

Merry Christmas!

SENIOR RECEPTION THE BEST EVER

The Senior reception was held Friday evening, November 24. To those who have seen our gym decorated on other occasions, this was a revelation. Those who did the planning and executing deserve our sincerest praise. The prosaic old room, usually filled with dumbbells, was transformed into a beautiful mammoth cave. Stalagmite-like streamers floated from wall to wall, from floor to dome. The orchestra in the center of the floor was hedged in by many palms. Comfortable cozy-corners awaited those who desired to break away, seek respite, from the spell of the seducing music. Sweet children, stolen surely from fairyland, served the warm and weary with cool and refreshing punch and wafers.

The faculty gave their dress suits the air for the second time this year. May we mention here that W. B. McClintock is the finest looking man on the staff, and that Mr. Parker and Mr. Gant are the most handsome bachelors?

Soft, satin-like arms; moulded, delicate shoulders, white as marble, wove back and forth beneath colorful, subdued glow of lights. Long, clinging gowns adorned the grace and beauty of our school. Odor of a thousand flowers blended into one rose sweetly and permeated the atmosphere. Dark suits, mirror-like shoes, and smooth chins characterized the men.

The favors were dolls of a type that will last long, and keep fresh in our memory the best reception the Normal ever saw.

Lambert Murphy Concert a Musical Treat

The second number on the entertainment course, the concert by Lambert Murphy, tenor, in the Normal Auditorium on Monday evening, November 20, was an unqualified success. Mr. Murphy's voice pleased and Mr. Murphy himself pleased a large and responsive audience. Not only the quality and control of the great tenor's voice was fully sensed, but its range as well. The certain something of the Celt was there too in the dramatic and emotional flair in the aria from Handel's "Jephtha," in Brahms' "Message," in the Massenet aria and in the concluding "There Is No Death." This same flair gave such old friends as Metcalf's "Absent," Reichart's "In the Time of Roses," and Cadman's "I Hear a Thrush," a new beauty for us common folks who like plain tune. The Irish ballad group, as ever, charmed all alike. "Molly Vaughan," "Macushla," and "Kathleen Mauvaureen" in a Celtic tenor always reach the emotions. Nothing was lacking to make the concert appeal to all. "Songs of Araby" and "Roses of Picardy" pleased those who want the words, to enjoy the music.

The further development of the course promises: Burns of the Mountains, Grenfall of Labrador, and Walpole of England, all names of note today. Just now Hugh Walpole, author of "Fortitude," seems to be receiving considerable appreciation in the east. He comes to us on St. Patrick's Day, March 17. The next number, Burns of the Mountains, is dated for January 31.



SIGNS OF GROWTH ON THE CAMPUS

The Alumni will be pleased to know that the bids for the building of the new Training School were opened at Lansing October 28. President Kaye came back much pleased that it was not necessary to cut anything out of the plans, so that the building will be built as planned. The Albinson Company of Ironwood secured the contract and began work at once. The excavation is already completed and work has begun on the foundations. A large force of men are at work and every day shows progress. The building extends from the old Training School far into what was the school garden and covers all the space which was occupied by the old tennis courts. The contractors plan to build up to the first floor this fall and then begin early in the spring so that the building will be completed and ready for next school year. Students who come back for Summer School will find many changes and improvements on the campus.

Plans are being made for the building of macadam tennis courts to replace the old ones required for the site of the new Training School. The new courts will most likely be located on the flat part of the campus north of the buildings. It is planned to build the most modern and permanent courts possible.

Improvements on the athletic field are occupying much attention just now. Plans are on foot for completing the running track. It is planned to change the shape of the track to conform to the latest made track. The playing field for baseball diamond and football gridiron will be treated to a covering of clay. We are also looking ahead to an enclosed field with bleachers.

ORGANIZATIONS

Federal Men

In the first issue of the *News*, mention was made of a party to be given by the federal men. It was also announced that it would be a good one. The disabled veterans scored on both points; they gave the party and it certainly was a knockout. Costumes of every description were in evidence, from patched pajamas to the varied "hobo" outfits of some of the federal men. Some of the students, who, from lack of foresight or trunk room, had neglected to import suits or worn-out overalls, etc., simply made the best of it by sewing various colored patches to their school clothes. Special features of the party were the favor dances, in which novelty hats added to the barbaric color scheme, whistle dances, confetti dances, and plunging for apples. Many adventurous individuals tried their luck at this, but with very little success. Then Prof. Stull proceeded to demonstrate how it should be done. After carefully removing his hat (which, by the way, was a masterpiece of the milliner's art) he spotted a rosy pippin and dove for it. But, alas, something went wrong in Mr. Stull's well laid plans, and he emerged from the tub coughing and dripping, and headed for home—without the apple. Another catastrophe was averted, through the foresight of "Fairy" Chase, when Charlie Oliver (like the villain in the Harold Teen comic) flashed out

(Continued on page 4, column 3)

Senior Girls' Party a Whiz

On Monday evening, November 27, the Senior girls entertained the Junior girls and women of the faculty with a supper and get-together party in the gymnasium. The object of the party was to promote good fellowship and school spirit, to help the Juniors get acquainted with the Seniors and with each other. That this object was accomplished, no one can deny. Everyone got right into the spirit of the occasion and proved herself a mighty good fellow. This can be said especially of the faculty, who surely were feminine Gallighers and Sheans.

The supper of pasties, cookies, coffee and taffy apples was—well, that part speaks for itself. Everyone was dressed in her gymnasium outfit of bloomers and middy, and took advantage of the spirit of freedom and frolic such a comfortable outfit gives. Games were played and folk dances indulged in.

Then there was an impromptu program which was "top-notch." Here again the faculty members proved themselves the best of sports. Miss Hamby sang and accompanied herself on the ukelele. Miss Linton rendered a very tragic selection (and rent our emotions), accompanied by Mrs. Martin, Miss Clark and Miss Gabriel. Miss Polkinghorne and Miss Baker scored with an excellent turkey and duck skit, accompanied vocally by three of the girls. Miss Gray and Miss Harris with impressive zest sang several humorous duets, accompanying themselves on their "ukes." Miss Clark gave a selection—she was forced to give several—and, needless to say, she literally brought down the house. Miss Gray gave a short speech on "College Friendship"; Gladys Face gave a good talk on "Getting Acquainted"; Miss Emendorfer graciously made a short talk. A piano solo was played by Adele Verville. Myrtle Sandell and Mabel Nelson played the classic duet, "Chop-Sticks." Claire Baer told a "meow" story. A rustic dance, which was perfectly Duncanesque in its dramatic suggestion, was given by Inez Coriveau and Nellie Nedderblad. Finally, Pearl Bunt sang, "I Want to Be a Friend of Yours," accompanied by the group. Then, after "A Perfect Day," everyone danced. Very reluctantly did the crowd disperse at eight o'clock.

GOV. GROESBECK HONORS N. S. N.

Governor Alex J. Groesbeck, accompanied by Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Reed, signally honored the Northern State Normal on the afternoon of October 27 by an address to the student body and faculty. The assembly hall and the speakers' platform were comfortably full to greet the state's chief executive and his assistant. In spite of a previous luncheon engagement at noon with the Rotary Club of Marquette, the governor was on time and alert. Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Reed first responded to President Kaye's briefly apt introduction of the distinguished visitors. Mr. Reed's speech was brief but an epitome of an unassuming, upstanding, sturdy personality.

The most lasting impression both students and faculty carried away from this occasion was not of the potency of any particular message of the governor's. It was an impression of the poise, comprehension and steady insight of a personality. Governor Groesbeck brought a message of promise for education in Michigan; he summed up briefly but succinctly what his administration has done for education; he referred pithily but unegotistically to his youthful struggle for an education. In fact, the strength of the appeal Michigan's chief executive makes lies in the governor's personality and his non-employment of "oratorical Roman candles."

N. S. N. will welcome your return at some favorable opportunity, Governor Groesbeck.

President Kaye Speaks at Men's Dinner

President Kaye recently gave an address on "Modernism in Religion" at a men's dinner at the Presbyterian Church in this city. He traced the course and effects of the Modernist movement during the last few decades upon the church, and its present influence in the church. The address was much appreciated by those who heard it.

Educational Research in Upper Peninsula Yields Significant Findings

A most vital summary of educational research work in the Upper Peninsula schools, urban and rural, has just been submitted in printed form to the U. P. E. A. Professor G. L. Brown, of our Normal faculty, has conducted this research and interpreted the findings, with the assistance of these well known schoolmen: John F. Mason, G. G. Malcolm, J. L. Silvernale, and W. M. Whitman. The little booklet, with tables and discussions of certain phases of rural education, of city school finance, and of the scope of high school education, is meaty and will repay careful examination.

Certain things in the findings particularly struck us. We were disappointed to learn that even yet only 16 per cent of the rural teachers in the U. P. have more than 18 weeks' professional training. That the median age of rural teachers is only 20 years, and that 52 per cent of these immature men and women are urban born and reared is food for thought. That the median rural school salary is still only \$782.50 is not exactly a rosy prospect.

We also noted the committee's findings on high school physical education in the U. P. as "inadequate and unsatisfactory." Of fifteen schools having physical training instructors, only one demands college graduation. Of 26 high schools reporting, only 42 per cent have any form of medical inspection. "Wormwood! Wormwood!" Why, we had thought—what had we thought?

The findings relative to high school courses preparing for home-making and for citizenship were of interest to us. In eight high schools where cooking is required only one requires chemistry. In fact, the research shows emphasis is laid on "the doing side" only and not on "the understanding side" in these home-making courses. American history is being given a relatively unimportant place in the high schools and the non-required nature of the citizenship work offered makes it of no far reaching effect.

Teachers and students studying to be teachers, get a copy of the booklet! You cannot afford to be ignorant of these findings.

THE NORTHERN NORMAL NEWS

VOL. V.

NUMBER 2

Published Every Month except August and September

BY THE
NORTHERN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Marquette, Michigan, in November, 1914, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Price, \$1.00 a year; fifteen cents a single copy.

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DECEMBER 12, 1922.

Teething

A certain famous French journalist, who visited America last summer, upon his return to France characterized our country as follows: "America is a gigantic baby who is teething, and, therefore, suffering much pain, which is why America is turbulent, impulsive, puerile, raging, susceptible, and also generous, like a child which spontaneously gives another a piece of cake."

Well, we can console ourselves in this, at least: the Frenchman did not visit Marquette. He took his impressions mostly from New York City—and Greenwich Village.

But suppose he had visited our Normal and had heard the following conversation along the corridors between classes: "Gee Whiz, Razzberry! The Faculty has gone and handed us a high-brow ticket to a high-brow lecture course, free of charge. Do they expect us to go? Well, not on your life—at least while there are movies and peppy musical comedies and jazz dances." "Put her here, Old Pal, none o' yer high-brow high-jinks fer mine, neither."

No one is saying that Mr. Frenchman would hear any such conversation; but suppose that he did. Would you blame him for telling his friends when he reached home that he had enjoyed the most amazing treat; that he had visited a tribe on the shore of Lake

Superior closely kindred to the Mohawks and the Iroquois? That's just the sort of report he would make, and his reason would be this.

He would reason that prospective teachers need to train for leadership. He would know that leadership is to be had only through exposing oneself to the best environment, through catching inspiration from contact with great leaders. "Why do boys and girls waste their time," he would wonder, "coming to college simply to attend movies and go to dances when they could do the same sort of thing much cheaper and better at home."

Later this year we are to have three or four distinguished visitors. It will be a stigma to the good name of our school if we bring to our auditorium these men who are famous throughout the world, and then, while they are here, if we go galloping off like a crowd of frivolous, stupid children to the public dance halls and to the movies.

The News suggests that we take a day at Assembly soon to arouse spirit. It took us only one hour and twenty minutes to prove that we could back our team against the Michigan School of Mines. If we work as hard, we should be able—in at least two hours—to fill the Auditorium for every All-College event during the year. Let's lay down the hand-saw and the cow-bell for three or four evenings, and prove to the world that our taste is not all in our mouth.

If we get the habit established, we shall some day in the future invite the famous French journalist to visit us; and we shall be surprised if he does not say: "C'est Marvellieux! They are different out in Marquette. It must be the fresh water of Lake Superior—How shall I say—They are beginning to show certain unmistakable signs of life. Why, I truly believe they have already begun to cut their eye teeth."

The Real Normal School

I have been a fairly frequent visitor at the Northern State Normal School; I have been on the Summer School Faculty for two terms. But in neither of these connections have I sensed the spirit of the N. S. N. This spirit, however, has been revealed to me most emphatically at the reunions which have been held during the fall conventions.

In the three years in which I have been in the Upper Peninsula I have been honored annually by an invitation

to attend the N. S. N. Banquet which is held during the U. P. E. A. meeting. After being present the first time there has been no question in my mind but that each year I should hope to attend. And the appealing factor has not been the excellent singing, with President Kaye assisting in the conducting, nor the humorous speeches, with Mr. Jeffers adding a touch of oratorical brilliancy. It has been because at these gatherings, I, as a schoolman in the Upper Peninsula, was in close touch with the real spirit of the institution that must determine to a large extent the kind of teachers and teaching that we have in our part of the State.

The processes of teaching in the buildings in the pines at the foot of Fourth Street and the school itself are two different things. The former is characterized by buildings and grounds and is conditioned by equipment, students and teachers. But one feels that it is but a process in the making of the school itself. The school is not located in Marquette. It is wherever there are graduates of the institution and it consists of their point of view and deeds in character and in teaching.

If this is a reasonable conception of the Real Normal School the meetings in the fall can but have a tremendous significance. The representatives of the school are assembled. By their cordiality and good-will toward each other, by their evidences of friendships and by their earnest expressions in song, they are proclaiming an enthusiasm and loyalty for their school.

As I have witnessed these things I have been quite sure that this enthusiasm and loyalty exists because you are consciously worthy members of the school. If so, you have ever in your hearts the desire and will to be in your own lives sufficient examples for the children you are leading. Also you realize that you must be growing professionally and are willing to make sacrifices of time and money to this end. A real school must be wholesome in spirit and in body and must be characterized by the best processes and thinking in its particular field.

When you meet next year may there be even more enthusiasm and loyalty displayed,—for the reason that you possess more because of the kind of school in which you have been active and loyal members this year.

W. M. WHITMAN.

ATHLETICS

BY A. CRITICAL SLANT.

Were you at the bonfire Friday, October 27? If not, you missed a hot time. A big pep meeting was held back of the Training School, following the rousing meeting Thursday at Assembly. We all gathered around the big bonfire, sang songs and cheered the team, the school, and the coach, until it could be heard down town. If school spirit had anything to do with victory, we surely would have been victorious in the game with M. C. M. the next day. Another pep meeting was held on Friday evening of November 4. The entire student body met at the school, and escorted by the Boy Scout band, marched down to Lakeside Park. Here the snake dance was much in evidence, Chief Snake Hugo Husted in the lead. Superior Normal was burnt in effigy and the school as a whole enjoyed a real good time. President Kaye and Mayor Clark gave interesting and forceful talks on school spirit and success. This was President Kaye's first attack on the art of megaphone speaking. Good start, "Prexie"! The party broke up later, but the feeling of fellowship engendered among the students is too strong to break.

Thursday, November 9, will long be remembered as "the day we got out of classes." Not that we don't like to go to classes, but "absence makes the heart grow fonder." It is well, at this time, to note the support that our team is getting outside of the "rah rah" of the student body. President Kaye excused class at 2 p. m. Thursday to permit the students to accompany the team to the train. They paraded down to the station en masse, students and faculty, in fact every one in school but Prof. Hasking and Harris. Then our Mr. Husted gave a jig on the platform, to the cadence of the cheers. As the train pulled out, a change of venue was taken by the boosters, and the entire group moved over to Lakeside Park. Here they stood as the team went by, cheering and yelling for the team, and giving them their last personal assurance of their spirit for the fray at Mt. Pleasant.

We cannot speak too highly of the school spirit that is evident at N. S. N. this fall. We have always had school spirit, but not to the present extent. President Kaye, as usual, has been giving much time to the development of "N. S. N. feeling," and his activity, to-

gether with the co-operation of the faculty, is responsible in no small way for the feeling amongst the students that the N. S. N. is OK and that our team may come out second best, but it is never beaten.

M. C. M.-N. S. N.

The Monday following the M. C. M. game, I heard this in the hall: "We didn't miss anything, because the score was nothing to nothing." Can you beat it? Didn't miss anything? You missed the game of your life. M. C. M. came down confident of victory; they went back home talking to themselves. In the first half the M. C. M. bunch worked several good plays, but were kept busy by the N. S. N. bunch see-sawing up and down the field. The "anxious moment" came at the end of the first half, when M. C. M. had a yard to go. Plays failed and the half ended with M. C. M. on its 14-inch line.

The rest of the game was a good exhibition of football. It was a good game to watch. In the last quarter, the N. S. N. squad found itself for a while, but the whistle blew and our chance to score was lost. Score, 0-0.

SUPERIOR NORMAL-NORTHERN NORMAL.

At the track meet held at the new fair grounds Saturday, November 5, Superior Normal was victorious. It was a bad day for running, so the score

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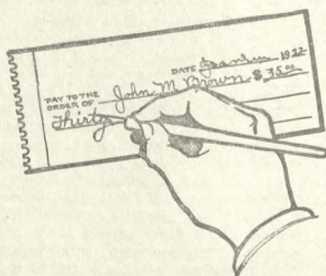
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was only 52-0. The boys fought like wild men every minute of the game, but were outweighed and outclassed. Little Wally O'Niell, who was here last year, was far from being the largest in the bunch. They must have averaged 190 pounds, and their backfield was an effective machine-like group of speedy men. Our team was on the job every minute, but could not plow up the Superior line, nor could they gain around the end. One of the opponents spoiled the glory of a 50-yard run by driving at Craze's head. On the whole, however, they were a sportsmanlike squad, and we do not feel bad about the score. The interference was superb, consistent and speedy, and their trick plays were good. We hope our schedule permits a game with them next year. Score, 52-0.

CENTRAL NORMAL-NORTHERN NORMAL.

The team went down to Mt. Pleasant Thursday, November 9, and played the southern Normal on Saturday, November 11. Our team played Mt. Pleasant to a scoreless tie—in the last quarter. Previous to this Mt. Pleasant made touchdowns off and on until they had amassed sufficient points. The N. S. N. team took a brace in the last quarter, as they did in the Superior game, and neither side scored in this inning. Coach Hedgecock said the boys were not up to the standard, and, outside of losing the game, 62-0, he was well pleased with the trip.

BASKETBALL.

Basketball practice started November 20, and about forty men came out. The squad has since been cut to twenty-five. Practice is from four to six every school night in the week. Coach Hedgecock is working out a good schedule, and after the finish of the season he figures on passing out at least ten sweaters or letters.

Physical Education classes are something worth while watching. Everyone of the fellows is showing signs of improvement over his condition at the beginning of the term. Boxing and wrestling are giving a foundation for next year's football season. The other day Shiska cleaned up everybody in his squad. Why shouldn't he? A married man gets more practice!

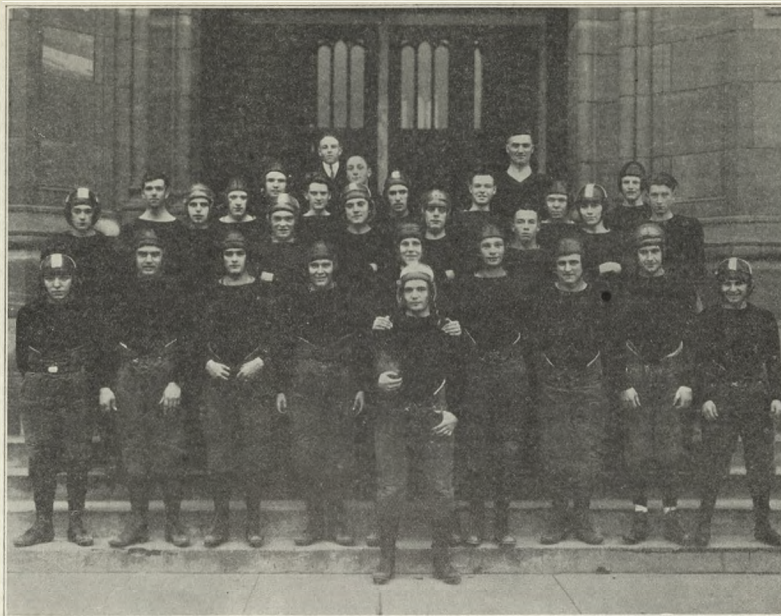
A dray load of equipment came on November 21. Wrestling mats, horses, parallel bars and other apparatus were added to the present equipment. This will permit Coach Hedgecock to conduct his Physical Education classes in two divisions, facilitating the work and furthering the students' advancement.

LOCALS.

Some one asked Fat Craze why the team always takes a brace in the last quarter. He said, "That's easy. By that time our opponents have sore feet from crossing our goal line and are all tuckered out, while all we've done is back up ten yards at a time."

N. S. N. pulled through the season without any help from Tonella, but with lots from Frank Stolpe.

As this is my last spasm, I wish, on behalf of athletics, to congratulate the team for their continual fighting spirit, the coach for his long-headedness and foresight in training methods, and the student body, faculty, and our president for the ever-present support of the team, which has worked so hard and has been able to score so little.



THE SQUAD

"Soup" LaViollette, Coach Hedgecock, "Dusty" Hargrave, B. Hedgecock, Hildner, Voelker, Forsman, Hazlitt, Johnson, Silver, H. Hedgecock, Gerdzwill, Hardimon, "Pumpkin" Oliver, Limpert, "Yutch" Murry, "Piggy" McNamara, "Vic" Bergstrom, "Pete" Peterson, "Fat" Craze, North, Jacques, Shiska, "Ted" Bystrom, Nelson, Hendra, "Bill" Nordling, "Snitz" Geill, "Pussy" LeClair.

**Snap Shots
SNITZ.**

Snitz took his place with the orchestra. It was to be a pep meeting after the orchestra had done its bit. Everyone felt peppy and keyed up for the occasion. Snitz was keyed up too, judging from the way he wriggled his ears and googed his eyes. The orchestra had do-ed, and re-ed, and were waiting for their signal. Snitz was waiting, too, tensely. In fact, he seemed to be almost on the toes of his short bow-legs. The signal came. Snitz heard—not the signal of the orchestra leader, but the sharp, shrill whistle of the referee. To the audience he appeared to be watching something highly interesting on the cymbal. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang. Boom thumped the drum, as the long, rangy guy, with the sorrel top, walked slowly up to the ball, and booted a kick-off to N. S. N. Boom, da, da, da, da-da, da-da,—the ball fell into Snitz's outstretched arms. A-rah, ta-ta-ta, ta-ta, floated the strains of the "Dancin' Fool," and Snitz panted down the field. Zip, zip, he dodged the powerful

husky, who intended pulverizing him. Da, da, da, da-da-da, and he had covered five more yards. His green-gray eyes sparkled, and those in the audience who could not understand the science of a vital day-dream wondered at this. Zis, Boom, Bah, Boom, Snitz pounded; he had won the first score and booted the ball for the kick-over. In the readiness of his imaginary effort, Snitz almost bounded off the chair. Only a favoring fate righted that tottering article of furniture and saved Snitz from an awful catastrophe as he sheepishly subsided into every-day reality.

G. A. S.

**WHERE JELLY-BEANS
MAKE JELLY-FISH**

This is the story of an innocent youth who incurred the wrath of two worldly wise Co-eds. Said youth, one of Coach Hedgecock's pigskin pushers, was of the good-looking athletic type that appeals to hero-worshipping maidens of tender years. The story opens with our hero at Mrs. X's boarding house, all unconscious of the adoration he was to re-

height, and hero-worship rife among the maidens fair of dear old N. S. N., our young hero, of lordly mein, took his place among the group around Mrs. X's ample board. Piqued at the lack of attention from our young sheik, the two Co-eds determined upon a deep laid scheme to bring the conquering hero to their adoring feet.

The first step in the rising action of this drama took place when Co-ed No. 1, with a coquettish smile from beneath drooping lashes, dared our young hero, in the form of a wager, as to who would be first to breakfast the following morning. The stalwart youth, not to be bluffed, countered with, "What'll you bet?" Delighted at the ease with which this gullible youth stepped into the net, Co-ed No. 2 glibly chirped, "Ten cents worth of jelly-beans." "Done!" replied the youth, blissfully unconscious of the approaching tragedy.

The morning after the night before was dark and gloomy, with a slow steady drizzle that threatened to continue all day. At 7:30 a. m., our hero, with a Charlie-horse in each leg, and bodily battered from the football practice of the day previous, limped sorely into breakfast. Instantly the blase young maidens pounced upon our erstwhile conqueror with, "We win! We win! Where are the jelly-beans?"

"Oh I suppose so. Just what did you win anyway?" he inquired disinterestedly.

"Ten cents worth of jelly-beans." "Oh, that's easy. Will you buy a whole dollar's worth, if you say so."

But now our gallant warrior found that bets with young N. S. N. vamps were more easily made than paid. He discovered that many and varied were the conditions attached to the payment of a simple wager. For these female Shylocks insisted that the beans must be in two separate sacks, one green, the other blue, one to contain ruby red beans, the other beans of thirteen different hues.

Ah indeed! The task set before the youth was a difficult one. Day after day he sought to meet the conditions of the outlandish wager, but night after night found him wearied, worried and woe-bedraggled, but with no jelly-beans. Finally, he lost courage, confidence, and complexion. He no longer played football in his dashing, daring manner, but instead his play became listless and lethargic. The football player became a has-been. He had

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been stiff-armed, knocked down, walked over and scored on by two Co-eds carrying a sack of jelly-beans.

Moral: Gambling with Co-eds will throw the best of football players off their stride.

W. A.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 24, 1922.

Northern State Normal, Pres. J. H. B. Kaye, Dear Sir:

Just a few lines to let you know we have decided, after careful consideration, to place the name of one of your players on our "All-American Football Team" for 1922.

We were present at that wonderful exhibition of football your team put up against Central University at Mount Pleasant. We saw how Captain LeClair gained victory and scored 62 points for his team.

Williams—University of Wisconsin. Coutchie—University of Michigan. Kipke—University of Michigan. Cassidy—University of Detroit. Castner—University of Notre Dame. Churchill—Harvard College. Jordan—Yale College. LeClair—Northern State Normal. Penfield—Northwestern University. Spillers—Washington and Jefferson College.

We also take this opportunity to congratulate your student body on the success of their college in the athletic world, and with the hope of increased laurels to the institution and Mr. LeClair, we are,

Yours for success, Messrs. Camp & Eckersall. (For the "All-American.") E. J. G.

A SOMNOLIQUIST.

"Hey, fellows, wait a minute.—Got a smoke, Dick?" He was immediately supplied with a "Strike" and a match (all he had was the habit) by Dick, with whom I was walking.

"Gee, 'Puss' sure felt good this

mornin' when he didn't have to make a speech. So did Murray an' the other fellows they had slated."

"'Puss' looked as if he was all ready to start out on a long oration, when he stood up there," answered Dick, as he blew a great cloud of smoke through his nose and hitched his hip a bit.

"Say, I must be goin' nuts or somethin'. Yu' know, mu sister walks in her sleep, an' this mornin' she told me I was talkin' an' grumblin' in my sleep about three o'clock last night. Yesterday th' fellows were tellin' me I was due to make a speech today. I told 'em I couldn't. They said I was goin' to be called on anyway. An' so last night I fell asleep tryin' to think of what to say. Well, my sister said she heard me say, 'Aw, come-on, George, be a sport. You know I can't do it. No, George, you make the speech.' I know what I would have done if I had been called on."

"Well, so long," said Dick. "So long, see you again, fellows." "Ya, olive oil, I answered.

As he turned up Michigan street toward his home, I noticed his shoulders were broad and he walked with a quick step. I had noticed before that he seemed impatient to walk faster, but had "dogged" along with us so that Dick, who walks too slowly to stop quickly, might keep up. While telling us his story, "Gipp" was grinning, as only he can, and his eyes sparkled as if they were glad he had not said more in his sleep, which he might easily have done. Twice, during our walk, he had reached up and lifted his gray-brown cap from his head; carefully stroked his Swedish colored hair, and slowly, so as not to disturb it in the least, replaced his cap. His fingers, in which he held his cigarette, were stained. But not his stained fingers, his quick step, nor his ability to play end, but the fact that he talked in his sleep, which psychologists say, indicates that he may also walk in his sleep, is to me the most peculiar trait of Aloysius.

J. J. W.

SIGNALS.

On the field, he is a terror. But who would think, to see him at ease (he is not so very high, nor so very wide, nor so very heavy), that he was the possessor of even the faintest of football potentialities. He makes as though a job of ease as he does of football. He can make the stiffest, straightest, hardest chair appear a haven of comfort. With his neck hooked over the back, his spine hovering in mid-air or occasionally hitting the high spots, and

his feet stretched forward to their full capacity, one heel lightly topping the other toe, and all resting so tranquilly or swaying so gracefully on a paper-filled heap of books several feet away, how can he help but be comfortable! And how restful are his hands! One hangs quietly limp at his side, or drifts aimlessly through a shock of black, comfortable-looking hair; the other flutters lightly and airily over an open note book. Even his face, with its now languid eyes, the slow, lazy, disarming smile, the smooth, enviable skin with not a single, restless wrinkle, is in accord. But at the first peep of the bell, he makes a leap, a dash, and a plunge, and out he goes. Woe unto those who are in his way. Again he seems to be hearing the crisp 33-34-47-69.

E. E.

Marquette, Michigan, Nov. 14, 1922.

Dear Gert:

I just got to tell you about what I call an event in my young life. I must tell someone to get it off my chest. Last Saturday one of the kids asked me could I get off to go to the football game. Well, you know how it's been with me—with Ma dying when I was young and Pop being not much good—I never could go to High School and learn all about football and such things as higher education. Believe me, though, I was just dying to see what a game looked like. Then the bunch from the Normal had been acting up around town before the game like they really expected something great to happen. So, says I to myself, "I'm going to be there when that something happens."

I was, you tell 'em, I was—only it wasn't the thing the crowd was expecting to happen a-tall. They didn't even know it did happen. I'm the only one in on that little old secret, something like that "secret passion" and "suppressed desire" stuff I been reading about. Here it is,—I fell for the swellest guy on the team, the fullback, they called him. (Golly, he doesn't even know it happened himself. Far be it from me to tell him. I aint that kind of a girl, if you get what I mean.)

Gee, I didn't know football players were regular guys! I seen pictures of them in Sunday papers with all their tugs on and their hair all tossed, so I had a hunch they were big, husky brutes like old "Pete the Bully" back home what hammered Pop a couple of times when both of them were full'n a teakettle.

This guy, when he walked on the field (his guy, when he even walked different from the others—sort of dignified and classy, like the trick-horse in the circus we saw once—get me?), made my heart flip-flop into a honest-to-goodness somersault! He wasn't ten feet from where I stood and I sure got a good look.

Gosh, he's husky all right! He is big and his shoulders sure are wide. His hair is light and it was parted in the middle and slicked back, before the

game began. He has those square jaws and sharp nose and his mouth closes in a straight line, a regular he man. He has blue eyes with long lashes (I noticed that, I tell you, seeing as all I've done trying to cultivate some noticeable down on my own lids without much showing for it). He looks just like the advertisement for Arrow collars, if you get what I mean. O boy! you should see and hear him laugh!—well, it sounded like music to me, being in the state of excitement I was in, but to others it might of sounded sort of funny for a man, sort of ripply like.

Whenever they got into a heap near me I was thrilled down to the soles of my seventy-five-cent fiber silks. Whenever he was at the bottom of the heap and his face got pushed into the mud, my heart sank like a flat tire.

I don't know much more about football now that I seen a game (they said it was a tie), but I know who one of the players is all right, all right. But I never seen him since and don't suppose I will. Anyways, I'm only a factory girl and he's a football player, so guess it ends there. Anyway, if there are any more games, I'm going and get enough thrills to last me for a nother month.

Your old friend, Mayme. M. C. M.

ORGANIZATIONS

(Continued from page 1, column 5)

After this discussion it is unnecessary to add that the party was informal. However, it might be stated here that this party dated more to a unified school spirit than anything else staged this year. We wish to thank the federal men, and particularly Mr. Heikenen and Mr. Coleman, who were the most active in backing the affair, we are told.

P. X. R.

The Sons of Thor, on a depleted treasury, staged the first student party of the year. Owing to this lack of funds, the Sons were unable to do anything very elaborate. Therefore the least said about decorations, the better. Good music was given by Weedman's orchestra, and, as a pleasant diversion, the four prospective members performed for the crowd. We understand that Bill Nordling was so captivated by his new headgear that he took it home and hung it on his bedpost. Haslit, Brown, and Johnson, although not at all concited, feel that their demonstration of the "lock-step" and other more complicated (judging from the way they did them) steps was rather well executed. At least, we must admit that the boys were clever.

After all bills for the party were paid, the boys found that their treasury now held the modest amount of five dollars and twenty cents. This was used to help defray the expenses of backing the team in that memorable game with M. C. M. For their part of the celebration the boys arrayed themselves with rah-rah hats, canes and



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banners. They also chartered a "one-hoss-shay" from Flanigan Bros. This contraption was the "crowning glory." The hitch came, however, when a horse could not be obtained, and the vehicle was "hooked on" behind a Ford. The Sons piled on and started to "do the town."

All went well until they reached North Front Street. The "relic," by this time, became disgusted at the treatment it was receiving and refused to augurate.

It was there abandoned, and the Sons of Thor, looking like the remnants of a forgotten race, continued their march to the fair grounds. Although handicapped by hard luck, the Sons showed the right spirit and marked themselves as being one of the school's live organizations.

Tri Mu

WATCH IT GROW.

Tri Mu! How do you like it? That is the baptismal name of a new organization for boys. It has been duly organized and recommended by the faculty. Now watch them go. The name Tri Mu is Greek and pertains to mind, muscle and morals. The insignia is in the form of a triangle. The aim of the organization is the development of school spirit and closer fellowship between students. We do not know just who the charter members are, but John Voelker (Ishpeming) is quite active in its inception. The school needs such an organization and we will all be interested in its growth. Here's luck to Tri Mu.

Osiris-Ygdrasil

Our literary societies, after their first few weeks of inactivity, have come to the front with leaps and bounds. They have already put on some very good programs and are planning some more. The first program was a joint meeting of both societies. Norma Schauer's piano solo was the right thing in the right place. We all like snappy music to dance to—but in a literary society—well, Norma expressed it. Georgia Uter then sang De Koven's "O Promise Me." Although we are not musical critics, we can at least say that we enjoyed Georgia's solo very much, and we hope that the societies can persuade her to appear again. That some self-centered fellow in the audience could not realize that his unrestrained flow of "small talk" interested no one but himself does not augur that Mrs. Robinson's Canadian dialect reading was not of the best. Her snowstorm made some people shiver. Irene Turner's reading gave a very good idea of how it feels to drive a car with "instructions from the rear." Harry Bottrell interpreted an "Hungarian Waltz" — with his violin, of course. A very interesting light was thrown on the origin of the societies in a talk by Edgar Lane. A criticism of the program was then given by Mr. Copper, and everyone left, looking forward to the next meeting.

Osiris

Osiris is showing remarkable signs of activity and the bulletin boards are blazing with Bill Acker's posters. The society made a real find in Bill and we shall expect to find posters of real finesse from now on. At the meeting held November 6, Osiris presented a regular program. It was well planned to avoid monotony and each number was well done. Some of the girls said that Dorothy Olmstead sang Cadman's "In the Land of the Sky Blue Water" very sweetly; but sweet or not, we were well pleased with it, and to those of a less fine sense of the sweet it sounded very well.

Ruth LeDuc was there with one of her dark interpretations. Ruth needs no introduction to Osiris, as she has often given the outstanding number in past programs. Alfred Chubb showed us that he could get real music out of his saxophone. No one went to sleep during Gail Roy's readings, and, if any one did feel like slumbering, he soon

sat up and rubbed his eyes when Inez Corriveau appeared in her dance number.

The society was particularly honored by the presence of Uncle "Ad" Cole, who represented the spirit of '61. Uncle "Ad" was not content to lend his presence only, and during the evening he delighted his audience with his selections on his German accordion and on the piano. His versatility stood him in good stead, for he was encored again and again. Osiris is now swinging a mock trial which promises to be the entertainment of the season. They have procured the best talent, even drawing from the ranks of the faculty. It will be worth seeing.

Ygdrasil

Ygdrasil is determined that Osiris shall not outstrip her this term. Although the society got a late start, it is making up for lost time and each week sees the members of Ygdrasil working to make each presentation a success.

The program for Monday evening, November 13, was fairly well given, but it showed a lack of judgment on the part of the program committee in that it lacked variety and tended to become monotonous. This should be carefully guarded against in literary programs, and if a program is to be largely instructive it should be lightened by a few live numbers. This program opened with a humorous reading by Miss Sincoc, which paved the way for Charles Courtney's "Current Events." Owing to the arrangement, however, Mr. Courtney was obliged to cater to his audience in order to hold their interest. This throws too much responsibility upon the individual, and if the program is effectively arranged can easily be avoided. Miss Gray's Physical Education classes gave a few splendid examples of terpsichorean art, for which they were loudly applauded and encored. Taken separately, each number was well given and showed deliberate preparation.

Tuesday evening, November 28, Ygdrasil presented another program in the form of a pageant of dances, representative of dancing from Colonial to present times. The children from the training school interpreted early Colonial dancing. They were tastefully costumed for the period and made a decided hit with the audience. They later gave a Midget and Czebozar dance. Carl Werner and Margaret Libby each presented an encored solo dance. Besides these, there were Virginia reels, quadrilles, waltzes, and fox trots, showing very interestingly the evolution of the modern dance. Dorothea Olmstead and Ethel Mellin each sang a solo, which received hearty applause.

The dancing was coached by Mrs. Coffman, who showed splendid spirit in her willingness to help. This program was much more effectively arranged than the previous one and showed a great deal of initiative and originality.

Girls' Glee Club

One of the most enjoyable little informals recently given was the Glee Club Tea on the afternoon of November 14 in the gymnasium. Everything was right, a spirit of unobtrusive hospitality prevailed, woman's unflinching spirit mellowed (tea) flowed freely, and the good music would have lured even Andrey to trips (Andrey didn't turn up, though). Miss Linton and Mrs. Kaye, at the tiny tea table, genially dispensed the liquid that cheers, and the guests danced or visited at will. The mothers of Miss Gray and Miss Hamby were guests at the gathering and seemed to enjoy it all immensely. Faculty members dropped in and out during the two hours.

Miss Linton, Girls of the Glee Club, it went. A repetition of the offense will be condoned at any time.

Druids

The seers of the Druidical circle were somewhat jarred from their sol-

emny (and dignity) when one of the faculty erroneously stated in assembly some time ago that "there are no upper classmen." And so at the last gathering of the clan it was decided that something must be done to correct that current belief. Accordingly, the High Priestess, aided and abetted by the Sorceress, the Soothsayer, the Priests, and the Prophets, sent out the call, and the next day at assembly quivering ululations issuing from the throats of some nine or ten dignitaries, informed those present that the upper classmen were very much alive and kicking.

The Druids is an organization of the upper classmen. That is, if one has twenty-four credits and is considered of good standing, he is eligible for membership. The name is that of a religious cult that was prevalent among the early Celts. The Druids were the learned men and exerted a tremendous influence. So, this organization here regulates the affairs of the upper classmen as the Junior and Senior classes regulate their own affairs. As yet the Druids is in its infancy, but is growing. There is much pep and go in the bunch and the future promises to be snappy.

This coming week Druid Edgar Lane will be the guest of honor at an informal party given at Druid Bowman's home. Druid Lane receives his degree at the end of this term and will be leaving us. He has been a super-active power in the Druids. The organization will miss him.

The position of Sorceress is held by Druid Iva Baumgartner. The Sorcerer's duty—but why tell it? Druid Napoleon Martin also has been lifted from the ranks to the seat of the mighty. He is known as "Soothsayer" and officiates in the absence of the High Priestess.

At present the Druids are busy working out an initiation ritual. The ceremonies are based upon the ancient rites of the original Druids, and are exceedingly mystic and dark. More than that we cannot tell, but we're awfully glad that we are Druids! Cave—adsumus!



The Senior Officers Who Put It Over.

English Club Initiated

On the evening of November seventh, at N. S. N., an English Club was born. Its weight at birth was forty members. The child grew apace and is now taking buttermilk, cream of wheat, and mashed carrots. Mellin's food has proved unnecessary for this sturdy infant.

At the first meeting of the club, on November seventh, a constitution was adopted. Henry Johnson was elected president; Paul Coleman, vice-president, and Gail Roy, secretary-treasurer. A cabinet was provided for, comprising the executives and the chairmen of the program, social, and membership committees. On November fourteenth, a cabinet meeting was held and the policy and program of the club formulated. Besides the club executives, Mr. Dunn, Miss Seline, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Bowman, and Miss Clark were present.

This organization will be both intellectual and social in aim, and is intended to appeal to all student bibliomaniacs, scribblers, and such. The literary interest at present will be con-

temporary writers. A beginning will be made at the next meeting on November 28, with the Michigan poet, Edgar Guest. Later, another Michigan writer, Ring Lardner, will be considered. Hamlin Garland and Zona Gale, from Wisconsin, Sinclair Lewis, from Minnesota, Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay, from Illinois, will comprise a beginning study of contemporary mid-western writers.

Besides this feast of reason and—some mild refreshments will occur at each meeting. A good time is as inevitable as snow in the winter in the U. P.

FIRST PROGRAM SETS STANDARD.

The first program of the English Club, on Tuesday evening of November 28, was a standard maker. The general spirit of solidarity and likeness of aim in the program, and the get-together feeling following it, were significant. Obviously there are students here at N. S. N. who want an English Club. They are making one.

There was nothing formal about the short program on the Michigan poet, Edgar A. Guest, yet it was good. Each participant contributed. Mr. Voelker's biographical sketch, Mr. Lehman's, Miss Roy's, and Mr. Fountain's personal anecdotes about Guest; Miss Stephens', Miss Kehoe's, and Miss Edith Holman's readings; the round table discussion of the poet's work, gave some who have not thought much about him before a view of Guest and an estimate of him.

The "cats" rightly deserved red-letting. The work of our social committee speaks for itself. Even animal cookies with caraway-seed eyes! The club has made no mistake in its choice of executives and committees. The "paradox charade" was "the belle of the ball" as far as the charade funning was concerned.

A Student Column

by One of Them

SOME OF THE OLOGIES.

Dr. Lowe is offering two special courses this term for college students, comparative anatomy and neurology. The first is a study of the anatomy of tree or four types of back-boned animals. The other is study of the nervous systems of back-boned animals, particularly man and sheep. The class is using sheep as a basis for their study. Embryology follows Comparative Anatomy. It is a study of the development of animals, particularly the pig and the frog, the pig being comparable to man. Histology follows Neurology. This course includes a study of the organs and types of tissues of the animal body.

THE THIRD FLOOR ABOVE.

Professor Brown is offering a new course this term, Critique of Elementary School Curricula. A number of city teachers are taking this course. It involves the writing of a thesis, which includes a comparative study of the curricula of two school systems. Next term a special college course will be given, Social Psychology. This includes a study of the conduct of groups, just as the first two courses in psychology took up the study of the conduct of the individual. Some of the topics which will be studied are fashion, custom, tradition, the group spirit, the group will, and the conduct of the crowd.

SHOP TALK.

The students in the Shop Mathematics class under Prof. W. B. McClinck have been instructed to make plans for the arrangement of the benches in the new shop. A blueprint has been posted in the drafting room, giving the dimensions of the room, and the equipment which it is to contain. Eighteen benches, instructor's desk, demonstration bench, blackboard, tool-rack and drinking fountain are to constitute this equipment. The students

are to work out definite plans embodying the best possible arrangement. Lighting and ventilation must be taken into consideration. The plans will be considered and the best one accepted. With an objective ahead, the students are working diligently and each nurses a hope of being the lucky draftsman.

"ON THE MOUNTAIN DAWNS THE DAY ALL THE JOLLY CHASE IS HERE."

The talk Professor Chase gave the other day at the Negaunee Lions Club summarizes very clearly his idea of what history is. It is not a compilation of dates, but rather a record of human experiences. The constitution of the United States, which has been of such service for 133 years, was not new, but it was the fruit of experience in government in other countries for centuries. The old idea in the teaching of history was to cram the student's head full of dates. With the vast increase of publishing facilities that becomes a waste of time and energy. All statements that appear in a history book are not necessarily true. All statements that appear in a history are not necessarily true. A true historian must learn what "good evidence" is.

Professor Chase recently published a new book, "Rural Michigan." This is the result of a two-year intensive study. It is a new type of state history. The emphasis is on rural development rather than upon Michigan's part in national history. It is without reference to state government, urban, or corporate interests. The publishers of the new volume state that "material hitherto almost inaccessible has been collected." We note a write-up on Professor Chase's book in the November 18 issue of "The Michigan Farmer," which rightly estimates the work as a contribution.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

"Girls, no talking, please. Boys!" and a look silenced them. No, it wasn't one of those cold, icicle looks the people in the North Pole have to wear. To return to Marquette,—we will all agree that the library is a place of study; whether it is a place to study is a different question. Some of our friends enter that library door with the humane purpose of socializing every one they meet. Others enter with the intention of studying if nothing interferes to stop them. There are a few who have vowed to themselves that they will not disturb the general peace and welfare of the community, but will study religiously. Then, there is a queer class of folks (I think they are called geniuses), who enter, settle themselves comfortably at one of the tables or amidst the ferns, then don't talk or even whisper! (Did you say a man may be judged by the books he reads? A tall, slim, freckle-faced, brown-eyed student is reading "The Swiss Family Robinson." No, he isn't reading it for the enjoyment he derives from it, but merely critically.) But, as a general rule, it is a considerable amount of time before we get comfortable settled. Some one once told our librarian that people couldn't study and discuss topics of interest at the same time. From our actions we don't agree, but if we would only stop to consider the other person we might discover that the other person would like to study. It has been said that our business leaves off where our neighbor's begins. That would be at the end of our noses. Most people have that bas relief, I believe.

And it's a matter of ethics to get your books back when they are due!

CURRENT EVENTS.

It has been a tradition for some time to post some of the important news of the school on the bulletin board. Isn't it perfectly delicious to read a notice Thursday, which tells you of an important meeting Wednesday at one o'clock? Such things should be removed suddenly so they won't confuse or worry the day-late one.

SH—!

Yes, we all know we shouldn't whisper in the halls, but man is a selfish and social being, not content to live alone where his selfishness will harm no one. Some fair one remarked innocently, "we were given our eyes to see, and if we went along with them shut we would bump into people. So we are allowed to keep them open. Our faculty of speech was given us to use; why go along wasting perfectly good air space?" But it is self evident that if every person in the Normal possessed the speaking faculty and every faculty was above a whisper and every person considered it his duty to what that Nature has given him—use a great noise there would be!

EVEN SCHOOL SPIRIT.

There are quite a few people around this school who are disillusioned into thinking that school spirit comes into existence, develops, and dies on the athletic field. That's only one of its nurseries. Those who heard Lambert Murphy the other night have not ceased yet to talk and think of him. Yet there were hundreds of students who did not hear him. A good excuse?—You say you had to study? It was a lost opportunity for you. The rest of us studied a little before we went and then came home all the better prepared to finish.

S. O. S.

Has any one benevolent checks to hand to the chairmen of the program committees of the Literary Societies? Some new footwear is needed and a pulmotor. People are tired running around after you. Take a little responsibility.

GUESS!

There are some very interesting traditions about our Student Girls' League Room. Would you believe that one of the male members of last year's graduating class accused the League Room of being a "barber shop?" And he cleverly remarked—"Those girls don't cut hair any longer, though. They cut it shorter." I'll whisper you a solemn secret—that room sometimes could have been mistaken for a kitchenette. Anyone who has a chafing dish "nota bene": The electric current is strong; you are assured of an appreciative throng of admirers; produce the goods!

On a certain wall in that spacious room is an instrument, perhaps of enlightenment, or it may be of everlasting torment. One may see nothing; one may look wistfully into its broad expanse and glimpse just eons of accumulated wisdom and learning; one may glance at it quickly, only to turn away with satisfaction or disgust in that hasty exist from the bewildering interior of our rest reserve; one may survey its shining surface and discover that the object reflected is as shiny as the background. Then one produces a little object, relieves it of some of its contents, and smiles contentedly at the result. Floor space within a radius of twenty feet of this something is scientifically and economically utilized at all times. Of course, you can't imagine what this raving is all about—then if you're a boy it's time some one began to bring you up and if you're a girl it's time some one initiated you into the mysteries of the inner sanctuary.

?

Some of our athletes wanted to know the other day what they were going to do with their N's if they didn't have anything as a foundation. No, it isn't a tradition that the school furnish our heroes with sweating apparel, but wouldn't it be possible to establish such a tradition? If some one wants a place in the future history of our school here's an opportunity for notoriety. You don't want the boys to pin their N's on their coat sleeves, do you?

MALE QUARTETTE.

It has been an established tradition that the girls were the songsters of this school. A male quartette was nothing but the preposterous imagery of the perverted mind of some raving maniac. But we have an "honest injun" Male

Quartette this year. Did you hear them sing at Osiris the other night? And at Assembly the other day?

The Juniors and Seniors have an opportunity to establish some traditions that will be everlasting. When you're thinking of ways of improving the Northern Normal, however, and you are barked in trying to do your something, remember

A mile a minute is great speed,
But a smile a minute gets more action.

The "Assembly" Plant

Mr. Stull, of the Geography Department, and (affectionately yours) T. C.'s fame, was with us one Thursday. The talk was better than a Cook Tour. Once—or was it twice—he took us from a dry to a wet territory and left us standing at the edge of a crowd. We do not think that Mr. Stull ever studied Law, his specialty being Geography, and consequently it is a certainty that he never was "admitted to the bar." This becomes more evident when it is remembered that we finally arrived at T. C. none the worse for a vaudeville experience in conventional Boston. The after effects were bad. How many famous men and women did he name who were connected with equally famous departments? T. C. certainly is a wonderful institution!

An extra touch was added when Mr. Gant told us that our football team needed supporters. "Girls can be a great deal more help than boys." That's the truth, Mr. Gant. Now, girls, what can we do about it? Do about it? What did we do about it? The boys got our support and there was a lot of "snap" to it, too.

Classed among departed spirits is the pep meeting we had the day Mr. Lautner was relieved of an honorable duty, entertaining the student body at assembly. That time Mr. Stull did not leave us standing at the edge of a crowd. He advocated a knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out policy for all dead students. With Harry Bottrell, Hugo Hustad and the football team on the platform, the crowd could not fail to "register" as Miss Clark urged. Not all talks are "put over." Witness Mr. Brown coming under the bulletin board to deliver this:

Oh! the wild crawl he made,
Right on his knees he strayed,
Under the blackboard
Honor the wild crawl he made,
Right to the center stage,
Noble Professor!

And that was the spirit of the whole hour. Get there, no matter how, but get there! That meeting is gone, but not forgotten.

We have not been able to figure out Mr. Copper as yet. A letter received by one of the staff bore this tell-tale sentence,—"and saw Mr. Copper safely married." That is not hard to follow; same old thrill, of course with a difference, but then Mr. Copper appears and sets forth an external triangle: Janus, Florence Nightingale and Miss Liberty. On he goes from the two-facedness of Janus to the humanity and enlightenment of Florence Nightingale; then last, but not least, Liberty and Democracy. If this be treason—but no, it can't be! There can no harm come from cold and bloodless statuary. We remember Patrick Henry,—no, come to think of it, Shakespeare, said, "Books in the running brooks, sermons in the stones and good in everything." And we'll not change it.

All this is light stuff. It does us good to be giddy once in a while. Have you ever eaten bread that pa made while ma was away somewhere? All it needed was a little leaven to make it just right. We had a talker here one Thursday who had absorbed that idea with his name. Mr. Levin gave us a talk that was not sour dough. It was mighty good bread. He even added butter. If you only thought of the taste you missed a lot, because that was a nourishing lunch. How much does the average teacher know about taxes? That is not "the practical stuff" in teaching, but it is vital. We know that

babbit is an alloy used for bearings in machinery. Perhaps Sinclair Lewis' "Babbit" will give us better bearings. It's a good idea. And speaking of "good"—we heard Mr. Bishop that same day. Mr. Bishop was crowded for time, but he crowded much into his few words of greeting. There's another idea—one of the pieces of knowledge that is not, perhaps, a part of "the practical stuff" so far as teaching knowledge is concerned. We refer to the co-operation between the school systems of Detroit and Wayne County.

And so the assemblies have rolled by and Mr. Brown's faded appearance left nearer. "We" went to Virginia, left "our" kodak on the campus, had lots of interesting things shown to "us" and came back s—, no, wiser—"we" hope. Wonder how long a kodak would wait for you on our campus? But say—there is a real improvement in the men's cloak and locker rooms. Ask any of the fellows. It's a real pleasure to feel reasonably sure that your cap is going to be on its hook when you return. How about it, fellows? But this is digression. Let's on with the olds (taint news any more).

Our newest "olds" came on November 23. We are funny creatures in a home atmosphere. If our collars are not in a particular spot in a particular dresser, we yell, "Mother! Do you know where my — collars are?" You know the rest. You generally find them under that shirt you carelessly moved. (The author would not attempt to account for a woman's powder.) But be that as it may, there is an orchestra in our Normal. They are modest people, our musicians. They blow their horns—for us! And what do we do? Carelessly allow other things to cover our praise because the other "things" occupy the "center stage."

And then, not realizing the difficulty of the situation, some would-be-wise people talked while the girls were singing. The novelty of a male quartet drowned their wiseness, we hope.

Yes, Miss Spaulding's talk was enjoyable. Those of us who have studied History of Education heard a pleasant review of the French School System; while those that haven't received some valuable information (for Mr. Copper's and Mr. Stockwell's classes). Miss Spaulding, we think, illustrated one characteristic of a certain type of women, a freshness of outlook that never grows old, and reminds us that girlishness does not disappear with hair ribbons.

It's queer how the assemblies have been a series of dualities: Wet and Dry, Spirits and Pep, Past and Future, Humanity and Enlightenment, Liberty and Democracy, Personality and Tact, White and Colored, The Sorbonne and Art! What next? Oh, Yes! Thanksgiving and Turkey.

Upper Peninsula High Schools

SUPERIOR-SUN—GRAND MARAIS.

Our opportunity to act as mentor or big brother to high school publications over the Upper Peninsula has not been as widespread as we might wish. Quite by accident we stumbled upon a little paper that, aside from the accidental nature of its discovery, gave us a surprise, and something to think about. Grand Marais, the home of two of our students, Mr. Vernon Cameron and Miss Ellen Nimi, publishes a homey little paper. You know from reading it that everybody knows everybody else. We noticed one or two little provincialisms in your columns, Miss Beck. We like the spirit back of your "Summer Resorters" article. We would like to suggest that when your paper goes into the world, people will overlook your excellencies, oftentimes, and see only the little touches that proclaim you too provincial. "Life is a funny proposition," so we hope you will keep "molding" your paper and finding "the winter time for all of your green stuff."

"MICHIGAMME HI-TIMES."

The Michigamme Hi-Times we would term abbitious. Apparently they are endeavoring to give the town, as well as the school, a paper. Whatever the purpose, one thing is much in evidence; some one or some people have done a lot of work. The printing, we hope, will show a clean slate when the next issue comes from the press. It is a pity to spoil enjoyable reading with poor printing or journalistic bromides. If necessary we feel it would be much better to run one sheet short rather than use "filler" that is not up to your standards of original excretion.

"MORE PEP"—IRON MOUNTAIN.

You have a very modern and appropriate title for your paper, Iron Mountain. Your first issue is evidence that the name is vital. Whoever "J. E. L." is, there is real ability behind those verses. Practice, experience and a little more of originality ought to make for results in the future. Your comics are good, but don't overdo them. We await the coming of future papers with a trifle of impatience; there ought to be things of interest in them.

L'ENVOI.

Any high school in the Upper Peninsula that has a paper would please the staff of the News by sending to the news editor their publication without further invitation. We are trying to find you out, but sources of information are not always available. Your paper will receive prompt acknowledgement in the return of our own. We hope that any criticism or suggestion we may make in our columns will be taken as it is given, in a spirit of good fellowship and friendly co-operation to the end that we may obtain the best. Here's to better high school publications and more of them.

THROUGH THE CUT-OUT

This column should be an institution, and ever present in the minds of the Normal students. It must have a definite policy, must take a stand on matters, humble the lofty, exalt the lowly. Do not discriminate. Roasting to whom roasting is due.

Well, I Gas Yas!

De F. Stull says, apropos of one of the Geog. IV students, announcing his report to be on gasolene: "Yes, that's a very illuminating subject."

A Thing of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

You know who I mean. The boy with the large dome, the stag pants and the 45 degree feet. Well, will you tell him that he is in Marquette now and not in Kalamazoo, and in the Marquette Normal, cloak rooms are provided, so he won't have to carry his cap in his pocket? We understand that this cloak room idea is not new with our college, but has been in operation for a year or more in a few other places.

Hon. Alex J. Groesbeck honored us with a call a short time back. We were intensely pleased with his talk. At least I think we were, because didn't it receive nearly half as much applause as the jazz music that followed?

Andy Steele felt that the exigencies of this same call left him an opening he could not ignore. And to me he said: "Just because you're a smart 'Alex', don't think you're the Governor of Michigan."

We don't yell very often, out here. BUT WHEN WE DO, YOO-HOO!!! My but that skyrocket yell is a rip snorter. Vim, vigor, and vitality with every Yoo-Hoo. We Yoo-Hooed Governor Alex J. Groesbeck and Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Reed before they spoke. I am sure that it is an inspiration to hear.

We want to stop a moment and advise any cake-eaters that are new in our school that it is considered poor policy to make statements in public to

the effect that they "can get any girl in the school." These spirited, virile, young Amazons of the North Woods aren't to be trifled with, Hiram Halstead!

It is apt to prove embarrassing to vander into the men's stair and hall to the gym. Somebody saw Pearl Gollinger down there the other day. I guess it was John Voelker, but I'm not sure.

Be careful of your word endings around here. A young lady was stating in a report that the girls of a certain far country were "chic and well dressed." However, she ran the 'and' into the other words. The effect was "chicken well dressed," which probably did not effect the desired communication of thought.

A Sapling from De Forest.

In the training school De F. S. Junior asked to tell what "chastise" means. "It means to chase 'em and lick 'em," was his answer, which isn't far off.

He Who Steals My Coyne Steals Trash.

Ever since the present Senior class showed their avarice and greed by robbing the shoes off of the last year's Senior's feet, I felt they worshipped the Almighty Snake Skin, but when they elect a person by the name of COYNE to guide their destinies, I know that they do.

I suppose the Coyne of the Realm will circulate rather freely now. Well, Mark, I hope you ring true!

It grieves me to announce that I went to the CUT-OUT box with a basket to carry away the contributions. The thing was as empty and barren of anything useful as a Junior's brain. I hope my worthy successor can get more out of you. This is supposed to be a students' column.

Oh! The Little Dear!

"Life," sighs Marion, "is for me simply one Sheik after another."

I guess that's right, Marion, only you want to hope that one doesn't overtake the other.

That reminds me. Johnny Voelke asked me the other day if I owned a "joint" down near Lakewood. The idea! That place, John, if you please, is my summer residence, now nailed up for the winter. (All except the doors.)

Military Commands.

"Mark Coyne and Hugo Hustad, about Face!"

So Ernie Hildner's ancestors came over on the Mayflower, did they? It beats all what you can shake out of a perfectly good family tree at times!

Dumbdora Speaks.

Lillian Holman heard one of the boys remark that he had a "charley horse," and now Lillian thinks that "charley horse" is gymnasium equipment.

Not so, Lil, but it is football equipment.

If you see any remarks concerning the conductor of this column anywhere else in this paper, just remember they are the enfeebled attempts of other departmental editors to get square with something. Truth they disregard.

It looks as if an entire column should be devoted to the Misses Holman, but I can't let this get by:

While driving up Pine Street a few weeks ago I saw these two leading lights endeavor to make a Ford coop with a Wisconsin license climb the guy wire of a telegraph pole. They ought to be old enough to know by now that squirrel food grows on trees not telegraph poles, and also that there is a limit to what a Ford can do. Emil did not say how much it cost to buy his

Ford back from the repair man. I don't think that either of the girls has an operator's license, either.

When Swede Meets Speed.

Emil doesn't need any spot light in his "coop" when he takes certain blond luminaries for a ride. "And I learned about women from her."

Now You Have 'Em, Now You Don't.

Whassamatter, Vic Bergstrom. First two girls and now none at all. You might write and ask Rodolfo V. for his methods.

Merle Quayle shows a fondness for autos, Packards for instance. But can you imagine anyone sending the Packard home at 9 o'clock in favor of "Willie's" Knight?

The Conceit of the —

This same boy with the specs and the sidewise feet is a lady-killer and a gogetter. Believe me, girls, Hiram is not in it with Kendall when it comes to making a hit. And say, does he know he is a handsome dog? I'll say he knows it. But—no one else does.

With these few remarks, and provided I flunk not, I pass, pass into the history of this school, for at Christmas time I go forth from its stately portals forever.

J. A. C.

SCRIBBLER'S CORNER

The Newago Tribscript

Incredulously at first, then with growing alarm, I listened as the sage dispenser of knowledge, new and second hand, coolly, placidly, without the slightest manifestations of internal turmoil, stated that printing was not a social institution. The enticing C that I had hoped for, longed for, would have died for, wavered a moment at the horizon, its warm rays casting a ruddy glow over the azure sky of my hopes, then, with a diabolical wink, the C dropped over the edge, its lips clearly pronouncing that most poignant of expressions, RASPBERRY. Long indeed had I cherished that opinion of printing, firm in the conviction that if anything was a social institution, it was printing. But it wasn't so. He said it wasn't. Nope.

The Newago Tribscript! Assuredly! Contempt for pedagogs, long pedagogs, short pedagogs, thick ones, thin ones, all brands and descriptions, swelled in my bosom and was vented emphatically in that mystic name. The Newago Tribscript. IT WAS an institution. I WAS right. To what, I ask you, does the weary business man turn at the close of a fagging day? The Atlantic Monthly? The Dial? Poetry? Drama? The Edinburgh Review? All wrong. He turns to the Newago Tribscript. Breathlessly he fumbles with its ample pages. Ah! at last. Just about the center of its voluminous mass he finds her. Dressed in "Gym" costume, pirouetting on her right big toe, frantically clutching a dumbbell that occupies the upper left hand corner of this expressive delineation of anatomical secrets, she is his. To what does the acid visaged spinster, pedantic or otherwise, turn for the spicy titbits of humanities' retrogression? Good Housekeeping? The Ladies' Home Journal? The Woman's Home Companion? The Designer? The Delinquent? Home and Fireside? Not this particular specimen of bitterly middle aged femininity! She is deliciously shocked by the lurid account of what the woman said in the trial in the civil court. Ah yes, indeed.

Where does the lovelorn maid, who has seen the apple tree array itself in delicately tinted, exquisitely scented things some fourteen or fifteen times, go for the elucidation of Johnnie's inexplicable failure to invite her and the eternal "girl friend" to the Easter Rabbit's Annual Jamboree? Who does she apply to for information as to whether or not she should permit the aforesaid-

and heretofore-mentioned but not-as-yet-described Johnny to kiss her good night even tho' she has met him only three times and then Pa and Ma were there? Who tells her that such familiarities result in a contemptuous disregard of women's rights' prerogatives and inherent goodness? Who counsels her as to the extent to which she may refuse those delectable privileges without receiving that most detestable of all appellations—prude? Dora Bake, of Advice for the Love Sick, "address all queries care of Newago Tribscript."

To whom does the young Lochinvar apply for information as to whether swain or lass addresseth first, when so it hap they meet? From whence comes the sage counsel that the male should take the outer course when strolling with his concept of feminine divinity? Dora Bake of The Newago Tribscript.

Where do we note that Constantino-ple has surrendered, three negroes were lynched by a raging mob, and that a five-legged grizzly bear with a brass ring on his tail was shot by a man who has passed his ninety-ninth birthday? Where do we read the minutes of the Purity League of Milwaukee? How do we find out just how many wives Mr. Still-wife has? What, I demand, enables us to ascertain that the birth rate of Hoboken is in excess of the death rate, and that the death rate exceeds the birth rate by twenty-seven per cent? Where do we find a more convenient arrangement than in the statement of the number of marriages placed alongside the number of divorces? Where is all the petty chicanery of mankind exploited more beautifully than in the Newago Tribscript?

Who tells us that the Black race, the Jews, the Chinese, the Japanese, Mongolians, Mexicans, Hindustans, Eskimos and what not are soon to sweep the Caucasian from the earth? There is but one answer, loudly and clearly it rings out through the fogs of pedantry, over the clamor of the clashing swords of scholarly obtuseness—The Newago Tribscript. Assuredly.

Where do we find the superlative in English Composition, composition that in its ravishing expression rivals the potentialities of corn meal? What, I ask, publishes The Tale of Sinning Betty, Thrice Divorced Yet Still Unhappy, Married But Cheerful, Single at Forty But Hopeful, Her Paradise of Sin, Two Wives without a Husband, A Husband Unmarried, and all the rest of it? The Newago Tribscript.

Not an institution? Fiddlesticks! The Newago Tribscript an institution? Rather!

B. C.

The Czar

The czar is a mighty important fellow around here. During the day he puts things over me, but I get even in my dreams. Generally you can hear him coming a mile down the hall—that's when I get out my 'rithmetic. Pretty soon a sick feelin' comes into my stomach and my legs get wobbly.

The door gives a creak. I smell the rat, dig my hands from my pockets, and get into what teacher calls "position." I don't need to see him; I know he's coming right for me. So I glue my eyes to those long division stickers that were just handed to us. But it's funny how Chandler's Brook runs right in and out through them.

I'm landing my rainbow, when I feel my teacher lookin' at me the way she does when we're pastin' 'em for all we're worth. Something is standing awful close to me. Yes, those are his shiny black buttoned shoes; his pants striped like a zebra, and the white fence is still hanging on to his neck. He hasn't thrown off that shiny black coat yet, neither. I must have seen that beard somewheres before! I wonder if he does his posture exercises every day! Now his eyes are boring a hole in something. If he thinks it's me, he's mistaken. But his dome would be balder yet if I could only reach it!

"Into my office," growls the czar, grabbing the only part of my collar left. Gee, I'd give all my fishhooks if

I hadn't gone to Chandler's Brook yesterday.

R. M.

On the Wearing of Whiskers

"Woe unto them that wear whiskers," is a text which I have never heard expounded from any pulpit. On the contrary, I have heard many exhortations urging the wearing of whiskers as one of the most wholesome and worthy of the virtues. It is recommended to young men and women as an essential of success by both the salary of the bearded woman and the fact that J. P. Morgan and my landlord wore whiskers. This scale of values was correctly appreciated by the clergyman, who, having to officiate at the burial services of a notoriously wicked citizen, said, "Our dear friend had one noble virtue: he always combed his whiskers before breakfast." This virtue, it is claimed, could also serve as a criterion (?) in the judgment of nations as well as of individuals, were it not for the fact that Russia has so much hirsute advantage.

I may seem to be opposing the spirit of the age, which tolerates these facial blemishes, when I declare against them in the famous words of Cato, "Whiskers must be destroyed." I realize that it does away with the neck-scarf and the need of washing so much of the face; but I would like to recall the great disadvantage in eating soup. To the statement that Rome was conquered by the bewiskered Huns, I would only reply, "President Harding never wore a whisker in his life. 'Whiskers' must be destroyed." To the contention that the beauty of the beautiful sex is in their hair, I would only reply, "The safety razor is the world's greatest invention. 'Whiskers' must be destroyed." When I hear that whiskers are the handiwork of nature, I would joyously quote, "Bearded with moss, and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight."

The whisker is the only form of barbarism that still exists in our wonderful country, excepting, of course, the literary magazines. The cultured English have recognized this great defect and, wishing us to become as civilized as they are, started the great game of "Beaver." All those not knowing the game should send for Spaulding's Rule Book.

The baboon has whiskers all over. The Indian pulled his out. Are we going to follow the example of the baboon or the Indian?

Ask the deadlier part of America if they like to be tickled by a misplaced eyebrow and they will joyously join the chorus: "Whiskers must be DESTROYED."

C. V. R.

Human Interest.

THE LAST SHALL BE THE FIRST.

It all happened on Tuesday morning about nine o'clock, in the corridor at N. S. N. Mr. B—, who seemed to be the center of attraction, stood by a bunch of Freshies, telling them who he was; what he did, and emphasizing the fact that no member of the faculty could make him go to chorus. After he had carried on this kind of talk for some time, the Freshies, one by one, put their books under their arms and walked away to chorus. Mr. B— wondered what was the cause of their sudden disappearance. The reason was that the president of the school stood about ten feet away listening to the fine speech. Not a Freshy was left in sight, and Mr. B— was left alone to tell his troubles to the president.

Nothing was heard of Mr. B— for some time and every Tuesday at nine o'clock you can find him in the front row in chorus.

R. H.

"LEAGUE ROOM—NUFF SAID."

I had a note book to write up and two lessons to prepare, but I had fifty minutes in which to do it, so I thought I could spare about ten minutes to go down to the League Room and get all the latest news. As I entered the room

snatches of gossip from different directions came to my ears:

"— but believe me, M—," said one of the girls, "he's gotta go some before I'd swallow a line like that. Don't you think so?"

"I'll say so," said M—, "You know, the other day —"

From the other side of the room floated this: "Yes, I received two bids, but I don't believe I'll go. I just don't seem to care about dancing."

In the center of the room, perched on a table, was a girl giving over again the best jokes and songs of the Stock Company for the benefit of an extremely interested audience. The noise increased in strength and volume. The girl on the table was rendering a selection called "O-hi-O," accompanied by clapping hands and stamping feet. "R-r-round on the ends, and hi in the m-m-middle," she was caroling gayly, when suddenly she was startled by the sudden and appalling silence. She turned, apprehensively, and discovered "The President" in the doorway! I draw a veil over the following ten minutes.

M. W.

Pen Sketches

ANTIQUITY.

Swish! We looked up to see the folds of a long and equally wide, grass-green, plaited skirt sweeping by. Neither the length nor the width suggested any scarcity of material, although in that year of 1919 the cost of living was very high and even Dame Fashion had ordered shorter skirts. The height of the wearer was in harmony with the length of the skirt, or, we should say, the whole costume. Two long arms swung loosely to and fro in the lengthy sleeves of the green-plaid blouse. The crowning glory of this length, an enormous black hat with two large plumes hanging down the back of it, completely hid from view anything of the head or neck of the wearer.

Some ten minutes after this vision had passed out of sight, we were seated in a class room, face to face with a strangely familiar looking person. With the exclusion of the large hat, the same tall figure rocked slowly in the chair behind the desk. From the sleeves of the long, green plaid protruded nervous, claw-like fingers. They were incessantly playing with a bunch of keys, or carefully feeling their way up and to the long, thin neck, confined in a high, richly ornamented, lace collar. Two lifeless, gray eyes looked out from beneath a pair of broad-rimmed goggles, set upon a long, aquiline nose. A small, twitching mouth and a pointed chin were the finishing features of her sallow face. Several long, stray hairs of gray, as icy as the rest of her countenance, seemingly did not bother her any. She was perfectly suited to her position as Ancient History teacher.

I. K.

LOST FANNY.

She was very much excited, this fussy little person who was daintily clad in pink and white. Her trim little feet, shod in the daintiest of Mary Jane slippers, tripped lightly and nervously about the spacious grounds that surrounded the imposing and stately looking residence. She was evidently searching for someone, for her tinkling little voice called, "Fanny, Fanny," in almost perfect time to the movements of her little, twinkling feet.

She finally fluttered near enough so we could see her. Upon closer observation, we saw a trim, little lady whose child-like face, under a bewildering mass of fluffy gold, betrayed emotions of agitation and distress. The fingers of her small, white hands were adorned with large and blazing diamonds, which gleamed and sparkled as she nervously fingered a silken cord twined about the waist of her pretty, pink dress. She lifted her hands occasionally to wipe the tears from her lovely blue eyes.

"Fanny, Fanny, where are you, Fanny?" called the tinkling little voice again and again. "O, dear, I must

find her soon!" She's been gone exactly seventeen minutes!"

"I'll help ya, lady," offered a good-natured voice from the walk. "I'll help 'a fin' the lil' runaway!"

The little lady in pink turned about to face a ragged street urchin who had been watching the scene with boyish interest. His tattered hat revealed tufts of red hair; his dirty and torn blouse, ill-fitting trousers and bare feet, spoke plainly of a neglect he daily experienced.

"No, no," was the reply to his offer. "Your appearance would frighten her. Run along, boy."

Nothing daunted, the little freckle-faced chap shouted lustily, "Fanny, Fanny," and almost immediately, from somewhere in the shrubbery, there came a flash of white, and the next instant the little lady in pink was fondling, caressing, and crooning over a fat, little pekingnese.

"Well, what da ya know'bout that?" was the disgusted ejaculation of the little boy.

E. A.

A FAMILY MAN.

One lovely day last fall one of the girls invited me to go for a walk. She had an errand to a trapper's cabin, and did not like to go through the woods alone. Her final inducement was that I should be treated to a sight such as I had never before seen. Being a woman, I went.

I had just about despaired of ever reaching the place, when my companion turned and headed for a clearing. Soon I could see a tiny tar-paper shack. There was nothing remarkable about it, but she only smiled and walked on, which soothed my injured feeling very perceptibly. As no one answered our knock, we pushed open the creaky, wobbling door, and were inside. I made a wild scramble for my handkerchief, while my partner just smiled. There a voice coming from the darkest corner squeaker something about not having heard us coming. I could just see a tall, thin figure, which was stirring something in a great iron pot. We made known our errand, but were surprised that he did not look favorably on it. We could see two cases of canned milk on the floor, but he did not care to sell us one! However, as we were going, his heart softened, and he reluctantly sold us three cans of the precious liquid. We were waiting for the change, when a strange series of noises pierced the clear air. With one bound the man reached the door and flung it wide. In rushed—not a pack of wolves, coyotes, or even dogs—but cats!

They climbed over the rude table, they scrambled over the bench, they assembled under the box stove, they surrounded the old man; they did everything but devour us. When I had come to earth again, I saw that cats, man, and iron kettle were moving toward the door. When the last kitten had made his exit, we followed. Their majesties were by then gathered about large wooden troughs, eating oatmeal which flowed in an unceasing stream from the kettle. The dessert was highly satisfactory, canned cream. The old trapper now took great delight in emptying the tins into the troughs.

The last sight we saw, before the trees curtailed the cabin, was the old man, his red head bent over his fiddle, entertaining his loving family with "The Gang's All Here!"

R. M.

Modern Fables

THE KING AND THE CYNIC.

In a kingdom by the sea lived a King who sat upon a golden throne and wore a jeweled crown. As the crown was very heavy and made the King's head ache, he employed a Cynic to think for him. One day the Cynic came to the King to report on a book which he had read. He gave a long account of the book but told only of its faults. The King inquired as to the virtues, but the Cynic said he had noticed only the faults. At this the King became very angry, and banishing the Cynic

from the kingdom gave him a sack of wheat and told him to pick out the chaff.

Then the Cynic, who had cooled his broth and warmed his hands with the same breath, bethought himself as to how he could rise in defense of his noble calling. So he wrote a "Defense of Satire" and undertook to prove that all knowledge of good depended upon acquaintanceship with evil.

By and by the King chanced to come across the "Defense of Satire." He laid aside his jeweled crown and pondered deeply. Then at last he sent for the banished Cynic. Over the walls of the royal amphitheatre he had carved these words:

"He knows best what good is who has endured evil."

R. D.

Sometimes Obey Your Wife

The large, beautiful rainbow trout saw a fisherman wading down the stream.

"If you want to see some fun, watch me," said the beauty to his wife by his side.

"Now, Mr. Rainbow, you be careful. You are always doing something you shouldn't do," snapped the better-half rather commandingly.

"Don't worry, old dear, here goes," was the satisfaction Mrs. Rainbow received.

As the angler approached, to attract his particular attention, the trout gave one jump at an imaginary fly, a jump that would thrill the heart of any Nimrod. Then he swam lazily in the close vicinity of the angler, watching him from the corner of his eye.

"Oh boy! if I could only land that beauty!" exclaimed the now excited fisherman, as he temptingly played the bait under the would-be-wise trout's very nose.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Rainbow, "You have another guess coming."

"Don't fool with him. Listen to me for once," pleaded the anxious and worried wife.

"Cut out the sob stuff, honey. You make me sick. Give me credit for a little brains, anyway," replied the boss of the house.

Carefully he bit at the bait and gave it quite a tug. Zip, went the line, and the piscator's oath was sweet music to the trout's ears. Excited and somewhat nervous, the fisherman baited the hook and again applied it. How fine to feel the heavy tugging once more! Again the zip of the line without success.

"Ha! Ha! Ain't we got fun?" the trout joked to his wife.

"You think you have," replied she.

"He sure seems to be a wise one," mumbled the angler after a number of unsuccessful attempts. "I must change my tactics."

So he attached his favorite fly.

"I wonder—will the old stand-by fail me now?" he said, as he gracefully cast the "Queen of Waters" into the sparkling stream.

A marriage license was issued yesterday afternoon to Mrs. Rainbow Trout and Mr. Speckled Trout, both of Dead River, Michigan.

MORAL: He who laughs last, laughs best.

H. H.

The Otter and the Beaver

An otter was one day strolling on the bank of a creek when he came to a beaver dam. He chuckled softly to himself and said, "It seems to me that those doggon' beavers are always working. I guess I'll give them something more to do."

He accordingly set to work tunneling a hole through the base of the dam. It did not matter to him that the dam represented a whole summer's work on the part of the beaver colony. He worked away steadily, thinking all the while what a huge splash there would be when he finished. At last he was through and the water began to run through the hole. Mr. Otter climbed upon the bank to scratch the fur. The

water ran slowly at first, gaining rapidly in momentum until the whole dam was carried away.

The beavers had, by this time, become very excited and were trying to stop the rush of water. It was of no use, however, and they realized that their home was ruined. They were in a sad plight. The fall rains would soon come and then they could not dam the creek again. Besides, all their food had been washed down in the flood.

All this did not worry Mr. Otter, who proceeded homeward, laughing at his huge joke. Upon arriving in his own neighborhood, he met his wife, who was weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Have some of the children got the flu?"

"They are all drowned and our house is washed away," she wailed. "A big house came while you were gone."

Mr. Otter then realized that the waters that he had liberated had destroyed his house and children.

MORAL: Bad deeds, like bad children, come home to roost.

M. C.

Why Hairs Leave Home

The hairs of a flapper's head were eagerly discussing their ill-treatment.

"I won't stand for this any longer," said the hair by the ear. "I am continually being shoved up in the opposite direction with the comb, so that I get tangled with other hairs in a thick mass. Then at night there is not time to comb me back into my natural place."

"Yes, that is true," agreed the hair by the other ear.

Now it was the hair on the top of the head that added to the discussion. "What used to cause me to suffer most was to be screwed so tightly in some sort of a trap every night, so that I could scarcely breathe. I thought that was the severest pain I could endure, but I would ten times rather go back to that trap than to suffer as I do now. I am continually being burned and scorched while twirled around a hot iron rod. This pain is terrible; there must be some remedy."

"Let's leave our miserable home and die in peace," suggested the hair by the ear.

"But," argued the hair on top, "if we leave to die we will merely be caught when we fall and be fixed up together in a compact mass to take the place of those that have already left us. I know that this is true because my services for the last few years have been used to help to cover the mass of my dead comrades."

"Yes, that has been my duty also," said the hair by the ear. "Now I wish I were included in that mass of dead hair, because I could be at peace at least during the night. I want to die; perhaps then my services will be appreciated."

MORAL: Learn to appreciate your friends before they are dead.

E. C.

On the Ore Boats

HARD.

It was a Saturday night in Buffalo. I was walking through a dark, wretched street, bordered by dirty dilapidated frame houses. Many of the windows were broken and rags were stuffed in the holes. The name seemed appropriate—Canal Street.

After I had left the wharves several blocks behind, I came upon a group of men standing in front of a lighted building. One fellow towered above the rest. The building was evidently a pool room and tattooing shop. In the dim light, I made out the words, "Sailor George," on the sign outside. Loud language and cursing from the group, especially from the large man, attracted my attention. I found myself admiring his massive shoulders and back. An old grey, ragged sweater covered the upper portion of the giant. The greasy collar of a flannel shirt stuck out over the top of the sweater and partly hid a

thick red neck. He was growling and arguing to the men, who, from their general appearance, were seamen and probably artists with a blackjack.

I floated closer and got around on the port side of the group. From there I could see the speaker's brutish face. I shuddered, funny feelings went up and down my back. His animal-like face was covered with a black beard. Heavy eyebrows, high cheek bones, thick lips; all this topped with a gorilla forehead. But, worst of all, was a hideous, livid, regular knife scar running from the corner of his left eye down to his jaw.

I wondered who had the "guts" to fight with a man like that? Some guy did, and he left his brand.

R. Mc.

RED.

It was two bells on a bright sunny morning. With several other members of the crew, I was on the deck of a large ore carrier. We were off watch, somewhere in Lake Erie, and out of sight of land. The fellows were joking and telling stories.

It was the usual custom on board hat when a fireman got a high pressure of steam he could go up on deck and get fresh air. When a fireman did this, he was relieved by the coal-passer. On this morning, while we were sitting on deck, a fellow called "Red" was on duty, and he came up at the usual time. His immense body nearly filled the doorway. His nose had been broken—I wondered how. Like a criminal's, his red hair was clipped close to his head and a stubby beard hid his jaw. A woolen shirt, torn and sleeveless, greasy and covered with coal dust, protected his huge torso. Below this, heavy fireman's overalls were held up by a braided belt. The front of his shirt was open, and across his hairy chest an American eagle was tattooed. His great muscular arms, covered with dust and sweat, evidenced ability with shovel and firehoe.

He had not been standing there very long before one of the fellows made a "crack" about red hair. Well, "Red" didn't like it, and there was an argument. I had a feeling that something was going to happen and it sure did. In a flash, "Red" cleared the distance between him and the "mouthy guy." His long freckled arm shot out and crashed on this bird's jaw. The fellow, falling backwards, tripped over a cable stretched about a foot above the deck and lit on a steel hatch cover. He stretched out flat, except his feet, which still hung up on that cable.

Then someone hollered that the mate was coming, so two deckhands lifted the sleeping beauty into the store room and dumped him on a canvas.

"Red" unceremoniously stroled back to finish his watch; the other fellows resumed their jokes. Broken heads are all in a day's relaxation on a lake ore freighter.

R. Mc.

A Test of Work

The Seniors in the Home Economics Department entertained the Juniors at dinner on the eighth of November. During this quarter they have been studying large quantity cooking. This was made a class problem. All the plans were made by the Seniors, who divided the work among committees. The entire class helped to prepare the dinner, but the serving of it was left to the refreshment committee. The decorating committee made the tables look very attractive and also made unique favors. The guests were met by a reception committee and each Junior was taken to dinner by a Senior, who looked after her entertainment during the meal.

After the excellent dinner a program was given, consisting of instrumental solos, readings and community singing, accompanied by ukuleles. But by seven-thirty the entertainment was over. It was so delightfully carried out that the Juniors would not be sorry to have it repeated.

Begin Extension Courses

Two members of our N. S. N. faculty have recently begun extension courses in their particular fields of work. Professor D. F. Stull on November 25 began an eighteen weeks' course in "The Principles of Human Geography" for the teachers of the Escanaba public and parochial schools. Last year Professor J. C. Bowman conducted a course in "Types of Literature" at Gladstone for teachers of Gladstone and Escanaba.

Professor J. E. Lautner began a course in "Social Problems" on November 18 at Hancock. Previously, Professor Brown and Professor Stull gave extension work in the Copper Country.

Normal News Loses

Three Staff Members

The *News* is unfortunate just now in the graduation of Mr. Caven, Mr. Lane and Mr. Steele. We and our readers shall miss these student editors. (You note we feel called upon to Mister those about to enter the "profess.") We take this occasion to express to these three N. S. N. men our appreciation of their willing and efficient work as student editors, and to wish them good luck in their new work.

The new student editors are on the job and we foresee no jog in the work of the paper. Mr. Burt Clark will succeed Mr. Lane; Mr. Charles Van Riper, Mr. Caven; and Mr. John Schiska, Mr. Steele. N. S. N. students, make the new men feel you're behind them. This paper is your *Normal News!*

TRAINING SCHOOL

Hi School Music

Miss Hamby has planned the music in the Normal High School with a view to the development of individual talent. Each chorus period includes vocal or instrumental solos as well as concerted singing. An outline memory course of famous compositions is being given through the use of the victrola, and before the end of the year a memory contest will be held.

The Girls' Glee Club meets every Monday. They are very enthusiastic and may before long show the public what they can do.

Basketball practice started in the Normal High this fall with four members of last year's team: Captain Harvey Wishard, Ellis Hamilton, Howard Button and Robert Beral. Roger McLean and Harold Button graduated last June, and Max Gordon; the letter man of last year's team, has not reported. Ten games are scheduled for this year. Last year the team did not lose a game and this year's team hopes to do even better work.

The Hi Union has had some very interesting and instructive programs. At one meeting the relative merits of the three magazines used in connection with the English work were discussed. The magazines were: The Literary Digest, The Outlook, and The Independent. Each paper had a special representative who tried to show why his paper was especially valuable to the school. After the discussion a vote was taken to choose the one who had brought forth the strongest arguments. Harvey Wishard, representing The Independent, received the majority of votes.

On Saturday evening, October twenty-eighth, the Seniors in Normal High were hosts at a most delightful party. The guests included the High School faculty, student teachers, alumni and all members of present classes.

The Sophomore class is making plans for a party to be given in the near future.

English Section in Prospect for U. P. E. A.

On Thursday afternoon of the recent convention of the U. P. E. A., in Prof. Bowman's class room at N. S. N., a movement for the creation of an English section culminated. Twenty-five High School teachers from the Upper Peninsula were present. Action resulted immediately. Miss Emma J. Shafer, of Negaunee English department, was elected section chairman. The proposal to create a distinct English section, programed as such next year, was then sent to the executive committee of the U. P. E. A. for consideration. In view of the existence of English sections in practically every considerable teachers' association of the country, the action of the executives may be predicted. English teachers of the peninsula, cooperate with your section chairman, watch your section move. As the New Englander said, so say we, "She scoons!"

Senior Class Officers

It need not be said that the Seniors had no eye to construction when they elected their officers. Now nobody need come around and say that the Mark has declined in value until it's out of sight. Those marks are in paper and rank large in mere bulk, but a little Coyne can set the mark-et on its feet. Fair are her Tres-sees and fairer the "Trail" the Seniors have chosen; the weather predicted Clemen (son), and if that is not enough we'll leave it to Lillian to Hol-man. Very good, faithful Seniors, enter thou into the joys of a Life Certificate.

Project in Making Rhymes

Enthusiasm runs so high at the Halloween season that expression from the children is a comparatively simple matter. In the fifth grade this year the children were encouraged to express themselves in rhyme. It was great fun for all concerned—for the proud authors and for the boys and girls of the sixth grade who were given a chance to hear these brave attempts at rhyme.

For those who would sometimes like to try it in their schools, the following method of procedure is suggested:

Boys and girls were asked to make lists of rhyming words. Since the rhymes were to be for Hallow'en, words with Hallow'en significance were chosen.

fright	bright	post	sky
light	white	ghost	fly
might	etc.	most	my
night		host	try
sight		toast	sigh
plight		roast	high
tight		boast	by

Next the pupils were asked to examine stanzas of poetry to find rhyming schemes.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest."

(Notice that the first two lines and he last two lines rhyme.)

"I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened
And voices soft and sweet."

(Notice that the second and fourth lines rhyme.)

By further examination the children were led to see many other rhyming possibilities. These they used as patterns when they began to make rhymes of their own.

Now the boys and girls need to know that in poetry there is a regularity in length of lines and number of beats in a line. To help them in this he pupils were asked to open their mu-



fort of the student teachers on their behalf. They argued that since the student teachers had worked so hard to make beautiful pictures for them they, in turn, should make a special effort to write some very fine rhymes for the student teachers. The posters were gorgeous in coloring, properly gruesome, and well calculated to inspire this enthusiasm on the part of the young rhymers. So with much laughter and many "Ah's" and "Oh's" over the first poster displayed the children set to work to make a rhyme as wonderful as Miss Anderson's poster.

To make the problem as simple as possible for their first attempt the first two lines were supplied by the teacher, and the children asked to furnish the last two. As a further help the witch and cauldron scene from Macbeth was read aloud in the class. The different endings were given by the different individuals of the class. The following stanzas are typical of what was produced:

See the old witch making a brew,
Oh, what a terrible, terrible stew,
Lizzards and frogs and a great long

sic books and sing one of their songs, beating the time; then they were asked to talk this same song, beating the time. Then they were shown that every one of the verses they had been examining could be read in the same way—beating the time.

By that time the pupils had some idea of rhythm and rhyme and were asked to try some flights of their own. Difficulties were carefully graded, children at first required to supply only a word or two at the end of a line to finish out a rhyme. Gradually the difficulties were increased until finally the children were trying the whole of the rhyme by themselves.

1. One moonlit night a wee little elf
Sat on a toad stool fanning —
2. A sly little brownie came tripping
along,
His heart was so merry he — —
3. Goops and ghosts and goblins
Scare ———— night
They ————
And ————.

The children succeeded admirably with all this and had great fun filling in the blanks to complete the rhymes. But the most enjoyable part was yet to come. As a contribution to the problems, the student teachers made some very attractive Hallowe'en posters. These were now displayed and they created quite a sensation in the room. The eagerness of the children to use these as the subjects for their rhymes showed that they properly appreciated the ef-

The old witch taking her broom-stick ride over the town furnished the inspiration for the following rhymes. With these the boys and girls had no help whatever. Miss Jean Andrew contributed the poster.

1. There is the old witch flying over the town,
She has on a big black gown,
She is riding a great big broom
To sweep the cobwebs from the moon.
Oscar Elonon.
2. Hallowe'en is coming soon,
Then we'll see the witch and broom
And boys and girls with lanterns bright
Frightening people in the night.
Jeanne Bowman.
3. The witch is up in the air so high
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
Riding on a big black broom,
Riding way up to the moon.
Kenneth Billings.

All the student teachers of the fifth grade had brought in Hallowe'en posters. These were all put on exhibition about the room and the children asked



snake,
Oh, what a horrible thing to make.
Wilma Hill.

See the old witch making a brew,
Oh, what a terrible, terrible stew.
Legs of beetles, and the tail of a cat,
Mixed together with the swing of a bat.
Jeanette Desormier.

See the old witch making a brew,
Oh, what a terrible, terrible stew.
Teeth of wolf, and tongue of dog,
Mixed and mixed in the mist and fog.
Helen Brown.

to bring in rhymes about these pictures written at home. They came in thick and fast the next morning—a perfect avalanche of them. These were among the best:

1. I am a little pumpkin,
With eyes and nose cut out,
Just put a candle in me
And you'll hear the children shout.
David Morgan.
2. Four witches, four bats,
Three owls, three cats,
Two children hard at play,
One little brownie flying away.
Robert Southworth.
3. What do you do on Hallowe'en night
When the witches are abroad?
Do you run away in an awful fright,
Or stand bold upon the sod?
Ethel Christian.
4. I have a little pumpkin
As yellow as can be,
But every time I look at him
He's making eyes at me.
Bertha Luoma.

5. Six little pumpkins
Sat in a row,
Along came the gardener
And stuck in his hoe.
Jeanne Bowman.

It was interesting to the teachers of the fifth grade to watch the interest grow. Almost any time of the day children might be seen tip-toeing to the desk and placing there with much pride a little note for teacher. It didn't take many guesses to tell that upon unfolding these precious missives a 'masterpiece' would be revealed.

Their power to rhyme grew as fast as their interest. In a test one day when asked to quote a stanza of poetry to show that in poetry every line begins with a capital letter, more than half the class preferred to "make up" a stanza. To them it seemed a simpler matter to originate than to make the effort at remembering something already learned.

Composing rhymes is not as hard an exercise for children as it might seem. Their love for rhythmic speech makes it less difficult for them than it would be for some grown-ups.

Lillian A. Baker.

Household Mechanics in the Training School

Starting with the coming winter term the Manual Arts Department will offer several courses in Household Mechanics for grades 5 to 9, inclusive. These courses will include Elementary Electricity, Plumbing, Glazing and Soldering. Equipment enough to get the work started has been ordered and will be supplemented as needed. The regular type of woodwork and mechanical drawing that has been used in the past will not be entirely dropped. But rather, these two types of work will be reduced to essentials by eliminating the repetition.

The chief aims of the newer type of work are: 1. Teach more of the practical; 2. Discover the vocational trend of the boys; 3. Teach the boy to do well what he will have to do later.

The work in Elementary Electricity was given last year and the results were very satisfactory.

The "Special Days" are being commemorated in the eighth grade by programs in charge of the pupils. After a class discussion of its origin, mean-

ing and fitting celebration, Hallowe'en received its share of social notice through appropriate decorations and games, music and refreshments, to the happy satisfaction of all interested.

The class committees are now giving thought to the Thanksgiving holiday observance.

The eighth grade has started its fund or the memento to be left to the room at the end of this school year. The first united effort was a "Candy Sale" held at noon on Wednesday, October 25. It netted the class \$9.12 in twenty minutes.

Social Affairs

William Rogers, one of the pupils in the First grade, entertained Miss Harding and the pupils in his room, at a luncheon, on the seventeenth of November. The special reason for this party was William's birthday. On that day the weather man did his best, which is saying a great deal, and three cars of happy children left the Normal about noon and were brought back again at one o'clock. The twenty-eight guests were served a very delicious lunch. The ladies serving agreed that grown-up people could not have been more particular about table etiquette or shown more true enjoyment than this group of boys and girls.

All of the members of the faculty who are connected with the Training School were entertained at a tea on Friday, October the twenty-seventh, by Miss Gable. The hours were from four to six.

The students who are teaching in the Third and Fourth grades were delighted with an invitation given to them by Miss Polkinghorne, the Critic Teacher of these grades. The invitation was for

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November sixteenth, and included a walk around the Island followed by supper on the beach. The Misses Hamby and Ward were also asked to be guests. If you had passed about the time the weenies were being roasted over the fire or in time to hear the singing you would have felt very sure of the success of the party.

The Home Economics Seniors have been studying a cycle of units in Home Economics. They have taken as special units the refrigerator and preparing and serving a meal. A chart has been made outlining the following: 1. Problems to solve; 2. References and notes; 3. Laboratory work; 4. Facts to be learned; 5. Powers to be outlined. This has been done with an idea of presenting these subjects in as clear a way as possible to a group of Senior or Junior High School students.

Miss Edna Schneider visited Miss Lotus Muehrcke at Iron River over the week-end. She reports that Miss Muehrcke is very enthusiastic about her work and is obtaining very good results.

Superintendent H. D. Lee, of the Training School, represented the Northern State Normal at the sixth district meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' Association at Cheboygan, November 2-3. The Northern Normal alumni who were present at the meeting ate noon-day luncheon together at the Hackmatack Tea Room on November 3. Sixteen teachers who formerly attended the Northern State Normal School were present. Their names were as follows:

Mrs. J. Emily Johnson, 413 Third Street, Alpena, Michigan. Formerly Miss Deadman, class of 1909.

Mrs. Ray Potter, Roger City, Michigan. Formerly Miss Ida Ohman, class of 1911. At present, commercial teacher in Roger City.

Mrs. Vincent Brady, Roger City, Michigan. Formerly Miss Dora Zanel-la, class of 1914. At present, teacher at Roger City.

Miss Ruth E. Anderson, Roger City, Michigan. class of 1921. Teaching second grade at Roger City.

Mrs. June Kilpatrick, Levering, Michigan.

Miss Irene Devine, Class of 1920, teaching at Roger City.

Mr. Frank C. Birch, Class of 1920, Tapinahee, Mich.

Miss Agnes C. Kilpatrick, Afton, Mich.

Miss Jane Brewer, Class of 1922, teaching at Gaylord, Mich.

Miss Ada Roux, teaching for the second year at Alpena, Mich.

Miss Laura Marco, 1004 State Street, Cheboygan, Mich.

Miss Georgia Crawford, 224 North Street, Cheboygan, Mich.

Miss Alice C. Corlett, 411 Bailey Street, Cheboygan, Mich.

Miss Elizabeth Rayburn, Alpena, Mich.

At the close of the luncheon, Mr. Lee discussed the Northern State Normal School, the present faculty, and the future plans and prospects.

Miss Agnes C. Kilpatrick, Afton, Michigan, formerly a student of the Northern State Normal School, was on the Rural Division Program of the Michigan State Teachers' Association at Cheboygan for a paper entitled "Revitalizing Rural Life."

Did You Know

That a Hallowe'en party could be educational and still be a real party? If you feel any doubt concerning this, you should visit the Training School about the thirty-first of October. The preparations for this event were begun several days before Hallowe'en. The classes in English held conversations or wrote stories on topics suggested by this. In the upper grades very attractive covers were made for these stories during the drawing period. Appropriate songs were learned, and in one room the words and music for a song were composed by the pupils. The special plans for the party were left to committees, who showed much ability in managing such an affair. The Home Economics Department kindly offered to give lessons on candy making or popcorn balls, so that these articles might be added to the party.

During the hour given to the party each room was visited by the pupils of the first grade, who wore paper bags over their heads, with jolly faces cut in the bags. The program committees had been doing some good work, which was shown in the very enjoyable programs conducted by them.

Hallowe'en Stories

The following group of stories were written in the Sixth grade:

HALLOWE'EN WITH A WITCH.

One Hallowe'en night I went for a walk with my friend. As we were walking along we heard a strange noise up in the air, and looking up we saw two witches flying toward us. We were greatly frightened. These two witches came quite close to us and one spoke to us. She said, "We will take you for a ride if you would like to have us do so." So we went, my friend on one witch's broom and I on the other.

The witches flew over a cornfield and we saw some boys making Jack-o-lanterns. Then we flew over a forest and heard such strange noises.

After that the witch flew up high into the air and it seemed as if I could touch the moon. I almost fell off the broom, because I had never been on a broom before. I hung on very tightly. Then I woke up and found myself almost out of bed.

Josephine Kellogg.

JOE PUMPKINHEAD'S HALLOWE'EN.

Once upon a time I was a yellow pumpkin in the cornfield. One day a boy came and cut me off my vine. It hurt so that I yelled "Ow," in his ear. Then he took his knife and cut an eye. I winked at him. Finally he cut another eye, and I blinked at him. Then he cut my nose and my mouth. I did not know what a nose was for, so I looked at him out of my nose. You see I could see out of my nose as well as my eyes. Then he put a candle in me and set me on a stick and when the girls came and saw me they ran away. I did not know why they ran away from me, but after awhile I found out, so I made them run even faster by saying: "I am a little pumpkin head sitting on a stick, If you don't watch out, I'll scare you away, quick, quick."

Stanley Goodman.

A THRILLING DREAM.

"Well," said the witch, as she swept the last cobweb from the sky, "let's go and visit Yellowtop." "Alright," said her black cat. So down they swooped.

It was late at night when they arrived at the garden where Yellowtop usually was. They hunted for him high and low, but no trace of him could they find. Pretty soon they saw two shining eyes in the distance. "Let's go and see whose eyes those are," said the witch, so again they flew with the brooms. Then behold! the eyes belonged to Yellowtop. "I never expected to find you here," said the witch. The pumpkin said very sadly, "This is my last day on earth." All seemed sad at this, but the pumpkin said, "We'll get Mr. Ghost and Red Goblin." Soon Johnny went to the store and a witch and a goblin chased him. He ran into his room and Red Goblin made him jump. Later he found it was a dream.

Jack Bergen.

THE BROWNIE AND THE PUMPKIN MAN.

Once upon a time there lived a little Brownie in a little bush. He was painting the leaves with a small paint brush, and he was skipping from tree to tree when he came to a long fence. It was getting dark and was quite late. He followed the fence along until he came to a place where he found a funny yellow Pumpkin Man resting upon it. Said he to the Pumpkin Man, "What are you doing here out in the dark?"

"I was once just a plain pumpkin growing in the cornfield," the Pumpkin

Man replied. "When I got ripe and mellow the farmer's boys found me, cut me off from the vine, and hollowed me out with a sharp knife. It was quite painful at the time, but my suffering was soon over. At first I thought they were going to make a pie out of me, but instead they cut in me some queer-shaped eyes and nose and mouth. They called me a Jack-o-lantern, and they put me here on this fence. You see the candle on my inside shines out in the dark, and I am supposed to frighten every one who comes this way."

"But why are you here tonight?" the Brownie asked.

"Can it be that you do not know that this is Hallowe'en?" said the laughing Pumpkin Man.

"Oh, yes," said the Brownie, and off he ran to get ready for the fun.

Willard Whittemore.

A TRIP WITH A WITCH.

One night I fell asleep in the big arm chair by the fireplace. I had just been asleep a little while when I heard a loud knock at the door. I went to the door and there I saw a witch. I was frightened at first, but she told me not to be afraid, as she would not harm me. She asked me if I wouldn't go for a ride with her. I said, "I would love to go." She said that I had better put some warm clothes on, because it was quite cold out. I got my plush coat, my wool sweater and my mittens. Then we started off, up in the air.

We rode along in silence for quite a while. I was afraid if I talked or moved I would fall off the broom. Then I asked her where we were going. She said we were going to visit the moon. I did not fall before when I talked, so I talked some more. It was a long ride, but at last we reached the moon. We talked with her for a long while and she told us all about her home. I looked down on the earth and saw ghosts and pumpkins and all the rest of the things they have on Hallowe'en. I decided it must be Hallowe'en.

As I looked down I began to feel dizzy. I felt cold, too. All this time the witch talked to the moon and did not pay any attention to me. I was just going to tell the witch I wanted to go home when I fell down, down, I went. I started to cry, but I was too far up in the air to be heard. I thought I was going to fall on a pumpkin that was on the gate, when I woke up. It was all a dream, and I had fallen off the chair.

Dorothy Wiggins.

Physical Education in Training School

This year marked the beginning of a new era in Physical Education in the Training School. Never before has it been possible to organize this work in the fine big way that it has been done this year, but this has been accomplished by the addition of another physical director in the department. The plan which has been made for the future is to have a physical director who will be able to give all of his time to the Training School.

Briefly stated, the aim of the Physical Education is development along these lines: 1. Health and health habits; 2. Character (fair dealing—staying habits); 3. Posture and poise; 4. Mental and physical alertness; 5. Social (friendliness—give and take spirit); 6. Leadership (when to follow, when to lead) citizenship; 7. Sense of rhythm; 8. Recreation.

Although the work with both boys and girls has followed these points the emphasis is placed upon different things. With the boys, the thought is rather to build healthy, rugged boys with right ideas, who will be fitted to take their places as good citizens. While the girls have many of the same things emphasized, they also have more of rhythmic than of strenuous exercise.

In the Fifth grade there is a partial division of the boys and girls for work, but beginning with the Sixth grade and continuing through the Twelfth grade they are in separate groups. Student teachers, who are directed by Miss Gray and Mr. Hedgecock, take charge of the work in the grades from the Third through the Eighth.

The Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth grades are organized into squads under Twelfth grade leadership. The strongest Twelfth grade students are in charge of the groups and are responsible for work, discipline and grading of these groups. Effort is made to stimulate the interest of the leaders in habits, scholarship and action of the individuals in their groups outside of the class room. In other words, to play the part of Big Brother or Sister. All are unformed in the class room.

It takes time to get results from this kind of work, but once established such training will have a great influence in the making of the future citizens.

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Alumni News

MARRIAGES.

Gray, Blanche, '04, of Bessemer, and Mr. James C. Logan were married August 22, 1922. For the past few years Mrs. Logan has been State Supervisor of Home Economics in Arkansas. Prior to that time she was head of the Home Economics Department in the Teachers' College in Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Mr. Logan is, at present, Professor of Agriculture in that same college. They are living at 1435 Whitener Avenue. It will be of interest to Normalites to know that Mrs. Logan is a sister of Gladys Gray, our Physical Education instructor here at school.

Rydholm, Selma, '13, of Marquette, and Mr. Raymond Cook were married in Kansas City on August 30, 1922. At present Mrs. Cook is traveling with her husband, who is a traveling salesman for the Miller Rubber Co., with headquarters in Akron, Ohio.

Baril, Alma Marie, '15, formerly of Iron Mountain, and Mr. Paul Charles Cossman were married September 21, 1922. They are living in DeKalb, Illinois, where Mr. Cossman is employed.

Paulson, Alma, '16, and Mr. A. G. Mortenson, both of Marquette, were married October 18, 1922. Mr. Mortenson is a graduate of the Marquette High School and of the University of Michigan. They are making their home in Marquette.

Trevarrow, William H., yr. '22, and Miss Stella Mitchell, both of Ishpeming, were married August 30, 1922. Mrs. Trevarrow has been employed in the office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for the past few years. Mr. Trevarrow is a veteran of the World War, having served with Company C of the 107th Engineers. He is a vocational student here at school at the present time.

BIRTHS.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, Jr. (Teresa Dillon, '13), are the parents of a daughter, Helen Jean, born July 19,

1922. They live at 722 Pine Street, Marquette.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cloon (Margaret Ockstadt, '13), of Wakefield, are the parents of a daughter, Margaret Ann, born October 21, 1922.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Brami (Johanna Richardson, '15) are the parents of a son, John, born June 3, 1922. They are living in Ramsay, near Bessemer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Schaad, Mary Maloney, '16), of Columbus, Ohio, are the parents of a son, born in September, 1922.

Dr. and Mrs. Arvid W. Erickson (Blanche Norbom, '19), of Menominee, announce the birth of a son, Robert Waldemar Norbom, on November 2, 1922.

BRIEFS.

Collar, Mrs. W. F. (Virginia Fraser, yrs. '05-'09), is living in Austelle, Georgia.

Kinsman, Mrs. I. (Ida Jackson, yr. '06), is living in Detroit.

Casey, Olive Carrigan, '08, is teaching in Milwaukee, Wis. Her address is 689 48th Street.

Hamel, Agnes, '08, is teaching in Muskogee, Oklahoma. Her address is 407 N. 12th Street.

Corbett, Therese, '10, is teaching in Youngstown, Ohio, this year.

Siegel, Mary Caroline, '11, is teaching in Cleveland, Ohio. Her address is 2031 E. 96th Street.

Driscoll, Florence, '12, A. B. Degree December, '20, is teaching mathematics in the Muskegon High School this year. She may be addressed at 40 W. Isabel Street.

LeVeque, Leslie, yrs. '12-'13, member of L. L. LeVeque Construction Co., who now has charge of the constructing of a dormitory at Columbus University, in Columbus, Ohio, has been awarded the contract for building the Grand View High School in the same city.

Canzey, Mrs. (Etna McIntosh, '13), is living in Hibbing, Minnesota, now.

Gerry, Mrs. John (Anne Trevarrow, '13), lives in Flint at present.

Gorman, Grace, '13, spent her summer vacation in San Francisco and other western cities.

Lee, Ethel, '13, is teaching in Stambaugh.

Anderson, Gerda, '14, of Ishpeming, is spending the winter in California. She left November 21 and expects to be gone until next August or September. She expects to visit Yellowstone National Park, Grand Canyon, Denver, and other western points of interest during her stay. Most of her time will be spent in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Berkeley. Her mail may be addressed to 3011 Dana Street, Berkeley, California.

Bowden, Ethel, '14, of Negaunee, teaches in Muskegon this year.

Goodman, Flossie, '14, of Negaunee, is teaching a second grade in Flint this year.

Metherell, Ida, '14, is principal of Ice Lake School in Iron River.

Burge, Louise, '15, of Negaunee, is teaching in Flint this year.

Johnson, Maidie, '15, teaches in Oak Park, Illinois.

Mullholland, Claire, yrs. '14-'15, is teaching in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Her address is 128 E. Merrill Street.

Stillman, Nettie, '15, teaches in Flint.

Van Chestein, Irene, '16, is teaching a fourth grade in Escanaba this year. Her address is 430 S. Twelfth Street.

Harrington, Germaine, '17, is teaching in Sparta.

Lowney, Irene, '17, teaches in Owosso now. Her address is 406 E. Oliver Street.

MacDonald, Catherine, '17, teaches in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Martin, Joseph D., '17, formerly of Iron Mountain, writes from 1430 Co-hasset Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio: "Nothing would please me more than to be back at old N. S. N. again for a little while. Time soon slips by. I

had a delightful summer at Columbia University. We took in New York fairly well and then spent a week in Boston. It was a great pleasure to meet Mr. Stull and Guy Gamble once more."

Rule, Nina, '17, is teaching in Lansing.

Casler, Dr. Wilbur L., '18, graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Michigan in June, 1922. After his graduation in June, he went to the Metropolitan Hospital in New York City. It is a very large hospital, with accommodations for 1,800 patients. Dr. Casler entered as an interne and in September was appointed house physician. That position gives him entire supervision of several other interns, and of certain departments of work in the hospital. Dr. Casler's friends consider it a great honor, coming so soon after his graduation. It will be a very valuable experience, as it means much responsibility. His mail may be addressed to Metropolitan Hospital, Well-fare Island, Staff House, New York City.

Lehnen, Sadie, '18, is teaching a second grade in Detroit. She may be addressed at Apartment 1 F 92, Peterboro.

Micklow, Florence, '18, teaches in Virginia, Minnesota, this year.

Peterson, Margaret, '18, teaches in Lansing.

Stillman, Hazel, '18, teaches in Flint. Windoft, Gertrude, '18, teaches in Naperville, Illinois, this year.

Arnold, Melba, '19, of Iron Mountain, is teaching in Pekin, Illinois.

Beckman, Hazel, '19, is teaching in Muskegon now.

Bennett, Merva, '19, of Marquette, is teaching a third grade in Riverside, Illinois, this year. She is also studying music in Chicago. Her mail may be sent to Box 530, Riverside.

Freberg, Irene C., '19, is teaching in Havana, Illinois.

Johnson, Walter, '19, is teaching in the Two Rivers High School and Vocational School. He is instructing classes in auto mechanics, sheet metal, electrical instruction, and woodwork. His mail may be addressed to Box 102.

Purchase, Alfreda, '19, is teaching in Albion.

Wellman, Margaret, '19, teaches in Lansing this year.

Forsberg, Mildred, G. S., '20, teaches in Vulcan.

Fox, Olive, '20, is teaching Geography and English in the Junior High School in Muskegon. Her address is 1017 Reynolds Street.

Hagen, George, '20, is a manual training instructor in Muskegon.

Hansen, Enga, '20, is teaching in Saginaw this year.

Martens, Goldworthy, '20, is teaching in Hammond, Indiana, this year. Her address is 53 Ruth Street.

Paradis, Louise, '20, is teaching in Chisholm, Minnesota, this year.

Treiblock, Maude, '20, is teaching in Wakefield.

Anderson, Fred, '21, is teaching at Grosse Pointe, a suburb of Detroit.

Bellstrom, Sybil, '21, teaches in Lake Geneva, Wis., this year.

Bilkey, Mary, '21, teaches in Traverse City.

Donich, Kathryn, '21, of Bessemer, has had to give up teaching on account of ill health. She expects to be in Bessemer for Christmas.

Johnson, Helen, '21, of Marquette, teaches in Jackson this year.

Lowney, Elizabeth, '21, teaches in Muskegon this year. Her address is 180 S. Terrace Street.

Olson, Olga, '21, teaches in Port Huron.

Sinclair, Ruth, '21, is teaching in the Hampton School in Marquette this year.

Anderson, Wendell, '22, teaches in Northland.

Mertz, Dorothy, '22, is teaching departmental work in Racine, Wisconsin. She is teaching classes in Reading, Geography and Spelling. Her mail may be addressed to 1624 Wisconsin Street.

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DORIS I. BOWRON,
Secretary.

Here and There

Among the interesting avocations of the students of the N. S. N. is that of the operator par excellence of the Cut-Out, Mr. James Caven. He is devoting his spare time to the study of horticulture in its esthetic aspects and to the collecting of rare, though slightly damaged, pottery. These hobbies of his are attracting considerable notice among local devotees to the arts and promise to place "Our Jim" among those who are more than dilettantes in the love of beauty for its own sake. Mr. Caven has also about perfected a new cipher code which promises to surpass Esperanto in its broader adoption.

We asked "Soup" LaVillet for some news the other day. He replied that the only joke he could think of was himself. 'Nuf said.

The reason why Victor Bergstrom's hair is getting curly is not that he uses rags. Get the name of his curling fluid, girls. It's good! "It curls while you sleep."

Mark Coyne and Fearman Hargrave spent last week at S— on the "farm." They went hunting, too, and all they got was *back*.

For the benefit of those who weren't at Critic the other night, we wish to announce that Mr. Lee can't use any picture for applications over 4 feet square. In a pinch, however, one 2½ feet by 3 feet might be used.

FROM ERNIE'S "DARLINGS."

E.: Who was the leader of the Normans in France?

Darling: Plato (!?!)

E.: What are four things prohibited to the Normans?

Another Darling: To marry four wives at the same time.

Do you remember the challenge Mr. Levin made to the students and the faculty? Anyway, it ran something like this: "If all the students and half the faculty will go down to the 5:15 a. m. train to see the N. S. N. football boys off to Mt. Pleasant, I'll be there and will lead the yells." Well, the boys went on the 2:15 train Thursday afternoon instead, but Mr. Levin wasn't notified, and on Friday morning "Ezry" greeted the 5:15 all by himself.

Someone asked us the other day if we could imagine Bruce Hedgcock on snowshoes.

Or if we knew why V. B. calls at 112 E. Crescent so often. Do you suppose it's just to visit Theophilus Forsman?

Mr. Archambeau of Marquette gave one of his interesting talks to the Commercial Club the other day. His subject was "Salesmanship."

The salesmanship class was also fortunate in having Mr. Earl Campbell speak on "Insurance Rates and the Mortuary Table."

We are all wondering what would become of the class in American Prose Writers if—

Marjorie Brown were not there to ask questions.

The class could not have the benefit of Cecile Seline's thoughtful repetitions.

It were forced to do without Mr. Dunn's contributions and his gentle appeals for enlightened discussions, veiled in the simple, "Is it not?"

SOMEONE WAILS:

No more "Frat" parties 'till after Christmas. No more thrills in the Normal.

WANTED:

Walter Clemenson—A counterfeiting machine and some compressed yeast cakes to raise some money to pay the Seniors' bills.

A Fair Maiden from Escanaba — A

carload of good looking men for the N. S. N., preferably before the Senior Prom.

Familiar sayings that won't be heard for another year: "Come on, come on, men. Hurry it up and when do we eat."

Mr. Gant: "Miss —, what is electricity?"

Miss —: "Oh, I forgot!"

Mr. Gant: "Too bad; you are the only one in the whole world who ever knew and you went and forgot it!"

We had another Faculty Mother with us last week. Miss Gray's mother, from Bessemer, spent a day visiting school.

The "P. X. Rs." will receive a severe blow to their dignity when they hear this one. It happened on the afternoon of the N. S. N.-M. C. M. football game. The P. X. R. members hired an old hack, borrowed some of grandpapa's canes, and little baby sister's white-frilled bonnets with blue and pink rosettes, and prepared to "take the town by storm." We admit they made quite a sensation. You know how it is when all the little boys in the neighborhood buy new horns for "circus day." We overheard two of the townswomen comment on this strange apparition.

Said the first—"What's this, my dear? Something happening out at the Normal? Are those some of those fraternity boys?"

Replied the second (blushing for the ignorance of the other): "No, no, dear. Didn't you hear about the carload of fresh apples that came in this mornin'?"—P. X. R.—That's the name. They're advertising. They want to sell the whole carload before night."

It was midnight! The silver moon peeped out from behind the sombre clouds and then hid itself from view. The wind gently rustled 'mong the fallen leaves, which sheltered mother-earth from the cool night air of early autumn. The swish, swish, of the waves against the distant lake shore only emphasized the deep stillness which pervaded all. The midnight chimes awakened a dog nearby—a sharp bark, a long, low, pitiful wail and—Silence. Somewhere a rooster crowed. Then—the soft pur-r-r of a distant motor disturbed the solemn stillness.

"Some belated traveler," thought I, as I turned into my gate, following my astronomical observation of the Pleiadas. But the traveler did not take the state trunk road, as I had expected. The pur-r-r of the motor grew steadily louder until it became the chug, chug of a laboring engine. "Hard driver," I concluded.

The car stopped. I heard the snap of a key, the loud creak of opening doors. All was well. When suddenly—Bang!?! Crash!?! The noise awakened the neighbors. Someone turned in the fire alarm, someone else telephoned the police. Windows were opened, white capped heads leaned from second-story windows. Sharp voices called—"What's that?—Anybody shot?" I rushed madly to the scene of disaster and discovered—that Mr. Stull had run into and smashed Mr. Weston's garage door to pieces. It's fixed now, but even yet it looks bad to me. After midnight!

"HE CALLED FOR HIS PIPE"

Have you heard Mr. Lee's story of the Pipe? It ran something like this: "I saw a young man at the football game the other day, smoking a pipe. Now, I don't want you to think I'm 'finicky' about smoking. What I want to emphasize is this: When that young man saw me, he rubbed his cheek, I blinked my eye, and Presto, the pipe was gone. If he wanted to smoke, why should he be afraid of me? I'd much rather have him smoke in the open than have him hide behind billboards. Why should he slink that

way? It was his personal affair."

The significant fact is, that within the next few days, six of the boys went to Mr. Lee and "fessed up."

The joke is on Ernest. He thought there was going to be something in this column about him this time.

"What is your authority?"

"The Book of Facts."

"Who publishes that but the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, composed of a group of states, for the advancement of their own interests."—So the battle waged.

The question, "Resolved, that the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway project should be adopted by the governments of the United States and Canada, and carried to an immediate completion," was debated in the Industrial History and Geography class a few weeks ago. Three men composed the negative team and three girls made up the affirmative. The debate stimulated some rapid thinking and sparring. With the aid of the "Book of Facts" the affirmative won in spite of strong arguments offered by the "brothers."

Professor Brown, who is chairman of Psychology section of the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club, is now preparing a program for the meeting to be held in Ann Arbor during the spring term. Prof. Brown has recently addressed the Lions' Club of Negaunee and the

Woman's Welfare Club of Marquette on the subject, "Conduct as Related to Intelligence." He has engagements, which will be filled soon, to speak to the Woman's Welfare Club of Negaunee and of Calumet.

Bernice Trevarthen and Veronica Cuff left school last week because of illness. We miss you, girls.

Heard in the Library—J. C., wistfully: Yes, I think I'll go down in the gym with the dumb-bells!!!

Two weeks ago Prof. Chase spoke to the D. A. R. Boys' Club at Manistique.

Faculty Women Entertained at President's Home

The faculty wives and the faculty women of N. S. N. were entertained on the evening of November 25 at the president's home by Mrs. Kaye, Mrs. McClintock and Mrs. Brown. There were many reasons why the affair was so marked a success, for that is exactly what it was. The two-course (what shall we call it at 5:30 if it wasn't a dinner?) "little dinner" was delicious; the guests were in holiday mood; the hostesses radiated hospitality. The prevalent feeling of good comradeship was enhanced by the hasty entrance of

several belated sisters who hadn't known the event was timed for 5:30, not 6:30.

During the evening the extempore North Star Quartet did their best and succeeded in receiving encore after encore. One of the most interesting things of the whole frolic was the piano number by Miss Hamby's mother. In an improvised stunt, genius came out. It just couldn't be hidden. We always knew it. Mrs. Martin is a regular Damrosch, and Mrs. Stockwell and Mrs. Chase should be a Thanksgiving poster for Saturday Evening Post. The sincerity of Mrs. Lewis' musical interpretations was only equalled by her professional poise. We hadn't before known that Miss Spalding did solo work with such impressionistic and lyric abandon. The vegetable number was a success, provided you hadn't been exposed to a finishing school pronunciation. You just had to call it to-may-to.

Anyhow, anyway, the affair was one of the kind we all like to be participants in. The faculty women and faculty wives take this opportunity to tell Mrs. Kaye, Mrs. McClintock and Mrs. Brown what a very nice time everyone had.

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