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JOHN D. MEESE, Editor.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We all live to learn, but some of us learn with difficulty that the profession of teaching is moving too slowly in the world's great procession.

As a rule we think too much about methods and too little about life. Pedagogy is a good thing to stand by, but common sense is best of all.

We must not mistake hurry and scurry for progress. These are the days of telephones and wireless telegraphy, but it takes about three weeks to hatch chickens just as it did when Noah was running his large sailing vessel years ago. The mind of the child must reach its goal by an orderly process—a process as immutable as the eternal hills.

"What is a teacher?" says Mr. McKaskey. "Most of all, an influence. Why have the great teachers been so proverbially men and women of power? Not from what they taught, either of ordinary or extraordinary knowledge, but from the fact that they rayed out warmth and light as from a sun-centre. The good teacher should be enthusiastic, unselfish; glad at finding a new bright thought, in fitting garb of words, from some other generous heart and gifted brain, glad to share it, to know it, and to recall it with them. This is teaching. This is life and light and joy in the school-room."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler names these evidences of an education: 1. Correct use of the mother tongue; 2. Refined manners; 3. Power of reflection; 4. Power of growth; 5. Power to do.

The Frolic of Cinnaman Joe, A Ras-

cal's Downfall, Venetian Lace, and the Government and the Wood Lot are some of the attractive titles of articles to appear in the March numbers of the *Youth's Companion*. This excellent weekly is published by the Perry Mason Company, Boston.

Among the many sources of natural wealth in Venezuela, says an article in the March *Pearson's*, Coffee is the crop which has most directly attracted the attention of the civilized world to Venezuela. The extreme crop of the country has been about 1,250,000 bags, though the volume has greatly decreased within the last few years. The crop's decadence is due to a number of causes, among them the competition of other countries, and war—everlasting war. The natives find it impossible to arrive at an accurate estimate of the present production, and for a reason of paramount importance. The industry is being absorbed by Germans, who have organized it in such a way that exact information is not communicated to the outside world.

We are in receipt regularly of a number of school exchanges. They all indicate life and prosperity in the institutions which they represent. *The Amulet*, from West Chester, is perhaps the best dressed periodical that comes to our desk. It is edited with great care and always carries itself with masterful dignity. *The Collegium*, from Waynesburg College, is in excellent form, as are also the *Normal Vidette*, from Kutztown, and the *Normal Echoes*, from East Stroudsburg. For stray articles and witty remarks commend us to the *Pittsburg High School*

Journal. We are glad to exchange with all these excellent journals as well as with a number of others we might mention.

A Model School.

The casual visitor to Dr. Lukens's room in the training department cannot fail to observe that he sees a room the like of which is seldom found anywhere. Here are more than forty pupils surrounded by all that pupils can wish for or hope for anywhere. The teacher is a man skilled in the profession, and is teaching because he loves the work. He has received his training, not only in the best American colleges and universities, but in foreign schools as well. He has traveled over Greece, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Great Britain. He is familiar with every prominent system of education—ancient or modern.

The school room in which he presides is an educational museum, but more particularly a lively work shop. Every one is busy. Here may be found maps and charts of every description. A large hemisphere (home made) stands in the corner. At one end of the room is a square piano, at the other a small library. Suspended from the ceiling is an imitation of the frail bark in which Columbus set sail for America. A globe, also suspended from the ceiling, is adjustable to any height. Here we can see how ceiling and walls as well as the floor may be utilized. On a projection from the wall and near the ceiling stands the Roman wolf that took care of little Romulus and his twin brother. Not far distant is the famous S. P. Q. R. banner. To one side stands a lace loom, a sewing machine, and a sand table. A little farther along the wall is a spigot which yields a plentiful supply of water. A blackboard frieze on the wall to the left illustrates the history of our country. Pictures, plants, shells, curios, maps, papers, and I don't know what else adorn the room. A large clock regulates the sun, and a barometer and a thermometer regulate the weather and the temperature. Well! I declare! Just now the sun shines too brightly in three of the

windows. One set of blinds comes down and another set goes up, for the law of gravity cuts no figure in the school economy of Dr. Lukens. I cannot explain it all, gentle reader, you must come and see. Admission is free. Here is Emerson's ideal school teacher, for he makes the very elements obey his behests. While I am meditating the bell rings. In rolls the big hat rack almost automatically—a wonder in itself. We go home to ponder over the great advancement our schools have made in the last decade and to bless our lucky stars that we are privileged to learn lessons of wisdom from this American Pestalozzi.

OBSERVER.

Questions for Boys and Girls to Think About.

If you are good at guessing or answering, here are a few questions you can wrestle with:

You can see any day a white horse, but did you ever see a white colt?

How many different kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood, and what are they good for?

Why does a horse eat grass backward and a cow forward?

Why does a hop-vine wind one way and a bean-vine the other?

Where should a chimney be the larger, at the top or bottom, and why?

Can you tell why a horse when tethered with a rope always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot?

How old must a grape-vine be before it begins to bear?

Can you tell why leaves turn upside down just before a rain?

What wood will bear the greatest weight before breaking?

Why are all cow paths crooked and none straight?—Northwestern Advocate.

Historic.

"Are there any historic spots in this vicinity?" queried the tourist.

"Well, mum, right over there by that tree Bill Jorkins once had a pile of coal that weighed purty nigh two tons."

NORMAL AND ALUMNI NOTES.

The students of the Normal enjoyed the privilege of listening to a talk by Rev. Dr. A. B. Riker at chapel on the morning of February 16. Dr. Riker, who is president of Mount Union College, spent the day here and expressed himself as highly pleased with his visit.

Miss M. Vernon Salkeld, '99, is principal of schools at Six Mile Run, Pa. She has lately been appointed a member of the Committee on Teachers' State Permanent Certificates for Bedford county.

On Sunday, February 4, Dr. Ehrenfeld addressed the students at the evening service. His theme was the importance of pure government in our states and cities.

Among the interesting chapel topics earlier in the month were the Mississippi River, by Charles Lilley; Rural Free Delivery Service, by Grace Moore; Greene County, by Miss Chistler; Demonstration of Muscular Action, by Messrs. Piersol and Binns, and Dr. Lorenz, by Miss Conger.

Mr. Clarence Keefer, '02, is working in Pittsburg. He is, of course, a reader of the REVIEW.

Miss Gertrude Cooper and Miss Mina Wiley, class of '98, were visitors at the Normal recently.

Mrs. Noss led the Sunday evening services on February 8th. Her topic was The Missionary Journeys of the Apostle Paul.

Mr. L. C. Fausold, '02, writes that he is teaching near Mount Pleasant, Pa. Many of his students are Slavs, but he enjoys teaching those future masters of America.

Miss Ethel J. Dunlap, '01, is teaching Grade Four in the Beaver Falls school. She has kind remembrances of the Normal and believes in its work.

Mr. C. T. Lewis, '00, is engaged in the real estate business with his father at Donora. He finds this business far more remunerative than teaching. It is a pity that so many bright young people find it necessary to quit the profession on ac-

count of the fact that it offers only an ordinary financial support.

Prof. Hildebrand gave the students an interesting talk on Sunday evening, February 15th.

Miss Guenn C. Best, '01, in a brief note renews her subscription to the NORMAL REVIEW. She is still the master of penmanship just as she was when at the Normal. She is located at Dravosburg, Pa.

The last spring election in the borough of California demonstrated the fact that the Normal had more friends at home than it ever dreamed of. On the question of establishing a public school, separate from the Normal, the citizens voted for the Normal in about the ratio of four to one.

On Sunday evening, February 22, Miss Buckbee delivered an address to the students on "The Two Roads." It was one of the most interesting talks ever given in the Normal.

Miss Mildred Edwards, '00, is teaching at Duquesne, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Marshall, '01, is teaching in Room 3 of the Beaver Falls school. She is a careful reader of the REVIEW.

State Secretary Miller of the Y. W. C. A. visited the Normal recently. He made a brief address in chapel on the morning of February 25.

Our Normal fire brigade has had several calls for help lately from residents of California. In each instance the boys succeeded in putting out the fire.

Mr. George H. Lowe, '02, is teaching at Ruffsdale, Pa. and is getting along quite well.

Miss Mary E. Hoy, '02, is teaching a school of forty-five pupils near Brave, Pa. The name of the place is indicative of success.

Dr. Noss attended the meeting of the Superintendents' division of the N. E. A., which met at Cincinnati during the week beginning February 23.

Miss Mina A. Houseman, '94, visited the Normal February 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Klingaman, of

Meyersdale, Pa., spent several days at the Normal recently. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Meese.

Ex-Supt. Cessna, formerly of Bedford, and Mr. Eckles of Pittsburg, were among the genial book men who visited us in February,

The late cold snap, while it made us uncomfortable, furnished excellent amusement and pleasure to the students in the way of skating.

On the evening of February 19, Miss Katherine Griel gave to the students an interesting and amusing lecture on the Development of the Cartoon. She illustrated her work with drawings thrown on the screen. On the evening of the 23rd, Prof Harmon gave a talk on weather prognostications, illustrating the subject with lantern slides.

Mr. Benj. V. Wilkinson, '98, now teaching at Mendelssohn, was present at chapel on the morning of February 27.

Miss Acken lately gave a reading at Kenneth, Pa. She pleased her audience—so one of the teachers from that district reports.

During the latter part of the month the following chapel topics were discussed: Diamonds, by Miss Bessie Reese; The Alaskan Gold Fields, by Mr. F. Hastings; Silk Manufacture, by Mr. Joseph Bell; Life Insurance, by Mr. Edward Decius; Experiments with Impure Foods, by Miss Odessa Stern; Steam Farm Machinery, by Miss Etta Post.

Rev. Dr. Meade of the Coal Center M. E. church was present at chapel on Feb. 26, and conducted the services.

The promenade concert given in the Normal chapel recently was enjoyed by all who were present.

At this writing (Feb. 28) the Victor Herbert concert to be given in the chapel on Tuesday evening, March 3, gives every promise of success. Nearly all the tickets are sold. Viewed from a financial standpoint, this was the greatest risk ever undertaken, of its kind, in the history of the school. It seems to settle one point, namely, that the people of

the valley will give their patronage to first class performances.

The advanced German class has just completed the classic Minna Von Barnhelm and has begun Schiller's Yungfrau Von Orleans. The class is enthusiastic in its work and bids fair to outrival any of its predecessors.

Ex. Supt. Hugus, of Greensburg, Pa., visited his daughter Mabel at the Normal on the 25th.

The C. P. and M. E. church suppers given the latter part of February were well patronized by the students.

Mr. John Post, brother of Miss Post of the Senior class, visited at the Normal on February 26th. Mr. Post expressed himself much interested in our work.

The Bad Boy.

The teacher regards the bad boy in one of two ways. Either she considers him a hopeless case who is to be kept down and tolerated if possible for a year and then sent on to another grade, or she looks upon him as one who has got good qualities which she must discover and employ in such ways as will improve his whole character; and the outcome of his year with her is entirely determined by the attitude she adopts. If she looks upon him with a spirit of antagonism, she will do nothing but harden his already hard life. Sympathy is not received unless it is first given to the child. But if she regards him as an unfortunate pupil who needs help, and earnestly strives to give him that which he needs, and shows a fellow-feeling for him, he will work with her, and they together with God.—*H. E. Krebs in New York School Journal.*

Nat and His Can.

Nat Has a Dog and a Can. Can the Dog See Nat? You Bet He Can. The Dog Can See at Night When Nat is Filling His Tank From His Can. Is the Dog of Nat Sick? He is Sick; He is Sick of Nat and His Can; But Not So Sick as Poor Nat Will Be of His Can.

Memory Gem:—Beware of the Dog; Also, Beware of the Can.—*Cardinal Primer.*



MUSIC ROOM IN MAIN BUILDING.

BOOK REPORT

On Emerson's Letters and Social Aims.

BY

MINNIE SMITH, MIDDLE CLASS.

Poetry accommodates the show of things to the desires of the mind. Poetry is ever the best reading and if perfected is the only truth; is the speech of man after the real and not after the apparent. It must first be good sense, though it is something better, it is the consolation of mortal man. Ben Jonson said, "The principal end of poetry is to inform men in the just reason of living."

Music and rhyme are among the earliest pleasures of the child, and in the history of literature, poetry precedes prose. The supreme value of poetry is to educate us to a height beyond itself, a point which it rarely reaches.

Eloquence shows the power and possibility of man. A man may get up to speak in our assembly and people wonder why he speaks; but he surprises them with his tidings and his better knowledge; he knew they were looking forward. No act indicates more universal health than eloquence; it has the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. Not only in Cicero's lifetime was great eloquence in Rome, but when a great sentiment, as religion or liberty, made itself deeply felt in any age or

country, then the great orators appeared. Eloquence a hundred times has turned the scale of war and peace at will.

Foundation of culture, as of character, is at least the highest moral sentiment. This is the fountain of power; preserves its newness, draws its own rent out of the novelties in science. It happens sometimes that poets do not believe in their own poetry; they are so much less poets, but great men are sincere, they are the men who see that thought rules the world. Depth of character can only find nourishment in this soil.

Originality is being one's self and reporting accurately what we see and what we are. Originates never lose their value. There is always in them a style and weight of speech, which can not be counterfeited. Men come hither by nations, they come from crowded kingdoms to the easy sharing of our simple forms. Who would live in the stone age, or the bronze, or the iron? Who does not prefer the age of gold and coal? All this has added to the value of life and to the scope of the intellect.

There is a prize which we are all aiming at and the more power and goodness we have, so much more the energy of that aim. It is called "Greatness." It is a fruitful study and is the best tonic to the young soul. Egyptian people furnish us the earliest details of an established civilization. Greeks loved life and delighted

in beauty. In those times people were taught that they were born to die. The book given to the young was on death. A great change has occurred. Death is seen as a natural event and is met with firmness. A wise man in our time caused to be written on his tomb, "Think on Living."

It is Easy to Be a "Nobody."

It is the easiest thing in the world to be a "nobody." All that is necessary is to do nothing or to be like the boy, who when questioned by his father as to why he had resigned his position as clerk in a store, replied: "The work was too hard; I am looking for something easy."

Look for a "soft snap." Do not get up in the morning until you feel like it. Do not go to work until you are obliged to. Never mind if you miss a train, or if you are half an hour late to your work. If you are at school do not trouble about preparing your lessons. "Crib" whenever you can, cheat as often as possible, and get the best of your teacher whenever you see a chance and your progress in the desired direction will be assured.

If you are in college never mind about scholarship; the main thing is to slide through. You can employ a tutor at the close of each term and "cram" for the examination. Have "a good time," and never bother about results—they will take care of themselves.

Do not try to do things as well as you can; any way will do. If you are sawing do not exert yourself and saw it straight. If you start to make a sled or bookcase, never mind about completing it; or if you do, put it together any way. Half done botched-up work is just the thing for "nobodies."—Success.

"Come at once." Reed telegraphed to Congressman Lansing when Reed was Speaker and Lansing was needed in the House. "Impossible," the Congressman wired back, "washout on line." Reed's reply to this was promptly wired and was as follows: "Never mind a little thing like that; buy another shirt and come on."

Y. W. C. A., NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. has been especially interesting during the past few weeks. Indeed it is getting to be one of the strong features of the school, outside of the regular school work. A very large majority of the girls are members, attend regularly, and are very helpful in making the morning meetings a success.

The new room, but recently furnished by the association, is usually crowded at the short prayer meeting held there each Friday evening. Here the new students are made to feel at home and much is done toward making the school life of all more pleasant.

Miss Agnes Gregg of '02, a teacher in the schools of Monongahela, and Miss Gertrude Cooper of Allegheny were recent visitors at the Association. The latter was president of the association a few years ago, and in her pleasant little talk to the girls, emphasized the importance of doing what we can when an opportunity is afforded, and of how much good she had derived from her work here, since she had been out in other fields of labor.

Socials are frequently held, but none have been more unique and really enjoyable than was the "Valentine Social" held in the Library on the evening of February 14th. The room was daintily decorated with hearts, both great and small, and bright red in color. Rockers were placed here and there about the room, among the neatly arranged tables on which were home made candies.

Several songs were sung by the choir in their usual pleasing manner, but still more interesting was the reading of the original verses, which we were given fifteen minutes to write.

In one corner of the room was a display of valentines, such as is seldom seen, which were soon purchased, and sent through the miniature post-office to the happy recipients.

Not only were the majority of the students in attendance, but almost the entire faculty, and doubtless the older ones present thought: "I'm just as young as I used to be." ETTA M. POST.

A Valentine Party.

On Saturday evening, February 14, an interesting social was held in the Normal library, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. A handsome sum was realized from the sale of candies and valentines—both "home made." The association is doing a good work in that it assists the missionary cause and other worthy projects. It raises its funds by means of the sale of articles from time to time and by voluntary contributions. As a matter of interest we give below a few of the most catchy valentine verses.

She's a dainty maiden
In her gown of pink,
Every body loves her;
Who is it, do you think?
Always helping others
In her gentle way,
She shall be my valentine
Forever and a day.

Always willful, always gay,
Always happy in her way,
Of conundrums a great store
And of jokes still more and more—
Take her for your valentine
And she shall be forever thine.

The singing of the meadow lark
Delights this heart of mine
But I have chosen another Bird
To be my valentine.

Teacher wise of children small,
With sufficient love for all,
Long my heart has been all thine;
Wilt thou be my valentine?

Oh, dear boy with the Roman nose,
Always standing on your toes
To see when the girls are all in line—
Won't you be my valentine?

Dear one, although you are tall and slim,
Although your coat is black and thin,
I know you are a friend of mine,
So I'll take you for my valentine.

Little boy with hair of gold,
Pluck up courage and be bold,
Up the ladder quickly run,
Bring the girls down one by one,
When the fire fiercely lasts
Don't you leave me till the last,
Then you will be ever mine:
Accept my love—my valentine.

Oh, I know a tiny pink
Valentine;
She's my love, and I think
Is so fine;

She has eyes of azure blue,
And her heart is always true—
She's my valentine.

An Old Book.

We were shown recently an interesting book entitled Aitken's Register and Calendar for the year 1774. It is in the possession of Rev. F. M. Moore of Coal Center, Pa. On the blank pages are numerous entries, showing that this compendium served the double purpose of calendar and account book. We quote "January 15, 1806 paid to Joakem Grigs twenty-six dollars eight cents two dollars for going twice to Trenton."

In this book is a letter from an American correspondent to the Lord Viscount at Oxford. It is a description of Philadelphia, and appears in choice English. The first paragraph is here quoted: "I am sitting at a window that overlooks the majestic Delaware, compared with which our Iris and Cherwell, though immortalized in song, would appear but little babbling brooks. The woods along the opposite shore of New Jersey are clothed in their brightest verdure, and afford a pleasing rest and refreshment to the eye, after it hath glanced across the watery mirror. Whilst I am writing this, three top-sail vessels, wafted along by a gentle southern breeze, are passing by my window. The voice of industry perpetually resounds along the shore, and every wharf within my view is surrounded with groves of masts, and heaped with commodities of every kind, from almost every quarter of the globe."

Acknowledgements.

Renewals, new subscriptions, or other payments have been received, since our February record, from the following correspondents:

Eli A. Wolf, Eliz. Marshall, Viola Milslagle, Guenn C. Best, Ethel J. Dunlap, M. Vernon Salkeld, Mildred Edwards, G. L. Schmidt, Mae Widney, Geo. D. Grimes, C. T. Lewis, Madge DeHaven, Clarence Keefer, Kate Noble, Geo. H. Lowe, Mary E. Hoy, B. Y. Wilkinson.

(This record closes with Feb. 25.)

Lost time is never found again.

Notable Days in March.

- March 1, 1837—Wm. Dean Howells born.
- March 2, 1836—Texas Declaration of Independence.
- March 4, 1809—Eliz. Barrett Browning born.
- March 5, 1770—Boston Massacre.
- March 7, 1712—Rousseau born.
- March 9, 1862—Battle of the Monitor and Merrimac.
- March 11, 1820—Benjamin West died.
- March 13, 1901—Benjamin Harrison died.
- March 15, 1493—Columbus completed his first voyage.
- March 15, 1767—Andrew Jackson born.
- March 16, 1751—James Madison born.
- March 18, 1782—John C. Calhoun born.
- March 19, 1813—David Livingstone born.
- March 20, 1834—President Eliot born.
- March 22, 1765—Stamp Act passed.
- March 24, 1603—Queen Elizabeth died.
- March 25, 1807—England abolished the slave trade.
- March 27, 1847—Battle of Vera Cruz.
- March 29, 1790—John Tyler born.
- March 30, 1867—Treaty for purchase of Alaska signed.

Senior Chapel Recitations.

The following Seniors have given recitations in chapel this term:

Earl Anderson—Crime Its Own Revealer. Will E. Aydelotte—The Black Horse and his Rider. Catherine Beazell—The Evening Wind. Jean Brinton—Rabbi Ben Ezra. Margaret Craven—Selection from Captains Courageous. Frank Cree—Macaulay on Public Opinion. Alma Gillespie—Mary Queen of Scots. Golden Goodwin—The Prisoner of Chillon. Lula Gregg—Hand Car 412. Dessie Hough—Bivouac of the Dead. Frank Hufford—William Tell. Mabel Hugas—Gray's Elegy. Mary Iams—The Soul of the Violin. Sadie Jacobs—The Drummer Boy of Algiers. Della Martin—The Wife of Asdrubal.

Larger Accommodations Needed.

We quote the subjoined item from the *California Sentinel* of February 20. It shows that like the Yankee boy our sleeves are getting too short:

Dr. T. B. Noss has just returned from Harrisburg where he went to urge the needs of the Southwestern Normal school before the legislature and the committee on appropriations.

The school is seeking a special appropriation of \$70,000 for a dormitory and Assemblyman Campsey, of Washington county, has charge of the bill.

Dr. Noss states that the students are no longer able to secure rooms and boarding in the town at the rates which lads of modest means can pay and which have heretofore been charged. Prosperous times have so increased the demand that house-holders in the school town can rent to greater advantage than to Normal pupils. The school is proud of its record and work, and in order to fill the demands made by growing attendance and patronage a dormitory seems to be necessary.

Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never for a moment having had sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provided for the children of the people; growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the war of Independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution,—he is all, all our own! Washington is ours.—Webster.

Our Beautiful Orthography.

A dude that disdained business
And wore his hair in frusiness,
Once had a thought
And his brain wrought
Was seized with sudden dusiness.



PUBLIC PARLOR IN NORTH DORMITORY.

Test Questions in Literature.

From the Editor's Outlines of Literature.

1. Of what elements is the English language composed? What were the early English dialects called, and from which did the language of Shakespeare spring? What changes were wrought in the language by the coming of the Normans? What is meant by the Italian influence? How did the printing press affect the language? What is meant by the French influence? In what way did the Common Prayer Book and the Authorized Version influence the language? Whose writings best represent the use of standard English?
2. What circumstances favored the rise of the drama? When was the drama at its best? How did the stage in Shakespeare's time differ from the modern stage? Who were among the first female actors? What is meant by the corrupt drama? What circumstances favored the rise of the novel? Who were the first novelists? Who were the five greatest novelists? Which ten of the American novels are regarded as being among the best?
3. Who is called the father of English poetry? Who was the poet's poet? Who wrote the greatest epic? Who is the chief ode writer? Who have been the most prominent poets laureate? Who is now poet laureate? Who are the best known living poets? Who are the best known hymn writers? What

English poet died abroad? Which are the five best American poets? What poems were suggested by historical occurrences? Name five great poets buried in Westminster Abbey. Who wrote the largest amount of poetry? Name five noted poets who wrote but little. What poets were famed also as prose writers? What poets are most frequently quoted? What poets have written much for children? Outside of dramatic productions, name ten of the most lengthy poetical compositions. Who were the Lake poets?

4. Is the usual division of English literature into "ages" an arbitrary one? If so, give a more natural division. Why do some of the most popular novels and poems pass into oblivion? What British authors were born outside of England and Scotland? Who was the "prince of biographers"? Name the five greatest historians of English birth--of American. Name the women who have achieved fame as authors. What prose writers are famed for their essays? Name the most popular productions written within the last five years. Who are the most prominent editors of this country?

There was a young lady of Siam,
Who said to her lover named Priam,
If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,
But dear knows you are stronger than I am."

Clionian Review

Miss Anna Reeves, Editor

Clio's programs, though generally good, have been especially interesting and instructive for the last few evenings. Mention should be made of the periodicals which have contained much of benefit to all, as well as humor and originality.

The debate by Miss Aura Schaffly, and Miss Etta Post, on the evening of Feb. 6, was one of the best we have had. The question was; Resolved—that the fiction written by men is superior in every way to that written by women, and will endure longer.

Miss Mary Bird has been elected valedictorian. The salutatorian for next term is Miss Sadie Jacobs.

The contest committee, consisting of Mr. Cree, Miss Post, Mr. Ruder, Miss Goodwin and Miss Coe, gave its report Jan. 30. It is as follows: Reciter, Miss Lulu Gregg; Essayist, Miss Margaret Craven; Orator, Miss Aura Schaffly; Debater, Mr. W. Reed Morris. The society accepted the report.

The recitation, The Falcon of Sir Federico, which was given by Miss Blanche Brightwell, at the meeting on January 30, was very good and was appreciated by the society.

The meeting of February 20 was excellent and was very much enjoyed by the society. The music by Miss E. Odessa Stern and Miss Mary Noss was appreciated. We are always glad to hear their music. The recitations by Miss Mary Lewis and Miss Kelley were very entertaining.

The prophecy by Mr. Will Ruder, and the periodical by Miss Viola Myers, were the best features of the evening, being original and humorous. Part of Mr.

Ruder's prophecy is reproduced here for the benefit of those not present.

The orations by Mr. Raymond Drum and Miss Virginia Jenkins showed careful preparation. Mr. Drum and Miss Jenkins are two of our youngest members.

I've read much of prophesying
And I've found that just by trying.
One can see that all the true prophets were
great.

And if this rule will hold true
As most rules always do,
I see how I the committee's wants could sate.

I've prophesied the weather,
In that all Seniors are clever,
And I've found that it's good business nerves to
try,

When you've used your judgment sober
And predicted "fair" all over,
And the next day rains and dark clouds deck
the sky.

But I have gained an insight
That has caused me much delight
Since I've found that I must talk of people now,
And that is to predict
The worst you can depict,
And from that a small per cent of good allow.

Misses Craven and Brinton clever
After going almost forever
Are at last "grads" of Vassar, and M. D. write
to their names.

In the heart of Africa luring
And by their electric method curing
The heathen of indigestion, consumption and
broken hearts.

Mr. Aydelotte and Graham
Since the United churches pay 'em
Are missionaries at the above named place.
And while for the heathen praying,
For themselves a word they're saying
And they both think Dr. girls would make good
wives.

Then there's Young and Morris diving
Both fast lives are living,
The first is porter on a thru' express.
Mr. Morris that I spoke of,
His curls he's making use of—
He's negro comedian in an airship show.

Miss Schlafty is at teaching
 And her influence is reaching
 Over all the hemispheres and up to Mars.
 And the air ships take her works
 From the Indians to the Turks,
 And they are telegraphed to all the stars.

Miss Stern, so used to soaring
 In airy flights, and boring
 All of her fellow students here at school,
 Is now employed in scaring
 Away all sound waves that have no bearing,
 For the Eastern Union Wireless Telegraph.

Miss Post of our society
 Is now with all propriety
 Critic of the latest novels of the day.
 And then, there's Mr. Cree
 Who has gone to gay Patee
 And is well known as a fast and moneyed sport.

Miss McMichael, Lynch, and Chester
 Always making such a bluster
 Putting on airs at this State Normal school,
 Now have their wish gratified
 For which they've always sighed,
 They're used as chief compressors in making
 liquid air.

Mr. Hornbake is a chemist,
 Mr. Furlong is an artist,
 Miss Davis is the principal of this State Normal
 school;
 Lewellyn is a resident
 Of Pittsburg, and is president
 Of a modern German looking-glass company.

The debate by Mr. John Stokes and
 Mr. Fred. Graham showed careful work.
 The question was—*Resolved*, That women
 should have equal rights with men
 to enter the so called professions and
 should receive equal wages.

Dr. Jeffers, Dr. Banker, Miss Crabbe,
 have visited the society during the
 month. Prof. Hildebrand was the fac-
 ulty visitor last week. He seemed well
 pleased with the work, and gave us some
 valuable suggestions.

The Cat and the Rat.

I See a Rat. I See a Cat. The Rat Is
 In a Hat. The Cat Is Right Onto the
 Rat in the Hat.

Memory Gem:—The Cat Won't Do a
 Thing To the Rat.—*Cardinal Primer*.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the trav-
 eling man of the conductor.

"Of course it is," replied the conductor.

"I thought so. Would you mind get-
 ting out to see what it is fast to?"—Col-
 lege Spectator.

The Lion and Ass Hunting.

A lion and an ass made an agreement
 to go out hunting together. Bye and
 bye they came to a cave, where many
 wild goats abode. The lion took up his
 station at the mouth of the cave, and
 the ass, going within, kicked and brayed
 and made a mighty fuss to frighten them
 out. When the lion had caught very
 many of them, the ass came out and ask-
 ed him if he had not made a noble fight,
 and routed the goats properly. "Yes,
 indeed," said the lion; "and I assure you,
 you would have frightened me too, if I
 had not known you to be an ass."

When braggarts are admitted into the
 company of their betters, it is only to be
 made use of and be laughed at.

Nature Study in Room No. 1.

seed	animals
coat	man
baby	water
plant	wind
sails	wings

1. We plant seeds.
2. A new plant grows.
3. Some seeds are good for food.
4. Do you know some seeds we eat?
5. How are seeds carried from place
to place?
6. Men carry seeds.
7. The sheep carries them in his wool.
8. The wind carries milkweed and
dandelion seeds.
9. The water carries the seeds far
away.
10. How does the squirrel carry a nut?

The foregoing is a sample lesson given
 in Room No. 1 early last fall. The sen-
 tences were constructed by the little peo-
 ple who average less than seven years in
 age. Miss Thomas directs the work in
 this department.

No More Spanking.

An' now they do not spank no more,
 So all the papers say;
 They say that spankin' little boys
 An' girls has died away.
 They say it's just gone out of style;
 Of course it had to wait
 Till I got too big to spank
 'Fore it went out of date.

No wood without bark.

Philomathean Review

Ruth Crowthers, Editor

Motto: "Vincit, qui se vincit."

As the term advances, so Philo Society moves steadily onward. Our membership is constantly increasing, although the term is now half spent.

The chorus music has improved very much since the new books were bought and the new chorister, Mr Easter, was appointed.

A few weeks ago it was decided that the Society hall should be cleaned each week by four members, who should volunteer to do so. The result of this movement, is a hall more nearly approaching the ideal Society hall.

On Feb. 13, the election of officers for the ensuing month took place, resulting as follows: President, Miss Helen Streator; Vice President, Mr. Ralph Robinson; Secretary, Miss Eva Brass; Treasurer, Miss Nellie Steele; Critic, Miss Helen Besson; Attorney, Mr. Paul Ross; Marshal, Mr. Harold McMurray.

On Feb. 6 the following contestants were elected: Essayist, Miss Alma T. Gillespie; Reciter, Ruth L. Crowthers; Orator, Miss Bessie Silk; Debater, Mr. Quay Billingsley.

The following is a portion of a paper read on Feb. 13 by Mr David Binns:

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered, weak and weary,
Over history, quaint and curious,
Or other forgotten lore.
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis the Prof." I sadly muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door,
Only he and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember;
It was in the bleak December,
And each ray of light
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Sadly had I thought of 'morrow
For, in vain, had I been seeking
From my books such information
As the teacher said I needed.
But that rapping, rapping, rapping,
And that tapping, tapping, tapping,
Began to come once more.

Presently, my heart grew stronger:
Hesitating, then, no longer,
I threw open wide the door.
There he stood, my tall oppressor,
There he stood, a tall professor.
"Sir," said I, "Truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you.
Your forgiveness I implore."

"Sir," quoth he, "Know you not that wrong
you're doing?"
"I do," said I with calm indifference.
"Sir," quoth he, speaking sternly,
"Will you this offence repeat?"
Quoth I, "Nevermore."
"Sir," said he, "When morning dawns,
To the office you report."
This he said and nothing more.

Then into my chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
"Surely," thought I, "This is not the sun-
ny side of life."
Slowly that long night passed by
And at last the morning came.
Then down the hall I slowly went,
Dreading that which was to come,
But in this to be disappointed
For, when I reached the office floor,
This sign, saw I on the door,
"Office Closed Forevermore."

Among recent visitors to Philo were Mr. John Cummings, Mr. Ben Binns, Miss Gertrude Cooper, Miss Nina Wiley, Mr. Ed. Drum, Mr. Wm. Wheeler, and Mr. Bowman Horn.

Philo, excellent society as it is, still has work to do. We must improve. But improvement cannot be made without

united effort. Let us, then, as the new term approaches, work together as one man and work, as Emerson says.

"On bravely through the sunshine and the showers!

Time hath his work to do and we have ours."

He died in town this summer. During his last illness, his wife nursed him over the telephone from Newport; his doctor treated him by telegraph from Bar Harbor, and a letter, written from the top of the Alps by his clergyman, was read over him at the funeral.—*Life*.

Why do ducks put their head under water? To liquidate their bills.

When does a farmer act cruelly to his corn? When he pulls its ears.

Which is the most domestic insect? The bumble bee, because he is always found to hum.

Little gobs of powder,
Little specks of paint,
Make the little freckle
Look as if it ain't.—*Ex.*

A fox-hunting yoeman of Lecester
Once bought a young filly to telceest her;
She snorted and neighed
Till the man was afreighed,
So he sold her and fervently bleicest her.

Sweet Ann Eliza is no more,
Her sp rit upward flies;
And I am left alone to wish
I were where Analyze.

—*St. Trevor.*

Chicago Millionaire (showing his library to distinguished novelist): "See them books?"

Distinguished novelist: "Yes."

Chicago millionaire: "All bound in calf, ain't they?"

Distinguished novelist: "So they are!"

Chicago millionaire (proudly): "Well, sir, I killed all of them calves myself."

On the way back from the cemetery, after a woman's funeral, some one in every carriage says: "I wonder if he will ever marry again," and all the rest look shocked, tho the same thought had been in their minds.—*Achison Globe.*

No man e'er was glorious who was not laborious.

Light purse, heavy heart.

"PICKINS."

BY THE SMART SET.

Did you ever see a steam engine that was a "buzzer" in its prime?

For whether the cause be an exhibition or throne,
The small ones are those who must "survel" alone.

If Miss Post would walk into an office what would the office be?

Ans.—A postoffice.

Say, I saw something that would tickle you—A straw.

After the fire a teacher inquired: "Was that blood running down Dr. Jeffers' forehead or was it only a lock of hair?"

The day is cold and bright and cheery,
It snows and the wind is never weary.
The girls still shivering, toward the registers press,

At every moment the gas grows less,
And the day is cold and cheery.
Our lives are cold and bright and cheery,
It snows and the wind is never weary.
Our thoughts still cling to the warm days past,
While the mercury falls below zero fast,
And the day is bright and cheery.

Be still, young people and cease complaining,
For all your coldness is only feigning,
Your "cold" is the common "cold" of all;
Into every life some "snow" must fall,
Some days must be cold and cheery.

The following effusion comes from the pen of a bright fourth Junior.

Upon the ice he went to slide
And slid,
And donning skates with graceful glide,
He glid;
Into an air hole which he spied
He spid,
Then 'tis said the youngster died,
He did.

Miss Griel—"What is the feminine of Hebrew?"

Small Boy—"Shebrew."

A little boy was making a valentine for his sweetheart, and asked his father what he should put on it. The father answered "When this you see, remember me." So the boy wrote "When this you see, remember father."

The fortunate do not know themselves.

MY CHUM.

Once I went upstairs to find my chum
 But no chum was there at all;
 He had met his girl near the library door,
 And was loit'ring in the hall,
 Oh, the wintry days may come,
 And the stormy winds may blow;
 But I, poor fellow, went skipping to my room
 And my chum in the hall down below.
 Next day there came a message for my chum,
 'Twas polite as note could be --
 "Will you call at the office at half past twelve
 And explain Rule 12 to me?"
 Oh, the stormy days may come
 And the wintry winds may blow,
 But I sat in my room and I laughed and I
 laughed
 At my chum in the office below.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
 "You must set this matter right;
 What time did that Senior leave
 Who sent in his card last night!"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
 And his love for it was great;
 He took his leave and went away,
 Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
 And her dimple deeper grew,
 "It's surely no sin to tell him that,
 For a quarter of eight is two."

' RECOLLECTIONS. BY V. R. M.

How sweet to recall are the scenes of our school
 days,
 When again, to-day, they return to our view;
 The Normal, the campus, the large leafy maples,
 And every loved spot that our indolence knew.
 The full seated chapel, the Latin room by it,
 The stairway, and tower where hangs the old
 bell,
 The Gymnasium, the skating ground nigh it,
 And the football ground of which you've heard
 tell.
 The reading room, and cool shady parlor --
 That parlor where with friends we may meet,
 The North Dormitory, the dining room neath it,
 Where often we gathered to chatter and eat;
 The earnest new students, the bright jolly Jun-
 iors,
 The Middle class too, with a dignity meet,
 The earnest Professors, the grave, quiet Seniors
 Whose wondrous achievements we'll strive to
 repeat.
 The first is our athlete, as good a football player
 as ever you did see
 The name of this boy, Oh! why do you ponder?
 You surely must know I refer to Frank Cree.
 Anna Reeves with blue eyes and blushes aglow-
 ing,
 And quiet Miss Beazell, so faithful and true,
 Sadie L. Jacobs, an active young lady,
 Who works at her lessons from morning till
 night,

Our gallant young classmate, named Wm. E.
 Ruder.

When meeting a lady can make a fine bow;
 Nevertheless, Wm. is a deep earnest student
 And always knows his Trig. somehow.
 A jolly good Senior is W. Reed Morris,
 Who lives down town just over the way,
 He's just the right person to have at a social
 For Reed is always happy, and jolly and gay.
 And Lulu E. Gregg who's never contrary
 But always prompt at the ring of the bell.
 That mischievous fairy, with hair soft and glossy
 And eyes bright as stars on a clear winter night,
 Is dainty Jean Brinton, with answer so saucy,
 "The next time you tear up my room, I'll tear
 your's up right."
 Miss Golden G. Goodwin, with eyes blue and
 bonny,

Is quite an agreeable lassie to meet,
 You'll find she possesses a temper quite sunny,
 And knows how to make things look dainty and
 neat.

And there's our Dess Stern, with brown eyes so
 sparkling,

And L. Mabel Hugus so jolly and bright,
 They are our nightingales, and their singing?
 I'll tell you right here is just about right.
 When Margaret Craven, who dislikes aversion
 Takes hold of a subject she works with her
 might,

When Clarence H. Young tries to solve an equa-
 tion,

He gets it O. K. for you know he's quite bright.
 Take Mary C. Brinton, who among us is tallest,
 And Mary M. Iams who completes the long line,
 You now have before you the largest and small-
 est,

The long and the short of the girls of our time.

A restaurant manager in one of the
 down river towns put this bright adver-
 tisement in the papers recently:

Wanted—a boy who can open oysters
 with references.

Limerick.

There was a young named Psyche,
 Who loved a young man named Eyeche;
 But one thing about Eyeche,
 The girl didn't Lyche,
 Was his beard, which was wonderfully Epyche.

A fool girl of Paris named Jane,
 Once threw herself into the Seine,
 She was off in her head
 The fisherman said

Who found her. He found her in Seine.

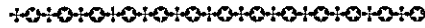
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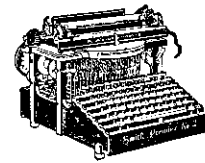
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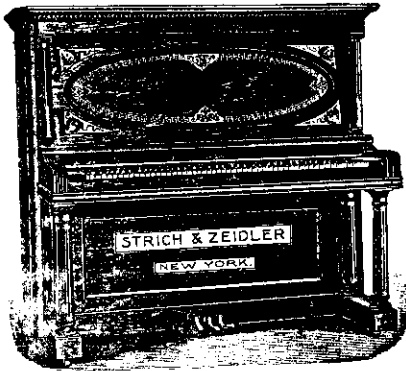
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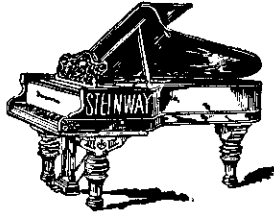
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