisitely fashioned that once read it is impossible to forget it.

"All this New Year's day of 1850 the sun shone, cloudless but wrought no thaw. Even the landscapes of frost on the window pane did not melt a flower, and the little trees still keep their silvery boughs arched high above the jeweled avenues. During the afternoon a lean hare limped twice across the lawn, and there was not a creature stirring to chase it. Even the north wind seems grown too numb to move." From here to the very end the book is filled with descriptive passages so exquisitely wrought that the reader lingers over them involuntarily. Choice is almost impossible. It is like choosing among precious jewels when each has an inimitable luster of its own.

Even Shakespeare with his "Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares
And tinge the winds of March with beauty"

does not seem to have caught the essence of spring more than Allen does in the chapter beginning, "March has gone like its winds."

It's the kind of a book that one reads first for the story's sake and then re-reads out of pure delight in its beauty. The close communion with nature, the clear appreciation of her wayward moods give to it a singular delicacy and fragrance like a bit of priceless lace that we keep in lavender. H. D., '08.

TWILIGHT ON THE CAMPUS

Do you remember
How the shadows fall
At evening in November,
North of Boys' Hall?

Shadows in the hedgerows,
Twilight—and that old
Palm tree silhouetted
On a sky of gold.

Twilight on the campus,
Twilight and the tryst
Sky of green and crimson,
Gold and Amethyst.

Surely you remember
Where the shadows fall
At evening in November
North of Boys' Hall?

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TEETER BROS.

Butchers

TEMPE, ARIZONA

[A NOTABLE CONCERT.]

Continued from page 1

with the rollicking "Questa O Quella" from the opera "Rigoletto," by Verdi. Mr. Hughes' second number was equally interesting in the variety of its composition, and the songs were sung in his own peculiarly happy manner.

Mr. Grunn was indeed a splendid surprise, coming as he did unknown, and one might say unheralded, he simply took the house by storm and owned it by the time the program was concluded. He is a pianist of phenomenal attainment, displaying in his performance a technique that seems limitless in surmounting difficulties. His effects are produced with perfect nicety and precision, and no matter how rapid or involved the movement, how broad or how delicate the effects required, he produces them with a masterly, musical, clean-cut gracefulness that inspires enthusiasm. It is useless to particularize when every number he played was a gem, and impressed not only the musical portions of the audience, but people who usually find comparatively little pleasure in piano playing, and the children also. Two of his own compositions occupied a place upon the program which proved him to be a composer of great merit as well as a pianist, his "By the Sea Shore" being an especially pleasing number. His interpretation of the Chopin numbers was original, but none the less effective and musicianly.

Miss Grace Andrews added to her already well won reputation as accompanist, playing the accompaniments in her usual artistic and thoroughly sympathetic manner. Few people while listening to a program of the scope and character of this one, realize the exactions placed upon an accompanist.

Mrs. Christy is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of such a corps of strong and able musicians, as teachers in her already successful and popular school.

The senior class of the Normal will net a snug sum from the concert, and our town is entitled to high praise for its loyalty to the schools in its willingness to support so liberally a high-class concert. J. L. JOHNSTON.

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The President of the school and the
alumni editor of the "Student" are
ready to meet all comers at 5 a. m.,
Saturday, November 9, on Court No.
1, mixed doubles.

**The
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In
Letterwriting**

Given by

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Phoenix, is an exceptionally thorough,
practical course.

The first class of the Fall Session have
just completed this work and those who
passed the examination satisfactorily are:

- Will Anderson
- Ruth Webb
- Alma McDonald
- A. B. Millett
- O. M. Smith
- Enoch Robert.

LOCAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT

NOVICES.

Saturday is tennis day for the be-
ginners! So let us all be on hand with
borrowed rackets and balls to learn the
game. All the courts will be put in
good shape and at the disposal of the
amateurs the whole morning. How did
Thomas, Halbert and Clifford ever
learn the game? Why, by playing it,
of course. So let's develop some more
like them Saturday morning.

A number of spectators will be out
early and of course they must not be
disappointed. It makes no difference
whether you possess any tennis equip-
ment or not. Come right along, every-
thing will be furnished you. Read the
following list closely and remember if
you do not appear on time it will mean
that you forfeit your game.

This event heads the list and is
looked forward to as the star occur-
rence. Look on the backstop of each
court until you find your number. Then
begin the game. The Directors will
show you how.

SINGLES. Time: 8.30 a. m.
Contestants. Courts.

- Cook vs. Rabinovitz.....1
- Kilsby vs. Mahoney.....2
- Cornelius vs. Chatham.....3

- Directors.
- Benson and Clifford.....1
- Thomas and M. McKay.....2
- Halbert and Larson.....3

- Referees.
- Belknap.....2
- McPherson.....1
- Blakely.....3

DOUBLES. Time: 8.30 a. m.
Contestants. Courts.

- Hazlewood and Schaal.....4
- Armitage and Rush.....4
- Halleck and Tompkins.....5

- N. Casanega and L. Waddell.....5
- N. White and Kirk.....6
- Sullivan and M. Snyder.....6
- R. Larson and A. White.....7
- Maurel and McDonough.....7

- Referees.
- Kindred.....4
- M. Blome.....5
- D. Jones.....6
- H. Blome.....7

Saturday, Nov. 9

1907

Following is schedule of pre-
liminaries. Finals will be
played off during the after-
noon. The Preliminaries and
semi-finals 1 set. Finals 3
sets.

CLASS GAMES.

What an opportunity to live up to
our reputations and display our class
loyalty! Now if ever we need to sac-
rifice our feelings on the class altar
and turn out in these matched games.
They are to be mixed doubles, for all
classes, but the Juniors, which, under
the circumstances, is impossible. Why
doesn't that class rig up a wooden In-
dian, or borrow a Freshman or two
if only for one afternoon? The First
Years will play the Second Years; the
Third Years will enter against the Sen-
iors; the two winning teams will then
line up, and the champion in this con-
test will play the Juniors, who will not
enlist in the preliminaries. All sets are
to be three games, deuce on two in-
stead of five. The schedule is:

- Time: 10 to 12.30 a. m.
- Class. Contestants. Court.
- First.....Perry and Doherty.....3
- Second.....Halbert and Beebe.....3
- Third.....Thomas and M. McKay.....4
- Senior.....Benson and Miller.....4
- Junior.....Schmidt and Leavell.....5
- Referees.
- Court 3.....Mr. Waide
- Court 5.....Mr. Hall
- Court 4.....Mr. George

EXPERTS.

This is the time when our best ten-
nis players will show what they can
do. Although this is the first tourna-
ment of the season it will certainly be
a very interesting one, for our players
have been working hard, so as to make
it interesting. Last year, as you re-
member, the best of tennis games were
played by the players who are going
to take part in this tournament. The
amateurs will play in the morning, and
after enjoying their games, we must
become serious so as to appreciate the
good games which come off in the af-
ternoon. The schedule is as follows:

MEN'S SINGLES. Time, 1.30.
Contestants. Courts.

- Halbert vs. Thomas.....3
- Clifford vs. Belknap.....4

LADIES' SINGLES. Time, 1.30.
Contestants. Courts.

- Benson vs. McKay.....6
- Larson vs. Blakely.....7

MEN'S DOUBLES. Time, 3.00.
Contestants. Courts.

- Halbert and Thomas.....3
- Hanson and M. Blome.....3
- H. Miller and D. Jones.....4
- H. Blome and Griffin.....4
- Clifford and Scofield.....5
- Corbell and Goodwin.....5

LADIES' DOUBLES. Time, 3.00.
Contestants. Courts.

- Schaal and Benson.....6
- Kindred and McPherson.....6
- Finnie and Greenlaw.....1
- Carruthers and Hutchison.....1
- Larson and M. McKay.....7
- Gordon and Blakely.....7

MIXED DOUBLES. Time: 4.00
Contestants. Courts.

- Thomas and Partner.....3
- Sheldon and Partner.....3
- Clifford and Partner.....4
- Halbert and Partner.....4

- Mr. Mahoney—"An auctioneer is a
man who auctions. Now what is a
man that plays the piano called?"
- Mr. Creswell—"A pioneer."
- Notice in library—"This shelf re-
served for ancient students."

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

The girls of the Girls' Hall and the
boys of the Boys' Hall gave a very suc-
cessful and entertaining party on
Thursday last.

The chief amusements during the
evening were dancing and fortune-tell-
ing. It is to be understood that the
dance was strictly ladies' choice.

A few of the girls' friends were in-
vited (that is, gentlemen friends only),
and at eight o'clock the piano sounded
and no one could be still. This feeling
lasted until twelve, and as far as those
present were concerned, with the ex-
ception of one, might profitably have
lasted longer.

The room was appropriately deco-
rated with bats, black cats, broom-
sticks and jack-o'-lanterns. Over the
electric lights were put green tissue
paper, giving a ghastly appearance to
the dancers. The witch's den occupied
one corner of the hall. This was un-
der the care of Misses Ida Fourr and
Nellie Casanega, who told one's future
perfectly.

At about ten-thirty refreshments
were served, consisting of apples, but
understand, the dancing continued.
This is a unique way of serving re-
freshments, but life is short. The new
motto for the Dining Hall is "Eat
While You Dance."

A KICK.

The editors received a communica-
tion from one Mahoney the other day.
It was simply a kick. The gist of it
was that the writer was outraged at
seeing a dago delicacy (macaroni)
served daily to an Irish constituency.
It was a readable thing, was Mahoney's
guff, and it brightened a half hour in
the sanctum, but it was too strong for
the weakly, and too long for the week-
ly. The writer seemed to realize that
he had written at greater length than
the occasion demanded, and closed
with the direction to "cut this down
and write it up." The macaroni is
done. When you kick, kick early.

DEATH OF CLARA MILLER, '97.

(Mrs. C. M. Zander.)

The alumni is called on to mourn the
passing of another of their number.
The school is coming to that age when
such things must be frequent, but it
has not yet outgrown the conditions
that preserve intimate relationships
between the alumni. Few Normal
graduates were better known nor loved
more dearly than was Mrs. Zander,
whose death on Sunday threw the
whole town into mourning; and of all
who assembled at the grave there was
not one who did not feel it a personal
sorrow. As Miss Miller Mrs. Zander
attended the Normal in the early nine-
ties, graduating with the class of 1897.
Traces of her memory are still to be
found in the records of the old socie-
ties, and to an unusual degree the
things she wrote reveal the girl she
was. Her character was an inspiration,
her life was an example. No under-
graduate could do better than emulate
that quiet, womanly dignity that was
her charm and the keynote of her life.
The "Student" voices the sympathy
of the school to her sorrowing rela-
tives and intimate friends.

EXCHANGE.

(From the Coconino Sun).

Miss Hazel Todd and Miss Ella
Hopen spent Sunday in Winslow, the
guests of the former's parents.

(Misses Todd and Hopen are for-
mer students of the Tempe Normal.
Miss Todd was one of the representa-
tives of the Olympian society in the
debate for the Moher medal in June
and Miss Hopen contributed some in-
teresting papers to the "Student" last
year.)

**FLAGGED A TRAIN WITH BAND
BOXES.**

(From the Arizona Gazette.)

As learned by a representative of
the Prescott Journal-Miner, Attorney
General Clark was in Holbrook last
Friday, with an overwhelming desire
to come to Prescott in time to attend
the ceremonies of laying the corner-

stone of the Masonic temple. There
was no train on which the attorney
general could possibly get to Ash
Fork, and thence to Prescott, in time
for this, save the Coast limited, and it,
alas, did not stop at Holbrook under
any consideration, to pick up passen-
gers.

The attorney general was in de-
spair, and was just contemplating a
mad dash across the country on horse-
back, when it came to his mind that
the Coast limited was a government
mail train; and therefore obliged to
pick up the mail sacks at the various
stations.

However, this fact held out small
hope of him attaining his object,
which was to board that particular
train, as the limited scoops in the mail
sack at Holbrook from a crane beside
the track, while flying along at the
rate of a mile a minute.

But the sight of that crane gave the
attorney general an idea. Only one
mail sack, through the arrangement of
the crane, could be taken aboard the
speeding train, and if there were two
sacks—

To make a long story short General
Clark procured two large handboxes
from a milliner's store, addressed and
mailed them to Prescott. They, being
too large for the already crowded mail
sack were put into a separate sack.
The train was flagged to take the sec-
ond sack. Gen. Clark boarded the
train and arrived in Ash Fork in time
for the train to Prescott Friday night.

And that is the story of how At-
torney General Clark stopped the Santa
Fe limited with two empty handboxes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor:
With regard to deparment why do
you not have the "honor system" in
the Tempe Normal? We have heard
so much about "twenty-six discounts,"
and we wonder why, in a Normal
School above all places, that the stu-
dents are managed on exactly the same
basis as kindergarten or grammar
school.
REFORMER.
Referred to Department of Practical
Pedagogy.—Ed.

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