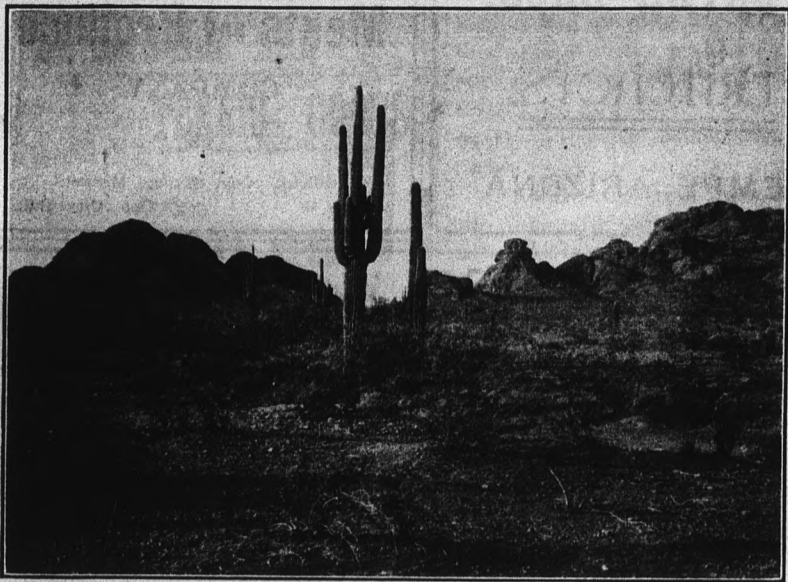


# TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT

VOL. II.

TEMPE, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1908.

No. 30.



Sentinel Butte.

## THE DESERT.

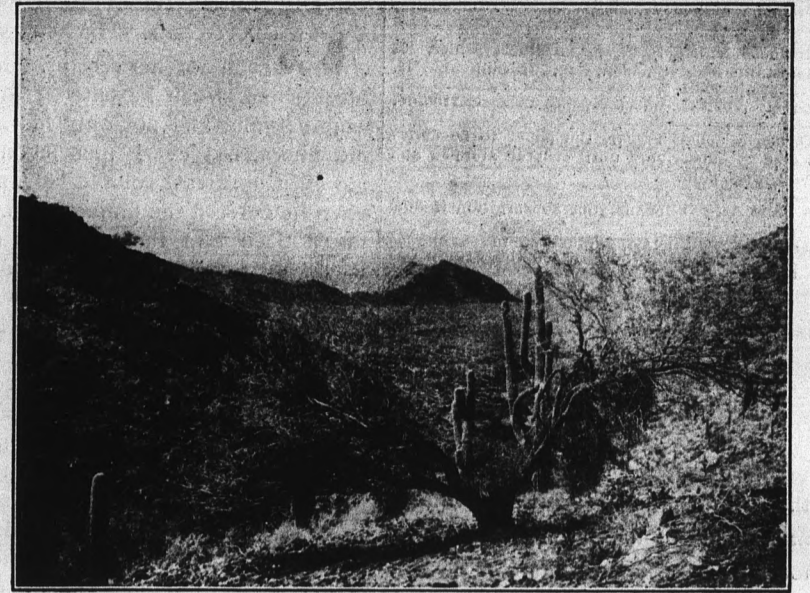
God sets his seal of peace and rest  
Upon these mystic solitudes,  
Clasp'd close, embrac'd by range and rugged  
From paling East to flaming West,  
peak  
Whose jagged summits glory crowned,  
Eternal watches keep.

Outstretched in shining, shimmering charms,  
It spreads its slumbrous spell around,  
Save where the white gemmed desert cross  
Upreats its gnarled arms.

Oh, mute symbol of life and death,  
Within thy flowery crown—a tiny nest;  
Beside thy age-worn feet  
A heap of bleaching bones—at rest.

Elizabeth Seymour Brown.  
in "The Call of the Desert."

Photo by Richard P. Ward.



Paradise Valley from Frazer's Spring.

## A VISIT TO THE GODDESS "MADAM PELE"

By O. C. JONES.

Photographs by the Author

Recently it was my privilege in company others to view one of the grandest and most magnificent displays that has been seen at the Kilauea crater of late years, and, thinking that a partial description of what was seen there might perhaps be interesting to some of my dear Normal friends, I feel it a duty to comply with the request made by the editors of the school paper some time ago for to contribute something from Hawaii, by sending an account of the trip, together with a few kodak pictures illustrating it.

To some of you the term "Pele" may mean very little, before telling about the trip I will explain who Pele is and what an influence she has over nearly every native Hawaiian. Pele is the Hawaiian goddess of volcanoes. It is she who controls the actions of every volcano whether here on Hawaii or on

shipping the "Evil Spirit." They will forsake their God of Heaven and pray to Pele to spare them.

We started from the beautiful little sea-port town of Hilo in going to the crater, and rode a distance of twenty-two miles on a rail-road train which carried us through one of the largest fields of sugar cane to be found on the Hawaiian Islands. There were thousands of acres of well formed sugar cane as far as the eye could see on every side. Above the cane belt we entered a great forest of "ohia" trees where is to be found some of Uncle Sam's richest and best timber lands.

Arriving at Greenwood, the twenty-two mile station we left the train and started out to walk the remaining dis-

idea concerning the scenery along its way. With great tall forest trees on either side and climbing vines and a

at close range without endangering one's life.

Some of you may have the idea that



A Portion of the Great Earthquake Crack of 1868 in Kilauea.

dense growth of tropical plants among the trees; with wild roses and berries all along the way; with grasses and ferns matted in everywhere and the sweet bird songsters singing in the forest, one is led to remark that Hawaii is indeed a beautiful land and well deserves to be called the "Paradise of the Pacific."

The road led us gradually up the mountain side and at eleven o'clock we found ourselves at the Volcano House at an elevation of more than 4,000 feet above sea-level. Arriving there we engaged rooms, refreshed ourselves, and were soon ready to visit the greatest active volcano in the world and the only one than can be visited and seen

volcanoes exist only at the tops of great mountain peaks but such is not the case with all the Hawaiian volcanoes. Kilauea, itself, is situated on a comparatively flat irregular side of Mauna Loa mountain at an elevation

an elliptical depression some twenty miles or more in circumference with perpendicular walls ranging from 100 feet to 600 feet in height.

At first view I should have thought the crater extinct. Here and there in fifty or more places, clouds of smoke and steam were rising but not more than might come from so many camp fires.

We made our descent into the crater by the old ziz-zag trail, passing at least in the upper half of its course, through shrubbery and tree ferns that seem to have held undisturbed possession of this corner of Pele's domains for ages. After having gone a distance of perhaps one half of a mile we reached the real crater floor. This is of lava, which although black and bare of vegetation, shows no signs of underlying fire and is crossed by a well worn trail which, for aught that appears, may have been trodden by generations of visitors.

The floor, which from the Volcano House had appeared to be a smooth surface of shining "pahoehoe," was found to be very unlevel with here and there in dozens of places great rounding lava knolls twenty and thirty feet high standing out as so many sentinels watching Pele and guarding her interests. It is also crossed and broken up by great crevasses and cracks from many of which escape steam and intense heat. The largest crevasse within the crater is perhaps fifteen feet wide and is spanned by a



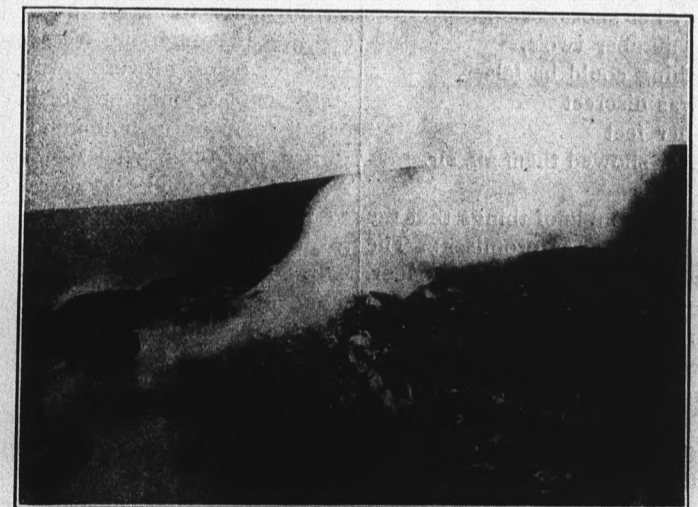
A Turn in the Road.

the far off island of Stromboli. According to Hawaiian legends, she often revealed herself to the ancients of this land. She has warred against the great kings and triumphed over "Kamapuaa" and other Hawaiian gods. She listens to the prayers and pleadings of the Hawaiian people, so they say, and accepts her sacred offerings the people give her. I have seen a crowd of Hawaiians throw coin into the pit of Kilauea in order to gain favor of the goddess Pele. During the time of the great flow of lava of last year a great number of the natives went for miles to pay tribute to Pele, they worshiped her and gave her money, clothes and food, and acted as though they had a great deal more faith in her as a supreme being than they do in God who reigns on high. I have often wished while traveling among the people as a missionary that I might be able to get some of them do away with their old prevailing ideas concerning Pele and manifest a little more confidence in a higher power, but it seems most useless to try to raise them from their sleep. Everything is alright so long as Pele remains quiet but just as soon as indications show that her peace is to be disturbed then they think as the Indians of the early American history did concerning the necessity of wor-

rance of nine miles to the Volcano House, a commodious hotel which stands on the very brink of the great crater. The road along which we walked is one of the best on Hawaii, and you people living in the "sun-kissed" land of dry Arizona can have no



The Trail within the Floor of Kilauea.



Madame Pele's Chimney, Showing the Rising Sulphur Smoke.

of less than a third of the distance to the summit. There are hundreds of old craters and large volcanic cones on various parts of the mountain, including a great crater at the summit, but by far the most important one, and the one that attracts the attention of tourists and sight-seers, is the Kilauea crater.

Nothing is to be seen of the crater until its very edge is reached and then what a sight! One can but stand awestruck at the wonderful vision presented to him. His mind tries to measure the power employed by the forces of Mother Nature in producing such a result. He sees before him an

log foot bridge. This is a part of the great earthquake crack of 1868 which extends for a distance of forty or fifty miles, from the Puna coast up through Kilauea and on over the Kau desert and finally reaches the sea near the little town of Punaluu. It varies in width from a few feet to more than one hundred feet and in places its depth is so great that it cannot be determined. Over some of the heat cracks we scorched a number of postal cards and burned some almost to a crisp. Occasionally gusts of intense heat would come from the cracks and

(Continued on Page 4)

## TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT

Issued Every Friday by the Students of the Tempe Normal School of Arizona.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice of Tempe, Arizona.

Editor—Maude Perry, '08.

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Terms, a dollar a year, the paper to be delivered to subscribers until ordered stopped and all dues paid.

A cross here means your subscription is due.

ADVERTISERS: Copy must be in our hands Monday to insure appearance the Friday following.

From the Press of the Phoenix Printing Co.

### EDITORIAL.

The presentation Monday night of the "Student" class cups and of the individual trophies won in tennis afforded a good opportunity for the outlet of a lot of genuine enthusiasm that means several things.

In the first place it shows, what we have long felt to be the case, that the very best that can be gained from school athletics is to be gained by class rivalry. Games with outside teams are much to be desired but they should not constitute the whole of school athletics. We've had a good time this year on our own cellar door.

In the second place, this enthusiasm shows that it is possible to have rivalry without ill-feeling. There was a general showing of good nature in the whole thing that proves there are some good losers in school.

Third, the outcome of these inter-class tournaments show—well, that seems to be about all—except that some cups are larger than others; it showed that the track tub is a nice size, and the tennis thimbles are gems.

The Tennis Association is to be congratulated. They have had a successful season. Their party was the best affair of the year; their presenting individual cups to their stars will excite interest in the game for next year. If the courts are put in good shape now for next season, and the nets taken in and the door locked before the horse is stolen, it will remain only to put on exhibition the trophy won from the University and the Association may sit back and smile.

Some time ago we had occasion to speak of the class spirit of the Second Years, and we ventured the opinion that it was about equal to the size of the Widow Kent's hat. In regard to the spirit of the First Years, we find a parallel in the Widow's shoes:

They say her shoes

Were number two's,

But nothing could be falsier,

She was discreet

About her feet

And never showed them all, sir.

There are a couple of things that the students looked on as promises: The first was in regard to scratch paper, and the other in regard to a shortened study period. It is evident that these things were not promised, but it is fervently hoped they may soon be granted.

N. B. The gods are good. Since writing the above the study hour has been shortened.

A swimming pool is about the nicest thing to contemplate these good spring days and we are all contemplating ours. One of our exchanges comes from a school that has just put in a tank, and there's more enthusiasm over it than over the new Greek courses just added to the curriculum of the same.

A little old school board back in the benighted state of Illinois has decreed that the young men sit on one side of assembly and the young women on the other and the "young men shall not look at the young ladies under penalty of dismissal." It won't work. Think what they'll miss if they don't look.

## Two Flights Up

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

Last September at the opening of school, two new boys—two little, unsophisticated freshmen—entered the office and registered, one from the north and the other from the south. South was a slim little fellow, with a wistful mouth and no great abundance of straw colored hair. His hand shook as he reached for his receipt, and his knees shook when he entered the assembly room, and not only his hands and knees, but every muscle on him and even his straw colored hair, shook when he entered the dining room. No one noticed him though—they never do, except perhaps when a Third year crowded past him at the door, or stepped on his foot in the hat hall. North was also a slim little fellow, with really fine eyes and hair. He didn't tremble when he viewed the crowded hall for the first time,—not he. He strode easily and familiarly about with his hands in his pockets, smiled at the rhetoric teacher and even winked at an imposing senior, who happened to glance in his direction. This precious youngster was promptly dubbed "Sport" by the boys, and a "foxy kid, alright" by the girls, and he immediately set about living up to his double representation. And if you could just see him now! His breezy manner has become more swaggering self confident than ever, and he struts around for all the world as we would imagine an incubator would with five or six hundred chicks. Spoiled? Rather. Those admiring epithets went straight to his head. And if only you knew what a little beast he's been in the Dorm. He never broke any rules to speak of, but the boys could tell you that he may be a sport, but never a dead game one, whatever he thinks he is.

South slipped in and out of recitation quietly, and for months no one noticed whether he came to lunch or not. The students at the Normal are all right, but they must be deadly slow, or they would have discovered this little fellow sooner. After a month or two it began to dawn on them that South was distinctly worth cultivating. Today he is not one of the hilariously popular sort,—I never heard of him doing things in athletics or building up a rep. for class work,—at least he is mighty popular in a quiet sort of way that counts. Even the teachers favor him with a second look or word, and in social affairs he's not at all bad.

This is the story of their development, and who is the most to blame (or to praise) the boys themselves, or the students here at Normal? Of course their dispositions and characters were partially formed before they ever heard of the Normal, but our attitude since they came—has had no small part in it. It's on the same plan that we teach a baby smart sayings. It's awfully cute for awhile, but it soon becomes tiresome, and we censure the child for being forward. We laughed at the cute sayings of North until he began to grow monotonous; then we turned to South, who had come out wonderfully, simply because we ignored him. His egotism had no chance to develop.

But it seems to me South displayed more real good sense and cunning than did the boy with the eyes and hair. He followed the example of Brer Fox, and "jest lay low", while North couldn't wait for us to find out what was in him. He might not get his full share of popularity, so he just had to let people know who and what he was.

The best thing you can do when you go into a new school is to keep quiet for a day or two, for you have several years yet before you in which the students and faculty can find out what's in you. If you have any marked tendency along some line, just be calm, and it will eventually come to the front. You can't keep a brilliant student in the back row any more than you can keep a cork under water; and the students as well as anyone else always enjoy what they discover themselves. It takes the taste off, to have the goods ticketed and advertised beforehand. Which are you going to do,—let your good sense and talents be recognized on account of their intrinsic worth, or are you going to placard them, and force them on our notice? M. P. '08.

## 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 Ballads.

It is the most delightful experience in the world to visit in the South, especially in Virginia. People who know say that the beauties of Virginia can not compare with those of that state before the war. If we could visit the old Virginia, we would enjoy it, I am sure.

I wonder if you will believe me if I tell you that that is what I have been doing? The mansion where I was entertained had been built of timber by the "servants." There were many funny little dormer windows and long porches. Around the house were great oaks and hickories, ash and maples, evergreens, lilacs, roses and locusts.

The furniture would have delighted the heart of the most fastidious lover of the old times;—mahogany and rosewood bedsteads and dressers black with age, and polished till they shone like mirrors, hung with draperies white as snow; straight-backed chairs generations old interspersed with common new ones; long sofas with claw feet; old shining tables with slender brass-tipped legs, straight or fluted, holding some fine old books, and in springtime a blue or flowered bowl or two with glorious roses; bookcases filled with brown-backed, much-read books.

A multitude of people lived on the plantation. First in importance was the mistress. She had the entire management of household affairs. She was the social queen;—"indeed a surprising creature—often delicate in frame, and of a nervous organization so sensitive as perhaps to be a great sufferer; but her force and character pervaded and directed everything, as unseen yet as unmistakably as the power of gravity controls the particles that constitute the earth." \* \* \* She was the necessary and invariable functionary; the keystone of the domestic economy which bound all the rest of the structure and gave it its strength and beauty."

It is harder to describe the master. Thomas Nelson Page says of him: "There were nearly always the firm mouth with its strong lines, the calm, placid, direct gaze, the quiet speech of one who is accustomed to command and have his commands obeyed." The Virginian gentleman had the highest of high ideals. He was chivalrous and generous in all things. Great responsibilities made him grave and thoughtful.

His sons were not always exemplary young men. Somewhat given to the pursuit of pleasure, they were frequently selfish in the extreme. But when the need arose there were no more gallant soldiers in the war than those same self-indulgent young men.

All social life revolved about the daughters. "So generally did the life shape itself about the young girl that it was almost as if a bit of the age of chivalry had been blown down the centuries and lodged in the old state." She had been gently nurtured, and well protected from life's storms. Truly she was a creature to dream of; "In right of her blood (the beautiful Saxon, tempered by the influences of the genial Southern climate), she was exquisite, fine, beautiful; a creature of peach-blossom and snow; languid, delicate, saucy; now imperious, now melting, always bewitching." "She had not to learn to be a lady, because she was born one." \* \* \* "She never came out, because she had never been in.

It is impossible for me to give an even slightly adequate picture of that plantation where I was a guest, without some mention of the Mammy. She was the sympathetic hearer of every woeful tale; she was the healer of every childish ailment; the crooner of soft Southern lullabies; the tender nurse and mother. There was the butler, that uncompromising personification of dignity. There was the driver, a person of genial attributes,—and all the other negroes.

"It (the social life of old Virginia) has passed from the earth, but it has left its benignant influence behind it to sweeten and sustain its children. The ivory palaces have been destroyed, but myrrh, aloes, and cassia still breathe amid their dismantled ruins."

You may be a guest at just such a plantation as I have described. The

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### Butchers

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"open sesame" is the book "Social Life in Old Virginia."

M. C., '10.

There are books of action, books of character, books of dramatic suspense, strange tales of strange lands, familiar home tales—but no book is real unless it has atmosphere.—Conant.

### EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges this week: U. N. M. Weekly, Le Chronicle, The Kenyon Collegian, The Crotonian, The Daily Echo of Shorbridge H. S. College Echos from Siloam Springs, Ark., The White and Gold, Caerulla, The Ovestimba, The Review, The Advance, Tatler, Polytechnic Journal, Normal Oracle, The Sentinel, Comus, and U. of A. Monthly.

Comus, your "First Oration Against Cicero" is good. We are fellow sufferers and appreciate the position of the writer.

The cover design of "The Sentinel" is unique. That's the kind of thing which makes one want to "seek further" and we were not disappointed.

To the Polytechnic we would say that such articles as yours on "The Buddhist Temple" are worth while.

The Ovestimba, of Newman, Cal., is well gotten up. "Rainmaking" is a very interesting subject and such articles are worth far more than the stories published in school papers.

NOTICE—For boys only. You wouldn't be a girl if you didn't read this.—Ex.

The students at Shorbridge, H. S., must indeed be energetic to run a daily. The paper gives the school news and those who run it are entitled to a great deal of credit. The "Wise Talks by the Office Boy" is full of vim and force. It takes.

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My first is a vowel:  
My second neither vowel nor consonant:  
My third is a coin:  
My last isn't isn't:  
My whole is perfection.  
(Answer next week.)  
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## "Student Trophy" Track Meet

Without a shadow of a doubt, the inter-class meet last Saturday was the star athletic event of the year, and a fitting event to close the year's brilliant work in athletics.

Those who attended the meet declared it an unmitigated success from start to finish; better time was made, more records shattered, and more spectacular and exciting finishes witnessed than in any of the previous meets this season. Every event was closely contested, in fact there were two dead heats and many others won only by inches.

A number of new men came into the limelight, surprising even themselves, while many of the old men showed excellent ability in events they had hitherto never tried. This fully demonstrates that good, earnest training in an average athlete will enable him to defeat the negligent star of former meets, and that consistent work and "stick-to-it-iveness" are all that are necessary to make the average man a real star.

### The 100-yard Dash.

It was regretted very much that no stop watch was on hand to time the men in this event, for it was said by many to be the fastest on our track. Sheldon of the First Years sustained his former reputation here, coming in first; while Lynch, his classmate, who was destined for the highest individual score, came in second, not two feet behind him Millett and Dykes were struggling for third place, Millett winning by a neck.

### The High Hurdles.

This race was one of the prettiest of them all as well as one of the most exciting. The entries were Dykes, junior; Lynch, freshman; Blene, Third Year, and Millett and Miller seniors. In the first heat and second heat Dykes and Miller were disqualified.

In the finals, Blome, Lynch and Millett were abreast up to the 6th hurdle, when Blome's superior form gave him a lead over the rest and he broke the tape a few feet ahead of Lynch, Millett getting third place.

### Low Hurdles.

The low hurdles was one of the events of the day, and no doubt the closest race of all. Millett and Lynch came in as near abreast as two persons possibly could. First and second honors were accordingly divided between the two. Dykes, the junior man, came in for third place.

### 440-Yard Dash.

Although the fierce wind made it difficult to run in this race, Sheldon made the splendid time of 56 seconds. Thomas of the Third Years winning second, third place was also won by Blake of the Third Years.

The race was close, up to the last sixth when Sheldon's superior training told and he easily outdistanced the Third Years.

### Dyke's Mistake.

In the mile run is where Dykes undoubtedly made the mistake of his life. Had he not entered this race, and killed himself off, his name would now be engraved on the First Years' cup. Swiggert for the Third Years won this race, bettering his past records 1-5 of a second. Dykes won second place from Lund, the First Year man, by a neck. Time 5:54.

### The One-Half Mile.

This was also a speedy event, first

and third places went to the Third Years, represented by Blake and Swiggert. Lynch crowded Blake close for first, but had to satisfy himself with second. The time was 2:27.

### Broad Jump.

Many surprises were in store for many in the running broad jump. The



SECOND LAP.

entries were Dykes, Millett, Blome and Lynch.

Dykes was in no condition to jump after having ran the mile, and he soon dropped out. Johnny Lynch won first place, jumping 18 feet, 10 inches; Blome got second, clearing 18 feet 6 inches; Millett, the Senior, getting third.

### 220-Yard Dash.

The best time made in Arizona up to this was 23 seconds. Imagine the cheering then, when Sheldon broke the tape in the remarkable time of 22 2-5 seconds, thus lowering the Arizona record by 3-5 of a second. Thomas, who had trained hardly at all, came in second, making it in 23 seconds. Millett made a fine run, but his former exertions told on him and he only succeeded in getting third place. Entries—Shelden, Thomas, Millett Blake and Sullivan.

### Discus.

The First Years again proved a surprise to the Third Years, who thought they had a 'cinch' in the discus and had counted this as one of the sure events.

Sund made first, Manvel second and Jungerman third. Sund's throw was not as well as he or Jungerman had made, their usual record being 90 feet, while Sund was only able to throw the discus 83 feet.

### The High Jump.

Some more surprises.—Who ever suspected that Maurice Blome was a high jumper? Yet the way he cleared 5 feet 2 inches last Saturday was keen. Dykes, who had by now recovered from the exhausting effects of the mile, tied Blome for first place, third place going to Lynch. This was a better record than the one made in the meet against Tucson, and with more training we feel sure and expect great things from these men.

### The Shot Put.

This was Dykes' stronghold, yet the scare Manvel gave him for first place was awful. John, however, had to make up his former rep, and so threw it 6 inches beyond Manvel's mark, which was 37 feet 1 inch.

Millett, who had never entered this class of work, made third place to the

amazement of the crowd. He's the "big little man" whose loss the Normal will keenly feel next year.

### The Hammer Throw.

Here again the husky yearlings proved their superiority in muscle and brawn, throwing the iron ball 94 feet and winning first and second place. Sund first, Manvel second and Hanson of the Third Years, third.

### Pole Vault.

Surprise No. 4. Dykes is a vaulter. The pole vault has been conceded by many the prettiest and most difficult of all field events. First, you must have the form, the knack and the ability. This Art Millett surely has, his vaulting last Saturday was another of the records of the day. He cleared 9 feet as clean as a whistle. Dykes' first attempt at vaulting was a brilliant one, he proved himself the second best man in the school by vaulting 8 feet 6 inches.

Manvel dropped out at 7 1-2 feet.

### The Relay.

The Relay was between the Third and First Years and was the closing event of the day and one of the best. The time made was 4-9, which is creditable time for any school. Had it not been for Shelden this event would have gone to the Third Years, but his splendid run in which he overtook Blake was a wonder and a victory for the Freshmen.

On counting the points the First Years were easily the winners, receiving 60 points, the Third Years 34, Juniors 17, and Seniors 14.

Johnny Lynch, who made the highest individual score, will be one of our stars next year and our coach expects to do great things with him.

Shelden's fast time in the 440 and 220 yard dashes shows him to be one of the fastest men in Arizona. He is using the right kind of training and his work shows it.

Some new men who show good promise are the Jungerman brothers, Larson, Manvel, Hanson and Pruett, while Blake, Blome and Lynch will take good care of the jumps and hurdles.

The "Student" feels more than gratified and satisfied in the far-reaching results in the awarding of this cup, and feel that it was one of the best uses it could have put this money to. The coach, in a neat speech, presented the cup to the victorious Freshmen last Monday and in the sincerest of tones he said that this cup had had more to do with athletic development along this line than any other thing since he had been here. It is the sincere hope and desire of all, that the next inter-class track meet will be as successful as the one last Saturday.

Highest point winners:—

J. Lynch	27 points
J. Dykes	17 points
J. Shelden	17 points
A. Millett	14 points

Contestants:—

First Year men—Sullivan, Lynch, Sund, Manvel, Pruitt, Shelden and Larsen.

Third Year men—Swiggert, Blake, Blome, Thomas, Jungerman and Hansen.

Juniors—J. Dykes.  
Seniors—Millett, Miller and Jones.  
Photos later.

F. E. T. '10.

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## Normal News and Notes

### SENIOR HAY RACK RIDE.

Thirty-nine years ago last Friday, Dr. Blome (not doctor then) landed on American soil and since then has held that anniversary as a day of rejoicing for various reasons. The Seniors felt that they have reason to rejoice over Dr. Blome's immigration as much as any one, so decided to help him celebrate. A hayrack ride was planned with the Dr. and Mrs. Blome as guests of honor, and it was a jovial crowd that drove several miles east of town. At the camping ground, a camp fire was built and hot coffee and other good things were served. Stories—horrible, thrilling, bloodcurdling, and ghost stories—were told until a late hour, and it was a sleeping city that

was finally aroused by the lusty yells of the returning seniors.

M. P.

### SOCIETY PROGRAMS.

**Olympian**—May 6, by C. V. N. Apart from the placing of date, arrangement and ideas good—printing too thin.

**Philomathian**—May 6. Too unbroken between the upper and the lower landscapes. Panel upon which program is placed appears to be floating in air—an oblong might be best here—a ship in only one of the landscapes would be sufficient, or at least have them of different sizes and placement—printing a little thin. Neatly finished.

Alpha, May 6, by N. C. Ideas original—keep design well within boundary of paper—the hands had better approach than touch the head.

### SPEAKERS COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The commencement address to the Seniors will be given Thursday evening, June 11th, by Hon. E. S. Clark, of Prescott. The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached on Sunday evening, June 7th by Rev. Wilbur Fisk.

Stars in tennis  
Trophies win—  
Silver cups—  
Third Years agin!

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most critical.  
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that are never under any condi-  
tion unsatisfactory.  
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as low as are usually demanded  
elsewhere for ordinary materials.

**TIME TABLE**  
**LEAVE TEMPE FOR PHOENIX**  
7:10 a. m.—M. & P. Depot.  
8:11 a. m.—Mill Street.  
1:39 p. m.—Mill Street.  
4:55 p. m.—M. & P. Depot.  
**LEAVE PHOENIX FOR TEMPE**  
9:30 a. m.  
12:00 m.  
6:00 p. m.  
7:30 p. m.

Pinney & Robinson, 40 N. Center  
street, Phoenix, are now distributing  
free of charge the beautiful 1908 cata-  
logue of Draper & Maynard sporting  
goods, showing many new patterns of  
baseball mitts and gloves, and all sup-  
plies for outdoor sports.

**VISITORS FROM YUMA.**  
Miss White had a caller from Yuma  
on Sunday. But do not presume a  
thing true that you've heard, when it  
sounds so absurd, for it may have  
been only a rumor.

**HOW ARE YOU GOING  
TO SPEND THE SUMMER?**  
Of course no one expects to idle  
ways to summer months. Then  
watch this space and next week  
we will tell you what you can  
accomplish by three months'  
study in

**THE  
Lamson  
Business College**  
PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

## A Visit to the "Goddess Pele"

(Continued from Page One)  
we were compelled to retreat several  
different times to escape being severely  
burned ourselves.

Within the great crater floor of Kil-  
auea are many places of interest which  
we visited. One, the "Devil's Picture  
Frame", is a place where at one time  
molten lava flowed over an embank-  
ment about six feet high in such a way  
that a number of frame-like openings  
were formed. Another place known  
as "Madam Pele's Chimney" is a cir-  
cular hole in the lava, out of which  
a great amount of steam, smoke and  
sulphur fumes are constantly pouring.  
The "Little Terror" is an extinct blow-  
hole so named, I suppose, from its  
present appearance, for indeed its  
looks indicate that it must have been a  
terror in its day.

After having gone a distance of three  
miles or more over the crater floor  
from the Volcano House, we reached  
the brink of the Halemaumau pit  
where Madam Pele is now confining  
herself. We were overtaken by a feel-  
ing almost of fear as we looked into  
the pit and our first impulse was to  
shrink back away from it. The entire  
scene could be taken in at a glance—  
a vast pit within another crater, and  
circular in form as its parent, with a  
diameter of nearly half a mile and a  
depth of 700 feet or more. Its precipitous  
sides consisting of irregular  
stratified lava varying in hue from  
gray to brick red.

Try to imagine if you can such a  
scene. It all lies at your feet, and  
yet in fact the active spouting cone  
which occupies a position in the cen-  
tral part of the floor of the pit is fully  
a quarter of a mile away. In  
absence of familiar objects for com-  
parison, you would naturally at first  
greatly underestimate magnitudes.  
The bottom of the pit below you looks  
as though it might cover an area of  
eight or nine acres across while in fact  
it is nearer twenty-five. The active  
cone seems to rise scarcely five feet  
above the level of the surrounding  
floor but in reality it is about sixty  
feet high.

As the light of day began to fade  
away and the shadows of night darken  
the doors of Pele's cozy home, we  
were better able to watch and see  
the movements and doings of the Ha-  
waiian goddess. We stationed our-  
selves at a place where a good bird's  
eye view of the entire pit could be had  
and waited to see such displays of  
nature's fireworks as the controller of  
the inner elements of the earth might  
be disposed to exhibit. We had not  
long to wait for as soon as darkness  
had set in all around, the floor of the  
pit, which by day-light had appeared  
to be uniformly black, was seen to be  
crossed with a network of cracks and

fractures which formed more or less  
intricate patterns, and through which  
the light of the glaring metal beneath  
was seen. At times the sudden cool-  
ing of the lava covering produced  
breaks in it and from them oozed  
some of the liquid fire contained be-  
neath, flooding over small areas of  
from 20 feet square to 200 feet square,  
illuminating the entire surroundings.

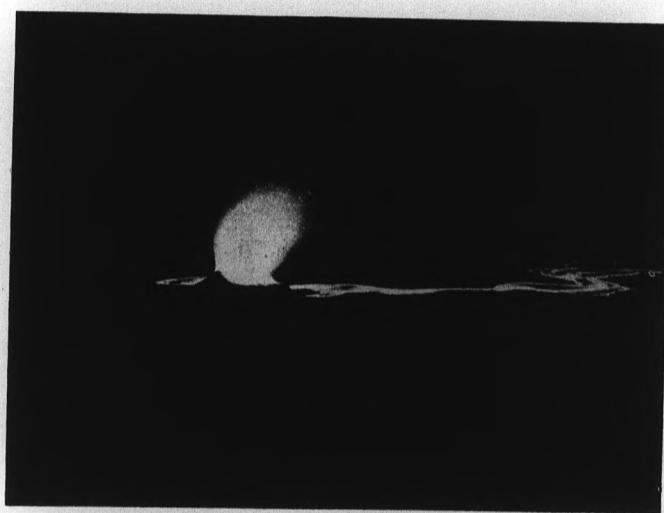
While watching this display, our at-  
tention was at times attracted by the  
actions of the spouting cone. It was  
in it that most of the work was going  
on. From its mouth, which was per-  
haps eight feet in diameter, there was  
more or less lava being thrown out,  
some of which would reach a height  
of 200 feet or more. There would be  
a few moments' quietness within the  
cone, during which time the boiling  
and splashing of the lava could be  
heard. Following this lull a rumbling  
noise as of distant thunder and then  
all of a sudden a large amount of lava  
rock would be shot out from the open-  
ing as though all the powers of the in-  
ner and lower world were behind it.  
The rock would scatter and fly in all  
directions through the air producing a

smelting furnace, then changed to  
a livid red and continued fading until  
it showed only here and there glow-  
ing eyes of fire looking out from cav-  
ernous depths. The reflections of the  
flow was plainly seen at places fifty  
miles distant.

We likened what we had seen to the  
idea the greater part of the religious  
world have concerning Hell and decid-  
ed that were the place of punishment  
for the wicked and ungodly anything  
like the fiery pit of Halamaumau, we  
ourselves would certainly try to steer  
our barks otherward.

At one time the Halemaumau pit  
was at a level with the rest of Kilau-  
eas floor but during the year 1894 the  
whole of the area now comprised with-  
in the upper rim of the pit, appeared  
to have been undermined by the liquid  
lava beneath, which was suddenly  
drained off, where no one can say.  
All we know is that it was all swal-  
lowed up in an instant and hid for-  
ever in an unknown abyss.

When I first saw the crater in July  
1905 it was considered to be between  
eight or nine hundred feet deep. There  
were at that time three distinct cones



A Good Print of a Volcano Seen at Midnight.  
The Lava is Fully a Mile Long. The Kodak  
Was More Than a Mile Distant.

sight unequalled by the discharge of  
hundreds of sky-rockets at night.

Our attention was again directed to  
the work going on within the floor of  
the pit. A great opening had formed  
and from it began to pour a boiling  
stream of lava which spread and  
spread as a great flood until in less  
than thirty minutes it had covered an  
area of at least ten acres with a new  
coating of lava ten feet or more in  
thickness. The walls of the pit be-  
gan to glow with the reflection of the  
livid volcanic fire and the clouds above  
seemed to catch the same unearthly  
light and take upon them a hue too  
beautiful to describe. The fire glowed  
at first like molten iron drawn from

on its floor, two of which were active  
while at the present time but one cone  
is to be seen. The others have been  
covered by the lava rising in the pit, a  
thing that has been taking place re-  
cently to such an extent that more  
than 100 feet has been built over the  
entire floor during the past year.

In the cool of the morning following  
our visit to the pit, the entire crater  
seemed to be almost filled with white  
steam, due probably to the rain which  
fell during the night. The clouds of  
steam presented an impressive sight  
as they were caught by the trade-  
winds and swept horizontally from the  
crater rim toward the dome shaped  
top of old Mauna Loa.

## Editor's Drawer

**SONG RECITAL**  
By Amalia Schmidt Gobble.

An appreciative audience which  
nearly filled the auditorium, listened  
to the song recital given by Mrs. Gob-  
ble on Monday night. The program  
was a trying one upon the nervous  
powers of the vocalist, and that she  
met the demands of the several com-  
posers represented is conceded. This  
is saying much, for the program,  
while of a very pleasing character,  
was really a trying one for any singer,  
but for one of Mrs. Gobble's slight  
physique its successful accomplish-  
ment seemed almost a marvel, demon-  
strating the value of intelligent vocal  
training and conscientious hard work.  
Her voice is a pure soprano of good  
range and pleasing quality, her inton-  
ation reliable, and her steadiness re-  
markable.

In a program embracing such a wide  
range of song compositions, so excel-  
lently performed, it is difficult to par-  
ticularize, but the songs appealing to  
the writer as being the most artistically  
sung were "The Proposal" by Turner,  
"Als die Alte Mutter, by Dvorak, and

"With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's  
"Creation."

To the accompanying program Mrs.  
Gobble added a Spanish song. In re-  
sponse to an encore she sung very ef-  
fectively the "Swing Song," by Stev-  
enson, and by request repeats Turn-  
er's "The Pine Tree," and "The Last  
Rose of Summer."

Miss Laura Schmidt as accompanist,  
added much to the enjoyment of the  
evening by her intelligent playing.  
Her work was very satisfactory in-  
deed.

**SONG RECITAL.**  
Amalia Schmidt Gobble .....Soprano  
Laura C. Schmidt .....Accompanist

**PROGRAM.**  
"With Verdure Clad" Creation...Haydn  
Four Songs of the Garden.....  
.....Mary Turner Salter  
"Autumn Song," "The Pine Tree,"  
"A Proposal," "Come to the Garden  
Love."

German—  
"Frühlings Glaube" (Faith in Spring)  
Schubert. "Als die Alte Mutter"  
(Songs My Mother Taught Me)  
Dvora. "Hoffnung" (When the Roses  
Bloom) Reichardt.

Irish—

"To My First Love" Lohr.  
Plantation Song—  
"Ma Curly Headed Baby" Clutsam.  
American—  
"Slumber Song" (Dedicated to Mrs.  
Gobble) Ferry. "The Years of Spring"  
Mrs. H. H. A Beach. "The Summertime  
Cycle" Ronald. "Daybreak"  
"Morning" "Evening" "Night."

**SENIOR DANCE.**

The last dance of the season will  
be held at Curry this evening, and  
promises a glorious culmination of the  
Normal Social Season.

This dance is given by the boys of  
the Senior Class, and for that reason,  
if no other, promises a success. Oakes  
and Massie's services have been secur-  
ed again, though tonight there will be  
three pieces instead of two. Every-  
one holding season tickets to the A.  
D. C. dances will be admitted, and  
special invitations have also been is-  
sued. The various special features at  
the Normal have sadly interfered with  
the dances of late; which only makes  
us more anxious for this one tonight.

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