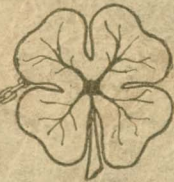


1923

Olson Library  
NORTHERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY



ANNUAL



Op



# ANNUAL

*JUNE, 1923*

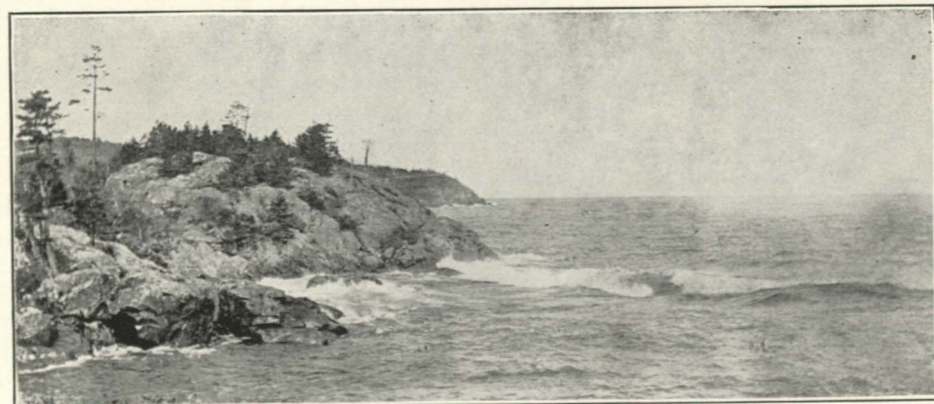


PUBLISHED BY THE

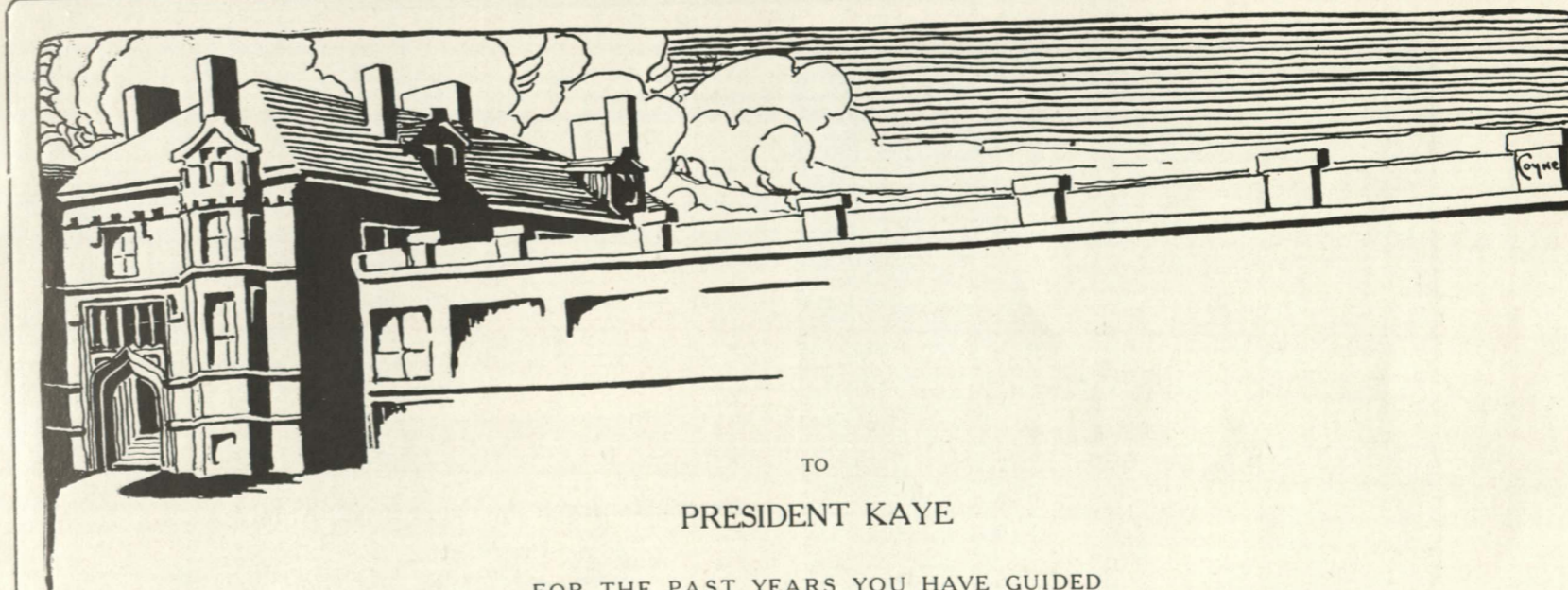
**SENIOR CLASS**

NORTHERN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL





"By the shining big sea water."



TO  
PRESIDENT KAYE

FOR THE PAST YEARS YOU HAVE GUIDED  
US IN A MODEST, KINDLY SPIRIT. WE HAVE  
LEARNED TO RESPECT AND LOVE YOU. AT PART-  
ING, TAKE THIS TOKEN OF OUR HIGH ESTEEM





JAMES HAMILTON BARCROFT KAYE, A. M.  
President



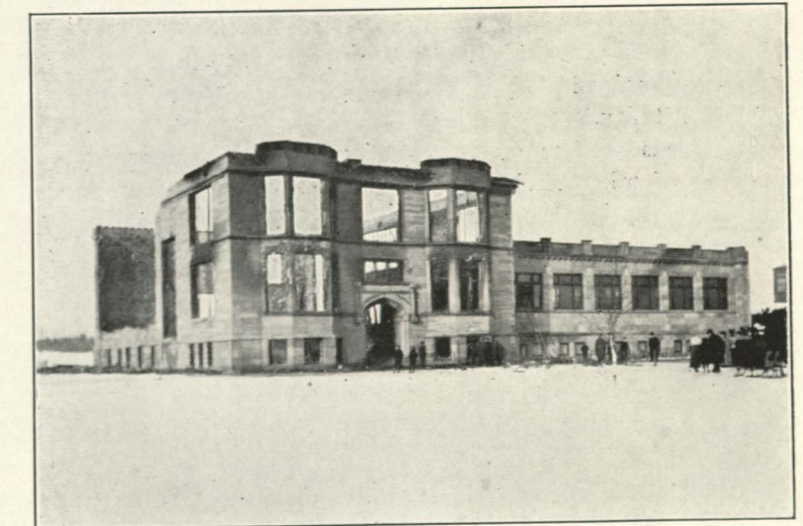
## Our President and His N. S. N.

When James H. B. Kaye became president of the Normal School in 1904, succeeding Dwight B. Waldo, there were 239 students enrolled in the institution and there were only fourteen faculty members. Today there are forty teachers, including those in the training school, and the enrollment of students this year, to date, has reached 1554.

During the nineteen years he has been at the helm of the insti-



SOUTH WING, LONGYEAR HALL OF PEDAGOGY  
Completed in June, 1900  
and  
CLOISTER LIBRARY  
Completed in Sept., 1904



RUINS OF SOUTH WING DESTROYED BY FIRE IN DECEMBER, 1905  
Fire checked at Cloister

tution he has guided it through its "pioneer" days—days during which much of energy and thoughtful direction was necessary to build up the school physically and educationally.

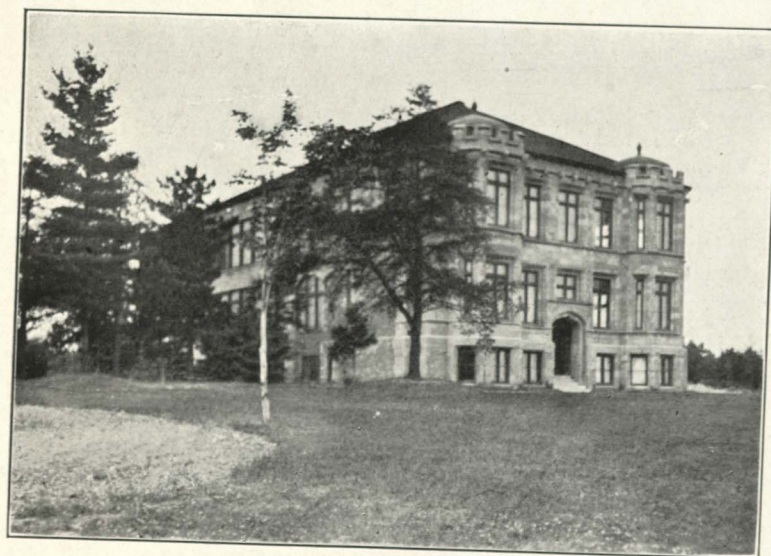
The Normal School was established in 1899, and when Mr. Kaye became president it was just beginning to be recognized as an institution with remarkable possibilities for development. Mr. Kaye piloted the school through difficult times, when appropriations for buildings and equipment were not easy to procure and when a great deal of missionary work had to be done to bring



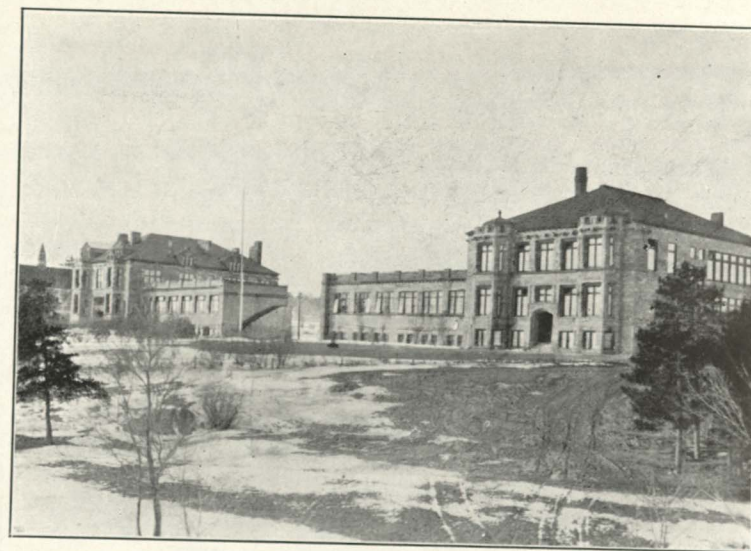
Upper Peninsula students here. In 1904 a majority of the Upper Peninsula Normal School material was going to lower Michigan institutions.

The school has had steady growth in every respect. New buildings have been erected, new equipment procured, new laboratories added, educational courses expanded and new courses developed. Each year the student body has increased; practically every community in the Upper Peninsula is represented in the enrollment today.

Hundreds of young women and men have been graduated from the school, receiving certificates and diplomas from President Kaye that have gained positions for them as teachers in public schools, not only in the Upper Peninsula, but in towns



NORTH WING, PETER WHITE SCIENCE HALL,  
Completed in June, 1902



NEW SOUTH WING., COMPLETED IN SPRING OF 1907  
With Cloisters and North Wing as they appeared until the completion of the Main building in the Spring of 1915

and cities throughout the state. Many other students have stepped out of the institution prepared to continue heir education in higher institutions of learning.

*Has High Rating.*

Today the Northern State Normal School has an excellent rating, not only in Michigan, but in the ranks of Normal Schools elsewhere in the country. The status of the school is evidence of President Kaye's able administration.

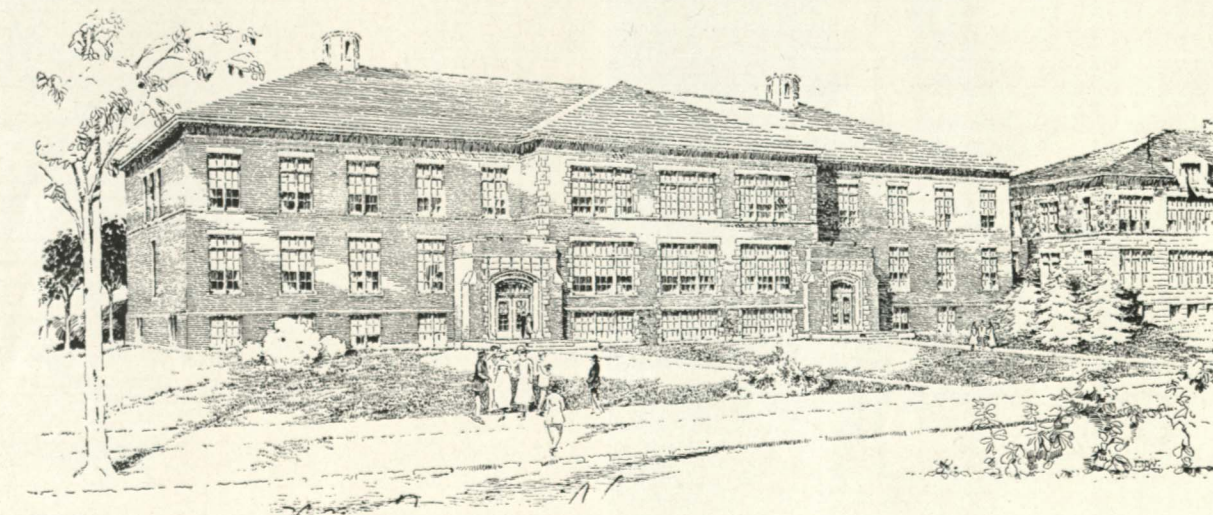
Enrollment in the Normal School reached large figures in the last two years. During the 1921-22 terms the students numbered 1,482, which means that 1,482 different students attended the

school during that year. The enrollment for the summer term in 1921 was 1,099 and in 1922 it was 1,179. There are 519 students in the school now and the enrollment for this year, including that for the present term, is 1,554. This year there are ninety students in the Normal High School and 264 in the training school. The Normal School also carries on extension and correspondence classes, enrollment in which exceeds 400.

These figures may be contrasted to those of 1904, when the total for the year was less than 300 and that for the summer school was 125.

At that time the Normal building consisted of the old north wing, or Peter White wing, and the south wing. Extensions were built to both wings later and the next step was the construction of the central administration building connecting the two wings, after which a central heating plant was built. The latest development was the state's appropriation of \$175,000 for the new training school, now under construction.

These facts, this development, are the fittest eulogy to the pioneering in Northern State Normal under the administration of President James H. B. Kaye.

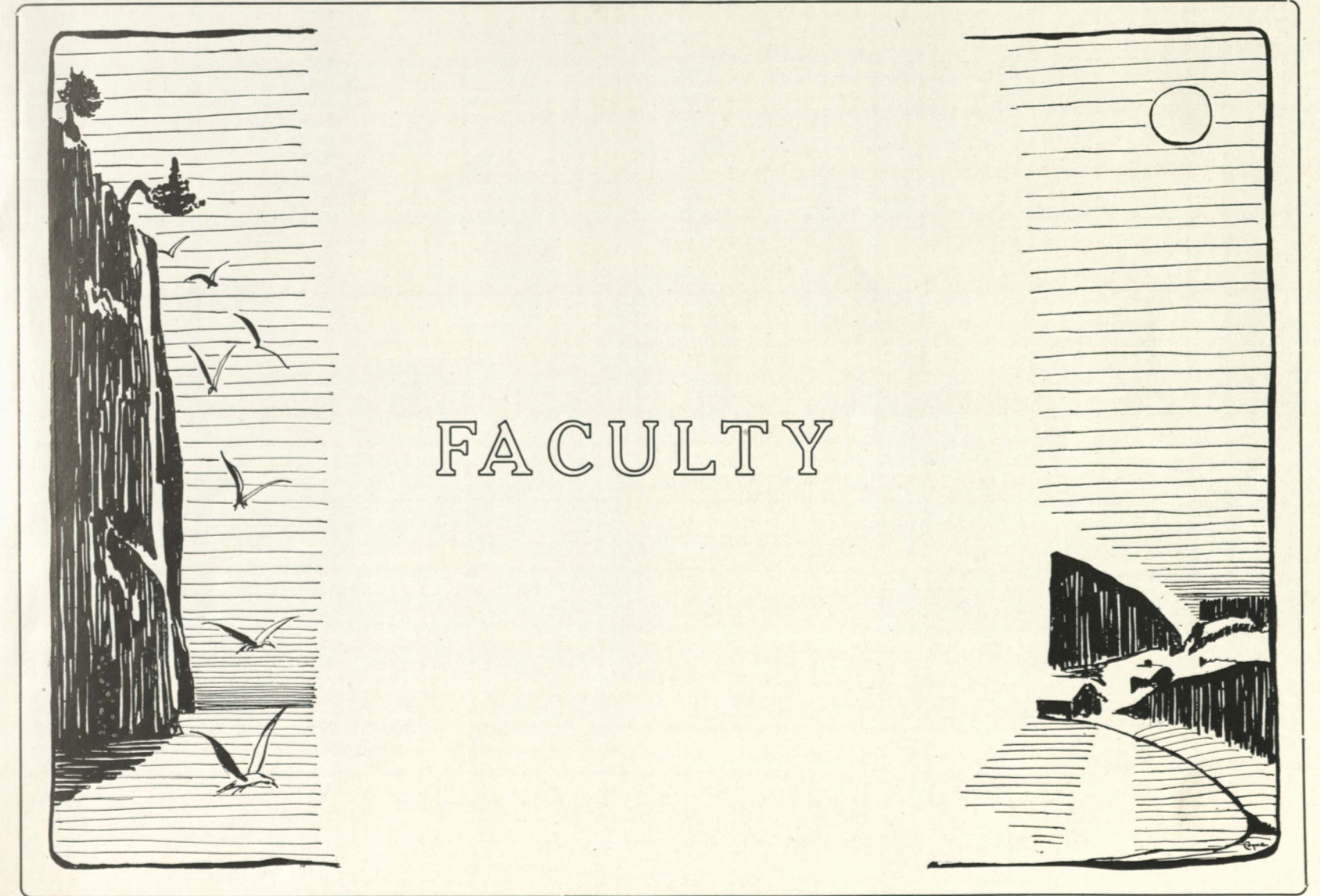


New Building, to house Training and High School, Home Economics and Manual Arts, after Jan. 1, 1924.



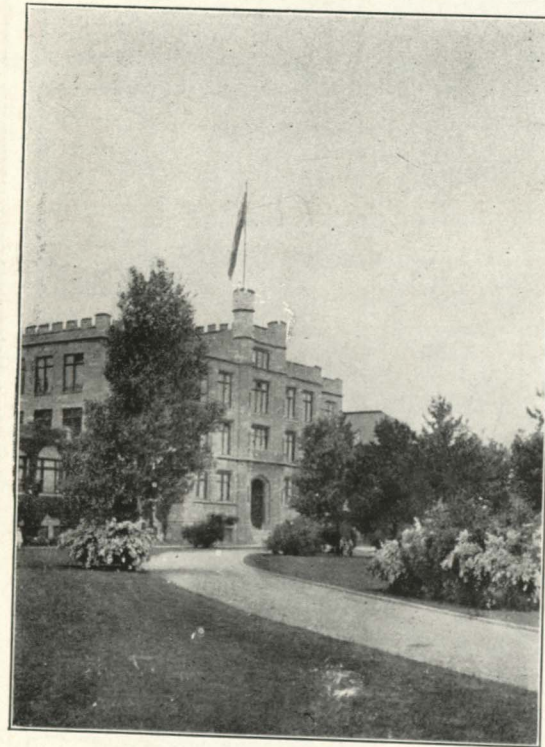


JOHN M. MUNSON, PH. B., PD. M.  
President-elect

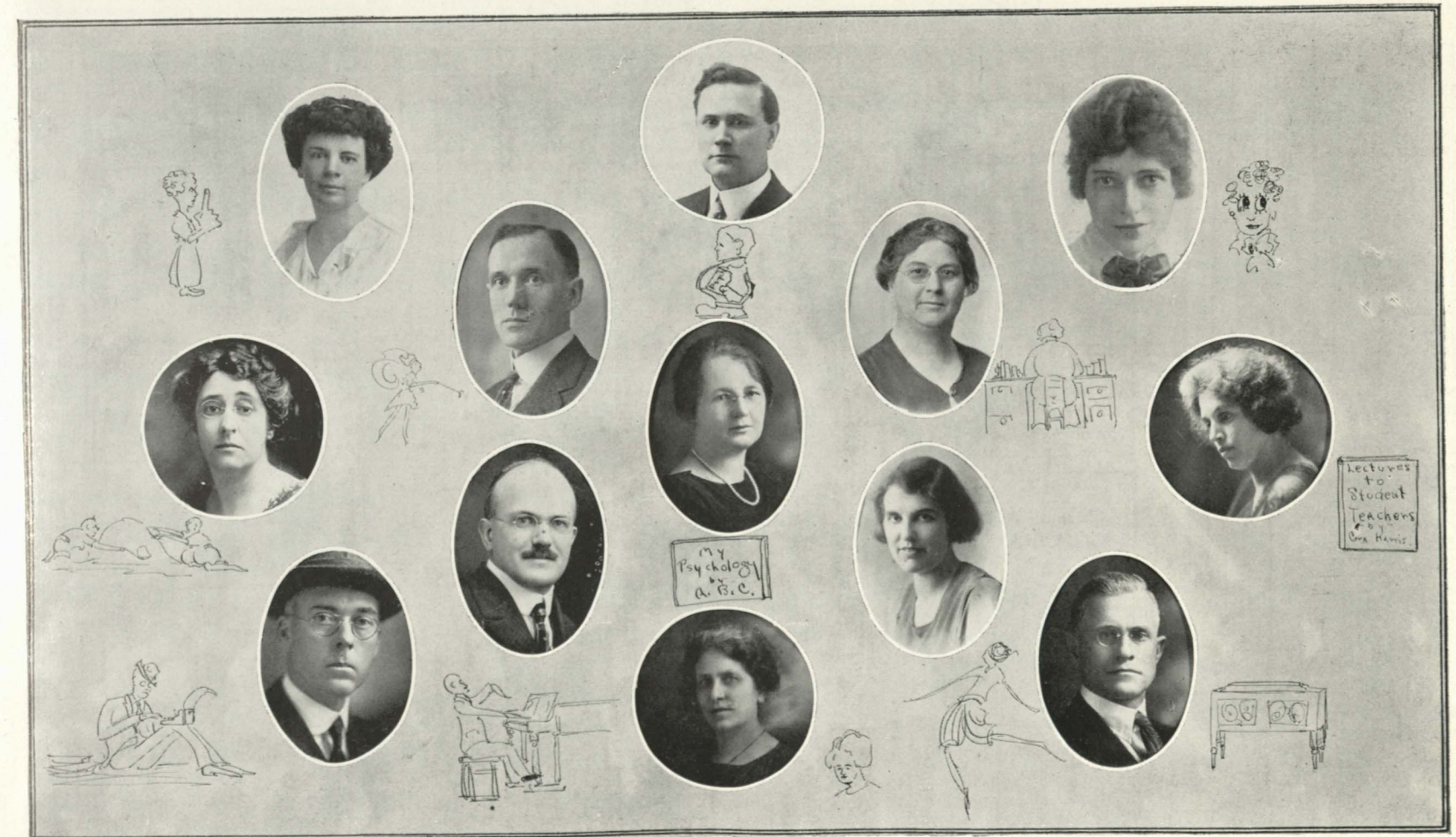


FACULTY



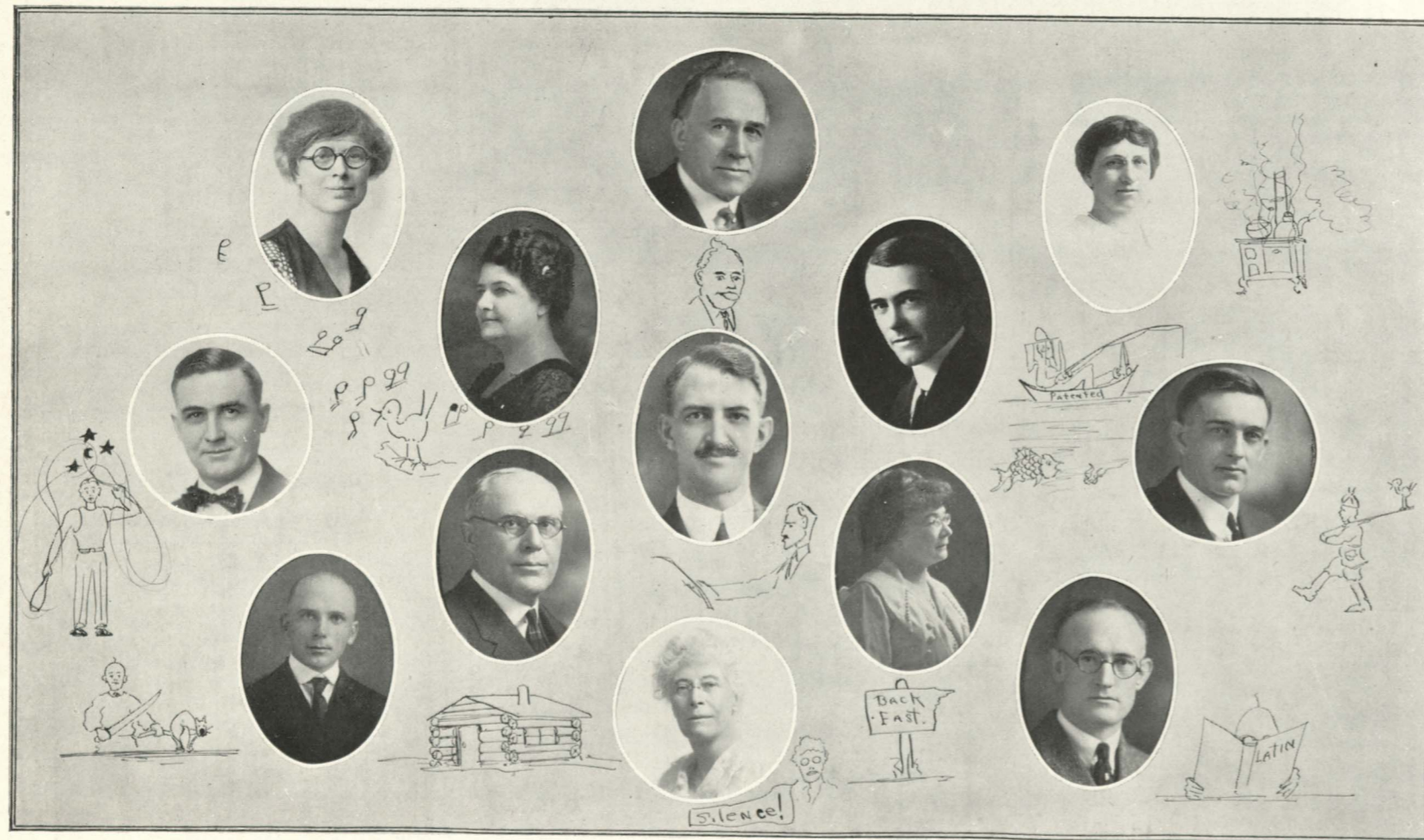


"When the  
hounds of spring  
are on  
winter's traces"



|  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| LILLIAN BAKER,<br>Intermediate Grade Critic.     | F. R. COPPER, A. M.,<br>Psychology and Education.      | MINA GILDERSLEEVE, A. B.,<br>Modern Languages.     |
| H. SUSAN BATES, B. S.,<br>Kindergarten.          | GILBERT LEE BROWN, A. M.,<br>Psychology and Education. | EVA J. EMENDORFER, B. S.,<br>Grammar Grade Critic. |
| JAMES CLOYD BOWMAN, A. M., Litt. D.,<br>English. | A. BESS CLARK, A. B.,<br>English.                      | CORA HARRIS,<br>Intermediate Grade Critic.         |
| LEW ALLEN CHASE, A. M.,<br>History.              | MARGARET S. GABLE,<br>Grammar Grade Critic.            | GLADYS L. GRAY,<br>Physical Education.             |
|  |  | LUTHER O. GANT, A. B.,<br>Mathematics and Science. |





ETHEL HAMBY, Public School Music.  
 CHARLES BOLTON HEDGECOCK, B. S., Physical Training and Coaching.  
 JOHN N. LOWE, Ph. D., Natural Sciences.  
 SOPHIA LINTON, Music.  
 JOHN EDWARD LAUTNER, M. L., Sociology and Economics.  
 M. ELIZABETH MARTIN, Assistant Librarian.  
 WALTER FERGUSON LEWIS, M. S., Physical Sciences.  
 H. D. LEE, A. B., Superintendent of Training School.  
 LUELLA A. MELHINCH, B. S., High School Critic.  
 M. ELIZABETH MARTIN, Assistant Librarian.  
 EARLE M. PARKER, A. M., Foreign Languages.  
 DELLA McCALLUM, Home Economics.  
 FRANK MARTIN, Manual Arts.  
 WAYNE B. McCLINTOCK, Manual Arts.



JESSIE D. PITCHER, Primary Grade Critic.  
 ADA R. POLKINGHORN, Primary-Intermediate Grade Critic.  
 LYDIA M. OLSON, Ph. B., Librarian.  
 STEVEN S. STOCKWELL, A. M., Education.  
 EULIE GAY RUSHMORE, Reading and Expression.  
 MILDRED SILVER, M. A., High School Critic.  
 EDNA SCHNEIDER, Assistant Home Economics.  
 FLORENCE I. WARD, Drawing.  
 DE FOREST STULL, A. M., Geography.  
 CHARLES C. SPOONER, A. M., Mathematics.  
 GRACE ALLEN SPALDING, Art.  
 A. B. WILLERTON, B. S., High School Critic.  
 CASEY C. WIGGINS, Penmanship.



# Song of the Class of '23

Hail! To Our Northern

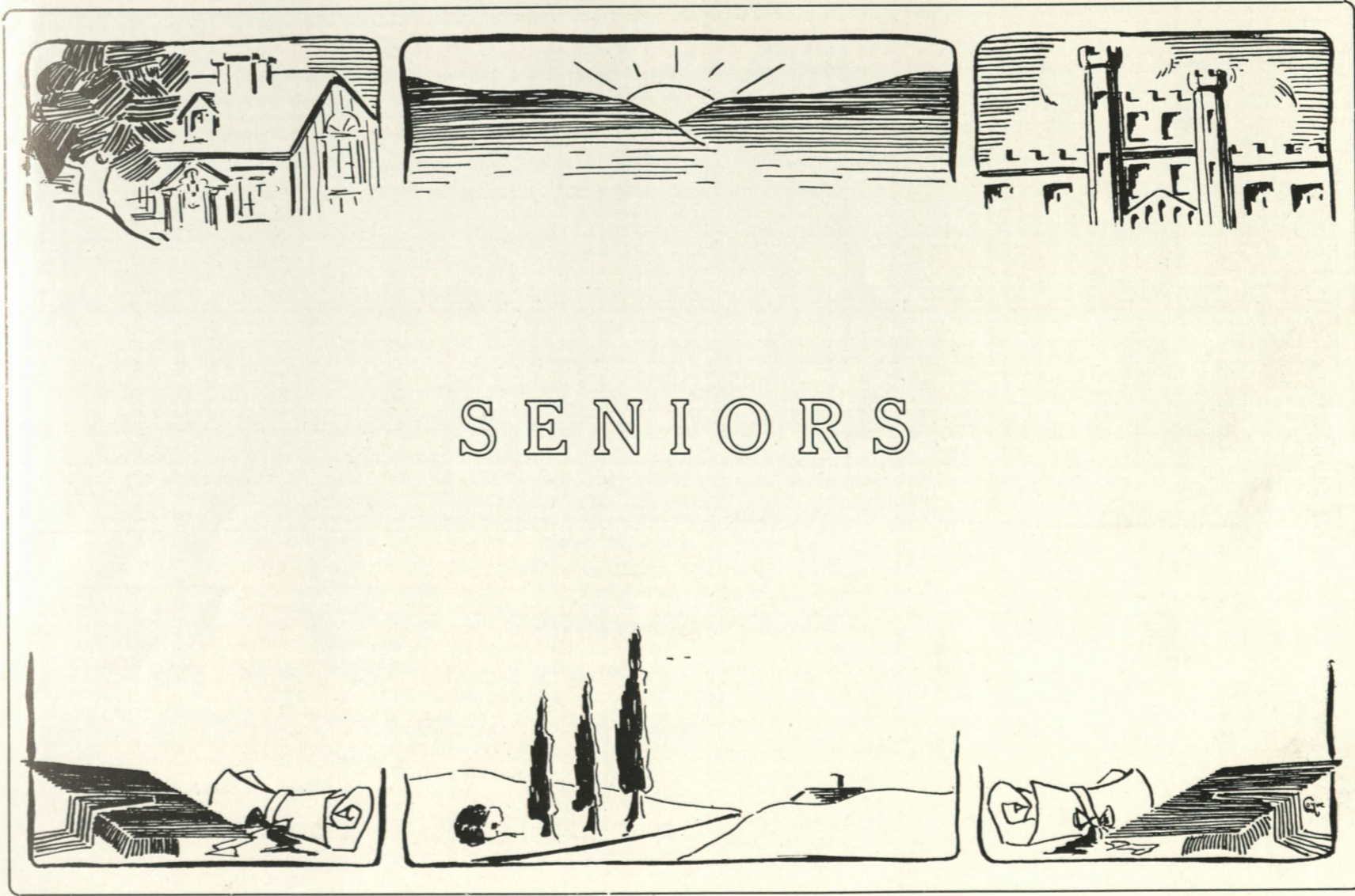
Words by Edith Holman

Music by Amona Anderson

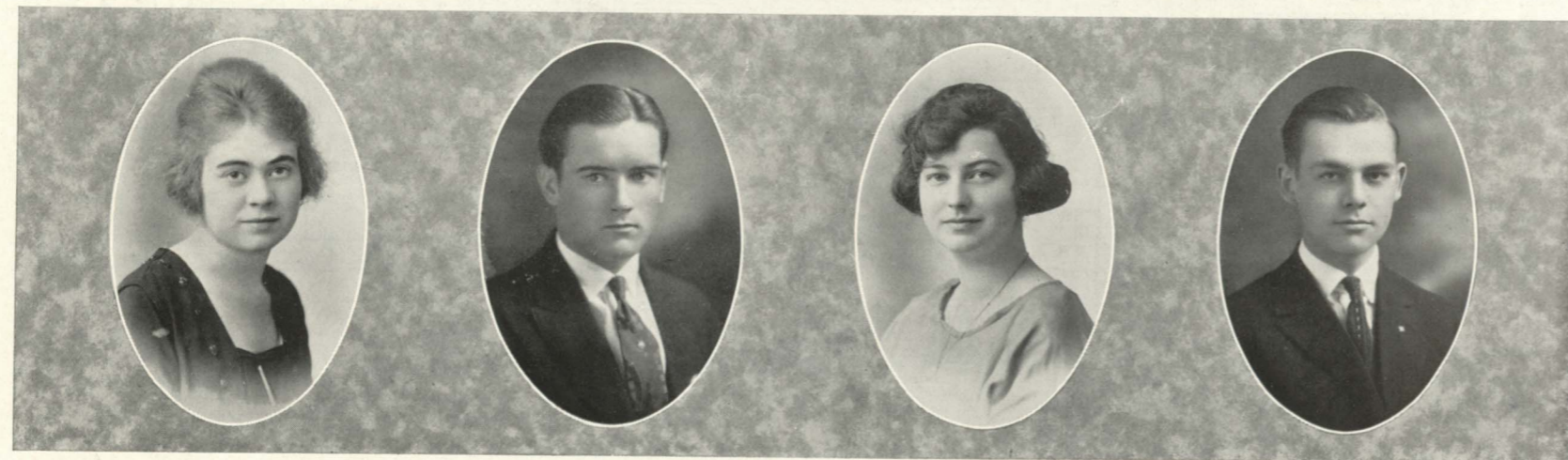
All Hail! to our Northern, The cherished and blest, Each student band will love thee As long as time shall last. All Hail! to our colors The  
 All Hail! to our Northern, Where snow birds oft fly, The last long trace of snow lines Are blend-ed with the sky. The wind woos the pine trees, All

Chorus.  
 O-ur and the Gold, Thy praise we will sing And thy memories hold. So we pledge our hearts in hon-or to thee. When college days are  
 Na-ture is a-tune, And hearts can make a garden Tho' Spring be late or soon.

ov-er Will still true be. All Hail! to our Northern, We bring songs of praise. Our lives are for thy hon-or These end-less days.







Senior Class Officers

Mark Coyne .....President  
 Lillian Holman .....Vice President  
 Elsie Trestrail .....Secretary  
 Walter Cleminson .....Treasurer



**ANONA ANDERSON**  
 Escanaba  
 Intermediate Course;  
 Ygdrasil  
 President Glee Club, '22;  
 Delta Sigma Nu.

**EDNA ANDERSON**  
 Norway  
 Intermediate Course;  
 Osiris

**EVELYN ANDERSON**  
 Marquette  
 Kindergarten Course;  
 Ygdrasil

**LYDIA ANDERSON**  
 Ironwood  
 Primary Course; Ygdrasil;  
 Hikers' Club; Glee Club.

**MABEL ANDERSON**  
 Bessemer  
 Intermediate Course;  
 Osiris

**JEAN ANDREW**  
 Calumet  
 Intermediate Course;  
 Osiris



**KATHRYN AYLWARD**  
 Wausaukee, Wis.  
 Intermediate Course;  
 Ygdrasil

**MRS. LORAIN BAILEY**  
 Crystal Falls  
 Commercial Course; Ygdrasil;  
 Northern English Club; Chairman, Finance Committee; Student Council.

**IVA BAUMGARTNER**  
 Iron River  
 College Course;  
 Sec'y. of Osiris; Sorceress of Druids; Student Council.

**HELEN BEAULIEU**  
 Newberry  
 Home Economics Course;  
 Ygdrasil Pres. Home Economics Club, 1922-'23;  
 Delta Sigma Nu.

**HELEN BELLMORE**  
 Powers  
 Music Course; Orisis;  
 Glee Club; Hikers' Club;  
 Schecctode

**MRS. ETHEL BERGGREN**  
 Menominee  
 Kindergarten Course;  
 Osiris;  
 Dramatic Club.





**ELLEN BERGLUND**  
Amasa  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris

**HAZEL BERGSTROM**  
Stephenson  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil

**GRACE BILLINGS**  
Marquette  
Intermediate Course; Osiris; Northern English Club; Glee Club; Delta Sigma Nu.

**HARRY BOTTRELL**  
Marquette  
A. B. Course;  
Osiris; Sons of Thor; Orchestra Leader; Radio Operator; Dramatic Club.

**CATHERINE BRACHER**  
Marquette  
Primary Course; Ygdrasil; Northern English Club; Secy. Girls' Council.

**MAGDALENE BRAXTON**  
Marquette  
Home Economics Course; Osiris; Home Economics Club.

$$\frac{ds}{dt} = \frac{1}{2g} \frac{(t+\Delta t)^2 - t^2}{\Delta t} = ?$$



**THELMA BRETZ**  
Manistique  
Home Economics Course; Osiris; Home Economics Club; Northern English Club; Delta Sigma Nu.

**IRENE BROTHERTON**  
Marquette  
Home Economics Course; Osiris; Home Economics Club.

**JOHN BROWN**  
Newberry  
Principals' and Superintendents' Course; Osiris Quartette; Cercle Francais; Vice Pres. Mathematics Club, '23; Sons of Thor.

**PEARL BUNT**  
Houghton  
Primary Course; Ygdrasil; Sister College Club.

**THEODORE BYSTROM**  
Marquette  
Principals' and Superintendents' Course; Ygdrasil; Sons of Thor; Student Council; Football, '21-'22; Basketball, '22-'23.

**ELEANOR CARLSON**  
Republic  
Primary Course; Osiris; Sister College Club.



**VERNON CAMERON**  
Grand Marais  
General Life Certificate; Osiris; Sons of Thor; Northern English Club.

**CECELIA CARLON**  
Calumet  
Intermediate Course Osiris; Glee Club.

**LILY CARLSON**  
Newberry  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil

**SIGNE CARLSON**  
Menominee  
Home Economics Course; Osiris; Home Economics Club.

**JAMES CARPENTER**  
Marquette  
Commercial Course; Osiris; Baseball, '22-'23; Sec'y. Men's Union.

**WALTER CLEMINSON**  
Ishpeming  
Principals' and Superintendents' Course; Treasurer Senior Class; Pres. Sons of Thor, 1922; "The Honorable Togo"; Mathematics Club; Basketball, '22-'23; Baseball, 1922.



**GEORGE CHASE**  
Marquette  
Junior College Course; Osiris; Pres. Sons of Thor, '23.

**ROSE CHANTELOIS**  
Michigamme  
Intermediate Course; Osiris

**RILLA CHRISTIAN**  
Ishpeming  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil

**MARK COYNE**  
Tuftin  
Junior College Course; Class President, 1923; Pres. Junior Osiris, '22; Pres. Sons of Thor, '22; Normal News Staff, '24; Class Play, '23; Schectode; basketball, '22; Baseball, '22-'23.

**NORINE CROTEAU**  
Hancock  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil

**BLANCHE CURTIS**  
Negaunee  
Intermediate Course; Ygdrasil; Northern English Club.





**RUTH DAVIS**  
Newberry  
Upper Grade Course;  
Ygdrasil; Dramatic Club;  
Northern English Club;  
Kauffman Contest; "The  
Wid's Mite".

**MARION DEAR**  
Ironwood  
Junior College Course;  
Osiris.

**LEONE DES JARDINS**  
Marquette  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**LOUISE DOETSCH**  
Marquette  
Music Course; Osiris;  
Glee Club.

**PEARL DUBUQUE**  
Greenland  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**GRACE DUNN**  
Ishpeming  
Commercial Course; Pres-  
ident, Commercial Club,  
'22-'23; Osiris.



**TYNNE ELSON**  
Ishpeming  
Home Economics Course;  
Ygdrasil; Home Econom-  
ics Club.

**LEIF ERICKSON**  
Ishpeming  
Manual Arts Course; Os-  
iris; Federal Student.

**MARTHA ERVAST**  
Calumet  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris; Cegmer Seg.

**WALDA FAIRBANKS**  
Marquette  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**EDNA FALK**  
Iron River  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris;  
Sister College Club.

**GLADYS FACE**  
Marquette  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris; Osiris Treasurer,  
'23; Mathematics Club,  
Sec'y.-Treasurer, '23;  
Chairman Pin Commit-  
tee.



**JOHN FISH**  
Marquette  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents' Course; Pres.  
Osiris, Winter term, '22.

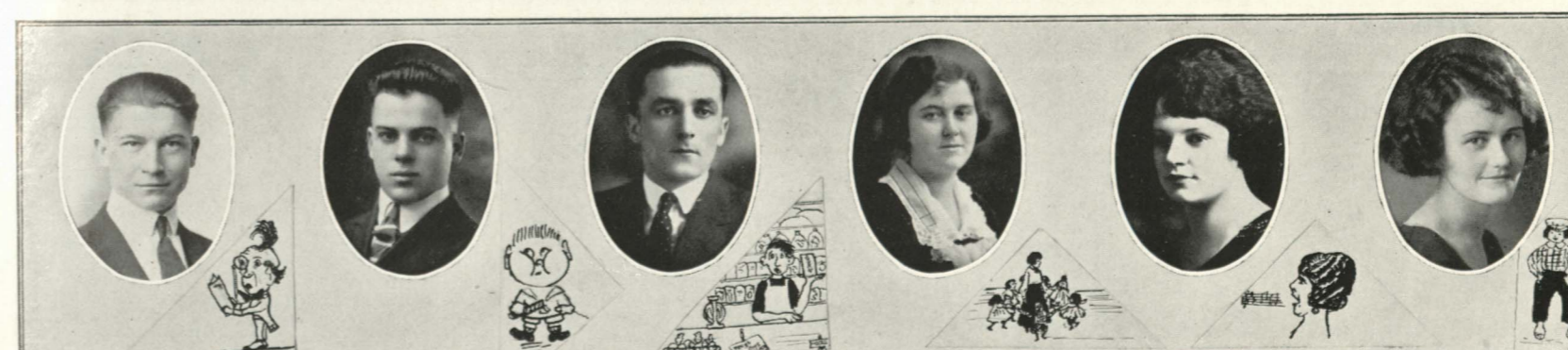
**RUSSELL FOUNTAIN**  
DeTour  
General Life Certificate;  
Ygdrasil; Northern Eng-  
lish Club; Dramatic Club.

**RUTH FOX**  
Marquette  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris; Glee Club; School  
Octette.

**IRENE FRANCIS**  
Hancock  
Home Economics Course;  
Ygdrasil; Home Econom-  
ics Club; Delta Sigma Nu.

**RUTH FREI**  
Marquette  
Art Course; Osiris;  
Schecciode.

**STELLA GAMACHE**  
L'Anse  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil.



**JOSEPH GENDZWILL**  
Iron River  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents' Course; Osiris.

**PATRICK GLEASON**  
Ishpeming  
Manual Arts Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**CLIFFORD GORMAN**  
Marquette  
Commercial Course; Os-  
iris; Commercial Club;  
Sec'y. of Men's Union.

**EVELYN GORMELY**  
Newberry  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**EDYTHE GOUDGE**  
Negaunee  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris.

**LUELLA GRAY**  
Sagola  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil;  
Kindergarten Club.





**EDWARD GRIERSON**  
Calumet  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris; Mathematics Club,  
'22; Baseball, '22-'23.

**EARL GRIEWSKI**  
Topaz  
Junior College Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**MABEL GUSTAFSON**  
Bessemer  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**VIOLET GUSTAFSON**  
Ishpeming  
Home Economics Course;  
Ygdrasil; Home Econom-  
ics Club; Northern Eng-  
lish Club.

**RICHARD HADRICK**  
Marquette  
Manual Arts Course;  
Osiris Treasurer, '22.

**HELEN HARRINGTON**  
Marquette  
Primary Course; Osiris;  
Glee Club; Hikers' Club;  
Northern English Club.



**ALLAN HASLITT**  
Marquette  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents' Course; Treas-  
urer Sons of Thor, '23;  
Mathematics Club; Foot-  
ball, 1922.

**MARION HAYES**  
Hermansville  
Commercial Course;  
Osiris;  
Commercial Club.

**OLIVE HENDRICKSON**  
South Range  
Intermediate Course; Yg-  
drasil; Glee Club; Hikers'  
Club.

**LIBBIE HERMANN**  
Laurium  
Primary Course; Osiris;  
Northern English Club;  
Delta Sigma Nu; Annual  
Board; Chairman Pillow  
Committee.

**ERNEST HILDNER**  
Houghton  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents' Course; Osiris;  
Sec'y, Sons of Thor, '22;  
Class Treasurer, '22.

**VELLA HILLIS**  
Wakefield  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.



**MONA HINDS**  
Ishpeming  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**MARGARET HOKANSON**  
Marquette  
Art Course; Ygdrasil;  
Hikers' Club; Schecclode.

**EDITH HOLMAN**  
Michigamme  
Junior College Course;  
Osiris President, 1922;  
Delta Sigma Nu; North-  
ern English Club; Nor-  
mal News Staff; Sister  
College Club.

**LILLIAN HOLMAN**  
Michigamme  
Junior College Course;  
Ygdrasil; Northern Eng-  
lish Club; Vice Pres.,  
Class 1923; Pres. Sister  
College Club, '23; Normal  
News Staff; Chairman  
Tree Day Committee;  
Delta Sigma Nu.

**NOREEN HUGHES**  
Ishpeming  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**HUGO HUSTAD**  
Iron Mountain  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents' Course; Osiris;  
Yell Master; Tri Mu  
Sec'y-Treas., '23; Mathe-  
matics Club; Sec'y-Treas.,  
'23; Dramatic Club;  
Men's Council.



**DOROTHY HUTCHINGS**  
Marquette  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris.

**IRENE IVENS**  
Stambaugh  
Intermediate-Primary  
Courses; Osiris; Sister  
College Club.

**MABEL JACKSON**  
Ironwood  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**ELSIE JENNINGS**  
Marquette  
Home Economics Course;  
Osiris; Home Economics  
Club.

**MAE JOHNSON**  
Calumet  
Intermediate Course; Os-  
iris; Cegmer Seg.

**EMERSON JOHNSTON**  
Ishpeming  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents' Course; Yg-  
drasil; Cercle Francais.





**SAIMA KALLIO**  
South Range  
Home Economics Course;  
Treasurer of Osiris, 1923;  
Home Economics Club.

**ELEANOR KEARNEY**  
Hancock  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris; Glee Club.

**DOROTHY KINSMAN**  
Ishpeming  
Home Economics Course;  
Osiris; Home Economics  
Club.

**URSULA KNEPPE**  
L'Anse  
Kindergarten Course;  
Osiris.

**MARGARET KOEPP**  
Marquette  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil; Kindergarten  
Club; Hikers' Club; Glee  
Club; Dramatic Club.

**LEMPI KOLJONEN**  
Calumet  
Intermediate Course;  
Ygdrasil.



**EUPHIE KOSKINEN**  
Champion  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**ALMA LAANINEN**  
Hancock  
General Life Certificate.  
Ygdrasil.

**ELVINA LAFAYE**  
Stephenson  
Upper Grade Course;  
Osiris; Cercle Francais.

**ROSE LANG**  
Marinette, Wis.  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**DOROTHEA LATRELL**  
Marquette  
Junior College Course;  
Ygdrasil; Northern Eng-  
lish Club.

**MARTIN LA VIOLETTE**  
Stambaugh  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendent's Course; Yg-  
drasil; Sons of Thor;  
Manager, Football, '23;  
Annual Board.



**CLARENCE LE CLAIR**  
Stambaugh  
Manual Arts Course; Os-  
iris; Football, 1920; Foot-  
ball Captain, 1922; Bas-  
ketball, '21-'23.

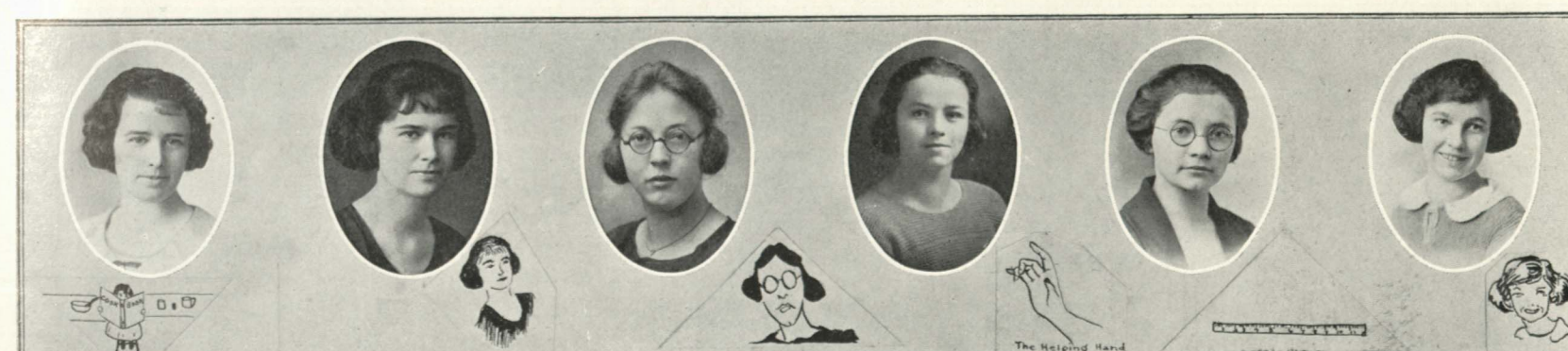
**RUTH LE DUC**  
Marquette  
Home Economics Course;  
Osiris; Home Economics  
Club; Sec'y. S. G. L.; Se-  
nior Class Play, '22.

**CLARENCE LIMPET**  
Marquette  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents Course; Yg-  
drasil; Sons of Thor;  
Football, '22-'23; Basket-  
ball, '22-'23.

**HELEN LINDQUIST**  
Hancock  
Upper Grades Course;  
Ygdrasil; Cegmer Seg;  
Vice President, S. G. L.

**IRENE LINQUIST**  
Marquette  
Junior College Course;  
Osiris.

**MILDRED LINDQUIST**  
Iron River  
Upper Grade Course; Os-  
iris; Dramatic Club; Glee  
Club.



**CECIL LOBB**  
Bessemer  
Vice Pres. Class, 1922;  
Vice Pres. Osiris, '23;  
Home Economics Course;  
Home Economics Club;  
Delta Sigma Nu.

**EDNA LOUNT**  
Marenisco  
Kindergarten Course;  
Osiris; Kindergarten Club.

**RUTH LUNDBLAD**  
National Mine  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**RUTH LUNDQUIST**  
Marquette  
Art Course; Ygdrasil;  
Hikers' Club; President  
Schecciodo.

**MARY MAKIKANGAS**  
South Range  
General Life Certificate;  
Ygdrasil; Pageant of  
1920.

**ERMA LYON**  
Hancock  
General Life Certificate;  
Ygdrasil; Northern Eng-  
lish Club; Delta Sigma  
Nu.





**CATHERINE MANSFIELD**  
Houghton  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris.

**MARCELLA MARKETTY**  
Negaunee  
Intermediate Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**NAPOLEON MARTIN**  
Hancock  
A. B. Course;  
Soothsayer of Druids;  
Pres. of Hancock Club;  
Post Commander of Dis-  
abled Veterans; Sons of  
Thor; Quartette; Student  
Council.

**NILA MASSIE**  
Crystal Falls  
Commercial Course;  
Osiris; Commercial Club.

**GEORGE McLOUGHLIN**  
Ewen  
Junior College Course;  
Osiris; Pres. Sons of  
Thor, '22; Student Coun-  
cil; Annual Board; Class  
Prophecy.

**ETHEL MELLIN**  
Marquette  
Music Course; Ygdrasil;  
Sec'y. Cegmer Seg; Glee  
Club.



**RUTH MITCHELL**  
Negaunee  
A. B. Course;  
High Priestess of Druids;  
Osiris; Declamation, '20-  
'21; Girls' Student Coun-  
cil; "Martha"; Northern  
English Club.

**HALSTED MONICAL**  
Brooklyn, Ind.  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents' Course; Ygdrasil  
Debate; Tri Mu; Druids.

**GERTRUDE MOORE**  
Marquette  
Junior College Course;  
Pres. Ygdrasil, '23; Pres.  
Cegmer Seg; Northern  
English Club; Hikers'  
Club; Giftatory; basket-  
ball.

**GRACE MORIN**  
Skaneec  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris.

**LELA MUCK**  
Ionia  
Intermediate Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**GEORGE MURRAY**  
Stambaugh  
Manual Arts Course;  
of Thor; Baseball, '22;  
Basketball, '22; Football,  
'21-'22; Sons of Thor.



**EVANGELINE NELSON**  
Ironwood  
Primary Course; Osiris;  
Glee Club.

**NELLIE NETTERBLAD**  
Ironwood  
Primary Course; Basket-  
ball; Cegmer Seg.

**ESTHER NIEMI**  
Wakefield  
General Life Certificate;  
Ygdrasil.

**LINDA NIKULA**  
Houghton  
Kindergarten Course;  
Osiris.

**INA NORRBACK**  
Dollar Bay  
Primary Course; Osiris;  
Cegmer Seg; basketball.

**MYRTLE NYMAN**  
Republic  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil.



**ESTHER OJALA**  
Hancock  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris.

**LILLIAN OJALA**  
Crystal Falls  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris.

**HELIA OLLILA**  
Painesdale  
Art Course; Ygdrasil;  
Glee Club; Cegmer Seg;  
Schecciodde; Hikers' Club.

**HELEN OLSON**  
Detroit  
Intermediate Gr. Course;  
Osiris.

**LAURA OLSEN**  
Gaastra  
Home Economics Course;  
Ygdrasil; Home Econom-  
ics Club.

**EDITH OLSON**  
Negaunee  
Kindergarten Course;  
Osiris.





**MARGERIE PERRING**  
Gwinn  
General Life Certificate;  
Ygdrasil.

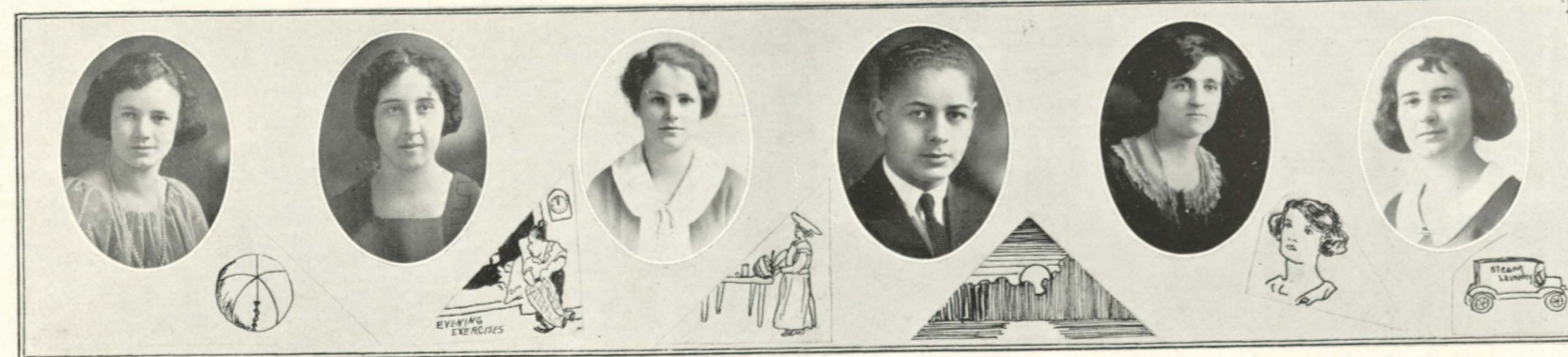
**DOROTHY PETERMANN**  
Allouez  
Intermediate Gr. Course;  
Osiris; Student Council.

**MYRTLE PETERSEN**  
Houghton  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**MARTHA PETERSON**  
Iron Mountain  
Art Course;; Osiris;  
Scheeclode.

**JERRY POUPORE**  
Spalding  
A. B. Course;  
Osiris; Men's Council.

**MYRLE QUAYLE**  
Stambaugh  
Upper Grades Course;  
Osiris; Cegmer Seg.



**LILLES RICHARDS**  
Ironwood  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil; Basketball.

**MYRTLE RICHARDS**  
Ironwood  
Primary Course.  
Osiris.

**VENILA RICHARDS**  
Marquette  
Home Economics Course;  
Ygdrasil; Home Econom-  
ics Club.

**JAMES RICKMAN**  
Marquette  
Manual Arts Course;  
Sons of Thor, Treas. '23;  
Football, '21; Baseball,  
'21.

**ANGELINE RIVOLTA**  
Iron Mountain  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**LIOLA ROBARGE**  
Houghton  
Intermediate Course;  
Ygdrasil; Glee Club.



**CHESTER ROSS**  
Stambaugh  
Manual Arts Course;  
Ygdrasil; Class Presi-  
dent, '22; Sons of Thor.

**GAIL ROY**  
Houghton  
Junior College Course;  
Osiris; Cegmer Seg; Sec'y.  
Treas. Northern English  
Club; Class History;  
Chairman, Senior Play  
Committee; Chairman,  
Prom Committee; Chair-  
man, Annual Board; Hik-  
ers' Club; "A Woman for  
A' That".

**MYRTLE SANDELL**  
Ironwood  
Primary Course; Osiris;  
Glee Club.

**VALERIA SCRANTANY**  
Baraga  
Upper Grade Course;  
Osiris.

**NORMA SCHAUER**  
Marquette  
Junior College Course;  
Osiris; Glee Club; North-  
ern English Club.

**PEARL SCOTT**  
Munising  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.



**OLIVE SEDICK**  
Atlantic Mine  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris.

**CECILE SELIN**  
Bessemer  
Junior College Course;  
Ygdrasil; Northern Eng-  
lish Club; Cegmer Seg.

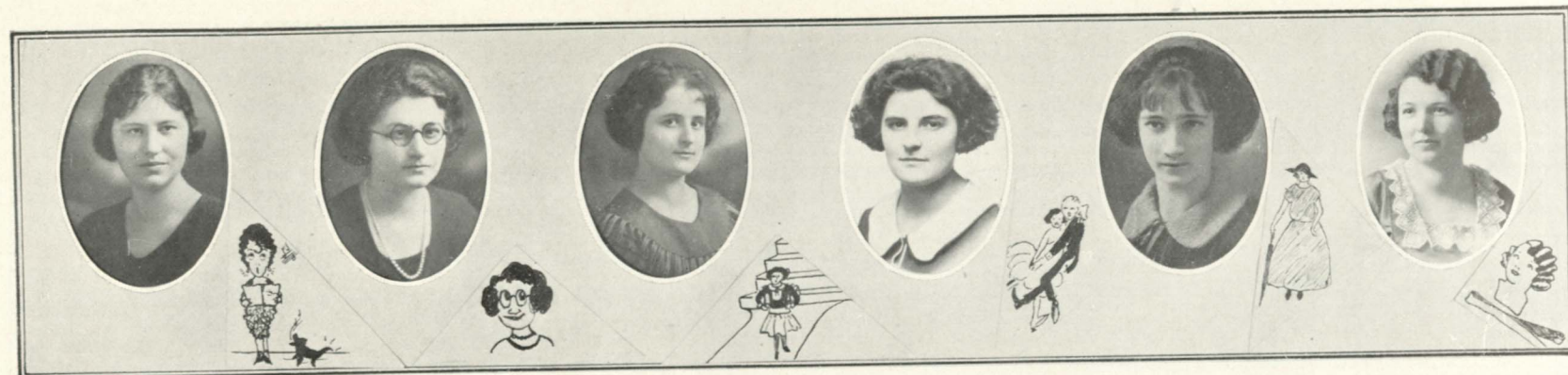
**GRAYCE SHEA**  
Marquette  
Primary Course; Osiris;  
Declamatory Contest.

**ARLETTA SHIELLS**  
Crystal Falls  
Kindergarten Course;  
Osiris.

**HARRIET SMITH**  
Marquette  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris; Northern English  
Club.

**LUCILLE SOBESKY**  
Rapid River  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil; Sec'y. Kinder-  
ten Club.





**HEDWIG SOBOLEWSKI**  
Ironwood  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris; Hikers' Club

**VIRGINIA STANCHINA**  
Norway  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**CLARA STERK**  
Calumet  
Upper Grade Course;  
Osiris; Northern English  
Club; Delta Sigma Nu.

**ANGELINE SUINO**  
Laurium  
Intermediate Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**ARLINE THEHHIEN**  
Lake Linden  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil;  
Northern English Club.

**ETHEL THOMAS**  
Baltic  
Upper Grades Course;  
Osiris.



**PEARL TREADO**  
Republic  
Upper Grades Course;  
Osiris.

**ELSIE TRESTRAIL**  
Iron Mountain  
Home Economics Course;  
Osiris; Home Economics  
Club; Sec'y. of Senior  
Class; Northern English  
Club.

**MILDRED UDD**  
Crystal Falls  
Kindergarten Course;  
Ygdrasil; Pres. Kinder-  
garten Club, '23.

**LUCILLE VANDENBOOM**  
Marquette  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris; Pres. S. G. L.,  
'23; Mathematics Club.

**MARION VAN HALLA**  
Virginia, Minn.  
Primary Course;  
Ygdrasil.

**MAMIE VIGO**  
Calumet  
General Life Certificate;  
Osiris; Glee Club.



**LAWRENCE WALSH**  
Greenland  
Principals' and Superin-  
tendents Course; Osiris.

**MARION WASMUTH**  
Negaunee  
Intermediate Course;  
Osiris.

**MARIE WHITE**  
Iron Mountain  
Primary Course;  
Osiris.

**GRACE WILSON**  
Marquette  
General Life Certificate;  
Ygdrasil;  
Northern English Club.

## Senior President's Address

Two years ago we entered this Normal School as individuals. We were then opening a new chapter in our lives. We have completed that chapter and we are now leaving this school as a class. Soon we will enter a new one, once more as individuals. In the course of this next chapter we shall need the knowledge we have gained here. During this period of school life we have been called upon to do our part in furthering the interests of a group working to the same end. In order to do this we were obliged to render service and coöperation. Many of us may have found that to succeed as individuals it was necessary to forego willingly our individual efforts for the interests of the class.

We came here to be educated. A large part of the knowledge gained here has come not from our text books, but from the lessons we have learned through contact with our classmates. Therefore it is evident that any work taken up by the class should be given our whole-hearted support, not from a sense of duty, but because of the educational advantages offered by such work.

The man or woman who has taken part in all class functions has gained a wealth of experience that will be found as useful as any gained in the classroom.

It is axiomatic that we have been "preparing for life." In the final analysis there is no well defined break between school and professional life. Those elements that made for success and happiness in school will be found equally effective in any profession. It is true that life assumes a more distant horizon and the whole scheme of things takes on larger proportions. The basic principles, however, are not changed. Instead of the class we will be working with society as a whole. If we are not willing to give up readily our individual efforts for the interests of the group we cannot attain a real content. We must use that something that Tennyson speaks of in "Locksley Hall."

"When the schemes and all the systems,  
Kingdoms and republics fall,"

There is "something kindlier, higher, holier—  
All for each and each for all."

Mark H. Coyne.



## Valedictory

For fourteen years we have been preparing ourselves on the race track of life for the big race which will soon begin. Our equipment has been provided. Our teachers have aided unmeasurably. Now we are to be graduated. We ask ourselves whether we are ready for the race? One might say—we must be, after all these years of preparation. But has the preparation been adequate?

There must be the man. Then the opportunities for accomplishing our life work will come. Garfield remarked once: "Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up." He said, "If I don't succeed in being a man I can succeed in nothing." Diogenes sought with a lantern at noon-tide for a perfectly honest man and sought in vain. In the market place he cried aloud, "Hear me, O, men," and when a crowd collected around him he said scornfully, "I called for men, not pygmies." The world want men, a man who has the courage of his convictions, who is larger than his calling, who is well balanced. In other words, the world wants men who are wholly educated. If a man is moved from one rank in life to another he will always be found in his place.

We would be no credit to our Northern "if we prove to be saplings rather than great oaks—memory glands instead of brainy men and women." But it is said that nature has never lost her ideal. Can we measure up? Let us examine ourselves and discover how far we fall short. Then our grade will be uphill 'till we can attain to our standards. Throughout all ages we know of only one complete man who has evolved. We know that we can be but prophecies of what is to come.

If a person has the faculties with which to begin, he can seize

common occasions and make of them great opportunities. Every life is full of opportunities and it is the weak and vacillating mind that complains of having no time or opportunity. There are "Acres of Diamonds" even in the seeming waste places. And as Elbert Hubbard said, we must either "get out or get in line."

We must not be dazzled by what Emerson called "shallow Americanism." There is something more in this life than the desire for amassing wealth. Each child with whom we will come in contact is a bundle of possibilities. The world is full of work that needs to be accomplished. Each moment brings new opportunities. Let's not wait for them. Let's make them!

In order to keep in line we need resolution, determination and courage. We must improve ourselves by self help.

For fourteen years we have been inspired to self help. We are at the termination of our training. The past two years have found us closely associated with this institution, its halls of learning, our respected professors. It has all grown so a part of our lives that the void will be deeply felt by us. We leave with profound regret.

May we pay tribute to our President, James H. Kaye. It has been our privilege to know him—and to know him is to love and respect him. We regret deeply that he is to leave our Northern. But we wish to assure him that he has made an impression on our lives which will be lasting. We bid farewell to our President, our professors, the friends we have made and our Northern.

Classmates, the race of life is about to commence. Are we in trim? On the mark. Get ready. Go!

Edith M. Holman.





## The Story of the Tribe

Four and twenty moons ago, from Ontonagon and Michilimackinac to Menominee and to Cheboygan, along all the dim trails of the forest and the busy waters of Northern Michigan, there was a stirring of life. Those, who, in June, had completed the tribal ceremonies, felt that now they must move on to trails that stretched into the far away. So these young braves and maids gathered into packs their most precious possessions from each wigwam, and seeking a tribal stamping ground, set forth. It was in the fall when all manner of fruits and grains had ripened and already due praises had been paid to the manitous. It was nearly a moon after the great corn festival. So, on all paths, moccasined feet bore the restless, eager young to where the trails converged.

Atop a hill, rising beautiful and reverend in the morning light, was the wigwam of the manitous who guarded the knowledge set forth in song and story. They had heard these tales from the old men about the camp fires when the owl hooted and wolves cried to the moon. Here was the home of those who held and made the ideals of the race.

When all had gathered near its portals and in wonder ventured to push aside the door flaps to enter, they found, painted in bright colors about the tanned deerskin walls, the legend of the glory of the race. Inspired thus, and by the kindly welcome of the manitous, they set themselves to band together and become as one tribe, loyal to the manitous and the legends of the race.

So in the first quarter of the second moon, when all was auspicious, they congregated in a corner of the ceremonial tepee and after a judicious powwow, chose as their chief, Chester Ross, the Young Eagle, who was called Mige-sins. Two other braves,

after much serious talk, were designated ogimas, helpers of the chief.

They were a very active tribe. Day by day they went into the fields and woods to plant and hunt. The maids went into land where they met, Andeks, the crow, who told them of corn, and rye, and wheat fields, and the Memiskondini-manganeshi, the robin, who told them of apple, and plum, and cherry trees of which they might eat. And so they planted trees and fields of their own, growing in knowledge and looking toward the great feast days when there would be dancing and thanksgiving and praise to the manitous who guided the planting. The braves traversed new trails finding deer, wolves, foxes, and beavers, whom they had known before, but had never become so wise about. Now they knew how to hunt, how to band together so that no animal could escape them, so that the animal secrets were known to them. And the great hunter manitous led the way.

Sometimes both braves and maids met together in the center of the great wigwam, under the opening through which the smoke escaped, and sang, in loud voices, the songs of those who had gone before them. And sometimes they gathered there to listen to the wisdom of their elders and chiefs and ogimas.

Their crops grew abundantly and prospered. Here and there a cornstalk withered and wheat fell from the stalk with neglect, but then the great chief, Gitchi-Manitou, sent the careless Indian back along the trail upon which he had traveled. All went well until it came near time for a great feast, the dance of that tribe's gracious thankfulness to the great tribe who were their Seniors and to the Manitous who had lent them ready aid. So the Young

(Continued on page 38)



"On the fairest time of June  
You may go, with sun or moon,  
Or the seven stars to light you,  
Or the polar ray to right you."







"DREGGS"

### Senior Class Plays

#### DREGS.

Nance .....Bernice Trevarthen  
 Jim .....Mark H. Coyne  
 The detective .....Harry Bottrel  
 The boy .....Leroy Christian

#### THE WILL O' THE WISP.

A country woman .....Doris Johnson  
 The poet's wife .....Helen Wittler  
 The maid .....Luella Malloy  
 The Will o' the Wisp .....Inez Corriveau

#### MRS. PAT AND THE LAW.

Mrs. Pat .....Margaret Koepp

Pat .....Russell Fountain  
 Miss Carrol .....Myrle Quayle  
 Jimmie .....Walsh Stull

#### THE WIDDY'S MITE.

Mrs. Terence .....Ruth Davis  
 Dinny Terence .....George Chase  
 Michael Collins .....Russel Fountain  
 Kitty Collins .....Luella Malloy

#### THE HONORABLE TOGO.

Mr. Geo. Winfield .....Walter Cleminson  
 Mrs. Geo. Winfield .....Luella Malloy  
 Mr. Henry Powell .....Harry Bottrell  
 The Honorable Togo .....Mark H. Coyne



Eagle beat the tom-tom and sent the runners about to call the tribe together. They met in solemn council presided over by their chief, who appointed ogimas and council members to plan that this dance, according to tribal custom, should be better than any ever given before. Indian maids and braves worked mightily, neglecting even their crops in their zeal. Far away tribes were called upon to spread before them their best of offerings, from which were selected tiny baby braves as a gift to the Senior braves. The maids who could find nothing to suit them, patiently hour by hour, made flowers of every color to lay at the feet of the Senior maids. The time drew nigh. The long hall where they had been taught the use of the bow and arrow, and the tribal dances, was beautiful with wee balsam trees that held on their branches fairy rainbows. The maids, the braves, solemn and straight, made merry to the rhythm of the tom-tom. The chief of the Senior tribe, MacIntosh, the Redbird, called Natchinamessi, smoked the calumet with Ross, the Young Eagle, and in the name of all the tribe thanked them for this great feast dance.

As the moon waned and grew full again there was a feeling in the air like the ghosts of long ago battles and the whisperings of great chiefs and valiant warriors. Heeding their messages, the young tribe decided to make war upon the Seniors who were soon to leave the tepee and follow the beckoning trails. The war would save them from forgetting the young tribe, and their victory would assure them that the ceremonies and legends of the tribes and the tepee would be carried on. Thus it came about that early one morning the braves, armed only with the cords of their bows, set upon the Seniors, and after a great tussle, tied them tightly and laid them away. The maids had also much to do. Silently in the middle morning, they slunk down the trail to where they could barter with wampum for rawhide. Burdened with coils of it, they returned to the stamping ground, where a great group, waving endlessly to and fro, like a field of

corn in the wind, waited in uneasy wonder. Gathering those of their tribe together, they dashed among them, tying the Seniors with the rawhide. Later they were collected by a wanderer who drove a horseless carriage fit for a manitou to be carried about in. They were driven away to the forest where they were dropped under the trees and near the rivers so that the red squirrels and the birds were disturbed. At evening the young tribe gathered at the door flaps of the tepee and with the music of reeds and strings and the fierce tom-tom exulted over their victory, dancing a war dance in the light of the moon. The next morn, along all the trails to the place of the skunk weed hurried the moccasined feet of the young tribe, who, after the ceremonial fire had been lit, broke fast in the forest, under the watchful eyes of their own manitou. Their revelry lasted long and Gitchi-Manitou met them returning to the tepee, some five hours after the sun had risen. Thus did the young tribe give proof of its virile strength and spirit.

And the young tribe watched one day and saw the Senior tribe plant Ininanday, the fir tree, before the tepee, and with this farewell and remembrance, depart. So they also took to the many trails, knowing they would return again when other moons had passed.

When the harvest came again they once more met on the loved stamping ground, now in the dignity of the Seniors, enhanced by the wisdom of many councils. There were new members in the tribe who had been on far trails but had returned again to hear the tales the manitous could tell. Once again they called a council and chose a new chief, Mark Coyne, who in colors told the legends of the tribe, and who was called, Ninbap Pangishimo Gisiss, "Laughing Sunset." They remembered that as a young tribe they had been given a welcome with dance and song and now from their dignity they determined that such a welcome be given the new young tribe. The chief handed his smok-

ing calumet to the ogimas, thus giving them permission to make preparations for this great feast. Some had come from the picture rocks of Lake Superior, Otchipwe Kitchigami; some from Southern lands where they had seen caves with glittering icicles. It was determined that the long hall should seem as this last. From the strange tribes who presented their wares to them they chose tiny fly away braves and little fur dressed maids. These would carry a message of friendship to the young tribe. There was much bustle about the tepee and the dance that resulted, was, as usual, the most beautiful that ever had been seen. And the tribe rested well content for twice it had presented feast dances more beautiful than any others.

About this time there were uneasy, malicious spirits in the air, pulling this way and that, pulling the tribe apart. Its legends and traditions were being forgotten. The maids became alarmed, and some of them, following the custom of their elders, met in council. They chose a leader and a keeper of the wampum and gave much thought to those whom they deemed worthy to be of aid in their work. Those whom they chose were submitted to public ordeal and also private ceremonies in a portion of the wigwam which was given them as their ceremonial tepee. And these maids told the tales of sincerity, sympathy, and good fellowship among the members of the tribes. Following their lead,

other maids, eager to honor the tribe, met about a council fire and with the aid of the manitous of tribal ceremony they, too, became as one. They spread pride in the legends of the race and the tales of the manitous. The maids of the tribe did all these things with high hearts and willing hands for their love and spirit were great and they would have the name of the tribe remembered forever.

The moon waned and grew full and the tribe carefully watered the crops and tended them for it had come near the time when they would seek the far trails. As a parting gift to the race, the manitous, and the young tribe, they began to put together their own legends and tales and the happenings of their days and the pictures of their lives in the shadow of the tepee. Much tanned deerskin and black earth to write upon it with, and much effort, and council meetings, and gray wisdom went into the making of this book. When it was completed the young tribe read it with reverence and found that a Senior tribe, which they would one day be, must be brave and tender, forceful yet loving, loyal and working for the good, and meanness and cruelty cannot abide with them. This message they must be guided by.

And when the young tribe, that was now a Senior tribe, left, the Gitchi-Manitou left with them to guide them on their devious ways on the trails that call forever to other stamping grounds.  
Gail René Roy.



### The Annual Board

Earle M. Parker .....Editor  
A. Bess Clark .....Associate Editor  
Gail Roy  
George McLaughlin } .....Senior Associates  
Gertrude Moore }  
Libbie Herman }  
Martin LaViolette }  
Mark Coyne }  
Edith Holman } .....Normal News Staff  
Charles VanRiper }  
Burt Clark }  
Lillian Holman }  
John Schiska }  
C. C. Wiggins .....Advertising Manager  
F. R. Copper .....Subscription Managers  
L. O. Gant





# Athletics

## FOOTBALL.

Coach: Hedgcock—Captain: LeClair.

### THE TEAM.

|            |              |
|------------|--------------|
| Craze.     | Olivier.     |
| North.     | Hazlitt.     |
| Jacques.   | B. Hedgcock. |
| Schiska.   | Limpert.     |
| Bystrom.   | Johnson.     |
| LeClair.   | Murray.      |
| Nelson.    | Silver.      |
| Hendra.    | McNamara.    |
| Nordling.  | Hildner.     |
| Geill.     | Bergstrom.   |
| Hardimon.  | H. Hedgcock. |
| Forsman.   | Peterson.    |
| Gandzwill. | Voelker.     |

### THE GAMES.

|        |                |                             |
|--------|----------------|-----------------------------|
| Oct. 7 | N. S. N..... 6 | Stevens Point Normal.... 38 |
| " 13   | N. S. N..... 6 | Munising Legion ..... 0     |
| " 21   | N. S. N..... 0 | M. C. M..... 14             |
| " 28   | N. S. N..... 0 | M. C. M..... 0              |
| Nov. 4 | N. S. N..... 0 | Superior Normal ..... 52    |
| " 11   | N. S. N..... 0 | Central Normal ..... 62     |

## BASKETBALL.

Coach: Hedgcock—Captain: Olivier.

### TEAM.

|            |              |
|------------|--------------|
| LeClair.   | McNamara.    |
| Bystrom.   | B. Hedgcock. |
| Olivier.   | Bussiere.    |
| Clemenson. | Voelker.     |
| Limpert.   | Hadrich.     |
| Craze.     | H. Hedgcock. |
| Hardimon.  | Nelson.      |

### GAMES.

|         |                 |                              |
|---------|-----------------|------------------------------|
| Jan. 5  | N. S. N..... 2  | Gwinn Club ..... 0           |
| " 12    | N. S. N..... 14 | Central Normal ..... 31      |
| " 14    | N. S. N..... 17 | Negaunee Legion ..... 29     |
| " 20    | N. S. N..... 17 | Oshkosh Normal ..... 35      |
| " 26    | N. S. N..... 15 | M. C. M..... 11              |
| " 27    | N. S. N..... 5  | Alger County Club ..... 25   |
| Feb. 2  | N. S. N..... 23 | M. C. M..... 16              |
| " 3     | N. S. N..... 2  | Hercules ..... 0             |
| " 10    | N. S. N..... 28 | Alger County Club ..... 22   |
| " 11    | N. S. N..... 23 | Gwinn Club ..... 20          |
| " 16    | N. S. N..... 21 | Negaunee Legion ..... 20     |
| " 20    | N. S. N..... 12 | Oshkosh Normal ..... 22      |
| " 22    | N. S. N..... 7  | Western State Normal... 27   |
| " 23    | N. S. N..... 11 | Detroit College of Law... 12 |
| " 24    | N. S. N..... 19 | Central Normal ..... 26      |
| Mar. 16 | N. S. N..... 23 | Alger County Club..... 12    |





INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL



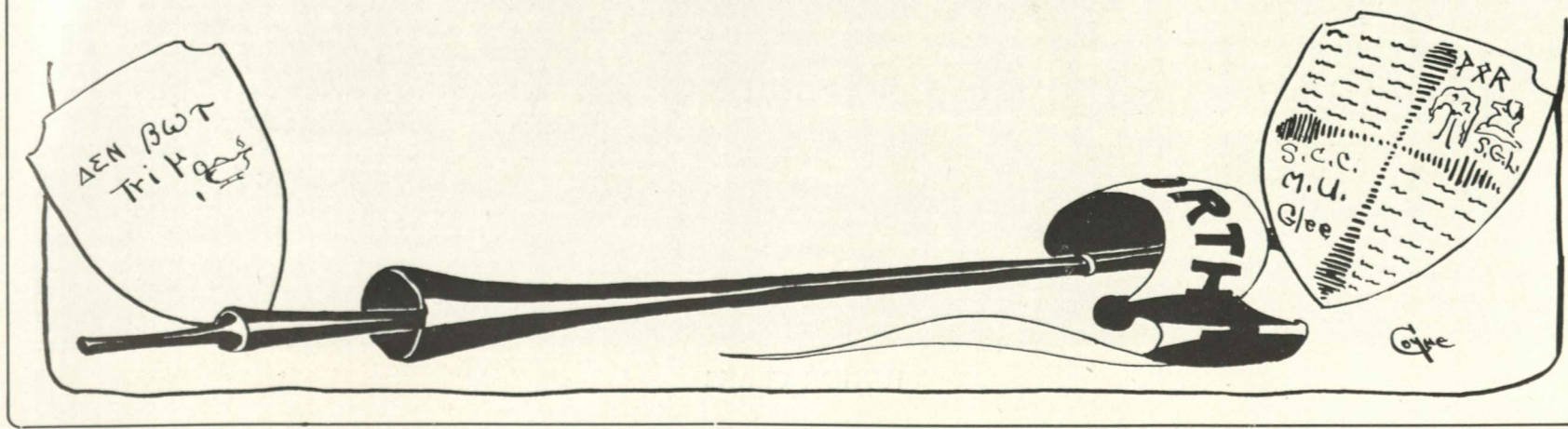
SENIOR BASKETBALL



JUNIOR BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS



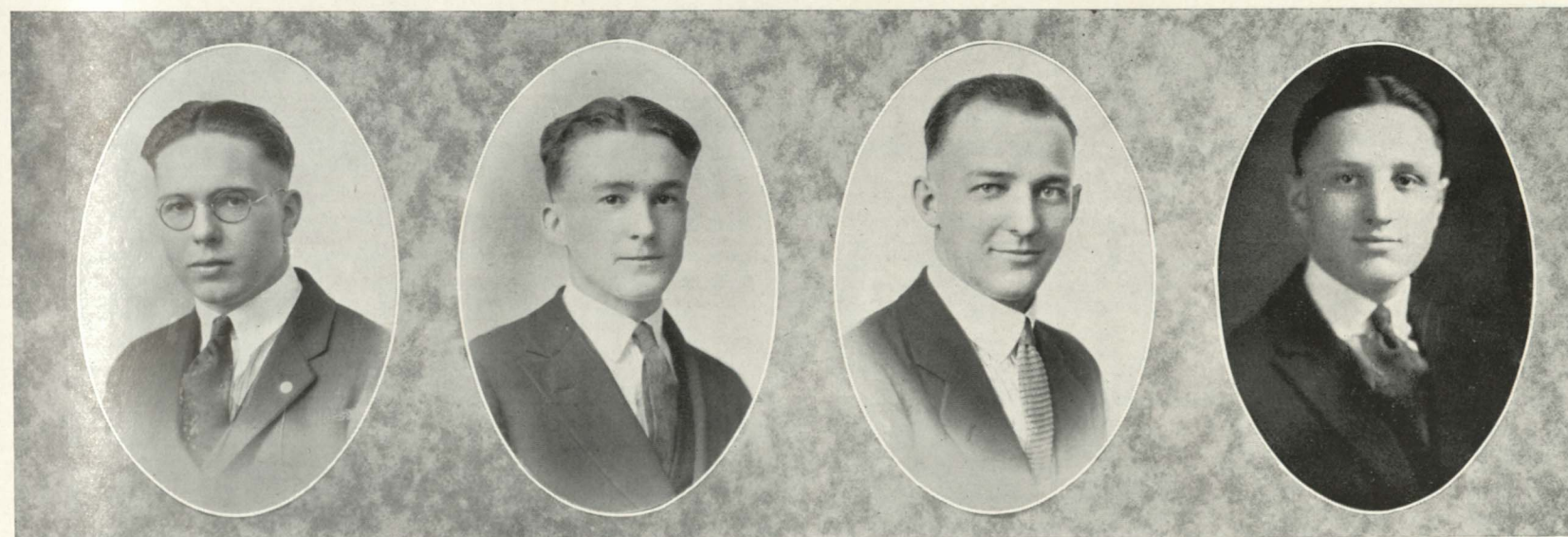
ORGANIZATIONS







JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class Officers

- Arthur Farrell ..... President
- Clarence Zerbel ..... Vice President
- Samuel Freed ..... Secretary
- Henry Boussier ..... Treasurer





DRUIDS

H. Bottrell, J. Poupore, J. C. Bowman, H. H. Monical, G. Harrison, M. E. Dunn,  
O. Johnson, Agnes McMillan, Ruth Mitchell, N. Martin, Margaret McPhee,  
Iva Baumgartner, T. Foresman.

## Druids II.

Now in the Vale of Snow there was an Oasis whence did go yearly the chosen youth of the land, who did abide there six moons or more. And these chosen were divided into Juniors and Seniors; and at the end of the sixth moon (or more) would they go out and diffuse their knowledge.

But it came to pass that at the end of a certain sixth moon there were some who did not go out but remained. They were exceeding wise and were set apart because they were the upper-classmen. And the lower classes did feebly scorn them and say "Humpf! What do they want to stick around for?" Yea—they did give them the cold shoulder. Even did certain of the faculty ignore them. And because of this, these few did hold a meet in one Bow-man's den, and they did make a solemn compact. And to the others they did declare in a loud voice *for* they were wroth—

"We *are* the upper class. Look ye on us and behold, for we are exceeding wise."

And the multitude did marvel.

"But hark and mark ye well—whosoever in this place doth acquire four and twenty credits and doth not go out but remaineth, he shall be one of us. Let him be one of us!"

And Lo! they were called Druids, for they *were* exceeding wise.

And they did meet on the first Tuesday of the month and

the third Tuesday of the month. And they did have an High Priestess, who was an leader, and an Soothsayer (who did "sooth" right well) and an Sorceress, who did write within a huge and mighty book. And they did have an Bow-man for their guide, who did save them from much folly. And the other Druids did sit around with deep and thoughtful looks and lift their voices in great and lofty words, for they were exceeding wise.

And they did go to assembly and did raise their mighty battle cry and from then on the faculty forgot *not* to name the Druids.

And this the mob knew not—they did hie them out to camp and did wage war on the fierce and wild Hot-dawg and they did triumph. For they were exceeding wise.

And in the course of time they did get themselves a badge of wondrous pattern. And they did make a strong and careful constitution; and they did guard and watch the rush. For they were exceeding wise.

Thus did the sixth moon (and for some of these their time) end with much acclaim and glory, and they did rest content, for there were others soon to come and carry on. And their sun did rise but did not set for—as 'twas said by all—they were *exceeding* wise.

Margaret McPhee.





STUDENT GIRLS' LEAGUE  
OFFICERS

- Lucile Vandenboom .....President
- Helen Lindquist .....Vice President
- Ruth LaDuc .....Secretary
- Bernice Trevarthen .....Treasurer

Student Girls' League

In a school as large as our N. S. N., with nearly four hundred girls in attendance, the work of the student league has room for unlimited growth and development. The problem of helping girls get acquainted every fall is in itself considerable. It can be furthered by such a successful and memorable affair as last fall's entertainment of the Juniors and Faculty women by the Seniors. Athletics can be made vital to our girls by such social events

as the dance given by S. G. L. on the evening of the N. S. N.-M. C. M. football game. Even finances for league room furnishing may be conquered by such devices as the Basketball Tournament sale of sweets or the valiant check room project.

The Student Girls' League! May it grow in the firm tenderness and friendliness of its exercise of the most important function, making the girls of N. S. N. "one and inseparable."





MEN'S UNION

Charles Olivier .....President  
Clifford Gorman .....Secretary-Treasurer  
Maynard E. Dunn .....Vice President

THE MEN'S UNION

OF ALL · FOR ALL

TO PROMOTE

LOYALTY, HONOR, FELLOWSHIP,

AND

NORTHERN





YGDRASIL

- Ethel Olson .....President, Fall Term
- Gertrude Moore .....President, Winter Term
- Gordon Harrison .....President, Spring Term

# Ygdrasil

## THE ASH TREE

"Ygdrasil, in Scandinavian mythology, is the mystical ash tree which symbolizes existence and binds together earth, heaven, and hell. It is the tree of life, of knowledge, of fate, of time, of space. Its three roots go down into the three great realms: the realm of death, where, in the well Hvergelmer, the dragon Nidhug and his brood are ever gnawing it; the realm of the giants, where, in the fountain of Mimer, is the source of wisdom; the realm of the gods, Asgard, where, at the sacred fountain of Urd, is the divine tribunal and dwelling of the Fates. The stem of Ygdrasil upholds the earth, while its branches overshadow the world and reach up beyond the heavens."

Ygdrasil is the symbol of life in its widest meaning, life which is infinite in space and time, which goes on and on forever. Individuals die but the race continues to live and moves ever forward and upward. Just as one root of the tree is ever gnawed by the dragon and his brood, who sap its vitality, so the vitality of humanity is ever being sapped by the dragon of evil and ignorance. Just as the tree draws strength and power from Mimer, the well of wisdom, so humanity draws strength, power, and the ability to combat evil and ignorance from the knowledge which it ob-

tains and of which it makes constructive use. Half-knowledge and half-truths are often extremely harmful. Knowledge is not good *per se*. That knowledge which enables a child to use a gun efficiently, yet does not enable him to decide when a gun should be used and when it should not be used, is worse than no knowledge at all, for he may easily harm others or himself.

What better ideal could a literary society have in an educational institution than the spreading of that real kind of knowledge and that constructive use of knowledge which are necessary for the advancement of humanity? Such knowledge will not only enable one to earn enough for subsistence (that, too, is essential), but will enable him to appreciate and enjoy some of the finer things of life such as art, literature, and music.

Toward this ideal Ygdrasil of N. S. N. works, striving always in the programs to give those things which will cultivate appreciation of the worth while things, standing daily for good scholarship and high attainment in whatever is undertaken, because of the realization that in the spread of knowledge lies racial salvation.

Gordon Harris.





Osiris

Edith Holman .....President, Fall Term  
 John Fish .....President, Winter Term  
 Dorothy Olmstead .....President, Spring Term

AND ALONG CAME DILLY.

He was Dilly Dimples from the Land of Frozen Words and icicles. This was his first trip out into the world. He didn't know yet whether he would like it or not. But his father and mother and two brothers had given him a box of Magic Pills. Everytime he was lonesome he need but swallow one little pill and he would find himself back in the Land of Frozen Words and icicles. The swift Southward train was carrying him to a big city

by the side of a Big Sea Water. The train went so fast it made him dizzy. He thought the big trees in the big woods were having a race with the train. A man who filled up all the spaces in his clothes came to the door and yelled queer things which made some people get off the train.

Dilly Dimples was so dizzy he fell asleep. He was dreaming about Eskimo Hot Drinks when some one pulled his sleeve and

snatched his passport and told him this was as far as the train was going for him. Then he yelled—"City of Many Moons."

The first night Dilly Dimples was in the "City of Many Moons" he went for a long walk. He kept wishing that people didn't put covers on the ground to walk on—they hurt his feet. He had never seen so many moons hanging low in the skies. He saw a group of noisy boys and girls and wondered where they were going. He was feeling a little lonesome—so he followed them. They walked many miles and then climbed up many steps into a big hall. There were more steps and then Dilly Dimples found himself in the biggest room he had ever seen. He slid into a seat.

Everyone was saying a funny word, "Osiris." He wondered if they meant refreshments—for everyone looked so happy. A girl breezed toward the front of the room—then stopped and said some strange words which made a tall boy leave his seat and read minutes from a paper, not a watch. The first speaker said they were going to have a business meeting. This made everyone move, uncomfortably almost, in their seats. Some one talked about a desk which would spend all the money they had. Dilly Dimples thought they must be real business people to think they could use a whole, big desk. Soon the minute boy took to his feet again. He declared they were ready for the program—but that meant nothing to the visitor. Dilly saw people march upon the stage and take seats. They talked *at* each other until they sat down again. Of course he didn't understand them, but all the people paid attention as if it were something wonderful. He heard them say Boys' Quartette and four smiling chaps sang dit-

ties that made everyone laugh. They had such strange names: Willie Stargazer, Tony Forget-Me-Not, Pete Caruso and Andy Krook.

A girl sat on a bench before a huge thing which had so many black and white parts. He had never heard such lovely sounds. He almost took a pill he got so lonesome. But he couldn't help thinking how happy everyone looked, so he became happy, too. Then a man who must have been the business manager arose and told them in plain words what he thought of them as entertainers. But he said it in such a helpful way that he hurt one one's feelings. Then he told some jokes and every one laughed. He read something about Acres of Diamonds. Dilly knew it was good stuff, but he knew he would have to educate himself up to the point of listening to things like that.

They said some odd things about adjourning. Dilly Dimples didn't know what that meant till every one made a rush for the door. He mixed himself up in the crowd. He had never seen people quite like these before. They had seemed to be having such a wonderful time, but as soon as the chance came they were rushing away. He was hurried down the steps with the rest and he was left standing on the stone steps—alone. There were huge, lonesome pine trees in front of him and so much sky above him. He got loner and loner and wished the thing called Osiris would make him happy again. But it was no use. He slipped his hand in a back pocket. Out came the box of Magic Pills. He did the deed. And in a few seconds he was again in the Land of Frozen Words and Icicles—far away from the City of Many Moons.

Edith M. Holman.



## Wenn Oedil Reda

SKOAL TO THE NORSEMEN.



Page 58

Oh, list ye bards of Comp and Rhet,  
Oh, list ye to my song  
About a lad who careless was  
And somehow got in wrong.

The Sons of Thor heard him one day  
Misname the wife of Thor.  
If you could only know this wrong,  
You need ask nothing more.

They planned a slow and bloody death  
Which he dreads even now;  
They laid the plan quite "sub rosa"  
And kept it all somehow.

He sang one night at Osiris,  
He sang a touching song,  
Touched not the hearts of Hardy Norse,  
They must avenge their wrong.

He stepped off from the lighted stage,  
Ten men did him surround.  
They rushed him through the corridors,  
Blindfolded with no sound.

They dragged him swiftly up the stairs,  
Across the long third hall,  
Then down the other stairs pulled him  
With no relief at all.

They stood him up against the wall,  
For a target used his face.  
Against it threw wet paper pulp,  
Still more was his disgrace.

These sturdy sons of great god Thor  
Chose victims strong and stout.

This one they dropped from the third floor rail,  
But could not knock him out.

And now this lad in sorry plight  
Did help implore of Thor,  
And of his wife, but mispronounced  
Her name just one time more.

They bared his back, and wet their towels  
And beat him many times;  
But he was young and strong, you know,  
So he let out no whines.

They chained him to the cold brick floor,  
Of clothes left not a shred,  
Around him placed long scaly snakes,  
Cold frogs, alive and dead.

They talked about this young lad's fate,  
This lad so young but rough,  
How he would make a Son of Thor  
If he but learned enough

About pronouncing proper names  
With due regard and care,  
And they decided he would do  
So brought him to their lair.

Their gallant chief, a runner fleet,  
Stood up so straight and true,  
While he who sang for Osiris  
Knelt down and kissed his shoe.

'Then with a great and booming voice,  
And mighty gesture grand,  
The chief proclaimed to all the group,  
"Thou Son of Thor, now stand."

John Brown.





TRI MU

Top Row—H. Longhurst, J. Hakenjos, C. Van Riper, G. L. Brown, J. Shiska, G. Champion.  
Bottom Row—H. D. Lee, P. Coleman, H. Hustad, H. Bussiere, J. Voelker, H. Monacle, M. Dunn, J. H. Kaye, T. Forsman.







## CEGMER SEG

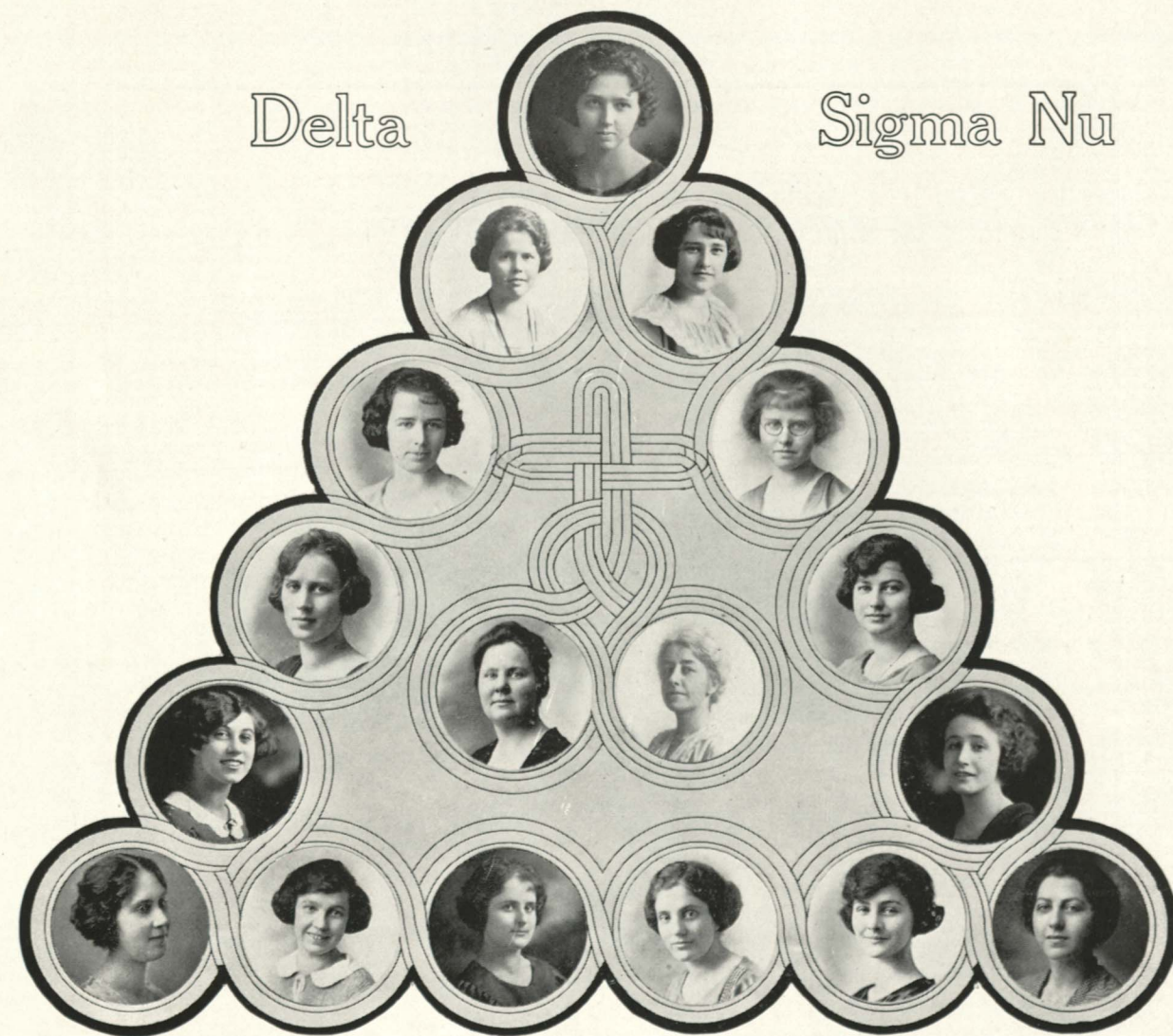


Two moons ago, to our beloved Mother Normal was born a girl child who was named Cegmer Seg. The child grows apace and gathers many friends to her. These friends look on her with love for the spirit of sisterhood shines from her eyes. May her speech be ever gentle and low, her actions kind, her heart open to the call of the sick and the lone. May she learn to guard heart, eyes, and tongue, remembering that she was born under the star of sisterhood.



Delta

Sigma Nu



**DELTA SIGMA NU.**

President—Lillian E. Holman.  
 Vice-President—Grace Billings.  
 Secretary—Erma Lyon.  
 Treasurer—Anona Anderson.  
 Faculty Advisor—Miss Grace Spalding.  
 Honorary Member—Mrs. John Lowe.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

|                    |                  |                 |
|--------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| Edith M. Holman.   | Cecil Lobb.      | Anona Anderson. |
| Erma Lyon.         | Millicent Reed.  | Irene Francis.  |
| Lillian E. Holman. | Grace Billings.  | Clark Sterk.    |
| Libbie Hermann.    | Thelma Anderson. | Thelma Bretz.   |
| Dorothy Kehoe.     | Helen Beaulieu.  | Marjorie Brown. |





### Beta Omega Tau

Pearl N. Gollinger, Hazel G. Symon, Miss Gladys L. Gray, Ruth E. Adams, Mrs. Eulie Gay Rushmore.  
Louise A. Doetsch, Iva Louise Baumgartner, Miss Ethel M. Hamby, Inez E. Corriveau, Veronica E. Putz.



Organized 1923

#### SORORES IN FACULTATE

Ethel M. Hamby      Mrs. Eulie Gay Rushmore      Gladys L. Gray

#### SORORES IN COLLEGIO

Louise A. Doetsch      Inez E. Corriveau  
Ruth E. Adams      Veronica E. Putz  
Hazel G. Symon      Pearl N. Gollinger  
Iva Louise Baumgartner

Not all things that mean the most are begun with a loud noise.

Sometime in April a group of girls decided that by coöperation it would be possible to promote good fellowship and foster a spirit of loyalty among the Normal girls. These girls, with the ideals of truth, honesty, and the highest type of womanhood, organized the Beta Omega Tau Society.





COMMERCIAL CLUB

## The Commercial Club

The Commercial Club was organized in 1918 with seven members. Today it numbers forty-two enthusiastic, real live business students. The year has been one of keen competition for the interest of the department. We have had many valuable and instructive talks from the city's keenest business men.

In February we had a "Get Together" in the Commercial Rooms, where a hot supper was served and the evening spent in playing "back to childhood games." We found no member too old to enjoy them. On Wednesday, May 2, the club attended a banquet at the Clifton Hotel. Supt. H. D. Lee of the Training School started the program with an inspiring speech in his usual interesting manner. This was followed by a snappy talk from our own Maxine LaVigne. We are proud of "Max." The main

speech of the evening was delivered by Supt. H. S. Doolittle of Negaunee, whose subject was "What a Supt. Expects of a Commercial Teacher." He gave the students many good ideas to carry into the teaching field with them. Mr. Wiggins entertained with an enjoyable five minutes of short stories, flavored with solid advice. The Misses Medlar and Blomquist concluded the program with their clever dialogue, "Mrs. Smith's Boarder." Mrs. Loraine Henry-Bailey was voted an ideal toastmistress.

The officers of the club are:  
 Alfred J. Chubb—President.  
 Ellsworth L. Sturdy—Vice President.  
 Lena Wuebben—Treasurer.  
 Borghild Anderson—Secretary.

### NOTICED AT THE COMMERCIAL CLUB BANQUET.

That one fellow could Weilahand pretty well.  
 That Coleman was near Dunn from the beginning.  
 That Chubb took only one Bun-t.  
 That one spot looked Muerkey but farther on we noticed Muck.  
 That things looked Kanney until one Medlar brightened things up.

That although the weather was Reany the Carpenter and Cooper were on the job.  
 That the Gorman sat near the door by which the waitress entered and gave no Quarters to the Sturdy appetites beyond him.  
 That Wr. Wiggins tried to wiggle out of his part of the program, but with a Bailee in charge paid his fine.  
 Mrs. Lovaine Henry-Bailey.





DRAMATIC CLUB OFFICERS

Doris Johnson, Cecilia Sichler, Eulie Gay Rushmore, Byrdette Sudteit.

## Dramatic Club







**English Club**

OFFICERS.

President—Mr. Henry Johnson.  
Vice-President—Mr. John Voelker.

Secretary—Miss Gail Roy.  
Treasurer—Mr. Paul Coleman.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

Miss A. Bess Clark.      Mr. James C. Bowman.



"A WOMAN FOR A' THAT"

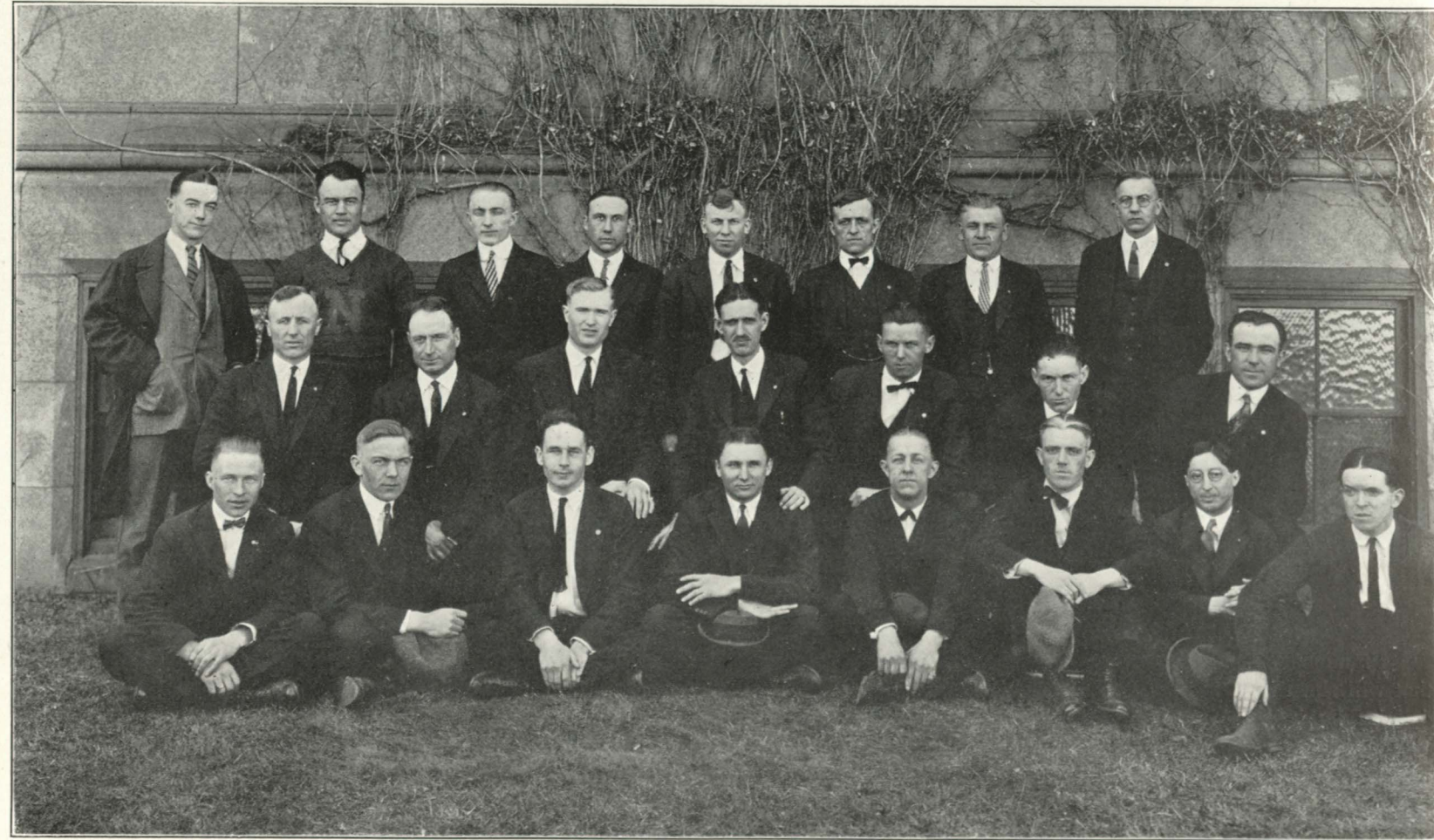
Prominent among the pleasant associations of college days that will ripen into the fondest memories of later years, are the delightfully informal programs of the Northern English Club. The veritable orgies of music and literature, the convivial cheer of a sleighride party, the festive gaiety of a picnic, and the happy thrill of "A Woman For A' That," have all contributed to an impression of charming good-fellowship that will long be retained. Then, too, the good natured discussions of the American literati—Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Hamlin

Garland, Zona Gale, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost—in connection with biographical and psychographic studies, and stimulated with delectable refreshments, has not only given its members a keener and fuller appreciation of literature, but has resulted in a comprehensive knowledge of contemporary art.

Although new this year, The Northern English Club has been successful in fulfilling its aims and ambitions to the fullest extent. It has laid so excellent a foundation for the years to come that its continued success cannot be questioned.

Burt Clark.





FEDERAL MEN

### Federal Men

Chas. J. Courtney.  
Clarence North.  
Ellsworth L. Sturdy.  
Frank J. Lindenthal.  
Herman Lithien.  
Leo Goulet.  
Jacob Jankauski.  
William Haapala.  
Victor Chaput.  
Carl Kanney.  
Mike Koritnick.  
Paul L. Coleman.

Herman W. Heikkenen.  
John C. Wellehan.  
Kasmer Kornick.  
John Johnson.  
Wm. Rossberg.  
Gordon Harrison.  
Chas. Ziller.  
Carl Hill.  
Napolean Martin.  
Louis Millman,  
Training Officer.  
Jack McCarthy.





## FRENCH CLUB

|                       |                           |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| Gordon Harrison.      | Miss Ethel M. Hamby.      |
| Jerry Poupore.        | Miss Grace Allen Spalding |
| Lucile Chabot.        | John W. Brown.            |
| Dorothy M. Kehoe.     | Sarah Bottrell.           |
| Thelma R. Anderson.   | Elvina M. Lafave.         |
| Miss M. Gildersleeve. | Julia H. Zeigler.         |
| Delma E. Arnell.      | Emerson Johnston.         |

## French Club

The Cercle Francais held its first meeting on February the fourteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-three. The organization of a French group has been due largely to the influence and efforts of Mlle. Gildersleeve, head of the department of modern languages. (Here Mlle. G. interrupts to protest that it was really the enthusiasm and active coöperation of the Advanced French class which set the ball rolling. Never mind, we're here, and we'll fight that out en famille!)

At our première réunion we chose for our president M. Gordon Harrison, who has led us safely through the difficulties which so often beset a new organization. To aid him in this bonne oeuvre, M. Jerry Poupore was elected vice-president and Mlle. Lucile Chabot secretary-treasurer. A program committee composed of Mlles. Dorothy Kehoe, Thelma Anderson, and Sarah Bottrell, was appointed. Our assemblies have been held on alternate Thursday evenings, sometimes at the Peter White Library, at other times in the pleasant music room at the Normal. At these meetings we have striven to make our programs both entertaining and profitable. They have usually consisted of a few minutes' informal causerie at the beginning (en français, ça va sans dire), followed by the singing of French songs, readings by members of the society from "La Chute"—a portion of

Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables"—recitation of French poetry, musical numbers, and finally, the informal discussions in French. Occasionally we have varied the program by substituting a purely informal social get-together. The most enjoyable of these was held on March twenty-ninth, in the charming salon of Mlle. Hamby, who has been an active member of our club since its inauguration. Music, a French reading by Mlle. Gildersleeve, and a delicious lunch, all helped to provide a very pleasant evening.

We are hoping next year not only to continue the work we have begun, but to enlarge the scope of our activities, by affiliating with the national organization, the "Fédération de l'Alliance Française." This will have not a few advantages. Besides putting us in touch with the doings of the various other "cercles" throughout the country, it will place at our disposal a circulating library of French books and periodicals, and will help us to secure lecturers from time to time as our funds permit. We are looking forward to getting better acquainted with some of the rich stores of French literature and art, and are planning to present one or more plays in the course of the year. In short, we quite gladly adopt for our motto the aim of the national Federation: "susciter, faciliter ou perfectionner l'étude de la langue, de la littérature, des arts et de l'histoire de la France."





Home Economics Club.

BAKER, MARGARET  
 BROTHERTON, HELEN-- George said-----  
 SUSHANSON, VIOLET -- Can you fashion that?  
 ZALLO, SALMA-- What mark did you get?  
 FRANCIS, HELEN-- Believe me when I'm teaching--  
 EIMMAN, DOROTHY-- Oh my John!  
 I thought I'd die.  
 JOSE, CELIA-- Anything to eat around here?  
 BEAUFIE, HELEN-- I'm going to start saving money now.  
 MCGALLUM, DELLA-- An exploded theory. Girls come to the back table  
 OLSEN, LARA-- Oh you lumberer cheese!  
 MESTRALI, EMILIE-- I'm going to teach in Hermansville.  
 CAMPBELL, SUE-- Here goes Ed!  
 I guess, RUTH-- Gonna have class today?  
 ELSON, TYNE-- Must go home- they serve coffee at four.  
 BRETT, TREMA-- Miss McGallum do you think--  
 RICHARDS, WILMA -- Wel now I don't know about that.  
 JENNINGS, EMILIE-- You little wretch!  
 ANDERSON, INA-- Oh good-night.  
 AUGUSTON, DAGMAR-- Ah, gawan!  
 DREYDAHL, EDITH-- Oh wait a second!  
 DUYORE, MARGARET-- Has you got a sauce-dish?  
 HARRIS, LEONE-- Do you know where Charlie is?  
 JENSEN, PAULINE-- Oh boy, I'm hungry.  
 SCHNEIDER, EDNA-- Are you girls in Ernest? Is it a Studebaker?  
 KENNEDY, VERA-- Oh I was out with him last night.  
 MITCHELL, FLORENCE-- Oh I'm all in.  
 RISZU, ELLEN-- Let's go to the Lab.  
 SENICAL, PEARL-- Got a date every night this week.  
 THOMAS, EILEEN-- Gee kids I'm soared.  
 TRIVILLON, CAROL-- Oh that's perfectly marvelous.

Home Economics Club.





MANUAL ARTS CLUB

T. Fryfogle, L. Erickson, F. Martin, S. Richards, L. McNamara, J. Hakenjos, H. Bussiere, H. Longhurst, C. Hill, C. LeClair, W. B. McClintock, J. McCarty, C. Ross, G. Murray, R. Hadrick, W. Goodman, S. Davy, H. Plichta, A. Peterson, L. Goulet.



Mathematics  
Club

One evening early in the winter term a group of mathematics sharks gathered in Professor Spooner's room for the purpose of organizing a mutual benefit club. As all clubs must elect officers in this American Democracy, this club followed suit and the lot fell on the following people:

President—Clarence Zerbel.

Vice-President—John W. Brown.

Secretary-Treasurer—Gladys Face.

Without wasting any time on discussing ordinary topics or appointing superfluous committees, this group decided to delve immediately into the mysteries of  $x$ ,  $y$ , and  $z$ . They dove under the surface of the formidable subject of "Logarithms" and brought up the worthy trophy of "A Method of Finding the Logarithm of Any Number." Having once tasted blood they were not satisfied with anything less than a general survey of the

whole subject and almost received "swelled heads" because of the immense good the pursuit of a hobby had contributed to science.

It is now the close of the Spring Term and they have touched lightly on Probability Fourth Dimension, Descartes' Contributions to Mathematics, and a few Mathematical Wrinkles. Incidentally, many of these which have puzzled the men of science of the last three thousand years have been solved by them, at least to their own benefit and satisfaction.

As a matter of course the numbers increased as subjects became more comprehensive. The club started with seven and doubled its number before the end of the Math Season. The Math. Club '23 is willing to tell to all the world that this has been a successful year and it wishes the best of luck, prosperity, and profitable times to all the Math. Clubs of future years.

John W. Brown.





# SCHECCIODE



## Schecciode

Ruth Lundquist, Pres.  
 Elizabeth Kangas, Vice-Pres.  
 Beatrice Shimonek, Sec'y-Treas.  
 Helia Ollila.  
 Mark Coyne.  
 Leone Hegner.  
 Margaret Hokenson.  
 Ruth Frei.

Jennie Linna.  
 Martha Peterson.  
 Lillian Jova.  
 Carl Werner.  
 Margaret McPhec.  
 Helen Belmore.  
 Florence Ward.  
 Grace A. Spaulding.





ORCHESTRA

Harry Bottrell, leader, violin; Theodore Fryfogle, violin; Milton Robinson, cornet; Thomas Robinson, trombone; Pearl Gollinger, pianist; George Watts, drums.



QUARTET

First Tenor, Sylvester W. Trythall; Second Tenor, Napolean J. Martin; First Bass, Theodore F. Fryfogle; Second Bass, Seth A. Davey.



THE UNTIMELY END OF THE OSIRIS QUARTETTE.

Four songsters to the Normal came,  
There to pursue their bent.  
My wind is long or I should say  
They came, they sang, they went.

My tale is sad and full of woe,  
Of goodly length and rhyme.  
Before I'm done I fear that you  
Upon my neck will climb.

One noted gargler came from the Soo.  
He sang a wicked bass.  
And every day in every way  
His notes in vain he'd chase.

Another came from Newberry  
He was a helpless case,  
For though he yelled with might and main  
He was clean off his base.

A tenor came from Houghton town  
Asingin' through his nose.  
His part he'd sing with ease and grace  
Until he came to blows.

Our noisy four is not complete  
Without first tenor mellow.  
You'd think a pin was sticking him  
To hear him yell and bellow.

Now Osiris was hard up for  
A quartette good or bad,  
And these four singin' birds were all  
The singers to be had.

One night at Osiris they met  
Their sad untimely fate,  
Because they hadn't searched the crowd  
For bad eggs at the gate.

O all the students young and old,  
The ugly and the fair,  
Bought rotten eggs and tomatoes,  
Each one a goodly share.

And to Osiris one and all  
The student body came.  
They'd practiced hard for many a week  
Till deadly was their aim.

Each one picked out a vantage point  
With lots of elbow room.  
The quartette looked serenely on,  
Oblivious of their doom.

Then finally the quartette rose  
A mournful dirge to sing.  
The number for that evening was  
"O Death Where Is Thy Sting?"

They'd practised it a brand new way,  
They'd thought up just that noon.  
Trythall and Gagnon learned the words,  
Davey and Brown the tune.

Their chords were played. They cleared their throats.  
Each took a long deep breath.  
Their quivering lips let forth no sound.  
The hall was still as death.

"What is the matter?", thought the crowd.  
They wondered what was wrong.  
The trouble was the four forgot  
Just who would start the song.

At last Syl, bolder than the rest,  
The tune did try to sing.  
The others made a vain attempt  
Some harmony to bring.

It sounded like a bull dog fight,  
Like thirty strange tom cats.  
Before the piece had gone one round  
The crowd reached for their gats.

The cold sweat poured from Trythall's brow.  
The notes stuck in his teeth.  
A shower of eggs fell on the stage.  
Trythall was underneath.

The other three charged bravely on.  
Brown was the next to fall.  
He landed flat on niddle G,  
Which wasn't right at all.

The quartette now was less by two.  
A sad sight was the pair.  
And then an egg that was a brick  
Put Seth out of repair.

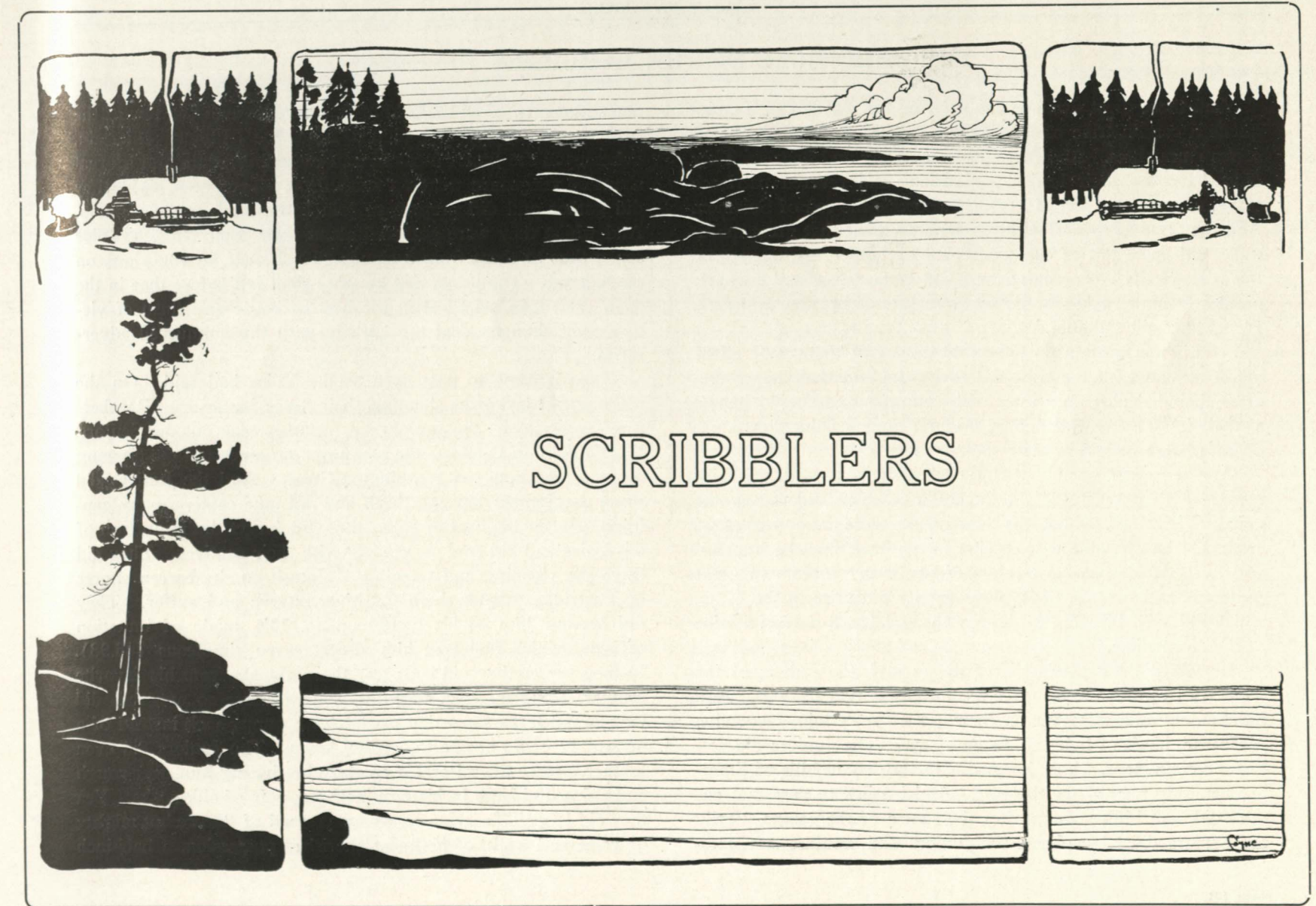
O, Gagnon's eyes filled up with tears.  
He knew his end was near.  
The croakings coming from his throat  
Were ghastly things to hear.

He sang it right. He sang it wrong.  
To notes on high he'd soar.  
The song came to a close-Kerplosh.  
And Gagnon was no more.

The eggs and quartette were so mixed  
They could not be picked out.  
The eggs, quartette, music and all  
Went on the garbage rout (e).

A sad and gruesome tale this is,  
Of wild oats reapt and "et".  
The moral is if you can't sing  
Keep out of a quartette.

Henry Crook Johnson.



SCRIBBLERS



### THE CHRONICLE OF THE MERCILESS JUNIORS.

And there didst dwell in the neck of the woods called Marquette a certain tribe of the Chosen People who did call themselves Normalites. And they did wax strong and flourish. They didst have for their leader the ancient and revered patriarch Kaye, who was the son of Lemuel, who was the son of Solomon. And the fame of this tribe did become so great that great multitudes did come out of the wilderness of Upper Michigan unto the tribe of the Normalites; there did come fierce and barbaric peoples from the wild and distant fastnesses of Stambo, Hancock, Houghton, and Calumet.

And it was written on tablets of stone that these poor aliens might remain with the tribe for two years and that they thereafter should depart unto their own countries and should impart to their ignorant and benighted brethren some of the great store of knowledge gained in their stay.

And it so happened that those who had been with the tribe for more than one year did boldly take upon themselves the name of Seniors, whilst the newcomers were bespoken of as Juniors. And it came to pass that in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-two that the Seniors did hold the Juniors in great contempt, and because of it, bitter enmity did arise in the camp, which did even threaten to destroy the great and powerful tribe of the Normalites.

In vain did the patriarchs of the faculty, the fathers of the tribe, try by guile and by force to unite these two factions. And the Seniors did raise up as their leader a certain Ishpemite, McIntosh, black of hair and fierce of eye. The Juniors did follow a certain Ross, whose home was in the distant hills of Stambo, a mighty man above the ears. And it came to pass that enmity did wax highest soon after the return of the robins. Verily the Seniors didst blaspheme the Juniors and wouldst spit upon

their garments. And the bold McIntosh, with a chosen few of the Seniors did waylay and kidnap Ross, the Junior chieftain. Whereupon the Junior host did wax exceeding wroth and a great shout of vengeance went up from them. That very night they did gather and did prepare to join battle against the Seniors. And whilst they were gathered about their camp fires, a Voice spake thus to them from a cloud: "Thou shalt be victorious on the morrow. The proud and haughty shall fall before thee in the dust. But take heed lest in the heat of battle and flush of victory thou shouldst deal too harshly with thy conquered adversaries."

Then it came to pass even as the Voice had said. On the morrow, at daybreak, shouting their fierce battle cry "Razzberries Twenty-two," the Juniors did furiously seek out the Seniors. With a blare of trumpets the two hosts did meet and the clashing of arms was heard at Washington Street. And the Juniors did smite the Seniors hip and thigh and did take captive many captives. But in the heat of battle they did forget the injunction of the Voice and did deal mercilessly with their captives. They did leave the pleading and weeping McIntosh on the barren shores of Partridge Island, there to shiver, starve and suffer. They did bereave him of his handsome no. 10's, made of imitation calfskin, which had cost him almost seven simoleons (\$6.98). In their wrath they did even tear the garments from his favorite brother, Douglas, who, with his comely figure so exposed, did look so much the same that except for a gunny sack instead of a fig leaf he could not be told from Adam. The Juniors did even further torture the miserable creature by chasing him over rough and pointed cinders in his only hole-less pair of silk socks. Yea they did bespoil Ted Handy, who was small of stature but mighty of voice and walk, of his most cherished possession, a half-inch

mustache. They didst even further do that which was wrong by marring the priceless beauty of many Seniors by the untimely use of a pair of sheep-shears on their long and carefully trained pompadours and natural waves. Also the Juniors did consign to the bushes the newly purchased brogans of the fallen Tooley Ellison, the son of Gun. And these same Juniors did offer up many sacrifices thereafter in thanksgiving for that they had triumphed over their foes.

And it came to pass that these '22 Juniors, who had so cruelly beaten, battered and robbed their elders, the Seniors, did betake themselves on the day following their triumph unto a certain island, by them called Presque Isle, to celebrate their victory and to make merry amidst their ill-gotten spoils. And it so happened that whilst they were carousing there, the Voice on high did speak to them like a peal of thunder and each word did rock the whole Peninsula, even as far as Harvey. Thus spake the Voice, and the Juniors did quake in their oxfords: "Did I not warn thee to deal mercifully with thy fallen foes? Yet ye have disobeyed my commandment. Verily I say unto you: as ye have done it unto the poor Seniors, so shall it be done unto you in some measure when ye are become Seniors. That no such shameful thing as this may happen again I shall send my prophets among ye. And they shall be called the Students' Council and they shall lay plans for a great RUSH, which will surpass all others. And anyone who disobeys their mandates, they shall chastize and scourge him with a lash of thorns. Moreover ye shall replace all the goods destroyed by thee, especially the ankle boots of Tooley, the son of Gun. Behold I have said it." Now some of the Juniors, even more foolish than the rest, did call it applesauce and hot air. But the great part of the Juniors, foremost among them Coyne, did realize the truth of the prophecy and did solemnly vow to obey the Voice.

And it so came to pass in nineteen hundred and twenty-three

that all these things were fulfilled even as the Voice had said.

Now in the course of time the Juniors of '22 did become Seniors of '23 and did take for themselves as leader a certain black Frenchman, Coyne of Turin, who, though small, did verily possess great strength, for indeed he could sling the bull farther than any other man in the whole tribe of the Normalites. And the new Juniors, a fierce and hardy group of warriors from out of the wilderness, did raise up for a leader Farrell of Stambo, the handsome brother of Sam, the Sheik of Alabam.

Being a thriftless and shiftless people, the Seniors did find it impossible to amass sufficient wealth to reclothe, rehaberdash and further rehabilitate their suffering victims of yesteryear. Verily they were in sore straits and were constrained to beg from the well-endowed Juniors. Indeed the Seniors would even grovel in the dirt before the Juniors and would kiss the hems of their garments in hopes that these newcomers might toss them a few shekels. In their desperation, the Seniors did finally issue an order whereby whosoever of the Juniors who would give them a quarter-simoleon might attend a so-called Good Times Party, if he should so wish, and there match his strength and skill against certain chosen Seniors. Though the Juniors did easily perceive that this was a mere device of the Seniors, with which to cloak their begging, they did nevertheless feel compassion for the struggling debt-laden Seniors and did contribute most generously from out of their store. And in the contests there, the Juniors did prove most decisively their athletic superiority.

Then, as the Voice had said, the Seniors did incur the enmity of the newcomers by their haughty and supercilious manners. And the prophets of the Voice, the Students' Council, did make haste to proclaim a great RUSH, where the two factions might settle their differences, for Friday, the eighteenth day of May, on the great level plain near the Normal. And following their



handsome "AUBURN SHEIK" the Juniors on the appointed day did do battle against the Seniors and did lay them low, and trampled them in the dust and did tear their hated colors even into countless pieces and did fling them unto the four winds. They did puncture the vain and foolish pride of the Seniors by darkening their owl-like optics and by a general denting of their already ill-formed countenances. Verily before the dust had settled all the Seniors were either bound hand and foot, wounded or setting new marathon records in all directions from the field.

### LINCOLN AND THE MAN-OF-WAR BIRD.

It was midnight. The town clock was striking twelve. The upper halls of N. S. N. were dark and gloomy except where stray moon beams had wandered in. One light dimly illuminated the lower hall. The man of war still flew on high in the dome of the building silently keeping guard. Abraham Lincoln, who, during the day, held his head above the throng of students, though standing as one of them, was now the sole inhabitant of the first floor. At the stroke of twelve the man-of-war began to talk.

"Oh if I could but fly! Of what use are my wings if they do not take me to places where I might learn something new? Of what use is it to live in school if I am not permitted to see those things that the students see and which seem to be so interesting?"

Then, slowly, Lincoln spoke, saying, "If you could fly and use your wings until the stroke of one, where would you go?"

"Oh if I only could," wailed the man-of-war bird. "I would fly straight down and read what is written on the two bulletin boards in the main hall. For years and years I have been forced to remain up here while at every hour during the day crowds of students congregate around those boards and benefit from the

The day did end with a great triumphal ball to which the magnanimous and kind victors did invite the fallen Seniors and in the merriment of the evening the wounds of the day's battle were healed. Thus ended the greatest RUSH in the long and glorious history of the Normalites.

Now the acts of the Normalites, first and last, behold, are they not written in the book of Gallagher the seer, and in the history of Shean the prophet?

Henry Crook Johnson.

knowledge imparted. Sometimes I hear them laugh and I want to laugh too but I do not know the joke. At other times I see students look at some notice, then joyfully jump around and call the attention of other students, who in turn act the very same way. Oh that I might just feast my eyes on those notices."

Solemnly Lincoln spoke, saying: "Your wish shall be granted. You may have the use of your wings from this time until one o'clock."

Without stopping to thank Lincoln, the man of war joyfully, eagerly, flew down. He began reading the notices on the bulletin board. He started from one side and read every notice. Here was one that told of the loss of a vanity case, another that told of a coming program, another which announced that Dr. Lowe would not meet his classes today, a list of names of people who are to call at the office. But amongst all of these notices there was not one that told of the happenings of the Bird Kingdom or the sorrow of the birds at the death of their king. Why, there was not even an announcement of the signal honor which had been bestowed upon the man-of-war, king of birds, in that he was allowed to stand guard in N. S. N. Truly this was disappointing.

And so the man-of-war flew back to his realm on high, disappointed, yet having had his curiosity satisfied. These mortals were not interested in the real things of life.

### OVER THE TOP AT THIRTY-EIGHT.

Jack rambled aimlessly into the Latin room of the Morrisville High School and then stood stock-still at the sight which confronted him. He gazed wonderingly—then wrinkled his usually placid brow in a puzzled manner. "Was it—no-o it couldn't be." He rubbed his eyes to make sure he had awakened from the nap he had just enjoyed in history class.

"Not Norman and Carter—working," he gasped. It was almost beyond his power of comprehension.

"Aren't you fellows feeling very well?" he demanded anxiously. "Can't I get something for you—a—a glass of water or something?"

"Ah, dry up. Get out of here. Can't you see we're busy?" growled Carter, honorable Junior, admittedly the handsomest and laziest boy in that or any other high school Morrisville had ever heard of.

"Holy Moses! Guess I jumped in the wrong pew. Is it the honored Plato and Socrates I see before me or only Frankie Bacon and perhaps, Billy Shakespeare?" taunted Jack.

"Great guns," breathed Carter in despair, "Ghosts of the justly celebrated Caesar. The inspiration is l-e-a-v-i-n-g, g-o-i-n-g—oh no, here is is. Give me that pencil, quick." To keep the inspiration where it belonged, Carter grabbed his perfect marcel with one hand and a pencil with the other, and wrote furiously for exactly one and five-eighths minutes.

Hauling out his watch, Jack felt Carter's pulse. "There, that's better," he soothed, "go a little easier—fine—you'll make it all right," he encouraged.

And then in his wisdom Lincoln spoke thus, saying: "What interests one, often holds no interest for another."

Catherine Bracher.

"Make it? Why of course we'll make it. What d'ya s'pose we're here for? Norman and me here, we've made it," averred Carter triumphantly as he mopped his dew besprinkled forehead.

"Say, you crazy bats, what's all the rumpus about anyway?"

"Rumpus, why where's the rumpus?" Norman, the innocent, gazed about the room anxiously.

"Oh, cut the blue-eyed wonder stuff and spiel," said Carter in an irritated voice.

"If you'd been at the meeting last night you'd 'a known," Norman informed him. "We're all tired of having Josie for a Latin teacher, so we all decided we'd marry her off."

"Don't butt in, Jack, this is my speech—well," he continued, "none of us wanted her. She'd have to teach while she waited for us anyway, so scheme No. 1 was cooked. The only thing left for us to do was to tie her up to some unsuspecting doughhead. We couldn't find anybody tthat we thought her temper 'ud rhyme with. Immediately action was necessary and there wasn't a candidate in the field. What to do? The question worried us all. Well, we decided we'd begin a correspondence first and while it was working, we'd look around. They appointed me and Carter corresponding secretaries and this is it," he explained proudly as he held up a smeared and rumpled manuscript. "May we have a criticism from our literary light?" he suggested, as he gave it to Jack.

His ruffled spirits soothed, Jack read attentively for a few minutes. He threw back his head and howled. "Oh, that's a



good one,' ne managed between spasms. "Guess that'll hold her for a while."

Just then a shuffling of feet announced the arrival of the remainder of the Latin Club, supposedly to get Caesar's bridge reconstructed.

"Listen to this, fellowws," he called.

They waited, but another convulsion of uncontrollable laughter prevented Jack from continuing.

"Oh, come on, speed her up," they ordered impatiently.

With visible effort Jack smoothed his round, beaming countenance into at least a semblance of gravity. Despite the twinkle in his blue eyes, he read in tense impassioned tones:

"To you, my own:

Can you forgive me for presuming to write without your permission? You do not know me, mayhap you have never seen me, but oh, how well I know you. When I think of the day when your eyes, as blue as the blue of the heavens, shall look into mine, I thrill, I become intoxicated with the promised happiness of that meeting and th—'

"Ah come on fellows, dry up. This is serious. You'll lose the effect if you keep buttin' in with any more of your explosions," the author reminded the boys in an injured tone. "Go ahead, Jack."

"—and then, my blood runs cold as this thought forces itself into my mind. It may never be; but I thrust it from me as though it were the deadliest serpent and whisper again and again " 'Dearest it *must* be, it *will* be.' "

Jack paused, cocked his head to one side, lifted his eyebrows, and stroked his jaw. "Pretty good for amateurs, eh?" he queried. "You guys know where to go for experienced secretaries."

Carter picked up the ink bottle and aimed—"Jack you're reading that letter," he reminded. Jack hastily resumed

"Let me have the joy of writing to you. I beg you not to read this with too much disdain—I could not bear it from you—. Wear a pink tea rose tomorrow that I may know you are not angry at your silent but adoring lover.

Yours forever."

"Oh, Norm, that ending's rotten. Can't you get something more expressive?"

"That is what I say," added Jack, "that's been used in every love letter since Adam wrote the first one to Eve on the leaf of a fig tree. You guys got anything better?"

"I have it. 'Yours' till the Rocky Mountains wear away. Here, Soup, hike down and mail this so she'll get it tomorrow. That's the system!"

It was Miss Josephine Baxter's recreation hour—and Miss Josephine in her straight backed spring rocker perused delightfully, Horace, the only piece of literature which really satisfied the inmost longings of her soul. Now and she picked a peppermint from the saucer at her elbow, inspected it carefully, to ascertain whether any visible microbes had accumulated upon it, tested it with her teeth, and then placed it in her mouth. She was rudely interrupted by a knock at the door and a harsh voice calling,

"A letter just come fer you, Miss Baxter."

A sharp exclamation of surprise escaped from Miss Josephine's thin lips.

"For me," she repeated more to herself than to the messenger, she raised herself from the chair, walked stiffly to the door.

"I was expecting no epistle this afternoon," she said as she took the letter from Kerigan's hired-girl. Closing the door softly,

she went over to the window, carefully dusted a chair and sat down.

"I wonder from whom it can be," she thought. "The signature has not before commanded my attention. It is post-marked Morrisville. A man's hand!"

She smiled expectantly, evidently flattered by this unusual arrival of a letter addressed by the masculine order of the species. She opened it with trembling fingers.

"It is for me. There can be no possibility of a mistake. My eyes—I always thought they were like—but who could have observed? I never dreamed anyone could be intoxicated by thinking of"—but here her voice trailed off into wondering silence.

A deep flush spread over her freckled face. She brushed her hair from her high forehead with a movement at once embarrassed and bewildered. Miss Josephine's hair was thin and red but she had always been proud of it because she thought it was so like the hair Titian had made famous.

"There are some tea roses in the garden," she mused, "maybe—but who can it be?"

To the world Miss Josephine Baxter was only a spinster of thirty-eight, a spinster with red hair and freckles and a distressing habit of blushing when any man's name was mentioned. No one knew why. They never paid the least attention to her. Every Saturday evening she put her hair up in rags. A curl brushing each cheek looked so bewitching! On every Sunday morning she attended the Congregational church service.

Perhaps some day—but who could tell. Tomorrow she would wear the tea rose. No one else would know and by some sign she might discover who the writer of her 'epistle' was. There had been a man in church Sunday. She remembered now; he sat just across from her. She thought he had looked at her more attentively than necessary but each time she caught

his glance her eyes had dropped in modest confusion—so she couldn't be *really* sure.

That night Miss Josephine dreamed of the moonlight and tea roses. The figure of a man lingered in the shadows, but each time she approached he turned away and she had not been able to see his face.

When Miss Baxter marched into the Latin room the next day, Jack suddenly found he had a severe cough and Carter hemmed suspiciously, for Miss Josephine wore a tiny pink tea rose tucked in the belt of her tightly bodiced waist. Numerous winks were exchanged and a whispered—"It's workin'," but when Miss Baxter sharply surveyed the class a moment later all heads were industriously bent over heavy books. It was verb review day.

Norman had his book opened to the fourth conjugation, but was whispering over and over to himself "amo, amaro, amavi, amatus." He had both ends of his pencil completely chewed off. He went to sharpen it and, in passing Miss Baxter's desk, paused.

"Good morning, Miss Baxter," he greeted.

"Good morning, Norman," Miss Baxter returned stiffly.

Fixing his eyes on the rose, the Morrisville innocent exclaimed, "What a beautiful flower, Miss Baxter. I did not know they were in bloom yet. I shall have to get some for mother, she is very fond of them."

A wave of crimson flooded Miss Baxter's face. "Why—yes—yes—they're lovely," she managed. Then mustering all her forces sharply ordered, "Class is called."

The scheme was a success. Everyone admitted that and the next week Miss Josephine received a letter even more fervent than the previous one. Hope had displaced the despair in the lover's heart. The sign of the tea rose had been received.



Miss Baxter awaited the third letter with a tightening feeling in her throat and a fluttering sensation near her seldomly-excited heart. She had abandoned Horace and had become engrossed in Virgil's "Aenied." She read over and over again Aenied's confession of his love for Dido, of their romance, but she never read of their parting. It was too tragic! She stopped there and would waste more than hour just gazing out of the window, an unheard of and unspeakable thing for Miss Josephine. If anyone approached she would flush painfully, hastily conceal the "Aenied" and commence to read Ovid.

You see, it was all so strange to Miss Baxter.

The letter came, a little less carefully written than the others, but still expressing undying love and devotion. One could see the author was prosaic; the letters were full of the "flowers of May," "sparkling diamond-like eyes," "love as strong as iron," but that bothered Miss Josephine not at all. It made her feel more secure, a little more safely anchored. The dream romance was almost perfect.

The fourth letter contained an address and an earnest entreaty. "Would she not please write?" "Each night he prayed that it might not be long before they could be together." The appeal touched Miss Josephine's heart. She blew her nose, wiped her pale blue eyes, and adjusted her curls. She wore them every day now.

"Should I?" she argued with herself. "It is not within the bounds of convention. I myself would have condemned it most vigorously a month ago. Ah, how things have changed. How bright the pink geranium looks. A strange man—and to answer—but why not? I knew this would come some day. It is what I have been saving myself for all these years and now I hesitate. The hours fly. Would it kill him if he received no message from me? But this will never do. I must write."

She lifted her head high and tucked the letter in her yellow and green striped waist.

"My unknown lover is calling me," she murmured as she gazed into the deepening twilight.

That night for the first time in her life Miss Josephine forgot to take the white spread off her bed. The next day, for the first time in years, Miss Josephine did not go to school.

Morrisville's second-year Latin class nodded in solemn unison. Carter had made his report the night before. A traveling salesman for the Kelsey Latin Grammar had located in the neighborhood town. His address had been forwarded in Miss Josephine's letter. All they could do now was to await developments.

"I only hope he doesn't land here," Jack wished fervently. "If he does and knows her address, it's good night for us fellows."

Miss Josephine looked at the growing pile of half used stationery, despairingly. "A box and a half spoiled," she mourned, "the extravagance of it. This indecision is driving me mad."

But Miss Josephine struggled on. One hour—two hours passed before she wrote one that satisfied her. Then wearily, "This will have to do. I'll sign my middle name. It's more romantic. I've made the letter short and have tried not to reveal too much of my feelings. I read somewhere that it is apt to spoil men. One should always keep the masculine mind in suspense. Yes, I am sure this will do." She nodded her red head vigorously as she slipped the letter into a perfumed envelope.

A day later Mr. Alexander Wickham, of Kingsford, formerly of Norfolk, New Jersey, received a letter in a perfumed envelope addressed in a woman's hand. He examined it critically. The handwriting was unfamiliar.

"Now who the d-d-deuce could of sent this," he muttered,

stroking the lower of his several chins reflectively. "It isn't an order for Latin Grammars, that's certain. S-s-spose the best way to find out 'ud be to open it," was the sage conclusion he reached after a few minutes speculation.

The letter was short and left him baffled. Bewildered, he read it again and again.

'My mystery man:

If these months of waiting have been hard for you—why have you kept me in such awful suspense? Can you not yet reveal your name? I eagerly await each of your letters. Have faith in the providence which will promote your present plans while I wait for the coming of my prince.

Electra B.

"Well of all the—" but Alexander could not finish. His rolling sides shook with laughter. To think of him—a prince. It was too funny. For minutes afterwards, the region below his diaphragm quivered noticeably. A dimple played in his upper chin. "Electra," he found himself repeating, "Electra." He liked the name. He wondered—it was odd. It fascinated him.

Mr. Wickham made out his sales reports that night. Somehow his figures refused to tally. In the midst of a last column he would suddenly stop and unconsciously draw a perfumed letter from his pocket.

"How cold this d-ding busted room is, anyhow," he grumbled.

Four gray, pictureless walls confronted him. A dim shadeless electric light hung from a smoky ceiling. The side of the wash bowl which stood on the stand near the warped door, was cracked. The handle of the pitcher was broken. He looked at the little iron bed ruefully. He always got sea sick when he went to bed—the mattress rolled. His toe squirmed in his shoe. "Another hole," he muttered. "That m-means a new pair tomorrow. Takes all my salary to buy socks and to pay for get-

ting my shirts ruined in this burg's laundry. If there was only s-s-someone who could m-m-mend them for—" He stopped aghast at what he had been saying—a confirmed bachelor and globe trotter wanting someone to mend his socks. He scratched his blond head, and patted it gently. "G-g-getting kind 'a thin lately," he thought.

The letter wasn't as funny as he had first imagined. "Of course the letter isn't for me," he decided, "but there's no law against wishing it was. I'll answer it and sign my first name. No one will know who I am and we'll have some fun out of this little occurrence." He rubbed his hands in anticipated pleasure.

"But w-w-what the d-deuce about the handwriting. She'll know it's different from the ones she's evidently been getting."

He puckered his unfurrowed brow in deep thought. In spite of Mr. Wickham's years, he still possessed the face of a cherub. His blond hair though thin in front was fuzzy and formed a half halo around his head. Suddenly a look of joy spread over his round face.

"Eureka," he cried, "I have found it. I cut my right hand badly, with a—with a—let me see now—yes—an' ax and had to write with my left hand and only last week my right got well enough to use. There, that couldn't sound better if it were true." Mr. Wickham swelled with pride at his brilliancy. He stopped abruptly, he felt his vest splitting in the back. He took off his collar; he was getting excited. A thumb in each armhole of his vest, dimpled fingers curled daintily, Mr. Wickham nervously paced the length of his narrow room. He, too, was building a dream romance. When finished, his letter satisfied even his fastidious taste. He found the return address on the envelope—Electra, Box 173, Morrisville. "R-R-Reginald Alexander and Electra," he found himself repeating. "Quite an a-a-admirable combination—q-q-quite."



Miss Josephine's heart sank to the bottom of her 7 A's. She tried hard to swallow the lump that kept rising in her throat. Then in distressed voice, "It isn't—it is not his handwriting. What can have happened?" Her pale blue eyes grew paler, her face blanched. Her worn paper knife lay untouched on the table before her. She forgot that it set her nerves on edge to see an "epistle" torn. She ripped hers open with shaking fingers and hastily devoured the contents. Almost imperceptibly her eyebrows lifted. She bit her pale lips. For just about one minute she doubted, then she shook herself. "Why, he said so," she exclaimed, "and of course it's so. She reread it. The rest of the letter was gratifying, more fervent than the others perhaps—but yet there was something different about it. She couldn't name it. Was it tone? By evening, however, all doubts had vanished and the letter rested securely under the pillow at her side.

Early the next morning Mr. Wickham received a telegram calling him to a neighboring town. "Now isn't that the d-d-deuce of a complication," he exclaimed impatiently. "I p-p-planned to take a t-trip to Morrisville today. Hope I can get back tomorrow." Top and bottom draws were hastily pulled open. Collars, brush, and combs were jammed into a time-honored traveling bag. The train left in five minutes. Coat flying, hat askew, face aglow from the unaccustomed exercise, Mr. Wickstrom boarded the outgoing train. "T-t-that was a p-p-pretty close shave," he panted.

Two days later he returned with instructions to cover the Morrisville district. Mr. Wickham was happy. His smile would have melted a glacier. You see, Reginald Alexander was going to find Electra.

Suddenly a thought arrested him. "L-let's s-see," he questioned, "what's her address again?"

He reached down into his pocket to pull out the envelope

but it wasn't there. He searched all his pockets, turned them inside out, he looked in his hat—all in vain. "M-must have left it at home," he decided. A thorough but frantic search of his room failed to reveal the envelope. The letter was safe, but where was the envelope? Half buried by the things he had hauled out from the trunk, he gazed about the room in comic despair.

"M-may-be tho' I'll be able to find here," he whispered, "but what the d-d-deuce is her last name?"

He reached Morrisville late that evening and after checking his bag at the Fleury Inn went in search of Electra. "I know I'll find her," he told himself confidently. "My heart will beat fast when I pass her house and she'll feel my presence and all will be well."

Three and one-half hours later he returned weary and foot-sore. The back of his rolling neck ached from second-story window gazing. His hazel eyes burned from their straining to see indistinct house numbers. His heart beat fast all the time but that wasn't because of any woman's presence. It was from the unaccustomed exercise and heat.

He began work the next day. Late in the afternoon he was ushered into the presence of Morrisville's Latin teacher. The door closed after him. . . .

When Mr. Wickham left an hour later he possessed an order, subject to the board's approval, for two dozen Kelsey Grammars and a promise that Miss Baxter would go walking with him the next afternoon.

In the morning he bought a new tie—a yellow and green one to match Miss Baxter's waist. He polished his shoes until they shined like his face. When he leaned over his shirt ripped clear up the back. "L-little too t-tight," he sighed. "H-have to fix that tonight."

He was half an hour early and so was Miss Baxter, but she

didn't let him know it. She kept him waiting twenty-seven minutes. After hours of waiting, he heard a door open and close. Miss Josephine descended the stairs. She smiled her conscious smile when he opened the door with marked deference.

They discovered many things they had in common on their walk that afternoon in June. Miss Baxter spent the afternoon in reading Horace aloud to Mr. Wickham. He professed to be enthralled but trembled all the while she was reading for fear she would ask him what it meant. He had never studied Latin a day in his life.

"What a beautiful love poem," she sighed as she finished.

Mr. Wickham had gradually edged up to Miss Josephine.

"-Ud-ud l-like to demonstrate how beautiful it is in English," he thought, "w-wonder if sh'd mind."

It may have been the weather, the forest, or the dreams of the last few weeks, but the Kelsey salesman thought Miss Josephine very lovely just then, and his arm cautiously crept around her waist. She stirred a little and he gently tightened his embrace. Suddenly, he drew his hand back with a jerk.

"T-the d-d-deuce," he exclaimed sharply. Then he laughed apologetically. "It's nothing, Miss Baxter—really—just a pin s-stuck in my finger."

In reaching for a handkerchief to wrap his bleeding finger, he encountered a piece of carefully folded paper in his pocket. Electra's letter! He had forgotten! He mopped his damp forehead.

"Wouldn't be f-false to her for anything—I-love her so. This letter sure got me. S-still Miss Baxter is a n-nice little girl." But he did not replace his arm.

Miss Baxter sat entirely oblivious to her companion. She gazed unseeingly before her. Her fingers pressed the corner of a letter which peeped out of her tight fitting waist. If Mr.

Wickham could have read her lips, he would have found her repeating,

"My Mystery Man, My Mystery Man, when shall I see you?"

Miss Josephine's throat swelled. She felt a sting in her eyes as if tears were close.

"Will you please take me home now?" she begged, wiping her watery eyes. "Somehow I do not feel very well. I think it is because I am tired—of waiting," she added to herself with an inward sob, a queer little ache in her throat. Mr. Wickham was touched.

"Maybe," he mused, as they wended their way homeward, "if it hadn't been for Electra, I could of loved Miss Josephine."

The following afternoon Miss Josephine took a long walk. "Down by the lake will be best," she decided. "The waves there are as surging and as troubled as my poor heart. It is three days since my letter has been due. I am worried and sick at heart. It is better that he were dead than alive and his whereabouts unknown to me."

At last from sheer exhaustion, she sat down at the foot of a large rock, caressing her letter with loving fingers. A little smile played on her thin lips. She gazed dreamily upon the tossing waters. Gradually her head sank and she slept.

Mr. Wickham worried that day. He was getting anxious about Electra. "Anyway it won't hurt to be prepared," he thought. "Don't want to make a fizzle of it when I p-propose to her. Always do get t-tongue-tied when I want to be specially d-d-dramatic." He pulled a paper from his pocket.

"G-got it all written. G-guess I'll go down by the lake to practice. Demosthenes d-did it, why can't I?" he said with a "greater-men-than-I-have-lived-but-they're-all-dead" air.

The hands of the Fates guided Mr. Wickham that day for he settled behind the very rock at the foot of which Miss Josephine



ine slept. He pulled out his paper and in a loud impressive voice cried:

"B-b-beautiful maiden, your c-c-charming face, your smile, brighter than s-sunlight and your pure s-soul, your musical voice and s-s-superb form have won my heart. I think always of you. I d-dream of you, my heart b-beats only for you. I cannot l-l-live without you. Won't you please m-m-marry me"— From his knees, he looked up and beheld Miss Josephine standing on the top of the rock. The orating had awakened her and she had climbed up to see who the modern Cicero could be.

She gasped audibly when she saw Mr. Wickham. Her jaw dropped, her hands fell limply open. A whiff of wind whipped

### CONCERNING TELL-ME-NOT AND THE KINGDOM OF KNOWLEDGE.

And it came to pass that in the far north land there was a kingdom by the name of The Kingdom of Knowledge. And in this kingdom there lived many people. Some of them were wise and many were foolish. The wise people were contented and happy, but the foolish people were discontented and longed to be free from the invisible chains binding them to the Kingdom of Knowledge.

In the evenings when the foxes howled to the moon and the blue gray wolves "cyied" to their companions, the wise mothers of the children of the Kingdom of Knowledge would gather their children about them and tell them of "Tell-Me-Not," the lost member of their kingdom.

A long, long time ago, long before the people found knowledge in picture books, it happened that in the spring of every year a certain number of the chosen of the Kingdom of Knowledge went forth to spread the message of Light to all the outside world. It was their duty to overcome the Dragons of Doubt, Unpreparedness and Failure. It was a law in the kingdom that

Miss Josephine's precious epistle from her lifeless fingers and dropped it at Mr. Wickham's feet. As he stooped to pick it up, his glance fell upon his own name, written in his own hand. A look of joy and understanding lighted his face—

"Electra," he cried, as he opened his arms, "it's me-m-me, your Mystery Man."

Miss Josephine blushed, trembled, her blue eyes watered.

"At last," she sighed, "but to think it is *you*." Her knees weakened, she sank to the rocks. Mr. Wickham scrambled up to help her just as fast as his puggy little legs would allow. And then, Miss Josephine went over the top.

Lillian E. Holman.

only the prepared should go forth, but sometimes the foolish, eagerly searching to get out, would, by the aid of "Putting-One-Over," sneak by the watchful Flunkers. Wherever these unprepared went they brought disillusion, sorrow and disappointment.

Now Tell-Me-Not was pursued by a haunting desire known as curiosity, which constantly urged him on. Finally, he sought the aid of Putting-One-Over and so approached the gate of Graduation leading from the Kingdom of Knowledge to the outside world.

"Art thou prepared?", asked the tallest, largest, most dignified and evidently the leader of the Flunkers.

"I am," answered Tell-Me-Not.

"Dost know the battle before thee? Hast thy mother warned thee of the Dragons whom thou wilt encounter?"

"My mother has indeed done so."

"And how hast thou prepared thyself against these enemies?"

"I have with me my trusty horse Boning, whom I have ridden these two years of my preparation."

"Pass on. Thou art sufficiently prepared." And the largest, tallest and evidently the leader of the Flunkers threw out his chest and strutted off, saying to his fellow Flunkers, "*Never*, in all my years of Passing, has any person gone through this gate out of the glorious Kingdom of Knowledge without being fully prepared."

Outside the gate, Tell-Me-Not, chuckling and patting his horse on the neck, muttered in his ear, "Ah, ha, my trusty Pony, the old owl thought you were Application's horse, Boning." Tell-Me-Not rode on and on and after he had ridden a long time he saw that no matter how fast Pony galloped he stayed in the same place. Although to all appearances, he seemed to be traveling at a great pace, yet Tell-Me-Not, perceived with sinking heart that he was getting nowhere. At last he dismounted and found that Pony's feet were held fast by the chains of Late Hours, Social Engagements, and Charlie Chaplin Movies. Despairing, Tell-Me-Not for the first time faced a situation alone without his Pony.

He sat down on the icy snowbound hill and reflected. And suddenly there was a great cloud of dust in the distance. Tell-Me-Not spied the Dragon Doubt, coming towards him. He seized his sword of Bluff and went out to meet him. A terrible battle of hatred and rivalry followed. Doubt was wounded and the sword of Bluff broken. Greatly encouraged by his victory, Tell-Me-Not decided to walk on until he should find a resting place for the night.

### FABLE OF THE FAST PIERCE ARROW.

A gay young sport model who had fallen into bad habits was reproved by his father thusly: "My son, you have been travel-

On and on he walked through a deep, dark forest. The wind whistled through the trees, a pack of wolves howled and called to their ancestors for revenge upon this intruder. The silent, stealthy, solitary figure strode on. A blinding snowstorm came up, and Tell-Me-Not shivered as he realized his lack of preparation for this weather. Truly, from the outside the world was not the paradise he had dreamed of. He drew his cobwebby mantle of Pretense up about him. It was a poor protector. He blew upon his frozen fingers, but they stayed stubbornly frozen. The snow whirled and danced about, and the great branches of the trees beat against each other as they battled with the elements.

Tell-Me-Not stumbled into the forest a broken, dispirited thing, a disillusioned sham from the Kingdom of Knowledge. Into the drifts of snow he plunged, falling, stumbling. At last he could go no further. He dropped down and his spirit departed from him. Suddenly, he heard discordant music, shrill voices, and laughter. He blinked his eyes. A glaring sign met his gaze: "The Kingdom of Failure." And a voice said, "On the way he has been stripped of Pony and Bluff, he lacks even his mantle of Pretense. Therefore, he is one of us. Bring on the lost and found."

And so in the evenings the mothers of the children warn the children of the Kingdom of Knowledge, lest they too shall be found unprepared, and follow in the footsteps of Tell-Me-Not.

Gertrude Moore.

inf at a very fast pace lately. People have remarked you parked by the road side at three in the morning. You have been run-



ning around with that fast electric. And furthermore, I have repeatedly smelt alcohol in your radiator. No excuse such as that of an anti-freezing mixture will go. Doctors have often informed that alcohol is harmful and only stimulating for a brief time. You have been living extravagantly on high test gaso—"Pierce Arrow," broke in the mother, "Don't forget that you were not a staid old Packard when you were young. You used

to hit on all six cylinders and many's the time that you have crushed fenders with other than me." "Madam, I say that he shall cut out these fast habits and throttle down," roared her husband. "And I say, let the boy have his fling," replied his wife. The young sport, seeing dissension in the family, did not correct his ways and soon came to an untimely end when trying to make maudlin love to a telephone post.

Charles Van Riper.

### SPRINGTIME WITH THE TINY TOTS.

SPRINGTIME IS HERE.

Oh! springtime, springtime,  
And the bells how they chime.  
Buds are out  
Swaying about  
On the warm air  
With very little care.

Children are playing  
And boughs are swaying  
Big and little birds are out  
Flying all about.  
Oh! springtime, springtime,  
And the bells how they chime.

Ruth Alden Clark, Grade IV.

### THE BLUE JAY.

The blue jay is beautiful and bold,  
His coat is very blue  
On his wing is a patch of gold,  
And he gets up early to drink the dew.

Ruth Alden Clark, Grade IV.

### SPRING.

Springtime is here,  
Full of good cheer.

For springtime, springtime is here.  
The robin has a red breast,  
And always builds the same kind of a nest.  
The baby birds are swinging,  
While the mother bird is singing,  
The robins eat ruby red cherries,  
And big red berries.  
The wild flowers bloom,  
And the roses in June.

Mary Brainerd, Grade IV.

### SPRINGTIME.

Springtime is here,  
We are joyful with cheer.  
The birds are singing very sweetly,  
Robins are building their nests very neatly.  
The robin has a red breast,  
And builds a pretty nest.  
The flowers are peeping out of the ground,  
And never make the slightest sound.

Walsh Stull, Grade IV.

### THE WIND.

Once the wind came out to play,  
It danced and frolicked all the day.

It blew a boy's hat in a pool and then in the mud,  
And bothered the cows who were peacefully chewing their cud.  
It made all the trees bow their heads,  
And loosened the leaves from their winter beds,  
It blew off the doctor's wig,  
Who was riding to town in his gig,  
Oh! wind, I wish you would go away,  
And not come back today.

Edna Hamilton, Grade IV.

### GUESS WHO.

Up in the tree,  
He is singing to me.  
All the day long,  
Such a beautiful song.  
Then at night he goes to bed,  
And always acts as if he's dead.  
He's always colored black and blue,  
But you never could guess who.

Walsh Stull, Grade IV.

## Calendar

### September—

A light but speedy and enthusiastic squad turns out for football practice.

French trio gives entertainment in the auditorium. French students get front seats, where Miss Gildersleeve can see them, and look wise. Of course they understand every word.

Faculty reception. Students shake hands with the faculty as if they were really glad to see them. Orchestra scores hit with "Home, Sweet Home."

### October—

LeClair is elected football captain.

Miss Hamby in chorus requests Hardimon and Farrell to close the auditorium door from the outside.

U. P. E. A. Of course everyone attends all the meetings instead of going home.

Governor Groesbeck is here. Here's hoping "Prexy" gets us some "jack" from the legislature.

Federal men set pace for social activities, with a Hard Times party. No white collars allowed.

### November—

Plans are discussed for organizing an English Club.

Senior girls entertain Junior girls. Faculty women appear in gym suits and are mistaken for Juniors.

Nothing happened today.

### December—

First regular meeting of our new Northern English Club. Edgar Guest is discussed. Too bad Ed. wasn't there to get some pointers, or anyway, for the refreshments.

Osiris presents Mr. Wiggins with an ebony gavel. It is suggested that certain students be presented with hammers at some future meeting.

The Detroit Free Press being hard up for copy fills some of its space with the likenesses of our good looking class officers.

Fairy Chase is so well satisfied with the comment on his portrait that he declares his intention to enter the next national beauty contest.

Emory Jacques is elected 1923 football captain.

Thirty-five men turn out for basketball. "The survival of the fittest" results in twenty having to seek honors elsewhere.



## January—

Back on the job, ready to study?  
Ruth Mitchell compliments Prof. Bowman on his new tie.  
Three new members on News staff, Clark, VanRiper and Schiska.  
Burt Clark gets married (in the News).  
Olivier leads the basketball team.  
Monical flops a penny to see which girl he'll go out with tonight.  
Three Seniors leave the library at Mrs. Martin's suggestion.  
Sons of Thor basketball game. Fairy Chase, referee, shoots winning basket.  
Domestic Science girls cook up some "grub" and have a banquet. By the timely use of stomach pumps and pulmotors they are revived sufficiently to complete their plans for a theatre party.

## February—

Monical flooded with Valentines. S' dreadful to be so popular.  
English Club has sleigh ride to Cox's Inn. Swell ride, swell eats, swell time, swell club.

## March—

Prof. Lewis cracks a *new* joke.  
President Kaye is snowbound on his way home from the lower peninsula.  
Prof. Chase adds a pearl to Piggy's necklace.  
Toreadors play the Club House Specials at North Lake. If the Toreadors had shot ten more baskets and the Specials ten less, the Toreadors would have won. Kendall was the star of the evening. He was the only Toreador to shoot a basket, even if he did toss the ball in the wrong basket. A straw ride, etc., kept them busy after the game.

## April—

Back again for the last lap. Only twelve more weeks before graduation. But there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.  
Monical stays home from a dance, a modern miracle.  
Cegmer Seg, the first sisterhood at the Normal, is organized. Nine rahs for the female of the species!  
Delta Sigma Nu hits Cegmer Seg's trail.  
Soup shows the town to Big Fritz, Stambo's leading citizen.  
Theophiles Forsman escorts the superintendents around, and lands a nice job.  
U. P. High Oratorical Contest. Escanaba and Norway take the cake. Too bad Kendall isn't here to celebrate.  
A great play, "A Woman for A' That"! Gagnon dreams of a Valentino future.

## May—

Beta Omega Tau makes its debut. Third Normal sisterhood.  
Delta Sigma Nu has a dinner party at Ah Kum Inn. Diapep-sin tablets are much in demand.  
Commercial Club has a banquet at the Clifton Hotel. It is rumored that Prof. Wiggins ate no lunch and walked around the island in preparation.  
Sons of Thor have no banquet.  
Jacques and Hildner say that Kipling was either drunk or crazy when he wrote "They" and make a hit (?) with Miss Clark.  
Good looking members of the faculty speak at assembly.  
Piggy Mc. is excused from History to pay his tuition.  
Junior Prom caps climax on social activities for the year.  
Prof. Chase buys a Ford sedan. Marjorie no longer walks to school.  
Eng. III wrecks Nap Martin's masterpiece.

(Continued on Page 114)

## The Cut-Out

## GET THE POINT?

The Northern English Club had just signed a contract to tour Africa and Australia, presenting "A Woman for A' That" and jubilantly reported the fact to Miss Clark. She dismally shook her head saying: "The Ostrich lays an egg weighing from two to four pounds."

## THE LABOR PROBLEM.

Mr. J. E. Lautner climbing to his desk.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

Above the chatter of the boarding house dinner table a not-too-thin Junior was heard to remark: "Miss Spaulding said that my frame was too large."

## PSYCHOLOGICAL.

Leona Harris: Mr. Brown, what's the psychology of shutting your eyes every time you kiss anyone?  
Mr. Brown: I don't know. I never had to close mine.

## HOT "SOUP."

Mr. Wiggins: Mr. LaViolette, in your penmanship test I saw that you misspelled a large number of words, one of them being conclusion. Will you please rise and tell me what the word means and how it is spelled?

Mr. LaViolette: C-o-n-c-l-u-s-i-o-n, and it means—a-h—the—end of something.

Mr. Wiggins: Fine—very good, now give an example showing its use.

Mr. LaViolette (thinks a moment and then bursts forth): An elephant came down the street with a can tied to his conclusion.

## OUR LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

John Brown, speaking of war activities: I belonged to the B. W. R. (Boys' Working Reserve).  
Ray Forsman: Huh! that's nothing. I belonged to the S. A. T. C. (Students Army Training Corps).  
Seth Davey: Why you bums weren't at all patriotic. I belonged to the S. G. L. (Student Girls' League).

## PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES.

J. Zeigler (after puzzling over criticism on her paper for 10 minutes): Mr. Bowman, I can't quite make out what you have written on this paper.

Bowman (after careful scrutiny of paper): Let's see—that is—er—oh yes—Please write more legibly.

## THE CHAMPION.

Oh Champion sings high and low.  
Ye Ho, my lads, Yo Ho, Yo Ho.  
He likes songs fast, he like them slow,  
Ye Ho, Ye Ho, Ye Ho.  
But slow or fast, his clamoring blast sounds loud and free,  
And snickers loud, run the crowded company,  
Miss Linton tried to stem the tide, but even she—  
Yo Ho, Lads, Ho, Yo Ho.

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,  
Ye Ho, my lads, Yo Ho, Yo Ho.  
Declares our chorus champion boistrously,  
Declares our champion boistrously.



OWED TO A JUNIOR.

Little Junior, fresh and sweet,  
 With your bib so nice and neat,  
 Did your mama wash your face?  
 Did she tuck your shirt in place?  
 You are such a winsome boy.  
 You are mama's pride and joy.  
 Past are now your childhood days.  
 Won't you quit your kiddish ways?  
 Ain't you got no sense at all,  
 Playing, prattling, in the hall?  
 Wait till you take Comp and Rhet,  
 And you write themes till you sweat.  
 Wait till you take Chemistry,  
 Where Lewis laughs and jokes at thee.  
 Then thy childhood tricks will cease.  
 Then will you become a Senior,  
 With a dignified demeanour.  
 Then you'll pause and realize  
 That though sadder you're more wise  
 I was once a Junior boy,  
 Tripping, singing in my joy;  
 Now through memory's golden haze,  
 I review my first year days.

TOO TRUE.

Some of the Seniors belong to the school, but the majority think the school belongs to them.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

The following was discovered on the margin of Prof. Lewis's personal Chemistry text: "Use joke No. 282 here."

AND HIM SUCH A LAW ABIDER.

Mr. Chase, to his American History class: "Beer has written a very good history of the United States. I wish we had Beer in the Library."

SUGGESTIONS FOR ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS.

Address: The Value of Good Hard Work.  
 Milton Robinson.  
 Recitation: The Terrors of Tardiness.  
 Henry Bussiere.  
 Solo: The Little Cockoo from Tales of Hoffman.  
 Edwin Champion.  
 Address: Art for Art's Sake.  
 Doris Brooks.  
 Address: Voice Culture.  
 Hugo Hustad.  
 Address: "The Value of Silver."  
 Harry Bottrell.  
 Solo: Life on a Permanent Wave.  
 Seth Davy.  
 Duet: The Long and Short of It.  
 Cleminson and Goodman.  
 Address: The Vanity Case Evil.  
 Dorothy Lattrell.  
 Address: Aesthetic Dancing.  
 Mark LaBonte.  
 Address: Argument in Classes.  
 Gail Roy.  
 Address: How to Train a High School Youth.  
 Pearl Gollinger.  
 Address: Confession of a Cake Eater.  
 Hiram Monical.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING.

Hostess: Won't you have more pudding, Mr. Brown?  
 Mr. Brown: Oh, just a mouthful.  
 Hostess: Nelly, fill Mr. Brown's plate.

HE'S A JUNIOR.

Edwin Champion to Mr. Wiggins: Mr. Wiggins, will the penmanship test be oral or written?

AT THE RIALTO.

Bottrell: Let's see who can tell the biggest lie.  
 Harrison: All right! Bottrell, you're a gentleman.  
 Bottrell: That's no lie.

THE LONG SLEEP.

Mr. Lewis: Mr. Cleminson, what causes hay to burn without any apparent reason?  
 Mr. Cleminson (caught napping): Sp-p-p-spon—spontaneous convulsions.

THEIR COPYRIGHTS.

Pop Lewis:  
 You are too late for this class and too early for tomorrow's.  
 Get out.  
 These scales are not built for hay.  
 What is it?  
 Miss Clark:  
 It's true! All women are liars and cats. Men are chumps.  
 Mental vertigo.  
 Weeping willies.  
 Deucedly clever.  
 That's rare.  
 Felicitous.

Copper:  
 Have you anything to add?  
 Stockwell:  
 Look up, please. I guess that you can stand it for that long.  
 Lautner:  
 Take the two next chapters.  
 Miss Ward:  
 Match your background spaces.  
 Doc. Lowe:  
 Lost, strayed or stolen.  
 You've got enough eggs to hatch you goose.  
 Cum Grano Salis.  
 Lee:  
 I've got a letter here from—  
 Mrs. Martin:  
 Boys! Boys! Boys!  
 Brown:  
 I don't believe it.  
 Kaye:  
 Two minutes before the last bell.  
 Stull:  
 Have you anything else to offer.  
 Gant:  
 Now, let's see.  
 Wiggins:  
 That reminds me of a story.

EVERYTHING FIVE CENTS.

Student at "Caff:": I've eaten much better steaks than this one.  
 Proprietor (proudly): Not here, sir.



PROFESSORIAL PERSPICACITY.

Prof. Stull: That's funny. I've been studying this business chart for an hour, and I'm unable to determine its ultimate significance.

Mrs. Stull: No wonder. The baby scribbled that.

WITH CHARMING CANDOUR.

Professor (to students in back row): Can you all hear me back there?

Chorus from students: No, sir.

"OH, DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE—"

Student teacher: What was the most interesting thing you noticed in Dr. Grenfell's lecture?

Pupil: All the kids he's got.

THE FIVE-MINUTE MAN.

John Fish (delivering appeal to History class): Ah, come on. Let's go. He's three minutes late now.

Prof. Chase (from doorway): Hah, Mr. Fish, you're a born leader.

"—AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

Prof. Stull (extending a pole to fair one crossing a stream on a shaky and inadequate log): It's all right, Miss Winsome. All you have to do is keep your eyes on me!

Fair one: Oh, I can't, Mr. Stull!

"IT'S VERY WELL TO TALK, OF SOBER DRAUGHTS SO CLEAR AND COOL."

Mr. Lewis: "What's another name for this flask of water I hold before me?"

Student: H2 Creosotus.

SIC!

Prof. (to unprepared class): You're a bunch of lobsters.

Champion: You're a big old crab.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

(Heard in Mr. Brown's room during Mental Measurements test).

A subject had been suspected of being very nearly half-witted and Mr. Brown was putting him over a series of mental hazards. One hypothetical question meandered along something like this:

"Now, if you were passing a house where the curtains were lowered, and you saw a man, whom you knew was a doctor, go in rather hastily, followed, a little later by the preacher, and then, a few minutes later, the undertaker drove up to the door, what would you surmise had happened?"

The subject grinned sheepishly, scraped a toe thoughtfully across the floor, and finally answered:

Well, sir, I'd think they had a a still in there.

The man's perfectly sane," snapped Mr. Brown.

SENIOR FORESIGHT.

First Student: Why does George wear his bathrobe so much lately?

Second Student: He's practising so he can wear his cap and gown with grace.

TIMELY.

Geography Teacher: What is Greenwich?"

Student: A suburb of New York.

GYMNASIUM STUFF.

Mr. Chase: What is the latest law passed by parliament?"

Student: Bonar Law.

You'll Find 'em Here Next Year—

Amy Anderson (Limited) .....Stambaugh (Rural)  
 Anona Anderson .....Gwinn  
 Edna Anderson .....Stambaugh  
 Evelyn Anderson .....Gladstone  
 Lydia Anderson .....Gladstone  
 Mabel Anderson .....Bessemer Twp.  
 Helen Andree (Limited) .....Iron River

Clare Baer .....Hancock  
 Helen Belmore .....Escanaba  
 Alpha Benson (Limited) .....Munising  
 Dagny Berg (December) .....Hamtramck  
 Hazel Bergstrom (March) .....Hamtramck  
 Grace Billings .....Ironwood  
 Marie Bordeau (March) .....Bates Township  
 Catherine Bracher .....Menominee  
 John Brown .....Iron Mountain  
 Pearl Bunt .....Wakefield  
 Thelma Bretz (Honor) .....

Cecelia Carlson .....Wakefield  
 Lily Carlson .....Newberry  
 Rose Chantelois .....Ewen  
 George Chase .....Palmer  
 Rilla Christian .....Gaastra (Stambaugh)  
 Walter Cleminson .....Baraga  
 Nelma Cooper (December) .....Detroit  
 Blanche Curtis .....Munising

Ruth Davis .....Munising  
 Marion Dear .....Wakefield  
 Lucille DesRosier (Limited) .....Munising  
 Pearl Dubuque .....Gladstone  
 Grace Dunn .....Bergland  
 Maynard Dunn .....Powers

Emelie Ericson .....Detroit  
 Martha Ervast .....Manistique

Ebba Elmleaf (Limited) .....Iron River  
 Gladys Face .....Gladstone  
 Walda Fairbanks .....Norway  
 Theophilus Forsman .....Alpena  
 Ruth Fox .....Wakefield  
 Irene Francis .....Lansing

Stella Garrett .....Stambaugh  
 Joseph Gendzwill .....Crystal Falls  
 Patrick Gleason .....National Mine  
 Edythe Goudge .....Escanaba  
 Evelyn Gormely .....Ironwood  
 Luella Gray .....Munising  
 Earl Griewski .....Wakefield  
 Mable Gustafson .....Bergland  
 Stella Gamache .....L'Anse  
 Clifford Gorman .....Minneapolis

Richard Hadrick .....Baraga  
 Sigrid Hakola .....Eben Junction  
 Helen Harrington .....Stambaugh  
 Agnes Hedman (Limited) .....Gwinn  
 Ernest Hildner .....Demmon  
 Margaret Hokanson .....Hancock  
 Libbie Hermann .....Calumet  
 Vellamae Hillis .....Gaastra (Stambaugh)  
 Mona Hinds .....Manistique  
 Edith Holman .....Wakefield  
 Lillian Holman .....Ironwood  
 Helen Hubbard (March) .....Sault Ste. Marie  
 Dorothy Hutchings .....Wakefield  
 Hugo Hustad .....Quinessec  
 Haslitt Allen .....Gladstone

Irene Ivens (March) .....St. Paul, Minn.

Mae Johnson .....Manistique  
 Emerson Johnston .....Gladstone



Dorothy Kinsman ..... Palmer  
 Tyna Kodila (December) ..... Newberry  
 Saima Kallio ..... Painesdale  
 Margaret Koepf ..... Menominee  
 Lempi Koljonen ..... Sault Ste. Marie

Alma Laaninen ..... Baraga  
 Elvina LaFave ..... Bates  
 F. Edgar Lane (December) ..... Amasa  
 Rose Lang ..... Ludington  
 Estelle LaVigne ..... Witch Lake  
 Anna LeMense ..... Gwinn  
 Helen Lindquist ..... Manistique  
 Irene Linquist ..... Iron Mountain  
 Cecil Lobb ..... Bessemer  
 Edna Lount ..... Gaastra (Stambaugh)  
 Sarah Ludden ..... Dell Rapids, S. Dak.  
 Erma Lyon ..... Ironwood

Agnes McMillan (Degree) ..... Detroit

Catherine Mansfield ..... Sault Ste. Marie  
 Albert Henry Mark ..... Bates Twp.  
 Marcella Marketty ..... Gwinn  
 Napoleon Martin (Degree) ..... Baraga  
 Nila Massie ..... Eau Claire, Wis.  
 Ruth Mitchell (Degree) ..... Ishpeming  
 Halstead Monical ..... Ewen  
 Gertrude Moore ..... Sault Ste. Marie  
 Elva Mutart ..... Flint

Lydia Nelson (Limited) ..... Crystal Falls  
 Evangeline Nelson ..... Ironwood  
 Nellie Netterblad ..... Manistique  
 Linda Nikula ..... Ewen  
 Ina Norrback ..... Menominee

Lillian Ojala ..... Crystal Falls  
 Laura Olson ..... Caspian (Stambaugh)  
 Ethelreda Olson (December) ..... Detroit  
 Helen Olson ..... Manistique

Margery Perring ..... Bessemer  
 Dorothy Peterman ..... Ironwood  
 Myrtle Peterson ..... Iron Mountain

Merle Quayle ..... Stambaugh

Evva Riddle (Limited) ..... Trimountain  
 Milicent Reed (Limited) ..... Trimountain  
 Mildred Reed (Limited) ..... Gwinn  
 Lillis Richards ..... Quinessec  
 Liola Robarge ..... Pequaming  
 Chester Ross ..... Newberry  
 Cora Ross ..... Manistique  
 Ermaline Rossio (Limited) ..... Stambaugh  
 Venila Richards ..... Baraga

Ida Saari (Limited) ..... Munising  
 Myrtle Sandell ..... Iron Mountain  
 John Schiska (Limited) ..... Norway  
 Valeria Scrantany ..... Escanaba  
 Mrs. Olive Sedick ..... Iron Mountain  
 Grayce Shea ..... Sault Ste. Marie  
 Lucille Sobesky ..... Menominee  
 Leslie Stanaway (Limited) ..... Monroe  
 Andrew Steele (December) ..... Bessemer  
 Clara Sterk ..... Calumet  
 Angeline Suino (March) ..... Wakefield  
 Myrtle Swanson (Limited) ..... Bates Township  
 Hazel Symon ..... Stambaugh

Pearl Treado ..... Iron Mountain  
 Elsie Trestrail ..... Alpha

Mildred Udd ..... Caspian (Stambaugh)  
 Lucille Vandeenboom ..... Escanaba  
 Mamie Vigo ..... Bessemer

Mable Walker (Limited—December) ..... Mohawk  
 Lawrence Walsh ..... Channing  
 Marie White ..... Ironwood  
 Ruth Weston (Alumni) ..... Palmer

THE NORTHERN NORMAL NEWS

VOL. V. No. 6

Published Every Month except  
 August and September

BY THE  
 NORTHERN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL  
 MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Marquette, Michigan, in November, 1914, under the Act of March 3, 1873.

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

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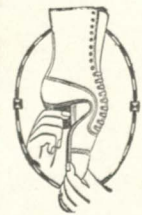
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THE "ANNUAL" DEMAND.

Assembly of voices (flourishing of vanity cases, air full of  
powder).

"I didn't know the picture was going to be taken today.

"My hair looks awful, I know.

"Oh, this wind, it's blowing my hair all out of curl.

"What's he waiting for? Is he paid by the hour?"

Camera-man: All right, now, this way, this way—"

(Sweet smiles appear on all feminine faces. Boys assume  
collar-ad expressions).

Click! Click!

Chorus of voices: "Oh, is it taken already? Oh, I know I'll  
look awful. My hair is a sight. Well, I never do take a good  
picture anyway."

CASTOR OIL, TOO.

Mr. Bowman: Can anyone tell me what this sentence is,  
"The pupil loves his teacher?"

Paul Coleman: "Sarcasm."

A NEW PROFESSION.

Cathleen Lautner: Is *that* Mr. Parker? Does *he* make the  
Parkerhouse rolls?

L'OISELEUR.

Student in Nature Study Class: What is the best way to  
catch a bird?

Doc Lowe: "Cum grano salis."



## MARQUETTE BUSINESS COLLEGE

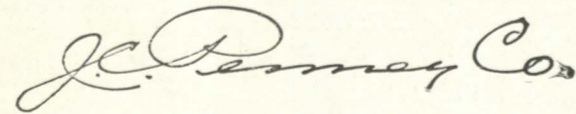
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BOY, PAGE DOC LOWE!

Prof. Lewis (in Chemistry): Cleminson, what does "As" stand for?

Cleminson: Just a minute, I've got it on the end of my tongue.

Prof. Lewis: Well, spit it out; it's Arsenic!

AFTERMATH OF ENGLISH II.

John L.: Wouldn't "usage" make it correct, mother?

ONLY ONE QUESTION.

The training school was visited by an important educator one day. The usual cross questioning began. His questions were all answered correctly. He was delighted.

"Well," said he at last, "is there any little boy who would like to ask me a question?"

A little boy in the back row held up his hand.

"Yes, my boy, what is it?"

"Please, sir," came a tired voice, "what time does your train leave?"

HEARD IN GYM CLASS.

Ina: Shall I mark time with my feet?

Miss Gray: Did you ever hear of anyone marking time with their hands?

Ina: Yes, ma'am, clocks do it.

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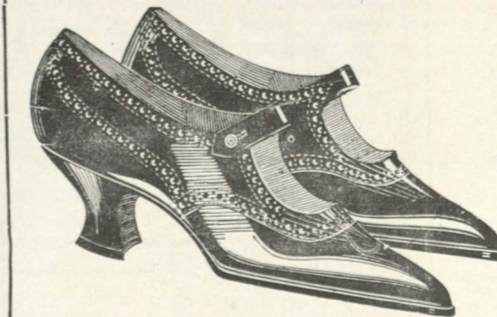
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### CALENDAR—Continued.

Fearman Hargrave takes boxing lessons from Hardimon.  
He will recover.

Prof. Chase tries to make his class "see the hole in the  
doughnut."

Caps arrive. Soup LaViollette looks like the jockey in the  
"Kentucky Derby."

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