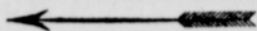
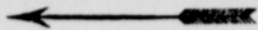




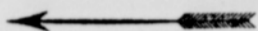
(FROM THE QUIVER OF "APOSTLE" BRANN)



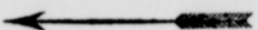
Midas, we are told, had ass's ears, but his modern disciples go the whole head.



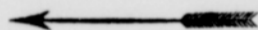
Entirely too many youngsters are rushing into the professions instead of the corn field.



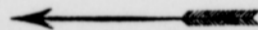
I have never yet known a man to borrow any money at a bank on the unctuousness of his amen.



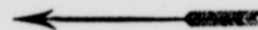
Strike the religion and poetry out of a people and you reduce them to the level of educated animals.



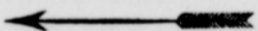
Do not, I beseech you, waste your sweetness on the desert air, but make your ebullient learning butter your parsnips.



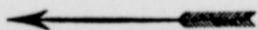
I have no more quarrel with a man for differing with me in religion than for fancying a blonde type of beauty while I prefer the brunette.



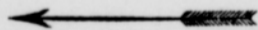
You cannot measure the moral code of man or beast until you have ascertained the moral code applicable to the civilization or intelligence of his kind.



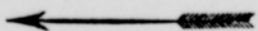
The noblest success this world can boast is the man who creates wealth and uses it wisely; the most pitiful of all failures is the man who succeeds only in making money.



Real men, whatever their religion or race, their education, occupation or intellect; the men who glory in their work regardless of reward, are the world's heroes and its hope.



It is easy enough to say grace over a good square meal, to be honest on a good fat income, to praise the Lord when full of pie; but just wait until you get the same razzle-dazzle the devil dished up for Job and see how your hallelujahs hold out before exalting your horn.



I stand with Moses on Sinai's flaming crest, then I go forth beneath the eternal stars—each silently pouring its stream of sidereal fire into the great realm of Darkness—and they seem like the eyes of pitying angels, watching man work out, little by little, through the long ages, the mystery of his life.

SENIOR NOTES

By Charles Morgan

Two worthy Seniors have been given parts in the coming operetta. We refuse to reveal their identity. Both are actors of note.

Seven of the Senior girls took the civil service examination on the seventh of March. This examination was for assistant matron.

Mr. Mote came into room seven one day and asked for a teacher for the seventh grade. Flora Harper was selected and did very well. A few days ago she completed her teaching by assisting in a program given by Miss Lundquist's room.

We nearly forgot: The Seniors are very grateful for the splendid service rendered them by Miss French and Miss Mountjoy, when they took it upon themselves to prepare a very delightful luncheon for the Seniors after the play! We certainly enjoyed the delicious sandwiches and coffee.

IF I WERE YOUNG



IF I were young I think I should, while studying geography and arithmetic, also give some little time to a consideration of myself. I would not show any favors to my whims or caprices, but would try to arrive at a true understanding of just what I was worth at this or that thing. I would not try to be old before my time, but I would endeavor to avoid the follies that usually go with young man- and womanhood. To be silly is no more excusable in youth than in old age.



IF I were young I would endeavor to escape the charge of being foolish. I, of all people, would take myself seriously. This does not mean that I would not grant myself the legitimate joys of life, or that I would pose as a saint, or a model for anyone excepting myself. It would give me great satisfaction to approve of what I did every day of my life.



AS I would know myself better than any other person could possibly know me, I would consider myself as a sort of supreme judge so far as I was concerned. If I were young I would do my utmost every day to live right, to obey the Golden Rule, to devote my energies to the betterment of self, for in these things I would be giving the greatest possible service to my community, my state, and my nation. This is what I would try to do if I were young.

