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W. Atterbury

AIGBEE MAGAZINE



D.S. '12

VOL. 2.

OCTOBER 1908

No. 1.

HIGBEE SCHOOL

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HIGBEE MAGAZINE

Issued monthly by students of Higbee School,
Memphis, Tenn.

VOL. II OCTOBER 1908 No. 1

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1. What is school without school spirit? Do not girls owe a great deal to their schools? Is it not there that the corner stones of their characters are laid? Is it not there that their happiest days are spent?

Just what is school spirit? It is not simply a casual interest in their school, but an active interest. Active interest is displayed, not by a cheerful on-looking countenance, but by actually taking a bold. When events such as Field Day, a coming game, an entertainment, a reception, is discussed, don't stand back to see what your neighbors are going to do, but step out and set the example.

To be dependent upon the whims of others is to tell your classmates that you

keep up to and raise the former good name of Higbee School.

2. "We are glad to welcome our new teachers, Miss Jones and Miss Yevis," might be a very proper and conventional way to announce the addition to Higbee's faculty, but it would in no way express the feeling of the girls for the new instructors. We only hope that, as the months pass, we may grow to know each other better than one month's pleasant companionship can possibly afford.

are weak. Last year, the "weak" set was a lacking element. Let us not only hope that it will be the same this year, but let us, by our individual efforts,

3. With this issue The Higbee Magazine starts out upon its second year, and a very successful one, we hope it may be. Last year, owing to the fact that we were not allowed to have advertisements, we often found ourselves in rather close financial straits. This year that difficulty has been eliminated. We already have our heads above water, and with no prospect of sinking. Show your school spirit by subscribing to the paper. "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more." In other words, don't read your neighbor's copy.

We hope to make the paper a great success this year, and we expect the help and support of every Higbeeite.

4. Complimentary copies of the first issue of the Magazine will be sent to the Alumnae and friends of Higbee School. We appreciate the cordial interest which they showed last year, and trust that we may receive their subscriptions this year.

5. Just a word about the behavior in the street cars. Loud talking, laughing and joking is hardly in good taste in any public place, and especially on the cars. Remember this, girls, and don't let any one hear again that a

Higbee girl behaves boisterously in public.

Over the Line and Drugged.

"Howdy, Miss Content. Bound for the campus?"

"Nope," was the inconic reply. "I'm for the hall. I've got all sorts of notes to make up."

"Oh, bother the notes; you know all you have to do is to 'keep a smiling countenance' and the prof. will forget he ever gave you any work. Better come on over and have a turn; the lake is great."

Surely no one's manner could have been more persuasive than Otis Mardon's. He possessed that easy, yet manly way which never fails to win friends. His engaging attitude, however, never could have made him captain of the track team. That was due alone to his athletic ability, and (as the girls styled it) his "stunning shoulders."

Content Alford, susceptible as she may have been to his persuasion, certainly had the faculty of concealing it. So it took much argument on Mardon's part to convince her that there was "really no need of making up those notes."

It was one of those rare days in December, just before the holidays. The ground was covered with two feet of snow, frozen over by a heavy crust. The branches of the old campus elms were weighed down with icicles. The metallic click of the students' skates, dangling from the shoulder straps, the crench-craunch of the padded snow under foot, intensified the crispness of the atmosphere. But Content, wrapped up snugly in her furs, her hands thrust deeply into her pockets and Otis Mardon, enveloped in a great reefer, his heavier cap pulled down tightly over his ears, cared nothing about the cold. They were engaged in a lively discussion of

the track meet which was to occur the early part of the next week.

"Huh," asserted Content banteringly, "there won't be so much as breathing space for those red-necks when our men come in."

"I'm afraid there's going to be plenty of room for the best work we can put up. They've a ripping good team. But, of course," added Mardon reassuringly, "we've got 'em, alright."

"What's their main stay?" asked Content.

"Well, their put is great, but I understand that long distance is their best work."

She gave a little start and then laughed outright. "My, but isn't that fine for you?"

"Fine for me?" he questioned drolly. "I fail to see the point. It means a stack of work, Miss Content."

"Oh, yes, I know that, but just think how perfectly great it will be for you after it's all over. Every one will howl for 'Mardon,' and at the prom you will be the center of revolution."

Then she stole a mischievous glance at him to make him understand that she had had only been plaguing him; but he could well afford to overlook her teasing, and only answered: "There's no doubt about my being the center of attraction if I'm anywhere around you."

So they talked until they reached the lake. Soon they were flying over the smooth ice, and such exercise does not permit much conversation. On they went, calling now and then to their friends and stopping once in a while in a group of gay young people for a little chat.

Just as it was growing dark, they, like Jack and Jill, met with a catastrophe. Although there was no dangerous hill or tumbling pail of water, there was a portion of the lake which had not been properly cleared. It was there that Content wished to skate. In vain did Mar-

dson try to convince her that it was dangerous and that she would be disappointed if she went; but go she would, and go she did.

The snow pile was making its way through the banks of snow, and, as it reached a cleared portion, the horses lunged forward and came sliding rapidly on. Content, not seeing this, skated along and was nearly in front of the horses before she realized what was happening. Mardon, with the quickness which characterized all his movements, shot forward, seized the horses and at the same time gave Content a swift push that sent her far from danger.

Mardon, however, had not fared so luckily. He had struck a hummock in the ice just as he had grasped the horses. The whole procedure took only an instant; the driver whipped up his horses, leaving Content and Mardon completely alone. Mardon was sprawled on the ice, trying hard to laugh, but laugh though he did, he could not control the twitching of his lips or the pronounced pallor of his face. Content was at first inclined to take the affair lightly, but suddenly the situation dawned upon her. With great difficulty, Mardon managed to gain his feet, but for an instant only. He sank back on a mound of snow with a sickly smile upon his face. Before long a crowd had gathered around them. Mardon, although conscious, was in a maze, and scarcely recollected anything except that as they carried him across the ice, a little gloved hand was slipped into his.

Three days have passed—tomorrow is the day of the great meet. These had been pretty blue days for Windsor University. Did they have to forfeit their best point because their captain was disabled? "No!" was Mardon's most decided reply. He vowed to be there or "die in the attempt." Mardon's physi-

cian was of a vastly different turn of mind. He was a rotund little German, and very set in his views. Track honors were nothing to him, and when Mardon broached the subject of running at the meet, the little doctor flew into a rage. He spattered for a while in a broken dialect and then lapsed into a fury of German. The little man claimed that there was a serious inner fracture of the ankle, and that Mardon should be kept perfectly quiet for some time. This was certainly discouraging, but Mardon was resolute and determined to compete in this meet which, if Windsor won, would give his college first place in the league. He thought it better not to tell the fellows yet, but he must tell some one. He reached for his phone on the table beside him.

"Hello! Wentworth 6609? Miss Alford, please. Hello; this you, Miss Content? I got your note this morning; I certainly did help. What? Am I up? Well, I should say not, but I have an idea. I'm going to double brace my ankle and hop into the milk. What's that? You wouldn't have me do it for the world? Why, I've simply got to. Make me worse, did you say? Oh, no, I'll get along alright. No! Now, don't tell me again that it was your fault, because it wasn't. Well, you'll be there, won't you? Alright, I'll get Dick to save you the sentis you like. Maybe I can get up and see you before the meet is called. Good night, Miss Content; see you tomorrow."

"Jimmy," sighed Mardon, as he sank back among his pillows; "she's a mighty fine girl. Anyway, she'll be there tomorrow and they won't get the best of me then;" and a grim determination spread over his face.

By half past three the next afternoon the balcony was a surging mass of color. Brilliant banners were suspended from every available point; one was blinded by the mad waving of pennants. Great

bands of rooters, assembled in different places, were endeavoring to drown the shouts of the opposing college.

Content, generally the very heart of fun, sat a little apart thinking only of how she had caused Otis Mardon to sprain his ankle and how he had suffered. If he would only come up for a moment, she might be able to make him give up the race. Soon, true to his promise, he came up and sat down with her. At first, words failed them both, but he was the first to speak. "We have quite a turn-out," he ventured.

"Yes," replied Content, listlessly. Then all her powers of speech returned; she went straight to her point, and fairly begged him not to run. But he was not to be turned from his purpose, and presently started to go. He went a few steps and then seemed to hesitate; he wheeled and came back.

"Miss Content——"

"Well?"

"You know we are not allowed to— to wear jewels—er—er— rings, on the track?"

"Oh, yes," sniffed Content, piqued because she had not been able to bend his will to hers. "Oh, yes, I know all about that."

"Would you mind keeping my scarf for me?"

"Not in the least," snapped Content, thrusting the handsome ring into her pocket.

"I mean, wear it," said Mardon, honestly.

Then a rippling smile broke over her face; she took the ring from her pocket and gave it to him to put on her finger. The color mounted to her face, but she only said: "I'm sorry you're so determined, but here's good luck," and she took one great white rose from her muff and held it out to him.

Soon the meet began in dead earnest. First they put the shot. Arnold University, the visiting team, got first and

third, leaving only second for Windsor. Then came the high jump. So far, Arnold had first place, but Windsor had once more to jump. Clardon, of Windsor, took the side swing. Looking down into the pit, everyone held their breath. The bamboo reeled—was it to fall? No! Up went a mighty roar; the gym fairly trembled. They were now tied. From that on, it was nip-and-tuck until they reached the long run; but Arnold's team was once more in the lead. Until now, Content had lacked the interest she would have shown under different circumstances. When the mile race was called she rose, leaned over the railing and watched eagerly for the men to trot out. She was deaf to all the hooting around her, blind to the flourishing of colors. All she noticed was the strained limp of a certain fellow in the pit.

At last they lined up for the start. Now all was perfectly still. "Get on your marks!" Down they went. Content saw Mardon's face whiten, his jaw settle. "Get set!" She saw every muscle harden. He threw out his chest, and up went his head. For one brief instant he looked up, and caught her eye—that was enough. "Bang!" went the pistol, and they were off!

Mardon had to spring on his bad ankle, and so got a poor start, but he glowed with determination. The tarsus favored his ankle; he dug into them as he had never done before. He forgot his ankle, his school, his everything—all except a pair of anxious blue eyes and a golden head leaning over the railing. He would not, he could not, lose. Win he would. Never before had he been compelled to fight so hard for victory. Never before had his nerves been under such a strain. To run as he was doing, having lost three previous days' practice, was no easy matter, but the vision of that eager face, over before him, kept him going, and going fast.

He rounds the fourth curve for the

last time. He makes down the last seventy-five yards with Wadpole of Arnold seven seconds in front! One last supreme effort! Now it's only one second, now three feet, now at Arnold's side, now one pace behind, now he's ahead, now—but Mardon's over the line and dropped. Half picked up, half staggering to his feet, he makes his way to the dressing room amid the deafening roar from the balcony.

Mardon could not possibly see her before the hop that night. Propped up in a great armchair in his frat's box, directly opposite the main door, he watched for her. He had not long to wait, for she came in soon—a radiant cloud of blue. There was nothing affected about her. She did not pretend, as many girls would have done, that she

did not see him, but went straight to where he sat. He tried to rise, but she stopped him gently and, said in her own frank, simple way: "I am so glad for you."

He was silent for some time, and only stared at the heavy ring—still where he had put it. A crimson tint spread over her neck and face.

"I suppose," she said, proffering the ring, "there are no rules which prevent you wearing this now?"

"Well, no—not exactly; only I was just now thinking how well it looked where it is. Won't you keep it?"

"Yes." But they had no opportunity to say more, for there were many who were anxious to congratulate the hero of the meet.

GARA FLYTE WOOD.

With Our Former Students.

The success of this column lies with the Alumnae. If one of the members of the association could be appointed to get up notes of interest to those who have gone out from Higbee's hall, it would be a great help to the editor.

Miss Mildred Scrivener, '05, is teaching at the Cummings Avenue School.

Vance Ewing, '05, is a Junior at the Western College for Women at Oxford, Ohio. In addition to her regular work, she is business manager for the magazine the ensuing year.

Frances French, '06, is residing at Brookhaven, Miss.

The class of '07 has many representatives in Memphis. Savilla Driver, Minnie James, Fairfax Cary, Katie Mitchell, Katharine Campbell, Louise Scott, Martha McCallum, Dorothy Manson,

will enjoy a gay winter as debutantes.

Sabra Goodlander, '07, has entered the Randolph-Macon College.

Mamie N. Hurt, '05, is a senior at Randolph Macon this year.

Sue Benton Perkins, '05, has a large music class at her home in Pine Bluff. She expects to go away for further study next year.

Cynthia Bailey, '08, entered Wellesley College this month, while Virginia Prector, '08, has gone to Randolph-Macon College. The best wishes of their friends follow them.

Irene Schloss, '08, is taking graduate work in English and French at Higbee.

Anna May Ewing, '08, will spend the

winter visiting in various Southern cities.

Blanche White, '08, is taking further work in art, music and English at Higbee.

Lena Roberts, music, '08, will spend the winter in Rosedale.

Deaths—Dr. Thurmond, father of

Mary Gwynne Thurmond, formerly '09; Mr. C. C. Miller, of Meridian, Miss., father of Alma Miller, '09.

On October 17th the corner stone of the Jenny M. Higbee Memorial Fountain will be laid. The exercises will be given before the Alumnae, the faculty and students of the school. A public program will be given later. In our November issue a full account of the event will be given.

Exchanges.

Owing to the fact that this is the first issue of our paper this year, our exchanges are very few.

Although the Orange and White contains no stories worthy of mention in the September issue, it is a very interesting little paper.

The T. M. I. Bugle has some fine short stories in the last issue. Among the best is "Billy's Blandor."

From Our Exchanges.

Dear Father:

Roses are red and violets are blue,

Send me ten, I love you.

Dear Son:

Some roses are red and others are pink;
Enclosed find ten, I don't think.

Why is it that day breaks without falling and night falls without breaking?

H.—What made your hair so red?

G.—Why, I got caught in the rain and it rusted.

Music Notes

It will be a source of pleasure to know that the students' fortnightly rehearsals will be continued this year.

The music class is large and promises to do credit to the department. The following students, all members of 1909, are candidates for a diploma in music: Lily Kate King, Maggie Gause, Martha Belle Shumate and May Pearl Scott.

This department presents this year a course in Advanced Harmony. This work can be interchanged for any elec-

tive in the General Academic course. The class in Advanced Harmony is composed of Maggie Gause, '09; Lily Kate King, '09; May Pearl Scott, '09; Martha Belle Shumate, '09; Grace Shelton, '11; Hazel Friezel, '11; Fanny Izard, '11.

The Higbee Glee Club was organized October 12 by Miss Mhoon. The officers have not been elected as yet, but will at a near date. There are so many good voices in the school this year that the Glee Club will be a great enjoyment to all.

Class Officers for 1908-09

Monday morning, September 28, was taken in electing the officers for the different classes. The following were elected:

Class of 1909.		Class of 1911.	
Mary Albright President.	Mamie Lamb President.
Maggie Gause Vice President.	Christine Lundee Vice President.
Gaea Wood Secretary.	Laura Walker Secretary.
Lucille Schloss Treasurer.	Dorothy Lake Treasurer.
Class of 1910.		Class of 1912.	
Missa Bessley President.	Margaret Kincaid President.
Helen Adams Vice President.	Elise Bass Vice President.
Katherine Davidson Secretary.	Dorothy Carr Secretary.
Maud Williams Treasurer.	Carolyn Smythe Treasurer.

With Racket and Basket Ball

The athletic season at Higbee opened with rousing enthusiasm. Following the successful plan of last year, the Higbee Association was reorganized on Monday, September 30, with Miss White as chairman. The officers of 1908-09 are: Gaea Wood, '09, President; May Pearl Scott, '09; Katharine Bass, '10, Grace Shelton, '11, and Mary Gwynne Gause, '12, Vice Presidents, and Willie Abbey, '09, Secretary and Treasurer. Maggie Gause, '09, was chosen head of basket ball, while Hazel Waddington, '11, will have charge of tennis. The officials, the heads of the sports and the coaches will have charge of games and other athletic events.

It is hoped that the Athletic Club room on the third floor will be completed before Field Day. The benches are made and in place. Notice will soon be given of a Pennant Pillow Shower, to which all Athletic Club members are invited to attend, to drink tea and to present something to help furnish the room. Everybody and every article will be welcomed.

The A class of the Intermediate Department has been taken into the H. A. A. Already its members are showing an active interest in basket ball.

Miss Benton will have charge of the basket ball downstairs and the tennis, while Miss Dix will coach the H. A. A.

The basket ball squad numbers thirty. There are several excellent players among the new girls. No places on the team have been filled, and everybody stands on equal footing. Whoever plays on Field Day or in a match game will be given an Higbee H.

It is hoped some out-of-town games can be arranged for this year. Negotiations for some are now on foot.

The Annual Field Day will take place the last of this month or the first of next. Everybody get together and make it a greater success even than that of last year's. There will be running and standing broad jumps, 50 and

100 yard dashes, hurdling, putting the shot, potato race, obstacle race, a tug of war and a match game of basket ball between two picked teams. The winners of five points will be given an H. The class which wins the greatest number of points will secure the championship, with the right to place its pennant in the club room. All friends of the school are invited to come back to cheer for Higbee.

The following list is composed of members of the H. A. A. for the first school term:

Willie Abbay	Christine Lamb
Helen Adams	Mamie Lamb
Mary Albright	Dorothy Lake
Elsalio Leo Ashmer	Jessie Mann
Elise Bass	Maud Moore
Minna Beasley	Leila May
Jennie Bellows	Mildred Ousler
Margaret Bruce	Willie Roach
Louise Buckingham	Ethel Riggs

Dorothy Carr	Alicen Roewage
Myrtle Clausel	Rosalie Rose
Erylne Cox	Lena Rossett
Sylvia Crawley	May Pearl Scott
Ethel Davis	Mal Scott
Rosa Davis	Hilda Stinson
Ruby Davis	Dorothy Samcison
Katharine Davison	Caroline Smythe
Myrtle Duncan	Grace Shelton
Mabel Clair Foeter	Isabel Skipwith
Maggie Gause	Lucille Gause
Mary Gwynn Gause	Dorothy White
Russell Henderson	Maud Williams
Margaret Kincaid	Gaea Wood
Lily Kate King	Hazel Waddington
Lillian Kiene	Minnie Witty

A great improvement this year is a new full-sized basket ball court facing north and south. It is bounded on the west by the old messfron tree and lies lengthwise between the fence and the walk.

Personals

The editors of these columns will appreciate assistance rendered them by members of the school in reporting any interesting social events which may take place during the month.

There are many new girls in school this year. Every one is welcomed and urged to become a true Higbee girl in work and in play.

If you are an "old girl," remember how you felt when you were a "new girl." Remembering, try to help all the strangers who have come to join with you for the year.

Lucile Schloss returned to school a week late, after a trip to New York. She said it was worth it, though.

A number of 1906's visited school the opening day. Irene Schloss, Louise Hunter, Pettie Risk, Laura Davis and Anna May Ewing all came to help start things as they should go.

The Higbee teachers spent very pleasant vacations. Miss White, accompanied by Mrs. White, her mother, and Blanche White, '08, were in Montegale, Tenn., where was also Miss Johnston. Miss Mayhew went to Florida, where she cultivated a taste for "Avicarda" pears. Miss Raines went to Inka to visit relatives. Miss Dix spent five weeks in Rosedale, doing a little of everything and having a most enjoyable time.

September 30, Miss Aline King gave

a mandolin recital at chapel, which was enjoyed by all.

Gaea Wood, '08, spent the summer in Chicago and Wisconsin.

Friday, October 4, was a holiday for visiting the Tri-State Fair. The boarders, accompanied by Miss White, Miss Mevis and Miss Benton spent a happy afternoon, visiting the buildings, spending money on the Triangle and eating from the interesting stands. They returned late at night, tired but contented.

Miss Mayhew went to Fort Smith, October 1st, to give a concert with Madame Bouton, under the management of R. E. Johnston of New York. The concert, given for the Apollo Club, was a great success.

September 30th Mr. Walter White and Miss White took the boarders to Ringling Bros.' circus. From reports, nothing was left out worth seeing.

Mrs. Georgia I. Abbay visited her daughter, Willie, on October 9th.

Mr. E. E. Roach, of Tunica, spent Sunday with his daughter, Willie.

Mayola Black and Hazel Fritel had flying visits with their fathers soon after school began.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Mann of Brownsville, surprised Jesse one day last week.

Russell Henderson had a call from her mother on October fourth. She missed the fair, but did not seem to mind it at all.

Margaret Kincaid is a lucky boarder with relatives in town, for she is fortunate in having a brother here in Memphis.

Mr. Irwin Abbay spent Thursday, October 4, with his sister, Willie. Mr. Abbay was on his way to the University of Mississippi.

Mrs. J. F. Wood and Miss Willie Clack visited school on October 12th.

1909 welcomes Annie Taylor of Brownsville, Tenn., to its ranks.

Mississippi is well represented in school this year. Willie Abbay, from Tunica, Hazel Fritel from Deasoville, Minnie Witty of Winona, Willie Roach from O Kay Landing, Mal Scott, Dorothy Carr, Sylvia Crawley, Florence Bonkin, all from Clarisdale, and May Pearl Scott from Rosedale, uphold the honor of "Ole Miss."

Arkansas has Lonnie Lee Allen from Monticello, Fannie Izard and Alayne Hallwege from Forrest City and Mayola Black from Clarendon.

From Missouri came Pauline and May Ash of Madison.

Tennessee has more out-of-town girls than ever before. Madeline Bryan and Mildred Ousler from Collierville, Grace Shelton of Covington, Rosa Davis of Bailey, Jessie Mann, Russell Henderson, Annie Taylor, Lily Kate King and Martha Shumate of Newbern, have become Higbee girls.

Higbee welcomes Mrs. Towles and Mamie to the school.

Thursday night, October 3, a meeting of the Higbee Home was held to organize a system of self-government. Willie Abbay, '09, was unanimously chosen Home President. Grace Shelton, '11, was made chairman of the Social Committee, with the privilege of selecting her own committee. Hazel Fritel, '11,

and Margaret Kincaid, 12, were chosen proctors of the halls for a month, while Mayola Black was made "telephone girl." It is hoped that self-control, self-reliance and sound judgment may be developed by this new system of government.

The hall on the second floor of the Home has been converted into a cheery little "den." With gay pennants and banners, an easy couch, plenty of cushions and a good piano, there is no reason why the Higbee Boarders should not

while away the leisure hours most pleasantly.

Friday, October 9th, the Boarders were at home to the members of the Academic School, and the faculty. A pleasant hour was spent in the den, drinking chocolate, listening to music by Miss Mayhew, songs from Katherine Bass, '10, and Grace Shelton, '11, and fortunes told as only Mademoiselle Werner can tell them. Miss Abbay, as House President, and Miss Shelton, assisted by Miss Shumate and Miss Witty, received the guests.

Local Hits—Wise and Otherwise

Miss Mevis, in Physiography: "Define a watersbed."

Bright Pupil: "A watersbed is a place where ships come in."

Can some Freshman tell Hilda Stinson who wrote "Gray's Elegy"?

Miss Dix, in Eng. I: "What was the Revolutionary War?"

Girl on the Back Row: "A war of the Reivers."

Here are two interesting definitions of Feudalism: Lucille S. says feudalism is when people have feuds and disputes. Katherine Bass says she thinks it is a kind of religion. Shades of English History!

No, Ethel Davis, Rome is not in Africa.

Miss Dix is still collecting fifty cent pieces.

The Primary children think "Mith Marderet Tintaid ith e thwestath sing."

Russell Henderson hunted an hour the other day trying to locate Italy on a map of England.

Ask Miss Mevis for what 1317 stands.

Why does Grace Shelton knock her messmates so at dinner?

Girls, have you noticed the "dear" way the Sophomores pronounce their new study—"Physiography"?

How E. Davia is working this year!

Next time you see Mayola Black, ask her to show you the third finger of her left hand, only she wears her rings on the fourth fingers.

No matter what the weather be stormy, hot or cold,

There's soda, sandwiches and tea at Hamner-Ballard's sold.

Mary A. says feelingly that love cannot be distinguished from indigestion.

Miss Jones, scanning in Virgil class,

said to Mabel Clark, "Your feet are made up of sponges and dactyls."

Heien Adams wants to know if the David in Ancient History is the same one who was put in the lion's den.

Maggie Gause and Russell Henderson, even though seniors, still play paper dolls, which they keep in their books.

In History class, Myrtle Duncan insists upon talking of "army corpses." No, Myrtle, there was no pitched battle.

May Pearl Scott, after Miss King had finished her mandolin playing: "Was Miss King playing a violin?"

Ask Minna Beasley how to pronounce astronomical.

Strange how upper class girls want to get in lower English classes. Mary Albright, '09, sauntered into English II the other day, and Minnie Witty, '10, came eagerly for English I.

Ruby Davis, pronounce Jacob Dray Store and Casino Theatre.

The Sophomores ought to learn the names of their teachers, especially when called upon to summon the latter to the telephone.

Minna Beasley says she wants to keep her class pin to hand down to her successors. Sweet of Minna, isn't it?

Mamie Lamb, translating in Caesar: "rie controlled the army by truncheon."

Willie Abbay, giving an example in English IV: "A whooing sound of the wind was heard." Could she have meant "wailing?"

Miss Dix does seem fond of Silas Marner, but it is queer that she should call his name at roll call.

Miss Mevis, in English History: "Tell of the Angles." Dorothy Samuelson: "A heard of angels descended into Britain."

Who heard Mary Gwyn Gause telling about the *græce græce viduor*?

May Pearl, pronounce Renaissance.

Willie Abbay, in English IV: "The most interesting part is where he describes the flopping of the elephant's wings."

Lucille Schloss says: "The only thing in the world that interests me is the Men."

Girl, speaking of a play at the Lyceum Theatre: "Oh, Miss Johnston, have you seen 'The Thief'?"

Miss Johnston, thinking she spoke of some noted robber: "No, no; where is he?"

Wild rush of Miss Johnston, seeking robber.

Minnie Witty: "The glacial epoch was the year when so many glaciers cap-sized."

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