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April, 1911

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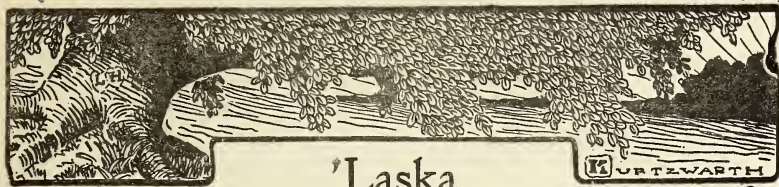
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Grace Holton, '13

Not long ago a beautiful brown shepherd dog died. He belonged to a friend of mine and I happened to be over at her house when he died. He was lying on a soft pallet, moaning and restless. He turned his eyes on me, and as his gaze met mine I heard him tell the story of his life.

"My name is 'Laska. I don't know where I was born. All I remember is that a few hours after my birth I was carried off and laid on something damp and hard, where I heard the water. It seemed days that I lay there and cried, but I know it was not, for I should have starved. Finally somebody picked me up, and the next thing I knew I was wrapped in something warm, and heard children talking about me. I was hungry; so I commenced crying again. I heard someone suggest that I be given some milk. But I didn't know how to drink, in the first place, and I couldn't see anything. The next thing I felt was my mouth being opened and milk poured down my throat. I didn't like this process, no matter if it was milk; so I squirmed and cried. That wasn't the way I wanted to drink milk. After this something soft was put in my mouth. This felt better, so I began to suck it. As there didn't seem to be anything on it sweet I stopped and cried again. Finally a hard thing was put in my mouth, that had a hole in the center of it, and soon I began to drink milk. I liked this, so I drank until they wouldn't give me any more. That night I slept in a warm room, on a soft bed. Every day I was fed three times, and always on milk. In a few days I discovered that I could see a little, until finally, one morning, I woke up with my eyes open. O, how astonished I was; and my mistress seemed to be, also.

"I grew fast, and in a short time learned how to walk up on my legs and bark. Then I had a fine time. But one day an awful thing happened. I had come as usual for my dinner, when what

was my surprise to see that my mistress was feeding something else. It was a small, fuzzy kitten. It made me mad to see my mistress feeding and petting that thing; so I made for the kitten. The kitten was taken by surprise. When she turned around and saw me she just flew from the room. I was rather surprised, but yet glad, at my easy victory, and suppose I showed it, for instantly my mistress began to scold and wound up by not giving me any dinner. I decided then I would get revenge on the kitten when my mistress was not around. The next time I saw the kitten I ran it again and I have run cats ever since.

“Things went on well with me as I grew larger. When I was only six months old I was a very large and handsome dog. But now I had learned bad habits. One day when I was out walking with my mistress, I saw a dog run out from a house and bark at a horse and buggy which was passing. I thought that it did this to guard its master and mistress; so I thought I would do the same. When the next horse came by I ran out and barked at it and tried to bite its legs. The man in the buggy hit at me, but I dodged the whip. This was very exciting. I went back home and lay down in the walk and watched for the next wagon and ran after it, too, barking as loud as I could. It was such fun. I ran a good little piece from home, all the time hearing my mistress calling me. Finally, I came back very slowly, for I expected either a scolding or a whipping. I determined that if I were whipped I would bite. I was only turned into the back yard. As soon as my mistress had left, I slipped through a hole in the fence and came into the front yard. All the people had gone from home and I spent my first evening chasing wagons. When my mistress came home, she caught and chained me. The next morning I was turned loose. This time I committed another offense. I caught that cat I told you about and nearly ate her up. Again I was chained for the day, but again I was turned loose the next morning. I had spent this day better.

“That night I had my first fight with a dog. After supper a great, black dog came and began to smell my mistress’ flowers. This was beyond my endurance; so I determined to put a stop to it. I went up to him, and although he was larger than I, he was a coward. I can’t stand cowards; so I thrashed him. That dog has never been about since. I liked to fight so well that when the dogs would be impudent to my mistress when she went out walking, I fought them.

“This put me into the habit of wanting to fight. People began to be afraid of me, and I couldn’t stand that any more than I could the cowardly dog; so I learned to bite them. One day a child of my mistress’ friend came to see my mistress and I bit him. Of course it was wrong, but I had just got in the habit of trying to bite everybody.

“Thus my life went on until I was a year and a half old. People now said I was a handsome dog; so maybe you would like to know what I looked like. I was large,—about the size of the ordinary shepherd dog — and very fat, for my mistress fed me on raw beef and scraps from a boarding house table. My hair was long and shaggy,—a tawny yellow tinged with dark brown almost black on my back. My breast was square and almost all white, and my paws made a big track when I walked in mud. I have heard people say in passing that I looked like a lion and I like the way they said it, but I never knew just what they meant. My eyes were blood-shot and my voice was terrible when I growled or barked. I think it was these things that made people hate me, for I had quit biting people. I was too fat and lazy to get up every time anyone came, and then it was so much like a pup. I have described myself to you thus, because I was handsomer then than I am now, for that was before I was shot and like to have died.

“I did have one habit yet, though, which people said was a bad one, although I never saw any harm in it, and, beside that of running the neighbor’s geese and guineas, it was all the fun I had. I would still run after horses and wagons.

“One cold night in February, I was standing guard on my mistress’s porch. All at once a horse and buggy came tearing down the street. Just as it was passing our house, I began to bark. Suddenly there was a sharp stinging feeling in my side. I cried for the first time since I was a pup. I went under the house to see what the matter was. Just then my mistress came out of the house and began to call me. I tried to go but couldn’t move. Then I cried and she came and carried me into the house. For a long time I was sick, but finally got well. I afterwards learned that I had been shot at and barely escaped getting killed. Some people thought this would break me from running after wagons, but it didn’t. It did almost ruin my health and I have felt like an old dog ever since.

“I thought I knew who had shot me, and I only wanted a chance to kill him. I may have always looked mean after this.

Anyway, everybody was afraid of me, and I was reported to the police as a bad dog. I found this out by the policeman coming to our house and talking to my mistress. He did this several times and my mistress always chained me for several days afterward. I still ran after the wagons. I just could not stop it, and several times was shot at, but I now knew how to dodge.

"Last night I was surprised, when I had lain down, by some men who came creeping up. I was up instantly, and when the men went down the back way toward the woods I chased them. I ran them to the branch, and was starting back home for I happened to think that maybe there were more men who only wanted to get me out of the way so they could rob my mistress. Just then I was shot. I knew what it was this time. The men took me, half dead, and after kicking me for some time threw me in the branch. The water was low; so I was not drowned, and finally came to my senses. I was awfully weak though, and worked painfully all night before I could get out and crawl home. I fainted on the porch. When I came to I found myself lying in my mistress' arms, and she was crying. A doctor was there trying to get out the bullets, but I was shot all to pieces and he had no hope for me. He gave me something though which eased my pain, and left. I only hate to see my mistress crying and everybody standing around looking at me. I know I can't live much longer, and I don't feel like talking any more."

Thus 'Laska died.



A Friend of Mine

P. H. Epps, '12

A friend of mine; ne'er from my lips
Has flowed a tend'rer word;
No joy so sacred 's borne to me
By all the words I've heard.

A friend of mine; unailing balm
To heal each piercing wound
That Time's relentless arrows make
Between our birth and tomb.

A friend of mine; earth's fairest flow'r
That loses not its bloom,
Whose fragrance perfumes all life's ways,
Dispelling every gloom.

A friend of mine; my soul's great star
To light its doubtful way,
And like the star doth brighter shine
In darkness than in day.

Shine without fear, immortal Star,
Of death' or time's decay,
For these can never from my path
Thy brightness sweep away.

For these, from me, thy mortal form
May come and tear away,
But still from mem'ry's cherished throne
Thou'lt shine by night and day.



The Legend of the Red Rose

Natalie Tuck, '11

It was a garden of long ago. All of the flowers bloomed in their magnificent beauty. The tiny violets lifted their smiling faces to worship her; the tulips gazed lovingly upon her; the beautiful chrysanthemums told her of their admiration; the pansies spoke fondly of her, and truly it could be seen that she was loved and admired by all, and all worshipped her — for she was the Rose, the queen of the flowers. The brook softly murmured love to her; the wind sang to her his sweetest melodies, and the sun gazed tenderly upon her, and the morning caressed her with his sparkling dew. But she heeded not the love of the brook, thought not of the whispering wind, cared not for the passionate sun, but gazed far off to the hillside, to the home of the one she loved — the Knight of the Golden Rod. He it was who had won her heart long ago; he, with his gay, golden plumage. But the Prince Feather, with his passionate and ardent wooing, had long since determined that she should be his, and his only. She heeded not his suit, and wistfully gazed to the field of Golden Rod. He, following her gaze, recognized his rival, and in his vengeful heart determined to slay him.

It is in a beautiful night, and the moon sails majestically across the blue heavens. The flowers have long since gone to Slumberland, and the whole garden rests peacefully under the open skies. Soft strains of music are heard, and the Knight of the Golden Rod, arrayed in his gay, yellow plumage, steps gracefully from the banks of flowers into the moonlight, singing love's serenade to the queen of his heart.

The queen of the garden slowly raises her love-lit eyes, and gazes enraptured into the face of her beloved.

Slowly from the darkened shadows emerges the figure of Prince Feather, his eyes glaring with jealousy. He stealthily creeps up behind the Knight of the Golden Rod and with one stroke of his glittering sword the Knight sinks in a lifeless heap at the feet of his queen. Immediately the life of the grief-stricken queen fades away, and her dying petals, as they fall one by one, are drenched in the blood of her lover. Whereupon Prince Feather, in his fury at losing the idol of his heart, falls upon his own sword.

For years after this awful tragedy no creamy roses bloomed in the garden, and the other flowers were red. But one summer morning when the flowers awoke they beheld, not the beautiful creamy rose of long ago, but the crimson rose, drenched so long before in the blood of her lover,—the red rose that still bespeaks of love.

A Mountain Tragedy

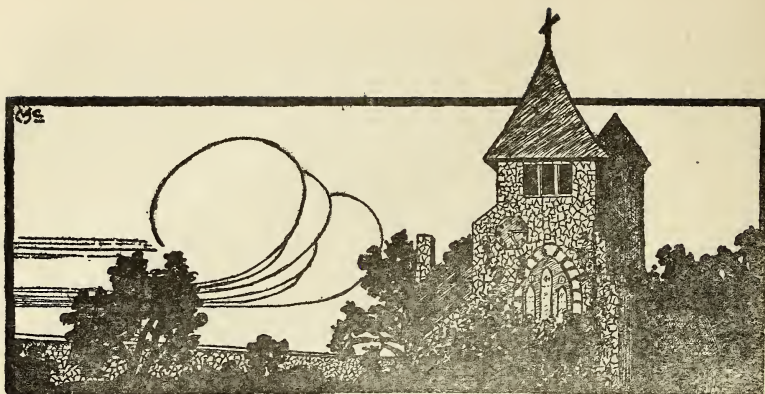
Lawrence Dixon, '12

The rains descend like a flood
Upon yon mountain high;
Every stream is turned to mud
As down the slope they fly.

One of these many mud-like streams,
Reaching its highest levels,
Breaks its course and, unrestrained,
Upon a victim revels.

That victim is a mountain town,
Asleep at the mountain's base.
Of all that town for miles around
Is left no single trace.

..



The Surprise

Lillie Adcock, '12

It had long been settled that George and Alice were to be married, but they were not in a great hurry, and while they thought over the matter, George decided that as he couldn't make a fortune at home he would go to California, make a fortune, and return to claim Alice.

He had been gone only about two years, and Alice, in the North, fell in love with another man, Charles Gabriel, and married him; yet she and George were still corresponding in the friendly, truthful tone they had adopted from the first, and she had not told him. Four years had passed, and one day Alice received a letter from George saying that he had been gone a number of years, had gained a fortune, and would now return to her. Alice was miserable; she couldn't tell her husband about it. What was to be done? She finally arranged things so that her husband would be away from the town, and she would go to the home of her father and stay for about two weeks.

In a few days George came. She met him at the door of her father's home; he came in and, instead of embracing her as she had expected, he only held out his hand to shake hers. Both took a seat in the parlor, and she began:

"George," she said, "I have something to tell you; yet, it seems that I can't." Finally, she broke out, "George, it is done. Whether

right or wrong, I was married a year after you left for California."

"Why, Alice!" said George. "I did the same thing, and instead of writing and telling you I thought I had better wait and tell you myself."

Then happiness took the place of fear and excitement in the hearts of both. Alice immediately wired for Charles to come home, and George's visit was very pleasant after all.

Spring Flowers

Gladys Tuck, '14

As the days pass on,
And winter flies by,
Spring comes in
With a murmuring sigh.

It brings us the birds,
And the sweet honey bees,
The violets, crocus,
And the green budding trees;

The dandelion's blossoms
From over the hills,
The arbutus, jonquils
And golden daffodils.

Spring passes swiftly,
With a sorrowful tear.
The roses are blooming,
And the summer is here.

A Guilty Conscience

Cora Virginia Wescott, '11

The great hall clock had just struck eleven, and as Edith sat beside the great open fire in her own room she wondered why it would not strike just one more time. Tomorrow was Monday, and there was a bit of water color work she simply must have ready by school time. She dared not put off doing it until the morning, for Edith knew well enough she would only awake in time to dress hurriedly for breakfast, after which she would have to go directly to school. On the other hand, if this hour from eleven o'clock till twelve were passed away by reading, sleep might overtake her before that time should pass. Passing this time away in any other manner was not to be thought of. So what was she to do? A little demon from within seemed to tell her to do the work then. That would not be a great sin, and if she never did anything worse than painting a little on Sunday she sure would get to heaven when she died. With that she prepared to finish the bit of work, and soon was so completely absorbed in it that she neither knew nor cared whether it was Sunday or not. One design had been finished, inspected with much gratification, and she had decided how she should fix another and saw with pleasure that this plan, too, was working well. At this point she was startled by faint steps upon the stairs.

"Oh, it is Mother!" she thought, and groaned at the realization of how much pain this seemingly trivial act would give her. Edith had but one impulse and followed it immediately. She hastily laid aside her work—endeavored to do it quietly, but failed completely—made a dash for the bed, and in her haste overturned a chair, which made noise enough to awake the entire household. Her sister, who had been sleeping soundly, stirred restlessly as Edith struggled to get under the covers. Then she listened intently. For a while not a sound broke the stillness; then a click, as the hall lights were turned off; then retreating footsteps; and finally, a sigh of relief as a little figure crawled out of bed to remove kimona, bedroom shoes and glasses which in her haste had been forgot. Also to lay aside the paint-brush which she had been clutching unconsciously as if her life depended upon it.

Mark Twain's Fame

Carrie Belle Craig, '12

There are several geniuses, three especially, who have bestowed upon the world everlasting gifts in the realm of literature. Their memories still linger along the shores of their native country, awaiting the last and due opinions from the critics of that land. Firstly, Edgar Allen Poe elevated the schools of France immensely, but even then he remains famous in America; lastly, Whitman and Twain represent the truest and the highest contributors of the republic to English literature.

It is supposed that these two men were famous because their writings were original, homely, and for the republic. That Mark Twain is famous in literature is because he was a man of high qualities and splendid character. If it be true that the opinions of the foreign nations are the opinions of the ancestors, there is no necessity in proving that Mark Twain has acquired the classic attainments of a writer.

Mark Twain first received criticism while on the European continent. This was given by a famous French lady, Mme. Blanc, who devoted her time to the American literature in Europe. She has written several essays on Twain, the general title being "The American Humorists." But we should not be surprised to know that this French lady criticised Twain, and could not secrete her feeling on the manner of the reception of his literature in England.

The qualities of Mark Twain which won great popularity did not remove the cause of Mme. Blanc's criticism. Three years later, Mme. Blanc writes an essay, "Revue des Deux Mondes," in which she severely criticises his works. Mark Twain, in her judgment, lacked first-class ability in developing the American scenes and pictures, although Twain's works make a deep impression on her mind.

On account of "The Jumping Frog," a piece of Mark Twain's most notable work, Mme. Blanc extends his fame as a literary man to Europe. The works of Twain were further distributed when Emile Blement made them more famous by publishing them in France,—the French subjects being "Esquisses Americaines de Mark Twain" (1881). In 1884 and 1886 "Les Aventures de Tom Sawyer" was translated by W. L. Hughes. And again, in 1886, Eugene Forgues published the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

Forgues remarked that the French people saw in Mark Twain a gross jester continuously beating upon a tom-tom to attract attention; he added that Twain was not appreciated in France as in England and the Germanic countries.

It is needless to cite the names of Mark Twain's works which were translated into the French language. When the English edition of Mark Twain's works appeared, the "French Journal" paid him a great compliment, saying that he had been called the humorist of the world, that he was an interesting story teller, a clever observer, a philosopher, and lastly, a brilliant essayist.

In Italy, also, Mark Twain made a wonderful impression by his works, and his popularity had even extended to Rome. Hence, tributes were rendered to him by Italian critics.

Germanic people, and the Scandinavians, finally became familiar with Mark Twain's writings, because it was not difficult to translate Twain's writing into foreign languages, and especially German, which was one of the factors in spreading his eternal fame. Another reason for this is that no other writer has so many translators as he.

As early as the year 1872 Mark Twain had secured Tanchnitz, of Leipzig, as his Continental agent. Then German translations soon appeared, and in a short time his sketches had been printed in almost all languages. His most extended works were rapidly translated into German, French, Dutch and Scandinavian.

The melancholy in Mark Twain's compositions awakened the consciousness of the German people. But the Europeans thought that this genius seemed to be a function of humor about which they had never dreamed.

It has been said by Schleich that Mark Twain is the exponent of American literature. The works of Mark Twain were highly praised in all the European countries.

Thaler says: "Mark Twain draws directly from life, he knows the different varieties of the geniuses of men and no other writer has taken so strange a course of development as he."

The humor of so great a writer did not escape the German's attention. In Twain's sayings they found the real human being which caused them to admire his maxims.

On Mark Twain's eventful birthday Germany and Europe united in honoring the writer. After this, reviews of his life were published in Germany and Austria.

England chose Mark Twain as the author of the speaking world.

Critics praised him highly. All classes now read his works with delight; and without hesitation we say America has enriched her literature by the aid of this man—a man who will always be remembered as a unique character in American literature.

In Memoriam

ESSIE SHEPHERD

“Of such is the kingdom of heaven”

It was with tears and the profoundest sorrow that we learned on the evening of March the fifth that Essie Shepherd, one of the most faithful and most beloved members of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society, had answered the summons of the Death Angel, and had gone from her duties here to her home of joy in the Great Beyond. As we gazed for the last time on her fair form, we remembered with pleasure our companionship with her.

For, though with us so short a time, Essie had grown very dear to each member of the Society. Always showing herself ready and waiting to lend a helping hand, she brought sunshine and comfort to many of us. A duty never passed her way unheeded, and she seemed ever longing to do good and to uplift. With her bright smile and pleasant word she sent joy all about her.

And so, we shall miss her. But we know she has joined a far happier and holier society, so we render ourselves submissive to the voice which called to her from the world to which her young spirit has winged its flight, and where we hope some day to join her.

To her family and friends the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society extends heartfelt sympathy.

NATALIE TUCK,
MOZELLE NEWTON,
MARY EXUM SNOW.



Whether we have realized it or no, we are nearing the last holiday that we will have before school closes. It comes so late this year, however, that we will begin to think it more of a preliminary to the commencement exercises than a holiday. Nevertheless, it will only be a holiday, regardless of what we think, and since nothing is very interesting to us until we know something of its origin, let's see what was the origin and meaning of Easter.

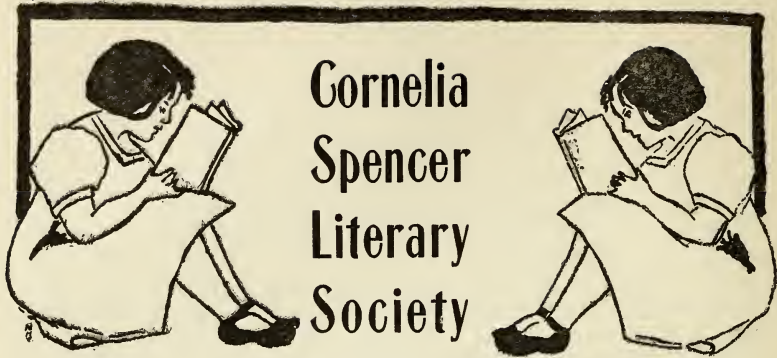
As we all remember, Christ was crucified during the week of the passover, which was a feast observed during the week following the full moon in March and continuing through seven days in commemoration of the night when the Lord smote all the first-born of Egypt and "passed over" those of the children of Israel. This feast is still observed among the Jews to this day. The Greeks, who had many gods, and therefore held many feasts in their honor, had a goddess of Spring named "Eastre," in whose honor they held a feast at the same time that the Jews held their passover feast.

As the kingdom of Christ began to make its way into the world, its subjects who kept the day of His resurrection as a holy day, and therefore a day of joy and thanksgiving, wished a name for it to distinguish it from the other feasts of the world. In consequence of this desire they took the name of Eastre, and put the "e" before the "r", giving the name Easter, which has continued to be until this day.

True it is that the name has continued until this day; but where has the sacred but not sad spirit fled to? What joy other than

worldly do we receive from its presence? Is there anything in, or connected with, the day that leads us back to Calvary's Cross, or rather to the Holy Sepulchre? If not, we are losing the greatest joy that any holiday is able to bring to us. Nothing is hailed with greater joy by men than liberty and freedom. Happy were the English people when they extorted the Magna Carta from King John. Guy Fawkes's Day is observed in England to commemorate the deliverance of some of their forefathers from death. The fourth of July is so prized by us as an anniversary of the declaration of an independence, and he who rejoices on these days does well. But never did man receive so precious a document as the teachings of Christ. This deliverance is thorough and universal. This independence is beyond being incorporated in words.

Therefore we can rejoice in a deliverance that no power is able to take from us. We have a declaration of independence that can never be removed or altered. With this clearly before us, let us never go about with a long face; but with a heart full of joy born out of the appreciation that we have of what we received eighteen hundred and seventy-eight years ago.



Eula Roberts, '13

On March tenth the meeting of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society was held and a large number responded to their names when the roll was called. However, one place was vacant, and one voice silent. The Society was much grieved because of the death of one of its members, Essie Shepherd. She, owing to her tender years, did not, perhaps, hold a very prominent position in the Society, yet each and every one has some place to fill, and hers can be filled by no one else. At the meeting on the above date a card from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Shepherd, expressing their appreciation for the sympathy the Society showed in the loss of their daughter, was read by the secretary.

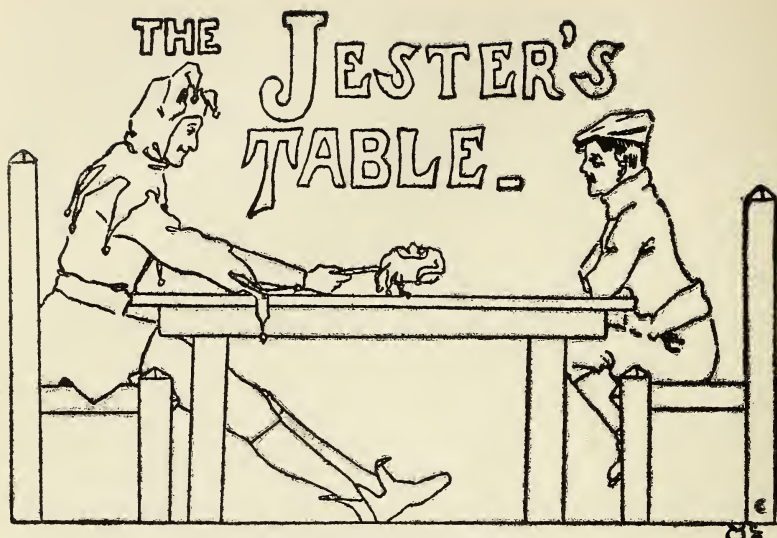
At this meeting the two following officers were elected by an almost unanimous vote: Laura Anderson, assistant critic, and assistant censor. After this the officers for the new quarter were installed by Mr. Green, who made an encouraging and beneficial talk, in which he reminded them of their duties and asked the Society to sustain them in their new work.

The Society was called to order on March seventeenth with a large number present. It being St. Patrick's Day a short program was given in honor of the old Saint. After this the members enjoyed an interesting and unique post-card contest, in which Miss Junia Sasser was the winner of the prize, a box of green mints tied with green ribbon.

The Society is doing good work, and among its encouragements is the good attendance which shows interest. In spite of the many

counter attractions of the springtime, few members are absent on any Friday afternoon. The directresses are giving us interesting and beneficial programs, which are in a large measure responsible for the steady attendance and lively interest. We are looking eagerly forward to the next quarter's course of study. The new directresses appointed by the president are: Clara Petty, Lila Herndon, and Hulda Jones, all of the Senior class.





LONGING FOR BASEBALL.

We're through with hearing and seeing
 The football's rowdy play,
 And we long for our baseball season,
 Which isn't so far away.
 Our crack-a-jack old players,
 Who start from the first to mop,
 At last, when the season's over
 Will wave Durham's name on top.

* * *

Mr. — (on English)—“ Marvin, give a famous saying of Washington.”

M. M.—“ First in war, first in peace, first give me liberty or give me death.”

* * *

THE SAME THING

The X--Widow—“ You can't say that I ever ran after you.”

Percival—“ Very true, Hypatia; the trap never runs after the rat, but it gathers him in, all the same.”—Ex.

ENNUI.

Tommy—"Pop, what is ennui?"

Father—"My son, ennui is a disease that attacks the people who are so lazy that they get tired of resting."

* * *

THE SHY BOARDER

If landladies served flying fish,
I do believe, by jing,
That every time they passed the dish
I'd only get a wing.

Oh, well! that's one of many things!
There still is this, by heck!
Although a flying fish has wings,
It hasn't any neck!

* * *

Mr. — (on History)—"Theodore, how did the Puritans like those laws that were made?"

T. Y.—"They did not like them, so they emigrated to New England on foot."

* * *

HE KNEW

Mr. — (on History)—"Bernice, where is New England?"

B. R.—"Up there—you know where it is. Up there, just this side the Netherlands."

* * *

When a young man tells a girl that she is pretty, she proceeds to give an imitation of being surprised.

* * *

WARNING

Courtships, of all ships,
Are fickle, my boy;
It may be a derelict
Or a transport of joy.

If the maid in the case
Loves a pet dog, beware!
For your courtship will turn
To a bark of despair.—Ex.

The fruits of labors are found on indus-trees.

* * *

HE TOLD HER

She—"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place, and prevents it from falling?"

He—"I think it must be the beams."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. — (on History)—"How is agriculture carried on in the West?"

B. A.—"By irritating the land."

* * *

DAUNTLESS

"He cleared the sill with a bound and vanished in the darkness," related Romance breathlessly.

"But," scoffed Realism, "only a moment ago he was riveted to the spot. Did he file the rivets?"

"Oh, no!" rejoined Romance, nothing daunted. "Fortunately, it was only a small spot, so that by superhuman effort he wrenched it loose and carried it along with him."

* * *

If a scholar meet a teacher

After the 2:30 bell;

If the scholar smiles at teacher

Need the teacher tell?

* * *

H. A.—"Do you believe in making a genuflection before you enter your pew?"

B. C.—"Mercy; No! If I have genuflections to make about people I always do it outside the church."

* * *

Small Elmer—"Papa, give me a nickle?"

Father—"Why, Elmer; you are most too old to be begging for a nickle."

Small Elmer—"I guess you're right, Papa. Make it a dime."

—Ex.

* * *

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed little Margie, upon seeing a dray loaded with hides passing the house. "There's a man with a whole stock of cow's overcoats!"

A SORROWFUL SONG

"Dear heart," he whispered
Soft and low,
"Come, come to me;
I love you so!"

"Haste, gentle heart—
Be not afraid."
The dealer dealt—
He caught a "spade"

* * *

"All the world's a stage," quoted one misanthrope.

"Yes," replied another, "and it's the same old story—a lot o' fellers that's cut out fer supers is trying fer star."—Ex.

* * *

"Are these socks all wool, young man?"

"I—er—don't think so, sir. They are marked 'half hose' in the box."

* * *

"The Arcade has grown bum; I do not go these days."

"Don't go! Why, goodness knows you're missing half your life."

* * *

Professor—"Why did you come to college, anyway? You are not studying."

Student—"Well, mother says it is to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry; Pa, to bankrupt the family."

* * *

MR. TIGHTWAD

He sympathized with Sorrow's band;
His heart "went out," but not his hand.

He even wept when times grew worse,
But kept a tight grip on his purse.

And then, at last, one day he died,
And journeyed to the other side;

Where Satan said to him: "How 'do?
I've got a warm-ish place for you."—Ex.

The man who was wedded to an opinion found himself married to a one eyed dear (one idea).

* * *

Aeroplanes, and all other kinds of airships, are doing good service, if nothing else can be said to their praise. They are making a great many people look up — Heavenward — that are not in the habit of looking higher than their breeches' pockets.

* * *

Adam—"What are you thinking about?"

Eve—"I'm wondering if you and I couldn't play a two-handed game of something for the world's championship."—Ex.

* * *

O'ercome by cares,
He said, "good night;"
Then all his heirs
Began to fight.

The fight went on
A year or so;
The lawyers got
Most all the "dough."—Ex.

* * *

Wife—"Oh! But I got taken in when I married you, you wretch!"
Husband—"Yes; out of the cold."—Ex.

* * *

Ticket-seller—"How many?"

Absent-minded Student—"Two, standing room—together."—Ex.

* * *

"What is a vaudeville?"

"The Arcade."

* * *

"Does your wife want to go to the polls and vote?"

"No, sir; If Henrietta casts a vote it'll be important enough to have the polls brought around to the house when she sends for 'em."—Ex.

* * *

When suffragettes get in power the office may really seek the man, simply because it is trying to dodge the woman.

* * *

"Why does a hen cross the road?"

"To avoid getting into the chicken pie."—Ex.

ANYBODY HERE SEEN CARSON?

Has anybody here seen Carson,
C-a-rs-on?
Has anybody here seen Carson?
The one who the honors won.
His hair is yellow and his eyes are blue,
He's a smart boy through and through;

Has anybody here seen Carson,
The one who the honors won?

* * *

Why does Ellen wish to change her name?

Don't look for intellect: it is always the goose that lays the
golden egg.—Bennie R.

* * *

When examinations come, they come also in battalions.

* * *

MR. O. WATT BLISS

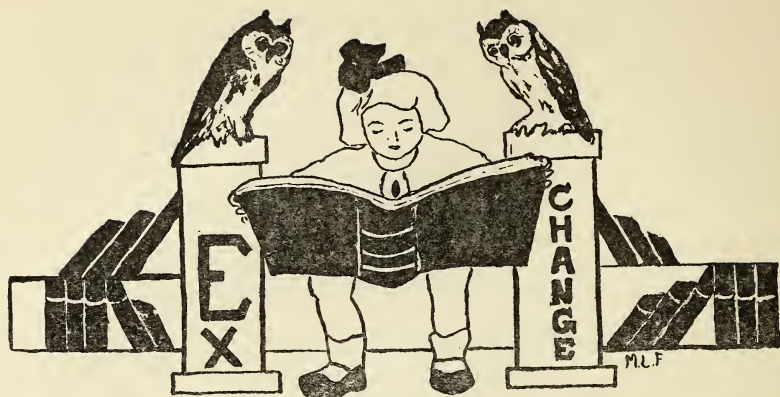
Mr. O. Watt Bliss was a good old man;
His home was in a tomato can;
He lived there forever, night and day;
He wouldn't leave that can for pay.

This good old man had a son named Snip,
Who had long ears that went flippity flip.
He cut them off one day because
Those long old ears caused much applause.

One night he went to see his girlie;
He stayed 'till midnight — then 'twas early.
She said to him, "Oh! what Bliss!"
He answered this remark with a kiss.

Then he arose to go, and said "good-bye,"
For now the sun was rather high.
He went back to his tomato can,
And there grew up as a gentleman.

—Gladys Tuck, '14.



We find the following exchanges with much pleasure on our shelves this month: The Occident, Maize and Blue, St. John's Gazette, The College Message, The University of North Carolina Magazine, High School Union,, High School Monthly, The High School Student, Park School Gazette, The Almanack, The Budget, State Normal Magazine, The Philograph, Gluck Auf, The Round-Up, The Dragon, High School Enterprise, The Virginian, The Black Board, The Columbian, St. Mary's Muse.

Since the last shall be first, we mention St. Mary's Muse. This magazine, as usual, has many good stories and poems, and the school spirit so vividly shown is certainly to be commended.

Hearty congratulations to The High School Enterprise for such a fine issue. It is the best we have received from you this year. Your Literary Department is so full of good stories and poems! Your other departments are up to their usual standard, also. The poem, "Borneo," is exceptionally good. We have nothing but praise for you.

The Dragon's cover design is quite fitting to its name. The Literary Department is not so full. We miss the poetry. Both stories, "Heroes of the Sea" and "Memoirs of an Academy Student," are very well written.

Round-Up, the more we see of you the more we think of you. Your Literary Department, as well as other departments, is very good, but the material might be somewhat better arranged.

We congratulate the staff of Gluck Auf on getting out such a good weekly paper, but we think some original stories would add interest and break the monotony of so much localism.

The Philograph is to be commended for its productions, but we would like to suggest that more cuts would add quality to the general appearance, and more jokes would furnish humor and fun for the reader.

The Literary Department of The Park School Gazette is fuller than usual this month. "How Annie Outwitted Her Rival" is a story with a strong plot, and it is especially well developed. A more complicated cover design, and the removal of "The Contents" to the inside, would greatly improve the outside appearance of the magazine.

We would like to suggest that The High School Student place some cuts at the heads of the different departments appropriate to their contents. If they would separate the Exchanges from the Jokes it would increase the accurateness of the arrangement.

We received this month the best copy of the Almanack which we have had the pleasure of reviewing this year. The Literary Department is fuller, and the department headings and illustrations represent the literature well.

The Occident is up to its usual standard this month for good stories and poetry. "Jack Raymond's Senior Year" is especially well written.

The Maize and Blue is a new exchange on our list, and it will please us greatly to exchange with this efficient magazine. There are two criticisms we would like to make, and they are: There are not very good headings to the different departments, and the poetry is lacking in the magazine, also.

The Virginian is so much better this month than it usually is, and we are especially well pleased to see the "pretty" little poem "The Daisy." It proves to us that some one up there can write good poetry, so keep it up.

The stories in The Black Board, although their plots are elementary, are very well written. Their Exchange Department is one of the best in all our exchange list.

The cuts in The Columbian are very good, indeed, what there are. But there might be more added, as well as each department might be increased.

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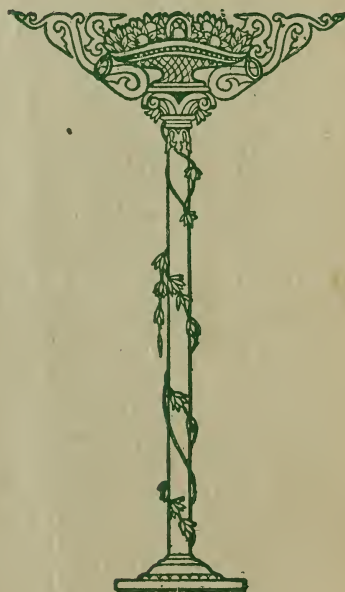
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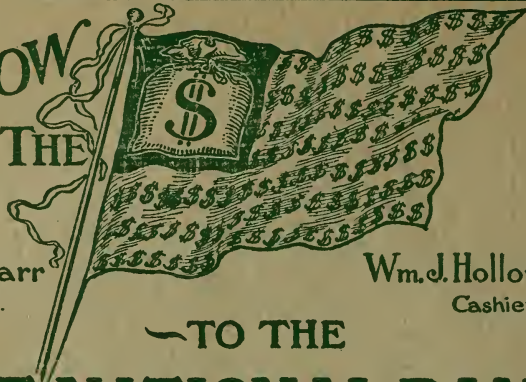
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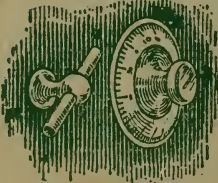
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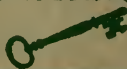
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