When bronze-limbed hunters tented here
Revolving moons made up their year;
Sweet April, month of spring delights,
They called "The Moon of Sparkling Nights."
"The Moon of Leaves" was May:
"The Moon of Strawberries" was laughing June:
Amid September's gathered sheaves
They blessed "The Moon of Falling Leaves."
While chill November's time they knew
As "Moon of Snowshoes." Then to you
I'll wish a Moon of Golden Days,
A moon of Apple-blossom ways,
A moon of Meadows, Woods and Streams,
A changeless Moon of Pleasant Dreams.

Arthur Guilerman.
EUPHUISM.

The origin of euphuism dates far back in the ancient history and literature of the Greeks. It was derived from the Greek adjective euphues which was used by Plato, Euripides, Aristotle, Xenophon and others, in the sense of shapely, of good natural disposition as applied to the temper and habits of animals; and in the higher mental and ethical sense, of natural cleverness, genius and goodness of disposition of men.

Here then, in the meaning of the Greek adjective euphues, especially the meaning of elegant and graceful, one of its first significations, we find the origin of that style of English writing and speaking called euphuism, which became the fashion during the reign of Elizabeth. The English people of that time were gradually becoming conscious of the powers of the English language, and their literary taste tended towards a love of affected conceits, which were carried to absurd lengths, especially by John Lyly in "Euphues."

Euphuism, as we may see intimated in the derivation of the word, was an affected style of speaking and writing which was considered graceful and elegant for the time. Its three distinguishing marks were balance of phrases, an elaborate system of alliteration, and a methodical use of similes, taken generally from the virtue of different animals.

In 1579, John Lyly, a dramatist and poet of Elizabeth’s court, gave to the public a book embodying euphuism, known as "Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit." It was followed a year later by "Euphues and His England," which was in reality a completion of the first book. The design he used is the same as that in Spenser’s "Faerie Queen," and the preface declares that it was written chiefly for women.

The story of Euphues is a long one, and it is rather an ideal than a real romance. It it Lyly wove many thoughts on love, friendship, education and religion. The plot which is of the simplest type, is entirely lost amid the chaos of sentimental disquisitions and constant moralizing. Euphues, the hero, and a native of Athens, was "a young gallant of more wit than wealth, and yet more wealth than wisdom." His life was spent in peaceful society, journeying to Naples, and then to England.

The style of this story is often discussed and critically analyzed. Its quaintness seems to be purely quaintness for quaintness' sake, and not because of any characteristic of the author. The balanced sentences give the effect of careful modeling and an unpleasant stiffness, while the constant moralizing and many references to classic lore not only place it in another world from the novels of today, but make all attempts at reading it dreary and tiresome.

While this is true of "Euphues" today, at the time it was written it represented all the fantastic and changing forms of the life of that time. Although the style was odd, it was not new, for the same characteristics were found in writings of many earlier authors.

It is different to distinguish between
the influence of the book “Euphues,” and of Euphuism, because of their close relationship. The influence of one seems to be the influence of the other. Euphuism brought about the writing of “Euphues,” and “Euphues” only broadened the influence of euphuism. In two years six editions of “Euphues” were published, and it became the acme of wit and brilliancy for those to whom it was written. Speaking euphuism was the fashion of the court, and it was carried to the utmost extremes. It was considered a sign of good breeding and those who did not euphuise their speech were little regarded.

A few novelists like Greene, Lodge, Warner and Riche, showered upon the public a “plethora of elegance and sentiment,” such as had never before been read. Time and place vanished and the reader was left to wander in a society that never has been and never can be, amid landscapes that defy human geography.” Out of euphuism, and from the book “Euphues,” rose the first beginning of the sentimental novel, a direct influence, or result of both.

In spite of the sensational wave it created (1580-1590) euphuism finally subsided almost as rapidly as it had risen, and a new form of Italianated prose became the vogue in England. It might be dismissed as a passing fancy were it not for the new trend of English prose it created. “Even as a youth gains suppleness, grace and quickness of movement from severe gymnastic exercise, in like manner English prose gained something from the temporary success of euphuism.

It brought careful study of words and their values, both in sound and meaning, thus widening the horizon of the English language and its possibilities. Previous to this time writers had arranged their sentences with utmost audacity, trusting to luck to bring out the desired effect; but whosoever wrote in euphuistic fashion was obliged to plan sentences and choose words.

Even though euphuism was only one of the affectations of style that influenced the Elizabethan literature, like More’s “Utopia” it created an English word. Euphemistic, euphuise, euphuist, and euphuistic are words derived from euphuism and are commonly used today. The Euphuist and euphuism of Lyly’s day would be sadly out of place in the twentieth century. But as an expression of gratitude for what has been accomplished through them we should at least be glad to have a few fragmentary words, not only in our dictionaries, but in our vocabularies.

M. M.

AMERICA’S GREATEST ART TEMPLE.

The most magnificent temple of art in America was thrown open to the public in Boston this week. It is the new Museum of Fine Arts. Though that is a semi-public institution, the new buildings were paid for by private subscriptions. They cost $15,000,000. The exhibits are worth much more than that. The Japanese collection alone has been valued at $6,000,000.
IRISH TALES.

(Read by Miss Sackville at a meeting of the Chaparral Literary Society, March 17.)

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I stand before you this afternoon a most loyal, loving, and loved daughter of old Erin. I merely mention this so that you may know with just how many grains of salt to take what follows.

How many of you have ever thought that our most sparkling, our most brimful and running-over variety of wit originated with the Irish? You are always hearing of the stolid Germans, and of the Englishman who waits till tomorrow to see the joke, so why may not this be the case? Being so loyally Irish myself and having no backing for my statements, I cannot possibly stand contradiction.

It seems that no one has ever considered jokes of enough importance to classify and study them, but I know you would all be glad, with me, if they were put into our curriculum. If ever this comes to be the case in our College, and that subject be English Composition—but here every one will expostulate, for you know as well as I, that dreaming about it is far as we will ever go. The very idea of such a thing—it is unmentionable—substituting jokes for English Composition! If that is not an Irish joke, it is at least an Irishman's.

I have already made my statement that all jokes originated with the Irish, and so they must all be Irish. Fish stories, windy stories, Pat and Mike stories, and snake stories may all come under that head. As you have had a sufficiency of snake stories, and are tired of fish stories, I will have to proceed with some notoriously Pat-and-Mike and windy ones taken from Stoddard's lectures on Ireland.

We have been hearing a great deal about conservation lately, of forests mostly, but the following is an example of Irish conservation, though not of forests. An Englishman hired an Irish cabby to take him to the train. The Irishman's horse was going very slowly and the Englishman stuck his head out of the cab window and said, "Whip him up. Give him the gad. Hit him in a vital spot."

"An' sure," said the cabby, "I've hit him in every vital spot but the ears and I'm saving them for that next hill."

The wit of the Irish is thoroughly delightful, especially when it takes the form of repartee, in which they are unrivaled.

"Where are you going, Pat," asked a priest who saw one of his parishioners stepping into a train.

"To the races your riverence," was the reply.

"You are going to Hell then," said the priest.

"Faith, it's no matter," rejoined Pat. "I've a return ticket."

Most of the land in Ireland is owned by English lords who seldom even visit their castles, and although this is a serious evil, the Irish peasant knows as usual, how to jest about it.

An English tourist who had been listening to his guide point out places under such names as "The Devil's Glen," "The Devil's Bridge" and
similar satanic titles, finally remarked, "The Devil seems to own a good deal of property around here."

"Yis sor," replied the guide, "but he is an absolute landlord and lives in England."

Although begging is an evil to be most seriously considered in a trip through Ireland, the wit of the mendicants goes far to reconcile one to their persistency.

"Will yer honor drop a sixpence into this American hat," said a Killarney beggar one day, holding out an old derby full of holes.

"Why do you call it an American hat?" I asked.

"Sure," was the reply, "because it's a long time since it has had a crown in it."

Sometimes a sharp refusal calls out from Irish beggars, a biting, though a bright response. "You ought to ask for manners, not money," said a traveller to one who had addressed him somewhat brusquely.

"Faith, I asked for what yer honor had the most of," was the instantaneous reply.

The Celtic wit runs on so fast that it escapes from the control of judgment. A dozen instances of this illogical drollery will occur to every reader, but none will illustrate it better than the Irishman's remark on reading on a tombstone the words, "I still live."

"Bigorrá," said Pat, "he says he still lives. If I were dead, I'd own up to it."

Such blunders are sometimes perceived and laughed at by their perpetrators after they have had time to think of them. But they may also be unrecognized until a penalty has been paid as in the case of two Irishmen who asked how far it was to Dublin.

"Twelve miles," was the reply.

"Come on," said one of them to his companion, "It's only six miles apiece, let's walk."

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IN WASHINGTON.

In the Spring the wild insurgents rise to fiercer, madder flights,
In the Spring the office seeker hopes at last to get his rights.

In the Spring the wanton voter says the cards must be redealt,
In the Spring the fickle floater turns to thoughts of Roosevelt.

Where is comfort? In division of the party and the spoils?
Rather ask of Job the question, who had only griefs and boils.

Cursed be the patronage that Senators believe their due,
Cursed be these controversies always old yet always new.

Better far that I were sitting on the bench in eminned ease,
Better still that I were flitting o'er the world-encircling seas.

For a mighty protest rising to my ears these words doth waft,
"Better fifty years of Teddy than another one of Taft!"
—William Wallace Whitelock.
STUDY HOUR.

The study bell rang at seven sharp. The door of room 203 opened and Marcia, rather a pretty girl of medium height with blue eyes, and dark hair, entered. She walked into her cozy room and flung herself into a big arm chair.

The day had been very warm and Marcia's studies had seemed more difficult than ever before. After supper she had played a game of tennis with Sterling Price and had quite forgotten her many ills. But here she was back at her studies once more, her lessons for the morrow looming like some dark, threatening cloud, obscuring all thoughts of pleasure and peace.

Marcia rose, seating herself before the study table and rested her head on her arms. Her mind was on Sterling Price and Lakewood just before a great game of base ball.

* * *

Lakewood College was wild with base ball enthusiasm. There were five days before the game, which would decide the championship of the Inter-collegiate Base Ball League, would be played. As usual the game would be played on Saturday.

Quickly Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday passed. On Thursday the final list of the First Team was posted. Sterling Price, the captain of the team, had put the players through the hardest kind of practice and felt confident that his team would put up a fine game.

Friday evening marked the last practice. The First and Second nines met and the former easily won. Late in the evening the whole school attended a meeting at which the coach, the captain and others made speeches. After the meeting the boys cheered for a long time and then retired, eagerly awaiting the next day. Saturday morning all the school flocked to the station to meet Hard Castle, the opposing team which came on the nine o'clock train with about two hundred supporters.

At two o'clock Sterling and his roommate, Rob Friend, were in their room preparing for the game which began at three. As they discussed the game a knock was heard. Opening the door, Sterling found that the knocker was a messenger boy. The boy handed a telegram to Sterling, who signed for it, closed the door and proceeded to read its contents. It read:

"If you don't come at once I shall be ruined. All will be lost.

"Father."

Price was amazed. To think of this message coming at such a critical moment made him loose his temper.

"What on earth is the matter, Sterling?" asked his roommate, "no bad news I hope?"

Sterling tossed him the telegram. He read it, then exclaimed: "Sterling, you just can't go home. If you do we shall certainly lose."

"I would stay," answered Sterling. "but the message is so urgent. Why couldn't it have been a day later?"

He looked at his watch and found that he had fifteen minutes to catch the train. "Why can't I stay he murmured to himself. "I would, but it
would mean father's ruin. He packed his grip and hastily wrote a note explaining his departure. Then he walked rapidly to the station, reaching there just in time to jump on the train as it pulled out. By two-thirty o'clock Sterling's note had been read and everyone knew Price had been called home. The boys now gathered in groups to discuss the situation which now threatened Lakewood's chance of winning the pennant. With Price gone there was no one to pitch. The heaviest batter would be missing and defeat seemed inevitable.

When Sterling was seated on the train, he began to think over the message which his father had sent. It bothered him so much that he decided to telegraph from the next station. Arriving at Glenwood, about three miles from Lakewood, he found that on account of an accident the train would be delayed for an hour or two. He quickly sent this telegram to his father:

"Am coming. What is the matter? Wire Glenwood. Sterling."

Then he waited for an answer and soon received the following:

"Nothing the matter. Everything all right. Write particulars.

"Father."

Sterling had been amazed at the first telegram, but now he was astounded. He thought for a while. Finding that a train passed through Glenwood that would reach Lakewood at four-ten, he decided to return, as he might be able to play a few innings. So he took the train and arrived at Lakewood fortunately on time. He boarded a car which passed close to the ball field, and as the car neared it, he could see the game and by the gray suits, knew that Lakewood was at the bat with the bases full.

Now the score board came in view and from it Sterling learned that it was the last half of the ninth inning, two men out and the score ten to seven in Hard Castle's favor. The car was almost there. He stood on the running board, ready to jump off. As the car neared the gate in the barbed wire fence which surrounded the diamond, he saw that the batter was none other than Bob Friend. As Sterling watched, Rob hit the ball. It went high in the air and soon passed the infielders. Just then the car passed behind the grandstand and the ball was obscured from view.

Sterling listened. A mighty cheer rent the air. Could it be that Lakewood was winning or had won? He hurried around the grand stand and learned from a fellow schoolmate that the outfielder had caught Rob's drive. Hard Castle had won ten to seven. The pennant, which had meant so much for Lakewood, had been lost.

Sterling, down-hearted, returned to his room. Tomorrow the whole school would look down on him as the loser of the game. When he went to his lessons that day an atmosphere of disappointment hung over the school. Boys that had always been very cordial to him, now merely nodded as they passed. When he tried to explain the affair many said he had been bribed to be absent dur-
ing the game, and many of the boys believed it.

A week later Sterling received a letter from a telegraph operator in Independences, his home, through whom the message had been sent.

"I noticed that the man who sent the message was not your father," the letter said. "I thought nothing of this fact until later in the afternoon when your father came to investigate. When I learned that your father had not authorized the sending of this message, I began to think that there was something wrong about the matter. So in behalf of the Telegraph Company I decided to probe the matter to the bottom. A little later I saw the fellow who sent the message, and upon inquiry, found his name to be Will Catchem."

An idea struck Sterling. Will Catchem, whom he knew fairly well, had left Hard Castle but a week before the game. Was it possible that Hard Castle had induced him to send the telegram? The more that Sterling thought of this the more plausible it became. He would tell the boys and probably their feelings would be changed towards him, but he decided to keep quiet and wait for the confirmation of his theory. It came the next day in a letter from the operator. The letter read:

"Your father and I preferred charges against this fellow for forgery. After a great deal of cross-examination by the police, Catchem made the enclosed confession, which I trust will be of some use to you. The police were inclined to take further action in the case, but I persuaded them to leave it to your College.

Sterling read the confession. It was all he wanted. The next morning at the chapel meeting, Price asked for permission to speak, which was granted him. As he mounted the platform there were a few outbreaks or derisions, but these were silenced by the members of the faculty present. Sterling explained the affair to the school told them how Hard Castle had bribed Catchem to send the telegram and to prove his assertion read the confession. He suggested that a copy of the confession and the particulars of the affair be sent to the president of the Base Ball League. As he walked from the platform, the boys raised him on their shoulders and shouting and cheering bore him out of the Chapel through the grounds and up to his room.

The final outcome of Sterling's discovery was the expulsion of Hard Castle from the League, the awarding of the pennant to Lakewood and the re-election of Sterling Price for Captain of the ball team.

Marcia awoke to find herself not on the Campus enjoying Sterling's company, but in her own little room with her book open before her. She had had a very delightful evening, but now with her studies.


VERSE OR WORSE.

Why is it folks sit this way in the car—we—miss,
While in the car we catch at last, we're jammed up just likethis?
THE WORLD'S GREATEST PRIVATE LIBRARY.

"How many know on whose library shelves repose the largest private collection of books today?" is a question asked by the New York Times.

No, this distinction does not belong to J. Pierpont Morgan, although it is within a block of Mr. Morgan's beautiful structure in New York where there are collected thousands of priceless volumes. Doubtless the whole world would have known it if the collector had been any other than Robert Hoe, a press manufacturer of New York City; for Mr. Hoe had one other hobby besides the buying of rare manuscripts and that was that the world should know nothing of his possession.

Nine rooms of his old brown stone house were converted into a sanctuary for his more than 20,000 volumes. So sacred did the owner hold these rooms that for ten years no one entered except himself, his librarian, and the housekeeper whose duty it was to dust there once a week, and when he died last year the immediate family and his most intimate friends had only a superficial knowledge of the wealth and extent of this collection.

An idea of the large amount of work necessary for the listing and arranging of Mr. Hoe's magnificent accumulation may be gained when it is learned that the librarian has been at work for eight years preparing a catalogue. This catalogue is now almost complete and it comprises sixteen volumes within itself, five of which are devoted to old English books, three to modern English, two to books printed before the year 1500, one to emblems, four to French and foreign books and one to manuscripts.

Mr. Hoe did not collect many sets of books. They are mostly the first copies of rare editions and early hand-painted vellum manuscripts, some dating as far back as 1240. He was an unprejudiced collector, and did not accumulate his literary specimens, as many do, for the pleasure of outbidding those who had less wealth. As the custodian of his treasures Mr. Hoe preserved them with bindings which were both beautiful and substantial. He believed that a good book was deserving of a beautiful binding and he carried it almost to the extreme.

All his life Mr. Hoe was a great lover of books. Even when a lad in school he would spend his lunch money at a bookstall and go hungry. Then later in life when he had amassed a fortune he ransacked the libraries of the world.

It has just recently been made known to the public that this library whose establishment has been the work of a lifetime, is to be sold according to the terms of Mr. Hoe's will. It has not yet been decided just where the sale is to be held, but it is sure to be one of the most remarkable in the history of the world. The approximate value of this massive collection of books is between $2,000,000 and $2,000,000.

A TYPICAL C. I. A. SENTENCE.

Say what you may call it, if we go to the thingamadodger at two o'clock we will get back in time to go to the doo-ie with Miss Dooflinkey.
Little Miss Mulkey Reinhardt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Reinhardt. Mrs. Reinhardt (nee Hetta Mulkey) is one of our '08 graduates. Little Miss Mulkey is nine months of age, and is one of McKinney's most gracious and lovely young ladies. She has lustrous eyes of brown in whose dark depths there "lurk the splendor of a mid-summer's high noon." Her complexion surpasses the tints of the rose. Each succeeding month serves to increase Miss Mulkey's beauty.
VIOLET'S DREAM.

"To find the polar equator of a right line."

"O how I hate Analytics," cried Violet, knitting her rainbow eyebrows, and screwing her pretty dimpled face into long contracted lines. A fat little hand clutched the book violently, swung it into the air and then there was an unexpected and rather violent meeting which caused the unhappy study table to groan under its heavy burden and the obstinate Analytics to rebel for self-defense.

"I won't study it any longer, I won't—I won't," and so saying she pulled her white sun bonnet closely about her face, slammed the door behind her, ran swiftly through the hall, down the steps, past the college, straight down the hillside. "What's the matter, little Violet?" called a mischievous voice and glancing around she saw a girlish face peeping over the rock banister of the second floor college balcony. Violet made no answer, no sound or sight disturbed her, for she was weary and disgusted with the old world. She glanced up and saw the shadow of a small grove of cedars which seemed to beckon her. This dark spot on the soft, green grass with the wind playing gentle music among the boughs above seemed soothing to her soul—a sympathetic friend, indeed. She yielded to the temptation and sank down into the shade and caressed the long green blades that almost covered her as if to welcome a new found friend.

Dotted here and there among the green, tiny buttercups raised their yellow heads and peeped through slender blades to admire the pretty figure stretched carelessly upon the ground. The dandelion dancing in the wind, bent its slender body and courtesied gracefully to her. Two robins in the tree above sang a sweet lullaby. Violet listened and so sweet and soothing was the song that a happy thrill ran through her body, but still she lay there thinking—thinking—thinking; then the wind blew fainter and fainter and all the world as well as the grass, dandelions, and dark flickering shadows danced madly to its music. Shortly all stopped dancing and placid stillness ensued, so tranquil that if present you would have perhaps unconsciously suspended breathing, lest you might break into the charm of serenity. Suddenly from every flower, blade, and bough as if Jason had sown his seed, appeared myriads of beguiling faces which sneered, nodded and spoke. Reaching out from mist and gloom, numberless long and bony fingers pointed at the maid. Keen searching eyes were bent upon her, while sneers and hisses of supernatural voices sounded louder and louder. Violet gazed long and wond eringly at the sight; then a quick throbbing within her little breast and an attempt to scream brought forth a new spectacle.

Violet heard a rustling sound and right out of a large, yellow dandelion at her feet came forth a wonderful man, who raised a poniard which swung by his side and instantly the multitude of spirits banished in fear. Yes, he was truly a grand man, with a body that the old Roman athletes
would have been proud to own. His features were finely moulded and over all was plainly apparent characteristics of morality. His wearing apparel was fine and richly ornamented, a poniard and costly hangings were fastened to his side and in his hat he wore a large white feather.

"Good morning," said a deep, rich voice, and glancing shyly up Violet saw that he had taken a step forward, removed his hat, and was making a bow courtesy to her.

"Good morning," said Violet, half afraid to trust her voice.

"What is your name, my dear little maid?" he said kindly as he moved nearer and closely scrutinized her face.

"Violet," she answered with a throb of her heart.

"Did they name you that for the beauty of your color of your eyes, my dear?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered rather resentfully.

"Child, don't be angry. I mean no harm you know. I knew you were frightened by the ugly faces and I came here to protect you—to be kind to you."

"Whose were those faces and what do you have to do with them?" asked Violet with a heart warming toward the stranger.

"O, they are my subjects and I am their ruler whom they obey although they often try to be unruly. We live on a beautiful island called Buttercupdom, where there is never a duty or trouble to bother one's mind; flowers bloom all year, birds sing night and day, and all life is one grand sweet song."

"Do your subjects serve you?" asked Violet, with large, round eyes.

"O, yes," said the man, "I have nothing to do but be happy."

"Listen to that," said one robin in the tree above. "Did you ever hear anything like that?"

"No indeed," answered the other robin. "I wonder what will come next."

"Do you think you should like to live in this land, my charming little woman? I would like so much to have you there and we would be so happy—you and I."

"Will you always be there?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Do they study Analytics in Buttercupdom?"

"No."

"O, yes, yes, yes, I am going to live with you in Buttercupdom. And he took her soft, tiny hand in his strong one and raised it to his lips as he said:

"No, we won't study Analytics in Buttercupdom—you and I."

"Just look, did you see that?" said one robin in a very low chuckle.

"O, yes, isn’t it ridiculous?" answered his mate.

Violet moved, raised her head upon her elbows, looked amazingly around, quickly jumped upon her feet, and with a sad voice said, "Misery, it's only a dream."

A. A., '11.

First Prep to Another First Prep (after Southwestern University Glee Club concert)—I don’t like their uniform near as much as I do ours.
RIMES OUT OF REASON.

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few";
And the maker of verse
Can not cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose"
And of "goose" and of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb";
"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good."
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?

is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.
—The Church Review.

THE EVENING STAR.
By Clarence Urmy

Whene'er I see the evening star
My thoughts fly far away to you—
Thank God, there is no ban or bar
To what a loving thought may do,
Tho hands and lips must oft forego
The dear delights that lure them so!

Whene'er the evening star appears
Before my raptured sight,
A veil falls from mine eyes and ears.
I see and hear aright;
Thank God, for memory that brings
Close to the heart the dearest things!

The evening star—I can not tell
Wherein its magic lies;
Thank God, it nightly deigns to dwell
Within these lonesome skies;
And ever may the fair star be
A mizpah-light for you and me!
The Daedalian

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A serious situation now confronts the solvers of educational problems in the East. That the colleges for young women in that portion of country are full and overflowing, and that thousands of applicants are turned away each year, is no insignificant fact in the history of education. Vassar has already reached its limit of one thousand students; and at the annual meeting in June, the Trustees will decide whether the doors of the college shall be opened or closed to the multitude of young women waiting to enter. Practically the same may be said of Wellesley and Bryn Mawr,—except in the case of the latter, the number of students has always been more closely limited than in the other two colleges. The presidents of these colleges have claimed that their graduates have a certain mark of distinction not found elsewhere, and in the past great effort has been made to preserve the college homogeneity. But as conditions now exist—if the limitation of number is removed, these colleges bid fair to become as Oxford,—a series of colleges in distinct and separate communities.

During the first few years of college life when character is being irrevocably moulded, it would be well for every student to keep track of her individuality. There is a great tendency among students to sacrifice all individuality merely to voice and act upon the opinion of others. Sometimes this even goes so far as to express itself in manner of dress, likes and dislikes. Have you ever heard one student say of another, "Oh, there's nothing to her."? Nine times out of ten if you paused to consider the matter you would find that the girl in question lacked individuality, that her whole college life was spent in closely following others, without even the slightest
inclination to make a path of her own. This does not mean, however, that you must be full of eccentricities—a living curio—or that in order to preserve your individuality it is necessary to disagree with everyone on every occasion. Simply do your own thinking, express your own opinions, act according to your own conscience, and your individuality will take care of itself.

PRESIDENT OF STATE SCHOOL.

William Bennett Bizzell, superintendent of public schools of Navasota, was selected yesterday afternoon to be the president of the College of Industrial Arts at Denton. He is to succeed President Cree T. Work, who has been the head of the institution since its beginning about eight years ago. The meeting of the board of trustees was held at the Southland Hotel and lasted throughout the afternoon. The new president of the College of Industrial Arts is a Texas product and is very popular in the educational circles. He was elected vice president of the State Teachers’ Association at the meeting in Dallas in late December, 1909.

Mr. Bizzell was born at Independence, Washington county, Texas, Oct. 14, 1876. He remained in Washington county and there received his early education, going with his parents to Navasota in 1896. He was educated in the common schools of Washington county and at Baylor-Crane College at Independence. He entered Baylor University September, 1894, and graduated from that institution with the B. S. degree in June, 1898, and was orator for the class, an honor bestowed by the faculty. In June, 1900, he received the Ph. D. degree from Baylor University, his thesis being "Philosophic Views of the Minor Latin Poets."

He attended the summer terms of the University of Texas in 1904 and of the Illinois College of Law and of the University of Chicago in 1907-8-9, receiving the degree of D. C. L. from the Law College in 1909. Chemistry, physics, civil law and sociology were his specialties.

Mr. Bizzell was principal of the schools at Montgomery, Texas, for two years and has been superintendent of Navasota schools since 1902. He taught in the Baylor University summer school for two years. He was for several years a member of the Summer Normal Examining Board and is now a member of the Permanent Examining Board, having been selected by Superintendent F. M. Bralley.

As an author, Mr. Bizzell has had published "Judicial Interpretations of Political Theory," "The Critique of the Justinian Theory of Sovereignty," and contributions on various themes to a number of journals and publications.

The new president takes up the work in August.—Dallas News.
Athletics

The present Athletic Association is without a doubt the best we have ever had, and more students are taking active interest in the Association.

For the past three or four weeks there has been a number of basket ball and tennis games.

We have had these games between six and seven P. M. and they were always attended by an enthusiastic crowd of girls, each yelling for her representative.

We are expecting to have still more interesting games in the next few weeks, after these trial games.

Many dramas have been enacted on the athletic field—classified as tragedies or comedies according to the estimate of the student.

Basket Ball game between Juniors and Second Preps. Juniors victorious.

A very interesting game was played between the Giants and Pigmeys in basket ball; the Pigmeys played an excellent game but the Giants walked right over them and won the game.

Another game was played between the “Blondes” and “Brunettes” which caused the Brunettes to be a little dissatisfied with the color of their hair.

The most exciting game of all was the one between the M. Eleanor Brackenridge Club and the Chaparrals. A good game on both sides. But fate was against the Chaparrals and the M. E. B.’s carried off the honor.

Last of all was a tennis game between the Chaparrals and M. E. B.’s of which the Chaparrals had the pleasure of carrying off the honor.

Life is either a struggle for a loaf of bread or a basket ball.

The Juniors bid fair to be the winners of the pennant this year (unless the Middlers defeat them in a terrible onslaught posted for April 19), as they have already conquered the combined forces of the College.

AN ODE TO THE WING’D VICTORY.

I.
I look at the Wing’d Victory,
  With head and arms detached,
I gaze on it and wonder
  Why such a thing was hatched.

II.
I look on its wings outstretched,
  Which have never been used in retreat,
I say, if they call that Victory,
  I’m sorry for Defeat.

Harry Hobson Ex.
Their version of it.
Exchange Department

The Easter cover of this magazine is very artistic and is in good keeping with the contents. We never fail to find in the Trinitonian all that goes to make up a model publication.

As usual the Southwestern University Magazine is lacking in no department. The stories are good and the majority of poems which figure largely in its contents, show a depth of thought often lacking in the poetry published in other college publications.

The March issue of "The Journal" is indeed a patriotic number. We have but one fault to find with "The Journal." As a rule the word "Normal" figures so largely in story and verse that the magazine that would otherwise be good, becomes a trifle too local. The magazine is always to be complimented, however, on its neat and tasteful appearance.

We are glad to have the Daisy Chain on our table, not only because of its neat appearance and get-up, but because it is among the best High School Journals we have received.

This little paper is hardly up to the average. It contains no literary depth whatever and does not do a school of that standing and reputation justice.

We wish to call the attention of our exchanges to the spelling of the name of our College journal. The word is derived from Daedalus—the name of the Greek god of industry—and is spelled Daedalian,—not "Dandelion," "Deadalion," "Dandalion," as many have put it.
Society

The Pianoforte Lecture-Recital by Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, March 21, was the fourth Lyceum number at the College this year. To say that this entertainment was thoroughly instructive and deeply inspiring, expresses it mildly. In his opening remarks, Mr. Perry made clear that music is but one form of expression, and that he is trying to raise the standard of musical appreciation.

While rendering the following selections, Mr. Perry not only expressed the composers' ideas, but also revealed the powerful influence of superior music.

Programme.

Chopin ................Sonata, Op. 35
Introduction and Allegro
Scherzo
Marche Funèbre
Presto

Schumann ..............Des Abends
Schumann .............Traumeswirren
Rubenstein...Barcarolle in G. Major
Rubenstein ............Staccato Etude
F. B. Perry ............Melusine Suite
The Hunt
At the Fountain
Love Scene
In the Turret

Schubert-Listz, Soiree de Vienne, No 6
Schubert-Perry ...........The Bee
Schubert-Tausing ..Marche Militaire

In memory of April Fool's Day, the Chaparral Literary Society entertained with open house on Saturday evening, April the second. The following program was rendered to the delight of all:

Sonate Opus 4, F. Major...Playfool-hardy.
Misses Foolfangle and Foolhappy.
Citations and Quotations, Somewhat Explanatory, Otherwise Expository.
Compiled and read by Miss Fool Hardy.

Trio—
(a) Epithlamion .... Shaughaiwicz
(b) Summer ..........Tom Fool
(c) Pursuit ............Bob Fool
Misses Foolish and Witty.

Revision and Reversion....Composed and illustrated by Miss Fool-Sage.
Symphony ...............Fool Killer
Allegro, Allegretto, Allegro Molto.
Chaparral Orchestra.

Reading—The Fall of Man........
............................Fools' Paradise.
Miss Foolify.

Trio—A Lament .........Fool-Killer
Misses Gooseberry, Raspberry and Strawberry Fool.

Miss Humphries spent April 2, 3, and 4 at her home in Dallas.

One of the best entertainments of the season was the excellent reading of "If I Were King" by Mrs. Bertha Kuntz-Baker on the evening of March the twenty-sixth at the North Texas State Normal.
Mrs. E. M. Pierson, matron of Stoddard Hall, visited her home in Dallas for a few days last week.

Mrs. John Turner of Dallas visited the College the third and fourth of April.

The visitors at the Methodist Dormitory during the past month were Mrs. Rowland of Tyler, Mr. John Abney of the State University, and Mr. Perry McGinnis of A. & M. College.

Miss Barnes, the National Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., gave a very instructive, and interesting lecture in the College auditorium on the afternoon of Friday, March the twenty-sixth.

Miss Katherine Frazier went to her home in Decatur for a few days to rest up after a short illness.

Miss Nancy Lee Swan, State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., is visiting the College for a few days this month.

There have been a number of visitors at Stoddard Hall during the past month. Among whom were Mr. Ed Briehan of Dallas, Misses Briehan and Slawson of Bartlett, Messrs Brown, Shropshire and Peavy of A. & M. College, Mr. Raleigh Yeary of Farmersville, Mr. Frank Frazier of Morgan, Mr. Lowridge of Iowa Park, Mrs. Sheid of Claude, Mr. C. W. Herkimer of Odessa, Messrs I. N. Faris from Mosheim and I. M. Blankenship of Gatesville, and Mr. Willis of Houston.

One of the loveliest social events of recent date was the St. Patrick's Dance given by the Stoddard Hall girls, on the evening of March the nineteenth. The music was furnished by the "Black and Tan Band." Programmes and refreshments suggested the significance of the occasion. The out-of-town guests were Misses Leta Harrell of Fort Worth, Willis Welch of the Normal, and Amy Moore of Gainesville.

Miss Lillie Humphries from Dallas was the guest of her sister, Miss Humphries, at Stoddard Hall.

Miss Frances Gernesbacher visited her home at Weatherford for a few days to attend the marriage of her sister.

The songs by the different classes in Chapel the other day were excellent. The Middlers sang beautifully; the Juniors covered themselves with glory; the Second Preps did unusually well; but, "Oh, you First Preps!"

THE C. L. S. OBSERVES ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

In the College auditorium, March 17, St. Patrick's Day was observed by the Chaparral Literary Society, with a very unique program.

As we passed in the doors, each was supplied with a small red heart, and a leaf of shamrock.

The program was as follows:

1. Paper—Life of St. Patrick—
II. Stories of Mythological Snakes—Miss Marie Ehrhardt.

III. Stories of Real Snakes—Miss Lucile Watkins.

IV. Irish Jokes—Misses Bertie Simmons, Margaret Sackville.

V. Piano Solo—Miss Mamie Walker.

VI. Poem—"The Fall of Man"—Miss Mary Todd.

VII. Debate: Resolved, that St. Patrick deserves more honor than St. Valentine.

Affirmative—Miss Rhea Markham.

Negative—Miss Frances Dameron.

VIII. Trio—Misses Grace Willis, Lois Weakly, Grace Slawson.

It was announced after the debate that no judges would be appointed to decide this important question, but it was to be settled by the vote of the audience. Those favoring the negative cast a heart for their vote, and those who favored the positive cast a leaf of Shamrock.

While the votes were being counted, Miss Walker very pleasantly entertained us with instrumental solos. Then it was announced that St. Patrick had lost. It was a hard matter to decide in the minds of each one, and we all felt sure that the slight difference was the lack of sweet associations—or are they always sweet?—that suggest St. Valentine.

M. S., '13.

C. I. A. BROMIDIOMS.

I'm just crazy about it.
Oh, he's a darling.
Now isn't that just like you.
I know it but I can't tell.
She sure did sit on us this morning.
If you had only come this morning, this room was in perfect order.
When you want the nightwatchman you never can find him.
I washed my hair this morning and I can't do a thing with it.
I just hollered.
She gave one big whoop.
If I could do that I would be perfectly happy.
It's just too sweet for anything.
How perfectly lovely it is.
That'll be all right for you.

One of the most interesting events of the year was a lecture on astronomy given by Mr. L. F. Fouts of Trinity Mills, Texas, on April 22. Many interesting facts disclosed served only to heighten the enthusiasm aroused by Halley's comet. After dark Mr. Fouts set up his telescope on the Methodist Dormitory lawn, and for three or four hours the time was spent in looking at the moon, Jupiter, and some fixed stars. At four a. m. everyone was out to get a glimpse of the comet through the telescope, but owing to the clouded condition of the sky we were forced to accept a view of Venus instead.

Mr. Fouts is an enthusiastic student of astronomy, and has mastered much of the knowledge of this noble science.
Alumnae Notes

Miss Lossie Mitchell, '09, is instructor of Domestic Science in the Pilot Point schools.

Miss Lena Bumpas, '05, has been appointed teacher of Domestic Arts and Science at the North Texas State Normal.

Miss Esther Magill, '09, has been ejected as one of the teachers in the North Side school, Denton.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Caller, '06, Austin, a daughter.

Cards have been received reading: Dr. and Mrs. Frank R. Bowles announces the marriage of their daughter, Bertha, to Rev. Will C. Childress, on Wednesday, March the twenty-third, nineteen hundred and ten, Graford, Texas.

At home Throckmorten, Texas.

Mrs. F. L. McFadden (09) and her mother, Mrs. J. A. Minnis. of Denton, visited Misses Eula and Bess Turner a few days in March.

Miss Julia Chernosky, '08, writes of having attended the great Student Volunteer Convention in Rochester, N. Y., during the holidays. Miss Chernosky is attending the Chicago Training School from which she will graduate early in May, and expects to be with us for the June meeting.

The President of the Alumnae asks those who have received cards with reference to the banquet committees to please write her at once in order that all committees be completed. Some have done this but others have not and our president urges all to be prompt in this matter and write Miss Eula P. Turner, 27 Marsalis Ave., Station A, Dallas, Texas.

Miss Elsie Pickett, '09, made a short visit to San Antonio friends during March.

Miss Opal Frazer, '07, and Mr. Claud Hales, Warner, Okla., were married on April 10.

The Houston Chapter of C. I. A. met Friday, the 18th of March, with Miss Jennie Ramsey, '09, at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. G. Barada, and a very pleasant evening was spent at the game of "Hearts." Miss Mary Crabb, '08, proved to be the most efficient at this game. Light refreshments, in the form of a salad course, wound up the evening of fun and adjournment was made at a late hour. We agreed to meet again in April with Misses Nellie Mills, '06, and Katherine McLeod, '06.