Cramming Tonight.

(Time: Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.)

I.
He's cramming tonight for his first exam.
Poor little freshman lad.
His heart's like fuel, his knees are weak.
He knows to go back to Dad.

Chorus:
Many are the heads that are bending tonight.
Over texts and note books galore.
Many are the hearts, weary tonight.
Wishing exams were o'er.

II.
She's cramming tonight for a Physic's test.
Poor little Junior has!
Her eyes are red, her lips are pressed.
She's praying for the lucky "Pass."

Chorus:
III.
They're cramming tonight for their dreary tests.
Our Seniors, the poor old dears.
They look quite calm and self-possessed.
They've learned to hide their fears.

Chorus:
IV.
They're grading tonight all those dreary tests.
Poor weary teachers, all.
Their cheeks grow thin, their hair turns gray.
Their lots is the worst, after all.

Chorus: Quod S Abe.

On with the Pedagogue.

The Editor-in-Chief of the Pedagogue spent Monday in San Antonio looking over the work of the printer and engraver. She was very much encouraged when the engraver stated that some of the art was of a fine quality. Besides Miss Gilman, Mr. P. O. Smith is doing efficient work as business manager. The Pedagogue, this year, we are sure will be the best in the history of the Normal.

Depressed Senior.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That I can, or must always fail
"Dy" come thick. An "A" appals me!
"E" lean on but to the grave.

Pay in hard but Math is beauty.
English 10s are hard to write.
And sensations are not in it.
When Henry Blood comes in sight.

Bayles law and outward pressure
Press a fellow to his death.
The bovivant force can hardly help us.
When pressure's low and "Dy" are less.

"H's" in summer may come quicker,
But Geoms a beast what 'er beside.
History Four's a thing to see.
Along with Eng. and Trig Allied.

If flunking time is March the second,
It can't be said I've slirked my part.
I'll rise to meet it—do my duty.
If fallen now, then now I start.

It is really encouraging to go to the library during a "rest period," and find so many students hard at work reading and searching for truth. Sometimes it is crowded almost to overflowing. This means, of course, that our students are awake and mean business.

On account of Miss Pollard having to work with the Setor play, Miss Malloch has kindly consented to assist the Editor in getting out the Star for a while.

Next Lyceum Numbers.

The next Lyceum number is scheduled for March 21. We do not know just what will be on, but are sure that it will be as good as we have had.

There will also be one on April 1 or 2. This will probably be the last of the season.

Subscription to The Star now 25 Cents
This means for the rest of the year.

Germanistische Gesellschaft

Re-Organization Meeting (Oct. 14).

At the first meeting of the Germanistische Gesellschaft the officers for the year 1912-1913 were elected as follows:

President—Mr. Schaeffer.
Vice-President—Miss Halbe.
Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Wiederhofer.

The following were appointed on the social committee:

Miss Holckamp, Miss Landen, Miss Darrick, Miss Compton, Miss Ronald, and Mr. Mueller.

All officers have shown great efficiency in discharging their duties.

The Curtain Club, a dramatic organization of the State University, will present "The Fun," a three-act comedy, at the Baptist Academy next Monday night, March 4, 8:15 p.m. This same play was presented at the University a few days since and was enthusiastically received by a capacity house. "The Fun" is translated from the French and staged by Prof. Stark Young, the Cochet and moving spirit in the Club. The make-ups and costumes have been special-ly ordered from New York. One of the features of the play is the manner in which the men play the feminine parts and conceal their identity. A special rate of fifteen cents (5c) has been made for the benefit of Normal students, which tickets will be distributed in the latter part of the week. The young ladies will have the opportunity of seeing how a young man handles a train. Baptist Academy Auditorium, next Monday night.

Miss Hornaday was called to Austin last Wednesday to the bedside of a sick friend.
NORMAL STAR
Entered as second-class matter
March 14, 1911, at the post-office at San Marcos, Texas, under the Act of
March 2, 1879.
Subscription, per year... 75c
Subscription, per term... 25c
Single copy... 5c

EDITORIAL STAFF:
Editor-in-Chief. ... O. B. King
Assistant. ... Miss Martha Pollard
BUSINESS STAFF:
Business Manager... S. D. Jones
Assistant. ... H. E. Wade

All matter for publication should be handled to the Editor-in-Chief before
Tuesday of each week. Address all business relating to subscriptions to C. E. Wade, assistant business man-
age, Box 171, San Marcos, Texas, and all communications to the Editor, to O. B. King, Box 212.

Papers will be mailed to any place in U. S. at 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.

ARE THERE OTHERS?

I am a young man with the so-
cial instinct. It leads me to seek
my kind, but as often to seek the
girls. Thus, I go calling or "escort-
ing" every time I can. That has long been my custom. That is, it was
my custom. Now I do my best at the escorting; I bought a double Ly-
cum ticket; found the Sunday eve-
ing attractive; joined the various or-
ganizations that seemed predisposed
to entertaining; explored the most
precipitous path to the head of the riv-
er; then I read the alphabetized list of boarders' houses and their
fate occupants. All went well.
I got turned down very rarely, never when the weather was fine. As it
was, I went off to the Student's Union to do the work for me.
I came back saying that she look-
ed at him with a flash in the eye and a curt to her lip and said coolly;
"I am quite too ill to go with Mr.
Black, this evening." This evening, I have been in danger of concentrating on Miss Blackeye ever since. But while un-
decided about that point, I'm quite decided never to wait till 2:50 p. m.
or send Jones-Smith.

All of that is a discussion. I was about to say that there were some-
times, however, when there were
neither Lyceum, nor function, nor in-
viting weather. Yet, still I sought the best society. Calling is ever left,
but it need not be. I tried it first at Whigman's (you will under-
stand, I hope, that I refrain from using gnomic names). I had learn-
ed that a dozen girls boarded there. I know I had been misinformed, for
seventeen times seven, I heard several
different gliettes at the front
window and at nine sharp, twenty-
five alarm clocks beat a brassy ac-
companiment. I had had it in my
mind to discuss the nebula hy-
thesis or some other high subject
with Amis Fortune that evening.
But I didn't. And somehow I have-
neve1 seen them. --ever held her re-
semble for the failure of the program.

But I am not of the easily dis-
couraged kind. I went calling again, not there, however. This time I was
absolutely sure I'd find them. As I
took at it first it was a funeral.
Later I found it was an organization
with the motto: "Let No Man Ever
Vanish Thee Unless He Has The Test." They put the test; I solved it and received a Cer-
ificate of Privilege to come when
planned—and could—and remain un-
moistened. I riched. I chuckled
ever it all while I discus-
sed quietly with Miss Lovely
the notion of my soul. Not an alarm
clock told me that there were un-
bought coins in the house.
I hoped to go back there without
going somewhere else. But I didn't.
I am a fellow who observes the
proprieties. I went to the Student's Union, I had noticed often the well-dressed
appearance of the Student's Union girls and I thought they were strictly of
my class. Maybe they are; but I have never yet recovered from that Sun-
day evening there. My ring was
engraved in a charm and to a hur-
ry of feet up the stairs.
Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
Yet, even when I stepped to the
ball rack to remove my overcoat, I
saw more of a tenaciousness in the
air than I ever thought. But I saw
it distinctly. I never saw the
mony Popup a hundred feet above the
stairs. Through the glass door I caught a glimpse of one Japanese kimono
and a dress by Miss Sarah O'Brien.
DON'T READ THIS CELL.

Miss Connell (early one morning after reviewing Psychology the night before)—"Girls, what do you think? I studied Psychology so hard last night that I actually dreamed I was dissecting my brain."

Say, pay your subscription to the Star at once.

NORMA STAR

DON'T READ THIS CELL.

I suspect that you had forgotten that the Star must have money to keep going. And I suspect that you had forgotten that most of it must

salute our country's colonial grandmothers. Our Colonial grandmothers are grown-ups. The games of their childhood are being studied about. Before we were allowed to leave them we were required to tell what they represented.

Some of the random guesses made were amusing to both children and grown-ups. At 12 o'clock the children sang their "Goodbye" song.

Upon leaving the little ladies each made a complimentary bow and the young gentlemen saluted in a truly military style.

Upon leaving each of us felt that we had spent a most enjoyable and profitable morning. We are very grateful to Miss Hines for allowing us the delightful privilege of seeing her work and also to Miss Hines for taking us to see Miss Hines.

HARRIS-BLAIR TO ENTERTAIN.

The Harris-Blair Society is soon to have a reception for her boys and their best "beloved." They are to have a few songs by the Normal Quartette (which, by the way, will be a great treat), a "good trial," a few speeches, and a serving of refreshments. The H-B boys are looking forward to a grand time.

Professor McDonald, director of music at Polytechnic, died about ten days ago. Professor Harwood, a kind old professor, has been elected to fill the vacancy.

The Columbia University has refused to permit smoking on its campus any longer.

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

MISS CIGNED (early one morning after reviewing Psychology the night before)—"Girls, what do you think? I studied Psychology so hard last night that I actually dreamed I was dissecting my brain."

Say, pay your subscription to the Star at once.

CITIZENS

State Bank

Of San Marcos.

Call And Get Acquainted.

Dr. S. D. McGaughy

DENTIST

Office Rooms 6, 6, and 7, First National Bank Building.

San Marcos, Tex. New Phone 386.

PATRONIZE

Home Industry

San Marcos Laundry

$18.00 to $30.00

Big line Young Men's Furnishings, Shoes, and Hats. It will do good to see our line. Come in and look the line over.

Geo. M. Edge

STORE FOR MEN.

HIGH GRADE PICTURES

AT

THE

OPERA HOUSE

EVERY NIGHT.

PROGRAM CHANGED DAILY.

Berkley Livery Company

LIVERY AND TRANSFER

Carriages to all parts of the city. Meet all trains. Open all night. Ring us, Phone 69.

CRUNK & ZIMMERMAN, Props.

San Marcos, Texas.
OUR GYPSY TEAM.

In many a hard-fought battle
On many a basketball ground,
Our Gypsy girls have proved to us
That in defeat they'll never go down.
All hall the team we love so well
May their banner victorious fly—
Hats off, you Normal boys.
When our Gypsy Team goes by.

Chorus:
Hats off, when our team goes by,
boys,
Tis the best team in San Marcos
you will meet—
Their record tells the story
How they've covered themselves with glory;
Our team that has never known defeat.

Casey plays center with a wonderful skill
That certainly is no fraud;
And to cope with her in the ring
No opponent can equal her.
When Putnam or Waldo get that ball
Boys, pull, cheer, and sing,
For when they toss that pill in the air
It flies gently through the ring.

Chorus:
The fame of Caperton and Baldwin,
boys,
Will never go down in the west,
The right-handed Rayborn who is so quick
Ranks among the very best.
Three cheers for the team that always wins
Though their opponents play hard and fast;
Three cheers for you, our Gypsy girls,
Your records can't be surpassed.

Chorus:  
J. C. Smith.

Do you want a better salary? The Teachers' Mutual Association, Moore, Texas.

NEARLY A MILLION SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The scholastic population of Texas for 1911-12, which was taken in May, 1911, shows that there were 991,409 children in the State over 7 and under 17 years of age, Sept. 1, 1911, that are entitled to free tuition in the public schools. This gives a gain of 25,142 over the enumeration of a year ago. Using this figure as a basis for the annual apportionment of the State's available funds, the State Board of Education apportioned to each of the school districts for the year 1911-12, either through the county or direct from Austin, the sum of $6.66 per child, for educational purposes for every child of school age enumerated in the scholastic census. The sum for 1911-12 amounts to $6,741,581.20.

The permanent school fund is $72,049,000. The total available fund derived from State, county and local sources is $13,251,121. The income from the county permanent fund and from local sources will give an average of $6.66 per capita, making a general average throughout the State $12.46 for the maintenance of the schools for the present scholastic year. This is almost $3.00 more per capita than for the previous year.

There are 26,742 certificated teachers in the public schools of Texas, 17,566 of these being white teachers and 3,176 colored. Of the total number of teachers $8.66 per cent hold State certificates, 3.35 hold city certificates and 38 per cent hold county certificates.

The general average salary of a white teacher in Texas for 1910-1911 was $462.82, as compared with $394.52 in 1909-10. It will be observed that there has been a material increase in every instance.

We offer you the best service at the cheapest price. The Teachers' Mutual Association, Moore, Texas.


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

If you intend teaching the coming year, and want some information that will lead to a desirable position, write The Teachers' Mutual Association, Moore, Texas.

A. M. Clauswitz  W. B. Overby

Clawwitz & Overby

Tailors and Hatters

SUITs TO ORDER

Free Delivery to all parts of the city. Agents for San Antonio Steam Laundry.

Commercial Phone 252.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.

COMING TO THE NORMAL GROCERY

For Your Picnic, Fishing and School Supplies

THEY ARE FRESH ALL THE TIME.

D. G. JONES

COME TO

H. BREVARD CO.
YOUR STORE.

Funk's Drug Store

116 AUSTIN STREET

BOTH PHONES 16

GO TO

N. M. Hamilton

CANDIES, FRUITS, COLD DRINKS AND TABACCO

ON N. AUSTIN STREET AND SALISBURY BAKERY.

MRS. J. C. ROBISON

J. C. ROBISON

MRS. J. C. ROBISON

FASHIONABLE SHOE REPAIRED

116 AUSTIN STREET

EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEALER.

I sell the Dittmann Shoe, also the Dr. A. Reed Cushion Sole Shoe.

MRS. J. C. ROBISON

A. M. CLAUSWITZ

FOR YOUR

SUITs TO ORDER

FREE DELIVERY TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

AGENTS FOR SAN ANTONIO STEAM LAUNDRY.

COMMERCIAL PHONE 252.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.

H. BREYARD CO.
YOUR STORE.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.