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THE
NORMAL SCHOOL
RECORDER

St. Cloud, Minn.



Winter Term

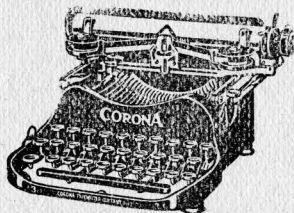
1916 - 1917

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STUDENTS

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The Normal Photographer



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Geo. R. Clark, Jeweler.

**Department of Printing
State Normal School**

St. Cloud, Minn.

Winter Term

Dec **1916-17**
Jan

Martin Kaufmann

Donald Tibbetts

Andrew Moog

Fred Davis

Michael Batz

Frederick Pramann

Herbert Opheim

Waldemar Roeser

Walter Grinols

Arthur Johnson

INTELLECTUAL DISHONESTY.

JEANETTE GUTHRIE.

We all pride ourselves on our honesty, but there is one phase of the virtue, intellectual honesty, which very few of us possess. We constantly steal other people's ideas and opinions and without a quail of conscience brazenly air them as our own.

We are asked to give an appreciation of a drama. Do we carefully read the work, and honestly give the actual measure of our appreciation of its merit? No; before we dare decide what merit it possesses, we ferret out the decisions which other people have voiced. We stand forth in class and unctuously deliver these stolen ideas without giving credit where credit is due. Or a difficult passage may be assigned, the meaning of which is obscure. We obligingly let the honest students work as hard as they choose, to interpret the passage, and we steal their results.

The pitifully few times we do use our brains, unbefogged by a tangle of other people's ideas, and do reach a conclusion, we aren't honest enough to champion our cause. We hasten to compare our conclusion with that contained in a notebook owned by a student who took the same subject last term. You know the rest of the story. No matter how solid are the reasons underlying our conclusion, we discard it, embrace the time-honored one in the time-honored notebook, and next day return to the long-suffering ears of our teacher the time-honored statement she has heard for a decade. Think how interesting this school would be if every student independently and honestly solved each problem submitted to the class and fearlessly stated his results! What a wealth of originality and interesting viewpoints would enliven the work. But no—we're so afraid to say what we really think for fear it might be different from what everybody else has thought since the beginning of time, that we stifle all vigorous thought, and demoralize our intellects, by passively accepting the solutions we steal from tradition and from ancient notebooks.

Not only in school, but in our outside life we flaunt our intellectual dishonesty. Daily we act and talk against our honest convictions for the doubtful pleasure of acting and talking as others do. The world, especially that part of the world of which we all stand more or less in awe, pronounces its verdict on dress, on literature, on music, on art, and we lesser lights accept its verdicts at the expense of our intellectual honesty.

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NORMAL SCHOOL RECORDER
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We listen to a difficult selection of music, the appreciation of which has been pronounced the test of musical culture. Honestly we know that the message of the composition does not reach us, but to hear us rhapsodize, you'd think we had caught each delicate shade of meaning the music embodied and a few that it didn't contain. We quote that we adore Browning, Ibsen, and Tolstoi, and even recite the reasons, when we've never devoted half an hour's serious consideration to the work of any of these authors.

Mark Twain's story "The Jumping Frog" has been pronounced superlatively funny, but I can't see the humor in it. I don't think it's funny to stuff a frog with bullets so he can't jump. I don't think the Mona Lisa's smile "inscrutable" and I don't like the new school of poetry exemplified by Amy Lowell and Arthur Stringer. I might go on indefinitely and divulge radical views I entertain which differ from the standards set by the "select few" but I'm not intellectually honest enough to do so. I'm too much afraid you will think I'm ignorant.

A HUMAN TENDENCY

The College President—

Such rawness in a student is a shame;
But lack of preparation is to blame.

The High School Principal—

Good heavens! What crudity! The boy's a fool!
The fault, of course, is with the grammar school.

The Grammar Principal—

Would that from such a dunce I might be spared!
They send them up to me so unprepared.

The Primary Teacher—

Poor Kindergarten blockhead! And they call
That "preparation"—Worse than none at all.

The Kindergarten Teacher—

Never such lack of training did I see!
What sort of person can the mother be?

A RECOLLECTION

BY OLIVE PACKER

The fire on the grate had slowly died to embers. It cast a dim, wierd light on the company gathered about. The light of the fire gave a ghastly expression to the face of the story teller, looking out from a background of white, frilled cap and cushions, and paled the countenance of the little old man who sat, shivering, by the chimney. The figure crouching on the rug at their feet, now and then lifted its head, and revealed the expressionless face of the idiot son, made more hideous and beast-like by the glare of the coals.

Many times before had I seen this same group before the fireside, but never before had it produced quite the same effect, as on this night of which I speak. I had spent a part of each year in this little community, known to surrounding and more advanced settlements as "The Big Timber." I was quite accustomed to hearing this sort of wierd, blood-curdling tale of ghosts and goblins and death warnings. These tales always afforded me much amusement, and I loved to listen to them by the hour. But so entranced had I become, so had I forgotten myself on this evening before the fire, that I became almost one of these simple Irish folk, as I listened to the old mother's tale of the haunted glen, deep under the bluff in the heart of the timber. I, too, for a moment, shivered with them, saw the mysterious white figures and glaring lights that had been seen to come forth from the cave. And then the clock on the mantle interrupted. I was brought back into my own sensible person again, and I noticed that the story teller had ceased.

"I must depart," I said. I arose, pressing my hand to my head, for a certain strange feeling had not altogether left me. But I laughed at my foolishness, and, gathering my wrap tightly about me, I took my aged hostess by the hand, and wished them all good night.

"You must not go alone, child," protested the little lady. Henry, the hired man, who had been snoring by the stove in the kitchen, had been kept up to "see me home."

But I had little desire for Henry's company. I laughed gayly at their suggestion that I might be afraid, or that any real danger might overtake me. Besides, I knew something of the bravery of Henry, the servant who had grown old in the family. So I departed alone.

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Outside, all was in inky darkness. Did the vast sea of blackness before me make me start, for a second, — and did I cry out, when I reached the gate, on hearing a slight rustle in the leaves at my feet? Perhaps such was the case. But I never would have admitted it, even to myself, as I stepped lightly out onto the old corduroy road that led down through the orchard. With head held high and chest well forward, I walked briskly between the trees, and out into the great main road.

The mere suggestion that I might be afraid had so amused me, that it only spurred me on. Then I began to feel a pride in my own bravery. How self-satisfied I was! What a contrast to the simple, superstitious country folk, whom I loved, yet felt I could never quite understand. They were so kind, yet so ignorant. The evening had been a strange experience. I had listened as one in a dream. Then, as I thought of the foolish fears I had entertained on leaving the house, I laughed aloud, a clear, ringing laugh, which echoed and reechoed in the still black night.

By this time, as my thoughts quickly came and went, I had reached a part of the road which was graded high and dry. I knew that a deep slough stretched away to my right, for more than a quarter of a mile. On the other hand, only a few feet from the road, the great trees rose, high out of the darkness. Why strange pictures should have come to my mind then, I cannot tell. But I gathered more closely the cloak I wore, as my thoughts went beyond those trees, to the glen of the old woman's story. I walked just a little faster, and the thought grew. Somewhere, out in the swamp, I heard a faint splash, as of a stone striking the surface. My heart beat faster. I took a few steps, and then broke into a run. I ran along at a dog trot for a little way, my breath getting shorter and shorter. I knew not why I ran, but I did. I kept my face straight ahead, for several minutes. Then, to convince myself of the absurdity of my fright, I glanced straight out over the swamp.

My heart stopped; my brain whirled. I stood paralyzed with terror; for, far, far out in the swamp, where I knew water and mud were deep, I saw—a light, a glaring, greenish, burning light. The utter darkness around hid the bearer. But, reader, the light was moving, yes, moving directly toward me.

I plunged forward. I stumbled, and put one foot at the bottom of a mud hole, and then all the horrible noises of the universe filled my ears, as I struggled to resume my flight. I glanced to my right again. The light was coming nearer and nearer. Then I regained the road, and ran as if mad. When I reached the

door, my sweet, grayhaired grandmother opened it, and I fell into her arms. It was many minutes before I could tell of my fright and could swear with vehemence that I had seen a ghost, a superhuman some one who walked on the water, and carried a light.

But it was not for nought that this little grandmother had taught me, from a child, the folly of fear and superstition, and the wisdom of courage. Without a word she took me by the hand, and dumbly I followed. A few steps to the left of the path gave us another view of the swamp. The light shone as before, with two, more brilliantly lighted, beside it. It was now that I discovered that my "ghost," my "apparition," my "fiend of the glen" was the beautiful will-o'-the-wisp.

How often, since, have I sat and listened to the wonderful, fascinating stories, in the cottage in the orchard. How often have I since sat and watched the glowing balls of fire, floating over the marsh. I have chased the intangible bits of decomposing wood, with a longing to hold one in my hand for an instant. And though I have come to love the music of the marsh on the black nights, when will-o'-the-wisp are afloat, I shall never forget the thrilling moments when first I saw them.

A Lullaby.

The wind is still in the sycamore tree,
 The nest is still on the bough.
 One pale small star peeps in at thee,
 Sleep, little nestling, now.

The clematis swings on its airy vine,
 It grew there, who knows how?
 It steals a look at baby mine,
 Sleep, little nestling, now.

The bird is asleep in the sycamore tree;
 Its mother is resting now.
 My babe rides out on slumber sea;
 Sleep, little nestling, now.

Nellie Hamer.

AN APPRECIATION.

ROSE SATTLER.

The St. Cloud Normal is unique. Why? Because it has in it that fundamental thing necessary to all growth and development—a root. Without a fine, strong root nothing can live; with a fine, strong root everything flourishes. The tree of art is a tender one. Its branches are delicate and fragile but they send their leaves out into a world of cruel winds and blighting suns. The tree lifts its topmost branches to the blue heaven above in mute return to the Lord—but it lifts them modestly. The tree of music which flourishes in our school is destined to a large and strong growth because this tree has a root; a root that draws its nourishment from the great world of music and of knowledge; a root that sends to the outmost tips of the tree that it feeds, the life-giving sap of appreciation.

“The Creation” as given by the chorus under Miss Root’s direction was a real achievement. To get the tone quality, the precision of attack, and the clean-cut work she got from a great number of untrained voices, was nothing short of a marvel. To infuse into the minds of one-hundred people a sufficient sense of musical values and of musical proportions to make them sing a thing like “The Creation” with an idea of its complete meaning, means a great feeling on the director’s part of all that music is.

So of our Miss Root, we are proud, and to her do we give our earnest thanks.

In Imitation Of Tagore.

When the twilight has descended,
Come upon us with a restful quietude;
When the light gives way to darkness,
Come with peaceful repose;
When labors of the day weary the body
With petty trials and cares,
O Thou Omnipotent, Thou Gracious One,
Come with Thy peace to surround us.

Rena Stuart.

November 1916.

EDITORIALS

HALVOR GRAVEN

The aim in publishing the St. Cloud Normal Recorder, is to knit more closely the individual students, the students and the teachers, the alumni with the school, and the friends of the school with the whole organization. We hope to accomplish this aim through several means: by the publishing of news items from students, alumni, faculty, and friends of the school, and by circulating through our paper some of the productions from various classes.

With the publication of the St. Cloud Normal Recorder, we the editorial staff begin work in which we have had no experience. We realize our inability to carry out our aim as well as it might be done and as we hope it will be done by and by. We need your help. We shall be glad to receive at all times suggestions showing us how to improve this paper. Criticisms we shall cheerfully accept and we shall endeavor to profit from them.

But criticisms alone will not suffice. The publisher of a paper must always have news of interest to the readers of his paper. Whenever you have news suitable for a school paper send it to the editor and the most interesting news received will be published. News items from the alumni will be very interesting to the faculty of this school, to the students, and not least to the alumni. There should be in each issue news of interest to all friends of the St. Cloud Normal School. Besides news items the best written productions from classes such as, themes, history, and literature are desired. These are valuable material for a school paper. The teachers have assured us that such material may be had. We believe that heretofore many productions of some literary and perhaps even scientific value have been handed in to teachers and after receiving due criticism found their way into the waste basket; from there they were collected by the janitors, and pressed into bales to be shipped and sold at twelve dollars a ton, when they might with much greater profit have been presented thru the medium of this paper to the friends of the school and thus have created a greater interest in the work of the school.

But your criticism, your news items, and your literary productions will not wholly support this paper. We need money. Your subscription for the paper will be appreciated, and if you think the paper would be of interest to your friends, persuade

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NORMAL SCHOOL RECORDER
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WIT AND HUMOR

THOMAS JOYNER

AND SHE WAS ALL RIGHT.

"The other day," said a man passenger in a street-car, "I saw a woman in a street-car open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse. Then she gave the dime to the conductor and took a nickel in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse, closed the satchel and opened the purse, put in the nickel and closed the purse, opened the satchel and put in the purse, closed the satchel and locked both ends. Then she felt to see if her back hair was all right, and it was all right, and she was all right. She was a woman. —Selected.

THE DISCOMFITURE OF A BLUFFER.

Teacher of geography: Into what does the St. Lawrence River flow?

Student (unprepared): The St. Lawrence River flows into Lake Ontario.

Teacher: And what does Lake Ontario flow into?

Student, with assurance because of the apparent acceptability of his first answer: Into Lake Erie.

Teacher: And Lake Erie flows into what?

Student with confidence: Lake Huron.

Teacher: And that into what?

Student: Lake Michigan

Teacher: And Lake Michigan into what?

Student: Into Lake Superior.

Teacher: And what does Lake Superior flow into?

A POOR METHOD WORKED OVERTIME.

One day on the campus a little lad and a stick were playing with a beautiful spider. A teacher came along and asked forcefully:

"What in the world have you there?"

The little fellow came out of his absorption, recognized the teacher, stood erect, assumed his school-room manners, and replied:

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"I in the world have a spider."

A Normal School student was heard to remark in a street car:
"I waded to school this morning in snow that was waist deep."

We think great credit is due Mr. Lynch for training our girls to be such athletes that they can wade in snow waist deep.

The civics class was informed that silver coin from a half-dollar down is legal tender in payment of a debt not exceeding ten dollars, when not otherwise stated in the contract. A student arose and announced:

"I know a man who rented a house for ten dollars a month. When the owner came to collect the rent, he demanded gold in payment, though there had been no such demand in the contract."

The answer was prompt:

"If I had been the renter, I would have enjoyed free rent."

The child-study class was rather startled the other day to hear of a new work, "The Geological Seminary," on the subject of child-study. They were somewhat puzzled as to what phase of child-study might be treated under this title. We have heard some children contemptuously spoken of as boneheads, but never any as stoneheads, so the book cannot contain a study of such unfortunates. Possibly it is an ancient tome, recently discovered, treating of the children of the Stone Age. Or it may be that the author feels keenly that the road to understanding children is a rocky one; or that the path to a passing mark in child-study is a rough and stony one to travel. Since there is as yet no copy of this book in our library, these are only guesses, and every reader is entitled to his own.

EULA G. BRYAN.

One can tell the faculty
By their dignified air.
One can tell the seniors
By the clothes they wear.
One can tell the juniors
By their manners and such.
One can tell a middle;
But one can't tell him much.

F. P.

ALUMNI NOTES

Clifford Bemis

CORNWELL—ALEXANDER

Miss Isabelle Watt Alexander and Irving E. Cornwell were married at 7 o'clock Friday evening at the congregational parsonage, Rev. Philip E. Gregory performing the ceremony. Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for Minneapolis for a short wedding trip. They will make their home in the C. B. Buckman residence, 112 Fourth street southeast.

The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Margaret Alexander of Rockville, Stearns county, and has been a teacher in the Little Falls public schools for three years. She taught two years in the Central grade school and this year at the Columbia. She is a graduate of the St. Cloud Normal School.

Mr. Cornwell has made his home in Little Falls for six years and has been employed in the post-office. He is now money-order clerk. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Cornwell, live at Whitehall, Wisconsin. (copied)

How can the teachers' pension system persist in the face of such opposition? Miss Isabel Alexander, Class of 1913, Miss Carrie Tschudy, Class of 1914, and Miss Lou Cox, Class of 1907, have been married recently.

Ruth Tolman, Class of 1912, sends greetings from Peking, China, where she is teaching.

Herignaz Hovagimian is teaching at Manston, Minnesota.

Wesley Mc Queen, Leith Mc Queen, and Basil Clark spent in St. Cloud the week-end vacation made possible by the anniversary of Lincoln's Birthday.

Allen Hegne, Roy Ireland, Allen Mc Gee, and Malcolm Rockwood who were graduated at Thanksgiving time have all secured positions in the state; Mr. Hegne at Ely, Mr. Ireland at Foley, Mr. Mc Gee at Sauk Centre, and Mr. Rockwood at Fisher.

Mrs. David Ellis, (Laura M. Hart), Class of 1893, sends word from the state of Washington that she will attend the Alumni Banquet in the spring. We shall be glad to see her.

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The following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. F. Martin, (Fanny Mc Ganghey), Class of 1871, who is now living in Santa Rosa, California. When she attended, school was held in what was called the old Stearns House.

"I am delighted to note the wonderful improvements in the St. Cloud Normal School. As you know, our first president Ira More, was the first president of the Los Angeles State Normal School, which position he filled with great success until he resigned several years before his death.

"We did not have very elegant quarters in the old Stearns House but we had the best, most devoted instructors, and we were all earnest hard - working students, and the spirit permeating the institution was of the very best and highest."

The school *has* grown wonderfully since the days of the old Stearns House, and the spirit permeating the institution is still "of the best and highest."

Mrs. George H. Baer, formerly Hazel Whitney of this city and a graduate of 1911, died at her home in Frazee Friday, Jan. 19. She was a member of the Minerva Literary Society.

Fellow Alumni,—

Scattered far and wide there are twenty-four hundred of us. May we not use this paper as a medium by which to get acquainted and spread news of common interest?

Cordially yours,
Clifford Bemis.

The Work of Our Literary Societies.

Minerva Literary Society

Study of Zangwill's "The Melting Pot," and life of Mark Twain.

Avon Literary Society

Study of Lytton's drama "Richelieu."

Story-tellers' Club

Short stories by Hawthorne and VanDyke.

Athenaeum Literary Society

Current events.

Waverly Literary Society

"Quentin Durward" by Scott

Philomathean Society

Discussions of parliamentary rules, and current events.

Geo. M. Lindsley, Ass't Editor.

EXCHANGE.

ROMA GANS.

The Exchange Editor will be knight of the paste brush and office shears. Our aim will not be so much to wield these weapons deftly as to wield them frequently, for in our column will be found products of superior intellect as well as gems of wit, which we shall have culled from our exchanges. That a shortage of available exchange material should ever confront us is not to be feared, because school papers are noted for their superabundance of excellent material. This is not to be wondered at, for under the untiring supervision of a faculty many a genius is coaxed to blossom. Therefore, let us hope that the exchange editor's contributions will help make the paper so successful that the janitor will be barred the opportunity to introduce the paper, with wrapper still on it, to the fire.

A student entered the office the first day of school and complainingly said, "There is a conflict on my program."

"What is the conflict?"

"The 8:20 period conflicts with my sleeping hours."

—The Peru Normalite.

The students of the Winona State Normal School set two hours aside every Sunday, during which they neither receive visitors, nor go out calling.

The school paper is a great invention;

The school gets all the fame,

The printer gets the money,

And the staff gets all the blame.

—Exchange.

The St. Cloud State Normal School is very fortunate in having the privilege of sending students to the public schools of the city in order to practice teaching.

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The girls of Shoemaker Hall and Lawrence Hall have organized a "Magazine Club." The girls of one hall subscribed for one set of magazines, while the girls of the other hall subscribed for a different set. They have established an exchange of magazines so that all of the girls may read all of today's best magazines, "The Judge" and "Life" included.

The St. Cloud newspapers printed the following articles:
St. Cloud is to have another newspaper.

The "St. Cloud Normal Recorder" is to make its appearance in about two weeks, the editorial and business staff being selected from among the students of the state institution. It is expected that all of the departments of a live, up-to-date paper will be included in the pages and the first issue is awaited with much interest.

—St. Cloud Daily Journal-Press.

"The St. Cloud Normal Recorder" is the latest newspaper publication of St. Cloud. The Recorder is to be a monthly publication, published in the interest of the Normal School and representing the journalism of the students.

The entire work of producing the publication is left to the students, under the supervision of the faculty. The idea originated with the Seniors, who elected Halvor Graven as editor-in-chief and Clarence Varner as business manager. The mechanical work as well as the editorial will be left entirely to the students under the direction of L. A. Williams. A printing shop was added to the school several years ago.

The Recorder will carry several departments, covering all branches of activities of the students at school. The first publication is to be issued about March 1, and the students have already set themselves to work in the hope of making the first issue appear with a lack of the evidence of amateur workmanship.

—St. Cloud Daily Times.

Skating.

Away, away, on our skates we go,
Dodging and skimming to and fro,
With nimble feet and cheeks aglow.

—Eleanor Lundeen.

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LOCALS.

C. M. E. A. MEETING.

March 15, 16, 17, the twenty-first annual session of the Central Minnesota Educational Association will be held at the St. Cloud Normal School. Among those who will address the association are Dr. C. A. Prosser, President of Dunwoody Institute; Dean L. D. Coffman, University of Minnesota; President J. C. Brown, State Normal School, St. Cloud; and Rev. Marion D. Shutter, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

THE Y. W. C. A. EVENING.

One of the most interesting and educational meetings of this school year was one held by the Y. W. C. A. a few weeks ago.

We saw girls who represented the Armenians, Tamils, Malays, Filipinos, Dyaks, Japanese, and Chinese, and who were dressed in clothes which came directly from the countries where these people live; and we saw fascinating things such as baskets of the most difficult weave, cloth of banana fiber, lace of exquisite beauty, treasure boxes from Japan, a nut bowl and a desk set which were manual-training work done by the Filipinos, and some Armenian foods resembling some of our cereals. We saw Pavagon, our student from Armenia, making two kinds of Armenian lace just as she made them in Armenia. We were served Turkish coffee and Japanese tea.

One thing that attracted much attention because of the noise, was an old-fashioned Chinese school in which the master was cruel and the children only memorized their lessons. In the same room was a modern mission school in which children with many dialects learned the English language as a common language. This school was conducted by a mission-trained Chinese girl.

To see everything and to hear all the startling, true stories about these people took a whole evening.

We owe our thanks for the interesting knowledge we gained that evening to our Miss Atkins and her sister Ruth. Miss Atkins has always been the life of the Y. W. C. A. of this school and the promoter of the splendid work which that organization has done here.

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The County Superintendents' Meeting.

A conference of county superintendents, presided over by Mr. Swain of the state department of education, was held at the Normal School January 18. The conference was attended by the superintendents of the fourteen counties nearest St. Cloud. Many of the Normal-School teachers and county superintendents participated in the "Round-table" discussions. Assistant state superintendent Tanning and President J. C. Brown of this Normal School were the prominent speakers. The general topic of the conference was "How to criticize a recitation constructively."

Tennis Courts.

Through the kindness of the Misses Charlotte and Marianne Clark and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mitchell adequate ground has been provided upon which tennis courts will be built in the early spring. It is planned to build six courts and surround the entire plane space with backstops twelve feet in height, placed at the proper distance from the lines of the courts. The school has long been in need of good tennis courts and the students are enthusiastic over the new courts which are now assured.

The money necessary to build the courts and backstops and to purchase the nets is now being raised. The net receipts of the lecture by Mr. Edgar Raine and the net receipts of the Faculty-Senior basket-ball game have been devoted to this purchase. Two or three other lectures will be given and the net proceeds will be added to the tennis-court fund.

Mr. Raine's lecture

An illustrated lecture was given at the Normal School by Mr. Edgar Raine. Mr. Raine showed two-hundred colored pictures which he had taken while traveling thru Alaska. He has been the government treasury agent in Alaska for the past six years and has visited every town and village there. Mr. Raine accompanied Mr. Steffanson in his dash to the North Pole a few years ago. The students, teachers, and citizens who attended the lecture were enthusiastic over the pictures, and all who saw them went away with a better knowledge of the far Northland.

An Elson picture exhibit was held at the Normal School Feb. 2 and 3. Two-hundred prints of the best pictures and statues in the world were showed. The aim of the picture exhibit was twofold: to bring culture and refinement within closer touch of the students, and to purchase new pictures for the school with the proceeds from the exhibit.

OUR LITTLE THEATRE.

LEONE COCLING.

Much of the best literature is in dramatic form. The most significant literature of to-day is the modern social drama. Drama was written not to be read, but to be acted, just as music is meant to be heard to be appreciated. The drama gives us a true interpretation of life. Bernard Shaw says, "Life as it occurs is senseless; a policeman may watch it and work in it for thirty years in the streets and courts of Paris without learning as much of it or from it as a child or a man may learn from a single play by a master dramatist." At one time, Shakespeare's works were studied from the standpoint of language. Then an attempt was made to lay the emphasis on the study of the characters. Now Shakespeare is considered as something to be acted and presented.

If the drama is to be studied in the right way, a stage is needed. That is the reason for the little theatre in this Normal School. It is a laboratory for the study of the drama as drama. A large recitation room, seating over one hundred, is gradually being converted into a theatre. The equipment now consists of a good stage, brown velour curtains, and movable and reversible screens covered with khaki on one side and white canvas on the other. There has been an avoidance of the painted scenery of a commercial theatre. By another year, it is hoped that suitable chairs, a raised floor, and proper wall decorations will be added.

The purpose of this Little Theatre is, first, to provide a place in which to study drama as drama; and, second, to inculcate a purer taste for the drama to oppose the perversion of taste so often caused by the commercial theatre.

Last term the classes in Literature V presented successfully in public Shakespeare's "As You Like It." This was the initial performance in the theatre. This term, one class has presented all of "As You Like It" in class. Another class is studying modern drama. One group of this class has presented Synge's "Riders of the Sea" in class, and the other group is preparing to present "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan" by Yeats.

This movement in our school is a reflection of the new movement in the theatre, a movement the purpose of which is to raise the stage and drama to a higher level and to furnish a center for recreation in a community. To the promoters of this movement, money is of secondary importance.

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 NORMAL SCHOOL RECORDER

During February the reading classes in the Training School had a contest to see who could learn the most poems by Henry W. Longfellow before his birthday February 27th, 1917. The honor of having their names printed in the first issue of the Recorder, was promised to the successful contestants. Below we print a list of the names of the two children, in each section, who learned the greatest number of lines:

- Grades—8A Ethel Butler 176 lines
 Elizabeth McKenzie 163 lines
 8B Ruth Pau 172 lines
 Fern Swanson 74 lines
 8C Teddy Freed 135 lines
 Roy Bensen 82 lines
 7 Minnie Diger 262 lines
 Vera Campbell 144 lines
 6A Florence Donahue 109 lines
 Mary Gale 96 lines
 6B Nellie Harris 160 lines
 Rhea Lorenz 140 lines
 5A Helen Brown 173 lines
 Ferdinand Madison 129 lines
 5B Marjorie Becker 162 lines
 Howard Magnusson 147 lines
 4A Agda Eckman 139 lines
 Sarah Wilkinson 101 lines
 4B Allan Hollander 20 lines
 Edna Halliday 112 lines
 3 Marion Neide 193 lines
 Myrtle Larson 193 lines
 Raymond Orton 165 lines

Minnie Diger made the best record for an individual and the third grade made the best record for a class.

Frances Foote
 Reading Critic.

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 GRADUATES

March 2, 1917.

Diploma Course in Manual Training

Tibbets, Donald B.

Pipestone

Diploma Course in Music

Brown, Coral E.

Two Harbors

M. K.

A HIDDEN CHARM

Helen Van Rhee

She wouldn't be the least bit attractive if you merely saw her. I saw her time and time again among other students and she never interested me. There is no crown of luxuriant hair upon her head, nor is it of the color I admire most. Her eyes are not deep, expressive, nor are they of the hue that I think most beautiful. Her mouth is not shaped like a cupid's bow. Her nose would never be painted by an artist nor chiseled by a sculptor if he wished to portray a beautiful woman. Her complexion would not remind one of a pink sea-shell. There is no graceful symmetry to her angular form that is somewhat out of proportion, due to her shoulder being much too narrow for her large waist-line and hips. In short, she is just one of those colorless, gray, little persons one would never notice in a crowd.

This term I chanced to be put in one of her classes at school. During the course of the first Friday's recitation in the term, the teacher asked a question in a scornful tone that plainly showed she was much disgusted with the class-work thus far. One of the sweetest voices I had ever heard in my life answered her. I turned my head to view the speaker. To my amazement I beheld the colorless, gray, little creature who had always seemed so ordinary and unattractive in every way. Could she be the possessor of such a sweet, mellow voice? The girl made a scholarly recitation, during which each member of that class drank in word after word. Each sound was like the sweetest nectar that gods in fables ever drank. There was something powerful about that clear, smooth, liquid voice. There was confidence in every tone she uttered, and one could see in an instant that the speaker was deeply in earnest. Who would have thought that such a gawky, ungainly girl had within her control such a sweet, mellifluous voice?

It seems to me that I could never grow tired of her voice. If I were feeling downhearted and discouraged, a voice like hers would brush me just the right way. Hers is the type of voice I would select for that of my ideal teacher. No superintendent would hesitate about selecting a young lady with such a sweet voice for a position in his schools. What school-boy would attempt a falsehood with such a voice to question him? Hers is the voice I would want my nurse to have as she hovered over me, if I were ill for weeks in a hospital. What a pleasure it would be to have a sweet voice like hers read to me hour after

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NORMAL SCHOOL RECORDER

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hour! Pain would then be forgotten, and at last I would be soothed to sleep by the musical tones.

Not long after I had heard this voice, I became well acquainted with its possessor. Ruth, the owner of it, I learned to love. I always think of her as my Cordelia whose "voice is ever soft, gentle, and low,— an excellent thing in woman."

FACULTY VS STUDENTS

JEANETTE GUTHRIE

Thursday afternoon, February the eighth, this stately old Normal School doffed its formal stovepipe hat and donned a cap and bells to usher in the great basket-ball game between the faculty men and the normal school boys.

The faculty men caught the spirit of revelry and gleefully disappeared into the mysterious apartments which adjoin the gymnasium. The faculty women caught the spirit and gayly betook themselves to the inmost recesses of Miss Atkins' room. Some reliable freshies with an investigating turn of mind solemnly affirmed that laughter proceeded from both retreats. The students caught the spirit and invested in tin horns and like instruments that appropriately express revelry.

At ten minutes to four the gym opened its doors and promptly swallowed four hundred people. The faculty ladies' band followed and stepped around the gym to a "toon" that had been improvised especially to herald the arrival of the combatants. The shrieking tin horns punctuated by the irregular beat of the drum, the thin uncertain notes from the combs, the heavy monotone extracted from the accordion, all sounded in deafening defiance of the vigorous time beaten by Director Crosman. When the band had properly displayed its paper cap uniforms and its rhythmic ability, it treated the audience to a song, at least one line of which was English; "The faculty's sure to win"—but we anticipate.

The teams. Brown, Bemis, Adams, Lynch, and Williams of the faculty. Kaufmann, Moog, Gaumnitz, Hoyt, LaBrie, Smith, Batz and Omundson (the last two substitutes) of the boys, had entered under cover of the ladies' noi—music. The faculty team was accompanied by a corps of attendants, Doctor Frazee, mascot Steward, and irrepressible Magnusson. Doctor Frazee put his charges through their paces, oiled their joints, and administered

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GREETINGS TO
INSTRUCTORS and STUDENTS

What is
OP-TOM-E-TRY?

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What is an
OP-TOM-E-TRIST?

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Who is an Optometrist?

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