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23

# Normal Review



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*Volume XXIII, No. 4*

*February, 1913*

*The*  
*Normal Review*

*Clonian Number*  
*"Pedentim et Gradatim Oramur"*

*The Southwestern State Normal School,*  
*California, Pa.*

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# *The Normal Review*

## *Contents*

---

A Toast to Clio—M. R. D., '13	81
The Voice that Answered—H. E. W., '13	81
Making Good—Edna M. Yorke, '14	84
The Storm—K. M. Boyd, '13	86
Greetings to Clio—Francis X. McMurrough, '12	86
A. W. Powell, '92	
W. D. Brightwell, '91	
Salutatory—K. C., '13	91
A. A. A. S.—A. B.	92
Here and There	94
Y. M. C. A.	96
Y. W. C. A.	96
Athletics	97
Visitors	97
Smiles	98
Exchanges	100
Alumni Notes	100

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# The NORMAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIII.

CALIFORNIA, PA., FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 4

## A TOAST TO CLIO.

Lift high the festal glasses  
Filled brimming with our praise,  
And drink to dear old Clio  
Long life and happy days!

Sing loudly and with fervor  
The song that's tried and old,  
Let voices ring with cheering  
Our colors, blue and gold.

We love you, grand old colors;  
Long may you wave sublime  
And float from towers of honor  
Until the end of time !

Drink to the blue so royal,  
Win, for the gold so bright,  
A banner that makes old Clio  
The standard of strength and might.

M. R. D., '13.

## THE VOICE THAT ANSWERED.

Before the open fireplace a woman was seated, gazing into the heart of the logs. She was thinking of the past, of the death of a dear sister and of the little child then four years old who had been left to her care. Sixteen years had gone by since the death of Beryl's mother, and to-day for the girl there was a place in the older woman's heart that no one else could fill. How dear to her was this lovable, warm-hearted, and generous girl.

The day was fading into twilight, the curtains had been drawn at the windows and the lamp on the library table shed a soft, warm glow over the room. Numerous holiday gifts on the table and, in one corner of the room, a vase of dark red roses gave the impression of an owner rich in friends. At a glance one might say that Miss Jean Austin was thirty-five but in reality she had recently passed her forty-fourth birthday. Her's was a noble face, one noted for beauty, but still more for the strength

of character to be read thereon; a face which seemed to radiate cheer and helpfulness.

The face expressed contentment, and yet in the deep violet eyes of the woman there was a yearning. On this night when she was alone, the mouth generally so sweet and firm could be seen to tremble, and in the eyes, ever gazing into the flickering fire before them, there were tears. Years ago Jean Austin had been betrothed to a captain in the navy, and the two had been happy as only perfectly suited people can be. But their happiness lasted only a short while, for a railway accident numbered among its victims, her lover. Just as deep as her love had been, just so deep was the sorrow that entered Jean Austin's heart, a sorrow that time would never lessen. She had not isolated herself from the world, but on the contrary, had for the girl's sake made her home in a well populated city. And to-night, as ever, her thoughts were of the girl whom she loved so devotedly. Miss Jean was roused from her reverie by Beryl, who entered the library and came at once to the fire and kissed her aunt. Seating herself on a low stool and looking up into Miss Jean's face, the girl began to talk in a voice that the listener delighted in, marvelously low and sweet with just a touch of sadness.

"Oh, Aunt Jean," she began, "I have just returned from our choir rehearsal, and I can't begin to tell you what it's like. The voices are so wonderful that many times I forgot to sing while listening to the others, but then they never notice that, for I am only one of the many who have the parts which are quite unimportant. When Miss Everton sings her high soprano solo, I almost forget to breathe, it is so beautiful. Then, Aunt Jean, when she sings those very high notes, just so sweet and clear, her voice never hesitating for an instant, it seems to hurt me. There is something inside of me which keeps calling and calling, and which I know I can never answer, for the only way to silence it would be for me to sing as she does and you know I can never do that. I don't believe I have ever told you," she looked up with a sudden smile, "but I am sure that when mother died fourteen years ago and left me a tot of four years to live with you, I tried to sing then, and I have craved that one gift ever since; waking or sleeping the longing is always with me, ever a part of me, I sometimes think that when the fairies gave out their jewels in the unknown past, that I was just missed and the person right beside me received that wonderful jewel, voice, and the rays which it gave off were reflected in my soul and that is why I love music so. "Aunt Jean," she continued after a little, "you are such a lover of beauty, tell me, is it right for me to keep on longing this way for something I must know I can never possess? Is it not true with many people that when they listen to music or see lovely paintings that they are made happy in the pleasures of them? But with me it is never that way, they cause only pain, and yet I am sure that the pain is more to me than all their pleasure is to them. Don't you, Aunt Jean, when you hear a wonderful voice, forget all else



about you and sit entranced, even long after it has ceased?"

And then the woman answered her with perfect understanding and sympathy; her voice was soft and rich, and caressing the girl she began to talk. "Beryl, I think I can understand what you have tried to tell me, and I would that I could, in answer, give you that lost jewel, but instead I can only help you by trying to comfort you. Listen, Beryl, don't think for a moment that you are the only one who feels pain when in the presence of beauty. The whole world loves beauty and in its presence stands awed and silenced. So it speaks well for you that you do feel sad when hearing such wonderful music from the human voice, for 'not all its pleasures are worth half its pain.' I agree with you again, it would be a great thing to be able to sing like Charlotte Everton and others, but remember that often these very ones so rich in talent are inappreciative and do not hold it sacred. I know you do not have a wonderful voice, Beryl, but you have that which is in a sense, of far higher value, a kind and loving soul! One that you and I have both kept white all the years we have been together and that does good because it always thinks of others." The girl's face flushed with happiness as she answered, "Aunt Jean, you always make me feel so strong and good, and I am grateful for it."

Miss Austin was called to another part of the house by duties, and she went, full of regret that she was unable to give Beryl the greater gift which she so much desired. On returning she found Beryl sound asleep in front of the fire. As she moved about the room, she heard her murmur drowsily, "My answer, my answer." Drawing a deep breath, Beryl awoke and looked around her with wide questioning eyes, until her glance fell on Miss Jean, and then she rose and went toward her. "It seems as if I had been dreaming for hours, Aunt Jean," she told her, "and I have had the loveliest dream. I was climbing a rugged mountain by a hard and steep path. As I turned abruptly to the right, I saw in a valley below, all cool and green, a beautiful stone church. No sign of life was to be seen, only the church stood there, alone. I ran swiftly down the mountain and entered the building; within it there were no people, but so long as I live I shall never forget its beauty. The sun came in through the large stained glass windows, showing their every detail; the carpet was soft and thick; then there was a wonderful pipe organ from which came the most marvelous music. As spell-bound I stood before the altar, gazing around, suddenly an angel in the largest window seemed to move and then left her place and walked slowly to the organ; there she stood with face uplifted toward heaven and began to sing. That is all I can say about her, for I can never, never describe that voice. I only know that very soon a calm and deep, mysterious peace entered my soul, for it seemed that my answer had come. Never again shall I complain because I cannot sing. I shall always live in the glory of that angel's voice."

The girl's happiness was reflected in the older woman's face as she

said, "I am glad, Beryl, that in your vision you could read your answer."

And the girl, so full of life and the hopes which it held for her, was content.

H. E. W., '13

### MAKING GOOD.

As John Slocum passed down the aisle, more than one pair of eyes turned to follow the tall, well-built figure with the crown of snowy hair above the radiant, noble face. It did not seem to matter that his evening dress was of a style long gone by; he was a gentleman and distinguished in appearance.

"That was certainly kind of Mr. Williams to give me a ticket for this evening. It seems like old times to be at the college play. Dear old Alma Mater!" thought John Slocum, as in fancy he was again the boy, "one of the bunch," who had come, with the dearest girl in the world, to see the college play and to help make the place ring with college yells. How happy they had been, he thought, a gentle, dreamy smile curving his lips.

All through the first act he sat entranced and watched the youthful faces of the players. The second act was half over when a voice that sounded oddly familiar aroused him to a knowledge of the everyday world. "Do you remember the time when, in our senior year, we all came together, Dick? The six of the crowd, you know, and the girls. I think we are the last ones, all gone but us. Tom was here last year, but now he, too, is gone," the voice said. Another voice, evidently that of Dick, answered, "And after the play we had a little feast, when the girls were safely disposed of, and we vowed we'd do great things, we'd do something to make our Alma Mater proud. Most of those who are gone have done something. There was McGowan, he died fighting the plague in China. Bill Lane was never heard of, lost in Africa; and Tom, as you know, was one of the greatest scientists of his time. He saved thousands of lives. They made good, Vic."

"But what of Jack, you know he was the brightest and best of the bunch. Don't you remember how jolly he was, and how we cheered him, especially when he told us that with a girl like Jean he couldn't but make good, and he would do it?" asked Vic.

"Yes, but Jean and he quarreled, I have heard, and no one seems to know where Jack is. But wherever he is, be sure of it, he is doing his best, and his Alma Mater can be proud of him." Then both fell silent.

To the man, listening with hungry, envious, yet proud heart for news

of his old classmates, those last sentences sounded like the knell of doom. He, alone of them all, had done nothing. He sat staring before him, unseeing and unheeding, until the flash of lights warned him that the play was ended.

He rose slowly, an old bent man and was leaving when suddenly he found himself face to face with those friends of other days. "Jack". There was a welcome in the cry of both Dick and Vic, but the old man passed by in silence with bowed head.

Some months later Victor Carleton, on charity bent, went searching for one Peter Jones, who, Mr. Carleton had been informed, needed help. The search appeared fruitless for a time. Finally, however, he found a boy who informed him that "Uncle John", who had often helped Pete, would know, if any body did, the whereabouts of the poor fellow. He offered, for a sum of money, to lead Mr. Carleton to the aforesaid "Uncle John."

It came about that, as they went along, Mr. Carleton learned odd bits, fragments of the history of the man who was a helper and friend to the entire neighborhood. At last they reached the dingy house where "Uncle John" lived. Mr. Carleton knocked at the door of the little room, and, in answer to a cherry call of "Enter," pushed open the door. A moment he stood silent, then exclaimed "Jack"! The old man turned, and in the excitement of the moment replied "Vic"!

Later Vic told Dick about it. "You were right", he said in conclusion, "the college can be proud of Jack. Where the others saved bodies, he, God bless him, saved souls. Just think, for forty years, ever since Jean and he quarreled, he has lived there, spending all he has earned to help those poor miserable wretches. While I was there he received a message from a boy that he had staked to a farm in the West, and he read it to me, to prove that what he got out of his way of living, was worth what he put in. It read, "I'm straight now, thanks to you." He smiled rather sadly when I asked him why he didn't want to recognize us. "You have all made good, save me, and I—well, you see," he said.

Several minutes passed, but neither spoke; then Dick said musingly, "I wonder what he calls 'making good'." Edna M. Yorke, '14.

### THE STORM.

Aneid III, ll. 192-200.

The ocean held the ships within its grasp,  
 Nor was there sign of land on any side;  
 On every side the sky and sea were seen.  
 Then dark above my head a cloud arose,  
 Bearing the storm and rushing tempest wild  
 And fear, that chilled the waves of ocean deep.  
 The sea began to surge and toss in wrath  
 And hurled us, scattered, in the whirlpool vast;  
 The dark night wrapped the day in foggy gloom,  
 But oft the sky was lit with darts of fire.  
 Our course we lost and wandered hopelessly.

K. M. Boyd.

### GREETINGS TO CLIO.

"This most welcome opportunity of publishing a Clio number of the Review must come as a real treat to Clionians. It is an incentive that will make all Clios not procrastinate but by incessant plodding, day by day, without a respite place the dear old colors on that high pinnacle synonymous with success.

An old Latin saying reads, "Crede quod habes, et habes,"—"believe that you have it and you have it." Belief in this together with an unlimited supply of persistency will mean that Clionians of the graduates and undergraduates will have their names inscribed in a niche in the Clionian Hall of Fame.

The personnel of Clio is such that victory must be Clio's in the coming contest.

Again, Clios of the present semester, cognizant of the meaning of the responsibility thrust upon you and the upholding of our motto, 'Pedetentim et Gradatim Oramur', I wish you much success and intuitively I feel victory for Clio, as it is my filial duty to do.

Francis X. McMurrough, '12.

Senate of Pennsylvania, January 16, 1913

Miss Margaret Decker,  
Box 202,  
California, Pa.

My dear Miss Decker:

I am delighted at the opportunity to speak to all Clionians through the Normal Review. The events of the past few years have determined that the American nation is going forward and not backward; that there will be a steady, insistent and rapid progress, both in the ideals of citizenship, and the methods of political management which make those ideals effective. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has, through her citizens, placed herself in the forefront of the movement, and I confidently expect that she will remain in that position. Clionians must not forget that they have a duty to their country and their state, as well as to themselves; that the cornerstone of progress in human life is service to one's fellows; and that all teachers have, as their highest duty, the furthering of ideals of clean, honest citizenship, worked out along aggressive and progressive lines. The boys and girls which you add to the life of the nation should understand that they are not only to have honest desires but to be willing to work and, if necessary, fight in the political arena to have these ideals carried out.

I sincerely hope that Clionians will turn their faces toward the light of better things which I believe to be dawning.

Yours very sincerely,

A. W. Powell '92

Washington, Pa., Feb. 9, 1913.

Editor of the Normal Review:

In reply to your request, relative to reminiscences of the Clionian Literary Society, I would say that the subject is too large to handle in a limited space of the Review; but as a former member of that Society—one who loves its traditions and appreciates its influences—I shall try to comply with your request.

As a valuable adjunct to the Normal School, there is no question as to Clio's influence upon the student body and the influence of her many sons and daughters who have gone out from the school and are numbered among the men and women of Southwestern Pennsylvania. Those who have actively participated in the literary work of the school can testify

to its value as an influence that gives one poise and confidence not usually attained in any other department of school work. In fact, too much cannot be said in praise of this particular department of the Normal, and the writer includes all three of the Literary Societies in this statement.

Since my first connection with the school, it has been my pleasure to meet many whose names are enrolled among Clio's splendid men and women, and it is with a deep sense of gratitude that I recall numerous acts of kindness and encouragement on the part of my fellow Clonians, while a student and since my graduation.

Would that I had space to name many of our people and relate reminiscences of them while Normal students; but there are too many and there is always a possibility of omitting very deserving ones. However, of all the Clonians, probably none has been more highly honored than a certain California boy, who though one of the youngest members of his Society, early attained prominence as a debater and was, I think, the youngest contest orator who has represented Clio. I refer, of course, to Walter S. Hertzog, the present Principal of the Normal School. While considering many of the former students, I cannot pass by the contest oration of James A. Wakefield, a Fayette county boy, now a prominent attorney of Pittsburg, an oration not surpassed by any of the many it has been my pleasure to hear; then there was Jesse O. Arnold, of "Old Fiat," now a leading physician of Philadelphia, a thinker and debater; Charles E. Dickey, of Somerset county, now Assistant County Superintendent of Allegheny County, good natured and a fine extemporaneous speaker; George B. Jeffries, an attorney of Uniontown—first, last, and all the time a Clonian, and a Democrat; John W. Bowman, of Redstone Township, now a successful real estate broker of Rocky Ford, Colorado—and who shall forget "Rip Van Winkle"? Another to remember was L. C. Creiger, probably the ablest Bible student of the school, and a logical debater; Arch C. Powell, a California boy, now State Senator, and recently elected Auditor General of Pennsylvania, doubtless owes much of his success as a public speaker and—shall I say it?—politician, to his early experience in Clio; W. H. (Bill Nye) Martin, a successful attorney of Uniontown, whose Clonian Reviews, for originality and quaint humor, have probably never been surpassed. I recall one number of the Review, in size about thirty inches square; on the title page was represented a base ball diamond, with all the players in position. "Jakey" Altman in the pitcher's box; Bruce Sterling, catching; "Bert" Morgan on first base; Charley Dickey, second; "Sam" Small, third; Ira Smith, short stop; Charles Furbee, left field, C. L. Smith, center; and Henry Corneil, right. I wish to be recorded as saying the above was the greatest ball team that ever represented the State Normal, a team that "cleaned up" all its competitors. By the way, who of the old days will forget "Bill Nye" Martin's poem in the Clonian Review, "Calvin Luther Smith at the Game" (Normal vs. W. and

J., at Washington); his inimitable Supreme Court story; or his Memorial Day "Play Ball" anecdote, which he had the audacity to use in his Clio-Philo debate? There is another, and his Normal friends insist that the position he holds in politics is due, to a certain extent, to his early literary experience, as a speaker and general "mixer" in society politics, Senator W. E. Crow, Esq., of Fayette County.

We boys who have gone out from the Old Normal, take off our hats to one of Monongahela's fairest daughters, one whose work and influence was a credit to her society, and who has been highly honored by her Alma Mater. I refer, of course, to Mrs. Mary G. Noss (formerly Miss Mary Graham), Vice-Principal of the Southwestern State Normal. There are many others whom one could mention, young women who have done splendid work and whose influence has been very potential in the school. There was one from Washington County whom Clionians of the early nineties remember with much pleasure, because of her consistent work and ability as a public speaker, Miss Florence Burke (Mrs. George Snodgrass), whose "Ben Hur Chariot Race" ranks with the very best; another was Miss Mary Early (Mrs. Dr. Vaux), Pittsburg, who proved a winner for Clio, with her reading, "The Emigrant's Story;" and still another, a California girl, defended our Gold and Blue and brought well-deserved praise to herself as a reader of more than ordinary ability; I refer to Miss Mame Billingsley.

There are others whom I would gladly mention, men and women who have honored the school while students and since being graduated from it, but time will not permit me to do so. They can be found in the cities, villages, and rural districts of Southwestern Pennsylvania, doing their part in shaping the affairs of our institutions and reflecting credit upon their Alma Mater.

Sincerely yours,

W. D. Brightwell. '91

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## *The Normal Review*

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Dear people of the Blue and Gold, the *Review* greets you! Who you are, how many you are, or where you are, we do not know exactly, for a great number have gone out from our hall to take their places in the world; but we do hope that you will get our message of good wishes and know that Clio still thinks of her sons and daughters. When you saw the colors on the cover of the *Review* and the dragon hearing the four letters, did you not think of the time when you used to go to society in the gold and blue hall and take part in the work done there; and did it not make you say with pride, "I am a Clio?"

We, the Clios of this year, are looking forward with great eagerness to the time when we, like you, shall take our places in the battle of life. For some of us it is only a short time before we shall be with you, old Clios; and we, like you, are not going to forget the society that has helped us prepare for our life work.

The other day one of the new students said: "When I first came here, I thought, to hear people talk, that all great men who ever lived had been Clios." That's just what we want every one to think. That is Clio's spirit. We are proud to say we have sent out some great men. To be a Clio—that alone, makes one great!

M. D.

We stand on the threshold of a new year. Before us lie prospects, bright and promising. It only remains for the society to retain its high standard of excellence, established by the triumphs of the past. The rostrum is our battle-field; let every member fight for the mastery on this scene of warfare, that we may return wearing the rose of victory. Clio society offers abundant opportunity for any one interested in literary pursuits. In the private meetings experience and confidence are gained; these manifest themselves in the public meetings, and will serve their possessor in good stead when he is brought face to face with the realities of the life beyond the portals of his Alma Mater.

R. E. D., '13.



### Salutatory.

Mr. President, Clios, and prospective Clios:—At the beginning of a new year, a new term, and a new month, I welcome you back to the Normal and to Clio. I am glad to greet you and know that you have come to enter on this new year's work with us, for there is need of you. Not only does Clio need you just now, but the world will need you later on. The world has need of every one of us; but before we can fulfill that need there is much to be accomplished, much to be done here.

Our work at school is merely making an excavation and laying a foundation. What can be built upon it, depends wholly upon us and upon how well we dig that excavation and lay the stones. The building should be massive and expansive, significant of the highest greatness. Such a structure as this must rest on a well-shaped and carefully constructed base. This base is being made now; each day another layer is overturned, more ground is uncovered, as new discoveries are made. Then each day should be accompanied by a strong resolve that that day's work shall be the best of all. Each evening must hear you say, "I have done my best." "That is good enough for to-day" is said by all of us too often. Only the best is good enough for us, and this best is obtained only through long, hard, and conscientious work. Clio's best is gained only by the hardest work each member can put into it. Our last term's work was good, but not good enough. The closing year did not see the best we could give; let not this new year receive a similar gift.

Our victory of last June showed us that success can be obtained only after much labor on the part of every member of Clio. It was a splendid victory, one of which we are all proud and glad to know that we may have had some small part in securing. We are honored by having as members of our society such workers as our predecessors were, and they, I am sure, are glad to be Clios. Then let us not depreciate that feeling by resting on the laurels some one else has won for us, but, if possible, increase the honor of being a Clio.

The victory last year was comparatively easy for us; we sat by and listened. This year it is different; the outcome is left for us to decide. Are we going to fail? Are we to be satisfied in saying we won in 1912? Let that be your saying, and you meet with defeat. Not only next June, but in all the contests of life, it will mean that the 1913 part of your foundations was laid carelessly and lazily, and the corresponding part of the building will be weak, a failure.

The record and pace is set for us. The people of last year's class knew that, because of their earnest efforts, their victory was well earned and deserved. And they trusted that Clios of the next year and all coming years, would possess this same energetic feeling of conquering. Shall we disappoint them? No; our victory next June must be even greater than that of 1912.

Our work so far points to success. Let it lead on to the coveted goal. Let each one give willingly to Clio the best that he has, the hardest work and the best support. A passive, indifferent, careless attitude is not what we desire and what we need, but the truest wide-awake patriotism in each one. Then, remembering the standard set for us, let all work diligently and together, not only to meet that standard but far to surpass it, to achieve the greatest of all greatness for Clio.

K. C. '13.

### A. A. A. S.

The sixty-fourth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Cleveland, Ohio, from December 30, 1912, to January 4, 1913, under the presidency of Dr. Edward Charles Pickering, Mass.

Director of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College, Cambridge,

The excellent arrangements made for the meetings, the good hotels and other public utilities of Cleveland, and unusually mild and pleasant weather through most of the week, combined to make the material environment one of the most agreeable experienced by the Association. The number of members registered was 720, and in addition 150 from the affiliated societies; but as is well known this registration is always incomplete, especially in the case of members of affiliated societies who are not members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It is safe to say that the total in attendance must have exceeded 1,000.

"These meetings of the Association have been a clearing house to which men of science of the whole country have brought the results of their work, and from which they have returned with a renewed interest in research. The migratory meetings in widely separated places have extended an intelligent interest in science, and have led to a greater appreciation of its importance. An organization competent to represent the consensus of expert opinion has been an important factor in guiding the scientific activity of the country."

During the past sixty years the names of practically all the leaders of American science have been on the register of the Association. Among its officers have been Henry, Agassiz, Rogers, Pierce, Dana, Torrey, Newberry, Hall, Gould, Gray, Le Conte, Powell, Cope, Gibbs, Newcomb, and nearly all those who have given distinction to the history of science in this country. At present the Association has more than eight thousand members, including most Americans professionally engaged in scientific work. There are among the members so many educational students and administrators that a section for education has now been formed.

The Association meets in sections which cover the field of science. These are: A. Mathematics and Astronomy; B. Physics; C. Chemistry;

D. Mechanical Science and Engineering; E. Geology and Geography; F. Zoology; G. Botany; H. Anthropology and Psychology; I. Social and Economic Science; K. Physiology and Experimental Medicine; L. Education.

The Association also serves as a center for the meetings of special scientific societies which have become affiliated with it. Twenty-three such societies held their annual meeting at Cleveland with the A. A. A. S.

It is intended that membership in the Association shall be limited to those who rank high in their chosen field, but in the sections devoted to the less exact sciences, any serious student in the field covered by that section is welcome.

The sections of most interest to teachers in the public schools are: Geography, Anthropology, Social and Economic Science, and Education. Of the affiliated societies, The American Nature Study Society, The School Garden Association of America, The Folk Lore Society, and The American Psychological Association, investigate questions which are often before the teachers of the grades.

At the section meetings the papers were all short, seldom more than fifteen minutes, often but ten. With few exceptions, these papers reported the results of experiment or investigation. The only approach to the popular address so often heard at the N. E. A. and at our State Associations, was the addresses of the retiring President and Vice-Presidents. Among these papers of a general character those by Prof. Bessey, a botanist of world wide fame, and by Dr. Ladd of Yale on "The Study of Man," and two by Prof. Thorndike of Columbia, were especially noteworthy.

Numerous social and semi-social events relieved the intellectual tension of the week. One was the daily luncheon for everybody at the Y. M. C. A. of the Western Reserve University where most of the meetings were held. The general reception on Monday evening at Hotel Statler, the dinner at the Chamber of Commerce Building by the Psychological Association, two afternoon teas, a theatre party and a musicale, the last four events for women only, will remain a pleasant memory in the mind of the writer of these notes.

A. B.

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### Here and There.

During the Christmas holidays the faculty were widely separated. Mrs. Noss and Miss Noss visited Professor J. C. Hockenberry in Kalamazo, Michigan. Professor Hockenberry, who was a member of the class of '86 was later the teacher of psychology and pedagogy in C. N. S. He is now in the same department in the splendid Normal School in Kalamazo.

Mr. Richardson was at his home in Worcester, Mass., and Mr. Messersmith was at home and also visited in Ann Arbor, Detroit and Cleveland. Miss Livingstone was with friends in Ann Arbor and in Sandusky. Dr. Graves spent the vacation with her sister in Newton, Mass.

Many of the faculty were at their homes in Pennsylvania. Dr. Ehrenfeld was with his son in Erie, Miss Thomas with her sister, Mrs. W. C. Colmery, and Miss Pratt with Dr. and Mrs. Davis. Miss Shutterly remained at California and catalogued 250 new volumes for the library.

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Professor Will L. Monroe, the author of various works on the history of education and of four travel books, visited the Normal January 3 and 4. Mr. Monroe was a member of the faculty in 1896. He is now at the Montclair, N. J., State Normal School. Through the hospitality of Miss Buckbee and Mrs. Noss, many of the resident members of the faculty had the pleasure of meeting Professor Monroe in a delightful social gathering in Mrs. Noss's parlors.

Professor Dobson has had many engagements both in California and away from us. At the Butler County Institute before Christmas and at Meadville during New Year's week he was director and soloist. He has been training the choir of the Methodist Episcopal church in California and at their rendition of "The Messiah" on February 3 he will conduct and sing solo parts. A little later the cantata, "Don Munio," will be given in Greenville with his assistance and direction.

Mrs. J. D. Meese and Miss Helen Meese ('06) were warmly welcomed on the occasion of their recent visit. Mrs. Meese was the guest of Mrs. Noss for several days, and Miss Meese was here for the week-end. Friends in town took the opportunity to entertain these former members of the Normal School and Mrs. Noss gave a reception in their honor.

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The school and music lovers in the vicinity are looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the visit of Professor Charles Frederic Morse. Professor Morse became Head of the Music Department in 1904 and remained here five years. He now has a studio in Detroit and many other responsibilities and honors. He is organist in the Episcopal Cathedral and the director of a Men's Choral Society and, as well, is secretary of the National Guild of American Organists. Professor Morse will give a recital at the Presbyterian church in California on the evening of February 6.

On January 9 the California Normal School was addressed by Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth. Mrs. Booth is known as the Little Mother of the Prisons, and, as her name implies, her work lies chiefly in the prisons. For years she has given over her life to the betterment of the prisons and has accomplished more, perhaps, than any other woman in the world in this work. She has led many and many a prisoner to a better life. Another part of her work lies in helping the wives and children, still another in helping the convicts after they are released from prison. Every one who heard Mrs. Booth's lecture will long remember it.

K. Boyd.

The Vesper Service of January 26, directed by Miss Mary Noss, was very pleasing.

Part I—Music antedating 1700.

Processional—O come, O come, Emmanuel.

Responsive Reading.

Quartet—O come, let us Worship.....Palestrina (1515-1594)

Scripture Reading—Psalms 149 and 150.

Prayer.

Hymn 104.

Quartet—Crucifixus ..... Palestrina

Violin—Aubade ..... Couperin (1668-1733)

Part II—Music of contemporary composers.

Duet—The Virgin by the Manger ..... Cesar Franck (1822-1899)

Trio and Chorus—A Joyful Christmas Song..... Gevaert

Anthem—Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name ..... Kate Llewellyn

Piano—Clair de Lune ..... Claude Debussy (1862—)

Trio—Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken ..... C. G. Hamilton

Quartet—List! the Cherubic Host..... A. R. Gaul

Anthem—By the Waters of Babylon ..... Neidlinger

Prayer.

Hymn 179.

Recessional—No. 115. .... H. C. Macdougall

The two literary societies have elected their representatives for the Annual Contest of Commencement Week. We are all looking forward with much interest to hearing these speakers.

PHILO,

Mr. Wayland Zwyer.....Debaters.....Mr. Lloyd Mehaffy

Miss Winona Coatsworth ..... Readers ..... Miss Adlai McCormick

Miss Helen Aiken ..... Essayists ..... Miss Helen Wilson

Miss Effa Hasson.....Orators.....Miss Kate Craven

CLIO,

The Senior Class of 1913 met Wednesday, January 29, and organized. No business was transacted except the election of the following officers:

President .....	Mr. Boucher
Vice-President .....	Mr. Mankey
Secretary .....	Miss Grice
Treasurer .....	Miss Brightwell

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### Y. M. C. A.

The program committee is offering an entirely different type of program from those previously used. They have exercised great care in the selection of the topics, and these are being thoughtfully presented by the leaders.

The missionary committee is also presenting topics for mission study. The aim is to endeavor to cover the mission field thoroughly and to impart a general knowledge of what mission work has done and is doing in all parts of the world. Every third meeting will be devoted to this study.

The ardent assistance of both Prof. H. A. Murta and Prof. C. E. Richardson is greatly appreciated by the committees as well as by the members of the entire association.

State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Evan W. Thomas, visited our association January 18 and 19. This visit of his was a real inspiration to our association.

Our meetings have not been attended by so large a number as is desired but the spirit of the meetings has been exceptionally good.

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### Y. W. C. A.

The annual Y. W. C. A. bazaar was held in the library on the evening of December 7. The girls contributed many articles suitable for Christmas presents. The bazaar was well attended by both boarding and town students. The sum of twenty-five dollars was realized from the sales.

The Information Committee have taken as a part of their work the reviewing of the Association Monthly. The first review, given at the monthly missionary meeting on November 24 by the chairman of the Information Committee, was on the missionary work done by the Young Women's Christian Association in foreign fields.

Christmas greetings were received from the Associations at Miller-ville, East Stroudsburg, Bloomsburg, and Lock Haven Normal Schools; and from Miss Dodge, Chairman of the National Board; Miss Richardson the State Secretary; and from former members, Miss Bales, Miss Butler, and Miss Coffee.

The first meeting of the winter term, led by Miss Brightwell and Miss Patterson, was well attended and gave promise of a successful new year.

The girls are taking renewed interest in the work and have planned to accomplish much this term.

On Saturday afternoon, January 12, a Pay Day Social was held in the library. The Social Committee had planned a very pleasant afternoon for its guests. Appropriate games were played and refreshments served.

The Association was glad to welcome recently to their Sunday morning meetings Mrs. Meese and Miss Meese of Swissvale, Miss Donaldson and Miss Cheeseman, '11.  
Bernice Hufford.

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### Athletics.

Owing to much bad weather the girls have not been able to engage in out-of-door winter sports. They are, however, regularly employed in gymnastics and in-door games. Chief of these in the interest of the girls is basket-ball, and some spirited contests are looked for later in the winter. The Philo and Clio Societies have organized teams which are preparing for a game in February. Other teams are being chosen with a view to a series of inter-class games.

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The baseball fans of the Normal are looking forward to a successful season in base-ball, as the spring term approaches. The fellows who shine on the diamond are keeping themselves in condition by playing basket-ball, and going through gymnastic drills. Under the supervision of Coach Kirberger a series of league games in basket-ball are being played. The first clash came Saturday, Princeton defeating Yale and Pennsylvania Harvard; much spirit has been aroused, and each team is working hard.

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### Visitors.

Miss Helen McRoberts, who was a student here last year, is back with us this term. Miss Marian Donohue has returned to school after a delay on account of sickness at home. Mrs. O. E. Moffat of the class of '06 visited her sister, Miss Augusta Griffith. Miss Anna Froebe, Miss Grace Donaldson, Miss Alice Love, and Dr. A. V. Donaldson were visitors at North Hall during January. Miss Marion Cheseman of '11 called on Miss Nancy Templeton. Miss Sue Smith from Smithton spent two days with Miss Garnet Rhodes. Mr. N. M. Condon from Point Marion visited his daughter Marguerite. Mrs. H. A. McCormick from Bentleyville, visited her daughter Adlai, who has been ill. Miss Sara Hewett and Miss Lydia Warne spent a week end with Miss Eliza Hewett. Miss Martha Wheeler of Uniontown, Pa., spent two days with Miss Lorena Williams.

A. D. Vetesk, a graduate of the class of '10, who is now teaching at

Tarentum, was a general visitor to the boys of South Dormitory. Mr. C. Guy Sutter received a visit from his brother, W. C. Sutter. Mr. Orange Spangy was visited by a graduate of the class of '02, Dr. A. M. Uphouse. F. B. Lewellyn of W. Va. University visited R. M. McClain. Mr. Lewellyn is a graduate of the class of '02. Mr. Joe Martin of Slippery Rock Normal School, visited Messrs. Baum and Pierce. Mr. Pierce received another visit from his friend, Mr. Frank Simmons of McKeesport. Miss Estella Null, a member of the class of '01, who is now teaching in the fifth grade, East End Building, Uniontown, Pa., came to see her brother, Thomas E. Null. Mr. Olan Lutes, a student of the University of Ohio, at Athens, O. and a graduate of the class of '09 visited his brother, Eugene Lutes.

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### Smiles.

Teacher—"What was the Assize of Arms?"

Student—"Well, the higher class of people had to have shields for their heads."

Teacher—"Well, then I suppose they had helmets for their feet."

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To the English History Classes:—Whenever Mr. Richardson asks, "Why didn't he do it?" it is a safe guess to say "He died."

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What is Miss Power's favorite musical instrument?  
A grind organ with a "Mankey."

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If you do not know your Geology, start some question about the evolution of man.

If you do not know your History of Education, start something about Rousseau or Pestalozzi.

If you do not know your English IV, you had better not go to class.

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Ask Grace when the Herbartian movement came back to California, and if she has had the naturalistic tendency to read many "Lyons."

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M. S.—Returning from the Model School. "When does the next train leave, girls"?

L. P.—Ah-h mademoiselle!

F. C.—"Has he asked to take you to the lecture yet?"

Miss B.—"Get it wing, get it, its all yours!"



Nero himself could never have entertained an audience as has Clio's Chorus. Individually its members seek physical development as well as vocal, and as a means to attain this end the "base-ball" method is employed. Grace is "first up" when she is ready to "strike one" note. Eva, the pitcher, takes the tone, pitches it, and throws it to Peggy, who as catcher receives it with open arms. Then the fun begins. Randolph sings 1st Base, Dickey 2nd, Lloyd 3rd, and Jacobs, "Home Sweet Home." Short stop is played by all when some one "strikes out" on the wrong track. The girls are all "in hose" and everybody gets "up in the air" because the audience laughs when the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is attempted by Clio's Chorus of 1913.

H. W. '13.

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Teacher—"What is an engineer, Tommy?"

Tommy—"A man that works an engine."

Teacher—"That's right. Now what is a pioneer, Johnny?"

Johnny—"A woman that works a piano."—Ex.

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Bobby—"This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat."

Mamma—"Why, dear?"

Bobby—"Because the book says, 'Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest.'"—Ex.

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A little boy had put on his first suit of clothes with trousers. Sitting down on the floor to play he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, where is my lap?"—Ex.

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He—When will the alphabet have 25 letters?

She—When U and I are one.—Ex.

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Student—What should an athl-ete?

Professor—Track-meet.—Ex.

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If T. R. Woodrow Taft across the Potomac, who Woodrow Wilson?

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You cannot drive a tack with a sponge, no matter how much you soak it.—Ex.

### Exchanges.

The **Orange and Blue** contains very little school news. Some student originality would go a great way toward brightening and enlivening the paper.

**Wah-Hoo.**—The editors can be congratulated upon getting up a thoroughly enjoyable and original paper. The contents are as characteristic as the title, but is Allegheny High all jokes?

**X-Ray** is a good student paper but is too personal and has very little school news.

**Knick-Knacks** is well supplied with cuts but is filled almost exclusively with athletic news.

**Commerical Record** is a delightful paper with excellent cuts from the Penmanship department.

**The High School Review.** The pictures add very much to your paper.  
Gertha Nickels.

### Alumni Notes.

1891.

Principal W. S. Hertzog spoke at the institutes of Beaver, Venango, Franklin, and Fayette counties.

1896.

Mrs. Blanche Sturgis Duffenbaugh ('96) has gone with her husband, W. S. Deffenbaugh, to Washington, D. C., where Mr. Deffenbaugh is to be under U. S. Commissioner Claxton, in the National Department of Education. He is to be in the Section of City Administration.

1897.

Charles A. Compton, a representative of the Lippincott Company, visited the school January 15, 1913.

1900.

Prof. T. L. Pollock, superintendent of the Charleroi schools, visited the school recently.

1901.

C. P. McCormick, principal of the Bentleyville high school, entertained the class of 1911-'12 at his home. Mary Piersol (12), Martha and Ruth Brown, and Adlai McCormick (13), were the Normal guests present.

1902.

Albert M. Uphouse, a doctor of Somerset county, visited the school several days in January and brought a new pupil to the school.

**1903.**

Frank Cree and wife visited friends at the school in December. Mr. Cree is a graduate of State College and for many years has been a well-known member of the New York American League. He is now located at Sunbury, Pa.

**1905.**

Mr. James Killius was at the school December 9, 1912. Mr. Killius is taking work at Hiram in preparation for his entrance to Ann Arbor, where he will study law.

Thomas W. Walton is now assistant educational director in the Detroit Technical Institute.

Mrs. Florence Mitchell Davis is now teaching in Big Beaver Township, Beaver county.

**1906.**

Frank Lewellyn is a teacher in the English department of the University of West Virginia. He also takes his M. A. this year from the same university.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Richardson ('06), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Richardson of Knoxville, Pa., and R. Clifford Lightcap took place December 10, 1912. Miss Marian Richardson ('11) was maid of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Lightcap will make their home on Griffin avenue, Carrick.

Mr. Robert Mountsier visited Miss Buckbee and other friends at the Normal January 3. Mr. Mountsier is on the staff of the New York Evening Sun, and is making good. He has spent a year at Columbia, in addition to graduating from Michigan.

Mr. Harry Palmer, who, it will be remembered, was doing work in the Philippines, sends greetings from the Pacific coast. He is studying medicine in Los Angeles.

**1908.**

M. Robert Smith of California, Pa., is in college in Philadelphia.

**1909.**

Miss Ethel Hawthorne of California, Pa., is now the soprano soloist at the Brighton Road Presbyterian church, Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Bess Davis is doing good work in the Duquesne schools.

Olan Lutes of Athens, Ohio, visited the school during his Christmas vacation.

Misses Elsie Mitchell and Gregg, teachers of the Monessen public schools, visited the Normal.

Mrs. N. Rainsburg announced the marriage of her daughter, Nell Elizabeth, to Mr. Wilmer Edwin Atkinson, ('09) on Wednesday, November 27, 1912. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson will live in Bellevue, Pa.

## 1910.

Clifford Stewart, a student at State College visited the Normal.

Andrew Vetesk was one of the 1910 visitors at the school.

Miss Florence Crill, formerly of the Charleroi schools, is now teaching in Pittsburg.

Miss Stella Null visited her brother, who is a member of the Senior class.

Gaza Mika, a sophomore at Yale, visited friends in the school during his Christmas vacation.

## 1911.

Miss Cheeseman visited the school in January.

## 1912.

Miss Corinne Talbot visited her sister, who is a member of the senior class.

Miss Sue Butts is now teaching in Blythedale, Pa.

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The last meeting of La Cercle Francaise was at the home of Miss Prudence Trimbell, a former student of the school. Those of the alumnae present were: Miss Mary Noss ('04), Miss Ruth Barnum ('06), Miss Gehring ('10), Miss Kennedy ('10), Miss Louise Hanlon ('11), Miss Ruby Charles ('12), Miss Stockdale ('12), and Miss Rockwell ('12).

Quite a number of the alumni are now teaching in Beaver county; some are: H. H. Wilson, Beaver Falls High School; W. T. McCulla, Principal of Monaca schools; Miss Ethel J. Dunlap, Beaver Falls; Miss Mollie Dickie and Miss Dolores Reed, Ambridge; and Miss Edna Roney, Beaver Falls.

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Tommy—"Chivalry means knighthood."

Teacher—"Use the word in a sentence."

Tommy—"My grandma puts on her chivalry when she goes to bed."—Ex.

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