Chautauqua Report

The Chautauqua Society is still alive and moving out. All have debating in their bones and are giving three cheers for the Denton and Canyon teams even when in dreamland. Everybody says that Garrett and Cherry, together with our two armed brothers from the Harris Blair, can "deliver the goods" with out so much as even calling a word. Rah! rah! Cherry, Zellers, Gambrell, and Garrett for us and four scalps for the Normal!

The following officers were elected for the third and fourth terms at the last election:

Third Term.
President—G. H. Harrison.
Secretary—Thomas Futto.
Treasurer—M. H. Bennett.
First Vice President—Miss H. Court.
Second Vice President—G. Schneff.
Critic—Martin Combs.
Chaplains—Philip Bull.
Chairman Pro. Committee—C. E. Wade.
Sergeant-at-Arms—H. Romines.

Fourth Term.
President—Alfred Cherry.
Secretary—Lee Hemley.
First Vice President—C. C. Norman.
Second Vice President—S. K. Browning.
Treasurer—Floyd Gates.
Sergeant-at-Arms—G. H. Harrison.
Critic—H. Romines.
Chaplains—C. E. Wade.
Chairman Pro. Committee—Lynott Garrett.

Athletics.

The tennis courts have been ready for some time and our players are at work. If you like tennis, get a racquet and play.

Why not have a valley-ball team? There are plenty of both girls and boys that would make good players.

How about those track suits that you have bundled up and down in the trunk? Get them ready and dust up your shoes for there is to be another loving cup given. Our boys must win.

Senior Report.

The Seniors are now mounting the last sad rounds of the ladder of Solid Geometry—just four more weeks of doubtful strife; just four more weeks of longing for the glorious "C." The rugged steps of Psychology are also exceedingly hard to climb this term, but will some kind power allow us to overcome all difficulties, surmount all obstacles, and win the wonderful triumph over these and other hard subjects? Shall we about "Eureka!" Or must we say, "Veni vidi vici!"

Basketball.

Gypies Win From Kyle High School By a Score of 25-8.

The first game of basketball between the Normal and an out-of-town team was called Friday, last, at 5 p. m. The Kyle High School team was fast and played a good game, but went down in defeat before the more proficient Normal players after a hard struggle.

The visitors led in the scoring during the first two minutes of play, but after the first third, they never had a chance of winning. The center, Miss Casey and Miss Raborn, did good team-work, and almost continuously worked the ball to their forwards, Miss Putnam and Miss Wald, who seldom failed to make every chance count in the scoring. Miss Holowny, substitute for Miss Putnam, did fast work, especially in blocking the attempted high passes of the visitors.

The guards, Miss Baldwin and MissCaperton, repeatedly broke up good chances for goals, and by rapid movement kept the ball safety out of Kyle's territory during the latter part of the game.

The team was enthusiastically supported by the Normal students.

Improvements on Normal Hill.

The Southwest Texas State Normal School has made some highly desirable improvements recently. The walk leading to Normal Hill has been widened, affording a convenient and safe driveway to Normal Hill. Herefore this walk has not been sufficiently wide, nor was it considered perfectly safe. The grounds surrounding Normal Hill are also being rapidly cleaned. It is confidently expected that at a very early date Normal Hill will present an attractive appearance.

The Tenderfoot.

Out of the land of the frozen north into the land of the sun.
A tenderfoot came striding forth
With his pockets full of mun.

"The destiny of my life," said he.
"I'll buy a slice of Mother E.
Down in Southwest Texas.

"I'll drive the longhorns up the trail
That lead from out of the cactus
And join the cowboys that assail
The merry halls of Bucceus.

A 'chlickety-click' shall be my friend,
I'll smoke a pure Havana;
And drink to the health of the cattlemen
In the land of the sun.

Before I stock my ranch with cows,
I first will learn their price
From cattlemen, who can endow
Greenhorns with good advice.

The tenderfoot departed then
With the boss of the "Chapparal,"
Until they came unto a pen
Where longhorns were corralled.

"Your cows," he said, "are as hal.
As any can be found.
"Yep," said the boss, "and they're for sale.
At eighteen dollars around.

"Eighteen dollars!" gasped the tenderfoot,
And he knelt his sunburnt brow,
"If at eighteen dollars around they are put,
How many rounds make a cow?"

Pierian Valentine Party

Imagine the delight of the society members when they received an invitation to "The Pierian Valentine Party." At 2:45, when the guests had arrived, the curtains were pulled back and there before us was cupped fitting around, and with a how and arrow putting everybody and everything under the influence of "Love." Then arose the "crere" announcing the coming of a gentleman. Then inramis from Eive to Alice Roosevelt who claiming this gac, as their lover but each was refused in turn until Alice arrived. She was the "Queen" and accepted one.

After rule students from all the societies their worthy sponsor, Mr. Shaver, announced that we were to mix around and have a good time. The boys immediately raised for "Lump Year" and "old maid,"—ask the boys if the old maid did they part? After an hour or so of fun and having all the frosage grape juice we could eat, we bid our hostesses, "The Pierian Society," goodbye, wishing Valentine Parties came every week. And, strange to say, all the girls had beaux to go home with them!

Waterloo.

There was a sound of music in the air.
St. Paul society had gathered there
cream, in fancy dress, and dabling fair.
Glittered the costumes of the maid and men.

But burl! a forsorne rumbling
gave the ear,
Piling the heart with terror to its core.

"Did ye not hear it?" "Yes, I greatly fear"
"Tis Rover growing in the cor-
der.

Within a windowed niche of that
e floor she had been called—
A youth reclined, made up to represent
An ordinary bath bun—that was all—
He had not counted upon Rover's scent;
He knew precisely what that grow-
ing meant——
A shriek, a slip, alas, a headlong fall
And Rover, catching him in his de-
descent,
Scattered his remnants broadcast through the hall.
NORMAL STAR

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Papers will be mailed to any place in U. S. at the regular subscription prices. Send in your subscription address and get all the news of the Normal. Correspondence from all students, both old and new, is wanted.

THE "NORMAL WONDERS" AND THEIR BETTER HALF.

What do you think, the Normal teams of baseball and basketball are going to beat in the sum-total of match games for the season. Are you in for that? They have already started the fall to rolling with a Gypsy victory over Kyle's basketball team last week to the tune of 25-8, and good prospects for laying another team in the shade real soon. Of course, we are going to win out this year.

The "Normal Wonders" (the baseball boys) and their better half (the girls' clubs), are equally as good and we believe much better than any of the teams that we have ever had. That's why we are trying to have such good results. This true that our girls have done very little match work yet, and our boys are not yet fully organized, but with such girls as Misses Casey, Putnam, Baldwin, Caperton, Raborn, Wadis, and Holloway, and with such boys as Messrs. Ramseb, Graham, Cunel, Osco, Hutto, and others, we have good prospects of bringing in a bumper crop of victories before the season closes.

Mr. Nelson is a girls' coach, and seems very enthusiastic over the prospects. Mr. Thomas is the baseball coach.

THE NORMALS UNDER A BOARD OF REGENTS.

The past five months have been epoch-making in the history of the Normal schools of Texas. This was made possible by the action of the called session of the Legislature last August in placing the Normals under a Board of Regents to be appointed by the Governor. This board was not announced till early in December. Since that time, the Normal schools and those interested in Normal schools have felt the appointments to be a matter of congratulation; for the four gentlemen are representative of the four sections of the State and of all the types of successful, progressive citizenship. They are: Mr. A. C. Goeth, a member of the Tips Hardware Co. of Austin; Mr. W. J. Crawford, a leading lawyer of Beaumont; Mr. W. H. Fuqua of Amarillo, President of the State Bankers' Association; and Mr. Peter J. Radford of Weatherford, President of the Texas Farmers' Union.

Under the administration of this Board, the Normals of the State will form a system which requires uniformity, yet not identity, of purpose, plan, and organization. At their meeting in Austin last week, action was taken which means virtual reorganization of the course of study.

The two most important measures were the fixing of entrance requirements and the addition of a fourth year to the Normal course. Beginning with September, 1914, no student will be admitted to the Normal who has not had the equivalent of fourth grade work. The present Freshman requirements will obtain next year, and possibly the year following.

But beginning with September, 1914, the work will be organized on a four-year basis, the transition from the old to the new becoming fully operative in 1914. That means, of course, that all students of the Freshman and Junior Classes will be allowed to finish the course they have begun.

As to the nature of the course, nothing definite is yet given out, but it is understood that the work will be intensive, and that the principal feature of this intensive work will be a general system of specialization leading to diplomas recommending the holder as especially prepared for primary work, rural school work, industrial arts, mathematics or science.

The details are yet to be worked out.

Perhaps one of the most interesting measures to a large body of students is the establishment of the training schools in connection with the Normals. A beginning will be made in all the Normals next fall.

These measures apply to all the Normal schools; to us of the Southwest Texas, there was another measure of interest—the approval of plans for the Industrial Arts Building. We expect that to be ready for occupancy next fall, and altogether this work of the Board is so comprehensive and far-reaching—and, we believe, so progressive—that we cannot just now grasp its full meaning.
WHY NORMAL STUDENTS SHOULD BE OF BETTER CHARACTER AND REFINEMENT THAN STUDENTS OF OTHER SCHOOLS.

Normal students should have better character and be more refined than students of other schools. That subject had been given me and I was to write an article upon it for "The Star." I scratched my head in vain, no inspiration would come. Finally, at 12:30 a.m., I decided to retire. "Oh, that I could hear the subject discussed by some learned body," I murmured just as I fell asleep.

I had scarcely uttered the words when I felt myself floating through the air. I came in sight of a building, evidently a council hall, and drifted in. The hall was filled with quite a number of very dignified and august looking people. "I am in the right place," was my first thought.

A very animated speaker, seemingly the chairman, was addressing the body. "Punctuality and regularity are very essential in the character of students and I shall require that students be punctual every day. Not once a week, but every day," he said. "Now I want the rest of you to tell what you shall require in addition."

A tall man near the middle of the room arose. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I had a speech prepared for this occasion with a joke at the first and a piece of poetry at the end, but as there are several other speakers to follow me I will only say this: 'History is the biography of a people and by instilling history the student is able to profit by past experiences in forming his own character.'"

"I agree with Mr. ——," said a lady sitting near, "but I think formulas are very essential. The formulas which I give them will help them in this life and the life hereafter." A large man arose, removed his spectacles, and, while he twirled them, said, "The first requirement is to know how to reason, and that's what they have to do in my class."

A small lady across the hall arose. "The things mentioned are important," she said, "but unless these facts are appreciated in terms of past experience and so arranged that they may be readily recalled, they are useless, so I insist in them some of the principles of Psychology."

Two ladies in another part of the room had been discussing some important question. After this lady finished speaking one of them rose to her feet. "I will express our sentiments in a quotation," she said:

'Man may live without friends. Man may live without books. But civilized man cannot live without cooks.'

"I think that domestic art has more to do with character building than anything else."

"I admit that domestic science is the most important art, but the next in importance is farming. The raising of food-stuffs and various and sundry numerous other articles," said a gentleman from the rear.

One lady spoke of how necessary a well developed body was to a well rounded character and how she taught the pupils to develop and take care of their bodies. Another lady spoke of the refining influence of observing nature and how she required her pupils to draw from observation. A gentleman spoke of the great benefit which he expected his pupils to derive from one of the greatest books ever written, the Standard Dictionary.

Music has a greater refining influence than any other art, said one lady. To illustrate, allow me to give you a piece on the Victrola, and soon three hundred out the beautiful strains of 'Woman is Rich.'

"There have been no remarks from the English department," said a lady, looking towards a gentleman sitting in a corner and who was heard to remark, 'I'm too hoarse; but the thing that I think most beneficial is the outline habit.' As there were no further remarks the chairman signalled a lady sitting near to play the march for them to file out the hall. She struck the first chord with a clang, and, such a scuffling of feet!

I awoke with a start to find that the breakfast bell had rung and the others were all hurrying to breakfast.

As I hastily dressed I thought, "Now I know why Normal students should have better characters than students of other schools. It's the Faculty."

ANGONYOUS.

(With apologies for misconstruing the subject.)

WHO MAKES US WHAT WE ARE.

Gentle, charming, lovely maiden, Maiden fair as morning's blue, Chief among the lovely roses, Sweet as upin's gentle dew.

Whence doth com thy angel beauty? Whence the grace that gods enthral? Whence thy life of Truth's sweet blessings? Whence dost these then gather all?

Do the Muses guide thy footsteps? Did the rainbow tint thy cheek, Or Venus shape thy all in fancy? Speak thou lovely maiden, speak.

Yes, fair swain, no Muse bewakens, Neither how nor Venus lends— A fairer one then all the Muses Guides my footsteps, makes amends,

A fairer one doth mould my tresses, A greater star dost pilot men Than all the poets, books and fancies care not who nor what they be.

Her life is all for those she comforts; Her hand no mishap ever lends; Her feet make footsteps clear to follow; Her thoughts—others to befriend.

Dear swain, she speaks in tones so gentle Has heart so tender, kind and true, My mother, swain, is life's own glory A rose with beauty's deepest hue.

Then ask whence comes the beauty's blessings, Who the kindness me did give; Credit all accounts to mother, In mother's love is where I live.

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
COMING OF THE SANDUNE BRAVE

Dear Miss McNally:

We are glad to know that Miss McNally, who was called home Friday on account of her sister's illness, was able to return Monday. She reports her sister's condition a little improved.

We will be moved to the Maxwell place on Normal Hill by January 1.

The Parker Barber Shop especially solicits your patronage.

COMING SOON.

Dr. B. F. Werblum, optician, will be in San Marcos at Dr. Hoag's office February 12 and 13. Dr. Werblum has been making regular visits here the past ten years. His work has proven satisfactory in all cases.

He carries the latest improved seamless bifocal lenses, also the latest in Shur-on glasses and guarantees them to enable one to read or do close work, without tiring or straining the eye, also to relieve the headache and all ailments caused by eye-strain.

Are you writing anything for the Pedagogue?

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

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

The Y. W. C. A. girls met Thursday afternoon with Miss Hornaday as leader. After a brief talk by the leader there was an interesting round table discussion of questions, vitally interesting to every girl attending the Normal. At the next meeting we expect to hear a talk by Mr. Evans. Be sure to come.

TELL ME NOT, MY GENTLE NORMAL.

Tell me not, my gentle Normal, Normal life is but a cinch,
For my last term's 'saminations
Let me pass with just a peach;
And my daily work is harter.
If the profs can make it so
Than the 'Varisty' professors
Make it for a stronger row.

Tell me not, my gentle Normal,
You have had a better time,
Than you had in high school training-
T'wont be better down the line.
Folks don't always get the better
For the easy work they do-
Least the Normal profs wouldn't pass us Less we're thoroughbreds through and through.

Tell me not, my gentle Normal,
Booing boys have a jolly time;
Dad will grace your papers freely
If study lasts till half-past-nine.
Can't make playing do for working

Don't you work? play? Rats!
Then you're doomed for D's in history
"Put a period after that."

Tell me not, my gentle Normal, Phys is just an easy thing.
For its ghost that walks at midnight
Stirs my heart with groaning pain.
And the books that round me linger Waiting far into the night.
Are as nightmarish to a stranger—
Nothing left but "hust" or fight.

Tell me not, my gentle Normal, I won't have to work again.
For I've pys and pys and math and
Milken's works to read and scan;
Trig is coming pretty soon, and,
And reading—what a task! Is it?
"Answer what I ask,
Tell me this is easy sailing!"

Now, my gentle friend, be careful,
Funk doesn't synonym with play.
If its pleasure now you're after Disappointment comes in May.
"Take this now for what its worth," Maybe you don't give a red Remember, though, as Budwell puts it, This came not from my own head."

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A LOVE LETTER.

"Dearie—I am so "Lonesome" Our Here in Montana " Over The Hills and Far Away" from everybody. I am going "Back, Back, Back To Baltimore," "In After Years When I Am Old" "Where I can have Sympathy" from Just Someone." "After All" "There's No Place Like Home." I went to "Kerry Mills' "Dance" the other night on "Annie A" and while there met "Casey Jones" and "Captain Willie Brown" whome we know in our "School Days" of "Long, Long Ago." I stayed all night and for breakfast, had "Spring Chicken," "Frog Legs," "Dill Pickles," "Sweet Potatoes," and "Cheesecakes." "There Will Be A Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight," when "Beautiful Lady" sings with "Dr. Tinker, Tinker, Tinker, Tinker, Of Old Joytown."

There is a "Rainbow" in the sky and with a "Kiss of Spring" over all, everything looks so beautiful. I will be glad "When the Bees Are In The Hive" for then you can "Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet," and "Come. Josephine, In My Flying Machine" to see me.

"Softly the Shades Of Night Are Falling," and I must say "An Revoir."

"I Love You Truly.

"Robin Adair."

COMING OF THE SANDUNE BRAVE

(To the Air of Yankee Doodle.)

Once on a time great Denton came
In order and precision,
And said that we should stand no chance
To win this last decision.
Rah! rah! rah! Maroons and Gold!
Rah! rah! rah! for Denton!
Rah! rah! rah! your hopes are vain!
Pahah! pahah! pahah! poor Denton!

Out then came Carlisle with a speech
He thought would please the judges,
But there was Gambrell on spot,
He tore that speech to shreds.
Rah! rah! rah! Maroons and Gold!
Rah! rah! rah! for Gambrell!
Rah! rah! rah! for Carlisle, too—
But heck you'll have to scramble.

Then down came Brown with mighty form
Determined to be winner—
But when old Garrett finished up
Old Brown signed like a sinner.
Rah! rah! rah! Maroons and Gold!
Rah! rah! rah! for Garrett!
Rah! rah! rah! for Denton, too—
You'll have to grin and bear it.

WHY.

I looked at him, and smiled,—
To no avail;
I tried my every art,—
But all to no avail—why?

I said his hands were cold,
But even then
He seemed to think, alas!—
What might have been—why?

I said he was the first
My heart to move;—
He did not seem to care
For all my love—why?

He goes to the Normal
Day after day;
He is the thief who stole
My heart away—why?

I choose him when I play
Physical art;
But he still seems to care
Not for my heart—why?

I tell of former loves
That I have won;
No jealousy he shows
Beneath the sun—why?

He holds his head aloft,
And bows it not;
To me of lesser height,
Sad is my lot—why?

I feel that all my strife
Has been in vain;
And old maid I am now—
And must remain—why?

How about that writing that you were going to do for the Star? Please hand it in just as soon as possible.