

pleasant and entertainin'. Cain't hardly seem natur'l fur our Deborie, after all her schoolin', to cum back and take up with the same feller she would hev likely as not if she'd never bin away. Looks kinder like we might hev got along without the pinchin' and scrapin' and savin' and had her a comfort us in our old age, a larnin t' cook and do housework. But I reckon if she's satisfied you an' me'll be, Rebeccie, though I'd kinder sot my heart on a doctor or a lawyer er some feller like that fur her.

ORA GLUNT.

The Gymnasium Girl.

The ever popular exhibition of the gymnasium girls took place Saturday night in Grant Memorial Hall. The enthusiastic crowd began to gather at the door of the Armory before 7 o'clock, and at 7:45 standing room in the gymnasium was at a premium. About 800 tickets were issued and everyone who was fortunate enough to get a ticket was present; many who did not get tickets came in through the windows. It was a mixed crowd, embracing every organization in the University, from seniors down to "preplets."

The figure marching and circle drill were the most interesting events of the evening, but the bag passing contest between the advanced class and members chosen from the first year class was the most exciting. Both sides worked hard but the extra year's practice of the advanced class gave them an advantage and they won with ease. Miss Barr and her assistants certainly deserve great credit for the manner in which they conducted the exhibition. The cadet band furnished the music.

T. F. Sanford, professor of English in the University of California and a graduate of Yale, is here investigating the methods used in teaching English literature. He will visit several of the high schools of the state before he returns.

Get that new style hair-cut at Westerfield's.

The Student—A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing.

(Toast responded to by T. F. A. Williams, '92, before Alumni Association of State University, at Alumni Banquet in Grant Memorial Hall, February 16, 1894.)

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentleman: The Chancellor thinks that I have not reached even the danger point yet. (This in response to the introduction of toastmaster Canfield, in which he said Mr. Williams could not be cited as an illustration of the alleged truth of the declaration of the toast.) The student is a necessary evil resulting from the transgression of the First Man. If Adam had not eaten of the tree of knowledge, if he had been content to remain in the state of blissful ignorance where he was placed, then, as we say, "things might have been different." But "in Adam's fall we sinned all," and so nowadays men born into the world must spend a probationary period in conning over textbooks and in passing through examinations and other trials and tribulations before they can regain that blissful state of ignorance to which you and I of the Alumni Association may justly lay claim.

I am not going to speak to you tonight of the ideal student, the man who is never late to class, who never skips a recitation, who is always on hand at chapel time, who graduates with the highest honors of the class—and dies a venerable patriarch at the age of twenty-four. I am not going to speak to you of the student as he should be or as he should not be, but of the student as he is.

What is he? Webster defines a "student" as an individual, *non compos mentis* for the most part, who is afflicted with occasional attacks of sanity. You may doubt the latter part of the definition, but of the truth of the former part there is no question. Have you never seen a body of students go down the street singing "I feel like I feel like I feel," for a half an hour at a stretch, and then see them switch off into that other prodigy of intellectual achievement, "Forty-eight Bluebottles Hanging on the Wall,"