THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The importance of the Normal School lies, not in the heavy bearing upon our political-socio-institutional frame, but in the people as a whole. We have not yet fully realized the advantages of the Normal School, and the people involved in it are trained men for filling the places of leaders in all fields. They are fitted for fixing the standards of society and social institutions, a place that can be filled by no one. It must rest with the State, the State has to give in the way of education. The needs of the people demand it, and the State must recognize the standards set in the Normal School.

Furthermore, the Normal School can fill the place of the University. The needs of the people demand it. Its standards must be raised higher, and they will be. It will then more completely fill its great place among the educational institutions of our State.

-Schmal und der vordr schmiles mit you,
Laugh und der vordr will roar.
Howl und der vordr will leaf you
Und neffer come pack enny more.

Nod all of you vot peen hand lying.
Nod all of you wear goot clothes.
But a schmiles not expensive.
Und it covers a vordr of voices.

Found in parasols and umbrellas. Adams store.

The Normal School is a place that can be filled by no other. In it are trained men for filling the places of leaders in all the great lines of human endeavor, those men without whom the progress of humanity would indeed be slow. But the great mass of mankind, those who do the work of the world and keep the giant wheels of industry in motion; those on whom, after all, must rest the burdens of society and the state, must receive their training in what has been designated as the common schools, which are very significant, at least as to constitution and work, a product of the Normal school.

Samantha on Matrimony.

Bill Shakespeare sed mattrimoni should mean a happy union of to soles. He did not say what it should mean if it wuz an unhappi un. I no tho'--it means a divorce. Sumbdody else sed mattrimoni is a lottery--an he was not fur wrong. In this day when the girls were hare that ain't theirs an a drug-store complexum, and the boys eat dope to kill there booze or baccy breath yu don't no what yu are likely to marri. But, yu say they don't all du thet. No thes a fact, they don't, all du quite thet bad. But they as don't are to smart to bother their heds over mattrimoni. That's the reason I didn't marri, and I had a chancet to, once.

Another philosofer sed mattrimoni is just like human natur. All thet are not marrried wunter be and all that air wish they wuz not.

That ain't altogether true, either. I ain't marrried an I don't want to neither. I am going to be a real ole made an then all my bruthers an sissays, my cuzins an ants, unkeles an ole sweethearts will see which can treet me nicest so's to get a share of my money when I am plante. But I'll fool all the scheming tricksters. Instead of leaving my money for them to quarl an fite over, I'll leave it to found a Home for Antequated Cats an Lap Dogs. You may wonder what thet. Wal, it's a place for cats an dogs thot has grown to old for there mistreses to keer fur, so they'll just send the poor dears to my home where they'll be scientifically treated an given a decent burial. In this home I'll have a museum where there will be a specimen of each years style of hats an high-heel shoes that the gurls are now proud of. In after years when my name is forgotten it will be interesting for the people to go thru this room roamin in round gaspin an exclaimin at what their ancestors wore.

SHE SCARED HIM

Bashful Clerk (to lady in the music store)--Err, something, ma'am?
Lady--"Yes I want 'Put your Arms Around Me Honey,' please."
Exit clerk.

Mr. Erney (in Math. 9)--Oh, I wrote five pages!
Miss Sayers (to the class)--"Well, well, if Mr. Erney wrote five pages on Math. 9 what would he write to his sweetheart?"
Mr. E.--"Why, Miss Sayers, I wouldn't have time to write anything."
N O R M A L  S T A R
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To Our Teachers and Students:

This issue of The Star marks the turning point in its career. After this week's paper The Star will be on its home stretch. We do not say that it has reached its zenith, for we hope it has not. We think though that it is rising higher and higher and that its rays are being seen brighter and farther away as each week slips by.

We trust that in your estimation our time and efforts have not thus far been spent in vain. We hope that we have given you reading matter that was worth while, some that made you forget your troubles and we dare to hope there was something that you really enjoyed reading. If we have done that much thro' the Stars' columns we are satisfied.

We wish to thank you for your loyal support to the paper. Students and teachers—as busy as they are—all have given us encouragement and good wishes. When soliciting material we have never experienced any trouble—all are willing to contribute when asked, while some have contributed voluntarily. We realize long ago that your help was absolutely necessary to The Star's success. Such being the case you have an equal share in wishing for it continued life and usefulness.

Johnny

They were strolling leisurely across the rocky hillside from the science hall to the main building. They had been leisurely discussing the joys and sorrows of summer normal life.

"Oh say Johnny, you're just the man!" Dorothy suddenly announced. She's rather strong on Algebra aren't you?

"Well yes," replied Johnny rising to his full height and expanding his chest. Algebra always came rather easy for me. But why do you ask?"

"My roommate was telling me this morning that she would have to get a coach in algebra. And she thought since I had been here before, I would know better whom to get. So you're just the fellow I'm looking for! I'll tell Mary about you as soon as I get home. Say you'll do it, won't you? Oh, don't say no!"

"Say no? The very idea!" she thought. "The very same girl he was on the train with all the way from Taylor, and wasn't he just dying to talk to her all the time? And didn't he see her the next day at school when she turned around and looed at him? And didn't he ask her to the dance?"

"What is her name?" asked Johnny, "Dorothy call her 'Mary' as they walked down the hall?"

Now he was to have the opportunity to be with her for at least one hour. Just the two under the shade of a tree on the hillside, or in a vacant classroom, or perhaps in the semi-darkness of a boarding house parlor. Could it be he, Johnny Timpson, who was to realize this dream? Say no? Not if he failed to get his own certificate; not if...

"Well Johnny, it takes you a long time to make up your mind. You must be going to say no!"

"Oh I, really I beg your pardon: I was just wondering what period would be most convenient. You see I have a rather full program, but I think I can arrange a period for her!"

"All right, then, I'll tell her to see you tomorrow. Goodness, there's the bell! I've got to hurry or I'll be late for class, and you know what that means in Miss Sayers' room."

The next day was ideal. It seemed to Johnny that he had never seen the sky so blue; the birds too, sang as they had never done before. "I told her and she said she'd see you this morning!" Dorothy said as she passed him on the hillside. Everything was lovely!

Yes, there she was just out side the entrance. Johnny's heart began to thump at an enormous rate. How lithe, how fair how girlish she was. But what business could Dick Dotson have with her? Goodness, they were coming this way!

"Oh, Mr. Dotson, won't you help me work those algebra problems in today's lesson? I couldn't get a one last night."

Mary plaintively asked, and she looked longingly at him from the corners of her eyes.

"Nothing could give me more pleasure, Miss Lawrence," said Dick and he ushered her over to the stone wall.

Poor Johnny stood speechless. The earth seemed to be giving way under his feet and he was going down, down...

"Is this Mr. Timpson?" a small, piping voice with a nasal twang brought Johnny to him self again. Johnny turned and faced the owner of the voice.

Heaven! Of all the faces he had ever seen this was the limit.

She was tall and angular; her face was thin and sharp; upon her long nose rested a pair of rimmed spectacles; and her straight red hair was done in a knot, about the size of a dollar, on the back of her head.

"Why really I ah, yes, I am Timpson" he stammered.

"Dorothy said you would coach me in algebra," she piped "and I've come to ask you about it."

"I beg your pardon. What is the name?" asked Johnny.

"Mary Jones. Didn't Dorothy tell you? Now how like her to do a thing like that."

So this was the Mary Dorothy meant. There was his Mary setting with Dick Dotson on the rock wall. Perhaps he would never get to meet her Coach this old maid? Not if he knew himself.

"Why really Miss Jones, I just took two new courses today and...

Johnny was gone. He rushed madly into the crowd and was lost. The bell had rung for the first period.

White Shoes.

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Some Interesting Speeches.

As announced in the various papers of San Marcos, Mrs. Curtis of Waco delivered a series of speeches and lectures here June 22 and 23.

She spoke Thursday night to a full house at the Methodist Church. Friday morning she delivered an excellent twenty minute talk to the Normal students in the auditorium. We wish we were able to give that speech word for word, but we are unable to do so.

Mrs. Curtis other engagements here were a special meeting Friday morning at ten o’clock and one that night at the Tabernacle.

All who heard her say she handled her subjects well, indeed she needs no commendation at our hands. Suffice it to say that she is one of Texas best prohibition speakers; and you, reader, may draw your own conclusions.

Coleman-Thomas

Last Sunday evening at six o’clock Miss Bee Thomas and Mr. Frank Coleman were happily united in marriage by Rev. Neal of Prospect Hill Baptist Church at the home of the bride’s sister, Mrs. Lula Bowin of San Antonio.

While Miss Catherine Bowin, the accomplished niece of the bride, played Mendelssohn’s wedding March, the bride entered the room on the arm of her brother Judge Atha Thomas of Cotulla and met the groom and the minister at the altar, where she was given away by her brother. During the ceremony Miss Bowin played a Reverie.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left on the North bound Katy for San Marcos.

The bride is a teacher in the San Marcos Public Schools and is now attending the Southwest Texas Summer Normal.

The groom is a student in the Theological Department of Baylor University at Waco.

The “Star” joins their many friends in hearty congratulations.

L. H.

Merely a Dream

I dreamed one night that a large part of the teachers of Texas are just teaching for the little sum of money they draw, or use it as a stepping stone to something higher. Then I thought what an awful thing it is to rob the poor school children of the money that justly belongs to them just to satisfy the greed of the person pretending to teach them. Again I thought that the teachers who are using teaching as a stepping stone would probably crush the higher aims and noble ambitions of some child which would otherwise have been untold good to the world.

With this thought running through my mind I almost woke up. How I wished that all the teachers of Texas who do not labor with a burning desire to cause the moral uplift of all pupils under their control and direction would earnestly try to benefit their charges, remembering that the children will grow up as nearly like their teachers as they can be. I awoke just then glad to find that all was a dream.

J. A.

A Student’s Advice.

Run, students of the Normal school
And point to me the way,
To a boarding house where I may find
A good bed and fare each day.
Now tell me of the course you take,
When in this Normal school;
Do all the students who are here
Always obey the rules?
I do not like to study hard
For fear ‘twill make me ill.
Can there be a Junior here
Who studies when he wills?
If I do not wish to go to class,
When others do recite.
Can I stay in the cloak-room
And make the work alright?
Now as for bed and fare each day,
They are not hard to find;
But if you are a Junior here,
You all the rules must mind.
You’ll find that all the studies here
Require much work and toil;
And if you do the Junior work,
You’ll burn some midnight oil.
And if when others do recite,
At classes you’re not found,
You may be sure that pretty soon
The president will come around.
And if you have not a good excuse,
Or must repeat the cast,
He’ll send you home just as he has
All others in the past.
Now if you’ve a certificate
To be given you next May,
You had better take good advice
And follow it each day.
-A Student.

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The Baptist Academy and
T. G. Harris.

Our honored principal will not leave San Marcos.
San Marcos, June 27—At a meeting of the board of trustees of San Marcos Baptist Academy tonight Principal T. G. Harris of Southwest Texas Normal accepted the presidency of the former institution. This position was offered to him about two weeks ago, but on account of the acceptance of a position at another place he took the matter under consideration. - Ex.

Our best wishes go with him to this new position; and we expect to see the S. M. A. soon become one of the greatest denominational schools in South Texas. Just as the S. W. T. N. has become the greatest Normal in all Texas.

JOKES AND GRINDS.

Annoy Proprietor of a Drug Store—Why did you let that lady leave the store without selling her something?
Clerk-She wanted a parasol that would cover her hat.-G. T. E.

"Do you think your son will forget all he learned at college?" asked a friend.
"I hope so," replied the father, "I don't see how he can earn a living playing football and base ball."

Ask Fred Adams how he enjoyed his plunge bath with all his "Sundays" on at Thompson's Island last week.

ON HIS GUARD
Teacher (to new pupil)—Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?
My Little Man—"For the same reason the 'en crossed the road; you don't catch me with no puzzles.

Question—Has Burnell Kirk's girl gone to the country again?

Who said it was not summer time? When you are in town again, behold those nice watermelons and then recall to your mind some of those melon-moonlight picnics you enjoyed last summer and be happy.

Mr. Coxen has organized the boys, who wish to play, into basket ball, base b'ill games, etc. They meet at the Academy field certain evenings at five o'clock, and anyone wishing to join them may do so.

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