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## Workaday World, February 1900

University of the Pacific

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# WORKADAY WORLD . . .

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC,  
College Park, Cal. . . . .

FEBRUARY, 1900.

VOL. IV No. 6



"Clothes do not make  
the man perhaps.  
But if he's poor in dress  
The world is bound to  
notice it,  
And somehow love him  
less."

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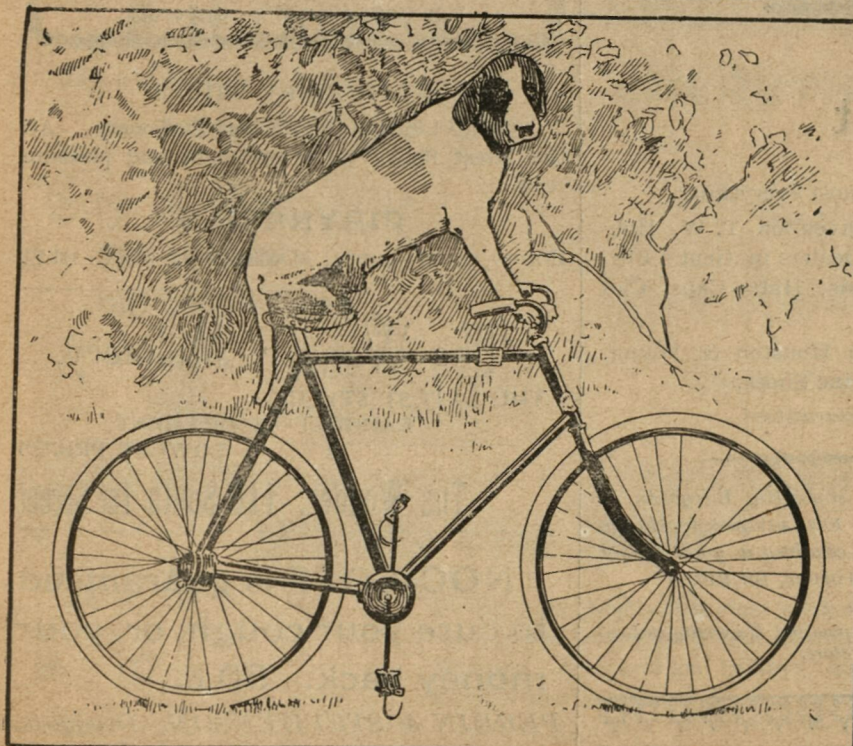
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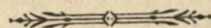
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# WORKADAY WORLD

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### EDITORIAL.

THE decision made by the Academic league of the county in barring the U. P. college men from participation in the annual field day is a step in the right direction as regards athletics. We have always maintained that it lowers the athletic standard of the whole school to allow a mixed track-team of college and academic men to enter a purely academic contest. It is true that last year only three entrees on the winning team were college men, but having the privilege of entering such men, had we the timber, all would be from the college. In such a case we should have nothing to win and everything to loose. The academy is the place

to draw from for the coming contest and the material is first class. Thorough training is now necessary and under the direction of manager Pettis and track captain Philippi the team should develop into a winner in the coming field day.

THE Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. associations of the University have not received many plaudits in the columns of this paper, yet they are carrying on a noble work which, though not always acknowledged, is highly appreciated by



the students. Through their work many a drifting young man and young woman have been reached and encouraged and shown the way.

EQUIPPED as we are with seven literary societies that aim to train their members in readiness of speech when upon the floor, we are amused and surprised at the phraseology of the students when they rise to express themselves in student body meetings. Of course it is more difficult to speak before a large company

of students than before one's own society, but the modes of expression, the conjunctions that do not conjoin and the enfeebled adjectives that are uttered leads us to assert that we are weak in impromptu speaking. More time and training should be put into this phase of literary work. Each member of the young men's societies should be given an opportunity at his respective society to speak on some impromptu subject at every meeting and thus stimulate confidence and self reliance in one's own abilities for speaking without preparation.

### "What They Were To Each Other."

It was a little, low white house, situated in the suburbs of the village, with a vine-covered porch in front. On either side of the gravel walk, which led from the house to the little gate of the white picket fence were tall asters of purple and white, and beds of modest blue violets. Everything about the place was neatness itself and suggested a cosy, homelike interior. Any one would suppose that this was the home of a happy family.

But only a lonely, middle-aged woman lived here.—Matilda Hodge was past thirty years of age at the beginning of my story, and the very last link of the Hodge family. Her only sister had died when Matilda was but a child barely thirteen, and ten years later her parents and small brother had been carried off by fever.

Before that misfortune had come upon her she had lived on a large, rich farm, but since then she had lived all alone in the little white house, having given the farm, which was only six miles distant, into the care of an old man and his wife who brought to her enough produce for her support besides the income that was due her. For, although the farm was so near, she could not trust herself to visit it; it brought so many sad memories of the happy times she had lost. She could not help feeling that she had been greatly wronged by being thus visited with misfortune and it made her cold towards the world. Her neighbors finding her poor company seldom called upon her; all the children of the

village seemed afraid of her, and altogether her life was a very lonely and cheerless one. Her only comforts were her flowers, in which she took great pride, her two maltese cats, and her big Newfoundland dog.

At the time when my story opens it was a bright May morning and Miss Matilda was busily engaged in working among her violets. But her thoughts were not of the flowers,—she could see again the trim little figure of her sister with her long brown braids of hair and her laughing blue eyes. She could see the sweet-faced mother sitting in the doorway of the old farm house with the bright-haired little brother at her side. She could see the slightly stooping form of her father coming through the gate with a pitchfork over his shoulder. All these scenes were so familiar. 'Why could not the little sister at least have been spared to her?' she thought bitterly.

Suddenly her reverie was broken by a slight rustling of the grass. She looked up. A small boy about four years old was standing before her, his large blue eyes fixed upon her with a questioning gaze. From the top of his yellow head to his little bare feet he was the picture of want and poverty. His face was thin and pale, his tangled curls looked as if they had not known the touch of a comb or brush for months, and his little blue calico waist was faded and threadbare. Miss Matilda was bewildered,—she was sure he did not belong to anyone in the village.

"What do you want?" she asked a little stercorally.



"Sum 'fin to eat. I's hungry," was the answer given in a trusting tone.

"Where's your mother and father?" she then asked less sternly, for the evident childish trust softened her.

"Ain't got any. Want sum 'fin to eat."

None of the village children would have dared to have spoken to her in that manner; but this little fellow did not seem at all afraid of her.

She took him gently by the hand, and as she led him to the house one little bare foot crushed a cherished violet plant, but she did not mind it in the least: it seemed so sweet to have this child be perfectly natural with her without showing any sign of fear, that she felt she could afford to lose a dozen plants.

As he sat on the steps eating the bowl of bread and milk she had given him he chatted away merrily, patiently answering her many questions as well as he could.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Tommy."

"What's your other name?"

"No more name; 'ist Tommy."

She asked many more questions in regard to his parents and where he came from; but all in vain,—he did not seem to know anything about it.

"Me 'ants to stay here," he finally said.

Miss Matilda was interested. "What should she do?" she wondered. "She could not send him away, for he evidently had no place to go; and yet she had no right to keep him if his parents should be living."

Suddenly a bright thought came to her. "She would advertise! and then if no one came to claim him she would keep him!"

So she set to work to carry out her plan, all the time hoping, deep down in her heart, that no one would answer the advertisement. Day after day, week after week, and finally, month after month passed, and still no one came to take him away. How he happened in the village, and how he found his way to Matilda's house, remained forever a profound mystery. However it seemed to Miss Matilda that he was a God-send to her: for from the first day of his arrival her life was a changed one,—she looked upon misfor-

tune in a different light, contrasting the way in which the child bore his homeless, friendless condition with the way in which she bore hers.

Every morning when she went to care for her violets he would follow her every step, chattering away the while about the flowers and the birds. In the evenings she would rock him to sleep on the vine-covered porch, or if he were very wakeful she would tell him wonderful stories of her little brother, so like himself; or, sometimes she would play the piano softly while he curled up in a corner of the sofa with a maltese cat under each arm.

On Sundays she would dress him in a little blue sailor suit that had been her brother's, and take him to church. Every one admired the bright blue eyes and the yellow curls as he walked proudly up the aisle, his little dimpled hand resting in Miss Matilda's larger one.

Everyone treated Miss Matilda differently, too. "She is not so hard and cold, after all,"

*Dr. Gordon I MacChesney,*

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they said. They even grew so familiar as to call upon her in the afternoons and take tea with her. But the calls were always returned: she would not allow them to be neglected, as she might have done before Tommy's arrival.

When Tommy was six years old he started to the village school, and at fifteen he entered the high school. Here it was that his remarkable vocal talent was first discovered. One of the teachers happened upon him one day during recess, as he was singing to a party of fellow students in the assembly room. The teacher started back in amazement,—she had heard the beautiful voice from the lower room, but did not dream to whom it belonged. That evening she called upon Miss Matilda and had a quiet little talk with her. When she started to go she said:

"You must certainly have his voice cultivated, Miss Hodge; you can't afford to miss it."

When Tommy came in a few minutes later, Miss Matilda asked him to sing for her. He was



a little surprised,—she had never asked him to sing before. In fact, he did not know that she knew he could sing at all, as he had never done so, except at school. However he took his seat at the piano, and Miss Matilda listened, her heart beating high with pride, as he sang in a rich baritone some favorite ballad of her's. After that she insisted upon his singing for her every evening, but never mentioned the teacher's visit.

One day in June, just after he had graduated from the high school, they went together to the old homestead. It was the first time Miss Matilda had visited it since she had moved to the village. Tommy was delighted with the extensive green fields, the large, old-fashioned white house, and the big apple trees, laden with pink and white blossoms. As he expressed his admiration Miss Matilda told him that some day it would all belong to him.

In the autumn he started to a musical college some two hundred miles distant. It was the first time he had ever been separated from Miss Matilda for any length of time, and it required several weeks for him to rid himself of that feeling of homesickness which would come over him despite his manly efforts to shake it off. He was now eighteen and he feared his college mates would be shocked if they should find that he was homesick. He was glad to get home at the end of the year, and regretted when the time came for him to go back again,—for although he loved his music so much, he loved Miss Matilda better.

At last it came time for his graduation. He was to go home a week sooner than he had thought; so Miss Matilda would not be expecting him. 'It would be such fun to surprise her,' he thought. As soon as he was seated in the car he laid his head back on the cushioned seat and dreamed of the greeting he would receive when he reached home. He could imagine himself opening the little gate, and could see the big dog come bounding joyously toward him as he entered. Then came a vision of Miss Matilda sitting on the porch, her sweet face bent over her sewing, and then her surprised, happy look when she saw him. He could see her come for-

ward to meet him, and could hear her say how glad she was that he was back. Then his mind travelled back to the time when he was a child. He reviewed the pleasant times they had spent together. How good Miss Matilda had been to him! and how much he owed to her! He wondered if his mother could have been any better. He remembered, too, the first time she had asked him to sing for her, and how proud she seemed when he had complied with her request. He was glad that this was his last year at college, and he would never have to leave her again. They would leave the little cottage and go back to the dear old farm she loved so well. She would be so happy then!

About four o'clock in the afternoon the train puffed into the little village and our young friend walked briskly to the white cottage. But the big dog did not come bounding joyously to meet him, as he had pictured,—he came slowly and with a drooping head. No Miss Matilda was sitting on the porch. All the blinds of the front windows were closed. Evidently she was out some where. He walked around to the back of the cottage, and in at the kitchen door. A white-capped nurse came softly forward.

"It will soon be over," she said in a low voice. "She was taken ill this morning. At first we thought she would recover, but the doctor was just here, and said there was no hope. He has gone to the station now to send a dispatch to you."

Tommy walked into the room as stunned by a blow. Miss Matilda was lying on a couch near the door, her sweet face drawn with suffering. At sight of him she smiled faintly, and, as he bent over her, she whispered: "Sing just once more for me before I go."

With tears streaming down his cheeks he seated himself at the piano and sang the song he had first sung to her on that evening five years before. The song ceased. The room was very still. He turned toward the couch. She was lying with closed eyes, a smile upon her peaceful features. As the last sweet note of the song had floated out upon the air, so Miss Matilda's pure spirit floated up and entered heaven.

DELLA DECKER.





## LOCAL HITS.



### THE FILOSOPHER.

The fellow who looks behind the door has been there himself.

Don't be a "too easy" burden bearer or everybody will lay his load upon you.

Gold opens every door but Heaven.

We judge most of our fellow students as we do a tree,—by their bark.

Some students are like fleas, they skip.

When a man wants money or assistance the world, as a rule, is very obliging and lets him—want it.

Because a dog bites me must I bite the dog?

Dr. Whitfield was accused of rambling in his discourses by one of his hearers to which he replied "If you will ramble to the devil I must ramble after you."

Carlyle says, "If you are in doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl or not, give her the benefit of the doubt." That's right.

A man taught his horse to eat shavings, the horse died of his education. Some of you are eating only shavings in college life. No wonder the Seniors look thin.

Beauty draws more than a six mule team.

Heard in the classroom.—Don't try to black-guard the fellow who abuses you. He is usually good at it and will beat you unless you have had much practice at it and even then what is the satisfaction of being the champion black-guard?

MADE A HIT.—The University of Pacific Quartet, which made such a hit before the Farmer's Institute on Saturday, has previously appeared very little before the general public, though it is not without honor in its home circle. All the members of the quartet have fine, well balanced voices, with good compass and volume. Their execution is smooth and their voices blend admirably. There is an effect produced by a quartet or chorus of college boys on an audience when rendering their characteristic songs which no other music has. San Jose will doubtless hear more of this quartet in the future. The young men composing it are S. Tregoning, first tenor; P. R. Wright, second tenor; L. V. Richardson, first bass; L. A. Philippi, second bass.—San Jose Mercury.

## THE ART OF ELOCUTION.

"When God conceived the world, that was poetry; when he formed it, that was sculpture; when he colored it, that was painting; when he peopled it with living beings, that was the divine eternal drama."—Charlotte Cushman.

We say that elocution is an art of expressing one's soul by voice and action; that which brings us into harmony with the greatest of all things on earth, the divine soul of God that is within us, the most sacred charge we have. In this study we must observe the people in all sorts and conditions of life. The bond of sym-

pathy connecting all humanity is strengthened and made everlasting by this great study. By this means the soul within us is made visible to others by means of human voice and graceful action. For long ages sculpture has been considered the highest art, to be able to mould beauty and symmetry out of cold gray stone, so that all the world wonders at its loveliness. Yet how much greater to carve with the grand, living voice, the noted events of the past, present, and future, in all their gorgeous coloring, standing in relief against the pure white background



of the soul. A fine elocutionist has it in his power to sway the wills and emotions of those who may hear him. Elocutionary art develops to the fullest extent the natural grace of the body. The heart and soul without the well developed and controlled physique are like beautiful gems without the proper settings. Bring the graceful body, like unto a beautiful setting, in contact with these living gems within us, and the result is, gems rarer than princes ever owned or ever may hope to find hidden away in some far off country. There is no gem

comparable to a beautiful and well developed heart, soul, and body. Some say, "Elocutionary art refers only to the stage." Is not this a mistake? All the world is a stage and men and women merely actors. The herdsman with his flock, the farmer tilling his land, the merchant in his store, the banker, lawyer, doctor, and the rich and poor are each performing his part in the drama of life, be it great or small. Each striving by every means at his command to make his part a success.

ANGIE HOWARD.



## THE ART STUDIO.

The Art class has been increased by several new members this semester, who with the former are earnestly studying the language of which form and color are the words.

The last quarter century has witnessed a great broadening out in the field of Art, and as the demand has arisen, the conditions of supply have arisen along with it. Formerly art education was the privilege of the few, but today no Academy or College is considered well equipped which does not offer some opportunity for the study of Art.

The first need of every art student is to have a thorough knowledge of drawing; so nearly all of the class are, at present, drawing, during some part of each week, from still life, the Antique, and the living model. Among the casts Venus, Diana, the Fighting Gladiator, the Disk Thrower, and many others have each been drawn from many points of view, but we have not yet, like the old master when he had kept his pupil at work upon the Laocoon until he was tired of it, turned them upside down.

Pen and ink drawing for illustration is also receiving its proper amount of attention. To enter upon this work, it is only necessary that the student be able to draw well with the pencil or other medium. The popularity of printed pictures has created a constantly increasing demand for pictorial works designed for reproduc-

tion, and illustration is now one of the recognized professions. The field is wide and the opportunities are many for the artist in black and white.

The Sketch class from life is one of the most interesting features of the Studio work. More difficult poses and fancy costumes will be attempted this term. Some interesting sketches have already been made. Different students are posing on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and although some of the class are beginners, no friendship has yet proved unable to stand the test.

The Composition class hangs its drawings on the wall, once a week, for criticism. The last subject was, "The first day at boarding school," and the unpacking of trunks and lonely maidens and stiff necked teachers were all represented.

Miss Jefferson has on the easle an interesting oil study of Marigolds in a basket. Miss Menasco has been painting in watercolor, purple violets in a lace handkerchief. Miss Edgar has just completed a study which she calls "The Lunch." It represents a frosted cake, cut, a dish of baked apples, and some cheese under a glass cover, with a pink bordered napkin. It presents a harmonious bit of color against the soft gray background.

Mr Hyde has recently made a pen and ink drawing, for reproduction, of the interior of the



Commercial room, during class hours, a difficult study in perspective.

There is a special class in China painting on Wednesday mornings, and several of the pupils who are interested in more serious work in the studio, are also indulging a little in this most fascinating branch of decorative art.

On Wednesday afternoons a class is held in the studio for the study of the lives and works of some of the old masters. Photographs and half-tones of the paintings are used for illustrations, and some oil copies taken directly from the originals.

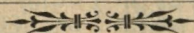
The bright sunshine and balmy air prove very inviting to the out door sketch class. Little Johnnie Wright, with his scarlet blouse, wandered into the sketch last week and made a

bright addition to the picture.

Art is a language of which form and color are the words and the purpose of this language is expression. The true artist enters into a veritable world beautiful, whose skies are brighter, whose dawn is more luminous, and whose sunsets are more radiant than in the common world.

In this world, one finds joy at the sight of color on an expanse of gray beach, happiness in the merest whisper of wind or murmur of sea. In this world there are no common things. The magic of having learned to see has transfigured the faces others deem most beautiful, and has flung a charm over the landscape which the husbandman calls barren.

E. E. B.



## GARRATT BIBLICAL SCHOOL.

In September of 1899 the writer bade farewell to the Golden State, in search of a Methodist Divinity school, with predisposition to the "Hub of the Universe."

Theologically the transition from the Pacific to the Atlantic is possibly too great for "theologues" of ordinary endurance: only those of extraordinary capacity probably can maintain their mental and spiritual individualities under the excessive strain inevitable in a change from a Californian to a Bostonian environment.

Here, as in all emergencies, Providence solves the problem. Midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific stands a magnificent institution for the illumination of all who come from the East, West, North, and South.

Soon after the writer reached the great metropolis of the middle west, where the hearts of nearly two millions of seething humanity beat so intensely, and where divinity halls, medical colleges, art galleries, and cathedral towers dot this vast Chicago, all bias was completely overcome, and the intention was formed to settle for a time in an atmosphere which is healthful and safe in every particular.

From a Chicago Presbyterian pulpit a few weeks ago, this statement was made: "In Chicago are more medical students and more young men studying for the ministry than in any other city in the world." This seemed extravagant at first, but when it is considered that in addition to the state institutions, many of the leading religious communions, evangelical and otherwise, have a splendidly equipped medical college, and most of them a Divinity school of the first grade, the statement is not at all incredible.

Among the Divinity schools of Chicago and vicinity, Garratt Biblical Institute is second to none. While suburban in its location the heart of Chicago can be reached by the electric or steam cars for the small fare of ten cents and in the short space of twenty minutes. Of the size of San Jose, situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, and gemmed with magnificent residences, each of which is inhabited by a millionaire or a student, Evanston surpasses most cities in beauty and culture. Indeed it would be difficult to find its superior in these particulars. Here



Garratt Biblical Institute has long stood as a gigantic monument to Methodism.

What makes a school of any denomination are faculty and students. A residence of three months as student is not sufficient to become fully acquainted with either factor. Furthermore: the first year in any school, under-graduate or graduate, is purely elementary in its work, and the Junior is not qualified to speak intelligently concerning the grade of school except in a widely relative sense. It is possible, however, to state in a cursory way an impression made of short acquaintance.

The longer his associations with Garratt, the more does everything about one seem to grow upon him, and the deeper his interest in his work, the larger and more inexhaustable does he find the resources environing him. The spirit of helpfulness is so markedly manifest both in the class room and outside. To begin a recitation with prayer or a stanza of some inspiring hymn is illustrative of the atmosphere we breathe, and is effective in setting a boundary to our thoughts.

The personnel of our Faculty is equal to any in Methodism. Where in our Methodist seminaries can the gigantic intellect of President Little be surpassed? Not only has he a national reputation, but across the Atlantic his fame has leaped, and to him, from the British Isles, has come the unusual invitation to deliver the "Fernley Lecture" in London this coming summer, he being the first among American Methodists to receive this greatest honor.

The chair of Hebrew is filled by one of the few leading Hebraists and higher critics of this continent, Dr. Horswell. Each student that comes under his instruction thinks that he cannot be excelled. The Professor insists on hard mental application, and, while he has sympathy for the weak but plodding student, he has no place for the idler. Quite a few who start the Hebrew race fall out by the wayside.

There is no intenton to speak of each member of the Faculty in turn, but mention will be made of one other name, that of Dr. Hayes. The name of Dr. Hayes is well known in California and especially among the friends of the Uni-

versity of the Pacific, he having been a member of its faculty for some time. Here at Garratt he has the chair of English Exegesis, and his work lies almost entirely with the diploma students. His worth as a christian scholar is recognized by all the students of the seminary. It is amusing, though painful of course at times, to hear his students speak of their excessive lessons. One of the many things for which the writer feels grateful is that he is pursuing a different course and has not to groan under these prodigious burdens.

At present there are about one hundred and fifty students in Garratt. Only three of this number are young ladies. The homes of these students stretch from Maine to California. nearly one half are married, and many of their wives are students either in the school of music or in classes formed for their benefit by Professors of Garratt. More than half of the student body are preaching on the Sabbath in Chicago and vicinity. The chances for self-help in this way are numerous.

North Western, while the most richly endowed university in Methodism, has need of many millions more, and the authorities of Garratt, a branch of this great institution, are asking for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the Twentieth Century Fund to erect a new Library building, a new dormitory, and to furnish scholarships for worthy and ambitious students. A quarter of a million could be used with advantage in beautifying and making still more efficient this already well equipped theological seminary.

Hitherto the young men of California have gone to Boston for their theological training, being prejudiced in favor of that center of learning, partly because of its supposed superior advantages, and partly from the fact that "distance lends enchantment." To have studied in Boston, if but one year, is a high sounding recommendation and carries with it unwarranted prestige.

The tide, however, is turning, and the faces of the young men are toward Garratt and Drew in preference to Boston. While the latter seminary has but one or two Californians within her walls, Garratt has no less than nine. With



the exception of one or more of the middle west states, the Golden state leads the country in furnishing students for Garratt Biblical. The names of Atkinson, Beattie, Case, Grigg, Kelly, Thompson, Ullrick, Williams, and Yoshitaki are among the Californians that share the advantages of this splendid seminary and its environment. "In no theological school in Methodism can college graduates find equal advantages." To all Californians Garratt holds out the hand of welcome.

ALUMNUS.

## EXCHANGE.

The Exchange editor has not much to offer this month except an apology. We had but one evening left in which to review the various visitors to our table when "Rat-tat-tat" sounded on our door and our somewhat reluctant "Come in" was answered by the presence of one of the faculty.

"Exchanges"? queried our visitor picking up the "Rambler." "I used to know that paper well when I did exchange work in college days." "Bryan"! he continued, looking at the "Rambler's" picture of its distinguished alumnus, "My chum had the honor of defeating that 'silver tongued orator' when Bryan represented Illinois College in the state contest in 1881, and I am not sure but that he was a factor in 'doing it again' in '96. The verdict of '96 was but a mammoth illustration of the truth asserted in the oration that defeated Bryan in '81, 'Kings rule; the people decree justice.'"

"And Dick Yates Jr.! He was a college representative in the state contest too and a winner. I say,——, you boys ought to work up a state oratorical association. Yates won the state in '79 and represented Illinois in the interstate in '80 if I have not forgotten, but I was a lower classman in those days. I hope Yates will win in the race for governor. My father knew the elder Yates well and I wish I were back in Illinois to help swell the son's majority. The Rambler is hardly up to its old standard of

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the '80's as I remember it. But I must be going."

"Don't hurry away, Professor. Here are some other eastern exchanges that you probably know."

"The College Star? No, I am not familiar with that, but Prof. Bothe would read its 'Deutsch' to you, if he were here, and comment on it to your hearts content. I have often heard him talk of his old associations there."

"The Hedding Graphic? No, that is a younger paper. It is quite an improvement on the exchange that we used to get from Hedding. Seems to me that was called 'The Gleaner.'"

"Well what do you think of our Coast exchanges? There's 'The Occident.'"

"Oh we all know what the 'Occident' and leading papers like it is. What is this? 'Student life. Pomona, published weekly. Good for Pomona. That is a pushing, promising little college, by the way, and is coming to the front rapidly. 'Ian McLaren.' If that is by a student, it is a pretty well written article. I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Watson when he was in California, and that article presents him very well. I am partial to his writings. The 'Bonnie Briar Bush' was my train reading on my wedding trip."

"The Atheneum! Little, isn't it? But you know, 'Tall oaks etc.' There is a good deal of ability manifested in that sheet, if it is little. That speech of Aguinaldo to the Filipinos would bring down the house as a recitation if properly rendered. Encourage the little fellows. But I must be going. Good night."

Such, gentle reader, is our excuse for not furnishing our usual exchange menu this month. What follows is

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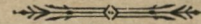
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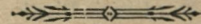
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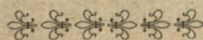
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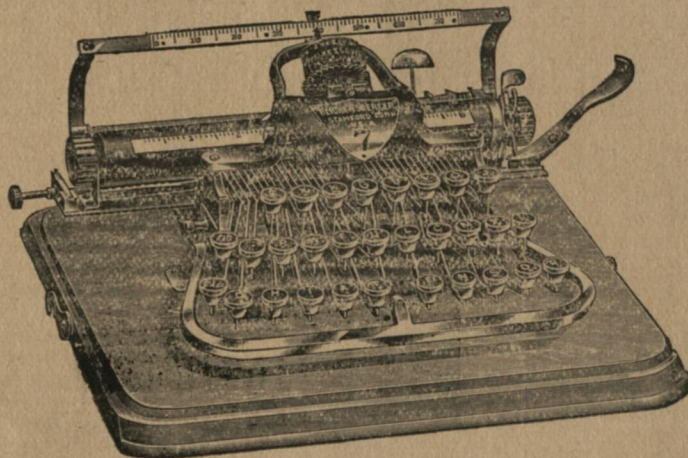
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