

# TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT.

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No. 30



Upper row left to right—Ruth Kittle, Assistant; Prof. F. G. Waide, Faculty Supervisor; Ruby Tompkins, Local's; Aura Fike, Exchanges; Ruth Robbins, Books; Alma Ellingson, Locals; June Halleck, Ex Cathedra; Prof. C. L. Phelps, Faculty Supervisor; Jennie Ellingson, Societies; Maude Shivers, Training School; Georgia Wilcox, News; Ruth Turner, Training School; Velma Coyle, Assistant.  
Lower row, left to right—Kenneth Johnston, Athletics; Wiley Hanson, Assistant Business Manager; Carroll Belknap, Editor-in-Chief; Otto Jungerman, Athletics; Charles Pickrell, Business Manager; Frank Thomas, Societies; Edward Craig, Debating Club.

## Robert Burns, the Sweet Singer of Scottish Songs

(Extracts from a lecture delivered before the Olympian Society by Prof. F. G. Waide.)

On Wednesday, May 12, Prof. F. G. Waide delivered before the Olympian Society a lecture on Burns, of which the following are extracts:

"Our poet has been called the genius of Scotland, and rightly so. But choice words and fine phrases mean very little if one cannot enter into the spirit and appreciate the worth of that man's time and work whom we delight to call the gift of Scottish song. The average reader knows more about Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle than of Robert Burns, and there is a reason. Scott and Carlyle wrote for the future and enshrined their great thoughts in a language that is spoken and read in every land and among every people. The language of Burns is a dialect, the property of a modest home-keeping people, that knew no other name than their native heath in the lowlands of Scotland.

"My first duty will be to throw some light on the social life of Scotland, to show in a measure what influences were brought to bear on Burns from his environment. Of two sets of forces, political and religious, Scotland in Burns' time was the battleground; Calvinism with its severe but simple modes of worship, battling against the ceremony and pomp of the Church of England; the idea of political freedom opposed to the despotism of George III and an English parliament. These were checks on the mental and spiritual freedom of Scottish life and had their influence on even the poor but honest peasant class.

"Withal, the life of this peasant class was not without its hopes and fears. Living was simple; rents were low, and there were few ways of spending the weekly savings. These were days of hard toil and harder drinking, of deep regard for the duties and responsibilities of life and of profound respect for the commands of the 'kirk.'

"We find young Robert following for most of his life in his father's footsteps as a tiller of the soil. He was, as he himself says, a farmer by

choice, an exciseman by necessity and a poet by nature.

"Through an age of storm and stress, Burns lived, drawing from it much of the inspiration which moulded Scottish life and character into immortal verse. He was born in 1759, the year that saw the glare of the day star of American independence. His short term of years encompassed the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Upon the roll of fame of that period will be found as splendid names as ever adorned any previous or any subsequent age of literature. Our poet's name keeps company with the illustrious names of Johnson and Boswell, Goldsmith and Gray, Cowper and Burke, and undoubtedly of all these names, that of Burns is dearest to our memory.

"Of the writers of his native heath, Burns alone represents the eighteenth and also the nineteenth century.

"Why then this claim for him as 'the national poet of Scotland' and (may we not say) the greatest song writer in the English if not in any tongue?

"Macaulay has said, 'Some writers' names are kept alive by their books, while with others their books have been preserved by their names.' Burns may be put as well into one class as into the other, for his poems are himself and he is in his poems.

"We can now be introduced to our poet, for the question has been answered why Burns holds such a unique place in our affections. Was it not because he, more than any other 'builder of the lofty rhyme,' threw his whole soul into his verse which is only paralleled in the writings of the sweet singer of Israel?

"He found the Scottish tongue a dialect and left it a language in which great thoughts were expressed, strong emotions depicted and lyrics of matchless melody sung. The rough arc of balladry he unearthed and polished until it shone and gleamed, mirroring the inmost life of the peasantry of his native heath. The plow-boy as he turned the furrows within sight of the banks and braes o' Bonnie Doun, caught up into his quiver of poesy every shaft of song only to use it the more effectively in the richer and more

enduring conquest of the hearts of lovers of the beautiful in all lands.

"His originality and sincerity were two of Burns' striking characteristics. Before his time, the field of Scottish song had been quite unknown save for an occasional meteoric flight. Short flights of song had been attempted, but to Burns was left an open and undiscovered region. Not only did he enter a new field, but he treated in a new way the old ballads and tunes he prized.

"His subjects were new, for no incident or bit of nature was so insignificant that Burns' power of song could not elevate. Now he was singing the praises of the mountain daisy, the little brown marvis or the 'Burks of Aberfeldy.' Again he was immortalizing what he delighted to call his 'fellow-mortal,' the field mouse, the wounded hare or the dying ewe. But his power of song was by no means confined to such themes. At one moment he was throwing the whole countryside into turmoil by his 'Holy Willie,' 'The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman,' or raising a flutter in every lass' heart by a love poem addressed to one of his numerous sweethearts, for visions of female beauty and tenderness seemed to transport him.

"At times he was scolding a poor wretch of a churchman or praising and advising the Deil' to mend his ways. This does not show the limitation of his genius, but is rather a proof of it.

"Had he been so situated that he might have had the advantages of the learning and culture of Scotland and England in his youthful days, his native songs might never have been written and Scottish poetry would have lost all that makes it immortal. But Burns was taught out of Nature's hand, and to his teacher he remained true and devoted until the end.

"This fact accounts most of all for his simplicity and genuineness. His power of song was full-fledged from the start and he had nothing to unlearn—no models to follow, no traditions to upset. The handiwork of God was not for him in the heavens, but in the woods and glens and

(Continued on Page Two.)

## The Flunking of the Quarter-back

They used to say around the campus of a school up North that the first year Will Philips came to school he made more friends than a dozen fellows deserved to have. But Philips did deserve his friends, and they all new it, for there was something about the boy, a cleanness of thought, perhaps, that attracted many people to him. Besides, he had a way of being friendly to everyone that helped him along in many a place where he never dreamed of it.

He was only a boy, though, about 18, when he entered in sophomore year at the Military Academy, and he had a slim build that quite a few set down as a sign of weakness. But he had gone for a couple of years to a big high school up-state, where they had a trainer who knew a few things and who, moreover, liked Philips very much, so when the boy turned out for practice in the football season during the fall, he had his own ideas about his slimmness. Even at that, however, he was just a very whole-hearted and modest young fellow, who liked the good old game and played it for its own sake. He stood very much in awe of the big fellows who lined up on the team, and so he was more surprised than any of the other fellows one day when the coach shifted him over from the scrub to quarter on the big team. There were some of the more observing who were not so very much surprised, for they had watched the boy's work for quite a while and they had seen a quickness and a dash about him that at some times had come very near to pushing the scrubs' ball across the first team's goal line.

Philips went into the game that day in practice and he managed to show the coach and the other fellows that his hundred and fifty pounds could outclass the hundred and sixty odd of Allen, who had been playing the position regularly. And so it happened that Allen went back to the scrub and Philips took his place among the big fellows, who had already won the huge "M's" which they wore on their sweaters.

During the days that followed Will went through a grind of work and drill that would have broken him in two if he hadn't crawled into bed every night the minute he hit his room. All the other men on the team except Warren, who was fighting hard to keep his position at right end, had played on the team which the year before had won the state championship and a big pennant that went with it. So it was on him that the coach spent most of his attention, working over him in an endeavor to fill the place of the quarter who hadn't been able to come back to school.

And day by day the coach began to realize that he was succeeding, and succeeding beyond all that he had dared to hope. The boy was every day showing more and more of the results of the training that the old coach in the high school up-state had given him. He wasn't the kind that forgot readily and the little things he had learned when he had captained the high school team to the end of a successful season stuck by him and helped him out of many a tight hole.

There really isn't very much more to tell, except that the team carried off the state pennant again that year, after "little Philips" had worked them through game after game with a brilliant generalship that seemed to almost instinctively divine the weakest point in the other team's defense.

But the time when the boy set himself among the school's heroes was during the biggest game of the year, with Merton College, their oldest and strongest rivals, when with but two minutes to play and the score still hanging 0 to 0, Philips gathered his team around him and urged them into an impossible trick play that sent Dawson, halfback and fastest man in the academy, around Merton's end, where not a man on the other team was looking for him.

Dawson didn't carry the ball across the line; they downed him on the fifteen-yard line; but it would have been a pretty yellow team that couldn't have made the touchdown after that, and when Philips gave the ball to big Lewis the whole team got behind him and in two long shoves carried the ball behind the poles.

The whole grandstand cheered for Dawson, but the team knew better, and when they left the field it was "little Philips" that the big fellows carried on their shoulders. And later on, in the great football banquet, when the captain of the team was called on for a toast, it was "little Philips" to whom he raised his glass.

William Philips, Senior, was in the grandstand during that game, and the look in his eyes spoke mighty well for the boy and the pride his father took in him. After the game the first one to reach the training quarters was a gray-headed little gentleman who almost choked his son in his enthusiasm. In the evening Will's father carried him off to a big hotel down town, where they found the rest of the team waiting around a long table. Mr. Philips was a good host; and one of the boys who had no father found a strange choking in his throat every time he saw what a splendid pair the father and son made.

But the football season ended just about the same time that the first semester did, so about a week or two after the said father aforesaid had returned to his office he found a small letter awaiting him. When Will the younger head of this letter he remembered the nights when he had tumbled headlong into bed without a glance at his books. For the little letter stated in no very uncertain terminology that William Philips, '10, member of the sophomore class, having neglected his lessons throughout the year, and having failed to attend a number of classes except upon rare and signalized occasions, had also failed to pass in five of the six subjects for which he had registered. In the other subject, by the grace of heaven, and by the mercy of blind luck, he had escaped with a grade which was exceedingly slightly better than the two small numerals which spelled the disgrace after each of the other studies.

Now Mr. Philips, Senior, was a business man. He had fought his way from boyhood up to a position of considerable dignity. When he sent his son to an expensive and well-known school he expected him to make use of the splendid opportunities and advantages cast, as it were, in his face. He was deeply disappointed, deeply, very deeply.

All of which was communicated to William Philips, Junior, in a very curt and brief note, in which his father enclosed the first little letter. And Mr. William Philips, Junior, being naturally of a meditative disposition, did some thinking.

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## Tempe Normal Student

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### EDITORIAL.

With the publication of one more issue Volume IV of the Student comes to an end. The management have undertaken to extend the number of issues from the contemplated thirty to thirty-one, wishing to publish one issue during Commencement. Because of this desire the next issue of this paper will reach the hands of our subscribers, so we hope, on Wednesday, June 8, the middle of Commencement Week.

This means that there will be no issues of the Student on the next two Fridays, since we have desired to make the last issue embrace at least a portion of the commencement exercises. We plan to devote a good portion of our last issue to the graduating class, and we will also attempt to deal to some extent with the work of the entire school year. This year has been one of the most successful the school has ever known, and if we can emphasize that fact we will have assured ourselves of the accomplishment of a good portion of the best and highest aim of our work.

A week from tomorrow the annual exercises of the Training School Commencement will be held in the Auditorium. From the present indications we have not the slightest hesitancy in saying that the operetta which is to be given will be one of the most successful performances ever attempted by the Training School.

Considerable time is being spent every day in preparation and drill for the operetta, and if the results are to be indicated by the work, an enjoyable evening is due.

We wish to call attention to the lecture on Burns published in other columns of this issue. This lecture was given before a literary society one afternoon last week and scored an immense success. That which we print is little more than the outline of the lecture, but this outline is written in a splendid style and sympathy which make it convincing. For beauty and depth of thought, for aptness and insight into character, for aptness and delicacy of expression, for understanding and appreciation of true poetry, Mr. Waide's lecture has but very seldom been surpassed. It will be remembered for a long time by those who heard it delivered.

"We," the editorial and managerial "We," have our picture on the front page. "That is us." We introduce ourselves.

Vanity of Vanities! Imagine the staff printing its own picture. Really we didn't want to do it, but Public Opinion—! The Immense Demand of our Subscribers forced us to run our picture thus.

Here we are!

### BOOKS

#### "Tom Grogan"

"Tom Grogan" is not a right new book, but it is thoroughly modern. The scene is in the business world, among the contractors and team workers of Staten Island. The characters are union labor men and "scabs," and the story deals with the labor union question, not from the viewpoint of the capitalists or of the union, but from the non-union and non-capitalist point of view, the side of the man, or woman, who wants to do his work in his own honest, upright way for whoever he may want to, and can, work for at his own wage and not shoved here and there by a labor union that keeps its men out of work on an allowance of fifty cents a day and paying two dollars a month due, rather than let them work for a non-union man.

Tom Grogan is a woman. When her husband, a non-union man, is crippled and finally dies from some of the dirty work of the labor union men, she steps into his place, that of a "stevedore," and develops the business till she is the most successful one of her trade in her vicinity. Her successes and the failures of a certain type of union men make her hated among them and every possible step that can be taken against her is taken, especially by Dan McGan, who adds personal hatred to his list of reasons.

Mrs. Grogan, generally known by her husband's name, Tom Grogan, is an interesting type of woman. She has all the attributes of one born to rule, and she ruled—all but Stumpy, the goat. To the essential characteristics of a good and capable woman are added the essential characteristics of a good and capable man, manliness, honesty, honor, courage, skill and determination. In comparison with her enemies of the labor union, McGan, Lathers, Crimmins, Qutgg and Ravan, she stands out as so much more of a man that they appear most insignificant, except for their underhand methods and united strength. Even her friends and employers, Crane and Babcock, who are good, manly men, are overshadowed by Tom's magnificent manliness. But even her successful filling of a man's place does not keep her from being a good mother to her little crippled Patsy and her Jennie, a good daughter to her feeble old father and a good neighbor to the poor unfortunate women of the tenement.

The story keeps going from start to finish. Dan McGan and his union friends try to take Tom's work and contracts away from her. Not being able to do so by fair competition, they resort to trickery, dishonesty and even crime. When their schemes to win her contracts away from her fail, they try to ruin her so that she cannot accept them. They attempt to burn her stables and finally try to kill her to prevent her accepting a contract. Failing in these attempts, they try to prove that her signing the name of her dead husband to her papers is illegal. This was the hardest blow of all for her, but the judge decided in her favor on the grounds that those who employed her knew that it was a woman who would do their work. Her chief enemy dies and two others are sent to Sing Sing, so Tom is not further molested. Intermingling with the story of her business life, of work and worry and fighting, is the story of her home life, her boy Patsy, her girl Jennie, Cully, a staunch friend and employe, Carl Nilsson, a Swede, devoted to his employer, but more so to her pretty daughter, her father, with his wise counsel and comfort, and Stumpy, the goat, the only one who dared defy her. Tom Grogan's business life and home life together make up a very interesting and readable story. It is by F. Hopkinson Smith, and is in the library.

### ROBERT BURNS, THE SWEET SINGER OF SCOTTISH SONG

(Continued from Page One.)

streams—every glen supplied him with a new theme; every grove was a cathedral through which the music of Nature echoed and filled his soul with unending joy and gladness.

"Every theme he touched he adorned and every echo of Nature's song he wove into the warp and woof of the life and history of his native land, for he says his ambition was but to praise his own home scenes. So intensely human is his poetry that it comes home especially to the poor and wretched.

"In another way his poetry was original, and that is in the expression of the highest passion and deepest meditation.

"No other poet in Scottish history (or perhaps in any history) has ever approached Burns in these respects, and it is just here that Scott seems so inferior. Though Scott was a genius in description, in action, and in narration, yet for all his matchless powers, we still love Burns and admire Scott, much as we love Byron and admire Milton.

"Now to turn to the discussion of his sincerity; first as a man and then as a singer. It was as natural for Burns to sing and rhyme as it was for the marvis or thrush to carol. He was ever ready to sing, yet his power of song did not grow, for his first burst of song rings as clear, as genuine and as sincere as his last. His verse arose spontaneously from his heart. It was the gift of Nature—the mark of genius. Our poet saw life and saw it all. Modest and humble, as a plow-boy, he never seemed to unlearn the kindly but severe lessons taught him at his father's fireside in the humble home at Ayr.

"The brilliance and glamor of gilded society at Edinburgh, where Burns went at the age of twenty-seven, did not turn his head nor wear him away from his native haunts and chosen occupations.

"And through it all his poetry shows the same marks of his sincerity, whether it be an Epigram at Roslin Inn or a Jacobite song—'Come Boat Me O'er to Charlie.'

"'Handsome Nell' and 'My Nannie O' were read in this connection.

"Shortly after his 17th year Burns went with 'neebie' lads and lassies to a dancing school to give his manners a finish, and there he was introduced into a new world. Ever after, as his brother Gilbert tells us, Robin was always in love and was also the keeper of more than half the secrets of all the other lads and lassies. From this time on we find Burns in the midst of strange and strenuous times—at one time bursting forth into entrancing song, at another playing a part in 'scenes of swaggering riot,' but all the while in love, always in love. If jilted out of one love match one day, he was jolted into another the next day. He was, as he confesses, the victim of much imprudence and many follies.

"One or two of his love poems are among the gems of English song. Whittier has this to say of Burns' poetry in general and one poem in particular

"Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,  
So 'Bonnie Doon;' but tarry;  
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his 'Highland Mary.'

"'To a Mouse' throws some light on his love for nature and what he calls 'his fellow-mortals.'

"Burns showed devotion to his country and the cause of the Stuarts. The best expression of this sentiment is found in the poem 'Bannockburn.' The occasion was a visit with a brother exciseman to Galloway. As they rode over the field of battle, the

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sky became dark and lowering, thunders rolled, the lightning flashed. The poet rode on wrapped in silence, but in his soul he was leading a charge of troops at Bannockburn. A few days later he presented his friend with a copy of the poem.

"After all that may be said for or against our poet's claim to our best love and deepest devotion, we can never deny that wherever the language of Burns or Scott or Byron or Tennyson be spoken, in whatever climate, beneath whatever sky, we take our leave of 'one another,' paying an affectionate and sincere tribute to the 'Pride o' a' the Scottish plains' with his immortal words, 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Following this very interesting and instructive talk, appropriate music was rendered, a piano duet by Misses Ethel Richards and Bertrand Hendrix, and a vocal solo by Miss Creighton, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," followed by an encore, "The Land o' the Leal." That Miss Creighton interpreted well these two beautiful Scottish airs was evident, for she brought tears to many eyes.

### CADET COMPANY

Now on Annual Encampment, Under Command of Newly-Appointed Officers—Left Campus Thursday—Tomorrow Visitors' Day

Last night saw the departure of the cadet company on their annual tour of camp duty. Blanket rolls were slung about half past four and the boys marched off, whither they knew not where.

This encampment is a time-honored event and closes up the work of the company for the remainder of the year. The tour of duty will be carried on strictly in accordance with army regulations and the boys will get a dose of genuine camp routine, cooking and guard duty and all the rest.

A general overhauling of the camp equipment and mess outfits were made during the week under the supervision of Quartermaster Thomas. As there is no special appropriation for the encampment, the men attending were assessed for the necessary food supplies. We are only sorry that space does not permit a detailed report of what the boys are going to have to eat. We know that the list would be read with interest.

Tents will be struck shortly after dinner on Sunday afternoon and the boys will return in time to take supper again within the bounds of civilization.

Tomorrow has been proclaimed as visitors' day and the camp will be thrown open to everyone wishing to get an insight into the mysteries of the soldier's life and the soldier's meals.

It is expected that an attack against the camp either by Company C or the Phoenix company will take place. This is as it has been in the past, but outposts have always been stationed at vulnerable points about the camp and the company has never been caught napping. Last year the Phoenix company made an attack about 2 o'clock Saturday morning. The company came over the Tempe-Phoenix road and was first apprehended at the S. P. bridge by a couple of mounted outposts about 10 o'clock. From there on the camp had almost constant knowledge as to the whereabouts of the enemy and were easily able to check the assault when it was finally made. These attacks are very exciting and very instructive

and are the best part of the camp routine.

The officers and non-commissioned officers, according to the latest order of promotions, are as follows:

First lieutenant, Leonard Dykes.  
Second lieutenant, Johnny Mullen.  
First sergeant, Wiley Hanson.  
Quartermaster sergeant, Frank Thomas.  
Sergeants, Parley Blake, Albert Jungermann, Charles Pickrell.  
Corporals, Jack Halbert, Joe Sheldon, Otto Jungermann, Kenneth Johnston.

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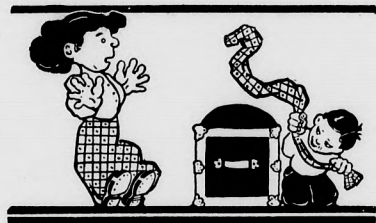
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### THE FLUNKING OF THE QUARTERBACK

(Continued from Page One.)

The boy settled down for the rest of the year and tried to forget that athletics existed. When track and baseball each came up in their turn he kept himself, by the exertion of every ounce of determination in him, from turning out to practice. But habit is a strong thing, stronger than he reckoned, and though he stayed away from the athletics themselves, he could no more stay away from the training quarters, with their busy life, than he could have quit the school itself.

Consequently, although at the end of the year he passed in his semester's grades for all his subjects, his grades were by no means what they should have been.

Now, all of this is by way of prologue, for this story really begins on the day when Will Philips was packing his trunk for his second term at Merlowe M. A.

He was just piling some old football knick-knacks in the bottom of the big trunk when his father came in and sat down on the edge of the bed. For some time neither spoke, a way they had when together at times, each busied with his own thoughts. Finally the father broke the silence as Will was looking at an old jersey with its big "M."

"Mighty fine game, isn't it, son?" he said.

"The best ever," replied the boy without hesitation.

"Mighty fine game—mighty fine game," repeated the father, as if speaking to himself. "But it isn't worth it, son, it isn't worth it. Now look here, Will," speaking with more directness now, "it's got to be dropped this year. How many grades have you got to make up from last year?"

"Five."

"No time for football then, son, no time for football."

Will said nothing. He did not even look up. Finally his father went over to him and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Son—son—" his voice broke a little—"it's hard, I know, but I want you to take up all my work after while, son, and that's why you're at school."

The boy looked up at last, and there was the light of a new purpose in his eyes.

Consternation reigned in the training quarters. The notice for the first football practice of the season had been posted and Will Philips, "little Philips," star player of the last year's team, had failed to show up. Moreover, Mr. Will Philips had very politely yet with emphasis indicated a desirable climate for those of his friends who had at once gone to hunt him up. In short, Mr. William Philips absolutely refused to play football.

Whereat the coach wrinkled his brow and the captain of the team openly said some bad words.

But Philips did not turn out for football. Instead, he was digging away in his room, working as he had never worked before in his life. In school he came very nearly causing a certain old professor to pass away in the excitement of the shock, by making the star recitations of the class.

The coach went to see Philips a couple of times, but finding him too stubborn to be reasonable, he gave up

the attempt and went back to try to make a decent quarterback out of a freshman who had just entered school. The freshman wasn't very much of a success, however, and the coach and the rest of the team were pretty blue for some time after that.

One evening while Will was digging on some of his books the door banged open suddenly and Hart, his room-mate, came in like a small-sized tempest. Philips paid no attention—he was used to those outbreaks—but went on working, waiting for the eruption. He did not have to wait long; Hart was too mad to control himself. Hart had played end on the team for three years, and anything that touched the team sent him on the warpath.

"Hang it, Will," he burst out, "what the dickens is the matter with you?"

Philips painstakingly closed the big history he was reading, carefully laid down the squeaky pen with which he had been scratching, and turned slowly around.

"Well, what's up now?" he said. "Oh, nothing, of course!" snapped his room-mate. "I was just wondering if you liked the weather! Nothing ever is the matter nowadays, with the old team just going to pieces."

"Interesting, to be sure, and very sarcastic," said Philips, "but what in the name of heaven are you cussing me for? I'm not on the team."

For a moment Hart looked as if he were going to say some things for which he would afterward be very sorry, but he hung on to his temper and simply glared at Philips.

"Why, you double-blinded idiot—unable to restrain himself any longer—that's just what's the matter! You're not on the team! Good Glory! And you sit there and say you're not on the team!"

Philips' face grew suddenly very grave, and when he spoke again his words came very slowly.

"Oh, it's the dickens all right, but you know why I can't go out and play."

"Yes, I know that, but what does it all amount to; not a hill of beans; why, my heavens, kid, the team won't be worth a rip without you! There's not another fellow in the school can play decent quarterback."

It was true; there wasn't another who could play in Philips' place, and he as well as everyone else in school knew it, but he sought refuge in the thought that someone might be able to get into something like a knowledge of the place.

"Oh, well, yes, but maybe, what's his name, that freshman, will pick up pretty soon. He don't play so bad." But his voice lacked the ring of conviction.

"No," said Hart, with an unconscious grimace creeping into his words, "he don't play so bad, and he won't play so bad for the rest of the year. As a matter of fact, he won't play at all for quite a long time. He broke his leg this afternoon."

"Good Lord!" said Philips softly. He could realize what that meant. The freshman had been the only fellow in school with anything like an ability to play the place.

Hart was only the first. All evening long the room was crowded by first one lot and then another, who came to argue with Philips. And Philips, sitting quietly in his chair, felt that what he had heard a class-mate of his say was true:

"Well, I guess it's up to Philips

now whether the school gets the pennant or not."

Yes, it was up to him, and he didn't know what to do!

Mr. William Philips, Senior, was very much in a good humor. He had just finished a very successful business deal, and was on the train returning home. So it happened that when the brakeman called out "Marlowe," at the top of his voice, Mr. Philips suddenly decided to stop over and see his boy. When he stepped out the train, being in a good humor, he decided to walk up to the school rather than ride. Whereby hangs a tale. For the little gentleman had not gone more than half a block when he found himself engulfed in a surging, struggling crowd that was piling out the train and rushing up the street. Escape was impossible, so he was forced to follow the crowd. It would have taken a much stronger man than Philips, Senior, to have broken through the jostling ranks that surrounded him.

The crowd finally stopped at a gate in a high board fence, where it mingled with another densely packed crowd already waiting there. Presently Mr. Philips found himself forced into the gateway itself and compelled by a very athletic looking youth to buy a ticket that he might go farther.

Mr. Philips bought the ticket. Likewise he went on in. Following the crowd, he clambered into the benches of a high grandstand. Then he calmly sat down and waited, there seemingly being nothing better to do.

After a while the grandstand awoke into sudden life with a ringing cheer and, looking up, Mr. Philips saw that the commotion was due to the entrance of a couple of football teams. Half interested he began to question a boy who sat near him. It was the big game of the year, he discovered, the game between Marlowe and Mer-ton.

Mr. Philips choked back a half sigh as he remembered the last game he had seen between these two teams, but he conquered his regret that his boy was not playing by the memory of the splendid work he was doing at school.

Amid a low hush the game began. The tense enthusiasm showed in every face. Every face, that is, but one, for the gray-headed little gentleman on the middle row was looking not at the game, but at the crowds of spectators, hunting for the figure of his son. He did not see him.

Suddenly he turned around with a start at the half-hysterical exclamation of the boy next to him.

"Oh! that darned little Philips, the dog-goned little runt!"

The eyes of the old gentleman followed the gaze of the boy, and out in the dust and confusion of the field he saw a well-known form flying over line after line with the ball hugged tight in his arms. Mr. Philips said nothing, but sat still as a rock.

During the interval between the halves of the game the boy at his side wondered who the old man was who was asking him so many questions about the quarterback.

The game was over. Marlowe had won again, and again it was "little Philips" that had done it. The grandstand was almost wild with cheers for the brilliant run that had won the game.

(Continued on Page Four.)

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**Sat., April 30**

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**Wed., May 11**

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Among those who spent the week end in Phoenix were Misses Keating and Weedon and Teddy Blakely.

Misses Smith and Doherty entertained Phoenix friends Sunday evening.

We wish to extend our sincerest sympathy to the Misses Turner in their recent bereavement.

A general emigration of beds to the upper balcony has taken place over at the Girls' Dorm.

Misses Halleck and Cox gave Mrs. Blakely a very enjoyable surprise supper in honor of her birthday Saturday evening.

Mr. Thomas and sister entertained Phoenix friends at the Dormitory Sunday afternoon.

Misses Douglas and Strumm had a pleasant outing Saturday afternoon with several friends down town.

Mr. Kiessling visited his sister Marguerite Sunday.

The Second Years spent a very enjoyable Saturday at Paradise Valley. They came back sun-burned, but mighty happy.

**THE FLUNKING OF THE QUARTERBACK**

(Continued from Page Three.)

When at last Will Philips managed to break away from the crowd and come back to his room, he found his father, sitting in his best chair, calmly smoking. For a moment he was startled, then he walked across the room to his father.

"I couldn't help it, father," he said, "I simply had to play."

"It was a good game," said Mr. Philips, non-committally.

Whereupon his son sat down and told him the whole story. Mr. Philips listened with the smile on his face growing momentarily larger.

"And I'll probably flunk in trigonometry," said the boy when he had finished.

His father reached over and took his hand.

"D—n trigonometry; you won the game!" said Mr. William Philips, Senior.

A man should be upright, not be kept upright.—Marcus Aurelius.

The desire of glory clings even to the best men longer than any other passion.—Tacitus.

At a great pennyworth, pause awhile.—Franklin.

He that can bear a reproof, and mend it, if he is not wise, is in a fair way of being so.—Franklin.

He that hath a trade, hath an estate.—Franklin.

Miss Nathalie Larson has accepted the position as primary teacher at Ray. Miss Keating will have charge of the intermediate grades of the same school.

Miss Anna Casanega, one of the formal Normal students, is visiting her sisters here. Miss Casanega has just finished teaching a very successful term at Naco.

Miss Fannie Corson and Jean Quinn left for New York City and Kansas City Sunday evening. These two young ladies were former students of the Normal.

Misses Hazel Carroll and Gladys Robinson were thrown from a buggy on Mill avenue Sunday afternoon. Fortunately no injuries were sustained.

Misses Odell and Fike were accompanied by Mr. Ed Craig on a snapshot tour Sunday afternoon. Miss Odell is making a collection to take back home with her.

Mr. Clark made a stirring platform speech in behalf of our near neighbor, the comet. By the way, who did he mean by the clown? You or I or both?

**ALPHA NOTES**

Last Wednesday the Alpha Society held their last regular meeting. But, as our monitor said, we were hardly ready to say good-bye then, so it was decided that the society hold one more meeting, in which every member of the society will be on the program. This "farewell program" has been carefully planned by the program committee, and it will certainly be a success if every member does his or her part.

The program last Wednesday was very good, as usual. Some of the numbers were a piano solo by Miss May Webb, entitled "Last Hope;" a reading by Miss Katherine Blendingger, a song by Miss Florence Moss and Irene Weir, and a piano solo by Miss Weir, which was encored.

The paper contained many good jokes, besides the continued story and athletic and school notes. On the whole, the meeting was one of the best we have had this year.

A liar end with making truth appear like falsehood.—Shenstone.

To err is human, to repent divine, to persist devilish.—Franklin.

Difficulties are things that show what men are.—Epictetus.

Little strokes fell great oaks.—Franklin.

'Tis easier to prevent bad habits than to break them.—Franklin.

It is better ends should go first than last.—Walpole.

Miss Jennie Ellingson has accepted the position as primary teacher at the Isaac school, a short distance from Phoenix.

Miss Wilcox and Mr. Haby were in Phoenix the latter part of the week.

The First Years will have a lawn party at the home of Mrs. Sandow this evening. They have been going in for social stunts of late.

Romeo Haby went to Phoenix at 4:15 Monday evening.

Later news—Mr. Haby returned from Phoenix at 5:30 Monday evening.

The boys leave on the encampment Thursday afternoon to stay until Sunday evening. Visitors' day will be Sunday.

Where there is a will there is a way; so thought a training school teacher a few days ago. And this is why:

Teacher—where is your written work you were to bring to class this morning?

Johnny—Please, sir, brother Tommy is wearing the pants in whose pocket I put them last night. I wore the pants yesterday, you know.

**AN ODE TO CAESAR**

You never can redemption win  
By being bold in battle,  
But more than that, you never can  
By just a drawn-out prattle.

Then, Caesar, why did you not get  
A "telum" through your girdle  
And end that life of yours on earth  
Ere you began to yoedle?

Then would not Hall in Latin class  
So often he compel  
His pupils bright and sweet and true  
That blamed old name to spell.

Oh, Brutus! You were on the square,  
But if you'd only said,  
"I'm going to get old Caesar's goat,"  
Some years or so ahead.

Why, then, you'd cut that geezer off  
From writing all his lore  
About the Celts and all that stuff  
About his Gallie war.

Oh, Brutus wise, you'd be the prize  
Of all the Christian nations  
If you had only been more spry  
In stopping Caesar's rations.

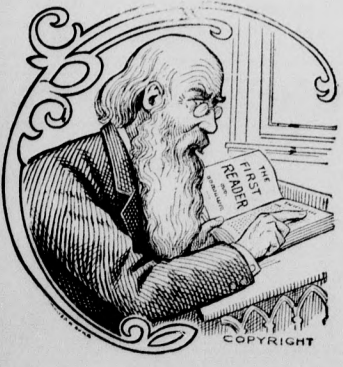
Peace hath higher tests of manhood  
Than battle ever knew.—Whittier.

Do not yield to misfortunes, but meet them with fortitude.—Virgil.

Life is not worth living unless you make it so.—Franklin.

Find something to do. The power to find or make an object is a great part of genius.—Mallock.

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