

EAR-EATER, OR HOW THE WILDCAT LOST HIS SMELL

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after him, and would have murdered him if they caught him. Ear-eater ran over hills, through creeks, and at last arrived at a plain. He could hear the deer coming—closer and closer. He looked back and could see many deer coming. His wind was getting short, still he ran. Soon he could hear and almost feel the breath of the deer. Just a second more and ear-eater would be caught. Ear-eater gave a sharp turn, rushed into his master's camp, and gave him his diaphragm. The panther got his strength back, rushed out and terrified the deer with one of his fiercest yells. He caught and killed several.

Today no deer will ever fight with a panther. Ear-eater was given good food to eat by the panther, and the wildcats of today no longer smell. The panther has his diaphragm—and still gives out his terrible yells that frighten all animals except the wildcats, for a certain wildcat named ear-eater, years and years ago, saved him his diaphragm, which is the power of his yell, and to this day wildcats and panthers hunt together.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

We believe that all of our serious students will be interested in a little sketch of Joseph Addison, great English scholar, philosopher and writer who was born in 1672 and who died in 1719. At one time he was a principal secretary of state under George I of England. He did not hold the position long, but retired on a pension \$7,500.00 per annum and devoted the remainder of his life to travel and to writing.

There was something unusually human in his writings—his evident good nature. Of society, he wrote: "There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature or something which must bear its appearance and supply its place."

Of himself, Addison says: "I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years."

He then sets forth a story which ran in his family that before his birth his mother dreamed that he was to be a judge, and adds: "Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine, for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood

put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it."

That Addison was by nature a poet and a devout man is evidenced by his wonderful translation of David's Twenty-Third Psalm, one of the most soothing and satisfying bits of writing in all the world—a truly immortal psalm. That it had a wonderful appeal for Addison there can be no doubt, else how could he have written the following beautiful lines on it?

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

"When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

"Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

"Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around."

Reliance

The Reliance Literary Society held their first meeting of the year in room eleven of the school building on Friday evening, Oct. 1. Election of officers was in order. Harry Frost was elected president; William Markistum, vice-president; Raymond Jones, secretary; Jacob Atkins, treasurer; Raymond Haldane, yell leader; Dewey Matt, sergeant-at-arms. After speeches from the officers and critic, and songs and yells, the society adjourned.

Mr. Fisher is advisor for the Reliance Society for the coming year.

Excelsiors

The Excelsior Literary Society held their first meeting on Friday evening, Oct. 1, in room seven of the school building. Elections were held, the results being:

President, Reggie DePoe; vice-president, Coquelle Thompson; secretary, Henry Bowker; treasurer, Solomon Fleury; yell leader, Walter Metrokin; sergeant-at-arms, Clifford McLeod.

The president made a short but appropriate speech. He appointed Peter Rassmussen, Louis Dupuis and Charles DePoe as a program committee. After a few songs and yells, and a short talk by the critic, the society adjourned.