



## ALL STATE

Published Every Two Weeks By  
Student Body of  
AUSTIN PEAY NORMAL  
SCHOOL  
Clarksville, Tennessee

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JUST A  
REMINDER

Eight weeks of the winter  
quarter have passed, and  
only four more more  
weeks left, students, in  
which to do or die. We  
are on the home stretch  
—quit coasting and  
step on the gas. That  
last impression is very  
valuable, you know.

## Imagine My Embarrassment

To enable you to fully appreciate the situation in which I once found myself, I must relate to you an incident which led up to this climax. Now this is a "true story" and a very recent happening, so I will refrain from mentioning names, dates or definite places.

It happened in the class of a teacher noted for his sense of humor and sympathy. In a class of 25 students, I was standing, set off by certain solidly characteristics which might be recognized in his heart and speech. There in the class room of a well known normal school of the South, a class was hastily putting pencil to paper. Did I say everyone was of students were absorbed in and bewildered over a set of questions. Every person in that room putting pencil to paper? Well, there was one person who was using a pen, while to one side of the desk, next to the adjoining desk, sat a bottle of beautiful blue-black ink. There on the first row this person sat with a dutiful pen in a poised ear, next to him was a small girl in a large coat. Upon finishing her paper to her satisfaction she rose to leave and low and behold that large, heavy coat was possessed of an evil spirit. It turned over that beautiful bottle of blue-black ink!

"Goodness gracious!" I thought. "What a predicament!" (Tah, tah do preachers say they do). The next incident which happened as a consequence of this one I have just told, takes the same setting and the same persons are involved.

Again the class is seated, but this time it is just before class begins. The teacher has just entered the room and everybody is quiet, waiting for the last bell to sound. Well, during that time of silence the user of the pen whom we will call Mr. X, says several words to the girl next to him—words that Robert Montgomery has coined to Dorothy Jordan. Maybe Monroe said them to Juliet. Who knows? Lovey had whispered them into the ear of their dearly beloved, and crooners have murdered them over the radio. But never before had they been uttered in a class room during that period of quiet

## IN MEMORIAM

Dorothy Harper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Harper, of District six died early Sunday afternoon, February 14, at the Clarksville hospital.

At the age of 20, Dorothy went to the St. Bethlehem school. There, she received her primary education. There, also she stayed eight years, struggled hard for a place of recognition among the other students and believed in herself and her ideals.

From St. Bethlehem she went to the Clarksville high school. The words under many difficulties her freshman year, this year was not in vain as she was rewarded with friendship of the student body and the faculty.

"I want to be something in this world," was a frequent expression with Dorothy throughout her young life. At the end of four years she was one of the home students and one of the most popular girls in the class of 1931.

From St. Bethlehem she went to the Clarksville high school. The words under many difficulties her freshman year, this year was not in vain as she was rewarded with friendship of the student body and the faculty.

"I want to be something in this world," was a frequent expression with Dorothy throughout her young life. At the end of four years she was one of the home students and one of the most popular girls in the class of 1931.

Dorothy's one great pastime was reading. As a little tot she was overjoyed at the prospect of reading. She loved to read. She had a love for the tales of her great grandmothers. She was a source of delight to her friends. She was a source of delight to her friends. She was a source of delight to her friends.

"We who knew her and were close enough to her loved her because of her sense of fair play her desire to be honest and her high standards of youth. Dorothy had a lovely sense of humor and a charming and endearing personality.

We, the students of the Austin Peay Normal, have lost one of our greatest friends, and our hearts are sore for the loss of her. Her death has brought sadness into our hearts, but know that the faith she put in her in the fact that she is once again in a place.

She is gone—but the memory of Dorothy will never leave us. We will remember her always as a pure and noble young woman with a smile on her face and a tender word on her lips as she went about bringing happiness to all who knew her.

which preceds the sounding of the bell. Imagine my embarrassment! Did everyone in that room hear them quite clearly? Was it a proposal or a threat?

"Miss Young, I'll turn over my bottle of ink again, you can see home and tell your mother" that her beautiful child is going to belong to me."

## BOOK CHAT

I've been going around asking people for the past few days. "If Mr. Wright had left you his money what would you do with it?" Every single one started out with, "Well, I probably would have traveled around and (as some of the rest was told me in good faith, I would tell it to travel, a poor man's dream—why, scores of times I've had visions of myself in European four or in sunny Spain. I've even had imaginary encounters with cannibals! Can you imagine that?"

Well, dear friend, if you do not have sufficient time to travel of course I know that in these prosperous and peaceful times it's all a matter of taste or time! Why don't you browse around in some of these enchanting books of travel you find in the libraries everywhere?

There is Martin Johnson's "Cannibal Land," a very unusual and interesting tale of man-eating South Sea Islanders, and "The Magic Island" by W. B. Seabrook. It really is one of the most fascinating books ever published. One is borne away to Haiti and its strange populace on the glittering wings of Seabrook's—no, imagination, for he really saw these ceremonies and miracles that he describes. Munroe Cade, the former character performer holds the key to the island's magic, and she seems a very adept magician. If you want romance in its strongest forms, read "The Magic Island."

While we are talking about cannibals, please let's not forget that absolutely fantastic thing, "The Magic Island" by W. B. Seabrook. It really is one of the most fascinating books ever published. One is borne away to Haiti and its strange populace on the glittering wings of Seabrook's—no, imagination, for he really saw these ceremonies and miracles that he describes.

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If you don't happen to fancy cannibals or heathen magic, suppose you read "Markus," that tale of Sweden by Selma Lagerlof. The book is brimming full of Swedish legends and folklore. The tale is made complete by the telling of family of Lagerlof. I think you'll like "Markus" with unusual tales of the Swedish family who dwell there.

"Gunning back to tales of America. When "America Was Young" by John T. Faria must be mentioned. It is different from most historical stories in that it is very interesting and readable. Faria has presented early America as it has never been presented before, in the language and ideas of young America itself.

Now while every newspaper column that isn't about Japan is about "The Canadian" might be interested in reading "An Indian Journey" by Bronsela. It is not a very old picture of India, however. It is a tale of the people of India, their ideals, religious, customs, traditions, and short of their whole lives. The story is charmingly told by Bronsela, who opens up a window among these people, who hold the cobra a goddess, the Queen of Deceits. You can be interested by the retarded character analyzed by the many anecdotes and anecdotes of the pathetic tragedies of these people.

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## Questionnaire.

Where do you get such rilly rags?  
And do you read the "P. A. gags?"

How can you speed and trust to fate?  
Why don't the Cops with you debate?

How can you read these themes of blash and blash?  
How can you stand that pipe and those cigars?

Can you by modern youth be blinded?  
How did you get so absent-minded?

How can you work in flowers bright?  
And keep your hands so soft and white?

Where the apples in your bowl?  
And the flowers when in bloom?

Does LEAP YEAR hold a thrill for you?  
When you step out what do you do?

On this please cast a ray of light:  
Dead broke, or just a little tight?

If presumptuous I may seem

Freida Dodge.  
I Don't blame it!  
Your doings are the current theme.  
P. D.

## Printers Victim.

The folks at home all raise the dice  
'Cause I sit up and burn the juice.

What could a would-be writer do,  
But sit up late and think and chew?

Now my struggles will never cease  
For they are printing my masterpiece.

I hear a Co-ed's lusty shout,  
The All State's out The All State's out!

And with a mob-dying spirit I rush to see my name in print.

I search and search, I cannot wait  
For surely they have published it.

At last I find a scrambled bit  
The doggone printer's garbled it.

If I ever meet that cock-eyed bird  
I'll make him swallow each garbled word.

## JOKES

A sweet fluffy fapper was Polly  
A damsel most pleasing to Jolly.  
But when H. Miller he met her.  
Then can he to pet her.  
And that's how he ended her.  
Polly.

—Selected.

Dr. Claxton: "How are you getting along since your wilt went away?"  
Dr. Grannis: "Fine. I've reached the highest point of efficiency. I can put on my socks from either end."

—Selected.

Don't let it phase you, but remember that the mighty oak was once just a nut!

Holt: "Say that's a fast-looking one, you've got there. What the most you ever got out of it?"  
Dickson: "Five times in a mile."

—Selected.

was painfully injured in an automobile wreck near Goodlettsville. Latest information reports that Mr. O'Boye is making satisfactory recovery.

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DOWN—

- 1.—Abate.
- 2.—Indefinite pronoun.
- 3.—Dominant color in Russia.
- 4.—Blank books for autographs, stamps, etc.
- 5.—Receiving office (abbr.).
- 6.—Brilliant blue-eyed blonde at A. P. N.
- 7.—Faculty member who fought in the World War.
- 8.—The most low-down department in school.
- 12.—The "Big Dipper" astronomical name (abbr.).
- 13.—Henry Pickering's inspirations for poetry (girls' initials).
- 18.—"Pups" Burkitt's real name.
- 21.—Patron saint of children.
- 23.—Opposite to cold.
- 24.—Clinking clothes.
- 27.—Preposition.
- 31.—To be silent (Ewell Jones not guilty).
- 34.—Prest.
- 36.—Same as 5 down.

"Our Modern Age" is Theme of Judge Kelly's Address

(Continued From Page 1.)

mon ground. One daughter, when arriving at two o'clock in the morning was asked if she lacked the front door, to which he replied, "No, grandmother hasn't come yet."

Children are often tempted to make character ascriptions to get to the spotlight. One small chap on trial arrogantly announced that he had killed four men. It made little difference, whether he were noticed for merit or misdemeanors.

The average woman is stampeded with the adjective, vain. But it is to her credit, if she is not in appearance, for a neglect of dress is almost, lamentation, or neglect of character. One woman who scorned all vanity was told, "We have to look at you all day, though."

There are many tasks left to the modern woman. Those reserved solely for man could be counted on the fingers. One thing women leave for man is the provision of a home. Since woman has spent several years in public life she has attained greater ability. She possesses that genius which is defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. In the struggle for her rights woman has been treated more generously than she probably would have treated man. A man who is voracious in his claim to superiority is only proving to his mother, wife and sisters what a fine job of high powered salesmanship they have achieved.

Mothers, who fail to understand the viewpoint of the young man, to the constant use of don'ts. One of the speaker's sons had not been allowed to play football until an incident occurred in the court room. A huge, three-looking "boy" complained that his mother had forbade him to participate in the manly art of fighting. When the judge sided with her, the boy said that she didn't know how good it felt when he socked in the eye. Judge Kelly gave her consent to football practice that afternoon. To the girls, whose problems

ACROSS—

- 1.—Basket ball star (boy).
- 2.—What makes Orval Pitt girls?
- 3.—Whose girls would like to win a basketball game.
- 10.—Preposition.
- 11.—Characteristic of Dora.
- 14.—Most faithful girl—in school (initials).
- 15.—Musical note.
- 16.—Cat's language.
- 17.—A punished dog's howl.
- 18.—He's a brown-eyed, black-haired, beautiful boy.
- 22.—Exclamation.
- 24.—Jim Nassium (initials).
- 25.—Of age.
- 26.—Negative.
- 28.—Basilical dormitory girl (initials).
- 29.—Railway company.
- 30.—The chemists unit.
- 32.—Of age.
- 33.—Dutiful.
- 35.—Object that inspired John Keats.
- 37.—Radio entertainers (reverse order).

generally puzzle both themselves and their guardians, one lesson should be taught. There are sacred contracts of life that cannot be played with frivolously. Marriage is the most serious of life's undertakings and should be given much thought and consideration. You, who wear the garment of Southern womanhood, strive to keep its beauty in crystal clearness and purity. In trying to imitate men's ways, you spoil those feminine attributes, the sweetest, thing in the world.

The youth are clamoring for freedom of expression, the right to live their own lives. But sometimes it takes the constant label of mother, father, sister and brother to give one a kung-fu that, privilege. Selfishness, selfishness and irritability are three vices to be avoided.

"As a judge" one of the most modern institutions of today, Judge Kelly advised, "strong in this modern age. As to the problem of depression she says, 'It is a time to trade financial for spiritual values.'"

Clarance Darrow defied the existence of harmonious form when he said "all is chaos, there is no form." But why, the speaker asked, do the pen and ask tree being my home never miss and produce crossed fruit.

After spending years in the study of child life Judge Kelly gives a last admonition: "To think one self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, then can't not then be false to anyone."

Flowers for All Occasions

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## THE BELL OF THE NORMAL DONGS

Continued From Page 1.

"What do you believe are the chief values of music?"  
"Music is an outlet for the emotions, a cultural art, and the chief vehicle for enjoyment of leisure time."

"Who are your favorite composers?"  
"Bach, because of the intellectual phase of his compositions; Beethoven, because the pouring out his emotions in music touches my soul, and Brahms, because he was such a lovable old bachelor, wrote such beautiful symphonies and songs, and adored little children all the while."

"What are your favorite compositions?"  
"Adagio Cantabile" from "Sonata Pathétique" by Beethoven; "Waltz Op. No. 3" by Brahms, and "Album Leaf," by Wagner.

"Are you happy in your work at the Normal?"  
"As nearly happy as one can be knowing one's limitations."

"Who has influenced your character and personality most?"  
"An uncle who believed in me as a child, a daughter who still believes in me, and a woman superintendent with whom I work in my first public school teaching."

"If you went abroad next summer, what one spot would you like best to visit?"  
"Bayreuth, at the time of the Wagnerian Festival."

"What place in America would you like to visit?"  
"Singing Tower in Florida."

"Are you air minded?"  
"No, I am more air minded than I am 'wave minded.' Good old terra firma for me."

"If you owned and controlled all the chewing gum factories, what would you do?"  
"I'd have my chemist mix a gum that would make the chewer sick as soon as he entered a glass-room chewing. I'd have its price a penny a package, so that all who desired could chew all they wanted outside class-room."

"Next to music, what is your favorite art?"  
"Literature and quiet painting."

"If you had sudden riches heaped upon you would you continue to teach?"  
"I don't imagine I would because it would take all my time keeping some man from marrying me."

"How do you like to spend your leisure?"  
"Reading, hearing concerts and sewing."

"What book has made a special appeal to you recently?"  
"Job."

"What do you think of so many would-be writers of today?"  
"They are full of words and want quick money. Not many can be in literature what Schubert was in music."

"Do you like Dorothy Dix?"  
"I might if I knew her better, however, not being in love, I've never had a problem husband. I feel it is useless to read her."

## "Do you read the funnies?"

"Indeed, yes! Without 'Maggie and Jiggs' and 'Moon Mullins' Sundays would be just too dull."

"When do you think a girl becomes an old maid?"  
"I'm like Myrtle Reed. 'There's old maids and old maids. Some's married and some ain't.' It's the way one acts that counts, not how old she is."

"What is your idea of luxury?"  
"Enough money to have a Ford car, buy gas to run it, and that I could go to Nashville to all the concerts."

"What do you think of the financial situation in Tennessee?"  
"Those who spent the school money for roads, etc., are the best for the people (that is the people who got that money). And school teachers who can't live on credit can exist on hot air. Why do teachers need money?"

Please Turn to Page Four.

## Alden's Tossers

## Lose Hard Fight At Southside

In a close game characterized by exceedingly stubborn offensive work on both sides, the Normal lads came out on top in an 18-20 score.

Every one of Coach Alden's boys played in great style and the team as a whole displayed splendid teamwork and smartness.

The Southside quint were very tough indeed to emerge from the midget with a two-point victory.

Normal (18) Southside (20)

Harl Forward Perrell (20)

Mayes (2) Forward Trotter (4)

Mallory Center Wyatt (2)

Hudson (2) Center McCleod (2)

Forward Guard

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## Normal Sextet Bows To Martin

Miss Jackson carried her girls over to Pulaski the other night to invade the air of the strong sextet of Martin College. As a result the Normal misses were trimmed by the score of 44-21.

Each of the Normal girls made a creditable showing, and had it not been for McManey, Martin forward, who scored as many points as the entire normal team, the snappy attack and the steady defense of the Normal would have made quite a difference in the score.

Foster with 13 of the Normal's 21 points was the most outstanding, while each and every one on the squad supported her in fine fashion, and displayed many fine points of basketball, and showed plenty of fight and headwork.

Lineup:

Normal (21) Martin (44)

Foster (13) McManey (21)

Coke (6) Hind (7)

Mickell (2) Moore (12)

Billy (2) Center Houston (4)

Gilpin (2) Guard Erwin

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## READ WHAT HAPPENS

## IN CLARKSVILLE

## OUT OF CLARKSVILLE

## BOTH ALWAYS FIND IN THE

## Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle

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## Jones Delivers Faculty Fractures

### Memo. Address

Continued From Page 1.

"Re-uning after the Mexican war, Jones found himself at a peculiar way. He was eventually knocked a. his door. He received an invitation to become commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States.

"Let saw before him glory, war, poverty and death. With his military insight he perceived the superior forces, arms, factories, navy and army of the north, with the help of the civilized world. He saw the limited resources of the South but on his knees he put away the call of glory and obeyed the voice of patriotism and loyalty.

"Let's only hope of victory lay in the hands of the Confederacy with England. Henry W. Brecher when he went to England, he was told that this union did the Confederacy more harm than any mighty army. This remark was asked if he did not predict that the war would be over in a year. "Yes," he replied.

"After two years of fighting had passed and Lee came to Appomattox he gave the order to surrender.

"There is but one thing to do," he said, "we must surrender, but we must have a thousand deaths than surrender this flag."

"When a Confederate salient had been taken by the Northern army and a break in the Confederate line had been made, Lee mounted his horse, Traveller, and said he would lead the army. The Confederate ordered Lee to go to the rear and a mighty roar from the enemy's ranks caused him to command, "That was the way they loved him."

"As a small boy, Dr. Jones knew and loved Lee. He described one incident when he had slipped under Lee's military coat and Lee, who had been told that the pastor worshipped God, he worshipped Lee. He had ridden beside Lee, Traveller, at other times and had left his play to watch him plant the building of the University at Washington College. At one time Lee remained two hours in a cramped position from the rain, sending this sleeping boy at his feet. When asking Lee how he fought the battles and if he killed any of them, Carter Jones was told that there were no Yankees and no slaves, but that he would be wished rather to talk about how to be a great soldier of Jesus Christ."

"As he remembered Lee, Jones describes a man of sixty-three years, back that had caught the snow of winter; his face covered with a close-cropped, snow white beard; erect figure, dark eyes, limpid lakes into which you could lose yourself; a small, round, mobile nose, which smiled as when the sun slips from behind a cloud; a voice which was music itself; the dignity of an aristocrat and yet, made a democrat by the touch of the Nazarene.

"When Traveller was taken from his stable after a confinement of two weeks, he was led eagerly, but he is joined the funeral procession marching before him, he wept, his beautiful muzzle sniffed and he seemed to know and bowed his head. There was no more sorrow in the group.

"Lee knew how to lose. He taught his pupils that peace had her victories no less renowned than those of war. As a teacher, Lee incarnated and illustrated the principles of Jesus. He knew every student by name and standing.

"Thank God," said the speaker, "that united homes have shaded North and South in the same sun, and that the same symphonious union of hearts and hands, God bless the union forever!"

**BEST IN PLACE.**  
 "When I die, don't bury him deep.  
 Lay me down where the willows weep.  
 Place a "Winced Horse" on my breast.  
 And tell Mr. Woodward I've gone to rest."

DOT GORDON

## Faculty Fractures

Lucy Brewer. "A hen eats that kind of food to keep her in digestion."

"Wheeler: 'I didn't know hens suffered from indigestion.'  
 Mr. Woodward: 'You're talking the rooster's of poetry and speaking of infection in the voice.' 'Now don't jump up on your hind legs and scold your spirit's mosty'."

"Mr. Bond: 'while talking of the psychology of speaking a chicken, you said that it was worse than it does itself.'"

## SCRAP BAG

Wotta lot I have to tell you guys! I know of lots of things that have been happening at Normal and lots of things that the girls did and heard on coming back to dear old A. P. N.

Charity begins at home; so does gossip. I suppose, so, be all ears.

You remember when I first began my diary, how I raved about that cute baby-faced Bill Green, Such curly hair and such pretty eyes. Whew—oh, well, he is in love with somebody else, so help you, Alla. Alla is taking sewing. In sewing you have to make clothes. Alla, anxious to show what a good sewer she could make, sat down and sewed for Bill, her would-be. She made him some of the most beautiful gowns. I would love to have a pair just like them to wear on the beach.

These gowns were made wide enough and large enough to make a tent out of. The next time the wind blew the tent right in the middle is a huge frog. "Why the frog?" you ask. "Because the wind blew the tent right in the middle is a huge frog. "Why the frog?" you ask. "Because the wind blew the tent right in the middle is a huge frog. "Why the frog?" you ask. "Because the wind blew the tent right in the middle is a huge frog."

Did you hear the scandal about Joe Vaughn? See, diary, he gave Agnes Holland his license. The girls at the dormitory got a hold of the picture, the license! They took Agnes' picture and created it. Then, they took an envelope and wrote on it the mailing address in H. "Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. If God won't have you the devil must."

Now, let's go to Martin. The game is over and everyone is busy gossiping. I sit down and start gossiping. No. First, I hear Malory's name mentioned. Not intending to eavesdrop, diary, just listening by accident. I catch a few of his words. "Do you know what's happened?" Well, she has been looking for the bus all day and she said if Malory did not hear of people told he would not be able to play. Another girl said, "Malory writes the most adorable letters. Leah let me read a few of them."

Aw, heck, Agnes whose name I heard mentioned next? Young Devereaux. A fair maiden (she was a brunette) asked thousands of questions about him. I almost got tired answering them. Next, I heard someone say, "I met a boy named Don Burkin. My big ears tapped and they're cock in everything that was said."

Yes, Bill. Don is such a clever boy! I was with him the

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## THE BELL OF THE NORMAL DONGS

Continued From Page 3.

any anyway? They get enough good out of teaching to compensate. Of course they must eat, but the teachers who go with patrons invite the teachers out.

"What kind of weather spirit you have, or soothe your spirit's mosty?"

"Good old rainy days."  
 "If a woman built a nest in your place, what would you do?"  
 "To play the other fellow's piano until she hatches a chick."  
 "Do you believe that women gossip more than men?"  
 "No!"

**The Law of Sportsmanship**—DO 1. I will not cheat. I will keep the rules but I will play the game hard for the fun of the game, to win by strength and skill. If I should not play fair the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.

2. I will treat my opponents with courtesy and trust that they deserve it. I will be friendly.

3. If I play in a group game I will play not for my own glory but for the success of my team.

4. I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

5. In my work as well as in my play, I will be unselfish, generous, fair, honorable.

Now let's visit you all in Clarksville. For some reason my ears heard such nice things about the underserving Don.

All ye teachers of history take note! The girls learned some historical events while on this trip. The president of Martin College, first took us to the house where the first Ku Klux Klan was originated. Next we went to East Hill and saw the tree on which Sam Davis, a Confederate spy, was hanged. We also saw Giles schoolhouse, where Davis was imprisoned. A hospital during the Civil War, we saw this basement in which Davis was imprisoned. An old opera house, one of the oldest in the South, was also an interesting sight. A huge monument of Sam Davis was in the middle of the town. This monument was most costly and had been imported from Italy.

If anyone had seen our bus as we came back from Martin they would have seen they had seen a crowd of cronies. See, we passed the Milky Way Farm and I had heard of people told of buffaloes that ran wild on the bus. Everyone in the bus was laughing and heard of people told of buffaloes that ran wild on the bus. Everyone in the bus was laughing and heard of people told of buffaloes that ran wild on the bus. Everyone in the bus was laughing and heard of people told of buffaloes that ran wild on the bus.

This is about all I know to tell you of diary. Rest time, I will tell you about Lucy Pippa's lecture on how the Lord to New Providence.

Well So Long!

## Scarborough's

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## POT SHOTS

Just imagine what a playfully dull life for most of us when the daily routine consists of work, work—the underfed grind of the name old thing with never a time out for the stimulations of recreational pleasure and social contacts with our fellows. Now a school is somewhat a world within itself, with a life all its own. Here too, the monotony remains, but the monotony is broken by the stimulation of a world within itself, with a life all its own. Here too, the monotony remains, but the monotony is broken by the stimulation of a world within itself, with a life all its own. Here too, the monotony remains, but the monotony is broken by the stimulation of a world within itself, with a life all its own.

When the latest edition of the Atlanta Star is out, there will be groups of students, large and small standing about scanning the headlines of the morning paper. From the general chatter come these cries: "I wish they could have my name." "This Atlanta paper can't come out without mentioning my name," and forty even more names. The students are in a loud and angry noise. Now, every one knows that these same persons are tickled pink to see their names and doings had been omitted. Are these loud vociferations served not to call the attention of others to the fact that "my name" appears in print today. Otherwise why do these secretly jealous but publicly disgruntled readers of the Atlanta Star cut out the offending difference and show them in assumed disgust?

There's hardly any news at A. P. N. these days. There aren't any new low affairs, there haven't been fights, and no one has got married. However, I will set down a few of the facts that have established themselves lately.

Ovill Pitt has decided to quit drinking paragon.

Louis Gausch has gone into the polishing business.

Ira Brown missed a day getting a letter.

O. Webb has decided to act intelligently.

Mr. Woodward, since last Wednesday night has started writing a book on "How to Make Love."

Coach Adams has a game of pinocle yesterday.

Jennie Cooke has her "rat" and had a hard time finding it.

And at last Miss Buchanan is taking lessons on the saxophone.

The secret of how "Dog" Meadows keeps beautiful was revealed the other day when Harl and Green stumbled upon his private locker as he was vigorously rubbing a clay massage cream into his face. Alas! on the previous friends that we saw a herd of buffaloes.

Nannie Lou Gilpin: "Did the operation cost much?"

Christine Baker: "No, the doctor gave me his regular cut rates."

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and

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## GRANNIS RAVEN: REPORTER AMAZED

Continued From Page 1.

"Exasperated, your reporter made a last dying attempt. 'Dear Mr. Sir,' I exclaimed: 'may I ask just one more question? What is your pet hobby? Do you have in the morning or at night, or both and why? How do you feel after eating spinach? Do you use sugar or honey? Do you obey? What is your preference in coffee? Do you believe in love?'"

"Of course, I believe in love at first sight, in anti-old serum, and in median picture industry," he replied. "No one," he continued, "can justify accuse me of doing more than my share of the best when appearing before great audiences. My favorite foods are chicken, rosters, and fish. I have never played golf, but I was a star forward at dear old Illinois. My favorite musical instrument is the oboe."

"Consider the interview ended," I burst forth. "Let me ask you a few very pleasant and highly profitable two to my desk. I must now rush back to my desk to see that my share of the benefit of your very lucid answers to my questions. You have told me that you are over twenty years old. I am sure that you are a woman, that you believe that all life comes from previous life, and that you wear rubbers only in wet weather."

"Not only that," was his parting word. "I personally feel that sausage should never be eaten at night, that sermons should never be over twenty minutes long, and that Prevone is helpful for removing crabs. I had my life to live. I am a busy man. My business card would be sent up to all patients in the hospital just before they enter the operating room. My ambulance would always be waiting, in case the surgeon's knife slipped. Goodbye, and happy dreams. Come in at any hour. I hope you consider this interview a success. I have earnestly tried to answer all your questions."

The door closed and he was gone. I tapped gently on the door, and as it opened, I said: "I forget the most important question of all—Do you believe in the dual nature of morality?"

"I don't know so much about it," he replied. "I suppose all 1922 models will now be equipped with it; but my car has free-wheeling and silent gear shift, a third axle, only when gears are changed."

Dizzily, I climbed the stairs and sadly I took my pen in hand to resume my finding. "That's all for today."

Meatons: "Hey! Get off that road. You don't know his not dead."

Mr. Bull: "Oh, that's all right; I have my overhauls on."

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