

TEMPE NORMAL STUDENT

Vol. VI.

TEMPE, ARIZONA, MAY 10, 1912.

No. 29.

Judge Lindsey at the Normal

The sixth and last number of the lecture series was given Wednesday night at the Normal auditorium by Judge Ben Lindsey, the "kids' judge." His number was a howling success from the time he appeared on the stage to the final bow. Everyone was exceedingly interested and especially was this true of the small boys, who listened attentively to every word, altho burst into peals of laughter at the humorous parts of the experiences with the little street gamins.

His entire discourse was based upon actual experiences taken from his own court room, during his twelve years term of office at Denver. In one of the incidents three little boys were or had been arrested for burglary and were taken before Judge Lindsey. These little boys were typical of the street, being clad in ragged clothing, entirely threadbare at the knee and elbow. The Judge told one he was up on a charge of burglary. The little boy immediately began his own defense, and was urged by the Judge to tell him just how it was. The street gamin found a tender spot in the Judge's heart when he related that they had gone after watermelons. The sad part of the affair was that there wasn't any watermelons when they arrived at the open box cars. The climax was reached when the urchin suddenly piped out, "Judge, when you was a kid, didn't you ever 'swipe a watermelon?" The Judge immediately became embarrassed, but managed to say that it was against the law of the courts to cross-examine a judge. Cross-examination came in regard to society in behalf of the little people at the bar, and it was the biggest case known before the bar.

The so-called "burglars" then went on to tell how they had seen a box in which they knew there was something good to eat because it had "figs" marked on the outside. They found some bottles inside and drank about two bottles before they discovered the contents—California Fig Syrup. They said they thought they had suffered enough and didn't deserve any more penalty, and the Judge thought so too.

An interesting incident encountered in the complaint of the policemen, because they are not able to catch "de gang". The wary little street gamins do not get within reach of the "cop", but in their raids station a boy in a suitable place for a lookout and if he sees a cop near at hand must yell "jigger the bull" to warn his comrades. The meaning of jigger was ascertained to be a kind of bug, but when the Judge asked a small boy what jigger meant, he replied that it was "the boy that watches the cop an' snitches to de gang." It was the boy's duty to yell jigger to the gang and it was against their law to "snitch". As the first commandment is "Thou shalt not steal," so the first commandment of the gang is, "thou shalt not snitch, or you'll get your face smashed." The little gamins are loyal to their gang, and loyalty is one of the attributes of the human heart.

The boys do bad things because they have an excess amount of energy. It bubbles up from the soul of the boy, and because of the lack of direction, it makes him destructive. He is desirous of doing things and steals articles from which to make what he wishes. His lack of a public playgrounds results in his degradation and the policeman is his enemy, when he intrudes upon the boys' playground in the alley.

The Judge expressed his contempt for the misdirection in the school of crime when he saw about 2,000 boys in jail with heavy chains around them. When the warden was asked why the boys had chains on them, he replied that the boys were not to be trusted. The reports from sixty-five cities showed that 60,000 boys had been brought to jail. The problem of the school of crime must be solved, and if one city can solve its problems, it can solve problems for them all.

The Judge, on a visit to a court room in a certain city, saw a boy being tried. The prosecuting judge asked the boy how many times he had been in a box car and who were those in his gang. The boy refused to tell and the judge remarked to Judge

Lindsey that the boy was lying and couldn't ever be trusted to tell the truth. Judge Lindsey, however, was thinking to himself, "Bully for you, kid; don't you snitch, or you'll get your face smashed." He realized that a bond of sympathy did not exist between them, and as the judge and policeman did not trust the boy, the boy did not trust them.

Judge Lindsey has three rooms in his apartments at the court house. One room is where all the boys and girls assemble, and the others are those in which the cases are tried. In one case the Judge asked a small urchin why he lied to the policemen. The boy said he was afraid of the jail, and the Judge replied that he wanted him to be just as afraid to do bad things as he was of the jail. The Judge lifted fear from the child so that he would tell the truth, by talking to him in his own slangy language. The little gamin was afraid to tell on his friends for fear he would get smashed. Another little boy, who had the reputation of being a born liar, was thought by the Judge not to be a liar, but a boy having a lively imagination. He was compared to the little girl who said to her mother that she saw a big lion coming down the street. When her mother ran to the window and saw no lion, she told the little girl to kneel down and ask



forgiveness of God. After an interval the little girl returned, and to the surprise of her mother, said, "God said not to worry, because when he saw the big dog coming down the street he thought it was a lion himself." The Judge thought the boy was a coming newspaper man.

Other methods beside the club must be used. If the child is interested, he works; if he has fear lifted from him, he tells the truth. The boy must be taught to be square, but it is not necessary to tell on his boy friends. He must be shown when to "snitch" and when not to.

A boy once came to Judge Lindsey and told him that the kids of the gang said he had snitched on them and that they were going to give him a beating. The Judge told him to tell the kids to come to see him. The urchin immediately became interested and requested the Judge to write a note to "de gang". The following note was dictated to the Judge: "No kid has snitched; if you come you won't be caught up if you say you'll cut it out." Billy didn't realize this was a warrant and he was a sheriff. The result of it was that he brought fourteen dirty-faced, ragged street gamins to the Judge's office. The judge asked how he had gotten so many, since he had previously said there were seven in the gang. The boy replied that the rest had wanted to read the note, and became so interested that they thought that he, the Judge, wouldn't mind if they came too. This is a proof of the fact that there is a power greater than the club, if we know how to use it. Sympathy, when wisely used, will do more to shake a distorted image than any power known. Sympathy should not be discarded in handling small boys. The skill in handling marble is as nothing in handling men; likewise, the skill in handling men is as nothing in handling boys. It is the noblest impulse in handling the human heart, and we must have this skill to do life work successfully, and the time to begin is in youth.

A little boy, who was said to be a hopeless case, was brought before the Judge one evening. This urchin stole a lantern and was found by a policeman, who immediately began to chase him. The boy when finally caught by the policeman struck him full in the face and was in turn beaten by the policeman. It was the ambition of the boy to kill and murder. The Judge talked to him when he was brought to his rooms and told him he was being trusted. The Judge put him to a test of responsibility. The boy, realizing this new idea of trust, forced away the temptation to go where liberty and life was dear, and instead, turned his back to the window and said to the Judge, "Judge, nobody ever trusted me before, and I am goin' to stay with you." How much better this put-on-honor restraint was than the artificial restraint and how much more it accomplished.

In another case three boys were being tried. The Judge asked why they should do right. The boys gave different answers. The first one said, "If you didn't, you'd get in jail." Another one said, "you'd get a lick-in'." The third little boy, however, said, "I know, Judge; you'd go to hell." The Judge then told them that they should do right because it was right, and they should think that it hurt to do wrong instead of thinking that it hurt to do right. The children should be taught to be afraid to do wrong, and should overcome temptation. They should sacrifice for the right just because it is right. Those who stand for the right, it is true, sometimes have to be prosecuted or to be killed, but they are better off than those who do wrong. The boy who because of his intelligence is able to escape the law is not able to escape outside influences. He has no conception of the spiritual values that concern the soul. Since habits make up the greater part of our lives, he should be taught to have good habits of life, so he will have a strong character. This needs co-operation. A millstone had better be hung around his neck and cast into the sea than be put in prison. If the boys are required to grow up with good habits they should be provided with good environments. The makers of the law must follow the ways of righteousness themselves in order for the boys to follow them.

They, themselves must do the things they talk about. Justice is denied to thousands and are governed by those who are not just.

If the street gamin were trained and directed in the right way what a blessing it would be. He is as loyal to his gang as the soldier, who would die for his country. He only needs training for this staunch loyalty to be directed toward the right cause, which would later develop in his loyalty to the nation.

The little gamins are loyal to their friend, the Judge. The Judge can depend on them to carry out his wishes. During the past ten years when he started to send boys to the reform schools alone, he has sent 500, and has not lost a single one. He puts men on their honor and profits more by it than the jail. He lets them know that he is not standing for bad things. They understand each other and there is a bond of sympathy between them.

In a fight against the jail, the case was saved by the arrival of some street gamins. These had been gotten together by one of the Judge's friends, Mickey, who had never failed the Judge.

These little urchins had been in jail from five to twenty times each. The Judge makes the children feel that the settlement of industrial problems can be done only with their help. Most of these children come from homes where the mother has to support a family of five or six. What the child depends on what he eats, where he sleeps, etc., and the problems that arise from their misfortunes are the biggest to face.

In another incident, Mickey once more displayed his loyalty to the Judge. A little thief had been hiding several days from the policeman and the Judge told Mickey he wanted to save the boy. Mickey immediately went for the boy and when they returned to the court house, their pictures were taken by a reporter. Mickey immediately became angry and went to the Judge. The following took place: "Judge, do you think I

(Continued on page 3.)

Baseball

The Normal Downs the Redskins in the Final Game for the Republican Cup.

The Redskins fought gamely, but could not stop the slugging pedagogs or break over their defensive work. And when the dust of the fray cleared up, the Normal marched off with colors flying and the beautiful Republican Loving Cup stored away in their trunk made for that purpose. This game was an extra contest caused by Uncle Sam's wards defeating us on Saturday last; but we came back strong and made big medicine and took the Indians' little ram home and put him in our own pasture, and he is there to stay for a little while. By winning this game we are undisputed champions of the Salt River Valley, and also of our new State of Arizona. In all three of the games between the Normal and Indians the score was five to three in each contest. The old saying is "three times is a charm," but we broke the charm and won.

Saturday was an ideal day for baseball, the weather was warm and the sky was clear so that the pitchers could break their curves, which goes a long way towards winning a contest. The Indian School band was present and rendered good music thruout the game, and in between selections they made good use of their musical instruments by using them to root with. The grandstand was packed and many Normal rooters were present, and they certainly did make some noise.

The Normal boys played good ball both at bat and in the field, and it certainly showed what a little hard and consistent practicing can do when it is needed.

Clark heaved well for the Indians, but the Normal boys were there, and solved his Chinese puzzles. Resvoloso caught a steady game, and worked his pitcher steadily thruout the game.

J. Spikes did the flinging for the Normal, and he had the curves and the steam on the straight ones. He kept the Indians guessing all the time, and when they did connect they closed their eyes and swung, just happening to meet it.

Dean caught a good game and worked steadily all thru the game. He played in hard luck tho, because he had his index finger on his throwing hand mashed in the fourth inning, and it was an easy matter for the Indians to steal on him after that.

The umpires were the best this season.

Score by Innings.

The Normal won the toss and took the field and started off with a rush. The first three Indian batters up whiffed the breeze, not a one of them even touched the horsehide. The three warriors were Field, Butler and Jackson.

For the Normal Peterson was the first up and was hit by pitcher. A. Spikes biffed one to the fence for three sacks, and scored Pete. Sammy, then, to keep the good work up, stole home. J. Spikes hit to short, safe on first; Dean sacrificed; John forced out at second; Dean safe on first; H. Griffen hit to second, safe on first by a fumble; McComb fanned; Corbell booted one to left field, and Dean scored from second. Flannigan cut wide swaths in the ozone.

Second Inning.

Easaw hit to left, stole second; Resvoloso fanned; Clark flew out to right field; Whitman beat the ozone.

F. Griffen, Peterson and A. Spikes all whiffed at Clark's mighty curves.

Third Inning.

Enas died at the plate; Anton walked, and later stole second; Field fanned; Butler flew out to left field.

J. Spikes flew out to right field; Dean hit to center field, safe on first; H. Griffen flew out to right field; McComb out short to first.

Fourth Inning.

Jackson out pitcher to first; Easaw walloped the pill away out in the left garden for a home run, which was a much needed one. Resvoloso out pitcher to first; Clark hit one thru second and was safe on first; Whitman out short to first.

Corbell walked; Flannigan fanned; Corbell out, caught asleep on first. F. Griffen fanned.

Fifth Inning.

Enas out second to first; Anton fanned; Field fanned.

Peterson hit to short and was safe on first; Sam hit to left field and was safe on first, advancing Pete; John flew out to the center garden; Dean fanned; H. Griffen hit one to right and scored Pete; McComb out on first.

Sixth Inning.

Butler hit one to left which the fielder dropped, and was safe on first, but was later caught stealing second; Jackson popped up to pitcher; Easaw safe on first by a fumble at second; Resvoloso hit one to left and Easaw scored; Clark out via pitcher to first.

Corbell out second to first; Flannigan out at first; F. Griffen flew out to left field.

Seventh Inning.

Whitman whiffed the breeze; Enas walked, but caught stealing second; Earl fanned.

Peterson flew out to left field; Sam safe on first by a fumble, and stole second; J. Spikes safe on first by another fumble at second; Dean sacrificed and Sammy scored; Dean out at first; H. Griffen fanned.

Eighth Inning.

Field out short to first; Butler out second to first; Jackson rapped one against the sign board on center field and only got one base, as he missed the base and had to go back. Easaw hit for two bags in the left garden and scored Jackson. Resvoloso out pitcher to first.

McComb out short to first; Corbell safe on first by a fumble at third; Flannigan fanned; Corbell caught on first.

Ninth Inning.

Clark out short to first; Butler flew out to pitcher; Jackson walked; Easaw fanned.

The Normal did not take their last bats.

Box Score.—Normal.

Player	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Peterson, ss.	3	2	0	0	2	0
A. Spikes, 1b.	4	2	1	10	1	0
J. Spikes, p.	4	0	2	1	5	0
Dean, c.	4	1	1	11	1	1
H. Griffen, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	1
McComb, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Corbell, 3b.	3	0	2	0	1	0
Flannigan, 2b.	4	0	0	4	3	3
F. Griffen, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Castle, if.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	33	5	6	27	12	5

Indians.

Player	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Field, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Butler, ss.	4	0	0	1	2	1
Jackson, 1b.	4	1	1	8	1	1
Easaw, 2b.	4	2	3	3	0	1
Resvoloso, c.	4	0	1	9	2	3
Clark, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Whitman, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Enas, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Anton, if.	1	0	0	2	0	0
Earl, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	34	3	5	24	7	8

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
Indians	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	3
R.	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	3
H.	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	5
Normal	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	5
R.	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	5
H.	3	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	6

Summary.

Strike outs, by Clark, 9; by Spikes, 12. Bases on balls, off Spikes, 1. Hit by pitcher, Peterson and Corbell. Passed balls; Dean, 1; Resvoloso, 1. Two base hits, Easaw, Corbell. Three base hit, A. Spikes. Home run, Easaw. Sacrifice, 2. Stolen bases, Jackson, Easaw, Anton.

Umpires, Crable and Meserve.

Dining Room Terms.

Murpheys—potatoes.
Sky-juice—fire! water.
Review of Reviews—hash.
Scared water—milk.
Diamond dye special—tea, coffee.
Slugs—biscuits.
Sinkers—doughnuts.
Whit-leather—steak.
Baled hay, alfalfa—shredded wheat.
Dago—macaroni.
Mexico—hot tamales.

Tempe Normal Student

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Note to Advertisers:—Copy must be in our hands Friday to insure appearance in the following issue.

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SMILES.

What is there that makes life happier than the agreeableness of one person to another? Think how utterly desolate the world would be if no one now and then greeted you with a smile of genuine good will. A smile, a little voiceless indication of benevolence, is easy to give, yet many people are indeed stingy about it. Have you ever felt a chill when, on a beautiful morning, an acquaintance passed you with a slight, mechanical "How do yo do?," as if he were performing a duty which he would gladly omit if he could. This agreeableness to our fellowmen is a duty, but to make the recipient feel the good of it, it must come from the heart. If you feel no good will toward the people you meet in your daily life, if you have not the habit of smiling, there is a fault in your disposition that needs correction. All of us have our bad characteristics to struggle with, and it seems to me that agreeableness is a habit well worth cultivating. Indeed, the best loved people are those who are the most sympathetic and cheerful. How much good can be done by a pleasant smile! It sends to a dejected spirit a beam of sunshine, with the message, "Take heart; somebody is glad you are alive."

It is not always easy to be cheerful. There are hundreds of petty annoyances and troubles in everybody's life, but remember,

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows along like a song,
 But the man worth while is the one
 who will smile
 When everything goes dead wrong."

However, in nearly all cases, they are selfish reasons that make one a "grouch". Next time you feel ill-humored, and are about to show an unpleasant face to some one you meet, ask yourself, "Am I not selfish?" and I will do the same. Let us never be too busy to smile!

Services.

The services at the Congregational church next Sunday will begin with Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Subject for Young People's Bible Class will be, "Love, as Discussed by Paul in Corinthians, 1-13." At 11 o'clock Mr. Felton will deliver an address entitled "Values, Real, and Ridiculous." Special music will be furnished. C. E. at 7:15.

Wit and Laughter Marked Banquet as Success.

The Senate and House arrived in Tempe Thursday evening to look over the Normal. A crowd of students met them, and took them in charge. After an hour, when they seemed rather favorably impressed with everything, they assembled in the dining hall. Here crowds of students from the different counties met them, giving yells. "Maricopa, Maricopa, rah! rah! rah!" "Santa Cruz, rah!" "Boom jickler boom, Pinal!" was all you could hear. Just one terrible yell drowned all other noises. Five long tables extended across the dining hall, loaded with flowers and silver. Each county had planned for their different representatives and fixed place cards for them. The cards were all boasting for the new Manual Arts building, some being in the shape of a building, others being the plans, and still others the pictures of a table with a stanza beneath. Dif-

ferent counties at the tables stood up and toasted their counties, and no one was too busy to give their yells. Away over at one table was heard "Graham, Graham!" which was followed by "G-r-e-e-n-l-e-e!" "P-i-m-a" and others.

Mr. Matthews welcomed the sixty guests, and Dr. Moore acted as toastmaster. Every legislator, except three or four, spoke, and nearly every one assured us of their willingness to forward our plans for the badly needed building. They did not stop there, but told the girls how beautiful they were; called them "buds" and such names; they didn't say what kind of buds, however, but certainly over-worked the word. Some speeches were particularly entertaining. Mr. Murdock, of the minority told us that he would vote against the bill for the new building, thus making it a certainty for us.

Governor Hunt spoke briefly, assuring us of his pleasant evening and of his regret at having to leave early in order to be in Phoenix at eight o'clock.

After an hour of speech making and entertainment the legislators asked to hear from some of the boys. Mr. Belknap was called for, and at last he arose and addressed them, telling them that even tho the girls were working for the Manual Arts building, the boys were working just as hard. Upon asking to hear from the girls, and Miss Smedley being called upon, she spoke for a few moments, thanking the guests for their rather elaborate praises.

With a closing address by Mr. Matthews, the legislators left at nine o'clock, with the students singing and giving their school yells, and the entertainers hope they carried with them the memory of a pleasant evening.

TWO WEEKS.

Yes; that was the rule; anyone passing or throwing a note in the assembly hall should come before the discipline committee, and three such appearances meant two weeks out. This was the third time, for as one of the faculty had said, "the boy threw a note; I saw him." That was enough evidence; he was given two weeks and they did not care to hear from him.

The boy left meeting, not vowing vengeance, but heart-broken. He stood well in his class, so he had no fear of failing, but it was the awful disgrace. As the boy was of a poor family and they lived only thirty miles from this boarding school, he decided to rise early in the morning and walk.

The news spread rapidly that X. was sent home for two weeks, for he was not considered a bad chap by the students. In the morning exercise the president gave a very extended talk on the offense of note throwing. The little girl in the seat opposite X's vacant seat looked a little flushed as she thought to herself, "I wonder if the teacher saw me throw that note yesterday? No; I don't think he did, yet the teacher did look up as I had just thrown it. But then he did not see me." For a long time she tried to convince herself that the teacher had not seen her; yet fight as she might the awful doubt staid by her.

By ten o'clock she felt too miserable to report to her class, so she went to the rest room. It was eleven-thirty when she awoke with a start; she had been dreaming of that awful note. She had seen herself throw a note and hastily look down at her book. The note had gone flying across the room and at the same time X had raised h's hand to brush a fly from his ear. The teacher in charge of the room had looked up at this critical moment, saw X's arm in the air and a note just landing.

The little girl was not a believer in dreams, but this was too plain not to believe. She hastily went to the teacher and found that this was the charge that had given the boy h's two weeks vacation. The president of the institution was soon told of the fact. Late that evening the president's car stopped before the boys' dorm and from it alighted the president, the positive teacher and X. "Yes; in the morning I will tell the school it was all a mistake," came the president's voice. The positive teacher tried to make another apology but X waved them both off. "Now that little affair is all settled and no one will hear of it again; I had no business to throw the first one."

Miss W.—"My little niece is just about the size of th's little girl."

Miss M.—"Is that so? Is it a little girl or boy?"

Only five weeks to vacation! Hurrah!

EXCHANGES.

The Normal Times, San Jose Normal, Cal.
 The Athenaeum, Morgantown, W. Va.
 The Oasis, Nogales, Ariz.
 The Pitt Weekly, Pittsburg, Pa.
 The Wesleyan Advance, Salina, Kan.
 Arizona Weekly Life, Tucson, A. U. of A.
 Cneedme, Madisonville, O.
 Augustana Observer, Rock Island.
 The Boonianian, Jonesboro, Tenn.
 Kumtux, Prosser, Wash.
 The Clarion, West Hartford, Conn.
 The Native American, U. S. I. S., Phoenix, Ariz.
 The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.
 The Owl, Middletown, N. Y.
 A very good article written on "Exchanges."
 Orange and Black, Milton, Pa.
 The Comet, Penn.
 The Blue and Black.

What Other Schools Think of Us.
 "Tempe Normal Student," Tempe, Ariz.—Your paper is very good for a weekly school paper. We notice you held a track meet there January twentieth, must certainly be a fine country. Your Spanish corner is something new around here.—High School Mirror, Wis.

Welcome, stranger, Tempe Normal Student (November 24, 1911), Tempe, Ariz. Altho quite different from most of the exchanges, we hope you will come again.—Polytechnic Journal, Cal.

The "Tempe Normal Student" of Tempe, Ariz., is read with interest, as it gives us a glimpse of a school life quite different from our own. A recent number gives an account of the inauguration day in Phoenix, a poem on "How Arizona Became a State," and a write up of the Admission Day exercises at the Arizona Normal.—The Sandburr, Neb.

Tempe Normal Student. Your editorial does not live up to its title, and the size of your paper makes it difficult to handle, otherwise the material is interesting.—The Sphinx, N. Y.

Tempe Normal Student, Tempe, Ariz.: We have received several issues of your weekly. Why not deal less with events of worldly interest and confine the paper to school affairs?

In answer to this question, we will say that things of such world wide interest are continually happening in Arizona now that we cannot suppress our interest in the affairs of the "Valentine State."

The Tempe Normal Student from Tempe, Arizona, is one of the oddest papers on our list of exchanges. The tale of "Sweet Helen Howard" with its illustrations is extremely amusing.—The Tattler, Nashua, N. H.

"Tempe Normal Student," Tempe Normal School, Tempe, Ariz.—Welcome, well edited weekly. Come again.—The Pennsylvania Yankee.

"Tempe Normal Student" contains jokes and poetry, especially, worth reading. Your exchange column?—The Echo, Hazleton, Penn.

Tempe Normal Student, Tempe, Arizona: Your literary department deserves a special word of praise.—The Pointer, Wsi.

Wanted to know from Tempe Normal Student—How can you afford to run so many cuts? Business manager.—College Echoes, Ark.

We have received only one copy of the interesting Tempe Normal Student from far off Arizona. It has one feature not usually found in school papers—namely a "Spanish Corner," which only the learned can read.—The Red and White, N. H.

The Tempe Normal Student, Tempe Arizona, is a new exchange from the Southwest. We are delighted to find an exchange column, for it is usually neglected in weekly journals, tho there is no valid reason. We, of the North, who are now living in the midst of snow and ice, can really envy our Western brothers when they write: "The boys are out practicing baseball tonight, preparing to defeat all rivals." Yet it is comforting for us to know that while we cannot have the pleasure of playing baseball in January, neither can our Arizona friends know the joys of northern skating and sleighing. We read "A True Story" with interest, but the statement, "and here and there are farmhouses, whose panes shimmer with all the colors of the rainbow as the sun sinks in the eastern sky,"

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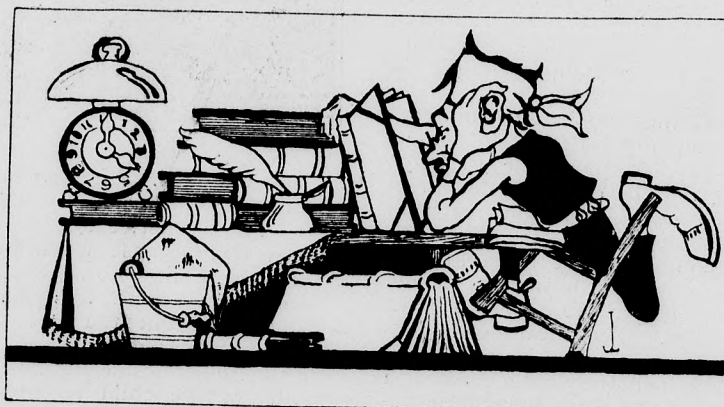
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conflicts with all our knowledge of sunsets. We have always had faith in the consistency of old Sol, but we never dreamed that he would play such a caper as to sink in the eastern sky! We would rather believe that the writer "didn't get home till morning," when old Sol was just peeping above the eastern horizon. Or perhaps it is the fault of the printer. The story "Mexicali," is limited too much to plain facts; it should be more animated, and descriptive. The editorial "Two Flights Up" contains a truth too often crushed to earth: "Be charitable with your neighbor's faults." Don't delight in "slamming" and "knocking" him, for those who hear you bombasting won't think any more of you for it, and very often the brick lands where it was never intended to strike. Just remember, please, Mr. Knocker and Mr. Gossip-er:

"There's so much bad in the best of us,
 And so much good in the worst of us,
 That it little behooves any of us,
 To speak ill of the rest of us."

And try to become a "booster" of your neighbor's virtues and good traits. You'll feel better, we know you will, and the world will thank you the more for it.—Spectator, O.

Emily.—"You're an angel."
 Flannigan.—"No, I'm not; I'm an Irishman."

Miss D.—"Why do you marvel at so many things?"
 Castle.—"Well, you see, I am a Freshman."

EN ESPANOL.

El Empirico.

Un charlatan de los que venden especificos universales, mando a buscar a un medico porque estaba malo: llego el facultativo, y luego que le vio le dio que no tenia nada, y que podia haberse excusado de llamarle por una cosa tan frivola. Como frivola? Sabe usted que por un descuido he tomado una de mis pildoras?

Epigrama.

Siete sabios y no mas
 Conto la Grecia algun dia:
 Resta lector y veras
 Cuantos locos contaria.

The Indian Worth While.

It's easy enough to be pleasant
 When the game rolls along like a song
 But the Indian worth while
 Is the Indian who smiled
 When he saw that the game was over.
 For the worst of it all was the parting

As the champions passed out thru the gates.
 And the Indian worth while
 Was the Indian who smiled
 As the championship passed out thru the gates.

Gawge.—"I killed the last man I had a fight with."
 "Really! Oh, surely not!"
 Gawge.—"Yes, I did. Choked him to death with heel dust."

Kitty.—"Yes; I'm made of gold, pure gold, all right, and when I die I'll turn to gold dust."

The Witch Elfrida

By Creelie Halbert.

Many years ago there lived in the city of Abor an old witch by the name of Elfrida who was dreaded very much by all the people in the neighborhood. There also lived in this city a king and queen who had a beautiful little girl named Geneva. She was very fond of roaming in the forest. One day as she was out walking she came to the garden of the witch Elfrida. People who had lived in the city and knew about Elfrida and her magic charms did not venture near her dwelling. The princess knew nothing about this. As she gazed longingly at the pretty red fruit and flowers she noticed some small stone steps leading over the wall into the garden. With a little scream of delight she walked over the steps into the garden.

After eating enough of the fruit to satisfy herself she picked some flowers and started to go home, but to her great dismay she found no steps. As she was walking around and around looking for a place to escape she looked squarely into the face of the grinning old witch. She was so frightened she stood perfectly still and looked at the old witch. Elfrida gave a hoarse little laugh and said, "My great wish is at last granted; I now have you in my power and you shall always remain there until someone throws the huge black stone which is guarded by a terrible dragon into the lake Mono which it is beside." Then she told the little princess where the lake and stone were. She thought she was only telling Geneva, but she was mistaken, for on a beautiful red rose near by in the shape of a large butterfly sat the queen of the fairies. The little princess begged to be set free, but the old witch only laughed at her. She then took Geneva into her castle and put her in a tower.

Geneva was a beautiful princess eighteen years old. She had dark brown eyes and an abundance of curly brown hair which hung in long curls down her back. Geneva became very lonesome in her prison; she never saw any one but the witch who only brought her meals to her.

Meanwhile the king and queen had officers looking for her all over the country, but they returned each night with the same story which was, no

one had seen the little princess. While the king was searching for his lost daughter the fairy queen was busy thinking of some way to free the imprisoned princess. She finally decided with the aid of her followers to tell the king of the only means of escape possible, which was the putting of the huge stone guarded by the dragon into the lake.

That night when all the house was asleep the fairy queen in the shape of a moth flew noiselessly into the king's sleeping chamber and said in a low voice, "King Magnette, I have come to tell you the way to rescue your daughter, who is now in the castle of the witch Elfrida. The one who finds Lake Mono and puts the huge stone into it will break the power of the witch Elfrida, and the princess will again be free." The king pondered long over these strange words and consulted his wise men who told him to follow the advice of the voice he had heard.

The king sent messages all over the world telling about Geneva, and offering the prince who could rescue her half his kingdom and the princess for his wife. Many brave knights attempted this great feat, but they were all killed by the great dragon. One day when the king was ready to give up in despair, a knight by name Dresden, rode into the court on a white steed, and told the king he had come to attempt the feat. He was immediately sent to Lake Mono by King Magnette.

On reaching the lake the prince dismounted and tied his horse, and then crept quietly up to the dragon who was peacefully sleeping in the morning sunlight. With one swing of his sword he cut off the head of the dragon which rolled into the lake. As the sleeping dragon felt the cut of the sword he attempted to rise, and in doing so one of his powerful legs kicked the large stone into the lake with a great splash.

Prince Dresden had now done what was required of him, so he mounted his horse and rode homeward.

When hearing that Prince Dresden had killed the dragon and that the stone now lay at the bottom of the lake, the king's joy knew no bounds. The king and prince followed by their attendants went at once to the castle of the old witch. When they reached

there the old witch begged for mercy but she was put into a barrel lined with nails and rolled into the ocean. The prince then took his bride home, and there was once again rejoicing instead of sorrowing in the palace.

We are pleased to insert, this week, "The Witch Elfrida," by Creelie Halbert of the Training School. Some Training School pupils have done very good work, the above fairy story being a good example of their diligence.

THE WOLF HUNT.

In early days the buffalo herds were followed by bands of wolves that fed on the weak, sick and wounded. When the buffaloes were all gone it was hard for the wolves to find food, but the cattle soon came, and it was plentiful again.

Early in the spring of '92 there were so many wolves and they were killing so many cattle that large bounties were offered for them. It was about this time that Badlands Billy was the main object of all wolves. He was the largest wolf in all the country with a track measuring nearly six inches across. His peculiar howl was known to all those upon his trail.

One night as we were sitting around the camp fire listening to the cry of a pack of wolves in search of a meal, we heard a long drawn howl of triumph from Billy which told us of success. There was silence around our circle for a few minutes. It was Jack, the wolf hunter, who spoke first. "That's Billy, himself. Ain't it a voice? He's got one beef already tonight."

One evening late in September after the last streak of light had gone from the west a deep booming sound was heard. Jack took out his pipe, and while he was filling it said: "That's him—that's old Billy. No wonder there ain't many more cattle left in the hills." Several of the dogs jumped up with bristling necks, rushed out into the night but soon returned with deep gasps in their shoulders and backs. Two were so badly wounded that they were buried next morning.

The men were furious and vowed to catch Billy before another sun set. They were off on his trail by dawn next morning but returned at night with several coyote scalps but Billy still held his own.

Some of the new men of the crowd were discouraged and returned home. By then Jack sent letters asking for more dogs, as they were preparing for a longer and harder hunt. Two days later eight dandies arrived. Now there were fifteen to be counted upon.

The weather had been much colder lately and next mornig to the joy of the hunters the ground was white with snow. This surely was lucky, for snow nearly always meant success, and with the big wolf not far away; for he had been heard the night before, escape for him was impossible.

We were up and away at dawn, each taking different trails. It was about a half hour before there came the signal from the man riding west to come, I have found his track. Of course we all hurried toward that place and sure enough there it was, measuring nearly six inches across. How our hopes and fears were aroused as we looked at it.

It was a longer hunt than we had expected. One place it showed where the big wolf had been met by two others, and descending to the river flat had killed a fine cow, but not being to their taste, had left her. Later they parted but it was easy for us to follow the one we were after because of the snow. After a two or three mile ride we sighted Billy leisurely galloping along toward Sentinel Butte. But now with head and tail low he was bounding over the snow, evidently he knew his danger.

We followed him up gullies, down canyons and over mountains, but he must have known of a certain canon that he would be safe in. Anyway he headed for one which was impossible for us to cross. The best dogs were still keeping up, but some of the others had lagged behind, and were now nearly out of sight.

On Billy went, limping up the other side of the mountain. The dogs followed some distance behind, not in a pack now, but in a long dwindling line. Around by a sharp point of rock Billy turned to face his foes.

We, on the other side of the canon, were breathing hard for from the looks of things, success was inevitable. On the dogs came, the foremost rushing at Billy, but if his legs were weak his jaws and neck were strong, for as they came he gave each a fling and down the mountain side they

went, each in his turn.

In sixty seconds it was all over, and Badlands Billy stood there alone on his mountain.

Review of a story written by our great animal lover, Thompson-Seton.

JUDGE LINDSEY AT THE NORMAL.

(Continued from page 1.)

want my picture taken with that little thief out there? Now if they wants to, they can come and take my picture alongs de of you, an' then I don't kick." The final lesson of the child is that he wishes to stand well in the estimation of his friends. They are not bad, but do things that are bad. That the urchins think the Judge is just is well illustrated. A little boy was made fun of by his friends because a barber had only cut his hair on one side. He and some of his friends went to the Judge—a place where they could get justice. The Judge, after hearing their story sent them down to the barber shop again, and the barber became frightened when he heard the law was backing the boy. He therefore finished cutting his hair and gave him a free bath. The small urchin returned triumphant to the Judge, saying, "I got justice, thank you; I got justice."

The Judge told a boy to keep a stiff upper lip and he would come out all right. In a campaign, when the judge was running for office on an independent ticket, he had many loyal friends who "put up a good talk" for him. The Judge remarked to one that he didn't think he would get to be judge, and the boy replied: "Do the same thing you told me to do; keep a stiff upper lip, and you'll get justice," which is a good motto for us all.

Every Little Movement.

Every little movement had a meaning all its own; Every Indian reached third, but few of them got home. And every ball that John sent twirling Out from Dean it then went hurling. Pining men upon the bases, but they never could reach home.

HAPPENINGS AT THE CAPITAL

The week's session of the legislature has been devoid of any noticeable sensation, but the proceedings have been somewhat lively, a number of bills being passed. Gov. Hunt's program of prison reform is not having easy sailing, and has probably fallen to disaster. The board of control bill, aimed chiefly at the governor's ambitious prison reform plan, was passed by an apparently decisive vote. The bill provides that the board of control, instead of being composed by the Governor's appointees, shall consist of the elective State officers, Secretary, Treasurer, Attorney General, and Chairman of Corporation Commission, most of whom are opposed to his prison policy.

A large step in the direction of better industrial conditions of the State was the passage by both houses of the child labor law, heralded as a preventive of the unbearable conditions under which children are permitted to toil for sustenance, instead of enjoying the advantages of education.

Another measure which is related to child labor law, and known as the Worsley eight hour labor law, will soon become effective, when the Governor appends his signature thereto. The bill relates to labor of the mines mostly, and will be considered a relief to the many miners of the State.

The existing discrimination against the producers, and especially the small producers, will be lifted from their shoulders. A bill providing that any person may sell his produce without license has been sent to the Governor for his approval. This will enable farmers to sell their meats without selling directly to the butchers.



Indians and Normal.

A. D. C. NOTES.

This week the Athenian Debating Club did not meet on account of it being a very busy week at the Normal, and there were no study hours so that it could be held.

Sides have already been chosen and the three debates chosen, the question for this last debate that was postponed, was:

"Resolved, that Roosevelt should be given the republican nomination." Belknap's side was the affirmative represented by Belknap and Fram. While McComb's side, the negative, was in charge of Harrison and Goodwin. This debate will be pulled off possibly this coming week.

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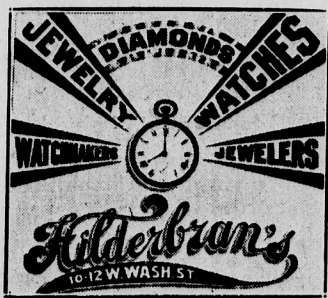
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LOCALS.

Observations ended last week and there is a most relieved look on the face of the Juniors.

The Seniors are taking many brief trips to Phoenix lately to have their pictures taken.

Miss Gleason occupied the infirmary for a few days last week.

The rose garden looked quite demolished Thursday after the girls had stripped it for decorating the dining hall.

The Seniors are busy preparing copy for the annual and also in soliciting subscribers.

Every evening as soon as the sun goes down one may see hundreds of bats come tumbling out under the eaves of the science hall.

As fast as the lilies in the fountain bloom some one who has no regard for the property rights of the Normal picks them.

The girls are practicing hard in gym. lately for their drill which will take place the last part of this month.

All one hears now is "Yes; my junior reception is blue messaline, etc."

Miss Millett of Mesa spent the week end at the girls dorm, as the guest of Ercel Cooke.

The dorm was almost deserted Saturday, as nearly all of the girls went to Phoenix for the day.

Miss Kathryn Ormond of Phoenix was the guest of Kittie Regan and Emily Wilson over Sunday.

The cup was placed on a table in the center of the dining room Sunday, for everyone to see. Who can blame the boys for being proud of it? Nobody.

Ercel Cooke is the second Senior who has gotten a school for next year. She will teach in Globe at a salary of Eighty-five dollars a month. Miss Cooke is to be congratulated upon her good fortune of teaching in her home town.

The moon always gets full on its last quarter.

Right this way, ladies and gentlemen! Get your tickets from "Huck", the ticket speculator.

If anything comes out in the Student about you, which you don't like, grin and say you like it.

Every dog has his day, but some people think there are more dogs than days.

Dr. Bolton gave us a glimpse of the character of Judge Ben B. Lindsey one day last week. He spoke briefly of how Judge Lindsey trusted the world and gets trusted—losing nothing for the trust placed in it, but rather, gaining by it. Judge Lindsey has added to his crowd of worshippers since speaking in Tempe.

Bertha McKeen and Cecil Rees were confined to the infirmary last week, but we are glad to see them with us again.

Emma Miller, who has been out of school for some time on account of illness, has discontinued school. She will be missed by everyone.

Mr. Gammill and Mr. Goodwin will soon have entirely recovered from their unfortunate accidents. Mr. Gammill has now discarded his cane.

Velma Coyle has received her Palmer certificate given to teachers.

"Have some potatoes," M. said. "If you please, man before monkey, you know," A. answered. M. then helped himself first.



Commencement Noises.

Remember not to pluck the flowers in the days of thy schooling that thy days may be peaceful in the school which thy State of Arizona hath given thee.

Oh, such a hotness these days are!

Speak twice before you think.

Someone said the world was made for lovers. Is it? Let us live!

Mrs. Blakeley spent Saturday in Phoenix.

Many dorm girls went to Phoenix Saturday afternoon to attend a matinee. "The Virginian."

A Phoenix boy bet five cents on the Indians at the ball game, and had to borrow a nickel for car fare home.

"Cheese it, the Peeler!" is a new dining-room term.

Dean wore Slim's shoes for two days and now has a corn. All little angels have big feet.

Marion Welborne ran into a buggy shaft and now has a black eye.

The report has come to us that owing to the serious injury of a tendon, Charles Swigget, now of the University of Southern California, will possibly never be able to run again.

Horse shoe pitching is getting quite popular.

Castle took his annual bath last week—with the boys' help.

Dr. Bolton vows he will have five girls up before the discipline committee for throwing water all over him.

Third Years.

Tho we may be called overgrown babies.

The fact of the case is just this: Next year we will have to be grown-ups;

So we have a good time during this.

Some men are born insane and others raise pompadours as they grow up.

There is a young fellow called Dean Who begged a kiss from a young Normal queen.

Said she, haughty miss, "This is the kind you will get!" And whacked him a smack on the bean.

DEBATES.

A very interesting debate was held last week by the second years, which was, "The United States should build more than two battleships a year."

Miss Woods, Miss Walker and Miss Stacy represented the affirmative, and Miss Laney, Miss Chilson, and Miss Henderson stood for the negative. Miss Woods opened the debate and gave her debate as follows:

We need ships for war, just the

same as we need policemen in the large cities. This fact should not cause other nations to think unfriendly toward us, because such things are necessary. In order to have respect and peace we must have ready protection. Some say wait until war comes, and then prepare for it, but as it takes years to build ships, we should be making them now, especially since Japan is so threatening. We have two coasts to protect, also what good will our internal improvements do us unless we can protect them.

Miss Laney promptly defended the question by stating: The United States has no need for battle ships in time of peace, and that the whole world is trying to lift itself above the barbarism of war. The United States will be taking one great step towards civilization when she ceases to build battle ships. That if we should suddenly start to erecting more vessels for war the other nations would treat such an action as a hostile affront. Therefore while we have peace, we should keep it.

Miss Walker spoke next as follows: Mr. Roosevelt has stated that a strong navy makes and keeps peace, as it shows we are independent. Germany and England are constantly competing in their warfare, especially the navy, and they have had peace for years. However, if England were to build less ships and become weaker, forthwith Germany would encroach upon her rights. We must have a lock and key to our harbor the same as to our homes. When we can dispense with the former it will be time enough to do likewise with the latter. We have money enough for building more ships and we had better use it before some other nation seizes it.

Miss Henderson brought up the negative very strong by giving the inconsistency of building more ships. Some day there will be peace, so why spend our time and money in things that we will never use. In 1780 Franklin stated that peace was needed, and he was right; peace is needed; nothing can be gained by war. In 1898 Czar held a conference for a settlement on arbitrations. He held that there should be a Supreme Court for all nations in which disputes could be settled without war. Thus we would have no need for battleships.

Because Miss Chilson was absent, Miss Laney spoke in her place, taking up the argument where she had discontinued a few moments before. Our present peace era is the outcome of the age of revolution. We are constantly advancing in civilization. We have come to a time when most of our difficulties can be settled peacefully by the use of our mental development. We can easily be strong without a navy.

Miss Stacy was the last speaker on the affirmative. She stated that the United States was one of the foremost nations in the world, and therefore we should have a navy equal to that of any other country. We must have a larger navy to protect ourselves, even in time of peace.

A rebuttal of five minutes followed, and the question was decided in favor of the negative.

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