Mr. Sallee Speaks at Y. W. C. A.

The last meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was conducted by Rev. Sallee and Mrs. Sallee, missionaries from China, who are now back in America for a visit. There were about five hundred people present, including the members of the Y. W. C. A. from Coral Institute and the Baptist Academy.

Mrs. Sallee gave a very interesting talk on Chinese customs, discussing the manner of dress and the practices of foot-binding. Rev. Sallee talked of the various reform movements now in progress. Among these were the moral, political, educational, and industrial reforms. Rev. Sallee told of the great work that is being done among the Chinese and also, the work that is still to be done by missionaries. This meeting was very instructive as well as interesting.

Comenian Society

The Comenians met Saturday, Jan. 29, with their usual amount of interest. Each girl is doing her best to make the society what a society should be. Our study for the year is China, and with this interesting subject, our programs are necessarily attractive. Included in our programs are talks on China, music, reading, and parliamentary drills. We are also enjoying a course of readings by Miss Hornsby, our sponsor. These are apertaining to our subject and are instructive, as well as entertaining, and are enjoyed by every Comenian.

SHAKESPEARE'S REPORT.

The grand old Shakespeares are still maintaining the great standard of excellence that they have always had. Everyone is doing her best not only to keep up this standard, but to excel all previous records. Of course, we shall be able to do so.

At our last meeting we had our regular election of officers, and then decided to have an entertainment on the 22nd of February. Of course this will prove a grand success since Miss Hines is supervising. The officers elected were as follows:

President—Miss Edith Byrton
Vice-President—Miss Mamie Rhodes
Secretary—Miss Madie Hollins
Treasurer—Miss Susan Hall
Critic—Miss Cade
Stage Manager—Miss Hines
Star Reporter—Miss Alma Copelin
Pedagogue Editor—Miss Jessie Barnes

IDYLLIC.

At the last meeting of the Idyllic Society, the following officers were installed:

President—Martha Pollard
Vice-President—Loneilce Hamblen
Secretary—Bettie Curry
Treasurer—Alice Atkinson
Critic—Alice Schley
Recorder—Margie Harvey
Senior Warden—Irma Allsup
Junior Warden—Vi rgie Lee Johnson

After the installation an interesting program was rendered, bearing on our May Day which is the study of the Society for the year. Miss Curry and Allsup discussed “What Kind of Plants to Use in the School-room,” and “Seed-time and Planting.” Miss White gave a very delightful talk on the “Ethical Values of Flower.”

H. B. L. S. REPORT.

Having lost my pen and yet being requested by our editor to send in a report, I plucked a tail feather from a large turkey gobbler, and with the clever use of my pocket knife made a most beautiful and perfect pen. Though it is beautiful and perfect, I fear it is not durable, hence, I will only give a list of the names of our officers elected for the third and fourth quarters. It is as follows:

Third Quarter:
President—O. B. King
Vice-President—H. O. Harrison
Secretary—J. K. Montgomery
Asst. Secretary—A. O. Lee
Treasurer—Sherman Culwell
Sergeant-at-Arms—S. D. Jones
Tellers—R. B. Montgomery, and L. C. McDonald
Critic—D. Rankin
Chaplin—R. B. Ivey

Fourth Quarter:
President—R. B. Ivey
Vice-President—A. B. Carrall
Secretary—De Witt Neighbors
Asst. Secretary—Hoy Chaddick
Treasurer—D. M. Harrison
Sergeant-at-Arms—O. B. King

Tellers—Tom Harris, and J. H. Rankin
Critic—A. E. Zellers
Chaplin—Sherman Culwell

RUSTON REPORT GREATLY STIMULATES Y. W. C. A. WORK

On the first Thursday afternoon of the new year the Y. M. C. A. met and heard Mr. Ivey’s report from the Ruston Conference. He was very enthusiastic and showed that he had been diligently at work while there trying to get something of worth to bring back to us. That he succeeded in what he desired is manifest among the Y. M. C. A. students toward our Association work.

At his suggestion, the President called a meeting of the cabinet, which made more effective plans for Bible study. We have organized several Bible study classes which are to meet weekly at different boarding houses. A large enrollment in these classes has already been secured, yet we want every member of the Association to join one of them.

We shall continue our devotional meetings on each Thursday afternoon. The programs will be interesting. The program committee expects to secure, from time to time, the services of competent men who will give us some practical addresses.

If you are not a member of the Y. M. C. A., you should join the Association at once, for you need a part in the work it is doing. You cannot afford to go through school and miss the opportunities for service and for self-development that the Y. M. C. A. offers. At any rate, investigate the work and the possibilities of our Association, and be astounded at your indifference toward it.

A FEW PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR AS OBSERVED BY A JUNIOR.

“There is not nothing much more In there”—Mr. Thomas.
“I have saw”—Miss Butler.
“Thou dost”—Mr. White.
“That’s a good ‘un”—Mr. Nelson.
“I have rode”—Miss Butler.
“I have took”—Mr. Thomas.
A mixed metaphor: “When the United States was a young lady just in her short trowsers—and”—Mr. Berdwell.

Geometry students are now using a new reference. It is “Iope” Brown.
THE CAUSE OF DELAY.

We regret that the Star has been delayed since Christmas, but it was an unavoidable delay. The cause was not with the management, but the printer. The office did not have a full corps of men after Christmas on account of the sickness of one of the managing printers and therefore could not do our work. However, we hoped to be able to secure service there soon as he got well, but could not. Last week Mr. Jones, our business manager, made a deal with another company, so now we hope to have no more delay. Everybody is invited to send in something.

LOOK FOR THE HUMP.

Debating is in the air. Look in the corners at all seasonable times and you will find a group of young men discussing. Ten to one they are discussing Denon or Canyon. Surely, that is quite as it should be. The student who is not interested in the two great contests that are to come off in April, to add further glory to the good old Maroon and Gold banner (and we found a Freshman the other day, also, who knew not that Maroon and Gold were the colors of the Normal), and in the two good teams that are to fight for the victory needs a good jolting up. The Star proposes to help in the jolting. And, by the way, we found a Junior the other day who did not know that Garrett and Gammell are the Denontes (thanks to Mr. Fletcher for teaching us that word), and Zellers and Cherry were the Canyon City. Don’t forget it, dear Junior.

More about discussing. We found a group of boys at it the other day, and when we found what they were discussing we nearly fell over in a dead faint. They were calmly arguing the advisability of restricting immigration! But worse is yet to come. We walked over to the library and sat near two others. They were discussing the merits of a two-session day for the Normal schools, and exchanging opinions on the value of the brief in argument. Surely, the day of the “equal voice” has come. And, also, the day of awakening for the student who has been saying verbally and actually, “It does not matter to me how things may be at the Normal just so I get my certificate.” We ought to discuss all those things that pertain to us here and then give some thought to the things that are happening in the big world outside. It is better than explaining every ten minutes, “I’m scared to death we’ll have a gulf in the middle of it today,” etc.

Let’s discuss. The editorial columns of the Star are open to any sane discussion of any vital question. Let’s discuss.

LOOK FOR THE HUMP.

It is one of the things that make life worth living to see people have one another and not be ashamed to show it. That is what several of us thought the other morning when Mr. Fletcher was seen upon the platform. The faculty wore the smile that won’t rub off; the students gave the ovation that they accord only to their favorites; and Mr. Fletcher looked the same as ever. Of course he had to make a speech, and of course the students went into an ecstasy of applause the minute he opened his mouth,—and before he said a word. They always will, somehow. They appreciated his secret, which the Star would not dare divulge. It only extends good wishes to Mr. Fletcher and congratulations on his prosperous look. He is actually getting fat.

Many of the most handsomely young men of the student body are filled with Leap Year hopes. Ladies, do not disappoint them. Perhaps the Bulletin Board might be used to an advantage, girls.

Mr. Vernon (entering the University)—“May I see my father’s room?” He was in the class of ’75.

University Professor—“Certainly, what for?”

Mr. Vernon—“He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, and I wish to know just how far I may go.”

They met in the parlor,—just the three. He, the electric light and she. Two is company, three is a crowd; that’s why the light went out.

Keeton Griffin Company

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100 Beautiful Patterns to Select From.

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And have it made just as you want it. Come in, look them over.

Geo. M. Edge

NEXT TO ROYAL CAFE.

H. BREVARD CO.

“Your Store”

JUST LOTS OF NEW SPRING GOODS PASSING INTO EVERY DEPARTMENT OF THE BIG DAYLIGHT STORE.

H. BREVARD CO.
EXCHANGES.

We are glad to have on our exchange list this week a few good school journals. All schools supporting a publication are cordially invited to our table.

The "Journal" from our sister normal, Denton, is very artistic in design and also contains some good matter.

The "Algon" from the East Central State Normal at Oklahoma, is good. We are glad to have exchanges from any school in our sister states.

Two other publications, "The Nilt" from Weatherford, and the "Hissacho" from San Antonio, Texas, are excellent high school publications.

In Drawing Class.

Mr. Martin—Those are cedar trees, Miss Pearall.

Miss Pearall—Well, I'm certainly glad you told me.

Too True.

Mr. Standfield—They say that an apple a day will keep the doctor away.

Mr. T. M.—Oh, better than that, an onion a day will keep everybody away.

Freshman Class Yell.

Ching-a-lac! Ching-a-lac!

Chow! Chow! Chow!

Boom-a-lac! Boom-a-lac!

Bow! Bow! Bow!

Boom-a-lac! Ching-a-lac!

Clap! Boom! Bang!

N-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o Freshmen!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gilmore—What would you say if I should kiss you?

His beloved—Why would it be necessary to say anything?

Ignorance.

Miss Y.—Irving, spell "ferment." and give its meaning.

Irving—For-meant, ferment, to work.

Miss Y.—Use it in a sentence.

Irving—In summer I would rather play ball than ferment in school.

Four legions will march out in line, Keeping step most all the while.

First the Seniors with chest expanded,

Next the Juniors brave and candid,

Then the Freshmen staunch and true,

And what came next nobody knew. (Irregular.)

Quite matchless are her dark brown eyes,

She talks with utmost ease.

And when I tell her she is y e s.

She says I am a t t t.

But when her pencil I would u u u,

Her little hand I c c c.

Quick from her cheeks the blushes oo oo oo,

And her anger I must a p p p.

To Her.

A little piece of paper,

When hid behind my hand,

Helps me to know my lesson,

And get marks that are grand.

WANTED—To know why the Freshmen do not want to take Geography.

—A Junior.

Because the Freshmen are known by their Geographies.

Senior—Well, I guess I will have to study some, this term.

Junior—Why don't you get married?

"Pitching dollars" in the principal game of the day. The girls wonder how the boys can enjoy this so much when they (the girls) must look longingly out at their study windows.

A pretty Junior girl remarked that she was going to specialize in Domestic Science. We wonder if her certificate is going to do her any good?

WELL! WHERE ARE YOU?

What dire offence from anurch canst spring. What horrible results from little things.—Pope.

Last evening, I was talking with an editor young and gay, Who told me of a dream he had, I think 'twas Christmas day—

While snoozing before his "Star o' Hope."

The vision came to view,

Twas a bright and shining angel

Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the Angel, "I'm from Heaven, The Lord has sent me down To bring you up to glory, And put on your golden crown; For you've been a friend to the Normal, And worked hard night and day, You've credited your paper to hundreds, Though from few received your pay, "So we want you up in glory, For you have labored hard; And the good Lord is preparing Your eternal just reward." Then the Angel and the Editor Started up toward Glory's gate; But when passing close to Hades, The Angel muttered, "Wait."

"I've yet a place to show you, It's the hottest place in Hell, Where the students who never paid you In torment always dwell."

And, behold! The Editor saw there Delinquent subscribers by the score, And, hunting up a chair and fan, He wished for nothing more. He sat and watched the angry flames As they'd sizzle, and they'd burn, But his eyes would find a debtor Whenever they'd turn.

Said the Angel, "Come on, Editor, There's the Pearly Gate, I see."

But the Editor only muttered, "This is Heaven enough for me."

(Revised from original and dedicated to our long-suffering editors.)—E. Zellers.

LIFE.

Life—is this life—what is it pray, A song, a dance, a passion play, A candle lit but to burn out, A clicker or a battle shout.

A heavy care to him that's old And weary of the world grown cold. A joy, an ever-present light. To him that's just begun the fight.

A passive dream to middle-aged; To senators, a tempest raged; To sailors and to soldiers, nought; To lovers, full of bliss 'tis thought.

To business men, a strife for money; To millionaires, 'tis scarcely funny; To paupers, a mere drifting stream; To scientists, a complex dream.

To teachers, 'tis a fight for knowledge; To students, "Just to go to college." To children, it is quite a mixture For everything is called a picture.

The Rexall Store

Is the place to buy those Books you have been looking for so long. Say, now is the time to get those Pennants which you will need in a short time for your Societies.

A. J. TAYLOR
NORMAL STAR

WHY MIKE DOESN'T LIKE THE OFFICE.

Vell, I wish I was you, Fido. You has to get up in the morning early afore—well, I couldn't see the stars. Don't forget I put on mine trousers—by golly, Fido. It was cold—and I put on my shoes and shovels into my shacket—say—how my mouth does rattle. But you, Fido, you get up an' shake yourself an' den you's dressed—you don't get cold.

But don't be all, Fido. You're time to eat your breakfast and lick your lips; but me, I has to grab a half loaf of cold bred an' run up to do Normal early to see Mr. Evans for comin' in late to chapel at school. He sits on me coming up every early in the morning. I miss chapel cause he looks more to talk to me. You know, Fido, to talk to Mr. Evans is popular—but by golly, Fido, I wish I was you.

R. U. Tardy.

DON'T QUIT.

Don't quit, the dawn may just be breaking. Ere long the man will show his face. There's nothing to be gained by quitting; Just hold your place.

Don't quit, and bring to naught your planning; It cost you far too much to throw away.

Hold on through every provocation, You'll win some day.

Don't quit, the world will not respect you.
Nor listen when you faint would speak; Men need a hero in the making, And not a sneak.

Don't quit; some others may be watching.
To note the course you will pursue; Just lead the way unflinchingly, my brother, Dare to be true.

Don't quit, the discipline will fit you
For undertaking greater tasks some day;
The truly great whom men have gladly honored, Began your way.

Don't quit; there's nothing but defeat in quitting;
If you are daily standing for the right, Enlist the truth enclazoned on your banner
And win the fight.

R. B. W.

We will be moved to the Maxwell place on Normal Hill by February 1. McCown Studio.

Miss Gertrude Tinsdale, of Port Lavaca, a former student, was a visitor at the Normal this week.

The Parlor Barber Shop especially solicits your patronage.

Alfred Petesch dropped in a few days after Christmas to see that all was running smoothly with us. He had been over to Cuero to assist in a divorce case. However, he assured us that he was not the one most interested—except financially. Alfred has his abode out in Fredericksburg, and is making good as a lawyer.

Miller's Studio will give away any of the Normal students the same reduced rates as were given to the Seniors.

Wallace Barron was here during the holidays. He has charge of the school at Jourdantown, his home town.

Remember the Citizens State Bank when you have money to deposit.

Miss Frances Fisher, one of our graduates, was home during Christmas from Greenville, where she is teaching in the public school.

THE SPECTATOR.

(With apologies to The Outlook.)

One night before the edict went forth that no Normal student should go to the moving-pictures show, the Spectator had the good fortune to happen along one night just as some of his friends were entering the Cozy Theatre. One of these kindly offered the Spectator the loan of the necessary ten cents, which he gladly accepted; for, like all other Normal students, he was at his wit's end to find some means to pass away the time. And, although the Spectator's attention was directed to a genuine, real, living moving-picture show, he was enough of the reels to be able to converse learnedly on the trick that was played on the old lady, and how the "feller," in spite of the ugly father, finally got the girl, etc.

The thing that absorbed the Spectator's attention most, however, was not the canvas in front, but a play which he observed, all unnoticed by the actors, back in the audience.

The character that first attracted the Spectator's notice was a chunky, fat, cotton-headed boy, who seemed to find something more attractive over at the side of the audience than on the canvas in front. When the reels were being changed, there was light enough to see that the kid was all wrought in smiles, motioning to someone across the way, and pointing to a vacant chair by his side. Naturally the Spectator's eyes wandered in the direction indicated by the kid. Just before the lights were turned off, he managed to see a cute little girl in that part of the house shake her head with a bewitching smile. This was interesting. So as soon as the lights were again on, the Spectator naturally turned to see the little lady that had made such a charming picture at the close of the last scene. She was again shaking her head, and pointing to her companions—two girls. The kid's forehead was now wrinkled with frowns of protestation; his hand on the vacant chair imploringly; but the little lady seemed persistent, when the lights were again turned off. By this time the Spectator was so interested that he kept his eye on the spot where the little lady was last seen almost as much as on the battle that was now raging on the canvas. When next the lights were turned on, the Spectator was very much disappointed to observe that the seat occupied by the lady was vacant. He was wondering what had become of its fair occupant; when, lo! happening to glance toward the kid again, he saw the cute little lady occupying the once vacant chair beside the cotton-headed boy. They were totally absorbed in each other; both their faces were wrought in smiles; and both seemed as happy as though the hero on the canvas had not just met a tragic death.

And they were both Normal students.

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