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WASHINGTONIA

Vol. III February 12, 1913 No. 2

LINCOLN NUMBER



43, 888

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
MACHIAS WASHINGTON CO MAINE

Curtis, Kane & Co.

MEN'S and
YOUNG MEN'S

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IN THE COUNTY

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NOTICE!

↑ Advertisers wishing their advertisements changed please send the changes to the Business Manager two weeks after this copy is received. *Box 286.*

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Eastern Trust & Banking Company

OF BANGOR, MAINE

RESOURCES

Demand and Time Loans . . .	\$2,654,596.39
Overdrafts . . .	2,764.93
Loans on Mortgages of Real Estate . . .	988,261.02
Stock and Bonds . . .	1,339,701.59
Real Estate owned . . .	39,299.42
Bank Building . . .	147,643.09
Due from other Banks . . .	6,948.44
Cash on Deposit . . .	306,306.32
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	\$5,562,129.77

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock . . .	\$ 175,000.00
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Undivided Profits . . .	318,131.33
Savings Deposits . . .	2,730,526.82
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C. D. CROSBY, Treasurer

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Good Fruits, Fresh Candy, Soda with
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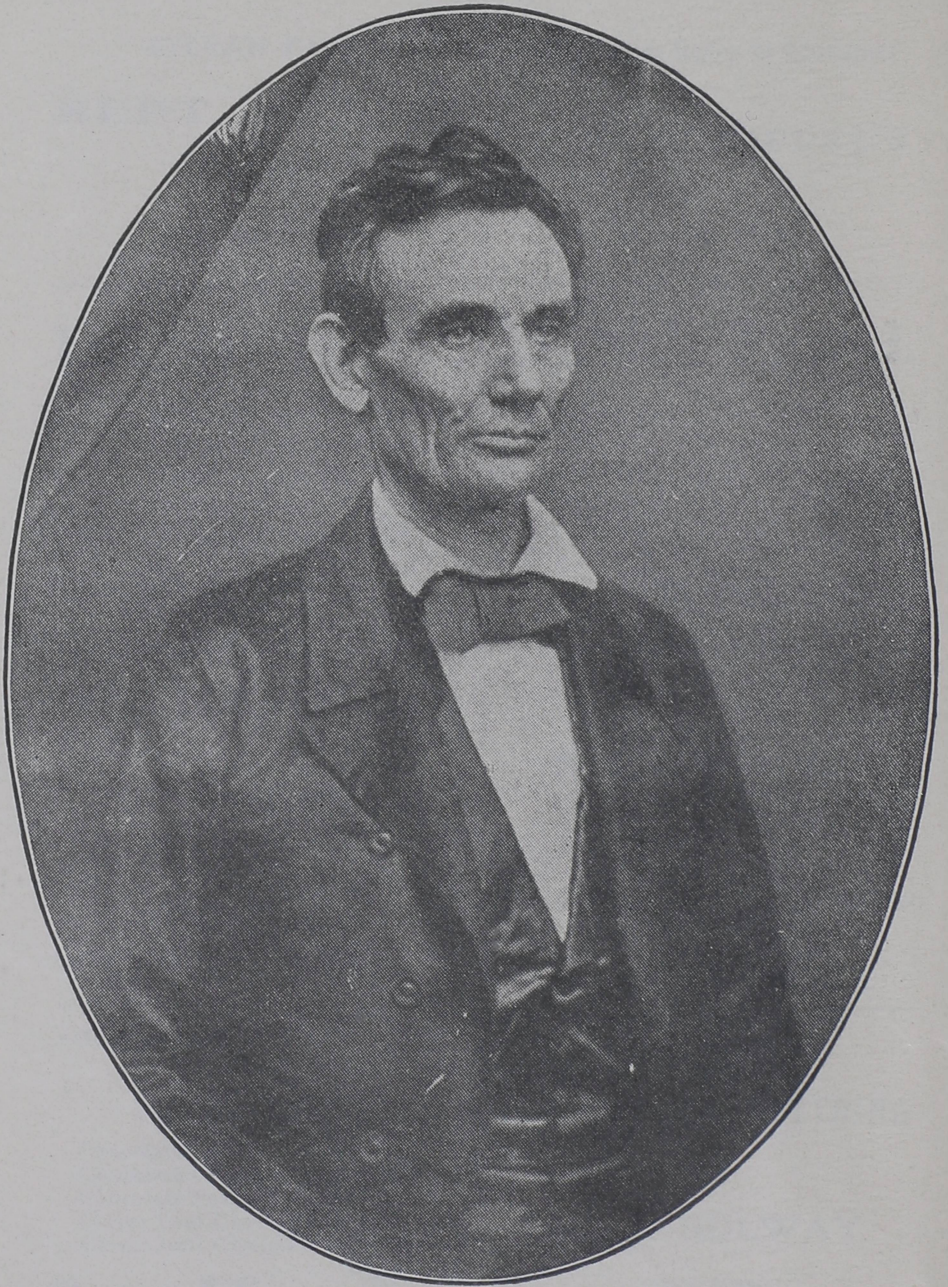
SEE

W. B. HOLWAY

Main Street

MACHIAS, MAINE

Presented by Mrs E G Worcestes



The Washingtonia

Vol. 3

MACHIAS, MAINE, LINCOLN NUMBER, 1913

No. 2

The Washingtonia

Published quarterly by the students of the Washington State Normal School

Editorial Board

Editor-in-Chief—EMILY SEARWAY

Associate Editors

Exchange—MILDRED HARVEY

Local—GENEVIEVE O'DONNELL

Alumni—ETHEL McPHERSON

Athletic—HAROLD RONEY

Business Manager—LUCY THOMPSON

Ass't Business Manager—EMMA PERRY

Editor of Model Dep't—LILLIAN WALLING

Direct all communications to WASHINGTONIA, MACHIAS, MAINE, Box 286

Editorials



We dedicate this number of the WASHINGTONIA to the memory of the great Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States.

Let us glance back over the career of that famous man.

We see him in Indiana, a lad, living in a country wild and rough; learning the laws of nature in the woods as only he who is brought up with Nature can learn them. Keen, observing, and in true sympathy with her, Lincoln grew up to a sturdy lad, eager for knowledge.

We see him in Illinois, struggling for an education, and at the same time earning a living by clerking and doing odd jobs. In the long evenings we see him deep in the study of the laws of his native land.

We see him willingly giving his services for nothing to plead for poor Mrs. Armstrong's son, who is arrested for a murder. His success brings him before the eyes of the public.

We see him elected to the law-making body of the United States.

Next we see "the Illinois rail splitter" elected President of the United States. He has reached the top. There he is to die.

We see him upholding and defending his country. He suffers with her, he lives for her and he dies for her.

Finally we see a whole nation saddened by the death of that impersonation of Patriotism and Love—Abraham Lincoln.

His life is one grand lesson on endurance, perseverance and sympathy.—ED.

Franklin Holding, the violinist, again delighted the students of Washington Normal, Saturday morning, following the Holding-Hersey concert, by playing at the opening exercises of the school. The two selections he played, one on his wonderful Stradivarius violin and the other on the violin made by Mr. Wm. L. Powers, our principal, will be kept forever in the memories of each student. The soft, clear strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" followed the beautiful opening exercises of the school like a benediction after prayer. The soul of that violin seemed to be calling to the souls of its hearers.

It was a wonderful opportunity to hear a great artist for those of us who live in towns and counties where the best artists are rarely, if ever, seen. Do we make the most of these opportunities to hear the world's best artists? Do we put forth special effort to lift up and broaden our minds? There are things that help us to a clearer understanding of the human heart; things that show us how much real help we can be to our fellow-mortals, and one of these things is a knowledge and appreciation of good music.—ED.



Literary



THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self content ;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament ;
There are pioneer souls that blaze the paths
Where highways never ran ;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles or their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan ;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban,
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height,
That the road passes on thru the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night ;
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,

Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

ONLY A DREAM

It was a bitter cold day and the school children dreaded going out from the warm and comfortable school room. One little girl, by the name of Ruth, had a long walk before her; but being warmly clad, she gave the teacher no anxiety in regard to the walk home.

All the children had the same road to take except Ruth; but she was not afraid since many times before she had started for home when the storm was more violent than it was this afternoon.

She had not gone far, however, before the sky grew dark and the air was filled with snowflakes. The child knew that the storm was violently increasing for in many places she was obliged to wade through large drifts. The wind had now started and whirled the snow directly in the child's face and although she bravely struggled on, Ruth realized that she had lost her way.

To her great surprise, she found herself gazing into a brilliantly lighted house and in the open doorway a woman was standing. Upon nearer approach, Ruth saw that she was very minute in size, and had snow white hair. She wore a crepe gown of the palest lavender and the child thought she had never seen such a beautiful face.

The lady asked what the little girl wanted and upon hearing the child's pitiful story of having lost her way, the lady quickly drew her into the pleasant living room. This room had a cheerful open fire and there were the most beautiful roses in a cut glass

bowl sitting on an old-fashioned, highly polished, mahogany table. Soft rugs covered the floor and there were dark green curtains at the windows.

The strange lady bade the child eat her supper which a foreign looking man had brought in and then she was taken up stairs, for the lady said, "You are sleepy and tired." The room in which the child was to sleep was even prettier than the first room and would have pleased even the wealthiest child. There was a little white iron bed in one corner just Ruth's size and oh! such a comfortable bed.

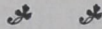
Back in the old farmhouse, the mother was anxiously waiting for her daughter's appearance; but she thought that the child must have had to stay after school. It was not until Ruth's father came in from the day's work that they both began to realize that something was the matter.

Mr. Harmon quickly set out to look for his daughter for he knew that something must have happened. He had walked about half a mile when he discovered what looked to be a child, half-buried in a snow bank and to his horror he found that it was his own daughter, Ruth. Lifting her gently, he carried her home and only that father and mother know how long they worked over the child before she became conscious.

Upon opening her eyes, Ruth saw that the beautiful room had vanished and she was now gazing on the walls of the lowly but comfortable sitting room of her own home. It was always a disappointment to Ruth to know how the wonderful dream would have ended.



Exchanges



After publishing our last issue of the WASHINGTONIA, we received a few exchanges, which we have not yet acknowledged. Among these are:

The *Colbiana*, an intensely interesting paper published by the girls of Colby College. It is particularly attractive on account of the originality in the selection of its contents. Don't omit "Exchanges."

The Dynamo, published by The Technical High, Newton, Mass., contains many jokes which make the paper lively and therefore very amusing to those who read it.

The Easterner, from Columbia Falls High School, we class among our best exchanges. We are pleased to read of the happenings of a school that sends so many of its graduates to our Normal School.

The Academy Echo, from Freedom Academy, is an exceedingly entertaining echo, and has been enjoyed by all of us.

Many December issues have already reached us, and we are grateful to those who have remembered us. About these we can say nothing but words of praise and congratulation for having such neat, attractive, and entertaining periodicals.

The December numbers already received are: *The High School Herald*, *The Argonaut*, *The Breeze*, *The Dial*, *Blue Owl*, *The Guagus*, *The Ariel*, *The Radiator*, *The Leavitt Angelus*, and *The Sphinx*.



Alumni Notes



Martha Whelan has accepted a position in Robbinston.

Catherine Morrison is still teaching at Beal's Island; however, she has an assistant this term.

Ruth Marston has gone into winter quarters at Mars Hill and will not return until June.

Helen Hannah still remains at Indian River.

Mina Roberts has returned to Caribou.

Mrs. Burrige surprised Hattie Snell by visiting her school in Randolph, near the close of last term.

Foster Higgins, who was teaching in "Little Machias" district, was calling upon Machias friends at Christmas time.

John White visited school the first week of this term.

Ethel Frost is still teaching in Perry, Florence Phelan at Milltown, Harriet Boles at West Jonesport, Bessie McElwee at Limestone, Katherine Morang at Kennebec, Adelaide MacEacharn at Calais, and Susie Stevens at Riggsville.

Sarah McFarland has returned to Bucksport, after a five weeks' vacation at her home in Milltown.

Elsie Means has been substituting in Mrs. Bowker's school, the sixth and seventh grades of the Rawson Grammar School.

Ada Moan has returned to her school in Lubec.

Belle Dennison visited Principal Powers when returning to her home in Cutler. On her return to Madison, she stopped at Machias to attend the Holding-Hersey Concert.

Florence Vose—the same old Florence—still controls the three upper grades of our Model School.

We are pleased to hear that Ethel Holway, who has returned to her school in West Sullivan, has a school of only two grades, and a Music Teacher who comes twice a week.

Annie Burns is teaching at Indian River.

Lottie McDevitt has a graded school this term.

ETHEL MCPHERSON, *Alumni Editor.*



Athletics



Although there is a possibility of a Normal School baseball team, the outlook, at present, is not very promising. We lost two exceptionally good men by graduation and some of the others are, for various reasons, unable to return for the coming season.

Our spirit is, however, with the game and will probably be in evidence at the local games.

Judging from some communications which have been received by the WASHINGTONIA, some of the schools are, even now, preparing for the management and control of their teams by election of officers.

By permission of the respective principals, I am quoting the names of their baseball officers for the coming season. They are as follows:

LUBEC HIGH

Vurl L. Boomer*Captain*
Vance H. Adams*Manager*

BOYNTON HIGH

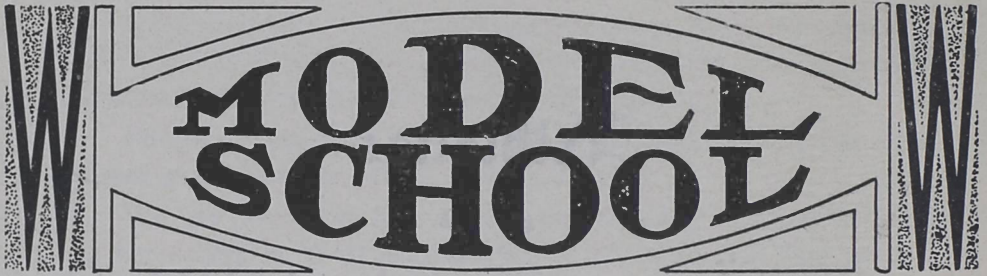
Joseph Swett*Captain*
Gordon C. Macintyre*Manager*

CHERRYFIELD ACADEMY

Alton Dorr*Captain*
George Mathews*Manager*

By some mistake of the printer, the names of the Machias High School representatives to the league convention were not printed in the last edition of the WASHINGTONIA. The school was ably represented by the following delegates:

Colby Crowley,
John Powers,
Prin. R. W. Harriman.



MODEL SCHOOL

LINCOLN AND THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

SCENE I.

Lincoln's trip to Gettysburg.

(Lincoln beside Secretary of State.)

Lincoln—(picking up a piece of paper) Mr. Seward, may I have this piece of paper to do a little writing on?

Mr. Seward—I will get you a better piece.

Lincoln—(He begins to write with a broken pencil.) This is good enough for me.

Curtain.

SCENE II.

(On the field at Gettysburg.)

(People standing about.)

(Lincoln makes his speech.)

(No cheering.)

Curtain

SCENE III.

(A Street in Washington.)

Lincoln—It must have been a pretty bad speech even though I tried to make a good one.

(Enter Warrington Blair.)

W. Blair—(running against Lincoln)—Can't a gentleman from the South walk in these streets without running into you?

Lincoln—The fellow that's interfering with your walking is down inside of you. Tell me what is wrong and perhaps I can help you.

W. Blair—Wrong! why the whole world is wrong.

Lincoln—Go on, tell me all you can about your trouble.

W. Blair—I want a lawyer and I must have one, but I can't get one in this old city.

Lincoln—What do you want a lawyer for?

W. Blair—I want a lawyer for my brother. He wants to make a will for they say he is dying and he must make a will.

Lincoln—I see. Where is that brother of yours?

W. Blair—He is in that big building over there. He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg.

Lincoln—I used to practice law a little myself, I'll draw the will for you.

W. Blair—Come along quick. Why didn't you tell me before? We can pay you we have money enough for that. It would have been all right if Nellie hadn't left Washington to-day. She would have known how to get a lawyer. Carter had a bad spell and he got so excited about that money, I came out to find a lawyer and the first thing I did I ran against you. Excuse me for being so saucy. Is it very expensive to draw a will?

Lincoln—No child, it is one of the easiest things a man can do.

W. Blair—I'm glad of that because Carter wants to leave all the money he can. He is engaged to Miss Sally Maxfield and he wants his money to go to her. We think it ought to go to her, too, because he is engaged to her.

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

(In the Hospital.)

(Lincoln and Warrington enter.)

W. Blair—I can get you through all right, the guards all know me.

(Guards salute Lincoln.)

Carter Blair—Good boy, Warry, you have got me a lawyer.

(To Lincoln)—Thank you for coming here.

C. Blair—We had better get right to work before one of these little breezes takes me a little bit too far. There are pen and ink on the table, Mr., my brother did not tell me your name.

Lincoln—My name is Lincoln.

C. Blair—That is a good name. I take it you're a Northerner.

Lincoln—I'm on that side of the fence. You may call me a Yankee, if you like.

C. Blair—I like you. May I call you a friend?

Lincoln—(Putting out his hand.)—Shake hands; friends we are.

C. Blair—We must make the will now.

Lincoln—I will do it now so you can rest and get well quicker.

(Lincoln writes the will and starts to go.)

C. Blair—Don't go yet. I like you for a stranger. I want to tell you about your namesake. The people down home call him a red devil, but I have liked him right along, I mean the President. By Jove, did you read about the speech he made yesterday?

Lincoln—No I didn't read it.

C. Blair—Sit down and hear about it.

Lincoln—I would like to hear about it if it won't tire you.

C. Blair—Is this great man any relation of yours?

Lincoln—Yes! he's kind of a connection, through my grandfather.

C. Blair—I know that that speech is one of the greatest speeches in history. My father and uncles were all speakers, and I know a good speech when there is a good one. The senator said that that speech was as good as the Lord's Prayer. That speech will live forever. Fifty years from now American school boys will learn it as a part of their education. Get me the paper and I'll read it to Mr. Lincoln myself.

W. Blair—Let me read it, Carter, it might tire you.

(Warrington reads the speech)

C. Blair—That was the most Perfect Tribute ever made by any man to any people. That was a wonderful speech, for the North and South.

Lincoln—I believe it *is* a good speech.

C. Blair—I am Southern to the core of me, but the thought of that speech was beautiful. I'd like to put my hand in his before I die and I'd like to tell him that we are fighting for our country and that speech makes it easier for us. I should like to put my hand in Abraham Lincoln's before I die.

(Carter dies holding Lincoln's hand.)

Curtain.

CARL SWITZER.

A COUNSEL ASSIGNED

At the time when Lincoln was a candidate for Congress he was to make a speech on a Friday night. But two or three days before he was to make it he got a letter from Mrs. Wilson, a poor woman who had befriended him when he was in need.

Mrs. Wilson's son had been working for a man by the name of Mr. Berry. On Mr. Berry's farm there was an Irishman working who liked very much to tantalize Tom.

One day Tom was bringing in a load of hay. When he came to the gate Mr. Berry and the Irishman were standing there and Tom asked Mr. Berry if he would open the gate, and the Irishman looked up and told Tom not to be so lazy; but to get down and open the gate himself. He took the pitchfork from the load of hay and stuck it in Tom's leg.

This made Tom mad and he took the pitchfork and threw it. The fork stuck into the Irishman's skull and about a half of an hour afterward the man died. Tom was thrown into prison for killing the Irishman. Mrs. Wilson wanted Lincoln to be her boy's lawyer. So early Friday morning Lincoln got up and started for the town where court was to be held twenty miles away. He had to walk because he was poor and could not hire a team. So he got up and started early.

When Lincoln reached the town where court was being held he went to the court house. Court was in session and he sat down in the rear of the room. When it came time for Tom's trial the door opened and Tom was led in by officers. Tom was white and trembling. He was led down to the bar where the judge asked him if he had a counsel. Tom did not answer but stood looking down at the floor. The judge asked him again, this time Tom told him that he did not know what a counsel was. The judge told him that a counsel was a lawyer. Tom told him that he was poor and could not afford one.

By this time footsteps were heard coming down the aisle. Most of the people did not know Lincoln. He went up and told the judge that he would like to be the boy's counsel. So the judge asked him what his name was and he told him that it was Abraham Lincoln.

The judge said that he might be the boy's lawyer. Lincoln took off his coat, folded it and laid it over the back of a chair and stood before the people in his shirt sleeves. He told the people that he only wanted to say a few words and then he would leave the rest to the jury.

He told the people that when he was a boy his father and family had moved from Indiana to Illinois. He said that when he got older he was out one day in search of work. As night drew near he was wondering where he would stay, when he heard the ring of an axe. He followed the sound and came to the hut of a woodchopper. He knocked at the door and the woodchopper came. Lincoln asked if he could stay there all night. The chopper said that he might.

When he went in the mother was rocking a baby, and two smaller children were playing about the floor. Lincoln stayed there all night and in the morning he helped the man do his chores. When he was ready to go he asked the woodchopper if there was any work that he could get to do. The chopper told him that if he could split rails that he would give him some work.

Lincoln stayed five weeks and split rails, and helped the woman around the house. When he was ready to go the people would not take any money for board.

Lincoln said that he kept run of these people for a long while and then he lost all track of them. But he prayed that he might some day repay them for their kindness, and that the time had now come.

The father and two children had died and the mother and baby were left alone in the world. The woman that he had seen that night so long ago was the same woman that he had received the letter from, and that the baby that she was rocking was Tom Wilson.

"Now," he said, "I will leave the rest to the jury." The jury went into another room to decide the verdict. They were gone only a short while, when they came back and said that Tom was free.

BLANCHE E. MORANG.

Locals



The winter term opened December 31. Fifty-one pupils are in attendance this term.

We were very sorry to learn that Miss Frost, who teaches drawing and manual training, was unable to return to us this term on account of ill health.

The following students are in training this winter: Ethel Rollins, Grade I., Lillian Reynolds, II., Mary Perry, III., Mildred Ramsdell, IV., Myrtie Ramsdell, V., Lucy Thompson, VI., Elizabeth McGuire, VII., and Lucy Nash, VIII.

The Holding-Hersey concert given at the Assembly Hall, Jan. 3, proved to be the finest entertainment we have ever given. Mr. Holding, who is a famous violinist, played on a genuine Stradivarius violin bought by him at a cost of \$15,000. Words fail utterly in trying to describe the nature of the violin or the remarkable skill of the artist. His audience was held spellbound.

Miss Hersey, as on former occasions, was very entertaining and much appreciated.

Following is the program for the evening:

PROGRAM

Helen Winslow, Accompanist

Romanza in G Major	<i>Beethoven</i>
Zephyrs	<i>Hubay</i>
Scherzo Tarentelle	<i>Wieniawsky</i>
Franklin Holding	
Dikkon's Dog	<i>Dorothy Lund</i>
Agnes O. Hersey	
Ave Maria	<i>Schubert-Wilhemj</i>
Spanish Dance—Romanza Andaluza	<i>Sarasate</i>
Caprice Viennois	<i>Kreisler</i>
Franklin Holding	
The Americanizing of Andre Francois	<i>Stella Wynne Herron</i>
Agnes O. Hersey	

Rondo Capriccioso

Saint-Saens

Franklin Holding

Pie Crust for Adam

Agnes O. Hersey

The Educational Committee of Maine visited our school Tuesday, Jan. 21. At the close of the day five members of the committee made interesting and instructive speeches to the teachers and students.

The only social this term was given Jan. 11. Games and dancing furnished an evening's entertainment. All reported a pleasant time.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead
The other powerless to be born.

CIVICS CLASS.

The E class has developed a sense of humor. We wonder, when looking at them, that this sense did not develop earlier. Following are some of the sentences written for the class in composition:

"I have been to many parties, I am so fond of refreshments."

"I fell down on the ice this morning; the words I uttered I will not mention."

"I now get plenty of sleep, I retire at 7.30."

"I like to go to the circus; I am so fond of elephants, horses and monkeys."

Alas—alas—history in the making and we are ignorant of it all. The map even has changed and we know it not—for according to Mr. R— "Argentina is in the northern part of Alaska."

Miss S—1, speaking of "Ralph Royster Doyster,"—"He was a simpleton. He fell in love with a woman."

Miss B— wanted to know the meaning of "calliope." Following are some helps from a few brilliant (?) members of the E class:

"Calliope is a fruit."

"Calliope is an animal."

"Calilope is a player piano."

Mr. R— tells us tobacco is a cereal. We wonder in which course he has it served.

SONGS HUMMED AROUND NORMAL SCHOOL

"I'm Looking for a Nice Young Fellow"	R. B—m
"I Want to Sing in Opera."	L. A—r
"Lost Chord"	Miss T—y
"Maple Leaf Forever"	V. B—n
"Because I'm Married Now"	W. R.—l
"It's Hard to Find a Real Nice Man"	E. Mc.
"When it's Moonlight, Mary Darling"	H. D—o
"When I Waltz With You"	E. D—r
"When the Band Plays—Ro(o)ney"	M. H—y
"And for Bonnie Annie" (Murphy)	R. H—l
"I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark"	E. K—y
"I'm Looking for a Sweetheart and I think (H) You'll do"	M. V—e
"I Wish I Had a Girl"	N. Mc.
"Love me and the World is Mine"	H. R—y
"Down by the Old Mill Stream"	I. R—l
"In the gloaming, O my Darling"	D. M—e

I'M THE GUY

That put the crush on dancing—P. Smith.
 That put the ton in Washington—L. Nash.
 That put the u in Hugh—M. Vose.
 That put the base in baseball—R. Hall.
 That put the port in Eastport—A. Parker.
 That put the leaves on trees—Mr. Chaffee.
 That does not like Green—E. Perry.
 That is not Irish—M. Harvey.
 Whose initials are appropriate—G. O'Donnell.
 That put the me in Meserve—I. Ramsdell.
 That talks too much.—V. Lingley.
 For the little girls—H. Drisco.
 With the wit—C. Allen.
 That refuses to sing—MacLaughlin.
 That dances so well—Murphy.
 That is professor of pumps—Meserve.
 That wants to Ha(r)ve(y) Mildred—Roney.

WANTED

By the B. & C. Agriculture Class: (1) rocking chairs to use when not experimenting; (2) an automatic "winder" for use in Babcock Milk Test.

High backs on a few of the seats in the C room to prevent the occupants of those seats from turning around and holding conversation with those behind.

By the E class—An engagement with Caruso at the Metropolitan to sing "Way Down Upon the Swanee River."

By C civics class—Pennies to buy daily newspapers.

Socials on Friday nights so students may do their shopping (?) Saturday nights.

More boys in school for A. T. M. to flirt with.

If we can take Miss A's word for it she has certainly made a wonderful discovery. She declared one day that out of twenty volumes of air she could obtain one hundred volumes of oxygen.

Miss D—What does "self-conscious" mean?

Miss M—Stuck up.

Miss Q—What was the cycle of plays in the fifteenth century?

Miss A—Plays on wheels.

Miss B—m has one favorite among the poets—Homer.

Ask Miss P—y how the muscular movement in writing affects her.

Mr. M.—knows who is President of the U. S. Senate.

One of our student teachers imparted the following information to her class, "*Daniel Webster wrote the dictionary.*"

Teacher—What is a tabourette?

Pupil (eighth grade)—Something that women wear in their hair.

Miss T—What does the natural do to that note.

Pupil—It naturalizes it.

Teacher—What do we study in mathematics?

Pupil—Cooking.

Teacher (in grade IV.)—What does “adapted” mean?

Andrew—It’s what these church people do. Why, I’ve seen them lots of times. They sprinkle water over someone’s head or take them down to the river and put them under the water.

Miss A—(grade IV.) I’d like a story about “escape.”

Edgar—Sometimes my brother doesn’t want me to go with him and he escapes.

GRADE III.

Teacher—What has to be done to birds to make them like chickens? (Tamed).

Little girl—Why, they’d have to be made all over again.

Teacher—I want a story about “conceited.”

Marguerite—If I’m sitting down and I get up and sit down again I’m conceited.

Miss H—Which one of the twins do you mean?

Miss S—The oldest one.

Miss Q—What causes hiccoughs?

D—t—The appendix.

The word “centipede” was on the board for word study.

Fourth grade boy—I know what that is. It’s what they use on tables. Mama has one. (Centerpiece.)



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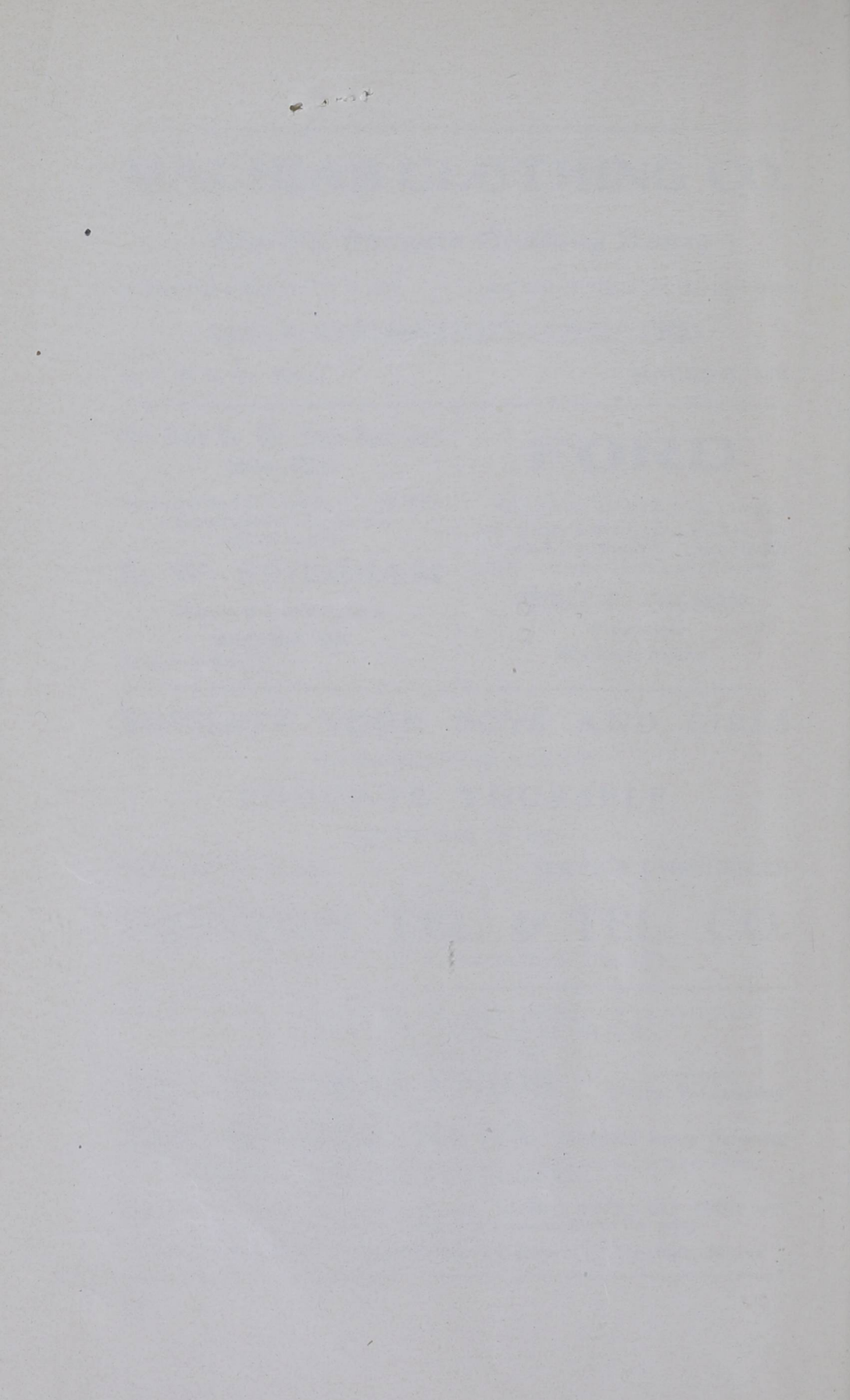
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