Letter to The Editor.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I thought I'd set down an rite you a few lines to let you know that I got back all right. I haven't been all right ever since I come back tho. I've been having some very tuff times the last few days.

Ye no them fellows what's been runnin' round ever since and a while here on 'em bickies? They come up to my house an called me out and said I was a coward. I said, "No I haint." They said, "Well Stogie, you'll ride that 'air wheel, then want you?" I got on an they give me a sendoff, but I didn't go far, I wuz on top a while an the wheel wuz on the bottom a while. Hit flew the track an broke my smeller against the ground so bad that I had to get the dock to fix it. He had to make me a new one, but he didn't no much 'bout wooden work—he bored the holes crooked, an I can't smell strett. I'll have to let it go tho, for I would look funny with any more holes in my nose.

I went out the other day to try to ketch some bumble bees to tame. I got my hive ready an started to drive them in, an had party good luck till they gin to crawl up long side uv my breeches leg—there they spoiled the job. I quit working with the bees, trying to get them in the hive, an went to workin' with bees trying to get them out of the wrong place. I think they forget where the hive wuz.

Party soon the people that I had the kisderoofoahie, I guess I did, I didn't no much 'bout the surrounding's fer a few minutes.

Well, Mister editor, as candy-datin' time is about here, I thot I'd tell you 'bout me goin' to run fer United States Governor. No one is out fer that office yet, an' if no body else comes out, I think I'll at least run a good race if I don't get there. Don't tell no body about it till I find out whick side of the people is the biggest. Then I'll have you to stike off about a dozen or two tickets for me to give out.

Well I can't write no more so I will close.

Yore big friend,

Stogie.

It is time to have your Xmas pictures and Miller makes the best.

"NOT A THING TO WEAR!"

College Girls, One Says
Don't Have Best Clothes Any More

Little Distinction Between Class Room and "Sunday" Gowns, Now—And What Poor Taste Some Girls Show in Their Everyday Dress

(A Suggestion from the Domestic Art Department)

Too many girls, these days, lack a saving sense of the eternal fitness of things. Silk dresses elaborate blouses made with low neck and short sleeves, picture hats with sweeping willow plumes, and velvet shoes are out of place in the classroom as in the kitchen. But some girls wear them, and their classmates, with smaller means suffer envious heartburnings or wear cheap imitations of finery.

Where cheap finery begins, neatness stop. Too often the velvet shoes are run down at the heels, the silk waists are soiled and spotted, and the lace ruffles are torn in several places. But the girl who wears them doesn't care. She has permitted her standards of dress to become as cheap and draggled as her finery.

No woman is really educated until she has learned the secret of good dressing. Simplicity of cut and trimming, quite, harmonizing colors, and absolute neatness in all details are the marks of dress by which real gentle-women are known. The college where girls do not learn these things has failed in one purpose.

A Recent Happening

At one of the boarding houses, one night, a discussion like this was heard. "If a horse is an animal, and an animal is a quadruped, the horse is a quadruped." One of the boys, not being satisfied with this reasoning, asked, "Is a cow a quadruped?" Whereupon, Mr. Williams made the startling statement, "No a cow is a biped. Don't you know she has two horns?"
Lack of Knowledge.

Some boys and girls are bright and smart, but folks can see at once, that I am a backward student, a perfect little dunce. All my teachers try so hard to get things in my head, but in a second I forget just every word that's said.

Memory, Association and Perception are things Miss Shippe holds up to me. She gives a lesson twice a week, but it wouldn't hurt if she gave three. I've listened to her now for weeks and listened to her good, but don't know if Memory and Perception are imaginations or some new breakfast food. They might have been for all I know, a woman or a man, or maybe its some patent stuff that comes packed in a box. Oh I'd like to do as Miss Shippe says, but I can't see, because I never heard of Perception and I don't know what it was.

Mr. Thomas talks of Lyceida, Macbeth, and of Caesar, and he talks on by the hour, and when he skews those names, his voice has majesty and power. He shakes with fierce excitement as he walks that Normal floor. But the only Caesar that I know is the dog that lives next door. If Macbeth was a man, a dog, door or my head, it is too thick to learn. My brains they never knew. Oh! I'd like to imitate them, but I can't see, because I never heard of "Sneezer" and I don't know how he was.

Mr. Brown talked to-day of prisms and pyramids, and my how his tongue did run, but I knew no more when he got through than when he first began. He mentioned something about lateral edges but my brains are so slow. Whether they are parallel or perpendicular I'm bothered if I know. A prism may have been an Englishman a Russian or a Turk, perhaps he was some lazy man who wouldn't go to work. O, I'd like to do what Mr. Brown says, but I can't see, because I never heard of a pyramid and I don't know who he was.

Mr. Birdwell says I ought to study hard and for next lesson be able to tell about tariff and slavery. I think that that's the name, I'd like to do as Mr. Birdwell says, but I can't see, because I never heard of tariff slavery and I don't know who he was.

Heat of fusion, heat Vaporization, Monastic and Chivalric education are very hard to see, and Mr. Evans and Mr. Miller try their best to make these things very plain to me.

Miss Halm and Miss Berry try to teach me how to cook and sew, but I never get any thing done because I am so awfully slow. O knowledge is the thing I want, for knowledge I lack, but its impossible to study hard with boxes of examinations piled up in a stack. So no wonder I'm a dance and all my brains are in a wreck. When the ending of the first term is right behind my back.

Have your first film developed free at the Brill Art Studio above Johnson Bros North side square.

Dr. Werblin optician who will be in San Marcos at Dr. Hons' office December 4 and 5, has been making regular visits here the last ten years. His work has proven satisfactory in all cases. He guarantees his glasses to relieve headache and all ailments caused by eye strain and carries the latest improved seamless bifocal lenses, also the latest in Sham-on nose glasses.

STOLEN--A gentleman's heart, just as good as new. Liberal reward will be paid by Lee Hensley.

Get the films for your next Kadaking trip at J. A. Taylor's and write home about it on Normal stationary.

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is the result of combining proper material, proper workmanship and proper fit. We guarantee all these; a call will convince you.

$15.00 to $40.00
Best Shoes on Earth
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Swell line of Hats, Trousers and furnishings.

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What advantage is there in buying there? Every advantage the reputation we have for carrying only the best goods, our courteous treatment, our low prices, and your satisfaction.
A Kind Suggestion

My dear Mr. Bennett, of course we all sympathize with you. You have a hand to win and must win it: you had a heart to gain and have gained it. The lady is true is much older than yourself; but, Mr. Bennett, do not give up—there are ways to succeed yet. We suggest that you regularly attend the English class for the next month and give good attention. That month will seem to you as four years, if not much more. These four years added to your tender years of youth will no doubt make you feel old enough to accomplish your purpose. Strange but true.

The Kozey Theatre announces to their Normal friends that they will be in the Voges building between postoffice and First National Bank, after Dec. 8. Their usual good show will be continued. We want student piano players for special occasions. Apply any night at Theatre.

Some of our students have discovered a new interpretation of the teachers' method of grading papers. A—awful B—bad C—considered D—dandy E—excellent F—fine G—good

We notice a good many "dandy" papers.

A NARROW ESCAPE

A junior who went to Austin to hear the great singer, gives the following account of his trip. "The singing was sure fine, but we hadn't more than landed when we heard the small-pox was in town and they were taking of canteening it. We couldn't enjoy the music, thinking that a policeman would ask if we had been assassinated, and as neither of us had been assassinated, we hurried to the train. After we got on the train, and were congratulating ourselves on our luck in not being canteened, a fellow spoke up and said there wasn't any small-pox in Austin at all, but just some mild cases of celluloid."

Miller's Studio Monday 9 to 11:45 a. m. $5.00 photos for $8.00 and $8.00 photos $10.00. November 20 only.
Subscribers.
This issue ends the Star for the first term of school. If you are not paid up for the full year, please do this at once if you expect your paper. The present law will not permit us to send the paper beyond the expiration of your subscription if we were inclined to do so. Fifty cents will bring all the 'Normal' news to your door. Please see to your subscription at once.

A New Dish.
Say, have you noticed Randolph Sanders lately? If you haven't, get busy, for he will soon be devoured. We have—
Randolph on toast,
Sanders in pie,
Randolph for roast,
And Sanders to fry,
Randolph pickled,
Sanders raw,
Randolph cooked,
And Sandersraw.
Randolph tender,
Randolph tough,
Sanders, Sanders, Sanders,
And now we have enou-h.
A. Man.

Taylor's drug store North side of plaza, has the latest in Normal stationery. See it.

Actual Occurrence.
Miss N. — "Have I enough powder on my nose?
Miss M. — "No."
Miss N. — "What shall I do? I know it is as red as a beet!"
Miss M. — "I tell you what. When I went back in Mr. Thompson's private office to see about my theme, he was not there; but I saw a powder rag on his desk. Maybe, if you sneak in there you will find the powder and mirror too. He surely has them, if he keeps a powder rag."
Miss B. G. — "Did any of you girls ever drink any acetic acid?"
Miss A. Stevens — "Of course!"
Miss G. — "Well, did you ever drink any prussic acid?"
Miss Stevens (disdainfully) — "Loa of it."
Dr. L. Werblin will be in San Marcos at Dr. Hons office December 4 and 5.

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Have the goods, and will not be undersold. Special prices on all Shoes. See the special value in Ladies 16 button brown boot at.

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Next door West of State Bank & Trust Co. Phop. 200

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We need the money. You need the protection.
Capi-tal $50,000.

Y. W. C. A. Convention.
The State Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association in Texas is in session at Fort Worth Friday, Saturday and Sunday of this week. There are twenty student Y. W. C. A's in Texas, and City Associations in Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston, San Antonio and El Paso, each of which will be represented at this convention. The central office is in Austin, 2007 University Avenue, with Miss Mabel E. Stafforff as Executive Secretary, and Miss Helen Knox, Student Secretary.

Miss Kathleen Compton, president of the Young Women's Christian Association, and Miss Lucy Schwab, chairman of the Membership Committee, will be in Fort Worth this week, as delegates to the State Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association of Texas.