

Estelle Reels

Wagon	Annie Hays
Billies	Louisa Murray
Pen Picture	Matthias Decker
Billies	Johnnie Dornie
Wagon	Ella Brewster
Original Head	Addie Cameron
Wagon	Irene Satter
Recreation	Margie Gray
Wagon	Clara Deppo and Helen Johnson
Roasting	Eveline McKey
Wagon	Quarantine
Pen Picture	Irene Connolly
Wagon	Aline Bush and Lena Charles

The Religious Society met in room No. 3, second. After roll call and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the president stated that the new officers for the coming quarter were to be elected. More interest than usual was manifested in the election. The following are the new officers: President, Alfred Gillis; Vice President, Martin Wollan; Secretary, Chas. Alaska; Treasurer, Simon Ellis; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joshua Gillson. After the election, speeches were made by the new officers.

Resolved: That the eighteenth century witnessed greater human progress than the nineteenth, was the subject for the debate.

Worse Than Doing Nothing.

Young's phrase, "time eternally thrown away," would apply to the waking hours of a large class of people who not only produce nothing, but whose leisure is a positive disservice to themselves and a hindrance to others. Doing nothing is not the worst illness. Busy idleness—the idleness of energetic but undisciplined intellect—is worse than doing nothing.

The man who labors perpetually, but to no purpose, and is in constant motion without getting on, is like a tubastile; he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody; he

takes a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few that are he only burns his fingers. This sort of a man hinders the business of life almost as much as the profligate idler, who devotes the time he can spare from the pursuit of pleasure to the neglect of his duties.—(Exchange).

Are You on the Right Track?

IF those who are not succeeding in proportion to the amount of effort they exert would examine themselves closely, they would find, as a rule, that their locomotives are off the track. Not realizing where, or what the trouble is, they merely intensify it by putting on more steam, and, the more they put on, the deeper they sink into the mud and the harder it is to move.

If they would stop long enough to examine their machinery intelligently and make a thorough investigation of the causes that prevent its working properly, they would probably succeed in getting their locomotives on the right track before they waste all their steam plowing in the sand and mud. Even if they do not discover, until after middle life, the secret of their failure to get on, they may ultimately reach their destination.

Sometimes we find narrow-gauge locomotives trying to run on broad gauge tracks. The young man who mistakes an athletic for ability, failing as a lawyer when he might succeed as a mechanic; the girl whom nature intended for a model housekeeper trying to earn a living on the stage or by writing, and vice versa; the born orator making poor shoes, the natural singer selling laces and ribbons,—these are some of the instances of people trying to fit square pegs into round holes.—(Ex.)

Latin Teacher—What case does pen his govern?

Voice in seat—Bad case.—(Ex.)