

1916

The N.K.C. Annual, 1916

National Kindergarten and Elementary College

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THE N. K. C. ANNUAL

Volume One
of the Year Book of the

National Kindergarten College

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

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AND ELEMENTARY COLLEGE



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Dedication

To "our"

Miss Harrison

whose life will ever be an inspiration to "her" girls

This Book
is lovingly dedicated

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING



SPRING is the season of year when signs of joyous growth greet us at every turn—new leaves on the trees, young dandelions in the sunshine, little birds in the nest. How fitting a time for the birth of an enterprise, the sending forth of this our first student Annual. Modest in its composition and proportions, it may yet be the forerunner of great things in the literary life of our school, in the social expression of our student body.

This has been a year of growth at N. K. C. Material prosperity has been evident in the size of the classes, in the increase of buildings and the acquisition of property; but our year would be barren, in spite of all that, were the outer growth matched by no inner growth of ideals and their attainment.

One great cause for rejoicing is that for the first time we have had an attempt to realize in a definite form the idea of self-government. This conception has been successfully incorporated in the Student Government Association of the Dormitories and the Student Council of the College, of which the Annual itself is one flowering. Such a government conceived in the spirit of loyalty to the ideals of our Alma Mater and maintained in unbroken co-operation between faculty and students means a citizenship in our College which will afford the best preparation for a more responsible citizenship in the larger world.

But growth in the school community as in the world community is conditioned by growth in the individual. Are there signs of increasing efficiency in our work, of the open mind in our attitude toward new discoveries in education, of the character that continually becomes stronger for and through serving others? If these things are true of us, the College will be an ever greater power in the world because her daughters, like the Spring, radiate the joy and the inspiration of perpetual growth!

FOREWORD

Go forth, little Book,
And may you well
Weave over your readers
Time's mystic spell.

Relive for them once more
The joy of school-days gone,
And tint again the sky
Of girlhood's happy dawn.

Remind them that To-day
With Courage by her side,
Is chanting "Loving Service"
Throughout our country wide.

And whisper of the Future
With all its hopes and fears,
Of struggles gained, of victories won,
With each succeeding year.

— J. W.

ANNUAL STAFF

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Assistant Editor	Ruth Schoonemaker
Business Manager	Marie Deutschman
Literary Editor	Mary Collins
Organization Editor	Doris Wainwright
Joke Editor	Emily Seery
Art Editor	Elizabeth Pringle
Faculty Critics	{ Miss Edna Baker Miss Jessie Davis

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Mrs. Lillian Gray Jarvie	Secretary
Edna Dean Baker	Registrar
Sarah Louise Dean	General Superintendent, Boarding Halls
Luella Kiekhoefer	Head Preceptress
Helen B. Hill	House Mother, North Dormitory
Carolyn R. Hazzard	House Mother, South Dormitory
Dr. Caroline Hedger	House Physician

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Elizabeth Harrison	Principles of Education
Francis Katherine Wetmore	Supervisor of Practise Schools, Program, Games, Stories
Belle Woodson	Ethics, Psychology, Froebelian Pedagogy, Interpretation of Architecture, Literature
Jessie Davis	Psychology, Organized Handwork, Nature Study

- Georgia McClellan. Assistant to Supervisor of Practise Schools, Gift
- Anne Goodwin Williams. Mother Play, Child Study
- Francis Marion Arnold. Interpretation of Music,
Psychology of Art, Instrumental Music
- Dr. Louis C. Monin. History of Education
Dean of the Faculty, Armour Institute of Technology.
- Edith McLaughlin. . . Theory and Methods of Primary Education
Critic Teacher, Parker Practise of the Chicago Normal School.
- Dr. Augusta A. Bronner. Physiological Psychology
Physiological Laboratory of the Juvenile Court.
- Caroline Hedger, M. D. . Physiology, Hygiene, Maternal Efficiency
- Clyde B. Cooper. Extemporaneous Speaking
English Department, Armour Institute of Technology.
- Frank J. Platt. English Form and Diction
English Department, Oak Park High School.
- Etta Mount. Physical Culture, Folk Dances
Columbia College of Expression.
- Mrs. Philemon B. Kohlsaatt. Vocal Music
- Walter Raleigh Müller Gardening
Francis Parker School.
- C. Louise Schaffner. Design, Water Color, Charcoal
Director of the Fullerton School of Art, Chicago.
- M. Knowlton. Domestic Science
School of Domestic Arts and Sciences.
- Jens Jensen. Field Science
Landscape Architect, Chicago.



(GRACE) KYNISH-ING YEE
SHANGHAI, CHINA

Normal Student at the National Kindergarten College

1915



SENIORS

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Jessie Winter
Vice President	Margaret Brayton
Secretary-Treasurer	Esther Davis

*“We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade.”*



JESSIE TILT WINTER

"Pink"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Calmness at all times (?)

OCC.: Talking to Miss Baker.

*"The power of thought—the magic of the
mind."*

MARGARET BRAYTON

"Mag"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Her smile.

OCC.: Teaching.

*"A fair exterior is a silent recommenda-
tion."*



ESTHER H. DAVIS

"Dave"

LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Quiet efficiency.

OCC.: Catching or missing trains.

*"To those who know thee not no words
can paint;
To those who know thee, know all words
are faint."*



MARIE DEUTSCHMAN

"Dutch"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

N. K. C., 1913.

GIFT: Genuine ability.

OCC.: Talking about work.

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought."



ZADA BRUNSON

ALGONA, IOWA.

GIFT: Intense interest in the class (?).

OCC.: Being in Chicago.

"Cut and come again."

ELLA CARTER

"Eller," "Pillo"

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, 1914.

GIFT: Earnestness.

OCC.: Saying "I don't see how you do it."

"What I acquire, I possess."





LILLIAN HAWKINSON

"Lil"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, N. K. C., 1913.

GIFT: Noisiness (?).

OCC.: Keeping everyone informed about
her Kindergarten.

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."*

AMANDA KOERPER

"Koerp"

MENDOTA, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Thorough understanding of
psychology.

OCC.: Calling the roll.

"I leave my character behind me."



ANNA DAYNEE MULLIGAN

"Irish"

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS, 1914.

GIFT: Artistic temperament.

OCC.: Making posters.

*"No one knows what he can do until he
tries."*

KATHERINE RICHARDS

"Richard"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
PEORIA TRAINING SCHOOL, 1914.

GIFT: Red hair.
OCC.: Calling number (?).

*"Smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes,
Which always seem the same."*



SARAH SLAGG

"Sally"

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN.

GIFT: A good library.
OCC.: Bell hop.

"Her only fault is that she has no faults."

LOLA LEVITT STORY

ARLINGTON, SOUTH DAKOTA.
YANKTON KINDERGARTEN TRAINING
SCHOOL, 1913.

GIFT: A splendid room.
OCC.: Having "at homes."

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."





HELEN STOUT

"Stouty"

TORONTO, CANADA.

GIFT: Mirth.

OCC.: Overwork in a large Kindergarten (?).

*"Blest with temper whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!"*

LYDIA TUERKE

"Lyd"

FORT DODGE, IOWA.

GIFT: Agreeableness.

OCC.: Practising the piano.

"It is good to live and learn."



MABEL ELIZABETH TOLLES

"Mabs"

MOLINE, ILLINOIS.

MOLINE TRAINING SCHOOL, 1914.

GIFT: Wit.

OCC.: Waiting for Jess.

*"She that was never fair and never proud
Had tongue at will, and yet was never
loud."*



BEULAH VASEN

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: "Archer."

OCC.: Explaining things.

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me!"*

"Let down the curtain, the farce is done."

HISTORY

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

LN the fall of nineteen thirteen, we entered N. K. C., an enthusiastic, friendly crowd of sixty Freshmen. At first, I am afraid, it was only our astonishingly large number that distinguished us from other baby classes that had come to N. K. C. But soon rumors began to float through halls and corridors of the wonderful originality which our class possessed. We, it was who hung up mysterious posters announcing our "County Fair," and who started people talking about college yells and college songs. Irene Zdzieblowski was our president, and thanks to her good natured, clever leadership we steered our rather bulky craft along, accumulating honors on all sides. Socially, we were a little bashful, as all good Freshmen should be. However, our Spring Dance was a charming success, and so was the gay little tea Miss Davis gave us at "Delvies." Remember? On the whole we were a happy, congenial class, and when school closed in the spring, the parting good word on every hand was, "See you next fall."

College opened September 16, 1914, with us as Juniors enrolling to the good substantial number of sixty-five. How proud we were, and how glad to "get together" again! This year our officers were: President, Erma Humrichouser; Vice-President, Eleanor Forbes; Secretary, Esther Davis; Treasurer, Estelle Martin. Assemblies were started for the first time this year. In November, Miss Harrison gave us the opportunity to show our originality in entertaining the rest of the school. With our usual loyal class spirit and co-operation, we did our best, setting our standard high. For our class charity, we chose telling stories every Saturday at Armour Square. On Valentine's Day we entertained the Freshmen and Seniors with a charming informal dance, but the really spectacular, much talked-of event of the year, was our Junior Cabaret. Cabarets may come, and cabarets may go, but ours will live forever in the memories of those who attended. With the cabaret our reputation as original entertainers was made everlasting, for it was then that the Evanston whirl-winds made their debut in a dramatization of "Roly Poly Caterpillar" (and it was roly poly too, as it was given on roller skates).

Class Day was held on the College lawn and each Junior did her part to make the Junior Pageant a success. We tried to be cheerful, for we felt that although the

majority of our class were leaving N. K. C. forever, still we had much to be happy over in the pleasant and lasting memories of our two years of studious fellowship together.

Just six of our original class are back this year, but counting in the special students, and the girls who have joined our ranks last year and this, we are seventeen in all. Although our number *is* small, we feel pretty important when Miss Harrison comes in and talks to us about "school problems" and calls us "her jewels." Field Science, the new course of study added for the Seniors this fall, was appreciated by every one of our number. Four trips were made with Mr. Jens Jensen, a famous landscape architect, to places of particular natural beauty about Chicago. None of us will ever forget our excursion to Ravinia, and the wonder of seeing nature literally bathed in gold and crimson. And added to this was the inspiration gained from Mr. Jensen's discussions and from his wonderful love of nature. Our officers this year are: President, Jessie Winter; Vice-President, Margaret Brayton, and Secretary and Treasurer, Esther Davis. Senior Assemblies frightened us all pretty badly, for we felt rather "shaky" in starting things out. Extemporaneous Speaking and Debates, which have yearly thrown their dire spell of terror and suspense over the Seniors, had the same effect on our class, but we lived through them, as all ye Seniors will that follow us.

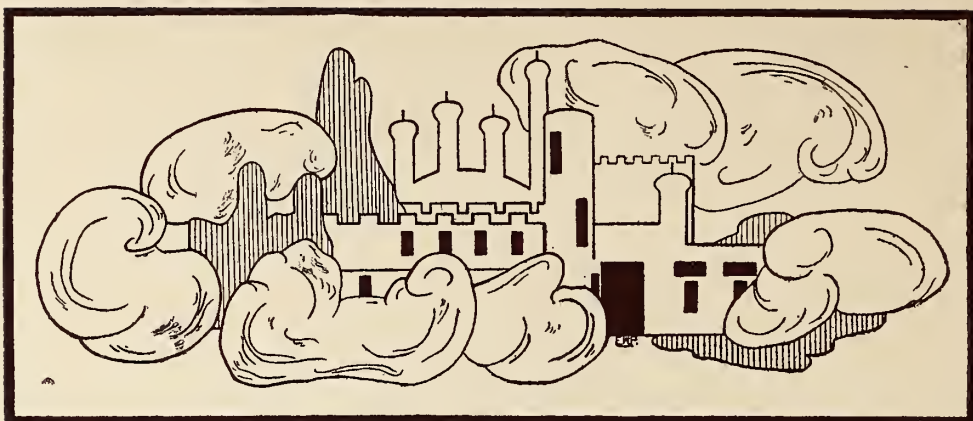
Our work with the Freshmen in Gift, Mother Play, and Occupation has been truly delightful. It drew us closer to the girls; and helped us to be "big sisters" to girls that otherwise we would never have known.

We have been almost too busy outlining Moral Will and making our Art Book for Professor Arnold to achieve much fame in the College social world. A few jolly evenings have been spent with our Miss Davis, and also an entertaining afternoon at Professor Arnold's home. Wait! there was our luncheon at Mrs. Story's, where we reveled in goodies.

And so we are closing three years of happy work and play at N. K. C. We bid you all goodbye, and promise to return often to our Alma Mater and renew old friendships and loving ties.

ZADA BRUNSON.





SENIOR PROPHECY

QNE bright warm sunny day, I started on a walk, and idling along among the fresh verdure of spring and enjoying its invigorating sweetness, I realized that I had lost my way. I found myself in a deep woods.

At first I was frightened, but I said to myself, "I cannot be lost, for I know I am near Chicago." I took new courage and hastened my steps, for I was most anxious to reach my destination. Suddenly I was startled to hear a queer noise. I looked down and there, sitting on the stump of an old tree, sat the queerest little lady. When I looked at her head I was reminded of a knight, and in her hand she held something that looked very much like a sword—but as I came closer I noticed that it was a fairy wand. Her face radiated light, sunshine and good cheer.

She must have guessed by my expression that I was in trouble, for she smiled as she said, "Can I help you? Are you lost?"

"Yes," I replied, "but what can you do to help me? I am on my way to N. K. C. You do not know where that is, do you?"

She hopped down quickly from that old stump and stood up very straight, directly in front of me, waving her wand to and fro. Suddenly I recalled the many stories about fairies which I had told to children when I was at N. K. C., and realized that at last a fairy had really come to me.

She directed me to the new home of N. K. C., and as I was leaving said, "Can't I help you in any other way, or tell you anything else of interest?"

"I think not," I replied, "as I am very anxious to get back and hear all about my classmates."

The little fairy said, "Please wait. I can tell you a great many things, for I am the good fairy who always hovered about the Senior Class, and I have followed them wherever they have gone."

I asked her to tell me about all of the girls, and after we had both settled ourselves on the stump, she began:

"Well, first of all, there is Jessie Winter, your splendid President, of whom you

had such good reason to be proud. And more so now than ever, as she is the leader in many of our suffrage movements today. I see that you are not surprised, for no doubt you recall her renowned ability in Senior Debates.

"Margaret Brayton, that splendid girl, is carrying her good work still farther, and has become a Red Cross Nurse. She is just waiting for the next war, to cross the ocean with Dr. Hedger.

"Esther Davis lives in a beautiful bungalow, renowned throughout Indiana, and visited by many because of its perfect architecture. Of course she designed it herself, and many more as worthy of Dr. Snider's attention.

"Lillian Hawkinson married an Idaho farmer and has a family of seven. Marie Deutschman lives with her, probably for the purpose of studying her children, as Marie is writing a very interesting book on 'Disciplining Children.'

"Daynee has at last attained the ambition of her life, and is teaching kindergarten in China. Helen Stout is managing a very flourishing Fresh Air Camp. She is exceedingly happy in her work, as she was always a great lover of fresh air.

"Zada Brunson was married two years after Commencement to a minister, and is now the proud mother of a little 'Bill.' Sarah Slagg was married, too, to one of the finest lawyers in New York.

"You will find several of the girls still devoting their time to their Alma Mater. Since Miss Grover's marriage, Katherine Richards has been assisting Miss Wetmore in the supervising of kindergartens. Amanda Koerper went abroad, and brought back many valuable suggestions to the N. K. C. Alumnae. Lydia Tuerke has the Domestic Science Course.

"Beulah Vasen has charge of a lunatic asylum across the street from the College, and Lola Story has a refined and cultured barber establishment a little farther down on Michigan Boulevard, where she gives proper English cuts to children's hair."

The little fairy stopped.

"But what became of Mabel Tolles, and above all our own Miss Davis, our class member?" I asked.

"Well, I should say so! Mabel Tolles has a life position as 'Clown' with a stock Shakespeare Company. She was recommended by Miss Harrison. And Miss Davis, sad to say, immediately after that class graduated, succumbed and was taken to the insane asylum. Poor thing! I fear it was to be expected!"

When I heard the sad fate of Miss Davis, I was so horrified that I screamed aloud; and the next minute the little fairy had gone. I looked about me, but instead of the fairy, I saw coming towards me a huge man. I rubbed my eyes, and soon discovered that it was only Mr. Jensen, followed by the faithful Senior Class. They came running towards me, calling "Here you are at last! We've been looking everywhere for you. We thought you were lost."

I was certainly glad to see the girls again, but I enjoyed more the realization that the whole Senior Class Prophecy was only a dream.

ELLA CARTER.

THE SENIOR ALPHABET

A is for Amanda
Who is sure as fate,
To round up all the Faculty
Whenever they are late.

B is for Brayton
"Marg" by name,
Whose "little old hair-dress"
Is ever the same.

C is for Carter
Who's always rushed,
Who takes all her time?
"That loving crush."

D is for Daynee
From Minneapolis, you know,
Who says all Chicago
Is "pretty slow."

E is for Esther
Whose poor heart
Has felt the sting
Of Cupid's dart.

F is for the Freshmen.
A Faculty once said
They had rhythm in their feet
But nothing in their head.

G is for Games
With skipping feet,
With bouncing balls
And wax-floored seats.

H is for Helen
She laughs all the day,
Her slogan has ever been
"Oh, let's be gay!"

I is for Institutions,
The bane of our lives
Preaching, teaching, beseeching
Young ladies—be wise.

J is for Juniors
Such jolly folks
We have always enjoyed
Their little jokes.

K is for Katherine
"Kate" for short,
Whose aid in class doings
Is that of a "sport."

L is for Lola
Who hails from the West
And finds all her Psych
A "beastly pest."

M is for Marie
Whose grip on the bone
Has placed her high
On the manager's throne.

N is for News
It travels fast
Every girl in the school
Has an ear for "pasts."

O is for Ought
He is always there
Tho' duties be left
When the day is fair.

P is for "Psych"
And the best thing we do
Is learn triplets, more triplets, (3)
And why "You are you."

Q is for Quiet
A stranger to us
We'll know it not
'Til our ashes are dust.

R is Room IV
The best room of all
It's seen all our joys
And our sorrows, since Fall.

S is for Sallie
Ambitious in Art
And always so willing
To carry her part.

T is for Tuerkey
Whose ambition is
To be at the ivories
A "regular whizz."

U is for Universal
We've heard it, we say
Since we have been in College
At least twice a day.

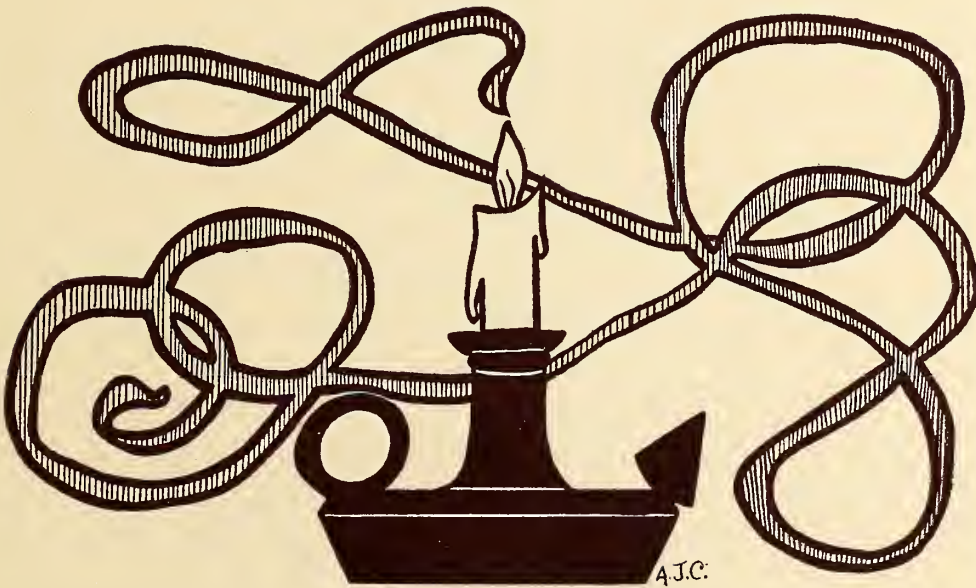
V is for Visions
May they always be ours
For they are one joy
Of life's "little hours."

W is for Women
May each one of us make
The best and the truest
For old N. K. C.'s sake.

X is a mark
Which we find now and then
When our teachers make
A slight slip of the pen.

Y is for Yee
From China, so far,
Three cheers for her record
So free from all mar.

Z is for Zada
Who with beaux by the score
A line ever waiting
From the street to the door.



SENIORS!
DOES THIS SOUND FAMILIAR?

“Girls! I have a typhoid germ!”

“Is that all?” (Exit.)

“Will you number, please, girls?”

“What did we discuss last week?”

“Are there any questions before we go on?”

“Set an example for others; universalize it.”

“Don’t put me on any committees; I am too busy.”

After one hour of watchful waiting, one hears this:
“Yes, my dear, what can I do for you?”

“Here’s your handkerchief. My mother thanks you and my father thanks you.”

“Do you want a ticket to ‘Peter Pan’?”

“Of course I don’t like to disagree, but I don’t see how I could do that in my kindergarten. There isn’t a blade of grass, or even a pigeon.”

“Young ladies, I am very sorry I am late. Miss Baker neglected to keep me informed as to the change in my programme. I thought that the lesson was the next hour. We shall have to struggle along the very best we can.”

“Say, where did you put your Spring Thought after it snowed on it?”

“You are old enough to talk to yourselves.”

A TRIBUTE

O, North classroom, dear North classroom,
How can we Seniors part from thee?
Thou hast sheltered us in times of gloom
And seasons of rare gaiety.

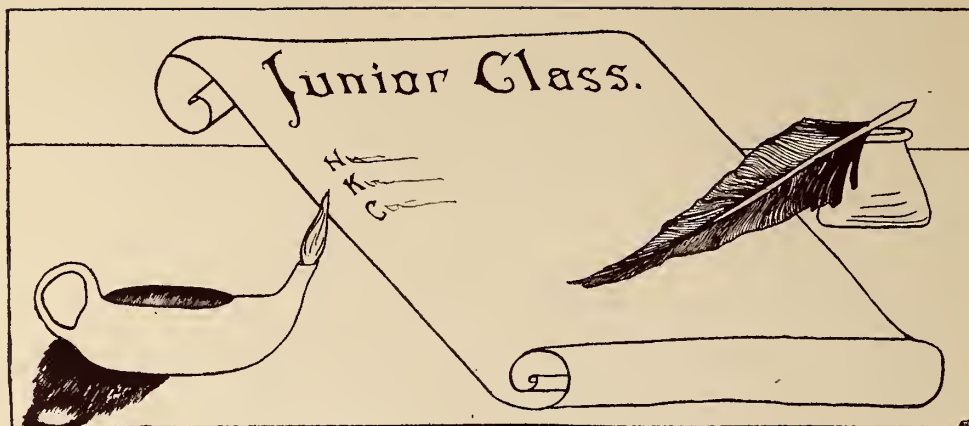
In looking back o'er our three years
We can recall no friend so true
(Excepting Doctor Snider),
Who has stood by us, like you.

There is the library and the "Dorm,"
The middle classroom and the Halls,
But the trials and triumphs of our class
Have been wrought out within thy walls.

So when we think of N. K. C.
And the happy days of yore,
Our fondest recollections
Seem to center 'round your door.

Of all the tributes we would pay
To loving friends at N. K. C.—
The truest tribute, if we may,
We bring, dear room, to thee.

—E. D.



JUNIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

President	Eleanor Underwood
Vice President	Norma Scheller
Secretary-Treasurer	Hazel Bell

MOTTO

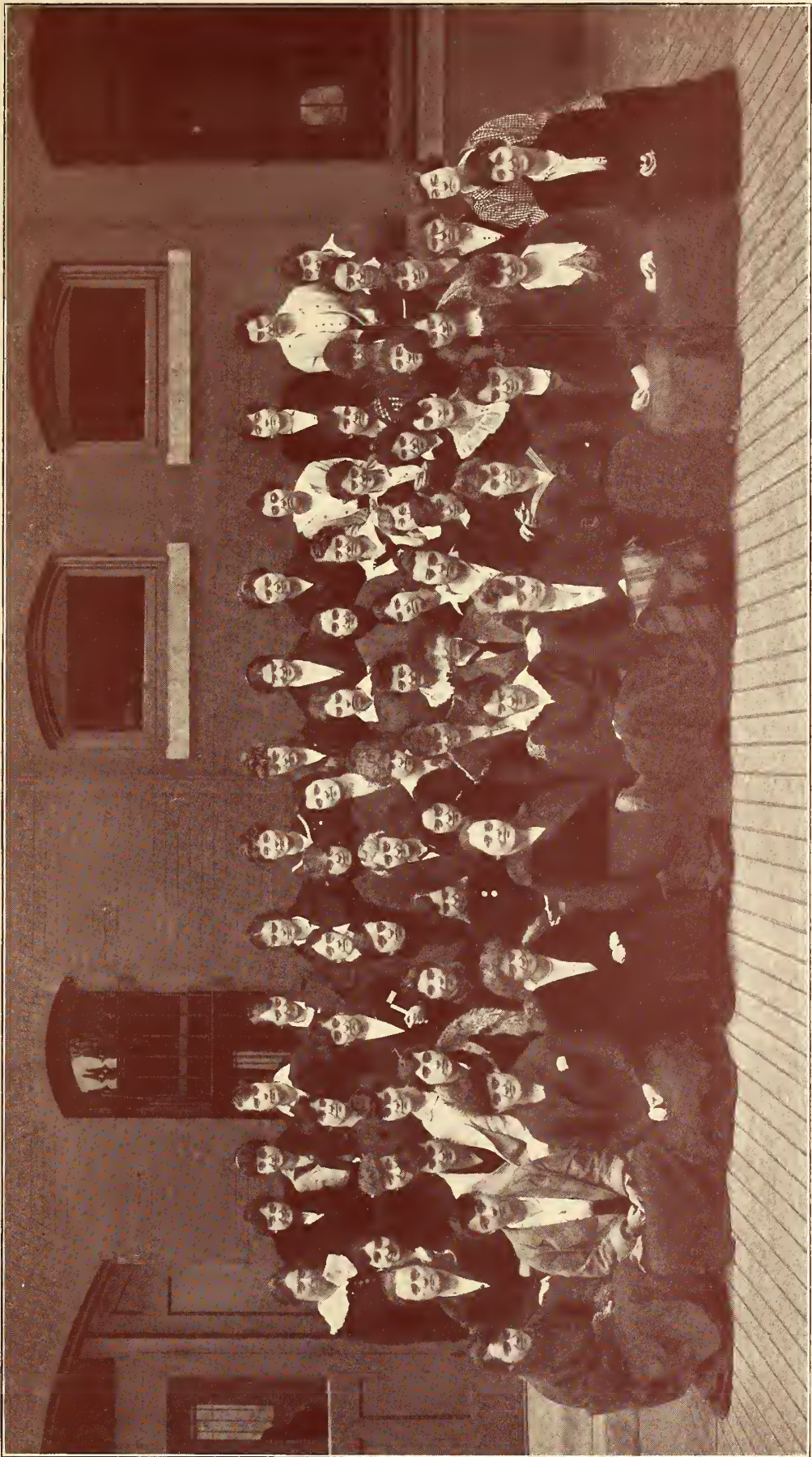
"Words pay no debts; give deeds"

CLASS FLOWER

White Rose

COLORS

Green and White





CLASS HISTORY

NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

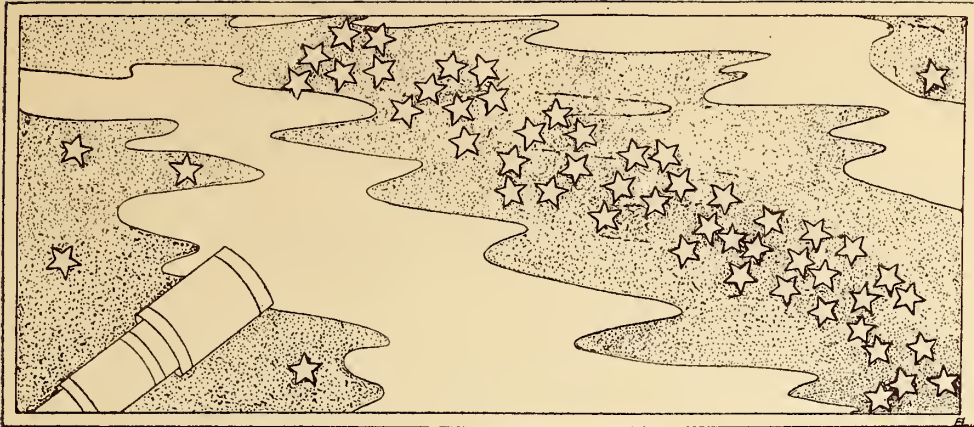
In N. K. C. two years we've been.
Not at first did we understand
Either "Gift Abstract"—or Miss Davis' command.
Then our first game day brought to light
Embarrassed performers, quaking with fright;
Eager for honor, we turned in and won it.
Note, please: "When we seen our duty, we done it!"

Hear next the tale of our Junior year,
Uproariously quiet—untrammelled by fear.
Not a word did we know about History of Ed.
Determined, we grasped it—and then went ahead.
Recall again that triumphant day
Exalted Juniors held full sway,
Desultory assemblies had come our way.

Swell was our cabaret, with silk-hatted boys,
Incessant dancing, singing—much noise.
X marks the passing of all these joys.
True to our teachers—proud of our school,
Each of our number born to rule,
Earnestly striving, we will always be seen.

NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

—*M. McKee*



JUNIOR PROPHECY

AFTER I graduated from the Junior Class of N. K. C., in 1916, I accepted a position in the mountains of Virginia. It was so quiet and peaceful in the mountains and I was so tired of the noise and hurry of big Chicago that I, like Rip Van Winkle, fell asleep under a big tree. Here I slept for a long, long time. I have heard from Clara Hitchings, now a noted philosopher, that I slept at least ten years. During this time my classmates were becoming prominent in the world's history.

When I awoke, I heard many voices. Bewildered and dazed, I found my way to a dusty road just in time to meet a crowd of sight-seers in a tally-ho. Immediately I recognized Miss Woodson's voice, the class sponsor of 1916, reminding the girls of the beautiful harmonies in nature.

The first to greet me was Eleanor Underwood, our esteemed president, and now wife of the President of the United States. I hurriedly asked her about our classmates, and she said, "Why, look around you." I rubbed my swollen eyes and then I saw many familiar faces.

Hazel Bell, a noted storyteller, said, "It seems like old times to be with so many N. K. C. girls."

I was happy to meet Norma Scheller, a motion picture star, who said in her company were the Johnson twins, the Misses Fuller, Bunker, Pringle, Luce, Page, Blake, Jones and Young. "By the way," Norma said, "You remember Helen Shearer? Well, she eloped with the manager of our company."

Then I said, "Are any more of our girls married?"

"Oh yes," answered Norma, "the Misses Crouse, Grievish, Kesner, Fenton and Lacey are happily married and living in Austin. Someone told me the Misses Brown, Cummings, Burkett, Donaldson, Lehr, Howell and Ellsworth were also married and had gone West to seek their fortune."

I was proud to know that so many of our girls had entered the state of matrimony because the N. K. C. girls were well qualified to be homemakers.

Marianna McKee, who was one of the party, failed to see me because she was

so busy talking politics to Mary Louise Ruff. They were suffragette leaders, and Mary Louise later said, "I know you will be surprised, but our best stump speakers are the Misses Grandon, Mitchell, Peterson, Abeles and Dauber."

Then I recognized Margaret Pettyjohn dressed in the height of fashion. She said, "I know you are wondering where I get my good looking clothes. They are designed by the Mademoiselles Wolcott and Chubb."

Among the sight-seers was Dr. Mary McGoun, a specialist on children's diseases. She laughed and said, "Mary, I did not know you until I heard your voice—your hair is very gray."

Dr. McGoun said, "I have so much N. K. C. news to tell you I don't know where to begin. Mary Collins is supervisor of a Kindergarten Training School in the Philippines. In this school many bright N. K. C. girls are represented: Mrs. McCracken teaches Gift; Consuelo Bergere, Architecture and Psychology; Lillian Anderson, Occupation; and Aileen Chesrown, Games and Stories. These girls write me about their good times. They all live in the Y. W. C. A., of which Betty Jacobs is dean."

Marg Hickey, a story critic, was reading a book for children written by Vera Going and Pauline Hatch. Marg said, "I am pleased with the literary ability of N. K. C. girls. Kathryn Mathew wrote a Psychology book and dedicated it to our friend and helper, Dr. Snider."

I was not surprised when the girls told me that Mildred Jesselson and Ruth Drach owned Washington Park Kindergarten. They also told me that Hazel Leiby's last collection of children's songs proved to be a financial success.

Hazel Brindley was the next girl to greet me. She knew so many interesting things about my classmates, because she was one of the preceptresses of the dormitories. Hazel said, "Would you believe our College was so large that seven dormitories were necessary?" I asked her who was playing at the Majestic, and she told me Helen Jefferies was the chief attraction, and in her chorus were Caroline Smith, Veronica Wall, Ruth Schoonmaker, Inace Owen, Alice Pohlmann, Lillie Bell, and Aline Allison. "You remember Joyce Ballard? She is very clever, and has become a noted impersonator." The theatrical news did not surprise me, because I remembered the talent displayed in the Junior Cabaret.

I was pleased to find out so many girls were helping as assistant teachers in the College. Florence Valentine and Katherine Harper were giving a series of classes in folk dancing. Miss Bartholomew and Miss Norsworthy were teaching the midyear classes.

The girls told me about a lovely tea room owned by Margaret Cook and Helen Ray. Here the girls could have a good warm lunch for twenty cents.

One of the girls said, "Oh, Marion Gilman's dream came true. She is teaching kindergarten in China, and next year expects Anna Londergon and Fern Norsworthy to join her." Another foreign item pleasing me was that the Misses Lautenschlager and Freudenburg had gone back to work among their own people in Germany.

Just then the driver of the tally-ho called "All aboard." Miss Woodson turned to me and said, "Won't you join us on our tour?" With a laugh and a shout we climbed in the tally-ho and were on our way.

M. MOORE.

TO EVERY JUNIOR

A little warning before it's too late:
Don't be a Senior if you can't debate!
And if extemporaneous speaking you hate—
 Don't be a Senior!

But if, on the contrary, you sort of hate
To be poorly posted and quite out of date,
You had better come back and learn to debate—
 Try being a Senior!



FRESHMAN CLASS

OFFICERS

President	Juanita McGruer
Secretary-Treasurer	Helen Fickle

MOTTO

“Live to learn and learn to live”

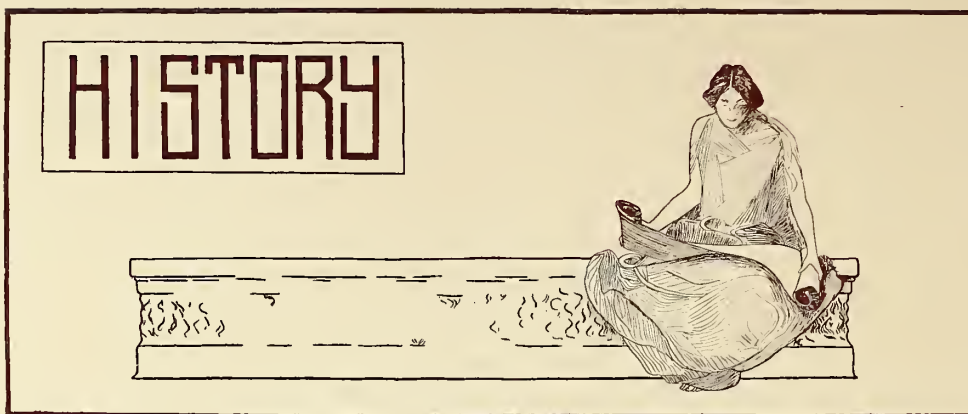
CLASS FLOWER

Carnation

COLORS

Black and Gold





FRESHMAN HISTORY

LT was a day long to be remembered by all of us Freshmen. What day are we speaking of, do you ask? September 13, 1915, the day on which we arrived at N. K. C. with feelings which some of us had never before known. As we looked about all seemed strange. If only there were one whom we knew! I'm afraid we'll have to admit that just that one day each of us wished we might be one of the "old girls," for they were having such a jolly time, laughing and talking. However, this "unexpressed feeling" soon vanished, for the Juniors and Seniors made us feel at home. It was found that our class consisted of eighty-one "illustrious Freshmen," and that nineteen states were represented, besides England and Canada. It is a class of which we are proud to be members, for it is the largest and best class that ever entered N. K. C.

Upon looking at our list of studies, we found these posted among others: Gift, Games, and Occupation. What could it all mean? Did they expect us to give presents to each other or to the children? Then we were instructed to buy six small balls, all of different colors. We now had the question of Games settled, for we were to play ball with the children. After several lessons in Occupation, we were given clay modeling. Such fun! Each of us was given a "hunk" of clay and told to make an animal. One might think he had entered a zoo when he looked about. Many animals were without names until Miss Davis came around and said, "Oh yes, a bear!" or "Look here, a lion!" All we had to do was make "something" and we could be sure Miss Davis would find a name for it.

In a few weeks we had our first class meeting. Juanita McGruer was elected President, Helen Fickle, Secretary-Treasurer, and to our delight Miss Williams agreed to become our faculty member. The motto finally chosen by our class was "Live to learn, and learn to live."

In a short time we were informally entertained by the Seniors, and then by the Juniors, at which time new acquaintances were made.

Meantime our thoughts were turned to Assemblies, for the other classes had each had its turn, and now it was ours. It was our chance to show our ability and

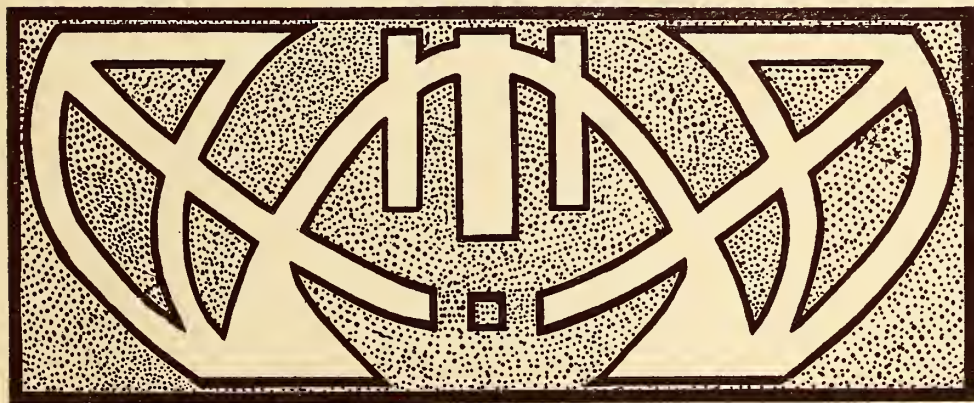
school spirit. We had charge of four assemblies, and made our class famous with its songs, stories, and dances.

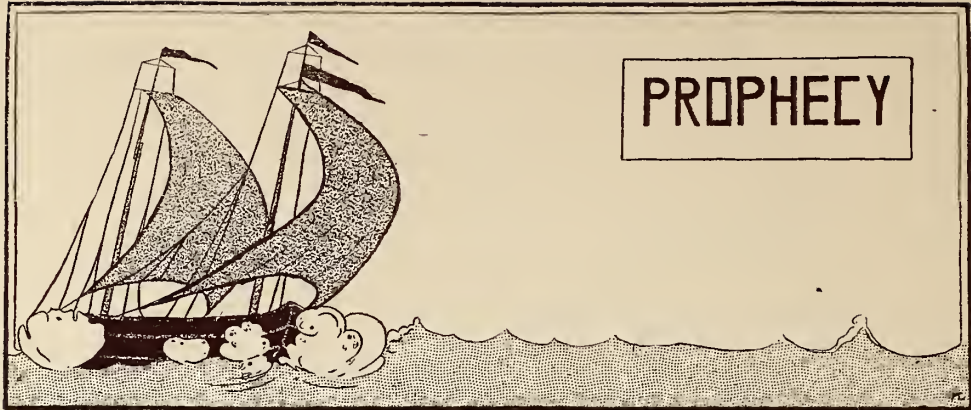
Several parties have been given by the Freshmen. The first one was given over at College soon after school opened, while the other one was given in February. This took place in the dormitory, where Valentine decorations were used.

A bit of excitement which happened lately was getting our marks for the semester ending January thirty-first. It was on a Saturday evening when one of the girls from the dorm happened to go over to the College. She glanced at the "mail boxes" and there was a package of envelopes. She then came upon one which had her name printed on it. Immediately she opened it and found, to her surprise, her grades. Madly she seized those for the rest of the main dormitory girls and rushed back. The scramble then began. Each tore open her envelope with fear and trembling. By this time it was noised about that all the grades were ready, so the girls from both north and south dormitories hurried over to the College; but alas! they could not have them until Monday. However, we had ours, and from the rooms could be heard "A++ in English, A in Psychology, B in Gift, C in Physical Culture," etc.

We have just been assigned to new kindergartens and feel very dignified, as we are taking the places of the Juniors. We have become so capable that the Juniors will now come to observe our methods.

MAUD REIDENBACH.





FRESHMAN CLASS PROPHECY



I was ten years ago that I graduated from N. K. C. and I have been teaching ever since in the kindergarten in my home town. In all these years I have saved just enough money to take a trip to Nebraska to visit my old friend Eloise Boller, who is now happily married and living on a farm near Lincoln.

Since my train started from Chicago very early in the morning, I found it necessary to spend the night in the city, so I decided to go out to the dormitory, where I was welcomed by the Preceptress, Leta McCormick. Everything looked familiar but the Hospital Room, which had been enlarged, refurnished and decorated, and is now known as the Guest Room. I went over to the College, where I found Bernice Kinsloe teaching Occupation and Freda Gardner teaching Mother Play. You can imagine my surprise when I heard that Nellie Nissen was taking the College Normal Course, hoping to fill a position as Gift Instructor in the Lincoln Kindergarten School. Bernice took me down to the Munn Sisters' Tea Room on Michigan avenue, which is a very exclusive tea room built by the College for the accommodation of the College girls and their friends. Bernice requested that they play several pieces on the victrola which she knew I would be particularly interested in. One was a vocal record by Catherine Wright, who is starring in Grand Opera. The other was a record of a story written by Marie Tutwiler, and told by Helen Fickle, both of whom were members of my class. All these things were very interesting, as Miss Baker had asked me to gather news of my class for the Annual.

The next morning I was sitting on the train, thinking of all the people I had met from my class, when I heard an old familiar expression "Come here once." Looking around, I saw Margaret Colmey. She was with Doris Wainwright, and you can imagine the greeting I gave them, because I had not seen either of them since we graduated from N. K. C. They were traveling together on a Chautauqua tour, having full charge of the story hour, and giving concerts, Margaret playing and Doris singing. They were on their way to Kansas City to fill an important engagement. While there they expected to see Esther Connelly who had given up her kindergarten

work and was devoting her time to society. They also expected to hear about Alex Dagg and Georgia Leedy who had gone to India as missionary kindergartners. I told them all the news I had heard of our classmates, and of my visit to the dorm. They had met quite a few of the girls while on their tour, and I was interested to know that many of the girls were carrying on their kindergarten work, Leah Tarpley in Kentucky, Maud Reidenbach in Wisconsin, and Mary Frawley in Chicago. Dora Gorman, May Neitz and Evelyn Anderson were devoting their time to settlement work. They had met Dorothee Ravene in Davenport, but did not hear much news from her, as she had just returned from her honeymoon in Germany. Dorothee had met Elsie Reihman in Germany. Elsie was married soon after leaving school and had gone there to reside. It was hard to say goodbye when we reached Kansas City, but as we had planned to spend that Christmas together, we had something pleasant to think of.

I arrived in Lincoln late in the afternoon, and was met by Eloise and Estelle Minsky, who like myself, had saved enough money to take a trip. I was so delighted to see them, because I never could forget the good times we had at N. K. C. The next afternoon we decided to drive into town to attend a suffragette meeting, as there was to be a famous speaker that afternoon. Dorothy Batchelder and Belle Bray were the leaders of the party in Nebraska and Iowa. Short talks were given by the Misses Batchelder and Bray; then the speaker was introduced by Mary Imber. To our utter surprise it was Emily Seery, our old chum from N. K. C. The subject of her lecture was "The Inferiority of Men." Eloise, being married, did not agree with her, but that did not affect our opinion.

We decided to have a house party out on the farm, and to call on Dorothy Whitcombe and her husband, who had moved to Lincoln very recently. She was much surprised to see us, and told us that Ruth McMahan was agent for the Kindergarten Review, and was also selling Mother Play pictures which were painted by Mary Corbett.

The next day I went to visit Marian Levy's private kindergarten. She had an ideal kindergarten room and thirty-five of the sweetest children. I waited until kindergarten was dismissed, and when the nurses and mothers came for their children Marian called two of the ladies aside and asked me if I recognized them. They were Mary Dingley and Eleanor Alexander. Both were married, and their husbands were in business together. Marie had just received a letter from Barbara Schreier, who was director in Grace Church Kindergarten in Chicago. This certainly recalled old times, and I asked her if she knew where Juanita McGruer was. We three girls had cadeted together during our Freshman year at N. K. C. Juanita is married and living in Langdon. I also heard that Orpha Outhouse and Elsa Smith were teaching in Omaha.

Four weeks had passed, and my visit with Eloise had been the happiest time I had ever had. I intended to stop a few places on my way home, and as Genevieve Jones lived near there, I spent three days with her. Genevieve and Esther Egley were very good friends, having been married about the same time, and living in the same town. Charity Hoyt and Katherine Lindemann were traveling with the Keith Vaudeville Company, and as they played in Grand Island, Genevieve, Esther and I went to see them. Katherine was the juggler, while Charity took the part of contortionist. The second act was a sister act of aesthetic dancing featuring Edith Hudson and Stella Cook.

I left the next day for Chicago, where I expected to visit for a few days. I called on my old roommate, Ida Falls, who had given up kindergarten work and was living a leisurely life on Sheridan Road. She had seen Pauline Maureaux and Edna Thulin, who were conducting a beauty parlor in the Marshall Field Building. A kindergarten agency had been formed by Alice Ives, with Cora Heller as her assistant. They had seen the need of this agency, and were carrying it out very successfully. Ida did not know where very many of the girls were, but she had heard that Lulu Carr had written a book of songs and games for the kindergarten. Jovita Boodel and Nora Larson were conducting a playground in Hyde Park, and were successful workers in the mission schools.

I thought I would visit N. K. C. before returning home, so I called on Miss Baker and told her of my visit and about the girls I had met. She said that she knew I would be interested to know that the College had established a branch in California and had elected Gwladys Wynne President, Heloise Wynne Secretary, Vera Brown Registrar, Miss Fortune Physical Culture Director, Hester Osgood Gift Instructor, Leona Proudfit teacher of Mother Play and The Life of Froebel, Caroline Mangelsdorf Supervisor of Kindergartens, Irene Dawson teacher of Occupation. I was curious to know what had become of Marian Gotham and Irene Fair, so I asked Miss Davis. Although they were both married, they founded an Old Ladies' Home in Michigan. Bertha Tenney and Emilie Stein were lecturing on Child Welfare work. She told me they expected to have a new College doctor the next year, and asked me if I remembered Ethel Mohrstadt. Ethel found kindergarten work interesting, but she decided upon medicine as her profession. Esther Cramblet, Genevieve Huston and Dorothy Saviers were lecturing in different states on the need of kindergartens in the public schools.

I certainly enjoyed my three days' visit at N. K. C., but was almost tired out. It was late in the afternoon when I reached the depot and found that my train was an hour late. There was nothing to do but wait, so I bought a paper, and thought it would at least make the time seem shorter. I noticed one article in particular, "Would Kindergarten Training be Worth While Without Snider?" by Helen Sullivan. So Helen had become a journalist! In the course of my reading I noticed a few familiar names—that of Margaret Shannon, whose marriage to a lawyer was to take place the next morning—the Emerald Club was giving an entertainment in which Gladys Petit and Marian Potter were to dance the Irish Lilt. I wished I could have stayed to see them, because I remembered how well they danced it for the Alumnae Party when we were Freshmen at school, but my train was due, and my vacation ended.

My trip had brought me some of the greatest surprises I ever expect to get. As I was entering the train I saw Mrs. Bittle, formerly Ruth Irvin, and her two children. She had been visiting in Chicago, and was returning home. I was not surprised when she said she had met Helen Noble, who was married and living there.

The train reached Michigan City about two-thirty in the afternoon, and as I was thinking about all the girls I had met from my class, it seemed as though there was someone whom I had not seen. It was not long before I discovered it was Thelma Lumsden and Emma Heinzelmann. They had just accepted positions as police matrons in my home town.

EILEEN SEWELL.

A FRESHMAN FABLE

One day I went down town on the *Carr* to do some shopping at the *Fair*. On the way I met *Dawson* who had inherited a *Fortune*. Also *Larson* who was a *Gardner* and a very good one. I got into conversation with *Dawson*. I found out that there was great rivalry between *Larson* and *Ferguson*, who were both very *Seery-ous* in their love for Miss *Proudfit* whose father worked on the *Levy*. She was undecided as to which one she loved the best; but she discovered that one was *Noble* and the other *Fickle*. She was *Wright* when she decided that neither was *Os-good* as going to sing with *McCormick*. The poor disconsolate lovers accepted their fate and one decided to be a *Bachelor* while the other jumped in the *Falls*.

SCHOOL NEWS

FACULTY RECEPTION

On the evening of October 29th the Faculty gave its annual reception at the College. The rooms were beautifully decorated with fall leaves and asters.

A short program followed the reception. Miss Mabel Woodworth gave a few selections on the violin, and Miss Anne Irene Larkin read several short selections, all of which were greatly enjoyed.

At the close of the program refreshments were served, and informal dancing was enjoyed in the Hall.

CONSUELO BERGERE.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, or Inter-class Committee, as it is sometimes called, was founded November 11, 1915, at N. K. C.

The members constituting the Council consist of one Faculty member (Miss Baker), the president, secretary-treasurer of each class, and one other member chosen from each class.

The purpose of the Council is to settle any questions that might arise in the classes and to help in promoting better school spirit. It has met a long-felt need in the school and has been most successful in this its first year.

J. McGRUER.

SENIOR ASSEMBLIES



LISTEN! good friends, and you shall hear
Why the Senior Class has called you here.
Last year it so happened the school did decree
One hour in the week to call Assembly.

The first month the Seniors,
The Juniors the next,
The Freshmen follow with their cute little text,
And lastly the Faculty fall into line,
Repeat it not—but their programs are fine.
The object, you ask—and what do you do?
Have patience, I shall try to explain it to you.
The objects are many, but I shall quote four
Whose content abound in cultural lore.
First, every girl in this College Public Speaking should learn
And we, as Seniors, beg you this chance do not spurn,
For when you are Seniors, and your number is few,
Woe unto you, if your part you can't do.
Second, school spirit we need, and we have it to seek,
But we won't if our students assemble each week.
Third, we want to know you. Don't you want to know us?
Sociability then, with a good sized plus.
Fourth, if each does her part, every week that we meet,
Our own N. K. C. will ne'er know defeat."

Such was the information given by the Senior President to the Freshmen and the other new students at the opening of the first Senior Assembly. As the Seniors appeared in the Hall it was whispered about that they had taken up Woman Suffrage, for each Senior wore a large pennant, which proved to bear only the name of a foreign country. Each Senior told of the kindergarten work in the country whose name she bore, and a number of very interesting facts were given. One which delighted everyone was that next year there will be another kindergarten training school in China, for our own Miss Yee will establish one there.

The next week the Seniors were entertained by a program in which they took small part. For although we are a most talented class, we are few in number, and we were obliged to call upon the Faculty and the Freshman Class. Miss Wetmore, whose stories are so loved by every N. K. C. girl, told in her most delightful manner the story of "The Little Shepherd Boy." Miss Gardner as violinist, Miss Peenebaker and Miss Irvin as soloists, furnished the musical part of the program.

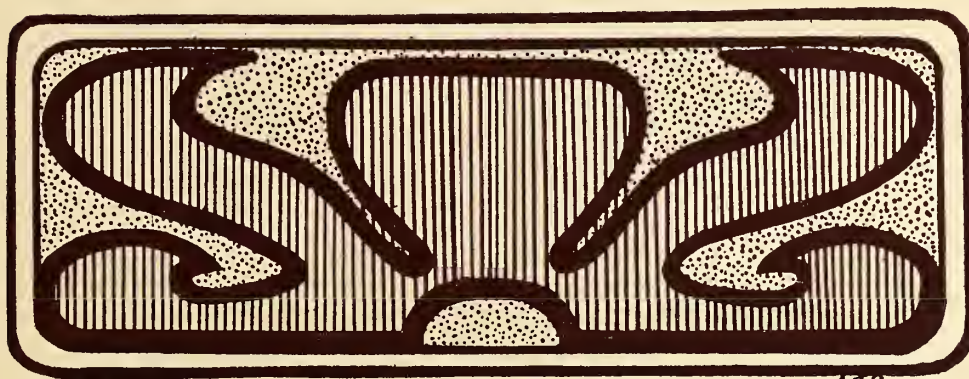
On October twenty-first all members of the Freshman and Junior Classes were asked to participate in a spelling match. Psychology, commentaries, psychical, psychosis, inhibition, and psychological were spelled with ease, but when it came to the word "encyclopedia," there was a pause. The Juniors insisted that they were right, and so did the Freshmen, and the Seniors demanded the right of authority. But the bell rang and the match was over, both the Freshmen and Juniors leaving the Hall still declaring that "they" were right. A few weeks later at a Junior Assembly, during

Current Events, a Senior arose in all her dignity and said, "As a matter of interest to everyone, I wish to inform you that "encyclopedia" may be spelled either "e-n-c-y-c-l-o-p-e-d-i-a" or "e-n-c-y-c-l-o-p-a-e-d-i-a."

At the last Assembly the Seniors decided that in view of their knowledge and experience, it would be well to show the other classes what a model kindergarten was. So back they went to their kindergarten days, and everyone present must agree that never before had such a wonderful kindergarten been seen. The way in which the negative was met by the director, Miss Koerper, was marvelous. The cadet, Miss Davis, who played the piano, was not always ready, for her interest was centered upon a beautiful ring which adorned her third finger, and her nose frequently needed powdering. Every child was vitally interested, and took part most enthusiastically in everything. The atmosphere of the kindergarten was perfect.

Thus the splendid Senior Assemblies four
We hope, raised the standard above days of yore
For the Seniors in Public Speaking delight (?)
And school spirit show with all their might.
They are sociable too, and each does her part
For her Alma Mater with all her heart.

DAYNEE MULLIGAN.



A.S.C.

JUNIOR ASSEMBLIES

BEARLY in November wild-eyed Juniors might have been seen holding anxious meetings in odd corners as they worked out plans for their first Assembly. Of course the main idea, bulb-planting, was a foregone conclusion. The problem was to evolve ceremonies that were fitting and attractive. On the Thursday in question everyone who entered the hall was provided with a tissue paper cap in one of the autumn colors, and a gay and festive group they made when thus decked out. Before the planting a group of Juniors sang a few kindergarten autumn songs, Mary Collins told the story of "Balder the Beautiful," and the same group sang "Gold and Crimson Tulips." Then came the march into the garden and the actual planting of the bulbs, the climax of the celebration.

The next effort took the form of a "birthday party" for three authors who were born in November. These three, known and loved by children far and near, were Louisa May Alcott, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Henry Van Dyke. Marianna McKee gave a brief account of the life of each; then Ada Chubb, Marg Hickey and Florence Valentine read some of their best-known poems.

On December second a group of Juniors tested our quick-wittedness and incidentally proved how well "it pays to advertise" by means of a series of tableaux. Applause and shrieks of laughter were impartially mingled as we greeted our old friends American Family Soap, Aunt Jemima, Zu Zu, Old Dutch Cleanser, and many others.

At the last Assembly the most ambitious attempt of all was made, and a play, "My Aunt's Heiress" was presented. Of course it would take a dramatic critic to do justice to that performance. Suffice it to say that it seemed to "get over."

FRESHMEN ASSEMBLIES

FROM all Mrs. Jarvie tells us, and from our own personal experiences, we know that this school has seen many crises, but there has never been one more horrible than the one which occurred in the panicky hearts of the Freshmen when the time came for their Assemblies to be given. It seemed to their rather bewildered and greatly puzzled brains that every possible source of entertainment, and especially the supply of original ideas, had been exhausted.

We were to have the first Assembly on our first Thursday after Christmas, and so we worried over it for weeks ahead because there would be no time for any such plans when the holidays were over, and we would have only four short days to get ourselves adjusted. Christmas vacation sped itself away, and all too soon our first Assembly day came around. But the Freshman Class rose gloriously to the occasion and furnished several stories and a few songs, which seemed to please everyone very much. We even had the honor of having Miss Williams tell a story in our first Assembly. The whole thing was a pronounced success, and the Freshmen took heart, for now that the thing was truly started, it was not going to be so dreadful after all.

The second Assembly arrived all too soon, and this time we had a quartette which pleased very much. There was also with us that day a mysterious person who looked into a magic mirror and called many of the students to the platform to do various stunts for us. To close this program "ten little Freshmen" sang and illustrated a parody upon the well-known song "Ten Little Chickadees." But our greatest achievement that day was our class song, written by some members of our class, and sung that day for the first time.

Our third Assembly was more of a frolic than an educational entertainment, but it was so genuinely enjoyed by everyone that the Freshmen felt very proud of the event. The class displayed very marked dramatic ability and great talent, especially in the performance of the eight negro minstrels. They were really enough to kill you.

Our last Assembly we spent with Robert Burns and some beautiful Scotland scenes and songs. We were really indebted to Mrs. Jarvie for this pleasure, as she suggested the idea to us, and brought the slides for the pictures. It was a real treat and closed our Assemblies in a worthy manner. The Freshmen felt that they had reason to be proud of their efforts, but many were the sighs of relief when the task was over.

HELEN FICKLE.







DORMITORY NOTES

“STUDENT GOVERNMENT IN THE DORMITORIES”

HERETOFORE the government of the students has been left practically to the individual girls. This year we had such a large increase in numbers that it became necessary to have some few universal laws for the girls to follow and a definite background for public opinion. Our College stands for self-responsibility and self-control, and as a natural outgrowth of these thoughts, came Student Government. Through this form of government the students assume both individual and community responsibility in the life and conduct of the College.

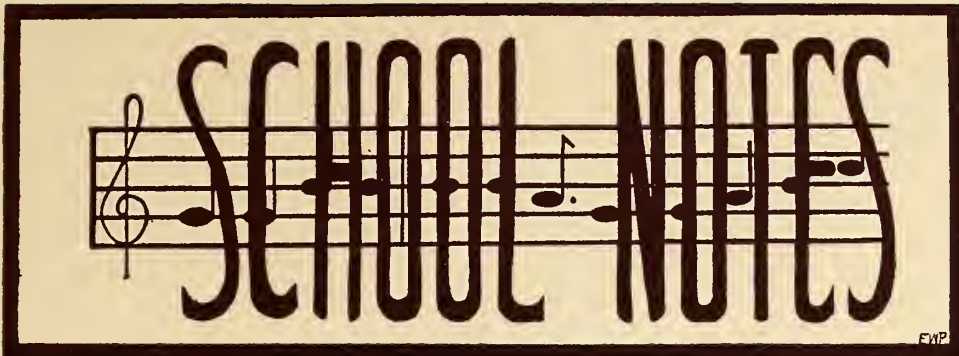
Miss Harrison and the faculty granted us a charter whereby all matters pertaining to the conduct of the students in their dormitory life which did not fall directly under the jurisdiction of the College authorities or the heads of the house were given in charge of the girls. A meeting of the dormitory girls was then held, and the meaning of Student Government explained. It was voted to adopt Student Government. After a temporary chairman was appointed, the officers of the executive board were voted into office, the following officers being appointed:

President.....	Elizabeth Jacobs
Vice President.....	Amanda Koerper
Secretary.....	Mary Collins
Treasurer.....	Helen Shearer
North House Tribune.....	Helen Sullivan
South House Tribune.....	Barbara Schreier
Main House Tribune.....	Ella Carter

This executive board then met and drew up a constitution and rules, which were passed by the faculty, and then voted on by the students.

Student Government has been in operation for about two months now, and the girls have met the requirements with vim and loyalty, have stood by the rules and each other with courage and poise, making the system a success.

E. JACOBS.



THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

WE came down to dinner hungry as we always are—and with expectancy written large all over our faces. But what a sight met our eyes! What had happened? No meal awaited us nor any sign of preparation for one. Finally, however, it was announced that dinner was to be served at the College. With relief, expectancy, and wonder mingled we timidly went over. A long white line of figures greeted us and showed us the way to the big tables. Who would have recognized the occupation room in all its glory of Hallowe'en decorations? About twenty "sure enough" spooks were sitting at the tables throughout the rooms. The guesses we made as to who they were! They couldn't unmask until the girls identified them. Such peals of laughter as they did unmask! After dinner, which was served in approved Hallowe'en fashion, we disbanded to go home and mask. About an hour later a weird ghostly lot of figures stole softly across the campus to the College. What fun it was to play games and dance with people whom you didn't even recognize. We wound up with a grand march and unmasking. Naturally we had "eats," cider, apples, and doughnuts; and then much to our sorrow the clock struck twelve, and like a flock of tired Cinderellas we went home.

BERNICE M. KINSLOE.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY

THE Junior Class delightfully entertained the students and faculty of the National Kindergarten College at a party just before the holiday season. The party was held in the central dormitory and dancing and games afforded entertainment for the evening. The house was beautifully decorated in Christmas greens. The lights were covered with red shades, which cast a dim glow over the gaily decorated rooms. Great branches of holly were abundant everywhere. Little pine trees were scattered here and there and upon their branches rested glistening snow. A very effective landscape was produced by the arranging of the large Christmas tree and a background of blue sky thickly sprinkled with stars. Chilly looking icicles hung about. Punch was served during the evening by some of the Freshmen girls. About sixty couples enjoyed the hospitality of the Junior Class.

THE FRESHMAN INFORMAL



HE Freshmen entertained the Juniors and Seniors at an informal party on the evening of February eighteenth at the main dormitory. It was a St. Valentine's Party, and the house was very prettily decorated in red hearts and cupids. Dancing seemed to be the most popular feature, but in one of the rooms were a number of tables where cards and other games were enjoyed by those who didn't care to dance. About the middle of the evening light refreshments were served by the committee in charge. Those in the receiving line were the Misses Woodson, Williams, Dean, Kiekhoefer and McGruer.

FIRE NOTICE

Look around and choose the exit nearest your bed.

In case of fire walk, not run, to the exit.

Do not try to beat your roommate to the door. "No shoving and no pushing allowed."

"THE FIRE FLIES"

A production in two acts and five scenes.

Time: Midnight. Place: N. K. C. Dormitory.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Proctors—A few girls chosen for their power of self-control, bravery, and fire-fighting ability.

Chorus.....N. K. C. Cadets

Music furnished by Alarm Bell.

Musical Numbers:

1. Midnight Fire Alarm.
2. Overture—Ding! Ding! Ding!

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I. Scene I.

Proctors dash madly from room to room realizing their ability to gain honorable mention by saving the life of some poor unfortunate being who is probably suffering from somnia.

Scene II.

Mobs of frenzied girls issue bewilderingly from downy cots in vain search for kimonos and other valuables such as pictures of John, Henry, or Isaac, special delivery letters and withered rose petals.

Scene III.

N. K. C. Cadets fall into line with such alertness and agility as has been accomplished only within the realms of West Point. Proctors continue their important role, practicing their power of discipline upon such girls as are wide enough awake to break the silence by giggling and other demonstrations of lack of self-control.

Act II. Scene I.

Forming of ranks. Cadets obey the stern commands of the honorable lieutenant.
Roll Call.
Recognition of the unity after separation.

Scene II.

Command given, "About Face!"
Hasty retreat of company, which left the floor and steps covered with feminine debris. (Rapid Curtain.)
Costumes furnished by Individuals.
Unusual Coiffures by Kidd.
Optical Illusions—Various.
Brands of cold cream, mentholatum, adhesive tape, camphorated ice, toilet water, and mange cure.



LITERARY

THE UNFINISHED LAND



WONDER if there is anybody here who sometimes forgets to finish things. Do you ever forget to put your toys away after a game, or to hang up your coat when you come in from a walk? Billy Smith was that sort of a boy. Now Billy was a good boy, he helped his mother around the house and he ran errands for her up at the store, but there was one thing that Billy could never remember to do, and that was—to finish things. Sometimes Billy's mother would say, "Come, Billy, and help Mother wash the dishes," and Billy would come running in to help, but when he had wiped one or two plates he would think of something else he wanted to do and leave Mother to finish, or when Mother said, "Billy, Mother wants you to go up to the store and get her some bread," Billy would run off at once, but before he had gone far along the road he would see somebody else with whom he wanted to play, and forget that Mother was waiting at home.

Well, one day Billy went out to play in the garden. He brought out some of his toys from the house, and for a long time he played quite happily. But by and by Billy began to feel tired, so he left all his toys lying on the ground and went and sat down under the trees a little distance away. Soon Mother came out and called, "Billy, Billy, come and put away your game," but Billy was too far away to hear Mother calling, and besides he was very, very sleepy, but just as he was falling off to sleep he heard a voice saying, "Billy Smith!" And Billy sat up quickly and looked around, but there was no one to be seen; then he felt a little tug at his coat sleeve and heard the voice again, "Billy, Billy Smith!" And Billy looked down, and there, at his elbow was a tiny little man, no bigger than Billy's hand. And the little man said, "Aren't you the boy that can't remember to finish things? Aren't you getting tired of being told to finish things?"

"Well, yes," said Billy, "I think I am."

"Well," said the little man, "how would you like to live in a place where nobody has to finish anything?"

"Why, I think that would be perfectly lovely," cried Billy, his face lighting up.

"Very well, come along," said the other. "That's the land I come from; I thought you'd like to live in that sort of a place too, so I came to fetch you. We'll have to hurry, if we want to be there before dark."

And then a strange thing happened. While he was speaking, the little man began to grow, and he grew and grew until he wasn't little any longer, but as big as Billy himself, and then he grew and grew some more until he was as big as Billy's father, and Billy's father was the tallest man Billy had ever seen. Billy saw something that he hadn't noticed before and that was that the man had no buttons on his coat, and no laces in his shoes.

Billy's legs were beginning to ache with his long walk when they came in sight of some house-tops among the trees.

"Here we are, Billy," said the man, "this is the town and there is my house at the end of the street."

Billy thought it was the funniest town he had ever seen. The houses were all crooked and looked as though they wanted to fall over, some of the windows had glass in and others had not, some had no chimney and others no door. The children playing in the street looked as though they had nobody to look after them, nobody to brush their hair or wash their faces.

"Oh, why don't you have proper sidewalks along your streets?" cried Billy as he almost fell over a rough stone.

"Well, they did start to make one," was the reply, "but somehow they never went on with it, and just along here is a part that didn't get done. But here we are," he added, as he opened the gate to the house he had pointed out as his own.

"I'm glad your house has a door to it, anyway," said Billy.

"Yes," said the man, "but the man who made the lock forgot to make a key, so we'll have to climb in through the window."

"I expect you're feeling hungry," said the man, when at last they were inside, "wait a minute and I'll go and see if I can find some supper."

When he had gone, Billy looked around to see if there was a place where he could rest, but, as he was going to take a seat he noticed that the chair only had three legs.

"I expect someone forgot to finish that too," thought poor Billy, "I wonder if I'm going to like living here as much as I thought I would."

"The cook said she made a cake," said the man on his return, "but she forgot all about it, and now it's all burnt to ashes, so I'm afraid we won't be able to have any supper tonight."

"Well," said Billy, almost crying, "if I can't have any supper please take me upstairs to bed."

"Well, you see," explained the man, "although there's a bed upstairs, the man who made this house forgot to put any stairs in it so we'll just have to sleep on the floor."

And then a big lump came in Billy's throat, but just as he was going to tell the man that he did not like his land a bit, and he'd like to go home, he heard a voice calling, "Billy, Billy, where's the boy who's going to put his game away, and come and help Mother?"

And Billy sat up and looked around. Why, he was under the very tree where he had first met the little man, and Billy found he was not nearly so sleepy now as he had been when he thought he would have to sleep on the floor.

"Mother," said Billy that night, when his mother came in to say good night to him, "Mother, would you like to live in a place where nobody had to trouble about finishing anything?"

"I don't think I would, Billy," said Mother, "I think we'd soon find out that it's the best plan after all to get things done, even when we don't want to do them very much; and I believe you'd think so too, Billy."

And Billy was quite sure he would, but he never told anybody why.

FREDA GARDNER.

ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS AFRAID OF THE DARK



ONE time there was a little girl, a very little girl, who was afraid—and what do you suppose it was that frightened her? The dark! Yes, she was afraid of the dark! All day long while the light from the great Sun lasted, she played about, as happy as could be, but when the Sun went off to shine for other little boys and girls, and left long shadows behind him and sometimes not even the Lady Moon to light the way, *then* this little girl, who was a very little girl indeed, would run to Mother or Daddy and cry, “O Mamma! Daddy! Please hold my hand. I’m afraid of the big Dark!” And neither Mother nor Daddy could persuade her to sleep in the nice, quiet room upstairs, or make her believe that there was nothing in the library when it was dark that was not there when the room was brightly lighted.

One day the little girl—who was such a little girl indeed—was playing quietly in her nice big sand pile in the back yard. The sand pile was under a huge apple tree and the branches with their many, many leaves spread over it like a roof and made the place shady and cool. As the little girl sat there, digging and sifting the sand, she suddenly heard a tiny noise—O, a *wee* tiny noise! It seemed to come from somewhere in the grass and it sounded like a very small voice sighing, “Oh, dear!”

Little Girl listened and again came that wee little yawny sound—“Oh hum!” This time she discovered where the little voice was coming from—it came right out from under a dandelion plant which grew in the grass at the side of the sand pile. Little Girl waited a minute or so for the tiny voice to sound again, but when it did not, she slowly and cautiously reached out and lifted one of the dandelion leaves—and *what* do you suppose she saw there? All cuddled up in a tiny, tiny heap lay the prettiest, daintiest little fairy you ever saw! Her little dress was made of gray cobweb and on her head she wore a cunning little cap of pussy-willow fur.

When Little Girl pulled the leaf aside, this wee little mite yawned and stretched her little arms, and blinked as if dazzled by even the dim light under the old apple tree.

“Oh!” exclaimed Little Girl, “were you asleep?”

“Asleep?” said the fairy, “it seems ages that I’ve been asleep, and I’m tired of it. I wish night would hurry and come! The daylight lasts so very long!”

“Well, I wish it would last all the time,” said Little Girl, “I don’t like the dark; it scares me, and I’m afraid to go to bed alone at night.”

“Afraid of the dark?” cried the little fairy, and she sat up and forgot to blink, she was so surprised. “Why, how *can* you be afraid when you know that I and all my brothers and sisters just live to make the dark nice and quiet and safe for girls and boys like you? Why, we sleep all day every day, so we can keep awake more easily and watch through the night. I have hundreds and hundreds of brothers and sisters, and we go around every night and hide ourselves on the bed-posts and the chairs, on top of the bureaus and beneath the beds, and all night long, while our great Uncle, the Sun, is away, we watch in his place and keep all harm away from little sleepers.”

“Why, I’ve never seen you before,” exclaimed Little Girl, as she opened her eyes big and wide, “are you sure you watch in my room every night?”


“O quite sure,” laughed the wee little fairy (and her laugh sounded like the tinkle of a baby blue-bell). “But of course you can’t see us in the dark, for our

clothes are made by the Tailor of Shadow-land, and you can't *feel* us because we are *fairies*, you see! Oh hum-m-m! I do wish Uncle Sun would go away and then I could get up and go about my watching. Won't you *please* cover me up again and let me sleep? The time will then pass more quickly."

So Little Girl, who was such a very little girl indeed, tenderly covered the wee tiny fairy with the dandelion leaf, and then she ran quickly into the house to tell Mother that never again would she be afraid of the big, black Dark!

GENEVIEVE HUSTON.

THE DREAM THAT MADE TEDDY A BETTER BOY

NCE upon a time, not such a long time ago, there lived a little boy whose name was Teddy. Most of the time he was dear and good, but he had one bad habit; he was not kind to the insects and birds that lived about him.

Often when a fly was buzzing up and down the window pane, trying to find a way to get out into the bright sunshine, Teddy would very softly sneak up to the window, reach out his hand, and swish, the poor fly was caught in his hand. Then what do you think this naughty boy did? He pulled off both its wings and put it back on the window sill half dead. Teddy wasn't a bit nice to the birds either. More than once he had climbed a tree and taken a nest from one of the branches, and the poor little birds were left without any home. He didn't stop to think that they would have to build their little home all over again, and that it meant lots of work. -

Now the fairies had been watching Teddy for some time, and you know they like to help anyone who really needs help, so they made up their minds to protect the birds and flies by showing Teddy just how naughty he had been. One day he had been playing in his yard and had become very warm and tired. He sat down under a big tree to rest, but all of a sudden he heard the strangest noises! Looking around, he saw a whole army of birds and flies coming towards him. In front of them were six fairies, dear tiny ones, in green dresses and funny little hats. Their pretty wings were spread out like a butterfly's and sparkled in the sunlight. They stopped right in front of Teddy, and the queen, stepping close to him, waved her magic wand about him. At once he felt himself growing smaller and smaller, until it seemed to him as if they were all larger than he, and he was dreadfully frightened.

"Now," said the fairy queen, "we are going to make you see how thoughtless and cruel you have been. The first thing you are to do is to build a nest."

Poor Teddy! He hadn't the least idea how to go about it, but he knew he must try, so he began hunting around for bits of straw and wee little sticks. It was very hard to find just the right size, and the birds kept looking at him with their bright eyes, and chirped in such an amused way that Teddy felt very uncomfortable. With each little stick he had to climb up the tree and carefully fit one on top of the other. Many, many times he climbed the tree before the nest was finished, for you know it takes a bird a long, long time to build his nest neatly and carefully. Finally the last straw was put into place and Teddy slid to the ground. How tired he was! He wished he had never so much as looked at a bird's nest.

Teddy came and stood before the fairy queen. "Now, flies," she then said, "show him how he has been treating you."

A buzz of pleasure arose from the flies as two of the largest ones came and caught hold of his arms, and with a quick jerk pulled them off. Oh! how he screamed! They did not care a bit. They caught hold of both his legs to pull them off, too, when all of a sudden he opened his eyes. He looked at his arms—they were both on, and peacefully sitting on the knee of his trousers was a fly, washing itself. Any other time, Teddy would have tried to catch it, but he knew better now, and he was so glad to find that he had only been dreaming that he laughed for sheer joy. And a little bird that was sitting on the edge of his nest, chirped gleefully at Teddy, for he knew that ever after this, his home would be safe. And really, it was.

CAROLINE MANGELSDORF.

A VISION OF SIN

DOWNWARD is our trend. "Down to the uttermost parts of the earth" is Dante's journey. And hither he is bound singing of the sacred song in sheer mockery of the Divine. And who is this Dante that dares to face this infernal region with blasphemy in his Soul? In answer we can only say that it is Dante—but Dante who has undergone a metamorphosis of the Soul. Evil in conflict with good soon contaminates the whole—and utter ruin is the result! And such is this Dante who dares to enter the border-land of Evil to a sacred strain.

Dante's own Soul is within the grasp of the Evil Power, else he would not dare to proceed, but fearlessly he does proceed, and we now behold him demonized and to the strains of sacred music entering the realm of Evil undoing itself (the grotesque of all Art).

Long had been the journey downward and many the trials pictured to this Dante—until by constant contact he had taken on the cloak of Evil and marched forward toward the very center of Evil, singing music of a sacred strain, making a hideous blasphemy of it! And the result is the *supreme embodiment in the form of Satan Reigning* on the throne of Devildom in the very heart of the world. Satan stands viewed by Dante, who neither lives nor dies, but exists in a medium between the two—because of the gigantic form that he now sees before him, which in reality is Sin in its nakedness standing before the human Soul, a Type of all Evil crystallized into one titanic being and the culmination of grotesqueness. In direct opposition to all that is good and beautiful he stands as a picture of the negative world and just so the picture must be painted ere the world gains a true focus on the Sin without her mantle of deception. Neither Man nor Animal is this huge figure, but rather the two commingled. Three faces of different colors, or three races of man, share alike in Sin—a trinity brought to Devildom, here represents the countenance of the Evil. And here let us note the negation of the Divine thought found and mocked in a realm where angels fear to tread. The fallen Lucifer, too, carries the mockery of the Angel wings in all the hideousness of a bat. They negate the beautiful! Shaggy are the limbs of this gigantic animal and beyond the power of the imagination extends this

form, because beyond all imagination lies the size of sin. And the purpose of such a character? Only that punishment be dealt to sinners, not the huge sinner needs be dealt with colossal size but colossal is the shape of sin, hence a colossal rectifier. And in all its magnitude, in its deepest negation, in the darkest hour of night, Dante views Sin—when suddenly as if by a magic shot his Guide turns and Dante clings tighter—the day dawns and a Soul is saved!

Dante and his guide start their ascent toward a higher light by using the limbs of this Evil Power as a helping hand, and he now realizes that this monstrosity was head downward fastened to the ice of indifference.

Hence Evil turned to good is a negation of the negative and a positive result must be the end. Just so Dante finds himself when in the darkest part of the night in the ice-land of indifference to all fellow beings lifted by some helping hand, until the day dawns, the stars shine, and a true spirit of greatness is born and reigns as master over Hell.

VIRGINIA STUART JONES.

THE IDEA AND VALUE OF MUSIC IN THE KINDERGARTEN



MUSIC arouses the emotions as no other Art does. In the kindergarten we aim to arouse and awaken the emotions of the child to the highest ideals and the best there is in this life. It is our purpose to give him fundamentals that will help to acquaint him with the world about him. We try to direct his tastes to those things which will have the best influence over him. We tell him stories that will form a foundation for the best literature when he is older. In just the same way we try to have him become familiar with the music of the great artists in composition.

We give him selections in simplified form of Chopin, Beethoven, McDowell, and all those who have given to the world the masterpieces in music. Thus by his daily listening to the playing of this kind of music he is helped to form a taste and cultivate a love for the purest there is, so in his later life he will care only for that which is uplifting and beautiful.

Music also has its direct results in the kindergarten room. Wishing to instill within him a feeling of reverence for his Creator, we use quiet music of an uplifting nature that arouses his emotions to a sense of harmony and peacefulness. In this attitude he is prepared for the prayer of thankfulness that follows.

In the songs that are sung a very great influence is brought to bear, for impressions are made by certain emotions being aroused. During the game period the music is helpful in marking rhythm, which is so necessary to help him feel the rhythm and harmony of life when he does the thing that is right. So it would seem that music is an absolute necessity in the kindergarten if we would conscientiously do our duty by the child.

LAURA BARTHOLOMEW.

EXTRACTS FROM MOTHER PLAY ABSTRACTS

"The Mother Play Book can be used by all people who wish to understand child nature. It can be used for deep study by the Kindergartner, aiding her in her understanding of the development of child activities."

ELLA CARTER.

"In everything there is something beautiful if we are able to see and appreciate it."

INACE OWEN.

"Only where the inner rhythm of the child's soul is ordered, is it possible for the child to be in harmony and time; to 'walk in step' with God and his fellowmen."

ELEANOR UNDERWOOD.

"We think of light as representing truth, purity, while darkness suggests evil, sin. Light takes on an added significance when we study it as a symbol of insight. Light has a wonderful effect upon the feelings of a child. We cannot begin too early in our Kindergartens to use it in various ways."

AMANDA KOERPER.

"Shadow symbolizes evil and struggle. Strength is gained through struggle. Often a greater spiritual light and strength are gained after a period of darkness, strife and sorrow. One appreciates the greater joys of life and possesses a deeper sympathy after a time of sorrow when it seems that no light could possibly be beyond."

MARGARET BRAYTON.

"The Window Songs arouse and quicken the sympathy of the child for what is high and noble. We may teach the child to open the windows of his heart and soul and let in the light of love and life, and then reflect it to his fellow-beings."

SARAH SLAGG.

"This is a world of labor and each has his part to do. No matter how large or how small his part may seem, if it is well done that is sufficient."

LYDIA TUERKE.

“When we think of man’s life as influenced by his will and character, we see that he may be surrounded by light coming not from without but from within; that he has the power to make the world what he will for himself, and, to a certain extent, for all about him.”

MABEL TOLLES.

“Through calling the children’s attention to what the tradesmen do for them, we make them conscious of their dependence upon the social whole, and also develop in them a sense of individuality.”

LILLIAN HAWKINSON.

“Through the Trade Games the child gains the foundation for all the world’s work, and he understands better than ever before the truth of interdependence. He learns to value humanity by its helpfulness, and value material for its possibility of use.”

HELEN STOUT.



PLANS FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS

(Based on the Mother Plays)

KATHERINE RICHARDS

September—The Pigeon House. Show the picture. Read the motto and commentary. The song may be played and sung. A paper may be read making the kindergarten application of the play. A general discussion and questions may follow.

October—When all the leaves are falling and the birds going south, "All Gone" may be helpfully used.

November—"The Children on the Tower" suggests itself for use at this time. The idea of retrospection is suggestive of the Thanksgiving season and a good one for the mothers to keep in mind.

December—For this meeting "Tick-Tack" is good. The New Year suggests Time and at this period "Time" is probably the subject of the kindergarten program. As the punctuality of the child depends largely upon the mother, the "Tick-Tack" may prove most valuable.

February—The Knight plays are appropriate for February. At this time the Knight games are being played in kindergarten and mothers doubtless wonder what it is all about. If they had a little more knowledge they might be able to co-operate a little better in working out the ideals of the games. A paper on Chivalry or the Ideals of Knighthood might be prepared. Modern Knights, too, should be recognized.

March—March with its winds suggests the Weather Vane. Miss Harrison's story may be told. At this meeting each member might bring a Bible quotation in which the elements of Nature are used to express God speaking to man.

April—In April "The Little Gardener" might be used. It is suggestive of the season and will encourage the mothers to give gardens to the children. The Play, with some study, will give them insight into the value of the work in the gardens. To discuss plans for gardens and to give a list of easy growing plants would be helpful.

May—In May the "Light Bird" may be given to help the mothers lead their children to an appreciation of art and nature. It is especially fitting at this time when all Nature is in bloom and each day so lovely.

June—The culmination of the year should be "The Little Artist," "The Light Bird," has given the impression; now in "The Little Artist" we have the expression. Mothers should understand this. At this meeting work done by the children throughout the year might be shown.

STORIES BASED ON THE MOTHER PLAY

“ALL GONE”



BY the side of a cornfield grew a little dandelion plant. In the early summer when the corn waved high and green the little dandelion, low on the ground, put out its leaves and the warm sunshine and the gentle rain helped it to grow. After a while the sun shone down so hot and strong that the corn began to turn yellow, and, on the ground, a little green bud came up from the dandelion plant. And Sally watched the little flower open, as each day it held its head a little higher and opened its golden cup a little wider—for Sally had lived in the big city ever since she could remember and she had never seen a dandelion before. The other children would say to her sometimes, “There are beautiful flowers growing in the garden, white and red and blue,” and, looking at the flowers, Sally would point to the waving cornfield and say, “The little gold dandelion is the most beautiful of all.”

But one day a strange thing happened. The golden petals began to blow away and in their place grew soft, silky threads that covered the head of the little dandelion until it looked like a round ball of thistle-down on a green stem, and, just as Sally was bending over it, wondering and wondering what had happened, a puff of wind came over the cornfield, and whiff! all the little silky threads went flying off in the air or down among the corn.

“Gone,” said Sally, “all gone” (and she almost cried, she was so sorry about it). “First the little yellow flower, then the white dandelion clock—only a green stem left, and I loved them all so much.” Even the green stem went soon, for the reapers came into the field and cut it down along with the yellow corn.

“They are not really gone, Sally,” said Mother, when Sally told her about it, “each of these silky threads carries a little seed, and in the spring you will find many, many dandelions all over the field.”

Sally did not know how such a thing could be, and she wondered about it often while the snow lay thick in winter. And then one day, as Sally was out wandering in the soft May sunshine, where the tiny blades of corn were appearing above the ground, she found a new dandelion plant, and another, and yet another, here and there all over the field.

“Oh,” she cried, as she clapped her hands, “the corn is growing, and my dandelions are here again. Nothing really goes away after all!”

FREDA GARDNER.



SUSY had a little garden bed all her own. She was so proud of it and carefully planned just what she would like to plant in it. Mother suggested poppies, and as Susy loved them better than any other flowers she knew of, she was delighted. After the earth in the little bed was all made fine and smooth, Mother helped her scatter the wee black seeds, and gently covered them all over with earth. Before very long, tiny green plants came poking up, and, helped by the rain and sunshine, they daily grew stronger and taller. Finally wee buds

appeared and when one lovely morning Susy went to her flower bed, she found that a number of buds had burst overnight, and the rosy flowers were nodding and bobbing at her.

All summer long the poppy plants bloomed, and when Susy left for a visit to grandfather's, the bed was still a blaze of scarlet. After her return the first thing she did was to run to her poppy bed, and found to her surprise that fat, round pods had taken the place of blossoms. Tearfully she ran to bring Mother out and show her the loss. "My blossoms, Mother," she sobbed, "they are all gone."

"But Susy, dear," Mother comforted, "the little plants bloomed for you all summer, and now they have left you something that is just as precious," and as she spoke Mother picked one of the fat, round pods and opened it. Inside were ever and ever so many of the tiniest black seeds—just like the ones Susy had planted in the spring.

"Oh! Mother," she cried, "weren't the poppies just the dearest to give me all these seeds? Now next year I can have poppies again, ever and ever so many, can't I?"

"Indeed you can," said Mother, "for each one of these tiny seeds makes a lovely poppy plant."



INTERDEPENDENCE



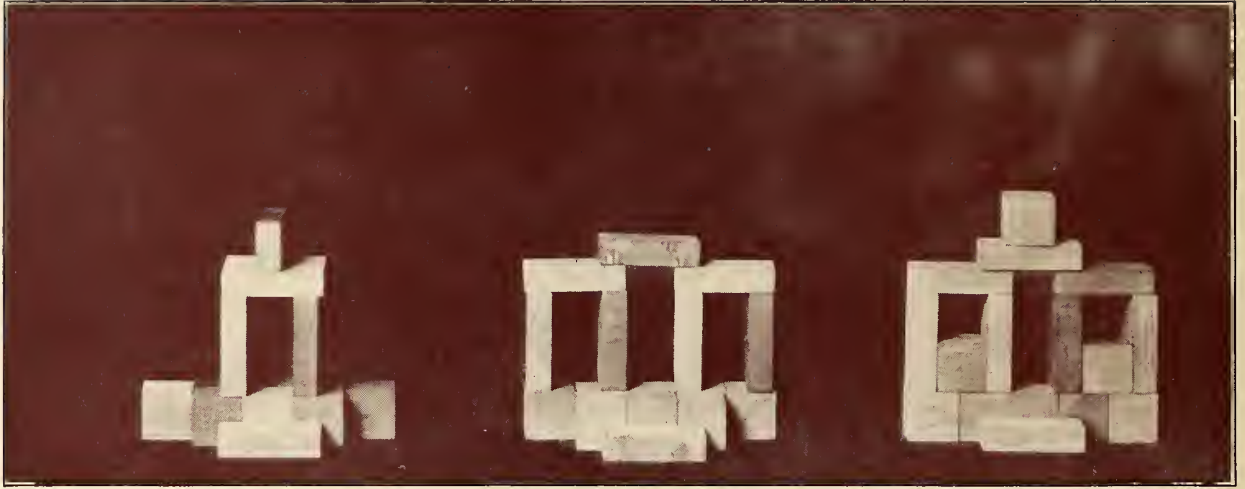
THE progress of civilization and the increased complexity of social and economic existence which accompanies it are marked by an increasingly closer relation between man and his neighbors. In the early stage of man's existence each individual had the freedom of unlimited territory. Each, for himself, protected his own person and property from his neighbors. But communities soon became larger, and as people lived closer together, such means were seen to be inadequate. Therefore, society became organized as a body to protect itself and its members from the harmful acts of its individual members. This body made laws and chose men to enforce them. These laws are the evidence not of dependence or subjugation but of a loss of man's one-time independence and its replacement by interdependence.

In order for a large group of people to live together with the greatest profit to all, each must respect certain rights of his fellowmen as individuals and as a body, and they chose laws as the expression.

Under such conditions, where each person's actions react so widely upon his fellows, there is a need for the impression of some moral principle which will teach individuals to act with regard to the effects of that action upon others. This great need can be met by each one of us instilling into our own lives personal and civic responsibility. We are all members of society, not free members or units, but interdependent units of a larger and more complete body. We must all work in a certain way, heedful of the acts of others and heedful of the results of our actions.

JUANITA MCGRUE.

FRESHMEN GIFT SEQUENCES



KINDERGARTEN OCCUPATIONS

BEGINNING OF THE SKILLED WORKMAN



AMONG the many developments of kindergarten occupations is one which needs more emphasizing; and that is the training of the hand itself, both as a tool and a tool-user. This will last the child much longer than anything he learns to make. He may lose his baskets, wagons, pictures, certainly he will not keep them long, but he will keep whatever of skill he gains in handling the materials with which these were made.

The hand is the tool of the spirit. It is man's principal means of expression. What children wish to find out about, to investigate, they wish to take hold of. They show this natural instinct in the "touch hunger" which makes them want to put their hands on things; to touch them in order to see them better. If they are to learn to make things they must learn to use their hands; they must learn how to handle not only material but tools; their fingers must not be "all thumbs."

There is one very natural and easy introduction to the occupations which has been little used. This is "finger plays." All children love "finger plays," and they have been much used in other ways. Most if not all of the occupations can be preceded by "finger plays" which will not only help the children to understand the occupation, but which will also develop flexibility of the fingers. If accompanied by songs or rhymes all the better. The following as a beginning of such plays is suggested:

Modeling. The game of pat-a-cake in which the dough is rolled between the hands and moulded can be transferred to clay modeling, the children telling what they are making. It really is a modeling of dough. Or, one fist could be the lump of clay to be molded by the other hand.

Stringing and Sewing. Use the pointer finger of one hand for the needle, and make a round hole with the thumb and finger of the other hand. Put this up through the hole only for stringing, and first up through the hole then down through it for sewing.

Weaving. Hold out one hand with the fingers extended. Use the forefinger of the other hand for weaving. Sometimes you can even weave a little with two fingers.

Chain-making. Place the thumb on top of the pointer finger in the same way in which one end of the strip is placed on top of the other to make the chain. If the thumb is placed on top of each finger in turn the muscles of each finger will be exercised. This can be played with the fingers of each hand.

Cutting. Make a pair of scissors with the pointer finger and middle finger, and play at cutting.

Drawing. Draw pictures in the air with the fingers. Use also the old well-known way of making shadow pictures, not only making them for the children, but also helping them to make some easy animal heads for themselves. The moving of

the ears and opening of the mouths gives a very good exercise to the muscles of the fingers.

Children love to handle material, to roll clay in their hands, to poke their fingers in it, pound it, in many ways to test its plasticity. So also do they like to roll, to tear paper with their fingers. They need this handling of material that they may become *used* to the feel of it, that they may acquire delicacy of touch. They should be *encouraged* rather than *discouraged* in this "touch hunger."

In this way we not only help the children to master the occupation processes, but also to develop *flexibility* of the fingers, *skill* in handling materials and tools, and *delicacy* of touch.





JOKES

Petty had a telephone call as follows:

ARDENT ADMIRER: "Do you like nut sundaes?"

PETTY: "Yes, indeed."

ARDENT ADMIRER: "All right, I'll be around next Sunday."

SENIOR PRESIDENT: "Oh, I can't write that, I've got about a dozen things already to write *up* for the Annual."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: "Well for the love of Mike, please get busy and write some of them *down* for a change."

Did you hear the story about the villain?
Well in a certain play he got shot in the end.

FRESHMAN GIRL: "Doris is excited."

DORIS: "I *am not*. I was never more reposed in my life."

All nuts don't grow on trees. We know this to be a fact for Helen Jeffries often spends the week end at Jackson Park playing with the squirrels.

The other day in class, Dorothee Ravené told Miss Davis that the diamond was the most important of all symbols, and speaking of Dorothee, she also made the remark at dinner one night, that she would never ask "her Harry" to come to dinner here at the Dorm. She was expressing her sympathy for Alberta Wynkoop's husband. How does she know about all these things? Ask us; ask us!

Also—The other day in gardening we were discussing gold fish, and how they should be cared for. The following bright remark was forthcoming from Dorothee:

“In our kindergarten the fish kept coming to the top of the bowl for air, so I took out some of the water and put in some fresh water and the fish seemed more comfortable and happy.”

We should like to know how a fish looks and acts when he is comfortable and happy. Perhaps Dorothee will write a book on “A Comfortable Fish.”

A man entered the Pestalozzi-Froebel School the other day and asked to see either Mr. Pestalozzi or Mr. Froebel.

MISS HAZZARD: “Nell, are you going to see Silas Marner with us?”

NELL NISSEN: “Oh, I don’t know. What’s he playing in?”

The “worry cow” would have lived ’till now
If she hadn’t lost her breath.
But she thought that her hay
Wouldn’t last through the day,
So she worried herself to death.

If you get thirsty at night, just remember that there is a spring under your bed.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

DIRECTOR: "Children, where does silk come from?"

BOBBIE (brightly): "From the corn."

One of the older children came into kindergarten to explain the absence of her small brother: "Teacher, Johnny can't come to-day. He's got a boil and can't sit."

JAKY (designating right and left): "This is my right foot and this is my wrong foot."

ANNIE (asking for a song): "Let's sing 'Will you be my country 'tis.'"

(And shortly after): "Let's sing 'Of scrambled eggs the birdie sings.'"

One of the children came with a bad cold and the Director asked solicitously: "Rudolph, did your mother give you anything for your cold?"

RUDOLPH: "Yes, she gave me a handkerchief."

BILLY (flourishing a picture of Sir Galahad): "Say, here's the pure hearted boy."

TEACHER (sweetly): "What do you mean by pure hearted, Billy?"

BILLY: "Oh, his heart was nice and clean and smelled good."

A kindergartner once asked her children to make a noise like some animal which they had heard. When she had counted three, there were noises of all kinds; but one little boy sat perfectly quiet.

"Why, don't you know any animal to be?" she asked him.

Unexpectedly he replied, "Sh! I'm a rooster! I'm laying an egg!"

Grandmother was crocheting, and remarked that it was no wonder they called the stitch "mile a minute," because it went so fast. Little Alice who had been watching her work, looked up and said, "Why, grandma, you've been working all afternoon and haven't even got a block yet."

TEACHER: "Johnny, where do we get milk?"

JOHNNY: "From the cow."

CHILD NEXT TO JOHNNY: "Well, where does the cow get the milk?"

JOHNNY: "From the milk weed, of course, you boob!"

TEACHER: "Now children, let's play that we are snowflakes."

TOMMY: "The rest of you can be snowflakes if you want to, but I'm going to be a cornflake."

BASIL: "Teacher, when vacation's over, I'm goin' to have whiskers."

TEACHER: "Yes, when you're a man then you'll have whiskers."

BASIL: "No, after vacation! I'm goin' to plant seeds and they'll grow!"

The children are looking at the picture of a boy on snowshoes. "He's skating," said one. "No, he isn't," asserted Willie, positively. "He's walking on tennis rackets."

Lila was telling the sympathetic kindergartner of the death of her little dickey bird who was caught by the cat. The kindergartner said, "Yes, my bird died, too." "What was the trouble with your bird?" asked Lila. "A bad cold," answered the teacher. "Well, our bird," said Lila, sadly, "really had no occasion for dying at all."

The teacher was telling her children that the world was round and turned every twenty-four hours, when she was interrupted by Marshall with an inspiration, "No wonder I fall out of bed every night!"

Johnny arrived early at kindergarten and amused himself playing with the chickens in the school yard. Later in the morning the kindergartner asked him to climb in the pen for the ball which had fallen there. Johnny, though usually bold, was overcome with fear. "Go on, Johnny," said the teacher, "the chickens won't hurt you. I know they won't." "You wouldn't be so sure of that," said Johnny, pale with fright, "if you knew all the things I done to them this morning."

Aspiring Winifred, "When this country goes to war, I'm going to be drummer boy! But as long as Wilson's president we'll never go to war, I guess. There's another man (what's his name, anyway?) when he gets to be president, then we'll have war." "Do you mean Roosevelt, Winifred?" the teacher questioned. "Yes, that's his name. When he gets in we'll have war. Then I'll be drummer boy."

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

WANTED—FEMALE HELP

BOLD SENIOR—To tie my chair down in programme class. Frances Wetmore, College Bldg.

TOOL—To call my number in class meeting. Ask for Zeda Brunson at Any Dorm.

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GIRL—Strong in the arm to open windows for Dr. Hedger.

WANTED—MALE HELP

RAPID WRITER—To help me take notes. Helen B. Stout, Toronto, Canada.

HANDY MAN—For Faculty use. Must be willing and able to speak foreign languages, among them Sniderism. Apply to Francis M. Arnold.

A SQUIRREL—To gather up the — at N. K. C.

SOMEONE—To drop a bomb between Hawkinson and Deutschman.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—AUTOMOBILES

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WHAT I AM ASKED

—*The Editor*

Dear Editor:

Kindly refer me to the best authority for the correct spelling of encyclopedia.

K. N.

Any student of N. K. C. can give you the desired information.

Dear Editor:

In case of fire-drill in a college, is it necessary for the Seniors to march out of the building?

SENIOR PRESIDENT.

It is quite unnecessary as the Seniors are "under fire" most of the time anyway.

Dear Editor:

How can I cure snoring? My room-mate is much disturbed.

SNORER.

A piece of court plaster is an excellent thing. Before going to bed, shut your mouth and apply court plaster, sticking it down securely across the lips.

Note—An invaluable suggestion has come to us from the N. K. C. Dormitory. In case of fire-drill during the night, it is well to remove court plaster before answering Roll Call.

Dear Editor:

Can you give me an example of continuity of space?

FRESHMAN

Certainly, Mabel Tolles.

Dear Editor:

How can I keep order in a large chorus class of girls?

DISTRESSED.

Try having the girls keep their fingers on their lips when not singing. For further ideas write to Mrs. Kohlsaatt at the National Kindergarten College.

N. K. C. A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU



HIS is an exact copy of a letter received not long ago by the College. We are sure that those who have not yet been informel of this new department in the College, will be deeply interested, and will not hesitate to take advantage of the excellent opportunities which it presents:

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 11, 1915.

Dear Gentlemen at the National Kindergarten College:

I am a temperance Polish bachelor, am 46 years of age, but i look to be 30—am kind hearted and love children—am a lover of home—i love all nations and live 37 years in Chicago and have a clear record. i have a 3 room furnished attick flat for my own money and i teach English and Polish french and interpret in Courts. I am 24 years at this business. i also sell Real Estate and also manufacture the best Fountain Pen Ink on the market, i sell to banks and i also manufacture a new Liquid Soap that kills Roaches and kills Bed Bugs and cleans all kinds of spots off clothes and other wood spots. i want lady agents, they can earn easy \$5.00 per day. I am also tired of single life; if you dear gentlemen no of any lady from 25 to 50 years of age and if she has 5,000 or 10,000 cash and wants to get married i will marry her and pay you 100 cash for your kind heart. i want the money to put in my business and get my goods all over the stores. i have my goods in 6 stores. i am poor. i am a machinist by occupation. i will now end my letter wishing a reply soon in the future. My hours to meet me are 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. and 7 p. m. to 10 p. m. I remain yours very truly.

IN CLOSING

*Jewels bright and jewels fair,
Who will buy my jewels rare!*



WHEN the Roman matron, Cornelia, called up her two sons to present them to her wealthy friend, I feel quite sure (although history does not record the fact) that she called upon each of the boys to perform some stunt which would prove to the vain, glorious guest that they were remarkably clever children. If she did not do this she ought to have done it.

Therefore I am merely exercising my "inborn interest, impulse and desire" when I call your attention to the unique excellence and rare individuality of this volume. Every article in it is a jewel, dug for, discovered, cut, polished and set, ready for sale.

If you happen to be so saturated with your psychological and pedagogical reading that you can not perceive its literary merit allow me to assure you that Homer never recorded more clearly his vivid narratives, that Dante never pondered more sadly the problems of human depravity, nor did Will Shakespeare ever laugh more heartily over the comic situations in his plots than have our contributors, editors, publishers, proofreaders and fans striven to give to you their best. If you have breakfasted, dined and supped so long on the brutalities and horrors of the war news on the first page of your morning paper, or the editorial in your weekly journal, or the article in your monthly magazine that nothing less than a German advance or an allies recapture can hold your attention, then so much the worse for you. You may have lost the power of seeing the uncommon nature of the contents of this Annual and thereby have dimmed your power of appreciating what we herein present.

Remember, "When a child's treasure seems trash to you it is because your eyes have grown dull." In other words, if you do not see the merit of both form and content of this little volume it is because you have become————I let you supply the rest.

MISS HARRISON.

*“Our N. K. C. Annual hath made its debut,
And now, friends, it only remaineth for you
To loyally give it the praise which is due.”*

THE END

Do You Know Where to Get Kindergarten Materials and Books?

Blank Sewing Cards	Educational Clock Dials
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Colored Tablets	Kindergarten Chairs
Colored Paper Weaving Mats	Kindergarten Gifts
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Educational Toy Money	Numeral Frames
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Paper Strips for Chain Making	Sand Tables
Parquetry Blocks	Schute Weaving Cards
Pegs and Peg Boards	Straws and Beads for Stringing
Paper Weaving Needles	Tablets
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Every Kindergarten Teacher Should Have These Three Books

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