From the Y. M. C. A.

On the first Thursday afternoon of this month the Y. M. C. A. had its first general Bible Study meeting since the Bible Study classes have been organized. Mr. Birdwell led in the discussion—they is our teacher at these general Bible Study meetings. Our subject was "Making a Home in Canada." The entire book of Joshua was reviewed. God’s dealings with the Moabites, Amorites, Canaans, and Hebrews, were the phases of the subject from which our leader drew many interesting and practical lessons.

We have six Bible Study classes organized which meet once a week. They have a total enrollment of about sixty students. An increased interest is being manifested in these classes, and we are sure that not only will this interest grow, but the enrollment will increase also.

On this class work the success of our Bible Study depends, and by its thoroughness the value of our study may be judged. With this in mind, let each member make a earnest effort to do real Bible Study.

Thought to consider: If you are a young man you should have access to all that is enlightening, uplifting, comforting, elevating, wholesome, inspiring, and pure—all that would tend to make you a complete and perfect man. The Y. M. C. A. seeks to obtain these characterizing features of the ideal young man. Would you like to become a member of such an association? We should be glad to have you with us. We need you, and you need us.

OBITUARY

We have just received the sad news from Rogers, Texas, of the death of Mr. Leonie Olcum, Junior, 1909-10. Those who were here during that session will remember him as one of the best students of the Normal, as well as one of the most congenial.

To his relatives and friends, we extend our heartfelt sympathy. You have lost a promising youth from among you, but he has gone to receive a greater reward.

A SURPRISE.

In my dreams the other night, I met with a great surprise; do suddenly it came about. It opened wide my eyes.

Now, I was studying Botany; I often do, you see. The month we do when we’re awake. Most like our dreams will be.

I came across a Latin name. I really mispronounced, but not the Mr. Stanfield. I started with a bounce.

I saw him moving down the street—at least I thought I did. It whirled and I flapped him down. I was a lucky kid.

Here is where I was surprised. My vision seemed to vary. It was not Mr. Stanfield, but A Standard dictionary.

H. M.

BOYS.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which takes at its flood leads on to fortune." If you grant that, you must likely be deceived in thinking that tide at the opportune time. If so, there is something going on in our school that you can’t afford to miss. ‘Ill pay you to be on the spot’ every time and every time. Now, I simply mean to say that, every young man who wishes to be a success in life can learn some of the fundamental necessary principles by coming to the Y. M. C. A. meetings every Thursday at 4:45 p.m.

Practical lessons applicable to our own daily lives—that’s what Mr. Birdwell presents to us, in a way that makes it stick. For myself I can say that I have gotten more helpful and inspiring thoughts from these informal talks than I ever got from any sermon or any number of sermons. That’s why I say you can’t afford to miss it. The time has come when sound reason will help to understand the Christian religion and put it into practice. We have the theory; let’s get some practice. If you want to get some pointers, you know bow.

Boys are getting the best course in the Normal. A hundred boys are missing it. Forty boys succeed in life when a hundred practically fall. Why?

THE PEDAGOGUE BOX.

"Why so pale, my dear little box? I pray thee, why so pale? Hast thou no sup to wake thee up With good old senior ale?

"Ah! I’ve had no sup nor taste, To soothe my empty dreams; Though men he pined for the freshman sign—

A good old mess of greens.

"The junior class forook me, too, And all from me have fled— While here I lie, foredoomed to die— (Gasps) ’I’m almost dead.”

Note—When a man is empty he is hungry; when the Pedagogue Box is hungry, it is empty.

There will be a series of meetings on Missionary subjects by the Y. W. C. A. Everyone should come.

MR. C. E. EVANS TALKS TO Y. W. C. A.

Last Thursday afternoon Mr. C. E. Evans gave a very interesting talk to the members of the Y. W. C. A. In his talk he endeavored to show the points that would enable the best service in Christian work. The first of these points was Physical vigor, and another was symmetrical mentality. He illustrated this last point by telling of persons who had hobbies for various subjects. Other ways he mentioned, of securing the best service, were common sense and tact and, above all, Christian consecration.

HEALTH HINTS.

After consulting many eminent authorities on health, the following are the latest concensus of opinions:

Eat nothing.

Eat everything you want.

Walk at least ten miles a day.

Do not stir unless you ride in a carriage or some other vehicle.

Chew food until nothing remains.

Bolt everything. Only in this way will you keep strong.

Never go on a vacation.

Change is absolutely necessary.

Eschew alcohol and tobacco.

Smoke all you want to. Drink everything.

—Life.

Slavonia

In one of the alcoves of the Library there is a book case containing twenty-six books, owned by our Bohemian Club of this school. There are also sixteen books in this case which belong to the Bohemian Club of the University, the "Cliche," and which are kindly allowing us to use until we get a good start. We, the Slavonians, have about 100 volumes besides the "Cliche" books, so as soon as we get the cafe, logue. One leading newspaper of the United States, one of Texas, and one local paper of West, a town in the center of the Bohemian population of Texas, keep us informed of what our people are doing all over the world. Part of the money for our library was raised among the fourteen Bohemian students here, but the larger part was sent from the Bohemian people of Texas and other States. We believe that this Library will be an inducement to the Bohemians of Texas to educate their children, and to send them to this school where they, themselves, have helped furnish a Bohemian Library.

HIS FINANCIAL PROGRAMME.

A man with old, worn clothes, unwashed face, unkempt hair, and unbrushed shoes, walked into a hotel and asked for some money to buy a lunch. The omnibus clock turned to the huge safe, threw open its massive doors, and from its cool depths drew forth a shining five-cent piece which he dropped kindly and gently into the poor beggar’s outstretched hand.

"Now, my poor friend, what do you propose to do with that money? It seriously inspired the clerk.

The beggar scanned his benefactor curiously for a moment, and then, in a tremulous voice said, "Young man, you see me as an outcast, yet I don’t know why, and I will give you a truthful answer. I shall first go and buy a good supper; then I will take a bath and a cocktail, perhaps, after that, I’ll adorn this handsome form with a suit of new clothes. What remains, then, shall I put upon my word and deposit in a bank against the rainy day. I am exceedingly obliged. Good-day."
All reader spirit, when value of Normal School up center. Headmaster, workshops, porches, and all communications to the Editor, to O. B. King, Box 332.

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

CLEAN UP.

The city of Texas cities at the present is "Clean Up!" If the morning girls or some other score will last long enough, it may even become one work of Texas cities that is carried through to a conclusion.

I hope we, who must accept the leadership, that circumstances and all our speakers implore upon us, will get a score and an object lesson so big that we will get the "clean up" habit ourselves, and having got it, I hope there will be a way of the hair for

from home with us, and having taken it home, we will cultivate and develop it until it will be strong enough to make our school rooms and up center.

grounds next year a veritable clean.

Last spring we were visiting in a small town just below San Antonio, which was an object of congratulation because the two teachers there were both W. T. N. We invited our friends, a good common sense Yankee that friend was, to go with us to visit the school, and see what progressive teaching was. All the way to the school we expatiate on the value of Normal School training.

"There's no use talking about it," we were just concluding, the Normal trained teachers have the real teacher spirit," "when lo! there before our eyes was the school house. Enthusiasm wits yet when we re-member the experience. The school-yard was a dump heap. All the accumulated trash and paper of seven months was blowing about at the will of the April breezes or remaining weighted down by the accumulation upon it. It was sickening.

"Isn't it a pity," my friend remarked, "that the South gives so little attention to order and sanitary conditions?"

We stiffened, our lips opened to defend the maligned South. But what could we do? We were "between devil and the deep blue sea" that time for sure. There's a moral.

Whether we see it or not, let's get the habit. Remember the barrels. Keep your eye on the improved grounds. Also, look out for the hump.

FRESHMAN BOY'S COMPOSITION ON GIRLS.

Girls is the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several different kinds and sizes and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls who are not alike in any way. Girls is all alike one way, and they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair they will purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way or stumble over them when they're not looking they'll claw you. So long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet, but just cross her and she'll spit at you worse than a cat.

Girls is also like miles. If a girl has got her mind made up about anything all the good things to eat in town couldn't change her. If she knew she's wrong she won't say so. My Senior room-mate says he doesn't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing some girl at the gate Sunday night, (I don't know who the girl was), and told him what he said, he said he was biting her because she told him something he didn't like. I think he hurt her for she bellowed and ran, and she wiped her face with her handkerchief; it must have been bleeding. That's all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am.

Mr. Garrett reports it not advisable to go to sleep in Mr. Birdwell's History of Ed. Class.
A FEW WORDS ON SOME PEOPLE.

I've seen in my time many people. There are three kinds of people nowadays,—them what push forward; them what stand still, and them what pull back. Everywhere you go you can see them kind 'uv people.

The man what pushes forward has always got smutthin' in his mind's eye ahead. He always has some new-fangled idea like raisin' fine cattle and corn, or givin' lots of form ulays, or talking about the fissure of Rolandy an' Silvina an' how sentiments run up and down the nerves in the spinal cord, and the like, which will put him up higher on the ladder.

That man is a sign of progress, and he will amount to somethin' some day,—he's got to succeed.

But the man what pulls back ain't no good neither; he is a regular pest to the world in general and ort to be kicked out. He's got a big notion in his head that there ain't no one got any sense but himself an' he ort to boss everybody's business. He can't see why the progressive man gets ahead of him, nor does he try to see much for thinkin' that he knows lots. If his brother makes better turnips or cabbages or onions and stuff like that than he does, he bows and bows at the other man's success and declares that he could have doubled it if he had been workin' with the cabbages and stuff himself. This man ain't no good for anything, is a drawback to everything and everybody; and, as I said, ort to be kicked out.

You find these classes,—and some more, too,—at any time and everywhere from the foreign Normals in Asia to the Normal School in San Marcos, Hays County, Texas.

Springtime's a comin' And the map's beginnin' to flow. Awake, ye sluggish Normalites And rub your thoughts aglow. Sharpen up your sleeping wits And write a little poem; Drop it in the pretty box The Pedagogue's a showin'.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Once the ball team of a school went out to play a championship game. There was little or no enthusiasm on the part of the school, however, and they lost the game. Again they went out to play. That time the school, chagrined at their former defeat, got enthusiastic. They even organized a rooters' club.

The students turned out to see the game, and the team won. Once a debating team went forth to champion a school. No one was particularly confident; no one particularly cared how the decision went. The team lost. Again there was to be a debating contest between the schools. This time the team went to the stage with the knowledge that the whole school was supporting them. They won. Perhaps these victories were just happen-so's. These happen-so's come more frequently, however, to the side which has the most enthusiasm, to the school that has the most confidence in its representatives. Nor is this to be wondered at. The confidence of the school naturally made the teams more self-confident. They realized that there was something at stake, that the whole student body was interested in that something, and that the responsibility was resting on them of maintaining the honor of the school. What could be more inspiring to them to put forth their best efforts?

But why talk about enthusiasm, confidence, and inspiration now? Simly because the time will soon be here when our boys will be called upon to cross bats with the other schools of the town, and we want to Normal to make and keep a name; because before long our boys will be called upon to defeat the income tax against Denton; because soon after that they will again be expected to defeat the initiative and referendum against Canyon. Oh, yes, but let's wait till these things come off to be enthusiastic. For the boys who are to champion our school then, now is a trying time. Now they need inspiration and the confidence of the student body. This is the time of preparation. So, let's begin to set enthusiastic. Let the baseball boys and the debaters know that they have our confidence. Do this, and we will carry off the laurels of victory in every contest.

L. G.
N O R M A L  S T A R

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

See whether your watch or clock is right and be on time for your engagements at Miller's Studio. Don't discomfite Photographer and classmates.

The Parlor Barber Shop especially solicits your patronage.

Are you writing anything for the Pedagogue?

For the best kodak finishing, see Brill Art Studio.

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

If you want the best portrait work to be had in the city, we make them. Brill Art Studio, above Cafe Royal.

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

Mr. Birdwell—Mr. Gambrell, give date of prominence of Rome and also when it began to decline.

Mr. John G.—Rome became prominent about 250 B. C., and did not begin to decline until about 300 B. C.

Mr. Thomas—Miss Harper, what would naturally follow the common brotherhood of man?

Miss H. (carefully)—The common brotherhood of woman, I suppose.

NOTICE TO LAND-LADIES.

When girls are saucy, have them behave like magic.

Mr. Vernon—Now, Miss Forbes, why does angle “A” equal angle “B”? Miss F.—Because they're just alike.

Mr. Nelson (in Agriculture)—What would be the result of feeding a milk cow concentrated feed?

Sensible Junior—I suppose it would cause her to give condensed milk.

Mr. Nelson.

Mr. Miller (in Chemistry)—Class, how many matches do you think that the phosphorus in your body would make?

Mr. Miller (after working it out and questioning the class further)—There is enough to last each of you through this life and then to have a few matches to take with you when you die.

Time does not await anything, yet everything awaits its time; the Pedagogue Box has been waiting a long time for that literary production you promised to contribute.

When I asked her to wed,
She said, “Go to Father.”
Now she knew, that I knew
That he father was dead;
And she knew that I knew
The life he had led.
So, she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said,
“Go to Father.”

What about that article you ought to write for the Star? Grasp your brush pen in your strong right hand, and give expression to those ideas that have long been coming wrinkles to appear in your cerebrum. Be assured the editors will appreciate it and will rise up to call you blessed.

Come to the rescue of the Pedagogue, ye noble knights of literature!

Tommy was saying his prayers:
“No I lay me down to sleep,” he began, “I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

“If,” his mother prompted, “if he hollers, let him go, easy money, money, money,” finished Tommy triumphantly.

NOTES FROM OTHER COLLEGES.

One-half of the Yale students are going into business.

Smoking has been banned from the campus of Columbia.

Ira Davenport, star quartermiler, is captain of Chicago's track team.

Princeton is having considerable difficulty in securing heavyweight wrestlers.

Sixty per cent of the Harvard undergraduates are undecided as to their future occupation.

Excluding athletics, Harvard gives first rank to the "papers" in undergraduate activities.

The Y. M. C. A. of the University of Michigan and the Pastor's Union of Ann Arbor are engaged in a newspaper controversy.

Fourteen men have reported at Princeton for wrestling practice and the prospects for a successful season are bright.

Yale is receiving communications from the University of Minnesota regarding the arrangement of a dual meet next spring. Princeton and Harvard athletic authorities have announced that they are unable to consider such a challenge. So the Western University is still negotiating with Yale. Dick Grant, the Minnesota track coach is a former Harvard track athlete and is endeavoring to bring about friendly athletic relations with some Eastern College.

N O R M A L  S T A R

SAI L A R Y.' S S O N G

Drink down the wine, the rich red wine, drink now to the deep blue sea;
The buoy and bell, to the ocean's swell, to the wild waves flowing free;
To the rat-tat-tat of the ratlines, to the booming flap of the sail;
To the whistle and toot, to the endless roar of the cords in a roaring gale;
Heigh-ho! Drink deep, my hearties, a draught to the curving foam,
Drink long and deep to the lads asleep far off from the dear old home.
Though the wave be long and weary, and the seas run mountain high,
We must sail away at the dawn of day, to the Land of the Last Good-bye.
Then rattle the tam and clink the cup and drink to the salt sea breeze,
As we send along we'll sing this song, the song of the seven seas:
One for the stars that guide us,
Two for the wind and waves,
Three for the lads beside us,
Four for the sailors' graves,
Free for the maidens in Melbourne,
Sez for the Gloucester girls,
But we'll drink a mad, mad million
To our dear old Mothers' curts.

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