

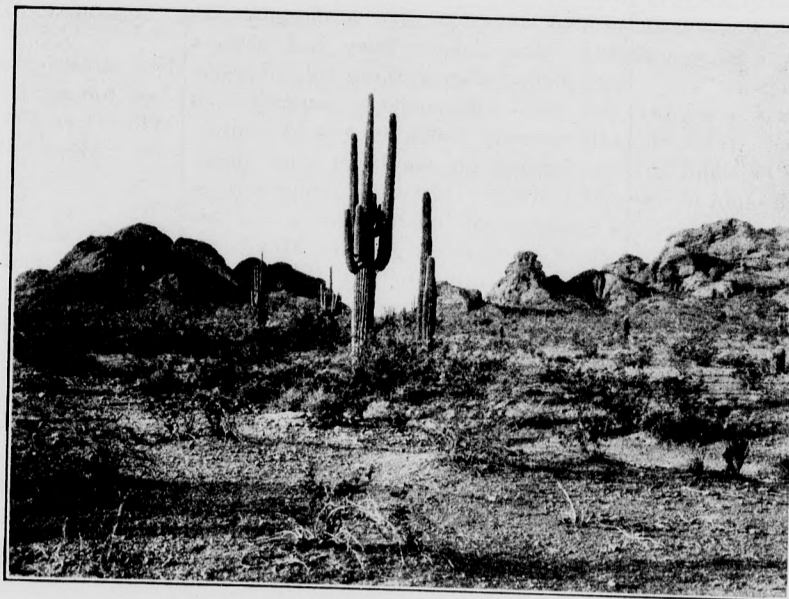
TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT.

VOL. IV.

TEMPE, ARIZONA, MARCH 25, 1910.

No. 22

On the desert, brooding silent, comes no sound
across the air,
No breeze rustles through the sage brush,
no bird flits across the skies;
In the midst of drouth and dryness no stream
murmurs its song there—
All is silence, peace and silence, where the
desert quiet lies.



Long ago the sun descended in the dusty West-
ern haze,
Hid his splendor from the desert, veiled
from it his burning light.
Now the twilight sheds above all, like the glow
of after-days,
The dusky dimness of the shadows before the
falling of the night.

CLIMAX OF THE SEASON VICTORY FOR NORMAL

Mesa's Semi-Champions Defeated

The Normal's Batting Wins the Day Again--Score, Normal 8; Mesa 4

One of the most exciting games of the national sport ever witnessed in the valley was played last Saturday on the Normal diamond between the Normals and Mesa High and resulted in a defeat for the visiting team by the score of 8 to 4. The game was witnessed by a record-breaking crowd, the largest ever assembled in the history of the school, numbering fully one thousand.

Both teams were in fine shape and either one was confident of victory up to the very last; yet the large difference in the final score reveals the real strength of the home team. Much of the good work is due to the Normal battery, which showed up well alongside of the "semi-professionals" of Mesa.

As for the game, it started off well for the visiting team. J. Morris opened with a three-base hit out to right. C. Morris bunted to the pitcher and was put out at first. Williams grounded to second, and Morris came in home on an error. Pomroy hit back of second, bringing in Williams. Pearce got a walk. Davis got first on a little hit and Pomroy was put out at third. Riggs grounded to second and was put out at first.

In the second half of the first the Normals returned Mesa's compliment. Mullen hit out to short and stole second. Lynch hit a two-base hit out to left, bringing in Mullen. Ayer grounded to third and was put out at first. Critchley got first on an error by Williams and Lynch scored. Haby fanned and Halbert was put out at first.

The second was a fast inning. Peterson grounded to pitcher and was put out at first. Meyer flew out to center. J. Morris hit a two-bagger out to left and his brother retired the side by flying out to left. Lemmons for the Normal flew out to left. Brown fanned. Alexander hit out to left and Mullen followed with a two-bagger out to center. Lynch lost the chance for a run by flying out to Davis.

The first of the third added another tally to Mesa's score. Williams hit a three-base hit out to left field and scored before the ball reached home, when Pomroy flew out to Lynch. Pearce flew out to Alexander. Davis grounded to short and was put out.

In the last of the fourth the score was again a tie. Halbert walked, scoring a run from first on Lemmons' two-bagger out to left. Brown sacrificed. Alexander struck out. Mullen was put out at first, grounding to third.

Like the preceding inning, Mesa went out in one, two, three order in the fifth, and the Normals didn't do any better the last half of the fifth.

Pomroy, in the first of the sixth, got hit by a pitched ball and received first for it. Pearce reached first on a bunt. Davis struck out. Riggs bunted to Halbert and was put out at first, the ball being thrown back in time to catch Pomroy going to third, and so making the three outs.

Haby for the Normals hit a pretty three-bagger out to center field and was called out for not having touched first base. Halbert struck out. Lemmons flew out to center.

The seventh was another one, two, three out inning for Mesa. However, such was not the case with the Normals. The seventh was our lucky inning. Brown started it off with a two-base hit out to left. Alexander got to first on a fielder's choice, advancing Brown. Mullen hit out to left, bringing in Brown and Alexander. Lynch hit to right and Mullen was put out in coming in home. Ayer hit a neat one over third, allowing Lynch to score. Haby kept up the good work by driving a two-bagger out to left, bringing in Ayer and Critchley. Halbert sacrificed. Lemmons retired the side when he grounded to second and was put out at first.

In order to add a little more excitement, the Mesa High scored her final

(Continued on Page Three.)

ALPHA PLAYS MONDAY

Annual Event Will Take Place March 28—Two Live Farces to Be Given—Big House Expected

On the evening of Monday, March 28, the Alpha Society will present their annual play. Upon this occasion instead of but one play, two short farces will be presented, each of which would be enough to guarantee a full evening of entertainment to what will probably be one of the biggest audiences drawn to the Auditorium this year. The Alpha play, from time immemorial, has been a success, and from the evidences available this year will be no exception.

The Alpha Society is composed entirely of the members of the first year class. No others are eligible for membership. Since this makes the society not only a literary organization, but also a class organization as well, the Alphas are generally held to be the most thoroughly loyal bunch of youngsters that ever cheered each other. It is one of the traditions of the school that this shall be so, and it is one of the traditions of which the entire school is proud. There is not one member of the upper classes who does not recall with considerable pride his days in the Alpha Society.

It has sometimes been thought that the society may be a trifle crude or rough because of the fact that each year sees it with an entirely new membership. As a matter of strict truth, this has been one of the chief factors in the continual success of the Alphas. "Baby Society" that they are, as the upper classes sometimes call them, yet it is the very newness of things that often serves to keep up the interest and enthusiasm which the higher societies sometimes lack.

It has been the custom for many years for the Alphas to give an annual play, and some of the best entertainments ever given at the Normal have been the result. Considerable interest attaches to the production of these Alpha plays, and it is always felt to be a high honor to be chosen for the cast. This is probably due to the fact that out of so many available ones only a few can be chosen to take part.

As has been noted before, this year's entertainment will consist of two farces. Backed by competent authority, we have no hesitancy in giving our guarantee that each of the farces will be sufficiently laughable and side-splitting to very effectually remove "that tired feeling." Throw away your patent medicines and come to the Alpha plays. No matter what your sickness may be, we guarantee

(Continued on Page Three.)

ST. PATRICK MEETS SETBACK

Olympia Slights Venerable Saint—Non-Attendance the Cause—Short Program, but Numbers Good

On Wednesday last the color of Olympia's feelings was blue, despite the fact that "St. Patrick and the Emerald Isle" were billed for the afternoon's program. "The cause?" you ask. Well, the cause was the presence on the program of several delinquent numbers whose absence might have insured the rendering of some eulogies to the patron saint of the day and also have warded off the well-merited scolding that our good and righteous monitor bestowed, trusting that disloyal subjects would take notice.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but the soul of our society flickers when brevity of program occurs too often. Here's hoping Olympia spirit may be stimulated by and may in turn foster full and interesting programs. Brief though it was, the program deserves creditable mention.

A paper, "Wit and Humor," rich with Irish "laughables," was read very cleverly by Miss Frances McNulty.

Will Nash read a spicy paper on "St. Patrick."

A cornet and vocal duet by Bert and Lora Finch well deserved the encore it brought.

Searchlight gave some interesting information. "Psychological experiments," says the Scientific American, "have recently proved the existence of mental powers in fish. The most striking experiments were made with the gray perch, whose food is chiefly small silver-hued sardines. Some of these small sardines were colored blue and put in with the silvery ones. The perch avoided the blue ones until hunger aroused curiosity sufficiently to promote investigation, whereupon the blue sardines were also eaten with relish. These experiments and others similar reveal memory traces in perch and also a sense of color differentiation."

Other rays from Searchlight are: "How wearing of the green" is the sweet Irish memory of a certain class. "Oh, Juniors dear, and did you hear The news that's going 'round? Your greenness is forbid' by law To grow on Irish ground."

In order to give due credit to the interpreter and to the author of "To the Dandelion," we wish to correct an error made in last week's "write-up" of Olympia. It should read "To the Dandelion," by Lowell, was read by Blanche Cummins," instead of the way it appears in last week's Student.

THRILLING DEBATE IN A. D. C.

On the Box Canyon Controversy—A Splendid Evening for All—Decision Is Not Given to Affirmative

The question, "Resolved, that the S. P. railroad in the Gila Box Canyon should be compelled to build their railroad on the high level," was affirmed by E. Craig and F. Thomas, and was denied by R. Haby and K. Johnston, on March 16, 1910.

Mr. Thomas introduced the question and explained the situation. It appeared that Mr. Thomas from experience had some prejudice against boxes in general, and canyon boxes in particular. He cited the case of his friend, Jack, whose aversion to certain kinds of the species is well known. In fact, the pitcher's box is the only kind he ever gets into, in spite of such frequent and tempting opportunities. As for himself, the most desirable kind of boxes were opera boxes, in Globe, though candy boxes, in Tempe, were also to his taste. Concerning the railroad, it wasn't fair to put one in a box, nor to lead one around by a string. Harriman and Morgan fashion, much less to put one into a box canyon. On the whole, it wasn't fair to all concerned, a positive proof that railroads should be built on a higher level. The more elevating the level on which they were built the better it was. On this, he seemed certain; and on this he built his argument, which, he being acquainted with the intricacies of the matter, was very effective.

Mr. Haby attacked the argument of Mr. Thomas, in all of its vulnerable points, and cited the physiographical necessity of building through the box canyon, with its gradual grade. He could not see the full connection of certain things, but referred to the right of a corporation to build where they wished to, to the fact that a protective tariff would help in the protection of the project more than reduced freight rates; and in closing, was certain that the shortest way to San Carlos was by the underground route.

Mr. Craig held that the high level was the place for a railroad, citing a map which he had left at home to illustrate the case. He disposed of the question of extreme gradient by showing the similitude of a paper railroad to gas, rather than to liquidation; both of which, one knows, will always rise above the level of its source. He depicted all sorts of terrific disasters in the placing of a public convenience in such a position, as the bottom of a mountain torrent, and pictured other similar incidents drawn from an ex-

(Continued on Page Three.)

Tempe Normal Student

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Maud Shivers, '10.....Training School

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EDITORIAL.

The ball game of last Saturday is sufficiently mentioned in other sections of this paper to exclude any necessity for again describing it here, but there is one point which assuredly deserves notice anywhere. We have spoken before in this column of the fact that the Athletic Associations of the Normal have always been, without exception, self-supporting. It has never been found necessary to solicit contributions, as is done in many schools, to carry on the season of a baseball or football team.

It is difficult to do this, and especially in so small a town as our own city, but it has been done successfully year after year, and perhaps never with so complete success as the managers of the baseball team have attained this year. Starting with somewhat of a deficit left them by the track team, and hampered at first by being forced to play practically all their games for some time on their own grounds, the baseball team now stands clear of debt and with a surplus which has seldom been surpassed.

The managers of the team have both displayed considerable ability in the disposal of the difficult problems which have come up during the season. The season is very nearly completed now, though the most important games yet remain to be played, and in every part it has been a success, and that this is true is due, in great measure, to the ability of the managers.

The most expensive feature of the baseball season every year is the series with the University at Tucson. It has always been the custom to have this series one of four games, two at Tucson and two here, and the expenses of such a series are necessarily large. The baseball team is now in a position to guarantee the trip to be assured, and the large surplus in the treasury is the proof of their guarantee.

In former years one of the most important events of both the social and athletic seasons has always been the Tennis Dance, which followed the annual Inter-scholastic Tournament on the Normal courts. This tournament has always been held on the second Saturday in February, a date which brought the affair to a time when the weather conditions were ideal, although of necessity it conflicted with the baseball season. This conflict, however, had been found practically impossible to avoid without a postponement of the tournament to a later date, which was itself a thing to be avoided.

For some reason, presumably in the effort to escape the conflict, the date for this tennis tournament has been so indefinitely postponed as to leave some considerable doubt as to its eventual materialization.

The baseball season cannot be completed before several weeks more have elapsed, and if the tournament is post-

EX CATHEDRA

The privilege of feeling blue and lonely belongs exclusively to First Years and New Students, yet here was a mighty Senior wandering aimlessly through the Normal halls with a woeful countenance and a heavy heart. One could not tell whether it were history of education or her new Easter bonnet that was preying upon her mind, and to ask her was out of the question, for surely she would have swallowed you whole.

Finally she walked slowly down the stairs to the basement and, still without any aim, crossed the hall and entered the room opposite the foot of the stairs. A look as of pain slowly overspread her features and the curious observer might have wondered at the cause, and well he might, for there appeared to be no earthly reason for displeasure or grief. The room bore a very neat appearance, the rows of tables and the sewing machines ranged in order round the room, the very attitude of the teachers chair before the desk were evidences of industry, yet the sight was unfamiliar. The three blank blackboards and the pictures on the wall were the only friendly objects in the room.

Our Senior Lady realized that the change meant progress and that it was for the best, still she rebelled against it.

Indeed, many changes had taken place during her five years at the Normal and she had an idea that something had been lost in the transition from the old to the new. Something intangible but nevertheless something that makes school worth while.

She crossed the room to the window and gazed once more upon the changed scene about her which by its very difference—working perhaps by the law of contrast—called up the scene of other days, and, meditating upon the past, she recalled vividly each little item which had gone to make this room one always to be remembered by her and all those who had ever studied in it under the old conditions.

Where now each thing impressed her with the idea of preciseness and justice to the exclusion of everything else before, she had always been struck by the bright cheerfulness as well as the pleasant silence. In the past, she had never felt alone in that room. Now she knew why. The old familiar English books used to jostle each other as they tried for the place of honor on the neat desk which always reminded one of its trim little mistress.

True, the blackboards used to stare then, as now, from three sides of the room, but some way the pictures used to seem more real as they viewed her in a critical manner. The ferns used to smile and nod their wise little heads in welcome and the long rows of cane-seated chairs used, then, to wait impatiently for the janitor's broom and duster. Calling up each cherished detail, our Senior Lady saw Ariadne gazing into the future from her seat on the lion's back. The Senior used to like to believe that Ariadne was thinking of Theseus. Then there were the geraniums elbowing each other as they tried in vain to draw nearer to the air and sunlight;

pond till then, the heat will, in all probability, cause it to be somewhat a failure. Already the players are beginning to feel the effect of the heat, especially during the morning, the time when some of the important events of the tournament have always been played.

It is sincerely to be regretted that the lack of decision on the part of the heads of the organization, which would appear to be the chief cause, has produced the unfortunate state of affairs which now confronts the Inter-scholastic Tennis Association. It will be very difficult to make the tournament a success under the present conditions.

BOOKS

"Under the Cactus Flag"

"Under the Cactus Flag," by Nora Archibald Smith, is a charming little sketch of life in Mexico portrayed by a narrative of the life of a young American school teacher in Sonora. Mary Annesley, a young orphan girl, has always lived with her uncle and aunt in Corona, California, and been treated as much like a daughter as their own Celia. They had always had plenty of everything till her uncle died and his business matters had subsequently fallen into wild confusion, leaving his family in great financial distress. Mary, on being offered a position of mistress of a private school in Ceritas, goes to Mexico to make a fortune for her family after the fashion of the younger sons of romance. She is placed in charge of Judge Mason as far as Tontin, Arizona, where her friends in Ceritas are to meet her. She reaches the Arizona town under the fatherly care of the old judge and his traveling companions with few mishaps and no greater hardship than a long stage ride. Her friends, however, are unable to meet her at Tontin and she has to go on alone in a stage coach, anything but comfortable, but under the care of a kindly Mexican consul she makes the hard trip safely, though not without many trials. Her friend, "Miss Barbara," or Mrs. Vasquez, takes Mary to her home to live. Here she meets Lucina and her two brothers, who are relatives of Mrs. Vasquez and future pupils of Mary's, and a friend of the family, a certain Don Raimundo Altirano, whom Mary dubbed the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

The rest of the story deals with the young girl's life in Ceritas, the establishment of her school, her home life, her social life, her friendships and acquaintances, and all that go to make up the life of a stranger in a new land, and with her preparations for and her departure from Ceritas because her aunt's financial conditions are changed and because her cousin has deserted an "Old Maid's Sisterhood" which the two girls had founded. Of course, before Mary leaves Mexico "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance" gives us to understand that the story doesn't end there, but he doesn't really say anything, only you can just tell how things would have turned out if the author had kept on writing.

even the waste paper basket used to groan as it strained its wide spreading arms to keep the topmost piece of paper from falling to the floor.

The trees, without, whispered softly together and slowly nodded their majestic heads as they appeared to disagree; the grasses passed on the news of the coming spring to the plants in the window, who in turn told it to the violet on the desk, and to the great, beautiful fern swinging merrily in its basket from the ceiling.

The bell jangled harshly and the sound at length died away in a hoarse r-r-r-r. The Senior came back to a sudden realization of her present duties and tried to shake off the dreamy atmosphere of the past and said aloud, "A brilliant thought, Irving wrote beautifully upon the Mutability of Literature. I'll make a name for myself by writing upon the Mutability of School Life."

She looked out the window, this time with seeing eyes and behold, as in bygone days, all Nature was quivering with excitement. How could she be lonely or spend her time in vain regrets when the world without was so beautiful? Every living thing, except herself, was happy in its enjoyment of the bright sunshine and fragrant air. All things welcomed joyfully the coming of happy Spring and the Senior could not bear to be the only unhappy creature on the glad earth, so she took one last look at the shadowy room, for the sake of old times, and passed out to the next class with a happier heart.

Baseball and Tennis Goods

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EIGHT TO FOUR

First Mesa made a couple of runs—
Her bunch went wild and hoarse;
But the Normal stopped their yelling.
Of course, of course, of course.

For Mullen drove the ball a spin,
And Johnny Lynch brought Mullen in.
When Lynch was working a stealing
play.

Why, Williams threw the ball away.

And Lynch, a-smiling more and more,
Loped in and lowed he'd tied the
score.

Next Williams knocked it away, way
out,

And Pomeroy brought the score about.

Again the Mesans were wild with
glee,

The score a-standing two to three.

But Halbert walked, Lemons drove a
two,

'Twas relayed in as Jack ran through.

The Mesa crowd it almost cried,

For three to three, the score was tied.

Some fanned, some fouled, some died
at third;

And sighs and groans were often
heard.

With some few hits to left and right,
The fatal seventh dawned clear and
bright.

Without a single their side went
down,

A two-base hit was made by Brown.

Mullen sent Brownie one base more;
Lynch drove to center and made the
score.

Alexander got home by playing fair;
And a hit by Haby scored Lynch and
Ayer.

Critchley next tallied for our side.

Haby made third and there he died.

Williams got to second again,
And once more Pomeroy brought him
in.

The game was over. And Mesa'd
lost;

The game was ours—at any cost.

They play the game, and so do we;

But this one point we all should see:
It takes a school team, not a ball
shark or two,

To play the game and to play it
through.

—N. R.

"Under the Cactus Flag" portrays

the life of the Mexican people just as

one would probably see it if living

there and much of it as we can see

it here at home. However, the

quaint pretty ceremonies and customs

described are familiar here, customs

such as a dawn party, or "madruga-

gada" described as the "Novena de la

Santa Cruz," or "Nine Days' Worship

of the Holy Cross," and other relig-

ious and social customs as interesting

as they are quaint. The characteris-

tics and habits of the higher classes

and the lower, the old and the young,

are touched upon as they would be no-

ticed by an observer and are brought

out in the events of the story.

One of the best things about the

book is the charming style in which

it is written. It is simple and clear

and at the same time has all smooth-

ness and grace of more pretentious

writings. The author has a descrip-

tive power that is very simple and

very effective. There is a little touch

of humor all through the book, a

bringing out of little humorous events

and conversations in a lively, humor-

ous way. The author shows a sym-

pathy and understanding with all her

characters and their lives that intro-

duces a thread of reality into the tale

and makes her characters more than

mere book-people and makes one feel

that she is a real live person who

has seen or been through all that she

describes and is not merely an author

writing for writing's sake.

ALPHA NOTES

All business was suspended last Wednesday until after the program, which was one of the best we have had this year. The first on the program was a dialogue by Florence Moss, Katherine Blendinger, Irene Weir, Alice Thiel, June Cummings, Lois Cole and Laura Lassator. The title was "Why Mrs. Gaskell Did Not Hire a Cook." Miss Moss, as Grandma, did very well indeed, and so did Miss Blendinger, who took the part of Mrs. Gaskell. It seemed that Mrs. Gaskell's cook had just left and she had advertised for another. The first applicant which Nancy the maid (who, by the way, was Miss Cummings) admitted was Miss Maud Angelina Sniggins, a very gaily dressed young lady who did not stay long "because she couldn't stand such a small house," and because Mrs. Gaskell did not keep enough servants to suit her. She was hardly gone when Nancy admitted another applicant, Miss Elizabeth Princella Hutchinson Adams Perkins, a young lady who was working her way through college. She talked awhile to Mrs. Gaskell about philosophy and such things, but poor Mrs. Gaskell decided that "she didn't want a young college professor," so Miss Perkins took her leave.

Mrs. Gaskell had hardly time to recover her breath before Nancy appeared with the words, "A gentleman, mum," and admitted a little Chinese boy, Ah Ling, who seated himself respectfully on the floor before Mrs. Gaskell. After she had explained about ten minutes to him that she could not hire him because he was a man, Ah Ling went away. The next applicant was Bridget O'Flannigan, a typical Irish woman, who could "cook praties loike an angel, mum." Mrs. Gaskell protested that she must have something to eat besides potatoes and so she could not hire her.

Mrs. Gaskell then declares she will tell Nancy to admit no more and tie her head up in a towel and go to bed to quiet her nerves.

This dialogue was certainly splendid. Miss Thiel, as Maud Angelina Sniggins, Miss Weir as Elizabeth Princella Hutchinson Adams Perkins, and Miss Cole as Ah Ling, and Miss Lassator as Bridget O'Flannigan, certainly did excellently.

Next came a solo by Miss Casanega, who did very well, and a recitation by Miss Alexander, which was encored.

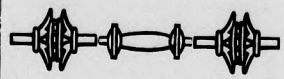
Miss Austin then gave us a very pretty piano solo, and the Alpha Times was read by the editors.

Mr. Matthews, who visited the society, then gave us a short talk and Miss Newbert expressed her appreciation of the little play, which was a surprise to her. If the Alphas do as well in their plays as they did in the dialogue, which had had Miss Odell's help only once, they will certainly make a success of them. R. J.

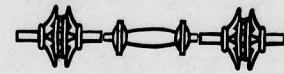
RECITAL AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Last Friday evening the people of Tempe were very pleasantly entertained by a recital given by Mr. Dufferin Rutherford, a tenor of some celebrity, who is now a member of the faculty of the Arizona School of Music. Normal students remember him as "Thaddeus" in "The Bohemian Girl," as it was presented by the School of Music this year.

Mr. Rutherford was accompanied by Miss Laura Schmidt, a former student of the Normal and now attending the School of Music.



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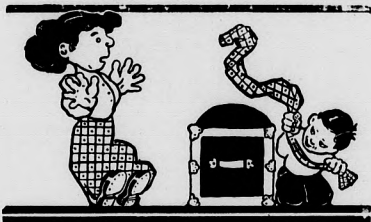
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You yell, I yell—everybody scream, Tempe Normal Baseball Team!

Miss Kitty McNichol and Mary Leavell, from Phoenix, came over for the ball game and dance Saturday.

Ralph Kane and Sam Shrigley, former Normal students, were present at the dance Friday night.

Mr. Ellis and daughter Dora Jean were over to the ball game Saturday.

The usual large attendance of Faculty members was present at Friday night's dance.

Professor Hall has introduced some English work into his Latin classes, not just hints of English grammar, but a piece of the real stuff.

We have a little more light on the subject now.

My, how we wanted an auto Saturday, but it was pretty good to be able to watch the others.

Miss Dickenson and her sister Jes-

sie were the guests of Ruby Tompkins and Annie Brandenburg Friday night.

Miss Jacobs, deaconess of the Methodist church, gave the girls a very interesting and helpful talk last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Lynch was down to see John last Friday and Saturday.

Miss Halleck, who was ill Monday, is back in school again.

We had good music and a fine floor. Please, Mr. Matthews, can't we dance some more?

Poppies grow in Spanish gardens, Ruby seeks the hills, Ercel finds that Carroll Is cure for all her ills.

The Evans boys are wiser than some others. They not only visited the parlors of the Girls' Dorm, but insisted that Mrs. Blakely show them samples of the girls' housekeeping.

Misses Walker and Lee remained over for the dance Friday night.

The tennis courts have been well occupied these evenings.

The societies are silently planning their campaigns. "Let us all be up and doing."

Marguerite Kiessling is suffering from a severe attack of appendicitis.

Ask Miss Tompkins if the mountain scenery was good Sunday afternoon.

Ethel Billingsly took a trip to Granite Reef Saturday with Phoenix friends.

Along the Clothes Line Our editor wore a new tie last Thursday. It beat the Dutch, though it was Irish.

Parley has an Easter bonnet, Parley has a new tie and suit, Parley has two black shiny shoes, Don't 'oo think he's cute?

CLIMAX OF DECISION

(Continued from Page One)

run in the eighth inning. C. Morris grounded to Brown and was put out on first. Williams got first on an error and stole second. Pomroy hit a two-base hit out to left, leaving Williams to score. Pearce got first on Critchley's errors. Davis reached first on a fielder's choice. Pomroy having been put out at third. Riggs fanned, thus retiring his side.

Once more our rivals tried to do something, but it was impossible; it was their last chance. Mesa still had some hope left when Meyer placed a hit over second, although Peterson had just flied out to short. With J. Morris the chances for a score looked good, but fast and heady work in the Normal battery struck out the hardest hitter on the Mesa team and the next man up was out on a grounder to Halbert.

So the game ended.

The score:

Mesa High School—	R. H. E.
J. Morris, c.....	1 2 0
C. Morris, 1b.....	0 0 0
Williams, p.....	3 1 1
Pomroy, ss.....	0 2 0
Pearce, 2b.....	0 1 0
Davis, cf.....	0 1 0
Riggs, lf.....	0 0 0
Peterson, 3b.....	0 1 1
Meyer, rf.....	0 1 0
Totals.....	4 9 2

Normal—	R. H. E.
Mullen, lf.....	1 4 0
Lynch, cf.....	2 2 0
Ayer, 1b.....	1 1 0
Critchley, ss.....	1 0 2
Haby, c.....	0 2 0
Halbert, p.....	1 0 0
Lemmons, 3b.....	0 1 1
Brown, 2b.....	1 1 0
Alexander, rf.....	1 1 0
Totals.....	8 12 3

Score by innings—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Mesa High.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0—4
Normal.....	2	0	0	1	0	0	5	0	0—8

—Summary—
Struck out—By Halbert 8, by Williams 6. Bases on balls—Halbert,

THRILLING DEBATE IN A. D. C.

(Continued from Page One.)

tensive railroad career. Mr. Craig suited his tone to the tenor of his theme, and on the whole made a most creditable appearance.

Mr. Johnston discredited his last opponent's statement concerning gases, firmly believing that that worthy had mixed his drinks, or crossed his wires, or got something of his twisted. As he explained the situation and expanded on the project, the location on the box canyon level seemed the only feasible one for the S. P. extension. He referred constantly to his colleague's argument, quoting him as an authority that the Gila flowed out at San Carlos; and that, as San Carlos was never deluged with anything more serious than boot-legger corn-juice, it was quite evident that the new line would not be flooded. As for any risk the passengers might take, he maintained that anyone imbecile enough to ride on a bob-tailed red motor car through such a God-forsaken reach of hills deserved to be drowned, or worse.

He also quoted some points and substantiating facts given him by Mr. W. Hanson and Mr. E. Windes. On the whole, Mr. Johnston was the star speaker of the evening.

In refutation Mr. Thomas eagerly explained the mistakes in his opponents' premises, quoting facts and figures to back up his attack. He was quite disconcerted by the tapping at the expiration of the brief four minutes, and retired, apologizing for not having said one word in his own defense.

The judges retiring immediately, found a ringing decision of two to one in favor of the negative, and as soon as the fervor of the open debate had abated somewhat, rendered the decision, with an irate and thrice-heard debater still clamoring for the floor. After comparing the relative thick-

ALPHA PLAYS MONDAY

(Continued from Page One.)

you will be thoroughly cured.

The following are the casts of the two farces:

The Great Doughnut Corporation
One Act.

Mr. Shortstop, President.....	Garland White
Mr. Longhead, Secretary.....	Pascal Lemons
Mr. Slowboy.....	Arthur Martin
Mrs. Newgirl.....	Alice Theil
Miss Dash.....	Mabel Quinn
Birdie Pluckem.....	Morma Webb
Lulu Freshwater.....	Ruby Johnson
Sairy Redtop.....	Ruth Oxley
Office boy.....	Ted Blakeley

Scene: Office of the Corporation.

A Man! A Man!
Three Acts.
Scene: Mrs. Newly Wed's Drawing Room.

Mrs. Newly Wed.....	Lucile Walker
Miss Peachblow.....	Olga Goodwin
Mrs. Purse Proud.....	Cecil Mullen

GAL THREE

Mrs. Inner Steps.....	Dorothy Douglas
Mrs. Goodman.....	Beulah Austin
Grandma Used-to-Be.....	Mary Griffin
Mary Willy-Nilly.....	Helen Coffman
Justa Leftover.....	Vernice Sandoz
Gladys.....	Enid Alexander
Gwendolin.....	Geraldine Hodnett

(Cherubic Twins.)

Ellen, the maid..... May Webb
Alphonso Mann..... Leon Haulot

ness of the Athenian medals and the Athenian' purses, the club adjourned, and the members gathered in a knot for a brief recess to discuss the final merits of the case before returning to the conning and perusal of texts.

C. A. No. 10.
(It has since come to our notice that this debate was not given, the club merely meeting for a few transient moments to chew the butts off the parafine candles which were to light the rostrum, and to whistle at the bashful maidens who, passing in the moonlight, gazed fixedly at the assemblage on the north stone steps, and—whistled back. This mistake is due to the fact that the copy was handed in in advance.—The Eds.)

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Phoenix High	8	4	4	500
Indian School	8	3	5	375
Tempe High	8	1	7	125

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THE FINAL DECISION

We have just heard the final decision of the judges in the High School Declamatory Contest. By a unanimous vote the gold medal goes to Miss Winnie Belcher of Globe and second prize to Mr. Marselino Lechuga of Jerome. We offer our congratulations to the winners and to their schools.

PHILO

The program opened with a humorous talk by Mr. Everet. He was undecided as to the subject of his talk, because the time before he had been flatly contradicted in his views from the rostrum in morning exercises and he considered it very discouraging. However, several of his friends were kind enough to suggest topics, one of which was love, but that was ruled out almost without consideration, owing to his lack of experience along that line, and he felt that all would understand his inability to handle that subject. Mr. Everet is of a very observing nature and a little of the material obtained in this way was given to the society in a very interesting manner.

A recitation by Anna Carol held the attention of the society, being very well given and very entertaining.

An original story was announced. Miss Kittle appeared with three blank sheets of paper, which she examined very closely to discover something that resembled an original story. Not meeting with success, Miss Kittle gave a recitation which was very good.

The last number was a talk by Mr. Alexander, which was meant to be humorous, but owing to his wrong idea of what humor really is, his speech was not a success.

Ruth McComas was the guest of Hazel Heaton Friday night.

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NORMAL AND MESA TEAMS ARE AT DEADLOCK

The Tie Will Be Played Off at Eastlake Park Saturday, April 2---Most Exciting Crisis in Local Athletics For Many Years

In the last scheduled game of the Republican Cup Series for the Interscholastic Baseball Championship of the Salt River Valley, the Normal, by sheer hard work and ball playing, has tied her rival at Mesa. Up till last Saturday Mesa had held the lead for several weeks, but Normal, by defeating her last week, has tied the percentage column at 750. Out of the eight games which each of the two teams has now played, each has won six and lost but two.

The Normals defeats have both been on foreign ground. The first was at Mesa when Mesa High gave us a drubbing not to be soon forgotten. The second defeat was scored against us at Eastlake Park when Phoenix High and the umpire won the game. Neither of these defeats were conclusive. At Mesa everyone had an off day. An injury to one of the team, which at first was thought to be more serious than it finally developed to be, served to almost demoralize the rest of the boys. The score at Eastlake was close and so were many of the decisions. Though the Normal outplayed her opponents at every stage of the game, her runs couldn't score. There was no disgrace to the team in that defeat.

On the other hand, Mesa High, in her defeats, has had one day when the opposing team won because it was the better team, and neither luck nor any other hoodoo can be blamed for that defeat. This was the game with the Normal last Saturday. That game was won by some of the finest batting that was ever seen on an Arizona school team. Veteran that he is, even Williams could not keep the boys in maroon from walking off with the same twelve hits that they have been making right along. In her last three games the Normal has done some of the most sensational batting that the Valley fans ever saw.

Against the Indians, 14 hits; against

Tempe High, 14 hits; against Mesa High, 12 hits—that is the record. Well, let us give Williams the credit he deserves of having held us down to twelve. It's not such an easy thing to do. The Normal team is a pretty hard aggregation for a pitcher who thinks a lot of his rep. to butt up against. An average of over thirteen hits to the game shows up pretty well.

It was the fact that these hits in the last game were bunched well and came when they were most needed, that led us to say that the victory over Mesa was both well earned and decisive.

So the Normal stands without a real defeat, while Mesa has one thorough thrashing to her discredit.

The tie created by the result of the last game will be played off a week from tomorrow at Eastlake Park in Phoenix. Fortunately we were able to obtain this information just before going to press and so were enabled to give it to our readers.

With this game in Phoenix will end the season of Interscholastic Baseball in the valley. All the other games after that will probably be with teams from other parts of the Territory. Moreover, this game will be beyond doubt the most important and interesting of the season. All the excitement and interest which were shown last Saturday will be duplicated. A large crowd will probably turn out from Phoenix, and this, combined with the rooters from Tempe and Mesa, should produce the largest attendance of the year. The game is doubly important to the Normal. To win it will give us the valley championship, and if we succeed in defeating U. A. later on, the result of the Arizona championship depends on the game next week.

The Normal is confident that she has the better team, but to win the game will require solid support from

the bleachers, and the students ought to be there to give that support. The team needs the display of school spirit right now, and, from the indications, the necessary will be forthcoming.

PHILO NOTES

Wednesday's Philo session was a short one, owing to the absence of several members whose names appeared on the program. The few numbers which were given were well rendered and by their excellence made up for the brevity of the program.

The editors of the Exponent are to be complimented on the great improvement in the paper. The last two numbers have been especially good, and as the society paper is of great importance, this improvement is worthy of commendation.

Let's keep the good work up Philos, and when the inter-Society contest comes we will show the Normal world what we have been doing.

Jingle! Jingle!

Naoma had a little voice,
Its timbre sweet and strong,
But when she goes to baseball games
It does not last her long.

Normal had a little light,
It came by Mesa route;
But just like Mesa's baseball team,
It played till it played out.

Mesa had a little team
Of Williams, Sthrouth and such,
But when they came to Tempe
They found "we beat the Dutch."

Lady—How dirty your face is, little boy.

Boy—Yes'm, we ain't had no company for more'n a week.—Ex.

A man drank gasoline by mistake.
Now, instead of coughing he honks.

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