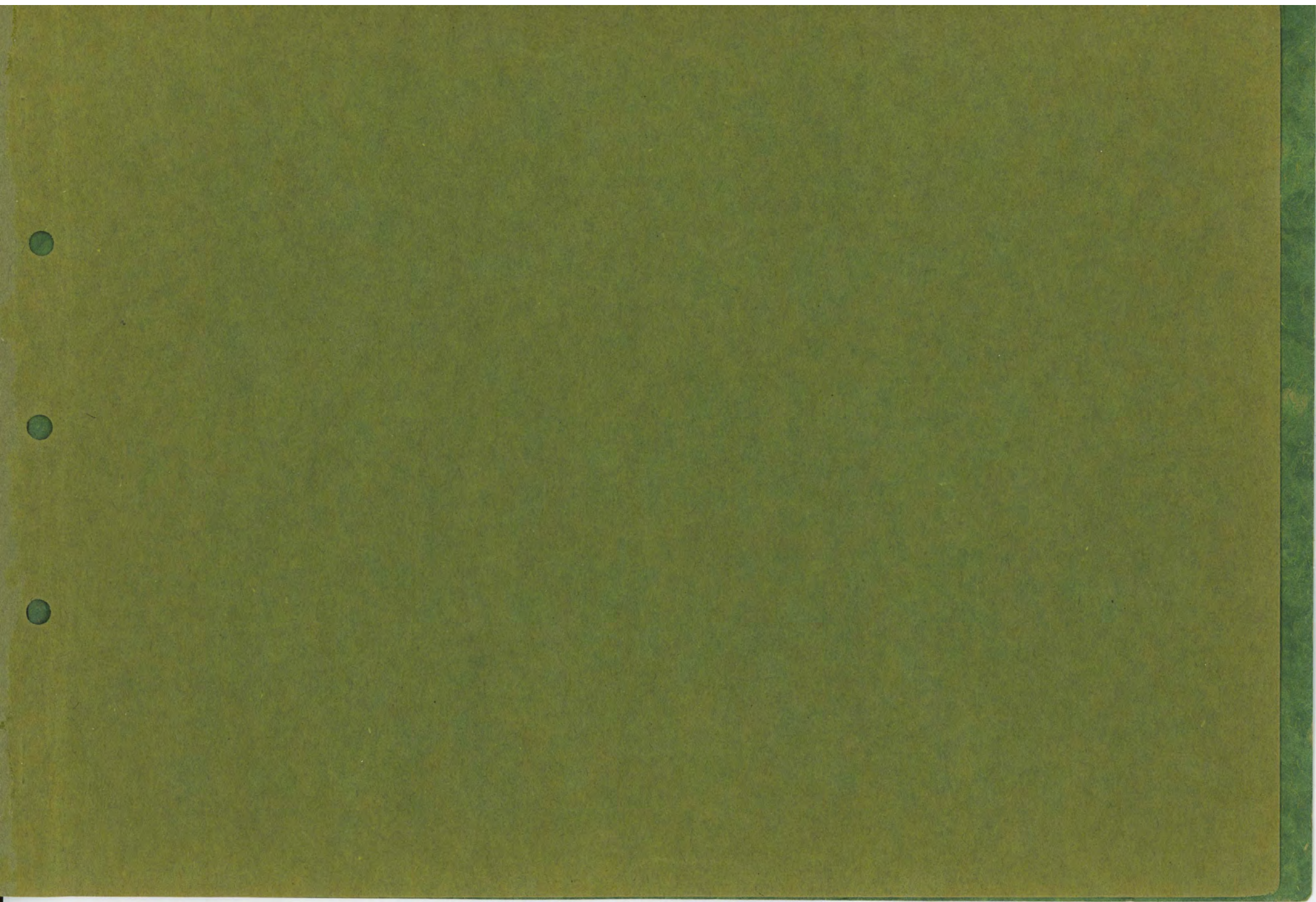


# Olive and Gold

1910





THE  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

OF  
MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

**UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY.**

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$250,000.

ORGANIZED JANUARY 22, 1864.

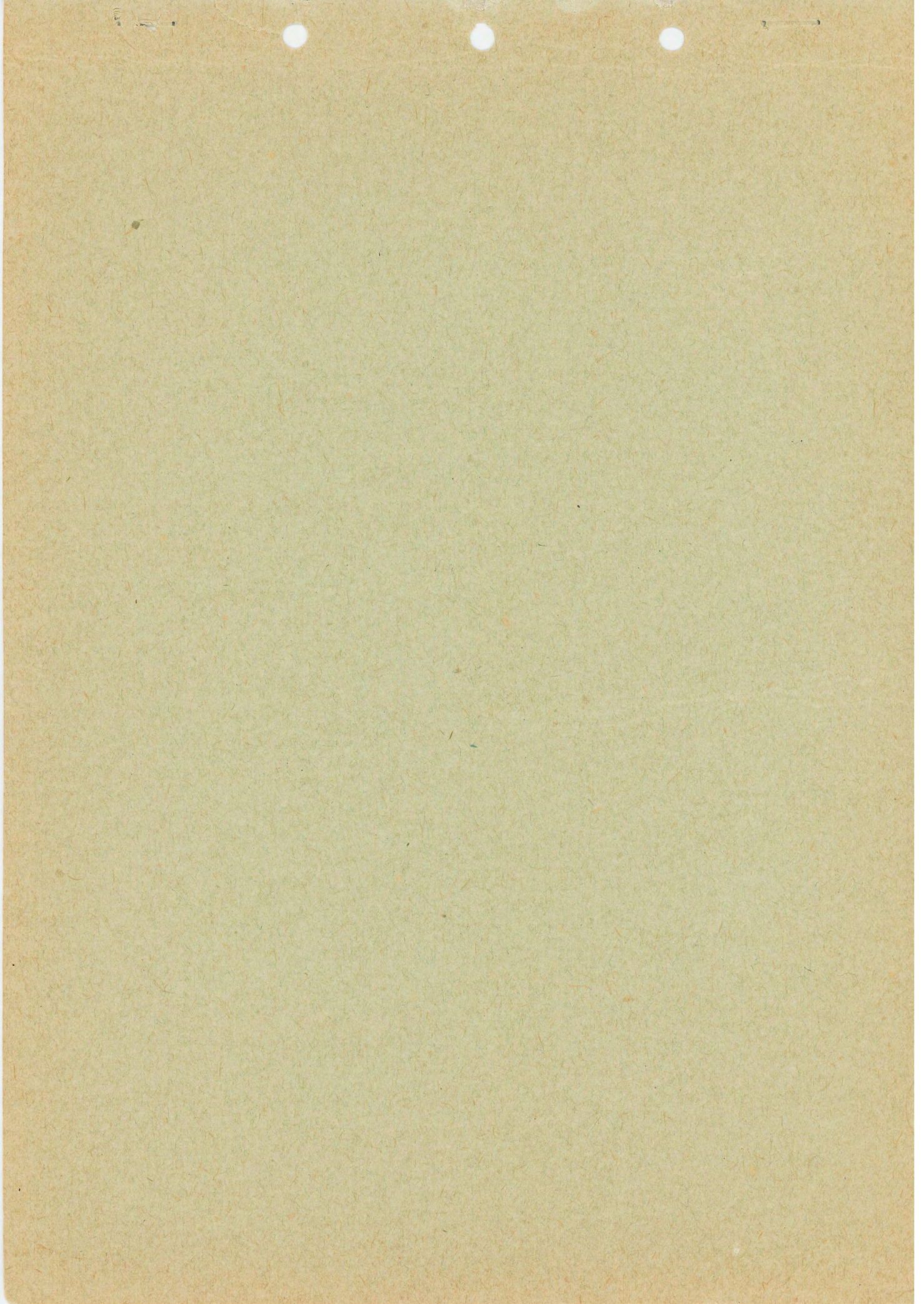
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**APPRECIATION.**

This Bank values the business it receives from its customers and takes every opportunity of telling them so. Our customers on the other hand appreciate the fact that the service extended to them is coupled with security. Any business arrangement to be permanent must be mutually satisfactory and profitable.

Therefore, in the selecting of your bank,  
have permanency in view and establish yourself for your present and future well-being with a sound bank.



# Olive and Gold

June



1910

PUBLISHED BY  
**SENIOR CLASS**  
NORTHERN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

PRESS OF  
MINING JOURNAL COMPANY  
LIMITED  
MARQUETTE

DEDICATION.

To a greater School Spirit.

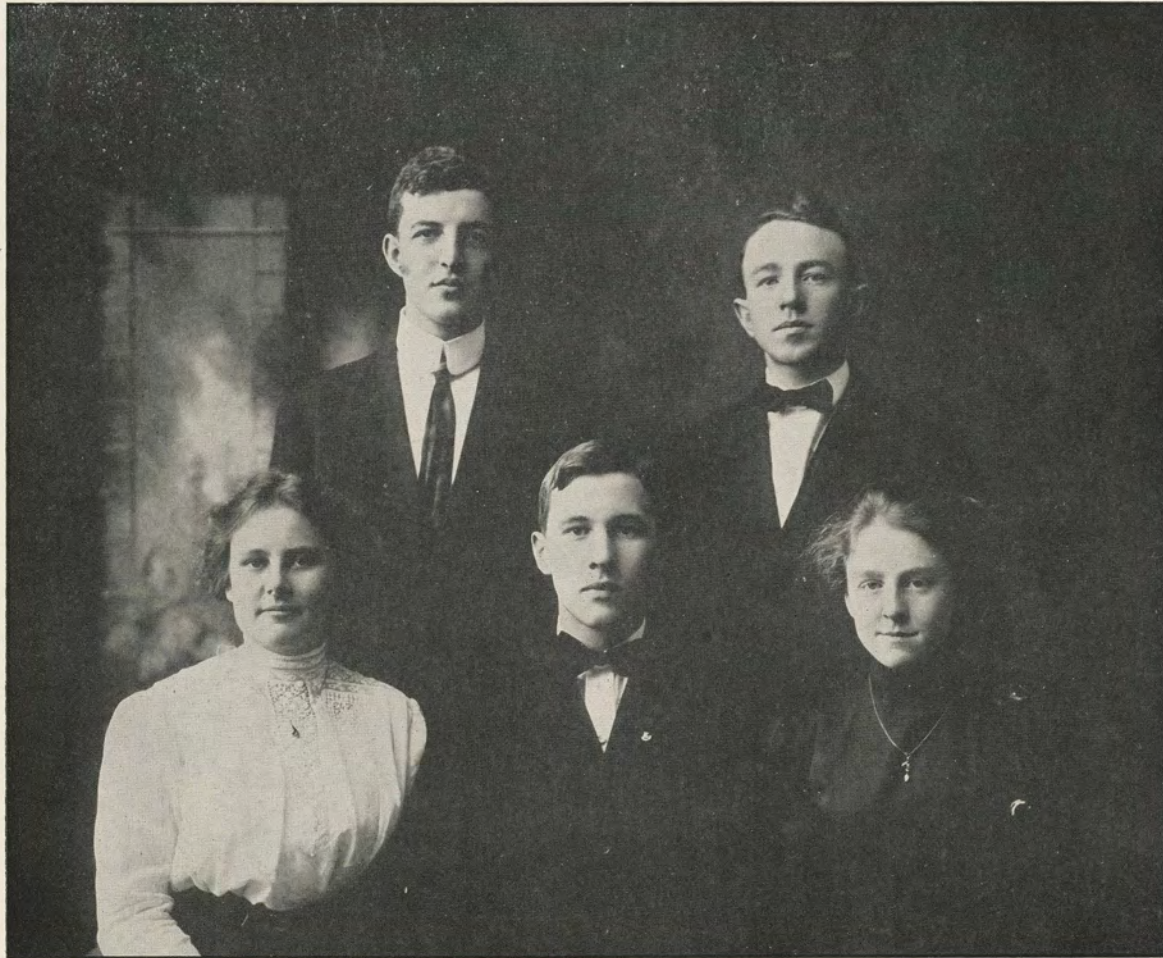




TO ALL OUR READERS,

**Greeting!**

The OLIVE AND GOLD comes to you as an expression of the school spirit the Class of Nineteen-ten has always tried to create. The Board of Editors has worked long and earnestly, that it might be a true reflection of school life. As such we present it to you. It is our sincere wish that future classes continue the publication of the OLIVE AND GOLD, looking upon our work not as a standard, but merely as a stimulus to greater school spirit.



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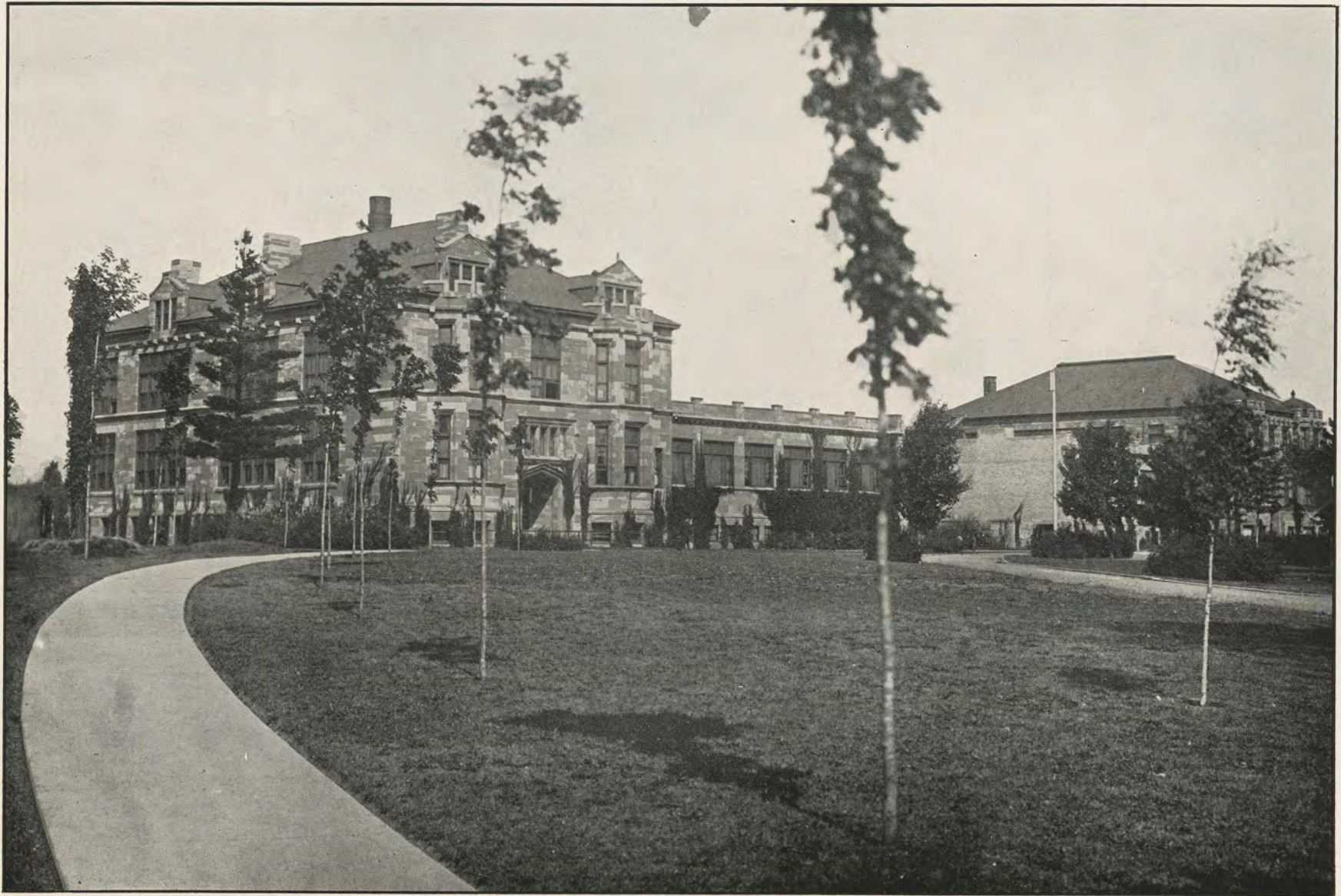
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NORTHERN STATE NORMAL.

## HISTORY.

The Northern State Normal School was established in September, 1899, by the State Board of Education. The first session of the school opened on September 19th, 1899, recitations being conducted in the City Hall. The temporary quarters were the second and third floors of the same. After the burning of the Marquette High School, the use of the third floor was given to them, and the Normal School occupied the second floor only.

The Normal building, "Longyear Hall," was completed in July, 1900, in ample time for the opening of the first summer session. In June, 1902, the new Peter White Science Hall was completed and dedicated. Life Certificates were issued to students in June, 1902. A new Library Building, began in May, 1904, was completed in September of that year. In December, 1905, Longyear Hall was destroyed by fire, and was replaced by a modern fire-proof structure, which was completed in the fall of 1906. The faculty, in 1899, consisted of but six instructors; today it numbers thirty.

The school has been materially strengthened by the liberal appropriations made at the last two sessions of the State Legislature. The enrollment has grown to such an extent, however, that we now very decidedly feel the need of the Main Building, which will include a larger Assembly Hall and a much needed Gymnasium. We hope the next legislature will recognize and satisfy these wants.



JAMES HAMILTON BARCROFT KAYE, A. M.,  
President.

## THE FACULTY.



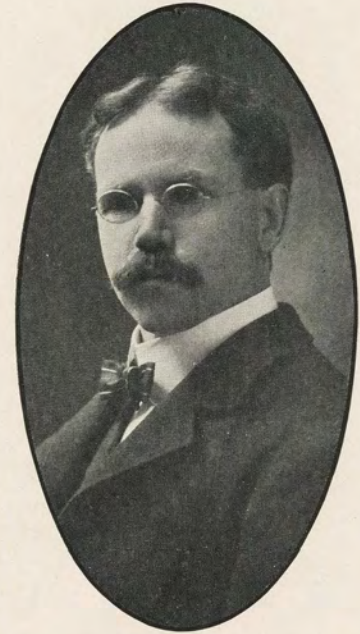
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Psychology and Pedagogy.

THE FACULTY—Continued.



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Music.



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Mathematics.



EARLE M. PARKER, A. B.,  
Latin.



IDA J. D'OUGE, A. B.,  
French and German.





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Supt. Training School.



LUELLA A. MELHINCH,  
Seventh and Eighth Grades.



LILIAS S. BILL,  
Fifth and Sixth Grades.

THE FACULTY—Continued.



MARGARET GABLE,  
Third and Fourth Grades.



KATHRYN B. LIBBY,  
First and Second Grades.



H. SUSAN BATES,  
Kindergarten.



LYDIA M. OLSON, PH. B.,  
Librarian.



MRS. M. ELIZABETH MARTIN,  
Assistant Librarian.



ALMA A. OLSON,  
Secretary.



MISS FINWALL,  
Clerk.

## The Faculty.

COULD an institution be measured by the mind and heart which enters into its management, then the Northern State Normal is truly great. It boasts of a faculty about which my vocabulary is not extensive enough to express an opinion concerning this much esteemed body. But this may be said: When we are seated in chapel, we hear a slight rustle, and then, one by one this august body entitled "Faculty" enters in groups of twos and threes, led by Miss Hill and Dr. Faught. They ascend the "rostrum," sit down in their customary places, smile and bow to each other, and glance over the assembly of students, on whom they pass comments. After the opening hymn is sung and President Kaye makes his announcements, each member settles down in his or her most comfortable attitude. We see Miss Hill's merry blue eyes lost in a reverie; Mrs. Rushmore takes off her hat, places it in her lap, arranges her hair and occasionally talks to her neighbor; a thoughtful expression comes over Miss Maxwell's countenance, as if she were trying to peer into the mysteries of the future as well as to review in her mind all questions she intends to ask

her fated history students concerning past ages. Dr. Hebb crosses one knee over the other, periodically scratches his nose, stares at the floor and wonders "Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone". Dr. Faught taps on the floor with his foot, yawns every few minutes, and we can even read his thoughts, which seem to say "Oh, that this were over". Miss Russell invariably seats herself beside Miss Maxwell and glances over the student body to see how many had bunched her 8 o'clock class. Some members are not present. We wonder if they are doing that despised thing "bunching". Added to the regular faculty, we must not forget that wise group of five, entitled critics.

First comes Miss Bates, who is not very tall,  
Then comes Miss Libby, beloved by us all;  
Miss Gable, who ne'er in our pleasures does mix;  
Miss Bill, who reigns in grades fifth and sixth;  
Then in grade eight there is Miss Melhinch,  
Who none of us ever has pronounced a cinch.

*G. M. D. and A. D. H.*



## THE SENIORS.



WILLIAM MULLALY.

Mathematics.  
Senior President.  
Vice President, 1909.  
Secretary of Osiris, 1910.  
Basket-ball, 1909 and 1910.  
Oratoricals, 1909.  
Senior Class Play, 1909.  
Opera, 1910.

"Some are born great,  
Some achieve greatness,  
Some have greatness thrust  
upon them."



GRACE DOETSCH.

Mathematics and Geography.  
President, 1909.  
Vice President, 1910.  
Osiris.  
Girls' Basket-ball, 1909-1910.  
Business Manager of "Olive  
and Gold."  
Assistant Physical Training.

"Her sunny locks hang from  
her brow like a golden fleece."

Isn't she O. K., though?



ADELE DOROTHY HESSEL.

English.  
Class Secretary, 1910.  
President of Ygdrasil, 1910.  
Girls' Basket-ball, 1909.  
Oratoricals, 1909.  
Athletic Editor.

"Age cannot wither her nor  
custom stale her infinite va-  
riety."



BERTHA KAMRATH.

English.  
Class Treasurer.  
Captain of Girls' Basket-ball,  
1909.  
Annual Board.  
Ygdrasil.

"Those about her, from her  
shall read the perfect ways of  
honor."





RUTH BROTHERTON.

Latin.  
Annual Board.  
Latin Club.

"'Tis good to be merry and  
wise."



RHODA KAHN.

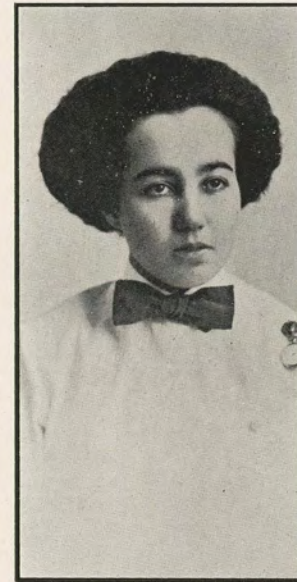
Kindergarten.

"Her ways are ways of pleas-  
antness."



MAUD ELLIS.

"Humility, that low sweet root,  
From which all heavenly vir-  
tues shoot."



KATE STEWART.

Kindergarten.  
Ygdrasil.

"She is pretty to walk with,  
Witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think  
on."

THE SENIORS—Continued.



AUDREY SCHUNK.

Expression.  
Osiris.

"Gaze into her eyes—you'll see  
a little angel;  
Gaze a little longer—you'll  
see a little imp."



CAROLINE SIEGEL.

Mathematics.  
Ygdrasil.

"There is no impossibility to  
her,  
She will if she will."



EVA WATT.

Expression.  
Osiris.

"Which can say more than  
this rich praise, that you alone  
are you?"



LONA BYRNE.

History.  
Osiris.

"Exhausting thought and  
learning wisdom with each  
passing hour."



BLANCHE TROTTIER.

Osiris.

"The very room, coz she was in, seemed warm from floor to ceiling."



MARIE DEASY.

French.

President of Osiris, 1909.

"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise."



EMMA SAUNDERS.

Expression.

Ygdrasil.

Annual Board.

Oratoricals, 1909-1910.

"You have deserved high commendation, true applause and love."



MARGARET FAGAN.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."

THE SENIORS—Continued.



ALICE CARNEY.

History.

"A pleasant face, a happy soul."



CORA RICHARDS.

English.

"Her eyes are depths of dark delight."



ELSIE MUDGE.

Kindergarten.

"Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."



MABEL GILLETT.

Kindergarten.

"Her ways and words are winning."



HAZEL FERGUSON.

English.  
Ygdrasil.  
Art Board.

"Quality, not quantity."



ESTHER LINDQUIST.

Osiris.  
School Song, 1909.  
Oratoricals, 1910.

"To write a verse or two is  
all the praise?"



JEANETTE HUNTER.

Kindergarten.  
"Why so quiet in this gay  
world?"



ALPHILD CARLSON.

German and French.  
Osiris.  
"She hath a very determined  
air."

THE SENIORS—Continued.



BEATRICE PERRY.

History.

"The price of wisdom is above rubies."



EILEEN SCULLY.

Music.

Ygdrasil.

"I do but sing because I must, and pipe but as the linnets sing."



MARCELINE BYRNE.

Kindergarten.

"Her countenance betrayeth a peaceful mind."



HOWARD MCKEREGHAN.

Mathematics.

Ygdrasil Treasurer, 1910.

Basket-ball, 1909-1910.

Assistant Business Manager.

Opera, 1910.

Senior Play, 1909.

"Life is one great round of ease."



HAZEL BUSH.

English.  
Ygdrasil.

"A radiant star, whose lucent  
light illumines the gloom of life's  
dark light."



HONOR MARTIN.

English.

"Composure is thy charm."



ANNA SCHWARTZ.

"Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair."



FLORA PIERCE.

"Sweet, grave aspect."

THE SENIORS—Continued.



ELEANOR POWER.

English.  
Ygdrasil.

"My heart is true as steel."



MARY DUNNEBACKE.

Mathematics.  
Ygdrasil.

"Merry eyes and merry  
ways."



KATHRYN CARROLL.

Ygdrasil.

"Black were her eyes as the  
berry that grows  
On the thorn by the wayside."



ELIZABETH MOHRMAN.

Osiris.

"She was wont to speak  
plain and to the purpose."





ELEANOR RANKIN.

Kindergarten.

Osiris.

Editor-in-Chief.

"I am resolved to grow fat  
and look young until forty."



MAMIE HUDSON.

"In small proportions we  
just beauties see."



OLGA GROTTÉ.

"Cheerfulness is an off-shoot  
of goodness and wisdom."



MERLE GIBSON.

English.

Ygdrasil.

"Hang sorrow, care will kill a  
cat.  
Therefore let us be merry."

THE SENIORS—Continued.



FLORENCE KEPLER.

Kindergarten.

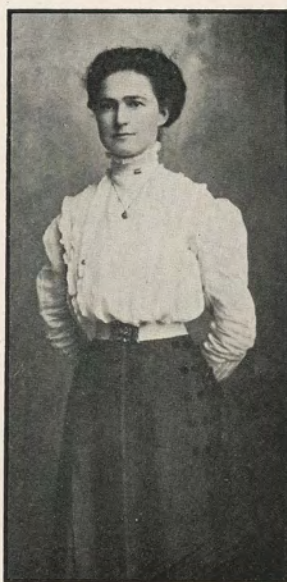
"For never anything can be  
amiss when simpleness and  
duty tender it."



ZOE PROCTOR.

Kindergarten.  
Ygdrasil.

"Grace was in all her steps,  
Heaven in her eyes,  
In every gesture dignity and  
love."



LAURA HIGGINS.

"And gladly would she lerne,  
And gladly teche."



JOANNA KENNEDY.

Natural Science.  
Ygdrasil.

Captain Basket-ball, 1910.  
"Happy and from care I'm  
free,  
Why aren't they all contented  
like me?"



HELEN WHITE.

"Though deep, yet clear;  
though gentle, yet not dull."



AGNES EMAN.

Osiris.  
"True as the dial to the sun."



HILJA TOLONEN.  
AMINDA GREKILA.

"Sure the shovel and tongs  
to each other belongs."



IRENE STOLPE.

"Blessed with good reason  
and common sense."

THE SENIORS—Continued.



HILMA STALHAMMER.

"Tell all I know? Why, life's  
too short for that."



FLORENCE FUNKEY.

Kindergarten.  
Ygdrasil.  
"There is language in her eyes,  
Her cheek, her lips.  
Nay, her foot speaks."



MARIE FLANIGAN.

"Her eyes shineth like stars."



NELLY FISHER.

"As happy as a bird."



ETHEL JENKIN.

Osiris.

"How'ere it be,  
It seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good."



SIGRID SODERQUIST.

Annual Board.

"In her tongue is the law of  
kindness."



CHRISTINA CREER.

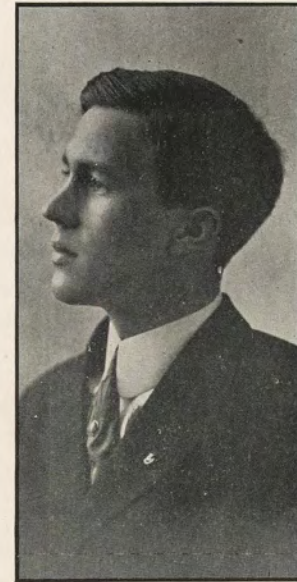
Music.

Osiris.

Annual Board.

Opera, 1910.

"Sing again with your clear  
voice far and near."



HAVEN C. R. STEWART.

History.

Secretary Osiris, 1909.

Assistant Editor.

Basket-ball, 1909-1910.

Senior Play, 1909.

(He thinks) "He knows what's  
what."

(The girls say) "Sweet child!"

## SENIORS (CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR ABSENCE.)

MARGUERITE BARNES.

There is music in her beauty.

MATIE BENSON.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence.

THERESA CORBETT.

It stirs the blood in an old man's heart  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice.

ADELE EGAN.

A fair and stately maid.

SARAH GRUBER.

My mind is my kingdom.

EMMA LACHAPELLE.

I now say what I think.

ALICE HANSEN.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.

NELLIE HARRINGTON.

Of all the girls that ever was seen,  
There's none so fair as Nelly.

KLARA KJESBOE.

None but herself can be her parallel.

GENEVIEVE McDONALD.

Just as pleasant as can be.

MARTHA CLARK.

I love tranquil solitude.

IDA PECK.

I must have Liberty.

RUTH WARNBURG.

I take this matter very seriously.

EUNICE PURCELL.

I would not be different if I could.

ERNEST VON ZELLAN.

And then he will talk—good gods! How he will talk.

ALICE STEGATH.

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown.

MARION BISSETT.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint.

MAE VON ZELLAN.

As full of spirit as the month of May.

LILLIAN JOHNSON.

None knew thee but to love thee.

WINIFRED VON ZELLAN.

What man dare, I dare.

## Senior Class.

### OFFICERS.

WM. MULLALY.....*President*  
GRACE DOETSCH.....*Vice President*  
ADELE HESSEL.....*Secretary*  
BERTHA KAMRATH.....*Treasurer*

Colors—Gold and White.

Flowers—Chrysanthemum and Daffodil.

### YELLS.

Gold and White,  
Gold and White,  
1910 all right!!!  
1910! 1910!  
Best class ever in N. S. N.!

Chee-hee, Che-ha,  
Chee-haw-haw-haw,  
1910! 1910!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
1910! 1910! Is our cry,  
V-i-c-t-o-r-y!

N. S. N. 1910! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
N. S. N. 1910! Ha, ha, ha!  
Who are, who are, who are we?  
We are the Normal lights, don't you see?  
Gold and White! Gold and White!  
They are the colors! They're all right!  
What are the colors? What's all right?  
1910! Gold and White.

Hurrah for the Gold!  
Hurrah for the White!  
Seniors! Seniors!  
They're all right!

Hoxy, poxy, aren't we foxy,  
Ought we not to win?  
Hocus, pocus! Who's the focus?  
Class of 1910.

Plukety plunk, go plunk, go plunk,  
We have the spunk, the spunk, the spunk!  
We never go flunk, go flunk, go flunk,  
The Seniors!!!!

Seniors, Seniors, rah! rah! rah!  
1910! 1910! Rah! rah! rah!!  
Seniors, Seniors, rah! rah! rah!  
1910! 1910! Rah! rah! rah!!

(Continue until the enthusiast's voice cracks, breaks,  
and falls.)

## The Senior Class.

SOMEWHERE between nineteen and twenty-two years ago there sprang up on this earth a new generation born with the intention of forming an organization which would surpass all other organizations and which would be recorded in history as the Senior Class of the Northern State Normal in the year 1910 A. D. Just previous to the appearance of this class at the Northern Normal a slight shock was felt in the earth, the heavens darkened, and amidst the gloom a star appeared. Thus it was announced to the world that a great event was about to happen. A few days later, on the 28th of September, 1908, a collection of high school graduates filed through the portals of the Longyear Hall of Pedagogy and deposited themselves in the office with the intention of entering their names in the school register. It is recorded that their next act was to proceed to the campus, where they sang with great fervor "Heaven Shed Thy Kindly Light".

Then began the busy, happy life that we all have enjoyed so much at the dear old Normal. Our resolution, on coming to school for the first time, was to leave a record such as no other class had left, to be the class which was always alive and doing things. Knowing that knowledge meant a diploma, we immediately began to store up power, and some of the individuals have acquired college reputations both famous and notorious. For two years the Class of 1910 has held full sway, first as the green edition, and now as stately, dignified Seniors.

When the faculty first saw us they looked on us with secret satisfaction, and to this day they have continued not only to admire us, but also to acknowledge our superiority over all other classes. We very early showed signs of great

precocity and genius. We showed ourselves eager and willing to learn. Many of our members enrolled in 8 o'clock classes, which meant that they must stay up half the night studying, then at an early and unearthly hour they must get up, walk through the deep snow to the northern end of Marquette, and many times the temperature was not 70 degrees, and then without any breakfast would attend classes. In that never-to-be-forgotten first year the faculty worried us by forcing us to take much dreaded and many times unprepared for exams; they annoyed us by calling for notebooks when it was least expected; they confused us by asking questions which were not understood. But we patiently submitted to all injustices, and before very long dispelled any secret doubts the faculty may have had, and finally won their love. During this first year we learned all the college customs, ways and mysteries, even to accepting an encore in "Teacher's Arithmetic" with smiling countenances. Furthermore, we took great pains to learn all the Normal cheers and songs. Some of us attended all the basket-ball games and rooted ourselves speechless in behalf of the Normal team. Moreover, we joined the literary societies; we wrote home regularly; we never cut chapel; we never whispered in the halls or library, and we watched the bulletin boards. We spent our Saturdays, Sundays and short vacations, such as Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday, laboring with extra zeal. We often looked forward to a thoroughly good and restful time during these holidays, but when the time came we would listen calmly, with great self-control, even interestedly, to each instructor as extra long lessons were given out for the day following the holiday. The teacher in geography would like a certain



book read during the vacation, the mathematics instructor suggests that the student "look over" certain difficult problems, the history teacher advises that the class review some of the work which is especially troublesome. The words of each instructor were, "It will take only a short time, and you will find your vacation the more enjoyable for it". Each forgets that there are other teachers. Then wishing us a pleasant time during the so-called holidays, they dismissed us.

However, in the end we came out victorious, and when it was seen what a brave, enduring class we were the rigor was abated.

January 14, 1909, was a red letter date for us, for on this day we held our first class meeting and organized ourselves as a class. Our next step was to organize both boys and girls basket-ball teams, and good, earnest work was at once commenced.

On March 17 we entertained the faculty and Seniors at a tea, which was pronounced a decided success, this being the first time a Junior Class had ever entertained, except, of course, the annual "J. Hop".

When the Class of 1909 wished to celebrate we were ever ready and willing to assist them. They, however, could not see the matter from the Junior point of view, but we got what we went after just the same, and the Naughty-Nines had a party with no refreshments. In that instance we were afraid that the faculty would be angry, but they really behaved very well.

It happened in this way. On Tuesday, April 12, the Seniors endeavored to elope from the Juniors and marry themselves to learning. Everything was going along fine (at least they thought so) until they found that some of the Juniors had previously entered the building, taken down the decorations and removed the lunch to another part of the

building. The Seniors proceeded with their ceremonies and the Juniors proceeded with theirs. As the wedding march was being played on the third floor, the Juniors marched out of the building, bearing their spoils. Sandwiches and pickles disappeared by the hundreds. One valiant Senior summoned up enough courage to venture out into the night and go to the nearest grocery to purchase a fresh supply of coffee. Next, two members of "Naughty-Nine" volunteered to undertake the responsibility of making the coffee, and as it was being boiled on a gas stove near the window, the window was suddenly opened, the coffee upset, and panic reigned in the lunch room. All that could be seen, however, was rising steam and Kenneth Pellow dashing out of the room. The Juniors now being content with their lunch, retired.

It was never quite clear to which class Kenneth belonged, but he generously called himself a Senior, though we almost hurt ourselves trying to get him in our class. You see, Mr. Pellow has always been terribly popular. After the event of the coffee, however, he would mingle with the common herd no longer; he wished to soar onward, so he bought an "auto" which might be able to help him. After his departure, '09 struggled on without a mascot.

On Monday evening, May 15, the Juniors gave the long-looked-for "Prom." in the old gym. The entire ceiling was covered with branches of pine and cedar, dotted here and there with yellow lights. At each end of the hall were class numerals in olive and gold lights, 1909 being at one end and 1910 at the other. The walls of the serving room were covered with pennants. Refreshments were served and everybody pronounced the party to be the prettiest and most enjoyable ever given by a Junior Class.

On June 11 the Senior Class received the degree of the "Cap and Gown" at Presque Isle, where they journeyed to en-

joy refreshments beneath the dim glow of Japanese lanterns. Here at the entrance to the cove a large bon-fire was kindled and the Senior ceremonies took place. The ever watchful Juniors, however, came down the path, and under cover of the darkness listened to the exercises. Just as the Class of '09 were preparing for lunch, the Junior Class charged upon them (the Seniors), and amid shouts for the Class of 1910 they caused darkness to fall upon the scene. The Juniors, who were outnumbered eight to one, were overpowered for a few moments only, when they extricated themselves from the hands of the enraged Seniors and started for the depot where a special car conveyed them to their homes. When the Seniors returned to Marquette they journeyed across the campus to serenade the inhabitants of the "Dorm." The Juniors, however, were there, and equal to the occasion, they turned the hose on the serenaders. The routed visitors then proceeded to serenade the faculty, and the Junior boys followed with the hose, giving the Seniors the water cure at every place they stopped.

When September 29, 1909, came, the Class of 1910 (which now consisted of 87 members) appeared on the scene, and were "game" to do anything. We were now SENIORS, the main thing, the center of attraction in N. S. N. Of course there was a Junior Class, but that was only a small matter. Still we were generous enough to give them our "perfectly good" advice. We now learned to make our own schedules without bothering the faculty for assistance or advice. On the first day of the term we gathered in the lower hall and gave three mighty cheers for 1910. Our first class meeting of the year was held on October 3rd, and the class officers were elected. We immediately formed plans for a Senior party. This was given on October 29. It was the day before Hallowe'en, so the room was appropriately decorated with black paper witches

riding on broomsticks, black cats, apples suspended on strings from the ceiling, autumn leaves, etc., and in each window was a huge pumpkin Jack o' lantern. The party was pronounced by all a decided success. We were firmly convinced that nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm, so on Hallowe'en we organized a parade for the special benefit and pleasure of the faculty and to arouse class spirit. It was a beautiful evening. In other words, it was fall term and the night was clear. Everybody felt lively, happy and full of enthusiasm, and so amid the flare of pumpkin Jack o' lanterns we paraded the streets of Marquette and made the rounds of the faculty, singing to them many beautiful ballads and lyrics.

On November 3rd a bulletin was posted announcing a very important class meeting. It was at this meeting we decided that it would be doing an injustice to the world to let the memory of our many glorious deeds die, so we decided that as a crowning point to our career we would publish an Annual—the first Northern Normal Annual. The Annual Board was elected and work was at once begun.

The next important question was that of the class play. Mrs. Rushmore was to be away during the winter term, and as there was no one to take her place we finally decided that the only thing to be done was to substitute an opera for the usual dignified Shakespearean play. This was distasteful to many of us, for we felt that we did not have enough musical talent in the class for a successful opera, and that we would have to summon not only the Junior Class but also some Marquette people to our assistance.

Our treatment of the present Junior Class certainly deserves applause. When they posted a bulletin announcing their intention to organize as a class, we were eager to lend our aid. But it was not appreciated. They declined to organize with Seniors present, so no officers were elected

and there was "nothing doing" till Miss Hill's return from Europe. Finally, through her efforts, the class was at last organized.

On February 18th we got up a petition asking for a holiday on Monday, February 21st, as some members of the school wished to spend Washington's Birthday at their homes. All members of the class with the exception of one signed the petition, which was granted by the faculty.

Towards the end of the winter term the class decided that they would purchase their class pins. Of course there must be some sort of celebration to mark this important event, so we resolved to have a mock trial. The plaintiff (Adele Dorothy Hessel) to represent the Senior Class, the defendant (Eleanor Rankin) represented the Junior Class. William Mullaly, president of the class, presided over the ceremonies as judge. Howard McKereghan and Haven Stewart acted as lawyers, and other members of the class took the part of the faculty (witnesses) and the jury. The claim was that as the class had attended "that great and far-famed institution of learning, the Northern State Normal, for almost two years, and we thought the time had come when it was altogether proper and fitting that we should be permitted to wear the Normal seal, but the Junior Class, Error, and certain members of the faculty denied us this right". The outcome of the trial was that all doubts concerning our right to wear the pin vanished. The Seniors and faculty spent the remainder of the evening in the Society Room. The Class and School songs were sung and refreshments were served, and when the guests went home they complimented the Seniors on the success of the evening's entertainment.

During our career at the Normal we have organized various departments of education which are not mentioned in the catalogue. Among these are strolling in couples

(Miss Carroll and Mr. Pellow can give you further particulars), picnics at the island, boating, camp parties, serenades, mock weddings at the "Dorm", etc. Many times these were supposed to be profound secrets, but some of our instructors have formed the habit of unexpectedly appearing at most inopportune times.

We have shown great interest in everything that went on, from the secrets of faculty meetings to wondering why Miss Spalding was so fond of wearing her white crepe waist.

The average age of our class is twenty-one; the average size shoe, not counting Florence Funkey's and Ruth Brotherton's, 3½; but counting Florence Funkey's, 5. Average number of Junior scalps on the belt of each, 2. Other averages, such as number of love affairs, consultations with faculty, etc., not determined—too early in the season.

On Tuesday morning, April 12, the Seniors had charge of chapel, and the following program was given:

- Song, "1910".....*Miss Adele D. Hessel*  
CLASS.
- Piano Solo....."Alpine Storm"  
MISS MERLE E. GIBSON.
- Reading....."An Old Sweetheart of Mine"  
MISS ADELE D. HESSEL.
- Vocal Solo....."May Time"  
MISS CHRISTINA CREER.
- Piano Solo....."Silver Thistles"  
MISS ALPHILD CARLSON.
- Original Poem.....(?)  
MISS ESTHER LINQUIST.
- Vocal Solo....."The Mighty Deep"  
HOWARD M'KEREGHAN.
- Song, "1910".....*Miss Eileen Scully*  
CLASS.

Spring term has at last arrived—our last term to be spent at our dear Normal. At the end of this term we are to leave the institution we love and go into places not only of greater responsibilities, but we trust of greater usefulness. The Senior question now is, "Are you still on the Senior list?" or, in other words, "To graduate or not to graduate?"—ask the faculty, for we have learned that it is the student who proposes, but the teacher who disposes.

The one theme which is in the mind of every individual at this time of the year—the word which comes most readily to the lips of everybody—the person whom everyone admires, envies and looks up to now more than ever before (if that is possible), is the SENIOR.

The Seniors have ordered their caps and gowns and will soon make a public appearance in the outward symbol of their innate dignity. For some time we have noticed that the Juniors have been dazzled by the intellectual lustre of their superiors, and we have had misgivings that their eyesight may be impaired by the bright glare they must face on the approach of a Senior. When we have shaded our brilliancy in the dark sombre hue of our caps and gowns, we think that the class of "leven" may dare approach without the fear of being struck by blindness. We have fought against it as long as possible, but have been compelled by the logic of the situation to hide our lights under our caps and gowns in order that the Juniors and faculty may not be compelled to bear the blinding light of the Senior sun and stars which shine in the intellectual firmament of N. S. N.

As a class we may appear well and happy, but a shade of sadness is beginning to come over us as we realize that the time is fast approaching when our college days will be over, books will be laid aside, no longer shall we see the "Dorm" lights gleaming through the pines, and the inev-

itable good-byes must be said. It is not an easy word to say, and we fain would put it off could we do so longer. It is sad to think that as a class we must disband, and that our college days are almost over, and yet we feel that there is much to look forward to, and we feel a thrill of pleasure, as we look into the active life before us. As we have been in college together we have wandered happily along. Our Alma Mater will ever seem hallowed to us, as a place where some of the happiest days of our lives have been spent, and about which only a halo of pleasure and affection lingers. Somehow everything in our college life has served to draw us as students together, and we have seldom stopped to think that some day we should come to the fork in the road and that we should have to turn from each other and go on alone, but we still may hope that some of our paths may be near together and that we can call a welcoming word or give a hearty handclap. We feel that we want to carry sunshine into the big world—to have our lives cheery, happy lives. We can but feel that we go from these halls into a full life, for we know what our college has done for us. We hope that the future of our school paper may be very bright; that it may live long to be worked for, written for, and loved by the students of the Northern Normal. And so we shall soon "step out of school life into life's school", but at any rate we have much to be thankful for, because we have all been at N. S. N., and as we leave we say

"Happy have we met,  
Happy have we been,  
Happy may we part,  
And happy meet again."

*Adele Dorothy Hessel.*

## SENIOR CLASS SONG.

*Tune—"Jingle Bells."*

We are jolly Seniors, brilliant, brave and bold,  
With our colors waving, the white and the  
gold.  
In two short years of college,  
The good times can't be told,  
What fun we've had together,  
Beneath the white and gold.

### CHORUS.

N. S. N., N. S. N., we are Seniors true,  
Loyal to our Alma Mater,  
Loyal and true blue.  
N. S. N., N. S. N., Seniors all the day,  
We're the Class of 1910,  
In the N. S. N., hooray.

Dashing thro' the halls  
In cap and gown you see,  
We are learned Seniors,  
Laughing, gay and free.  
Bright the hours we spend,  
Dear in each college friend,  
The colors floating without fear,  
To the N. S. N. let's cheer.

—E. M. S.

## 1910 CLASS SONG.

*Tune—"Yale Boole Song."*

Oh, we're the Class of Nineteen-Ten,  
To our Alma Mater we're so true,  
We're a class of Seniors wise and learned,  
First and foremost we have always been.  
Gold and White are our colors bright,  
So for our class we sing.

Oh then, 1910! Oh then, 1910!  
Is the very best class of N. S. N.  
Northern Normal, Northern Normal,  
Northern Normal, Northern Normal,  
We now sing for our school,  
Alma Mater, N. S. N.

The years may come, the years may go,  
But stanch and true our class shall stand;  
For time and changes shall naught avail  
To change our love for N. S. N.  
We all must leave this college home,  
But our hearts will ever to it cling.

Oh then, 1910! Oh then, 1910!  
Is the very best class of N. S. N.  
Northern Normal, Northern Normal,  
Northern Normal, Northern Normal,  
To thee we'll prove we're loyal and now  
give the Normal yell.

YELL—Gold and White,  
Gold and White,  
1910 all right!

—Adele D. Hessel.

## 1910.

*Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."*

Where the tall pine trees do wave  
Against the azure sky,  
Where Superior's billows touch  
The boundary of our land,  
There stands our dear Alma Mater,  
Pride of all our hearts,  
There our dear colors are waving.

### CHORUS.

1910! 1910! The yellow and the white,  
1910! the class in N. S. N. so bright;  
Rally 'round our colors, to the  
Normal we are true,  
The Olive and Gold forever. ,

Sing a song together, then! we'll  
Sing it loud and clear,  
Sing it with a hearty will and  
Voices full of cheer;  
Sing it for our Alma Mater and  
Our class so dear,  
Rah! Rah! Rah! for the Normal.

### CHORUS.

—Adele D. Hessel.

## Pen and Ink Sketches.

WILLIAM MULLALY. When you hear an indistinguishable roaring noise, you know it is merely Bill signaling a gathering of the class for a meeting. Bill makes his presence felt in many an assemblage. Prone to argue on every conceivable occasion, he has made himself feared in every department of the institution. The instructors have learned to hate and shun his thirst for enlightenment. Such a finished and cultured career as his ought to be appreciated and enjoyed. There are no omissions in it, nothing left to be done. It shows what can be done by methodical and thorough work.

GRACE DOETSCH is a student whose nationality is unknown. She is a suffragette, a fluent speaker of Greek, Norwegian and Chinese languages. She is one who can and sometimes does. Her main object in life is to have all the fun and pleasure that can be had. We think that on account of her proficiency in the "Gym," she will some day land in a circus.

AUDREY SCHUNK is shorter of stature than of nerve. She is known in society as a disturber of the peace. If she could be in a state of serious and protracted trouble all the time she would be happy.

JOANNA KENNEDY is the greatest living authority on mosquitoes. She has a tremendous appetite, much to the disgust of certain Juniors who dine at the same table with

her. She never told us why she left home, but once immured here she made the best of a bad job by conscientiously neglecting every bit of work she could be caught shirking.

HAVEN CHARLES REX STEWART, J. B., G. D., M. T., A. D., V. R., L. S., at your service, if you are a damsel young and beautiful. The string of letters after his name indicates his pre-eminent success in the spooning line.

MERLE E. GIBSON hails from A-mas-a, and gave up farming to join our class. She is a great talker, and in five minutes' conversation with Miss Gibson one derives the same benefits as from reading a comic supplement, a sheet of rag time and ten columns of personals. Her diploma will include a degree in mischievous behavior.

KATE STEWART is one who can always be depended on to do the right thing at the wrong time, and vice versa.

CORA RICHARDS insists that she will be just 25 per cent gladder than the rest of the class when she is handed her diploma on that delectable day in June.

Early in his career HOWARD MCKEREGHAN'S angelic beauty attracted the attention of connoisseurs. When a child, artists contended for his services as a model, and he was also in great demand for seraphs' heads. Today the ladies rave over him, and he bears the distinction of being the pet of the school.

FLORENCE FUNKEY is a young lady of a many-sided nature who plays tennis and the mouth organ with equal facility.

ALICE HANSEN has a decided antipathy for the petty necessity of useless labor, and several times has refrained from it so long that she has won a permanent reputation from which not even the enthusiastic efforts of the whole faculty have roused her.

HONOR MARTIN'S marked ability to maintain a complacent demeanor under all circumstances is well known.

AGNES EMAN has always been very respectful in her demeanor towards her instructors, and at times she has been almost indulgent and has told them as much of her subjects as she considered necessary for them to know. On the few occasions when they have pressed the matter to the point of impertinence, she has politely but firmly refused to go into the matter any more deeply.

Have you ever heard ADELE EGAN tell the story of her life? Really you must, for it is one of the few things of the century that will live. It is a long and solemn warning against the decay of the gentle art of lying.

GENEVIEVE McDONALD'S heart is like the moon. It is always changing, but there is always a man in it.

MARIE DEASY is one that laboreth, taketh pains and maketh haste, always hurried, always excited, always fussed. When Marie blows into your presence you never know what to expect her to do.

THERESA CORBETT is a firm advocate of the principle "Maximum amount accomplished with minimum labor".

EARNEST A. VON ZELLEN, the most unassuming of our men. He will be at school this summer and will serve as dean of men. He says that all men must retire by 2 o'clock A. M., and that study hours will be from 7:30 to 7:45 A. M. He will guarantee an introduction to any girl for \$1.00 cash.

FLORENCE KEPLER is one of those flowers that are by nature born to blush unseen. She has paid close attention to all the beauty hints in the Ladies' Home Journal. Look at her countenance if you doubt it. Also to the "Notes on Etiquette". She has established for herself the reputation of being the best fudge maker in the school.

MARION BISSETT is known as the genius of the class, and never talks to anyone who hasn't read Browning. She is a living encyclopaedia on all facts. All students desiring information as to any educational, moral, social, athletic, financial or intellectual questions, should consult Miss Bissett. She is a source of great relief to the faculty, her recitations being practically perfect.

## Ads.

Wanted—Latest style. Miss T. H. Hadley.

Wanted—A diploma. Seniors.

Wanted—A voice. Helen Withey.

Wanted—A new hair tonic. Bill Mullaly.

Wanted—A nap. Howard McKereghan.

Wanted—Lots of gum. Angela and Irma.

Wanted—Class spirit. Juniors.

The very latest confection! Lemons fried and simmered.  
Receipe copyrighted. Joanna Kennedy.

Conceit painfully extracted. Apply to Merle E. Gibson.

Palm Reading. Office hours, 8-10 P. M. Ida Peck.

Wanted—Position as artist's model. Children's poses a specialty. Alphild Carlson.

For Sale—199 Kodak pictures of Spain, taken on European trip. Miss F. E. Hill.

Wanted—A social secretary who will attend my classes, pass my exams., and call me in time to attend my numerous social engagements. A. Hessel.

Wanted—To be someone's precious treasure. Inquire  
Grace M. Doetsch.

Wanted—Credits. Seniors.

Wanted—To be an Angel. Helen White.

Wanted—Dignity. Faculty.

Wanted—A trip to Escanaba. Boys' Basket-ball Team.

Wanted—A bright office boy. No Junior need apply.  
Summit House.

For Sale—A Latin pony. Well broke, but in good condition. A bargain. Apply Room 1, Dorm.

Wanted—A good memory and a little more time.  
Florence Funkey.

For Sale—My graft. Eleanor Rankin.

Latest revised arithmetic ponies (alive). Ethel Stewart.

Latest revised psalm book. Apply Edith Unsworth.

Lost—The point to one of Dr. Faught's jokes. Reward, no "encore" for finder.



# JUNIOR





CLASS OF 1911.

## The Junior Class.

ON September 28th, 1909, the Northern State Normal was shaken to its very foundations. On that day it was invaded by a more conglomerate mass of barbarians than ever startled the geese of Rome into cackling wakefulness. Not as a conquering army did they come, but rather as though they were surprised that they had the audacity to show themselves on this sacred spot. Once here, however, they concluded to waste no more time, and went timidly into the office.

It did not take long for them to learn that they could no longer run home to mamma for protection. The chief characteristic of the Juniors is innocence. The Seniors, of course, have too many serious matters on hand to waste their time trifling with the new-comers, though now and then they have stopped long enough to give them a little advice, which has been thankfully received. The instructors were rather lenient to this class at first, and tried to remember their young and tender years. In the annals of the school, however, it is recorded that at one time Professor Mills, after patiently spending an entire week trying to extract some information from the Juniors, and at length finding that it was useless, gave them the following advice: "Scientists claim that fish is a good brain food. If that is true, I suggest that some of you people eat whales".

During the first term at the Normal, the Juniors did but little. Of course they were initiated into the college customs, which to them at first seemed very strange. The majority of the class were slow, so the Seniors at the dor-

mitory finally decided to give a party for their special benefit. The invitation was worded as follows:

"Listen, geese of 1911!  
This comes as if from heaven;  
We have heard your brainless chatter,  
And 'ere long we'll make you caper  
On this very night in the dining hall,  
We will meet you there and greet you.  
Bring your mammas, bring your nurses,  
While you're at it bring your hearses.  
Signed and sealed by 1910".

At eight o'clock unearthly groans could be heard by the Juniors all over the dormitory. They crept tremblingly downstairs and into Miss Maxwell's parlor. Then one by one they were called out into the dimly lighted hall where they were seized by ghosts dressed all in white. The trembling victims were blindfolded and forced to undergo several ordeals, among which were smelling ammonia, eating raw oysters, swallowing a spoonful of pure castor oil, having their faces blackened, washing their hands in flour and water, having hot water poured down their necks, etc.

They were made to undergo these ordeals in order to work their souls and bodies into a proper receptive mood for the oath that was to follow. One by one they were led before an august figure and commanded to kneel. Now, said the presiding spirit in a sepulchral voice, "Kneel, place your left hand on the big book and your little finger in your mouth and repeat these words: 'I do solemnly promise that I will never disclose to anyone what occurs at this meeting

this evening; I do solemnly swear never to visit any girl in her room after 7:30, unless Miss Maxwell, the dean, is down stairs; I promise to come downstairs very quietly, three steps at a time; that I will run all errands for the Seniors and treat them to ice cream and candy at all times; that on Sunday evening I will not stand out on the campus by the mail box with any male, but invite him into the parlor, introduce him to some one Royal Senior and walk quietly off to bed; that I will never leave the premises without a stately Senior chaperon; that I will not patronize the public library after supper, and promise, for the janitor's sake, to keep the steps of the Normal building clean by keeping my bon-bons and chocolates until I enter my own apartments, when I will have a royal spread at 1 A. M. for my Senior companions. Furthermore, I promise never to cut classes, bluff in my recitations, or attempt to run a graft with the faculty. I will only eat what the Seniors don't like. I will not establish for myself a tremendous reputation for learning or in any way outdo the Seniors, and I will always be quiet and polite. I do solemnly swear that if I violate these rules I will abide by the penalties inflicted by the noble Senior Fraternity."

The Juniors were made to sign this oath with their forefingers dipped in blood (red ink.) A cross of blood was then placed on the forehead.

After this part of the program was over the lights were turned on and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Light refreshments, consisting of old-fashioned stick candy, sliced onions, apples and H<sub>2</sub>O were served.

On the 24th of November the Seniors hired a photographer to come to the Normal and take a picture of the Junior Class. But when the time came the Juniors showed yellow, or expressing the situation in milder terms, the man with the big box standing on two sticks frightened them,

and in terror they fled. The only means of showing our Junior Class in the Annual then was to have a blank sheet of green paper inserted in the book and at the bottom of it have printed "The Junior Class".

However, President Kaye took charge of the affair, with the result that the next morning there was a good representation of the class of 'leven all dressed up in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, their faces washed, their hair combed and their very best grin, and so they had, as one of them expressed it, "their picture took".

Later in the term the Juniors resolved to organize themselves as a class and elect officers for the year, but alas, there was no Miss Hill in the Normal to assist them. When the Juniors arrived in the chapel where the meeting was to be, a committee from the Senior Class was there ready to receive them, and when they insisted that it was not legal for the Juniors to hold a meeting without at least one Senior representation, the Juniors grew angry, and begged, and pleaded, and requested, and urged, and asked, and demanded that the Seniors should leave, but all to no avail, so the Junior Class was not organized till Miss Hill's return. It seems to be an unwritten law in this institution that she should exercise a kind, protecting care over those little green lambs—the Juniors. On her return from Europe, Miss Hill endeavored faithfully to perform this duty, and by March first succeeded in organizing the Junior Class, and there is no doubt but that the Junior Class is a howling success, judging from the unearthly sounds that fill the halls during their class meetings.

On the seventeenth of March the Juniors were much in evidence. They did not even have to take the trouble to buy green ribbon. When on that day we arrived at the Normal, however, the Junior flag was waving proudly (? ? ! !)

from the flag pole. Later in the morning the Seniors announced their intention of taking the flag down from the pole, but the Juniors, fearing it would be damaged, took it down themselves.

The first day of spring came and the snow had all disappeared from the campus. Not a green thing in sight except Juniors was no more to be the order of things at N. S. N.

On the fifteenth of March the Seniors had a mock trial. The Juniors, although very anxious to be present, yet feared to lose the good opinion of the faculty, so they did not molest the Seniors. Two days after they decided to entertain themselves (though they were indebted to the Seniors), so inviting the faculty for the sake of protection, they had their party. The decorations were all green, and the refreshments consisted of milk and stick candy.

### JUNIOR CLASS SONG.

*Tune—"Hot Time."*

We're the Junior Class of N. S. N.,  
We're going to beat that Senior Class of 1910;  
Just keep your eye on us, and on that coming date,  
In 1911 when we graduate.  
We'll admit the Senior Class is fine,  
And hard to beat; but that can surely be no sign,  
That we cannot do it, and with it have some fun  
This glorious big class of 1-9-1-1.

### YELLS:

Breck-a-co-ax,  
Breck-a-co-ax,  
Rickety, Rickety, Rickety Rax!  
Are we in it?  
Well, I guess!  
1911! Yes, Yes, Yes!

Boom-Chick-a-Boom!  
Boom-Chick-a-Boom!  
Boom-chicka-ricka,  
Chicka-ricka-chick-a-boom,  
N. S. N. N. S. N.  
1911! Rah! Rah! Rah!



JUNIOR  
REPRESENTATIVE:

THURE WINDOFT.

## Snapshots of the Juniors.

ELOISE SALVO is the cut-up of the school. She dashes about continually, stirring up trouble and letting the consequences fall on the innocent.

BESSIE FISHER is the embodiment of geniality. She has had great and singular success. She smiles so often and so expansively as to give ground for the rumor current at one time that she thought she had pretty teeth and didn't want to be bashful about it, but generously let the world have the full benefit of her beauty. Others say that Miss Fisher is subsidized by the Rubifoam people, and really no great surprise would be caused by seeing her best smile accompanied by an autograph letter greeting from one of the back pages of the "Ladies' Home Journal".

ESTELLE MARION, ETC., SCHULER is better known as 2 by 4. On the basket-ball field, however, she is the star of her class, acting, as one member of the faculty once expressed it, "just like a cat". If conduct marks were given in the Normal, this young person would receive A+ to the Nth power (??!)

MADÉLINE McARRON. The least to be said about her is that she is a source of great relief to her instructors, her recitations being practically perfect.

CLARA WHITNEY, otherwise known as Cordelia Scott, is a young lady who has greatly improved since she enrolled last fall. She still retains a considerable amount of Junior greenness, but she is always willing to push a good thing along. In other words, she is "game".

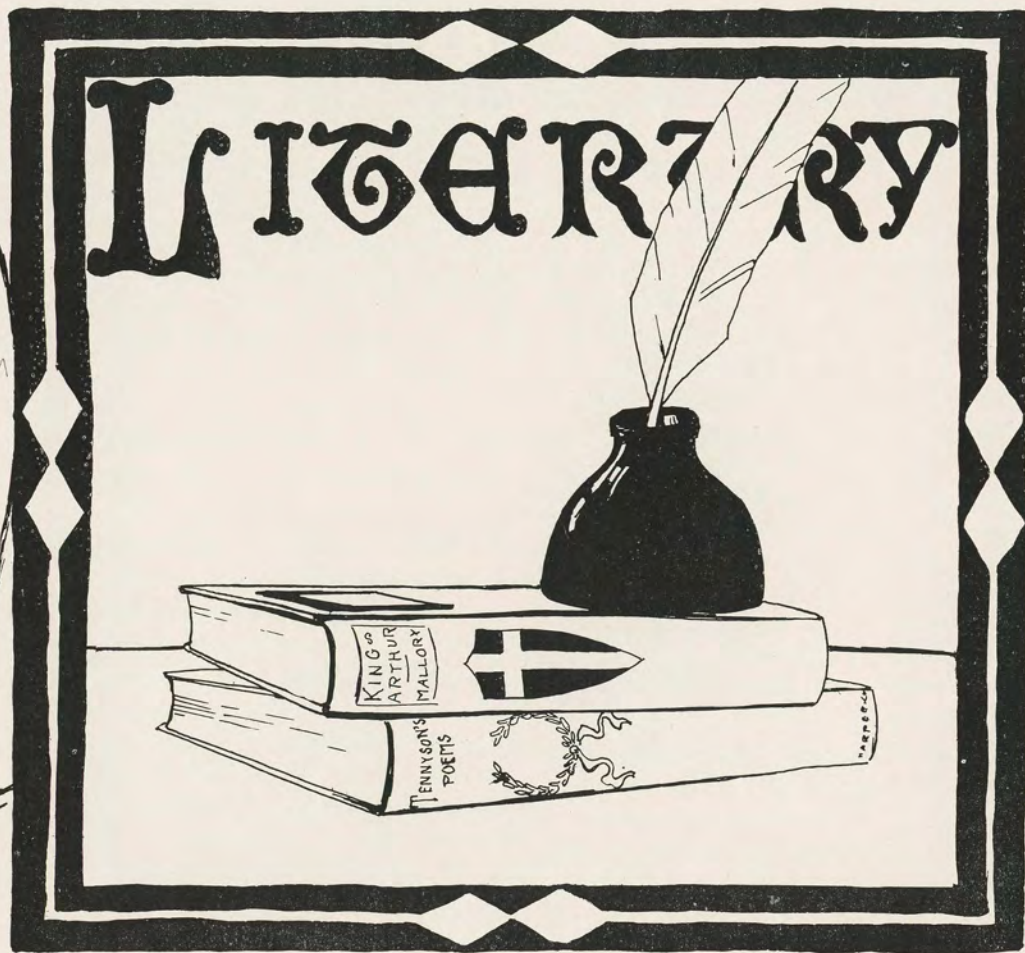
JENNIE PRISCILLA SODERGREEN came here with a handful of gilt-edge references as to her character and studious habits. By diligent efforts, however, she has overcome any hankering for work that she may have once had, and now doesn't do any more than anyone else. She was once heard to say in her undressed, unpolished, unpruned, untrained, unlettered, unconfirmed fashion, that it would kill her to die.

CLAUDIUS GRANT PENDILL is the one of only a few indispensable men in the class. He is a shy, retiring soul, possessed of the temperament of an artist which persists in making itself known through the medium of weird sounds on the piano, orchestrelle, mandolin, guitar, etc., etc., to say nothing of his being a member of every vocal organization in the school.

GORDON LIBERTY is the pride of the class. It is restful to dwell upon the career of as cultured a being as he is. In his stay with the class he has performed the useful function of keeping the members together. He is the embodiment of absolute harmony in taste and culture. If by chance you overhear two girls talking in glowing terms about some one, it is sure to be G. Liberty. There is no uncertainty on that point.

ANGELA AND IRMA. A pair of Siamese gum chewers. If you see one, you can rest assured that the other is not far away. They both hail from Ishpeming.

Did anyone ever hear EDITH UNSWORTH say anything bad? Did anyone ever see her when her shoes weren't shined or her face carefully powdered?



## A Narrow Escape.

I WAS having the wing room in our house fitted up as my particular domain. It was to be re-papered, and I undertook to superintend the process.

The day before the paperhangers arrived, I was in the room making preparations for them. In front of the long unused chimney was an old fashioned cupboard. I was standing before it, deliberating as to how I could convert it into something really artistic, when I noticed a great crack and bulge in the paper, just above the cupboard. I took hold of the torn paper, wondering what made the bulge. "I will just see how many layers of paper there are on this old room", I said to myself.

I tore off the paper that covered the bulge, and an old fashioned soot-tray, with a wire handle, was revealed. It was the handle that caused the bulge. I took hold of it and drew the tray out, and there in the corner of the opening was a jewel case. I took it out and opened it with eager fingers. "Diamonds!" I gasped. A diamond necklace it proved to be, as I lifted it out of the resting place it had occupied for I knew not how many years. Besides the necklace there were several rings of great value, a handsome gold bracelet inlaid with diamonds, and a pair of diamond earrings, and then a little silk bag, which I found contained a roll of greenbacks and about one hundred gold eagles. I was astounded. My first impulse was to scream, to call some one to see the treasure. On second thought I decided to keep my discovery a secret.

Just as I reached this conclusion I heard a step directly outside of the door. I hastily replaced the contents of the

casket, put the casket back into the opening, closed up the chimney, and covered the bulge with the paper.

"I shall leave it here until this evening", I thought. "When it is dark I will carry it to my room".

That evening I sat in my room, reading, waiting until it was sufficiently dark to go after my new found treasure, when I heard a scream. Some one called "Fire!" I ran to the door and opened it. There stood my sister. "It's in the wing", she said, "but it's beginning to spread. We must be quick! Hurry——" But I had rushed past her.

What if it were too late? Why had I not taken the jewel case with me when I came from the wing? When I reached the door of the wing, clouds of smoke were pouring out of the room. "It is too late", I thought, but I was determined to try to save the treasure.

The smoke almost blinded me as I felt my way over to the chimney. I reached it with difficulty, and it seemed hours before I found the handle of the soot-tray. I drew it out, got possession of the casket, and with it safe in my hands, turned to grope my way back. The door was in flames. Blinded with smoke and almost dead with fear, summoning all my strength I found my way to a window and pushed it open. "Help!" I screamed, and in spite of the noise below I was heard. "Take this quick!" I cried to the fireman as he reached the window, putting the case into his hands. Then I knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying in bed, and my sister was sitting beside me.



"How do you feel?" she asked. "We were very much alarmed about you".

"I'm all right!" I exclaimed, forgetting myself in my eagerness to hear about the casket. "Did the fireman give you anything?"

"Oh, yes", she said, "I had almost forgotten. Here is a jewel case he said belonged to you. Strange I have never seen it before".

I opened it eagerly and found everything as I had left it. Then I told my sister the story. "Now", I said, "you and I can take that trip to Europe".

The next day the money and jewels were deposited in the bank, and we are still wondering what eccentric old ancestor chose such a queer, yet safe, hiding place for her money and jewels.

*Ruth Brotherton.*

## SENIOR REFLECTIONS.

Tell me not in high flown language,  
College life is all a snap,  
For just when you want to slumber,  
Study breaks your peaceful nap.

Not enjoyment and not pleasure  
Is our destined lot or way,  
For the record of the class book  
Finds us worse off every day.

Lives of Juniors all remind us,  
Things are green when in their prime,  
All they lack is growth and culture,  
They'll come out all right some time.

Let us then be up and plugging,  
Though the hour be very late,  
Still a yawning, still a scrawling,  
Learn our lessons—that's our fate.



OF INTEREST TO FACULTY.

## "WHO IS WHO" IN THE NORMAL.

Recent Worker.....Adele Egan  
 Polite Boy.....Ernest Von Zellen  
 Peevish Kid.....R. H. C. Stewart  
 Hard Luck Kid.....Alice Hansen  
 Fat.....Hazel Ferguson  
 Ladies' Delight.....Gordon Liberty  
 Ideal Wife.....Eleanor Power  
 Lazy Girl.....Aminda Grekila  
 Sissy Boy.....Howard McKereghan  
 Hard to Suit.....George Newett  
 Handsomest Boy.....William Stratten  
 (But Miss Hill says there are none.)

Who Thinks He Is.....Claude Pendill  
 The Champion Bluffer.....Eleanor Rankin  
 The Most Ladylike Boy.....Milton Findlay  
 The Funniest Person.....Ida Peck  
 The One Most in Love.....Florence Funkey  
 Most Popular Instructor.....

Three of the ballot collectors seriously injured and two attacked by grip trying to find out.

The Best Grind.....Merle Gibson  
 Champion Josher.....Edna Rutan  
 Most Dignified Senior.....Adele D. Hessel  
 The Wittiest Girl.....Marie Flanigan  
 The Soberest Girl.....Bertha Kamrath  
 The Largest Girl.....Maud Ellis

It took 24 hours and 10 seconds to poll all the votes for the above places. The commissioners were amply protected against aspiring candidates. Many atrocious bribes were intercepted (and eaten by the guards), but the system of protection was so thorough that the preceding offices are filled with only the most efficient and deserving people. It may be stated with pleasure that the fatalities ensuing from this election were astonishingly low, not even taxing the capacity of the Marquette hospitals.

## THROUGH YELLOW SPECTACLES.

4 A. M. "Dorm." girls get up to view the comet.  
 5 A. M. Ethel Jenkins dreams that it's Saturday.  
 6 A. M. Eva Watt hard at work on "Monsieur Beaucaire".  
 7 A. M. Emma Saunders wonders how many classes she should bunch.  
 8 A. M. Ambitious students begin the day's Waterloo.  
 9 A. M. Everybody goes to chapel.  
 10 A. M. Alice Carney comes back from Dreamland.  
 11 A. M. Wonder what we'll have for dinner.  
 12 M. Thank Goodness!!  
 1 P. M. French students assemble in library to search the dictionary.  
 2 P. M. "I wish it were 4:10".  
 3 P. M. President Kaye cautions students against loitering and talking in the halls.  
 4 P. M. Faculty busy talking us over.  
 5 P. M. Basket-ball practice.  
 6 P. M. SUPPER.  
 7 P. M. Juniors practice for Senior opera.  
 8 P. M. Dormitory girls pay usual evening calls to talk over day's events.  
 9 P. M. Sigrid Soderquist decides to study for Exam., in Myth.  
 10 P. M. The Glee Club goes serenading.  
 11 P. M. Spread in Room 10.  
 12 P. M. Silent Night! Peaceful Night.

## LONGINGS OF A STUDENT.

I wish I had the keen insight  
Of Nature, that Dr. Downing owns,  
Then I would know when I was right  
Examining flowers, and bugs and bones.

I wish I had the fine physique  
Professor Lautner might well boast;  
Then I would enter football lists  
And be as steadfast as a post.

I wish I was like Dr. Hebb,  
A good student of Nature's laws;  
Then I'd explain the forms of matter,  
Results, developments and cause.

I wish I was of historic mould  
Like Miss Maxwell, who I'm told  
Is going to write how things have went  
Since Adam was from the garden sent.

I wish I were a lady of skill  
Like Miss Linton, with her orchestrelle;  
Then I could please a host of people  
By playing music in the chapel.

I wish I had the power to use  
The Latin Mr. Parker does;

Then I could be, to say the least,  
A college tutor or even a priest.

I wish I were adept in art,  
And like Miss Spalding, I'd play my part  
In making homes more pleasant than  
They would be with the drawings gone.

I wish I knew Whitney's Grammar through,  
English Lit., Composition and Shakespeare, too;  
Then like Miss Hill I'd ever be sure  
To use the "Method of the Raconteur".

I wish I had the real French thought,  
So I could answer as I ought,  
Miss D'Ooge, when she bids me say  
In French, "Tomorrow 'll be a fine day".

I wish I had a firm control  
Of that instrument which charms the soul;  
Then like Miss Oltman I would sing,  
And many admirers around me bring.

If these longings could only be  
Realized in the soul of me,  
Then I should have all power and grace  
That the Normal Faculty now embrace.

## Out Fishing.

HARRY felt a strong hand laid on his shoulder, and turning, beheld a tall, loosely-put-together man, with long, flowing, black hair.

"Follow me", the man commanded.

Harry got up mechanically, and before he was fully aware of the fact that he was moving, felt himself irresistibly drawn down the steep path. His companion said never a word. Only when the boy's footsteps lagged a little came the sharp, prompting command, "Hurry!"

The sun had been high in the heavens when they had set out, but now Harry felt the absence of its heat and realized that it had set. Suddenly they entered a narrow gorge through which a little stream flowed. The mysterious leader, without warning, leaped up the bank down which they had come, and disappeared from view. Harry sat down on a stone. It all seemed very strange, but not for several minutes did it dawn upon him that he had been wandering for hours through pathless forests and tangled ravines.

He looked about him. The trees, rocks, river,—everything was strange. There was no path before him, nor anywhere that he looked.

"I will follow the river", he said to himself.

Hurriedly he walked down the bank to the river's side. All across it lay a little natural bridge of stepping stones. Impelled by some strong impulse he began stepping across. On the opposite side rose a rocky cliff. As he reached it, he beheld the man who had led him here, standing in front of what seemed to be a huge opening in the rock. Harry was about to pass him, but a fearful rumbling began in the cave. It increased in volume until the whole ravine seemed filled with the awful sound. The stranger grasped Harry's arm and was about to—

"Oh, wake up here", he heard an impatient voice in his ear; "I've been yelling at you for the last half hour. It will be noon before we get one of those fish".

Harry sat up and rubbed his eyes. Ray, his companion in the camp, was busily engaged in heaping logs on the fire. The sun was already kindling in the east, and the river was flowing smoothly and silently down the ravine.

"Guess I must have dreamed", he muttered.

*Esther Lindquist.*

### DON'T

Cut chapel.  
Be afraid to ask questions.  
Believe all you hear.  
Think you know it all.  
Forget the school colors.  
Overlook the "Olive and Gold".  
Have crushes on the faculty.

### DON'T FAIL

In your examinations.  
To write home regularly.  
To read the notices on the bulletin board.  
To remember our advertisers.  
To keep up in your work.  
To contribute to the Annual.

## Breaking Loose.

I WAS a young man of twenty-five, and life was anything but interesting to me—I had nothing to do. No one would think of allowing me to work, not even my aristocratic servants. I had no friends, and but one relative, an aristocratic old grand-aunt. You see, I was the only heir of an uncle who had died a multi-millionaire. I had so many millions of dollars left to me that nobody but my secretary knew the exact amount. I lived quietly, very quietly, in a big stone mansion, surrounded by an almost boundless park. I had never been to college, and had absolutely no friends among men of my own age. I was always lonely and depressed—not that I needed to be, but from habit. My tiresome daily routine had been bound for years to the following schedule: At nine o'clock I left my sleeping apartments for my breakfast. At nine-forty-five I went to my "office", where I sat in a luxuriously upholstered chair while my secretary sung in a monotone the expenditures of the day before. Then my head chef would come in and suggest a hundred delicacies for my dinner. Selecting a reasonable number for that one meal was the hardest work I ever attempted. After this I would walk through a door into my library. I would remain there all day, reading, writing, or thinking, unless I wished to walk in my park or be raced through town in my carefully driven limousine. My evenings were quiet periods of thinking. I never went anywhere.

You can imagine that I often became positively sick when I stopped to think of my wasted, useless life. I actu-

ally cannot remember having done a single thing above those already mentioned—up to the time when I "broke loose".

I was sitting quietly in my library on this day, leisurely devouring the contents of a new novel—"The White Mice", by Richard Harding Davis. The thrilling adventure narrated in it set my blood tingling. Why couldn't I, like an ordinary, every-day human being, at least enjoy the sensations of independent adventure, if nothing greater or better than getting hurt? Then it seemed to strike me for the first time that I was a free American citizen, with "money to burn" and the world before me. No one had put an injunction on my personal liberty, and I could literally "do as I pleased". I then and there resolved to "break loose", and to do it immediately.

I pitched the book into the deep fireplace, and rang fiercely for the butler. I told him to inform the steward that I should not eat dinner. It was then six o'clock. I went immediately to my room, opened my clothes-press, took out my oldest suit of clothes and dressed for the street. Picking up a grey top-coat, I rushed to the door, heated and excited for the first time in my life with the thought of "adventure". I had decided to mingle with the crowds in the rush and traffic of the city; to lose myself, literally, for a time, hoping to enjoy the excitement caused by my sudden disappearance and the failure to find my whereabouts. But as I passed a mirror I caught a glimpse of my familiar thin face. What was the use? I could not leave the park without an escort of police—that is, my secretary "couldn't think

of it!" I should not be allowed to go unattended to the park gate—my footman "couldn't think of it!" If I should gruffly tell him to retire, that I should not need him, I should have a train-load of physicians and brain experts on my trail, "by the order of your secretary!"

I sat down to think. A brilliant idea entered my mind. I had an insignificant pair of well-kept mustaches of which I had never been very fond, but which I retained at the wish of my grand-aunt. My idea was to shave them off! It took me fifteen minutes to do so, and when I finished I had twelve long, court-plastered gashes on my lips and chin! When I finished my barbering and looked in the glass, I was dumfounded, struck with dismay at my ugly, dangerous appearance! But then, I was out for "adventure" and didn't care—anyway, who but my servants and myself cared for my looks?

My next difficulty laid in escaping unseen from the house, which I thought close to impossible. I had an idea, you see, that I should like to disappear—allow the earth to "swallow me up". I craved adventure, activity, excitement. These were the things I had never experienced.

After long thought I decided to go out upon my balcony and climb down to the ground, which was only one story below. I could work my way down on the lattice work of the porch below it, run through the park, reach the gate and literally lose myself in the busy life of the avenue.

I opened a drawer and took from it a loaded, ten-shot pistol. Of course all adventurers find use for pistols! Besides they are interesting to carry. Next I found a plain, blank pocket check-book and pencil. I then took pains to remove all and every means of identification from my clothing, and then opened the window. I turned out the light

and stepped out upon the low balcony. The moon was behind a cloud, so I closed the window, stepped noiselessly over the railing, and lowered one foot cautiously. The foothold was solid, so I lowered my other foot, and continued lowering until half-way down. Then I heard a loud rasping gong sound somewhere within, and I realized that I had in some way moved a lever of the ever-ready, all-encircling burglar alarm! I thought of my very embarrassing and undignified position. Rather than be caught thus by my servants, and mistaken, and probably shot for a burglar, I would risk all hazards and drop to the ground. Quicker than thought I did so, but not until men had jumped toward me from every door and window in the house. It seemed fairly to rain men as I took to my heels and fled toward the gate. Men sprang up on all sides of me. One liveried footman tried to trip me up. After nearly a quarter-mile of sprinting through hedges, ponds, grass-plots, up sidewalks and over terraces, I reached the gate; but there were already three men standing in line in front of it, with guns and clubs. I never before realized how safely and securely I had surrounded myself with guards and servants. There was no possible chance for me to escape. One of the policemen at the gate yelled an arrest, and because I did not stop running, fired at me—luckily he missed. However, I drew my own pistol and fired all ten shots,—somewhere, in fact, I learned later, everywhere. Then the three men fell upon me and dragged me to the ground. Six or eight others who were nearest me in the chase fell upon me also. They continued to pile up until I lay panting under the weight of a whole army. I was truthfully and literally supporting an army of servitors! Then a gong sounded somewhere down the avenue, and a moment later a heavy wagon, hitched to a gal-

loping team of horses, ran through the gate and stopped beside us. Then my army of protectors started to drop off the pile, one by one. By the time they lifted me to my feet and bore me to the wagon, I decided I had been a little too adventurous. Nevertheless, although I was nearly dead, I was enjoying myself tremendously, and for the first time in my life!

Well, the wagon started to go. On each side of me sat a big burly policeman. The wagon seemed filled with them, in fact. They must have thought me a dangerous criminal. I was somewhat dazed. Indeed, I was considerably dazed, for until I tried to brush the mud from my face I did not notice that I was handcuffed! It was really too ridiculous to believe! I burst into a fit of laughter, despite my bruises and pains. All the eight policemen looked at one another and grinned. One said:

"Har, har, har—good joke—darned funny, ain't it? You'll forgit all that when we get youse in front of the old man!" Meaning by "old man" the magistrate, I suppose.

Then the seriousness of the situation dawned upon me. I was arrested, mistaken for a burglar. My looks would only contradict any attempt on my part to identify myself, for the wildest flights of the imagination could find no resemblance between me and my former self! Then I remembered that I had nothing whatever in my possession that

could possibly serve in identification,—not even my blank, plain check-book.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, after a brief, formal hearing, in which I declined to answer all questions, I surrendered myself joyously to a jailer, and was locked in a cell for the night.

That night, spent in a common lock-up cell, marked the turning point in my career. When I was released next morning after the proper affidavits were signed by myself and others, and the desk-sargeant had broken his back apologizing for having "locked me up", I had decided to make a complete change in my mode of living. I had truly and successfully "broken loose", and I had no idea of returning to the old tiresome life. I was no longer to be a slave to dignity and leisure—which last is the most tiresome thing in the world, I had discovered. I took up simple apartments in a hotel and discharged nearly all my servants. I plunged in for a good, hard-working, lively time. I attended to my many and varied business interests personally, which proved to be no simple task. I endowed schools and colleges with my superfluous wealth. I made many friends and founded a Companionship Club. I sold my old mansion, and the many unhappy, lonely days spent within it passed from my life like a dream.

*Walter C. Hornstein.*

## North, East, South and West.

REVERSED.

I HAD been, with my sister, to the high school, to a little afternoon entertainment. It was the first time I had ever been to that part of the city, for we had but recently moved here. I was then about seven years old.

At the close of the entertainment I managed to get lost in the crowd. Let it be understood that from that time forward, for me, North was South and East was West. To go home, I started West, and arrived at Father Marquette's statue. I would not turn back and go East because I knew that we lived on West Hewitt Avenue. I could not go further West because there was the lake. My only way out of the difficulty was to go North, for we lived in the Northern part of the city. In consequence, I turned about and went directly South.

Starting at Father Marquette's statue, therefore, I followed a little path that bordered the lake. I walked on and on until further progress was obstructed by huge docks that completely baffled me. I was helpless and terrified. I could not account for the presence of the lake to the West nor the docks at the North. I, however, summoned up courage, returned to the statue, and walked hastily back to the school. I would try again.

I started to think. To go West would have brought me right back to the statue. There, I would not go. I never wanted to see it again. On the other hand, I could not go East when I knew that we lived West. Too tired to argue the matter out to myself, I gave it up and considered the North and South proposition.

I went South. To my amazement, the names of the streets began to look familiar. I passed by Michigan Street and Ohio Street. At last I was on Hewitt Avenue.

Delighted, I hastened to the West, but I was again approaching the lake. What could it mean? I stood, undecided whether to go to what I knew to be West, to my home, and enter the lake, or to go in the wrong direction—East.

Just then the sun burst forth. Was it rising in the West on setting in the East? Confused and wearied, I sat down. Probably, after all, it was but a terrible dream. Had I been sleeping, and was the sun rising as it should, in the East? I gave it up. But the sun did seem to be inviting me. I went in the wrong direction, and, much to my own and family's relief, arrived home.  
*Hazel Ferguson.*

### PROPOSED FACULTY PROGRAM.

Song—"Nobody Loves Us".....The Whole Faculty  
Encore—"Scatter Seeds of Kindness".

Solo—"Rock a Bye Baby".....Miss S. Bates  
Dialogue, between Miss Russell and Miss Maxwell: "Which is the prettier color, purple or orange?"

Lecture—"Science of the Mind".....Dr. Fracker  
Duet—"Chop Sticks".....Misses Linton and Oltman  
Reading—"The Training of Youthful Minds".....

Mrs. Rushmore  
Debate—"Shall or Shall We Not Push Them Through"?  
Miss Hill and Dr. Downing  
*A. H.*



## A Scare.

ONE day, as I was sitting all alone in our old home out in the country, thinking of a strange thing which had happened to me, I heard a knock at the door. I arose and answered it. There, to my surprise, stood Lawyer Jones with a small parcel in his hand.

He told me how a diamond necklace and some precious jewels, which had been in our family, had come into his possession, and how he had promised my aunt that he would hand it to me personally. He also warned me about keeping anything which was very valuable in the house, because seven men had escaped from the prison near by, and had not been found up to the present time.

I became very much worried and anxious, as I was all alone. I thought very hard, and decided to hitch up my horse and take my valuables to the vault in the bank, the nearest and safest place, although it was over ten miles away.

I put the small chamois bag which contained the necklace and the jewels, with a number of other small parcels, into an old tan linen bag, which I use as a second shopping bag when I have considerable business to do in town. I also took my purse, although it contained little money. I hitched my horse to the sulky and started. We went very rapidly at first, but the horse became lame when I was about half way to my destination, and only kept on with painful effort.

Next thing I saw, which excited me very much, were two men coming out of the woods. They walked leisurely toward me; when they were nearly up to me, one said:

"Say, Miss, your horse is lame; better let me see if I can help it any".

He did not seem to be very vicious, so I stopped to let him examine the poor horse's foot. When he started to do so, the other rough and coarse looking fellow came up to me and demanded my purse. I became frightened and very nervous, and gave it to him. He took it, examined it and put it in his pocket.

Then he commanded me very gruffly to pour out the contents of that foolish little bag, which I did, reluctantly. I took out the pieces of ribbon, gloves, belt, dress trimmings, and the precious old chamois bag, and put them in my lap. He looked at them, but did not touch them and turned to his companion and said:

"Did you ever see such truck? Just like a girl, and nothing to eat, so we had better hurry or some one will catch us this time sure. We need this money. Good-bye, girlie".

With that they went directly into the woods. I decided they must be two of the escaped convicts, so I hurried and put my belongings into the old tan bag, took up the reins and started again. The man must have helped the horse by taking out the offending obstacle, or else he felt some of my fear, for he almost flew the rest of the way to town.

I reached the bank just in time to deposit my jewels in the vault, and met my brother, who rode home with me to see that nothing further should overtake me.

*Laura Higgins.*

## Their Songs.

- Kate Stewart—"Make a Fuss Over Me".  
Wm. Stratten—"I'm Trying to Find a Sweetheart".  
Howard McKereghan—"Nothing from Nothing Leaves Me".  
Adele D. Hessel—"Take Me Out to the Ball Game".  
Dorm. Chorus—Chorus of "Big Night Tonight".  
Eunice Purcell—"Whose Little Girlie Are You?"  
Ernest Von Zellen—"Every Day Is Ladies' Day With Me".  
Blanche Primeau—"Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet". (Big fur hat.)  
Joe Kennedy—"Nothing Bothers Me".  
Gordon Liberty—"I've Been Kissed in San Francisco".  
Adele Egan—"Life Is a See-Saw".  
Miss F. E. Hill—"The Little Girl in Blue".  
Helen Withey—"Dreaming".  
Flora Retaillic—"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls".  
H. C. Rex Stewart—"Love Me and the World Is Mine".  
Ward M. Mills—"Then You'll Remember Me".  
The Faculty—"Abide With Me".  
Encore, "Why Don't You Try?"  
Mr. Parker—"I've Got My Eyes on You".  
Miss Bates—"Just Because You Made Those Goo-Goo Eyes".  
The Juniors—"What Fools We Mortals Be".  
Encore, "We've Got a Lot to Learn".  
Adelaide Desrosier—"Day Dreams".  
Ethel Stewart—"A Heart to Let".  
Miss Olson—"None but the Brave Desire the Fair".  
George Newett—"One Little Boy Had Money".  
Merle Gibson—"I Hate to Work on Monday".
- Laura Higgins—"Help Yourself" (to notes).  
Alice Stegath—"Didn't Know Exactly What to Do".  
Eleanor Power—"Will You Be My Little Bride?"  
Winnifred Von Zellen—"A Wise Old Owl".  
Thure Windorf—"The Eminent Doctor Fizz".  
William Mullaly—"Just Keep Cool".  
Claude Pendill—"We Always Work the Public".  
Sabina Barabe—"The Liberty Girl".  
Ida Peck—"Hang Out the Front Door Key".  
Bert Johnston—"Reaching for the Cake".  
May Von Zellen—"She Knew a Thing or Two".  
Exam.—"Voices of the Past".  
Encore, "Sad Experiences".  
Hazel Ferguson—"I'd Rather Be a Lobster Than a Wise Guy".  
Zoe Proctor—"Waltz Me Till I'm Dreamy".  
Osiris—"Hoo-ooo! Ain't You Coming Out Tonight?"  
George Belding—"No Wedding Bells for Me".  
Loretta McCafferty—"Nothing Bothers Me".  
Alice Hansen—"Kid, You've Made a Hit With Me".  
Normal Chorus—"If I Only Had a Beau".  
Eleanor Rankin—"Daisies Won't Tell".  
J. B. Faught—"I'll Be With You By and By".  
Allen Wheeler—"Never Choose a Girl from Her Photograph".  
Boys' Chorus—"There Are Too Many Girls in the World" (Normal).  
Lola Nesbit—"Red Riding Hood".  
Ruth Beaumont—"A Poor Little Girl Like Me".  
Edna Rutan—"Rustling Silks".

Miss Spalding's Drawing Class—"Stung".

Miss Edwards (at Basket-ball Game)—"Hurro, Hurray,  
Hurrah for That"? ? ! ! ?

Madeline McArron—"If Time Was Money I'd Be a Mil-  
lionaire".

Milton Findlay—"Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl".

After Exams.—"R—E—M—O—R—S—E".

Audrey Schunk—"I'm a Shorty".

Florence Kepler—"I Hate to Get Up Early in the Morn-  
ing".

Florence Funkey—"I'm Tired".

Anna McKenna—"I Was Just Supposing".

Seniors—"Work for the Night Is Coming".

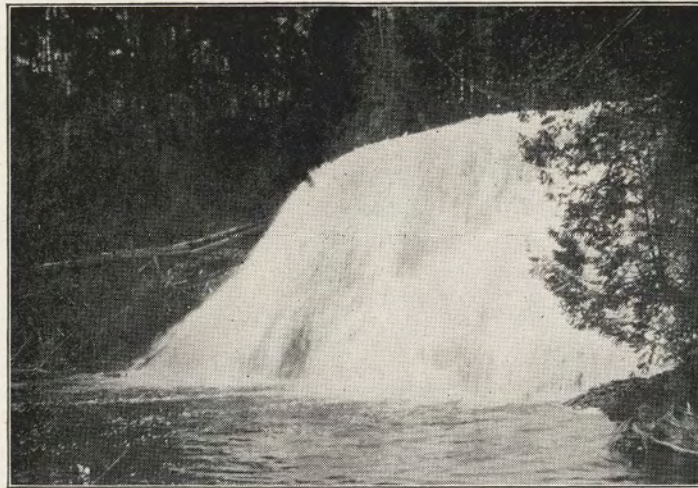
Marguerite Barnes—"Graft".

Genevieve McDonald—The touching ballad, "The Only  
Crown She Ever Had Was on Her Wisdom Tooth".

The Folks at Home—"Who Struck Me?" for a tenor  
(\$15.00).

"The Stein Song"—Sale suppressed by faculty because men-  
tion is made of the commodity that made Milwaukee  
famous.

*A. D. H. and J. L. K.*



MOUNTAIN STREAM FALLS.

## The Ghost and the Devil.

**F**EAR of ghosts is not generally attributed to devils. I can already read doubts expressed in your faces as to whether a full fledged devil is able to see ghosts. However, they certainly can—especially devils in the Mining Journal's night force of typesetters, make-up men, etc. One youthful being among them claims not only to be afraid of ghosts, but to have really seen one; worse yet, he claims the distinction of having been chased by one.

One dark morning last fall, between the hours of one and two o'clock, Godfrey, the night foreman of the shop, told Jimmy, the devil, to go down to the basement and put some coal in the furnace. Tall, lank, bony Jimmy, noted for his rapid movement (he was once an A. D. T. messenger), adjusted his glasses and commenced the long descent of four flights of stairs. He whistled gaily and noisily to himself, taking four to six steps at a jump—an exceptional rate of speed even for Jimmy.

Hardly time enough had passed in the composing room above to allow of Jimmy's having safely reached the basement, before the "boys" heard a series of thundering reverberations on the stairs. The door burst open, and in rushed Jimmy, pale, frightened, his short hair sticking up upon his head. He came directly, like a frenzied maniac, at Godfrey, jumping upon him and clinging to him as for dear life. With his eyes bulging, he managed to gulp and stammer something about a "man" having "chased" him.

Now Jimmy was always considered amongst the bravest of the shop, so when the "boys" who crowded around heard him describe the "man" as a "black ghost in a slouch hat",

they were fairly well alarmed. The spectre had seemingly risen from behind the coal bin as Jimmy was stooping to take up a shovel. The whole force immediately decided to go down and investigate. They would go single file, of course—that is, one behind the other, until they found a leader, and they had no little difficulty in selecting one. All quietly and modestly declined the honor of the appointment, seriously doubting their several capabilities. However, when Jimmy had recovered sufficiently to state that his pursuer might have been a "human man", someone had self-confidence enough to grasp a steel bar and lead the way.

So downward marched the brave little squad of printers, armed with every conceivable thing forming a part of a print-shop's paraphernalia, from bottles of benzine to hands full of lead slugs, including also, dangerous looking "make-up" rules, galleys and inking rollers.

It is needless to say that when they reached the basement everything was quiet and empty of men or ghosts. The "prints" timorously peeped into every nook and corner, turned on all the lights, besides lighting many matches. Woe be to ghost or man if that squad of daring typesetters had beheld him! But nothing was ever seen nor heard then or afterward of the "thing" that had "chased" Jimmy. The lad, however, could not be enticed to the basement for months. The incident is now an old story, but because of Jimmy's actual fright, vouched for by all, and in consequence, his much-repeated, consistent telling, it has lived as one of the four or five real, fantastical, unsolved mysteries of the building.

*Walter C. Hornstein.*

## POPULAR PLAYS.

"The Three Twins"—Edna Rutan, Cassy Fox, Anna McClintock.

"What Every Woman Knows"—The date of the next dance.

"Hip! Hip! Hooray"—The Annual goes to press.

"The Old Homestead"—Dorm.

"The House of Bondage"—Normal.

"The Climax"—June 22.

"The Round Up"—Senior credits all in.

"Head of the House"—Miss Maxwell.

"The Unexpected"—Football score with M. H. S.

"Comedy of Errors"—Class of 1911.

"The Master Builder"—Faculty.

"The Struggle Everlasting"—Daily grind.

"The Royal Chef"—Miss Buchly.

"Happyland"—The Gym.

## THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The light of stars, the light of stars,  
Oh God in Heaven,

Grant this to me,

The light of stars

In death to see;

To guide me on

To that fair land

Where all thy saints

In glory stand.

The light of stars, the light of stars,

Grant that their rays

In splendor shine,

Oh Lord of Peace,

In love divine;

To keep my faith

Secure in Thee,

Grant this, my prayer,

Oh Lord, to me.

*Ethel L. Thornton.*

## DORMITORY ALPHABET.

A is for Adelaide, slender and tall,  
B is for Bessie, the belle of the ball?  
C is for Clara, a good old sport,  
D is for Dean, who hears each report.  
E is for Esther, a jollier, too,  
F is for Florence, who waits on a few.  
G is for Grills, an experienced talker,  
H is for Hessel, who does what she hadn't oter.  
I is for Irene, a studious lass,  
J is for Jennie, who always will sass.  
K is for Kennedy, a witty young miss,  
L is for Libbie, who deserves a big kiss.  
M is for Marjie, a comet chaser,

N is for Nellie, we never do face her.  
O is for Ohman, who fell out of bed,  
Q is for Quarrels we often do have.  
R is for Reynolds, who never gets mad.  
S is for Sigrid, an artist so rare,  
T is for Talks, which we go at for fair.  
U is for Unsworth, noble and true.  
V is for Vanity, which none of us knew.  
W is for Wehse, who plays for our hops,  
X is for Xams., after which we all lop.  
Y is for You, sometimes a tight,  
Z is for Zoe, who hollers "good-night!"

## A Midnight Adventure.

IT was a stormy January day. On Wednesday afternoon I had nothing to do except take physical training, which to me is more of a joy than a sorrow. I had been playing basket-ball for two periods. The other girls had just left for their classes, after telling me to be sure and stay for practice at four-thirty. I had been up late the night before, so I lay down on one of the mats. Before many seconds had passed I was sound asleep and knew nothing more until I awoke.

It was pitch dark. I called out, but the only sound I heard was my own echoing voice. I couldn't imagine for a moment what had happened, so I sat down to think. At first my mind seemed paralyzed, for I could think of nothing. Then I remembered what had occurred, and came to the conclusion that I was a prisoner for the night in the Peter White Science Hall. The prospect was not pleasing to me. I supposed it must be about midnight, it was so dark. Then all the dreadful things I had ever read (and I had read a great many) came to my mind. I screamed, and then remembered that it was useless. But what should I do if the building took fire or if a burglar should get in! I just had to do something. If I could only turn on the lights it wouldn't be so bad, but they were so high. Possibly the janitor might have forgotten to lock the door. I groped my way to the stairs and as far as the door, but it was of no avail. Suddenly it dawned on me that I could light the gymnasium by turning on the electric light switch. In a shorter time than can be described I had turned the lights

on and nothing ever relieved me as much as the lights did then. The silence was unendurable, so I got on a chair, wound the clock and set it going. Even that seemed a relief. Still I thought I must get away. I saw a small door beneath the "basket" at the farther end of the gymnasium. I ran to it and opened it. I found a large cold air shaft. This might prove a means of escape. A ladder was standing within the shaft, so I climbed up it until I came to the top, and then found that I was in the ventilator and that it offered no means of escape. I returned to the gymnasium, more determined than ever on escaping. I mounted the parallel bars, managed to unfasten one of the wire casings which protect the windows on the inside, raised the window and almost shouted with joy, for I was now sure of escaping, but alas for my hopes—there was an outside wire covering which it was impossible to move. I tried every window in succession, but failed to find an exit. Then I remembered that Mrs. Rushmore always kept the gymnasium key on top of the door of her room, which was at one side of the gymnasium. In a few seconds I had the key and was in the hall. I ran up the stairs and tried the outside door, but it was securely locked. I thought possibly the key might fit other doors. I tried it in Mr. Mills' door, but to no avail. Then I wandered through the halls, but all the doors were locked, and though I tried every window there was no chance of escape. At last I reached the third floor. I said to myself, "While there's life there is hope", so I tried the key in all the doors there. Finally I came to Dr. Downing's

recitation room, and to my great joy the door unlocked. I went in, turned on the lights and breathed a sigh of relief. Then—oh, what could that terrible looking thing in the corner be? It was a skeleton! All at once for an instant it began to move slowly towards me. I stood there, rooted to the spot, unable to move. Then I turned and fled. I fairly flew out of that room and down the stairs. It seemed ages to me before I reached the gymnasium. I could hear the skeleton following me, faster and faster. I rushed into the gymnasium, slammed the door after me, ran down to the

mat, threw myself upon it and hid my face. I felt a hand on my shoulder! I screamed, "He's got me. Help! Murder! Police!" Then I heard a voice say, "Well, what's the matter with you anyway. You've been sleeping for nearly three hours".

I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and instead of finding a ghost, found one of the girls there.

Needless to say, I never again went to sleep in the gymnasium.

*Adele Dorothy Hessel.*

## OVER THE SEA.

It's my boat, my boat, to be out and float  
O'er the sunlit sea off yonder,  
And my time beguile on that distant isle,  
'Neath its fairy skies to wander.

In a light canoe o'er the waters blue  
My fancy speeds before me;  
The small waves dance and laughing glance  
And try to sprinkle o'er me.

Now a mischievous beam darts into the stream  
To join in the wavelets laughter,  
So over the tide I gayly ride  
With the sunbeam trailing after.

On a white lily float is caught up my boat,  
And we're lovingly borne to the harbor—  
The pathways call "Come! Come enter my home".  
And birdlets invite from the arbor.

My isle, thou'rt fair! My dwelling there  
I would I could place forever.  
But the charm of the sea is still strong over me,  
So my island, we two must sever.

Far, far in the west the sun sinks to rest,  
For my service its beams a guide render;  
So I and my boat, swift onward we float,  
Till we're lost in enveloping splendor.

*Esther Lindquist.*

## The Triumph of the Picture Puzzle.

IF Sally McCoventry had been like her father, this never would have happened. But she wasn't. Oh, dear, no!

She was a thing of fluffy hair, fascinating dimples, and bewitching eyes; and about as sober-minded as a grasshopper.

Mr. McCoventry was a brisk, wiry business man of fifty. In all his twenty-five years of business life he had not once failed to reach his office promptly at eight o'clock; and he was equally precise in the matter of returning home. His recreation was carefully chosen and carefully timed. It always took him exactly twenty minutes to read his paper.

In spite of his own clock-like methods, he was amazingly lenient toward Sally. She was usually late to breakfast, and sometimes she didn't appear at all. If she spent hours and hours working at an absurd picture puzzle, her father reasoned that she herself was a great animated puzzle that he never could solve, and so, what was the use of bothering her?

It was just this ridiculous fad that brought such great things to pass in the house of McCoventry. And this is how it happened.

Of all the young men that Sally knew, Robert Gordon was the most devoted. He loved Sally and everything that belonged to Sally. Her crooked crocheted lace was beautiful in his eyes, and he felt highly honored when she let him help her with her jig-saw puzzles.

His visits became more and more frequent, and evening after evening found the two young people seated side by side, piecing together a picture puzzle. But, strangely enough, when Sally and Robert worked together, the picture grew very slowly.

Mr. McCoventry, who forgave any frivolity in Sally,

failed to see how such nonsense could fascinate a man like Robert, and with each puzzle, he became more scornful.

Meanwhile Sally and Robert were falling more and more in love. The only thing that prevented them from being engaged was Mr. McCoventry's known disapproval of Robert. And this was all because of Sally's picture puzzles.

As luck would have it, Mr. McCoventry's faithful watch gained ten minutes one night. In the morning he found he had to wait for his breakfast. As he stood wondering what to do with the extra ten minutes, a half-finished picture puzzle met his eye. It represented Nicholas Nickleby on his way to Dotheboy's Hall. He saw two pieces that seemed to fit, and put them in place. Then he tried to provide the four dismembered horses with legs. By the time breakfast was ready he was completely absorbed. After breakfast, instead of reading his paper, he returned to the puzzle, and worked half an hour over the wheels of the stage coach. Eight o'clock came and went, and still he worked. Nine o'clock found him trying to fit a large brown patch into the foreground. Discouraged, he gave up, and went down town. He hurried home an hour early to try his luck again, and could hardly be persuaded to stop long enough for dinner.

At eight o'clock Robert came and found Mr. McCoventry trying again to fit the brown patch into the foreground. With one turn of his hand he fitted it to the top of the stage coach, and then Mr. McCoventry saw that it was Mr. Squeer's overcoat. "Young man", he said, "you have a head—a business head. I admire you".

Robert saw his chance. "Don't you think Sally and I together would make a good picture puzzle?" he asked. And Mr. McCoventry did.

*Eleanor W. Rankin.*



## ROGUES' GALLERY.

MERLE GIBSON.

Juvenile offender. Escaped from house of correction March 5th by talking a hole through the wall. Will probably be found singing at revival meetings and is liable to become hysterical when arrested. Liberal reward for return at once.

BILL MULLALY.

Wanted for disturbing the peace. Escaped from window in Peter White Science building, where he was confined. His confederate, Flora E. Hill, who was left behind, turned state's evidence and was pardoned.

REX H. C. STEWART.

Well known in Marquette, Ishpeming and vicinity. Wanted for breach of promise. Height, 6 ft. 1/4 inches; lanky build; swears like a pirate, and may be identified by his swagger. He is probably the same one who ran a matrimonial agency in Sidnaw a few years ago.

IDA PECK.

Escaped from Newberry insane asylum, accompanied by her pet poodle. Frequents dancing halls, street fairs and similar places of amusement. Appears sane at intervals, and is never violent.

### WON'T SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL

Howard McKereghan—Not to study so hard.

Rex H. C. Stewart—The way to the dormitory.

The Juniors—That Scott didn't write "Romeo and Juliet".

Claude Pendill—That a license to catch deer is not a marriage license.

The Seniors—That they are not the entire article.

*A. D. H.*

FLORENCE FUNKEY.

Escaped from Longyear Sanitarium at 3:15 P. M. last Tuesday. Is wanted in different places for a series of minor offences. Easily recognized by her golden hair and winning smile.

HARRIET OLTMAN.

Charges preferred by Seniors, alleging they have suffered personal violence at the hands of aforesaid defendant during critic meetings. Also several Juniors claim injuries inflicted by glances shot promiscuously by aforesaid defendant during Music I. class. All evidence will be liberally paid for by authorities.

ANGELA S. AND IRMA A.

Charges preferred by citizens of Marquette. These two young ladies have chewed up all the gum in all the Marquette stores.

THE FACULTY.

Charges preferred by students of Normal who have been compelled to weary their brains and tire their eyes cramming for exams.

*A. H.*

### HOPE.

Last night the sun sank into  
A deep, dark bed of cloud—  
I bowed my head in anguish,  
And sobbed and moaned aloud.

But tonight the wondrous glory  
Of that sun-drenched western sea!  
And Hope from that Land of Promise  
Came smiling to dwell with me.

*Esther Lindquist.*

## Apt Quotations.

- "She hath a lean and hungry look".  
Alphild Carlson.
- "There is a sort of expression about her—'Oh, what a wicked world this is'."  
Agnes Eman.
- "She hath a why for every wherefore".  
Nellie Fisher.
- "She was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself".  
Anna McClintock.
- "Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all her jokes, for many a joke had she".  
Marie Flanigan.
- "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all she knew".  
Hazel Ferguson.
- "People do not understand me; their ideas are not like mine".  
Mamie Hudson.
- "The world knows nothing of its greatest men".  
Ernest Von Zellen.
- "It's time now for supper"—(Original dinner served at 1,  
Remark passed at 3:30.)  
Merle Gibson.
- "His voice covers a multitude of sins".  
Howard McKereghan.
- "High flights had she of wit and will,  
And so her tongue lay never still".  
Adele D. Hessel.
- "No matter what the discussion be,  
I always find room to disagree".  
Genevieve McDonald.
- "She keepeth secrets to tell".  
Alice Hansen.
- "I own a Victor Talking Machine".  
Eunice Purcell.
- "Oh, if I could only grow".  
Audrey Schunk.
- "She's got that tired feeling that you hear so much about;  
She's got that tired feeling that's worse than grip and gout".  
Eileen Scully.
- "She walks along at a proper pace,  
A proper smile on her proper face,  
Each proper hair in its proper place,  
In a properly proper way".  
Marion Bissett.
- "A ready tongue, a ready wit,  
Slam, slam, slam—and not care a bit".  
Joanna Kennedy.
- "She's little, but Oh my".  
Ethel Jenkins.
- "First in a Council Hall of State,  
And ever foremost in a tongue debate".  
William Mullaly.
- "'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than to get married and be bossed".  
Rex H. C. Stewart.
- "Blessing on him who first invented sleep".  
Honor Martin.
- "Some may come and some may go, but I stay here forever".  
Bert Johnston.
- "Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear".  
Jeanette Hunter.

### A LOVE THAT IS NOT FRUITLESS.

Oh the *apple* of my eye is a *peach*,  
And we'd make a happy *pear*,  
Yes we would!  
She's a flawless, priceless pearl,  
I'm *plum* crazy 'bout the girl;  
Though she's given me some *lemons*,  
All she could!

A. R. W.

## The Story of a Princess.

**A** LONG, long time ago—so long that everybody has forgotten the year or even the century, there was a princess. This princess was beautiful and young, as all princesses are, and she lived in the Kingdom of Youth.

One day the princess grew tired of being happy all the time and doing everything she wanted to, for there were only good fairies in her father's kingdom, so she put on her cap of confidence and started out on a journey. The princess had many books at home, and in these she had read of other princesses and their adventures with three-headed dragons, one-eyed monsters and similar dreadful things, and as she was of an ambitious turn of mind, she wanted to be original and do something no one had ever heard of a princess doing before.

She thought of many great things which she could do, but could not decide just what, so she planned to take a journey out into the world. She began her journey, and passed by many beautiful countries in which she thought of staying, but something urged her on and on, and finally she came to a country she had never before heard of.

This country had many hills and mountains, but it had also some very beautiful valleys, and there was moreover such a charm about it that once there the princess wanted to stay. The first person the princess met after she entered this country was a gentleman with a benevolent countenance, whom she thought to be the king of the land. But the gentleman said, "No, I am only one of the private secretaries of the great genius or king of the land". He told the princess, in addition, that the country into which she had come was divided into two great sections, and each of these sections was composed of three parts called terms, in the first of which she now was; that it would take her three months to travel through each one of these terms and that

she would encounter many difficulties, but that at the end of two years she could go into the world with a satisfied feeling, knowing that she had encountered greater difficulties than any other princess had ever done before.

So the princess went to the king of the land (of which she herself was now a little part), and told him she wanted to stay there for two years. The king told her she might, and gave her a piece of paper on which the great seal of the land was engraved.

The princess lived in a large house with many other inhabitants of the land. A few weeks passed, and she had begun to long for home and the life she was used to, where there was neither care nor trouble. Then one night the people who lived in the other section, called the land of Seniordom, invited the princess and her companions to a great entertainment called Initiation. All the companions of the princess had caps of confidence for which she in a moment of generosity had sent to her fairy godmother soon after her arrival. At this entertainment the princess and her companions had to undergo several ordeals, from which they came out sadder but wiser, for they had all lost the visors from their confidence caps.

The king had quite a number of private secretaries who were called instructors, and whose duty it was to inspire and counsel the princess in Wisdom's ways. These instructors were the holders and propounders of various strange theories, and each one strove to impart to the princess what he considered the one great essential as a help to her in the time to come.

The princess had other difficulties as the year went on. She met a certain monster by the name of Psychologus, and the king of the land told her she must conquer this monster before two terms were over. The next day the princess dis-

covered that the tassel was missing from her good confidence cap, and a most homesick feeling stole over her. She tried to put on her vanishing robe when she went to encounter this evil beast, but the beast saw right through it and in wrath the princess threw the robe away.

The princess had to fight monsters every day in this land, but the one she most dreaded was in a country quite far away,—a land they called Mathematicus. She tried to use her pony to get to this land, but the professor told her that she must go all the way on foot, even through the mountains. So the princess left her pony with the secretary, who said he would take good care of it, and she went on her journey alone. She told herself that "all was not gold that glittered", and she knew she would have to fight this monster to the bitter end.

The instructor who taught a subject called "Geographus" was of an inquiring and tenacious turn of mind, and never abandoned his search for any subject until he had found out all that the princess had learned and could tell of. At the end of six weeks she was required to write out in a thin, green book all she was supposed to know about Geographus, but the secretary did not think the princess knew as much about it as she should, so he gave her a "Con", which was a notice written on a pink slip of paper, saying that she would have to work harder than ever. Sometimes she got discouraged and thought that she was filling the storehouse of her memory with an enormous variety of unnecessary facts which she would use for one exam. and forget forever afterwards. The next thing the princess knew she was ill with an attack of midnight oil, and her companions told her if she continued studying so hard she would get mental indigestion from knowing too much.

However, all things come to an end, even encounters with dreadful shaped monsters like Geographus, and at length the day came when the princess and her companions

went into the next section, but at the end of her first year her confidence cap had so many holes in it and was so worn out that she was obliged to discard it before entering the next section of the land. She was filled with new courage and new aspirations to meet the difficulties which would doubtless come to her during the next year. She was no longer a Junior with perked up opinions and bewildered ideas, but was now a grave, reverend and dignified Senior, for she had reached the land of Seniordom.

By this time the princess had become quite accustomed to her surroundings, and would not have been willing to go home even if she could have done so in an honorable manner and without breaking her promise to the king to remain for two years. Besides, she had found that the monsters, although they looked pretty formidable at first, were not so hard to overcome after all, and then there were so many nice things to do in this section of the country that she forgot all about the troubles she had experienced when she was in the land of Junioria. That the princess never did things by halves is evident, for she obtained a position in what was called a basket-ball team, a regiment which served as a protection for the king and reflected honor upon the land.

The last term of the second section of the princess' sojourn in this land had come. As a badge of honor she was permitted to wear a pin with the seal of the country engraved on it. She was also allowed to wear a long black gown and a square cap with a tassel, which was not at all like the cap of confidence she had worn when she first entered this land. Her thoughts were all on deep subjects now, and the children in Junioria looked up to her with expressions of wonder in their eyes and unquestioningly obeyed her slightest nod. She was glad to be through with her adventures, for they had been many and valuable.

The king and his secretaries had done their best for her and she loved all her companions, so that it made her heart

sad to think of parting from them. But by and by the day came when the dragons were all fought and the year completed, and the princess gave her parting advice to her younger sisters, who were now her most devoted admirers. She told the king of the land that when he wanted a new secretary maybe she would help him out. Then the king gave the princess and her companions a sheepskin banner which she could keep forever as a souvenir of the days she had passed in his land.

She had completed her course and was about to enter

into a new country where she would be able to put into practice that which she had learned. Although there was a feeling of sadness because she must part with her companions, yet there was a greater joy because she was to begin the life for which she had been preparing herself. So hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, she and her companions went out into the land of the future, saying to each other as they did so, "We came, we saw, we conquered".

*Adele Dorothy Hessel.*

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Is Grace Doetsch?  
Can Ida Peck?  
Is Alice Han(d) some?  
Is Nellie a Fisher?  
Is Jeanette a Hunter?  
Is Honor a Martin?  
Is Helen White?  
Is Kate a Stewart?  
Is Hazel a Bush?  
Is Marguerite a Barn(es)?  
Is Merle a Gibson (girl)?  
Is Florence a F(1)unkey?  
What does Eleanor Rankin?  
Do Lona and Marceline Byrne?  
Can Katherine Carroll?  
Is Christina Creer?  
Is Marie a D(e)asy?  
Is Catherine Fox(y)?  
Can Flora Pierce?  
Is Eleanor a Power?  
Is Cora Rich(ards)?  
Has Audrey Sch(r)unk?  
Is Carrie a Siegel?  
Is Eva W(h)at?

#### RETROSPECT.

Two more years we've been mounting the ladder,  
That leadeth to knowledge and fame;  
Two more years we have studied the harder,  
This high ideal to gain.

These years have sometimes brought sadness,  
By the loss of a classmate and friend;  
Who had shared in our joys and gladness,  
As we struggled to gain the end.

While we have been patient and plodding  
To obtain an A, or a B;  
Some have been lazily nodding,  
Content with a D or a C.

Our teachers have helped us ever  
With a kind and loving hand;  
Now these bonds we'll have to sever,  
As the Senior Class disbands.

## A SQUINT AT OUR TRUE LIFE.

In the fall of 1908—  
This the term, but not the date,  
The faculty, most noble crew,  
Announced a general interview  
To all the students, young and old,  
To come if it were warm or cold  
To meet the leading potentate;  
“And above all—don’t be late”.  
Our Junior Class was not then born,  
So the Seniors tooted the Junior horn.  
But a little later in the year,  
Our class began its grand career.  
Social pleasures was our cry,  
When winter comes the leaves will die.  
Napoleon crossed the Delaware,  
Herpicide cures falling hair;  
But, leaving prose to the Roman nose,  
I’ll now poetically state our woes.  
We joined Osiris,  
Chose the Iris;  
Ate our fill,  
Joined Ygdrasil.  
Dined at Presque Isle,  
Studied a little while;  
Collected dues,  
And wore out shoes;  
Chased away blues,  
Printed the news.  
Passed by a Hill,  
Faught for our fill.  
Gave a party rare,  
Made the Seniors stare;

Stood up for Grace,  
And looked the Seniors in the face;  
Attended promptly every function,  
For the Senior had compunction;  
Treated them as quite inferior,  
When they thought themselves superior.  
We dressed ourselves in latest fashion,  
For Senior styles we had compassion.  
Headed all the Normal yells,  
Listened eagerly for the bells;  
Crammed a week in every term,  
Even classified a germ.  
Helped the Seniors stage a play,  
“Much obliged”, did I hear you say?  
Then we went away in June,  
And June that year came quite too soon.  
We passed unto another realm,  
Where we were destined, at the helm,  
To steer a motley, trembling crew,  
Their herculean tasks straight through.  
Heaps of brains cannot be bought,  
But we stoutly with them “*Faught*”.  
We entertained them in the fall,  
At a merry Hallowe’en Ball.  
We overlooked the Junior pride,  
And often gave them a little ride;  
We let them hoist our banner high,  
They placed us—ruler of the sky.  
Now as we are soon to leave,  
We have but one more thing to grieve:  
We cannot leave you with a will,  
So, good-bye, Juniors, love from

*Bill.*

# NEOTHEON



## Our Faculty Receptions.

NOT least among the memories of the good times we have had at our Normal are those of the faculty receptions. Every term the faculty entertains the students at an informal dancing party, and those that we attended will long be remembered by the Class of '10. Never before in the history of our faculty parties has one received more praise and been pronounced so complete a success as that of the last winter term, held in the new "Gym." If the students had any misgivings before attending as to its success and the pleasure they were to receive, their fears were soon dispelled. The faculty evidently had intended to outdo all former attempts, and so spared little trouble or expense to

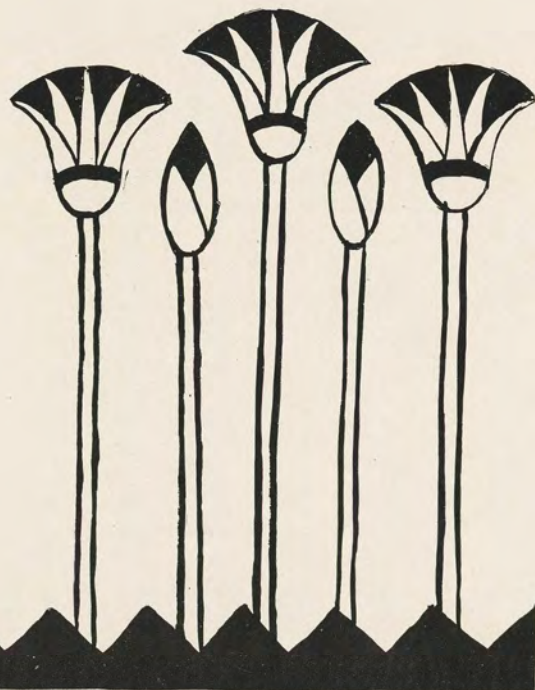
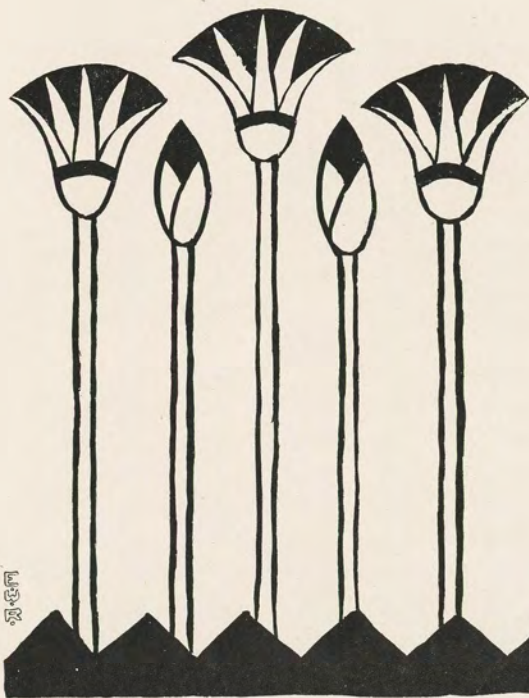
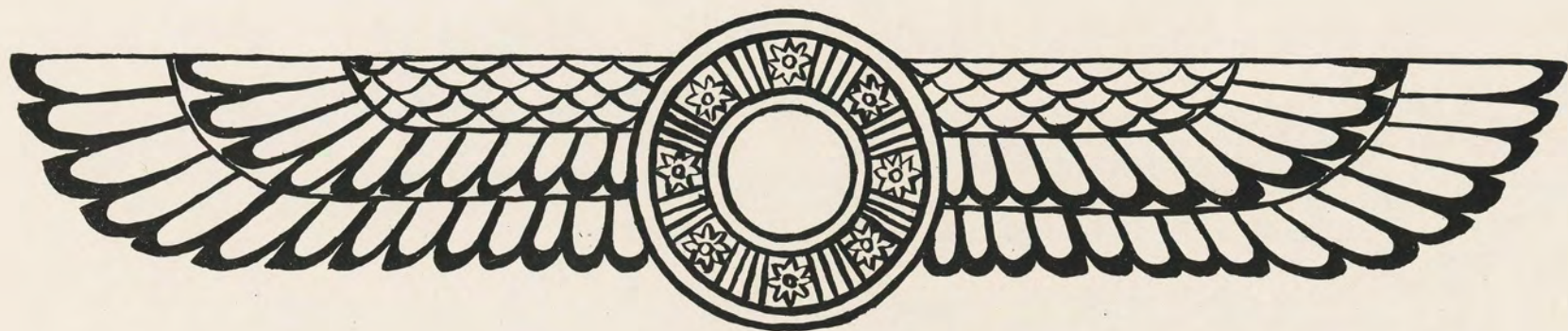
make the room attractive and to provide the best music for the occasion. And the result? Ask the students, and the answer will be emphatic. With the best music obtainable to add its charms to the occasion, and, as a climax, the generous refreshments offered, who could fail of enjoyment? It is not to be doubted that such a time of friendly handshaking between the faculty and students, where all are met together, making new acquaintances and strengthening old ones, is of much benefit aside from the mere enjoyment of the evening. It tends to develop college spirit in a way not otherwise provided for and to bring the faculty and students into closer touch with each other.

### STATISTICS OF THE N. S. N.

Biggest—Andrey Schunk and Estelle Schuler.  
Fattest—Mr. Stratten.  
Fattest lady—Alphild Carlson.  
A noble Frenchman—Marie Flanigan.  
A wild Irishman—Grace Doetsch.  
The most prompt—M. Barnes.  
Ladies' man—E. Von Zellen.  
Hardest worker—H. McKereghan.  
Most studious—Adele Hessel.  
Best critic—?  
Best dancer—M. Findlay.  
A clumsy Dutchman—Wm. Mullaly.  
A hungry Swede—M. Dunnebacke.  
Best church-goer—F. Funkey.

Best informed (on rabbits)—Joe Kennedy.  
Best knocker—Agnes Eman.  
Best singer—Merle Gibson.  
A few too fresh—1911 Class.  
Biggest eater—"Dorm." girls.  
Most industrious—Senior Class.  
Fat man—C. Pendill.  
Two inseparables—H. Tolonen and A. Grekila.  
Quarter of a bushel—Ida Peck.  
Biggest talker—H. Martin.  
Famous heel and toe dancer—E. Rankin.  
Famous actor—R. Stewart.  
Twenty cents—W. Hornstein.  
Specialist in grammar—E. Purcell.





2024

## History of the "Osiris" Literary Society.

SHORTLY after the opening of the fall term, nineteen hundred and seven, at the request of a committee of the faculty, sixteen students assembled in a class-room of the Northern State Normal School for the purpose of discussing the advisability of forming literary societies in the school.

The meeting was called to order by Miss Hill, the chairman of the committee, who gave a short and very effective address concerning the various reasons for founding such literary societies.

President Kaye and other members of the faculty followed Miss Hill with remarks, pointing out the individual as well as general good to be obtained from such organizations.

After due deliberation, it was decided that at least two literary societies, with the common aims of promoting the welfare of the school, the furtherance of all literary and social pursuits, and the development of the individual, should be established.

From the sixteen students present at this meeting, two groups, of eight each, were formed to discuss the organization of literary societies.

One of these groups laid the foundation for the society of "Osiris", that is, they formed the constitution and elected the first officers, consisting of a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer.

The name "Osiris", or "Light", was chosen because of its symbolic relation to the aim and purpose of the society.

As "Osiris" was an Egyptian god, it was decided that the Egyptian significance should be retained in the design of the pin to be worn by the members, and accordingly the familiar emblem containing the head of Osiris was chosen.

On October 15, 1907, it was decided by the committees from the two societies that each member should select two desirable students, as candidates for membership, and thus form chartered bodies of twenty-four students in each society.

Monday evening, October 21, 1907, "Osiris" held its first regular organized meeting. This date marked the systematic beginning of the brilliant career enjoyed by the first literary society of the Northern State Normal.

At this meeting, the members of the literary, social and music committees were chosen by ballot and a member of the faculty was chosen as the society critic.

A very well rendered, extemporaneous program was enjoyed by all present.

The topics discussed were chiefly those concerning the Egyptian god, "Osiris", the sphinx, and the pyramids,—all symbols of the society.

Now, as Osiris was fully organized and all business proceedings were regulated, it was thought well to test the debating powers of some of the members.

Accordingly, at the next meeting of the society, the question of "Japanese Immigration" was discussed pro and con by six members of the society.

The question was so well considered, the arguments so conclusive and the debaters so clever, that the society began to look forward to a brilliant future in the field of oratory.

Papers on "The Popularity of Roosevelt" and "What the U. S. stands for to the World", prepared for one of the early meetings of "Osiris" showed the literary ability of its members.

That the society was blessed with musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, became more and more evident at

each meeting. April 20, 1908, marked a victory in the history of "Osiris". The society had challenged "Ygdrasil", the rival society, to debate. The question decided upon was, "Resolved, that all railroads should be brought under the federal government". The negative side of the question was supported by members of "Ygdrasil", while "Osiris" members took the affirmative.

It must be said, brilliant and conclusive arguments were brought out by both sides, showing the earnestness of the participants. However, the judges, consisting of three members of the faculty, finally decided, and rightly so, (the members of the faculty are always right) that the laurels belonged to "Osiris".

Each spring, at the Normal, there occurs an event which is looked forward to with great pleasure by everyone interested in the school, and especially by the members of the two literary societies. This event is the Kaufman Oratorical Contest.

The first year each society holds its own preliminary contest, and from the number of participants in each of these, it was easily seen that the final contest would be spirited.

The preliminaries were held during the latter part of the winter term; then in the spring term, 1909, the first oratorical contest in the life of "Osiris" took place.

Every member was present long before the appointed hour, awaiting with breathless interest the opening oration. There were four speakers chosen for this evening, you will remember. When the first had concluded her oration and taken her seat, amid the loud clapping of hands, we all felt she would be a prize winner. And so we thought after the next two orators had finished speaking.

However, we were scarcely prepared for the closing oration—the "crowning glory" of the contest. It was entitled, "The American Pioneer". Such a tribute as it was—

full of feeling and honor for our forefathers who planted the seeds of civilization throughout our country. Everyone knew, even before the judges had given their decision, that the first prize belonged to this speaker. To "Osiris" this victory meant much—for this orator was a member—more than that, an ex-president of the society. Her name, Olga Grund, of Ishpeming, Michigan, we all remember as the name of one who was ever first.

A leading member of the "Ygdrasil" society claimed the second honors—Ernest Roberts, Ishpeming, Michigan.

The orations were all so carefully composed and so well delivered that subsequent oratorical contests are looked forward to with much enthusiasm. That membership in a literary society is beneficial to students, and is even a necessary part of their career at school, has been proved over and over again by "Osiris".

After the day's grind, to attend a well conducted meeting of a literary society, where an entertaining as well as instructive program is rendered, is like "balm for a troubled spirit."

In all her undertakings the "Osiris" Literary Society has been very successful. No member ever thought of failing to appear on the program unless confined to his room. At first we were a little shy about standing before a meeting and expressing ourselves. Now, thanks to what the society has done for us, the Senior members could stand before any assemblage and say on their "two feet" whatever the occasion demanded.

When the society entertains, as it often does, everyone invited comes and enjoys the evening so much that "Osiris" is tempted to plan another party immediately. The very best students at the Normal have been members of "Osiris", and her officers have all been trustworthy. They have all filled their positions to the best of their ability. Few of us will forget our first president—Miss Caroline Van

Evera, of Marquette, and her efficient staff, Simon Anderson, of Ishpeming, Michigan, vice president; Louise Rushmore, Boston, Massachusetts, secretary, and Florence Markham, Marquette, treasurer.

Each of these students was well fitted for his or her par-

ticular office, and it was through their well directed efforts that "Osiris" gained her firm foundation.

In closing, then, let me say, and I am sure every member of the society joins with me,

"Long Live 'Osiris'."

*M. G. Deasy.*

## THE BUILDERS.

THE builders looked upon their work, and behold, it was well done. The Lord of the Land placed keepers over it and they came and carefully tended their charge and the land brought forth bountifully. Twice three times the furrows had been sown; the sun of heaven had shone upon them; the rains had watered them. Twice three times the harvest had been gathered and each had been more bountiful than the first.

But one day there came a cloud into the sky which, though it was small, threw a large shadow. It lay heavily upon the keepers of the land. Their minds grew troubled and their hearts grew sad. But although they worked harder than before, they could not drive the shadow away.

As they thus sadly pondered upon it, behold, a tiny sunbeam broke into the shadow, and it lifted up its little voice and spoke. "Let me live". Though they much marveled, they caught and held it, and lo! it grew and grew until a figure of beautiful proportions stood before them. It smiled and said, "Fear not". It gave a hand to each of them, and a strange, new hope came into their breasts.

It spoke again: "I have long watched how diligently you have labored for the Lord of the Land, and have sorrowed over the shadow that lies upon you. I am the dispenser of shadows. I cannot stay with you, but though I must depart, I leave with you a part of my being. You must give me a share of your dominion for my own and give my portion the choicest members of your flock as its

guardians. By the sweat of their brow shall they labor to increase my holdings, and as mine increase, so shall yours also increase. The Lord of the Land will thank you and commend you, and your fame will be spread broadcast".

As it finished speaking, it pointed without. Everywhere was peace and springing life. "So shall it be within", said the Being. It plucked from the wall a green spray of ivy with its red berry blushing full upon it. "I leave this as your emblem", the Being whispered.

There was a concourse of sweet sounds, as of instruments and melodious voices singing:

"Shadow, shadow, haste away,  
For the Fates forbid your stay;  
Neither dark nor shade be known  
Where the Light has found its own.  
See the ivy on the wall,  
Emblem of the graces all.  
Shadow, shadow, haste away,  
For the Fates forbid your stay".

As the song ended, the form of the Being grew smaller and smaller, and at last melted like a mist. But where it had stood lay a tiny sunbeam, and bright upon the wall shone the spray of ivy with its red berry.

The beam of light enlarged and its dominion increased. It is still growing, and the spray of ivy hangs untarnished on the wall.

*E. Lindquist.*

## THE DERE BANE NO BAND.



YOU know very well  
it was just about  
von veek before  
Easter, fen von Monday  
night ve have been come  
mid Ygdrasil to bane  
see von spelling match.

And fot you tink Ay bane see? Ay hear some pretty fine music—by the gosh, yes! Yust to tell you fot Ay mane, Ay say dat you have bane miss pretty much, ven you can not have seen dat band. Das band, she ees have sefen smart fellers, I tell you. They have bane play mid piccalow, der trombone, and cownet, and der ting like von sweet pertater, der accordion, and der infidel drum.

Ay can yust hear dem now; yes, hark me for yust a minute, Ay tank Ay can remember vot day play. Here you go. But first Ay tell you she ban a mighty good band, dat hab fine music for a spelling match, I tell you.

What they do.

Grand ensemble and sneeze by the entire company.

1. How dry I am.....By Local Option
2. Snuggle up a little closer.....Dormitory
3. Fifty thousand miles away.....Dere Bane No  
Chet Richardson.....Trombone  
Alex Finley.....Cornet  
Rex Stewart.....Clarinet  
Claude Pendill.....Ocherino  
Thure Windoft.....Drum

Director,  
DERE BANE NO.  
*Wm. Mullaly, Osiris.*

## OSIRIS CLOSING ODE.

Join our song, and raise your voices, let us sing a merry strain,

For the ancient god Osiris will with us forever reign;  
And we know within his guidance and beneath his strong light rays

That we shall be crowned with honor in the happy future days.

One and all, let us for Osiris sing,

One and all, let your merry voices ring,

And gladly all due love and honor let us bring

To Osiris, God of Light, hurrah! Three cheers then.

### CHORUS:

When you hear of Osiris' honored name,  
You'll be glad that you helped to bring him fame,  
By just always doing your part gladly when it came;  
O blest be Osiris, our emblem of light.

Let us breathe a song of gladness, while our merry voices ring,

And in words both true and noble let us of Osiris sing,

For he was the God of Wisdom and the God of Light as well,

And let us in happy chorus of his fame and glory tell.

Join our song, let us of Osiris sing,

Join our song, let your happy voices ring;

And tonight, let us gladly fame and glory bring

To Osiris, God of Light, hurrah! Three cheers then.

### CHORUS:



STUDENT'S ROOM IN THE DORMITORY.



## Ygdrasil.

THE Society of Ygdrasil was founded in 1907, the first meeting taking place on October 16th.

Before going into the history of the society, it would be well to discuss the meaning of the word "Ygdrasil", and how it came to be selected as a name for the society. The legend of Ygdrasil, taken from the Norse mythology, is a most beautiful one. The mighty ash tree Ygdrasil was supposed to support the whole universe. It sprang from the body of the giant, Ymir, and had three immense roots, one extending into the dwelling of the gods, another into the abode of the giants, and the third to the region of darkness and cold. Its roots were gnawed by serpents, and stags bite its branches, but the immense tree still stands firm and flourishes from age to age. It is the Tree of Life.

This legend has had a great influence on the ideals of the society. No other name could be selected which implied so much. As stated in Article I of the Constitution, the purpose of the society is to develop in its members strength of character, mind and expression.

During the fall term of 1907, the society was organized on a firm basis. The first president elected was Doris King, who also drew up the constitution. Among the most active of the charter members were Doris King, Virginia Fraser, and Ernest Roberts. During the first two years, these three were untiring in their efforts in the interest of the society. Miss King was president the first two terms, and Mr. Roberts during the spring term of 1907-'08.

On April 13th, the society pins were selected. They are silver, round in shape and slightly smaller than a dime. They resemble a picture. About the edge is a border upon which is written the word "Ygdrasil" in red letters of the Runic alphabet. In the center is an ash tree with three large roots extending down into the earth.

The presidents for the year of 1908-'09 were Virginia

Fraser, fall term; Carrie Bacon, winter term, and H. T. Johnston, spring term.

A banner was selected during the fall term and hung in the society room. It is about seven feet long and three feet wide. It is in the society colors, silver gray, with the word "Ygdrasil" in Norse Runes of red.

During this year, Mr. N. M. Kaufman made a gift to the societies in the form of a \$30 prize for the best oration, and \$20 for the next best. The contest was limited to the members of the two literary societies. Four of the Ygdrasil members entered. They were Emelda Deshaies, Adele Hessel, Ernest Roberts and Emma Saunders. Two were selected, Mr. Roberts and Miss Saunders, from the preliminary contest held the latter part of the winter term of 1909. These two met in a final contest with the two winners from Osiris, and the prizes were awarded. Second place was awarded to Ernest Roberts.

It was rather unfortunate for the society that there were so few Junior members during the spring term of 1908 to return in the fall and take up the same interest in the society. However, with the assistance of Miss Libby, Miss Lydia Olson and Miss Alma Olson, the society was again started on a firmer basis than before. At a single meeting fifty-seven students were admitted.

Miss Libby and the Misses Lydia and Alma Olson were appointed critics, and the untiring work of these three will never be forgotten by the present members of Ygdrasil.

One of the features of the fall term was the children's party held at the close, to which members of Osiris and the faculty were invited. The students dressed as children. With the assistance of the critics the hall was decorated beautifully in colored papers, and one end was curtained over. All the "children" guests were curious to know what was behind this curtain; but in due time their curiosity was



satisfied. The lights were turned off and the curtain drawn. It revealed a stage, one-half of which represented the realm of Santa Claus, with a large lighted Christmas tree holding the most wonderful gifts. The other half was the home of two little girls. As the latter were snugly asleep in their beds, Santa Claus appeared from the fireplace and the stockings were cautiously filled. After his disappearance the girls jumped from their beds, and after getting their stockings, they sang a pretty Christmas carol. Then Santa Claus (well did Howard McKereghan play his part) unloaded the tree and the little girls distributed the presents. It held a stick of candy and a ball of popcorn for each of the "children" of the party, but the members of the faculty were more especially favored. Miss Linton received a miniature piano, Miss Maxwell a map, and Dr. Faught a printing press. Mr. R. D. Shepherd distinguished himself as the professional singing master of three dolls (Adele Hessel, Alice Hanson, and Claude Pendill) on roller skates. Miss Hessel could not refrain from laughing, and thus invoked the wrath of her teacher. Mr. Pendill was quite conspicuous as the Dutch boy; and Haven C. R. Stewart and William Mullaly, carrying books and slates, asked assistance of all the faculty to work the difficult problems which Dr. Faught had given to them. Perhaps they might have succeeded themselves had they not been so deeply engrossed in a toy which each led by a string. The remainder of the evening was spent in ring games, and all reported a most enjoyable evening.

At the last meeting of the term, the Osiris Literary Society was again entertained. The main feature of the evening was a spelling match between the two societies, which resulted in a victory for Ygdrasil. The final number was a selection by the Osiris-Ygdrasil band, in mock imitation of D'Urbano's band. Refreshments were served and everyone reported a good time.

In the field of athletics, Ygdrasil has never been defeat-

ed. The girls' team defeated the Osiris last year, and this year our boys twice defeated those of the other society. The members of the boys' team are Claude Pendill, center; Ernest Von Zellen and Howard McKereghan, forwards; Milton Findlay and George Belding, guards.

The girls' team this year is the Normal team. A challenge was sent to the Osiris girls and accepted, but on due consideration it was called off. The members are Bessie Fisher, center; Grace Doetsch and Bertha Kamrath, forwards; and Estelle Schuler and Joanna Kennedy, guards. A better team could nowhere be found. Bertha Kamrath distinguished herself as the star basket-ball player of the Normal.

Thus a successful year in the history of the society is drawing to a close, but it is to be hoped that a most brilliant future awaits it still.

#### YGDRASIL OFFICERS.

##### FALL TERM.

CLAUDE PENDILL.....*President*  
 ADELE D. HESSEL.....*Vice President*  
 MARGARET KENNEDY.....*Secretary*  
 WM. SHEPHERD.....*Treasurer*

##### WINTER TERM.

CLAUDE PENDILL.....*President*  
 ADELE D. HESSEL.....*Vice President*  
 EMMA SAUNDERS.....*Secretary*  
 HOWARD MCKEREGHAN.....*Treasurer*

##### SPRING TERM.

ADELE D. HESSEL.....*President*  
 GENEVIEVE McDONALD.....*Vice President*  
 BERTHA KAMRATH.....*Secretary*  
 HOWARD MCKEREGHAN.....*Treasurer*

Colors—Red and Gray.

YELL—Boom! Boom!  
 Bis! Boom! Bah!  
 Ygdrasil! Ygdrasil!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

I stood on the bridge at midnight  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
The rain was falling gently  
After a fitful shower.

I saw Pa's scowling reflection  
In the waters under me,  
I seemed to see him choking  
On a gulp of briny sea.

And far in clammy distance  
Of that perfect night in March,  
I seemed to see his flaming eye  
Like coals in a bed of starch.

As those calm waves were rushing  
Pell-mell o'er my poor dad,  
He tried to speak, but couldn't,  
He was so awfully mad.

My heart was rent and splintered,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Was greater than I could bear.

Then came the realization  
The rain was only my tears,  
But the bridge, the hour, and a pink slip  
Help to confirm my fears.

The reason I'm on the bridge,  
The reason that I must roam,  
Is, father has heard the sorrowful news,  
And I'm afraid to go home.

## ANTICIPATION.

All days to me do look alike,  
For college life is one fierce "hike",  
Vacations are for Profs. alone,  
We students must get down and bone,  
From morn till dewy eve we toil,  
Oft with Gym. dirt our hands we soil.  
And if we ever recreate  
Then to our classes we are late.  
And so it goes from year to year,  
But we have patience, never fear,  
We'll wait until those days, the last,  
When college farewells all are past.  
Then clear the way or woe betide!  
For now our bonds are laid aside.

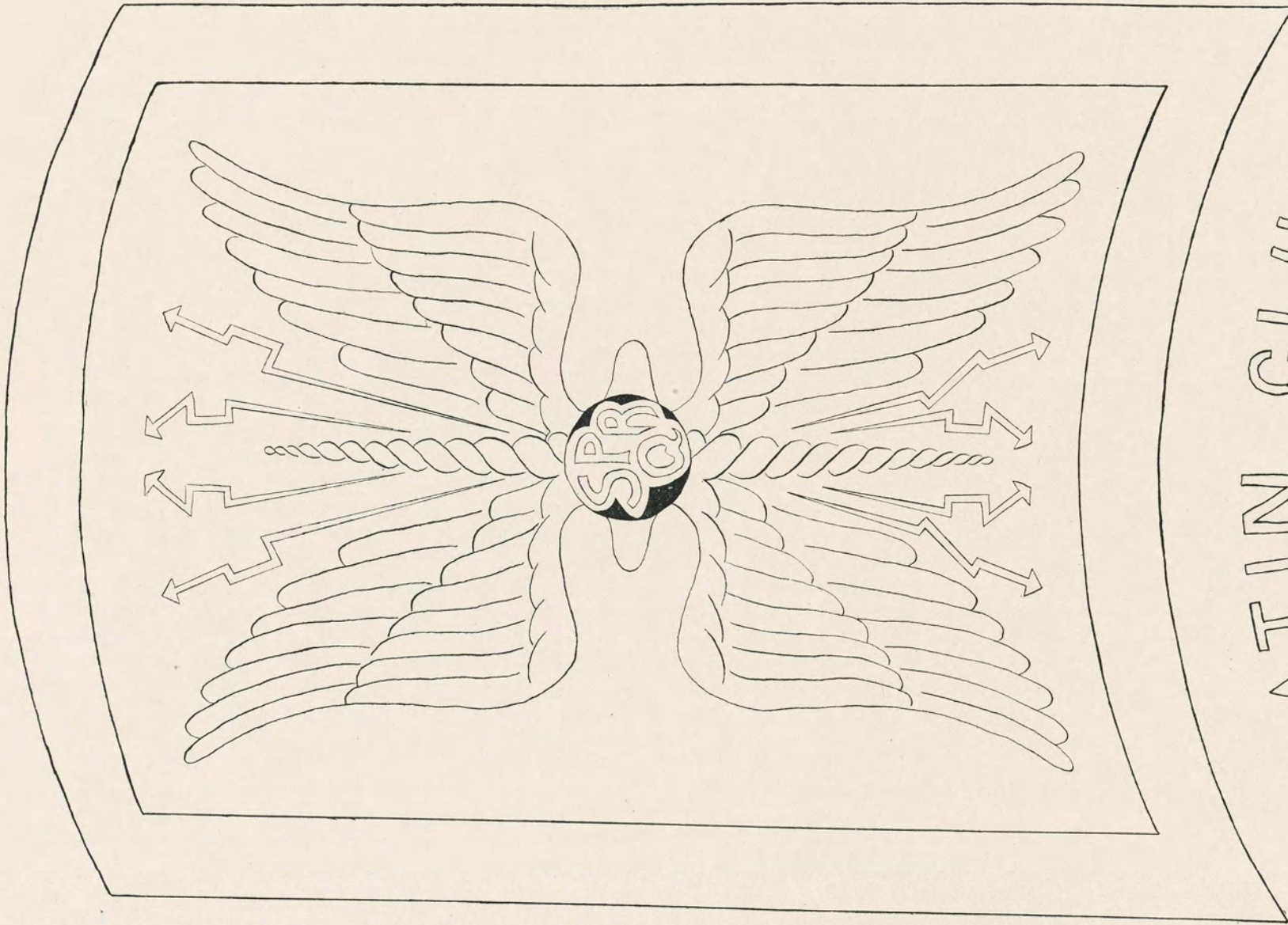
*A. D. H.*

## CATCHING THE CAR.

Sunrise and break of day,  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no wonder or dismay,  
If breakfast waits for me.  
For, spite of all alarms to break my sleep,  
(Too fast and much too late),  
I still dream on in slumber sweet and deep,  
Till after eight.

Breakfast and breakfast bell,—  
And after that, to dress;  
And so my clothes are always on pell-mell,  
I must confess.  
And since from my abiding place  
The Normal School is far,  
I'll have to run a most tremendous race  
That I may catch the car.

*Eleanor W. Rankin.*



L A T I N C L U B

## The Latin Club.

LET'S see—when was it? Oh, yes, it was somewhere along the beginning of last term that the Magister posted a notice to the effect that his students meet him in his room at 4:10. We all wondered whether he was going to bring the classes together for a final exhortation on the necessity of “mastering the elements of the language—the little, fine points, don't you know, that are so essential”, or whether he intended giving us a full and detailed account of his trip through the “Caesar country”. He did neither. He only told us that he had always realized how dead the ancient classics were to most students, and how widely separated from them Roman life and ideals seemed. “But”, he said, “if you don't mind breathing a little dust while you uncover them, you will find many very interesting and very beautiful things that you never even dreamed of before, and that those old Romans were really living, breathing beings, and as human as either you or I”. As we were all very aesthetic, and did not mind “breathing a little bit of dust”, for the sake of the pleasures promised us, we decided to form a sort of antiquarian society, not for the sake of collecting antiquities, you understand, but just to scrape up an acquaintance with them.

Of course, such a society, in order to be interesting, had to be very informal. Robert's “Rules of Order” were not nearly ancient enough for such full-fledged antiquarians as we were, so we decided to dispense with them entirely, and we did the same with many of the formalities common to most societies. We had to have some sort of an organization, but we did not mind that very much, because law and order are quite time-honored institutions, dating their foundation as far back, I believe, as Jonah and Hannibal, and we accordingly appointed an executive board, who should look after things generally and do all the hard work.

Well, when that was all over, and there was nothing else to do, we adjourned, hoping that “in the consulship of A. Sweder, E. O'Connor, and A. Polkinghorne”, the state of

affairs in the club would be one of peace and prosperity.

On Tuesday evening, about two weeks after, we had our first meeting. Such a queer place it was we met in! A little antiquarian shop filled with all sorts of funny old things like gods, curious vases and old books. The magister told us all about how books developed, and showed us bundles of papyrus, strips of parchment, and some musty old books with fanciful illumined texts. We all wrote our names on a wax tablet with a little “stylus”. It was difficult to do, and when we were through we could not read the names without having to squint, so when a person understands all about it, he really cannot blame those old Romans for getting round-shouldered and grouchy.

After that we had a nice, little lunch of wafers and cocoa, which, thank fortune, were not ancient.

We had only one other meeting that term, because there were so many other things going on that the meetings of the Latin Club were thrown all out of joint. But that night we had Sir Babington Macauley as our guest, and he told us all about the “Prophecy of Capys”. And Mr. Hornstein set to rights some of the foolish notions we girls had about the Greek and Roman armies and their equipment. Interesting! Well, you should have been there!

This term we were determined to have our club meetings in spite of everything. The very first night after school began, we made arrangements for it. We met in an old house in Pompeii. We went through every part of the old building and searched every nook and corner. You cannot imagine how exciting it was and what curious things we discovered. We met some very interesting people there, too; among them Apaicides, Ione, Arbaces, Glaucus, and the beautiful, blind Nydia.

Does it not seem to you that each succeeding meeting grows more interesting, and are you not anxious to attend some of them? We should like to have you, truly we should.

*Esther Lindquist.*

# DRAMA



## "Twelfth Night"

THE Senior Class of '09, under the excellent direction of Mrs. Rushmore, presented the Shakespearean comedy, "Twelfth Night", to a large and appreciative public.

The cast was a capable one, due largely to the untiring efforts of its director.

Haven C. R. Stewart, '10, successfully took the part of Duke Orsino. The role of a persistent lover seemed to be quite natural to him.

Sir Toby Belch, the old uncle of Olivia, was Simon Anderson, '09, whose distinctly original and effective manner won much applause. Ernest Roberts, '09, in the role of court fool, made a decided hit, especially with his singing.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the companion of Sir Toby and suitor to Olivia, was H. T. Johnston, '09, who showed himself quite equal to the part. June McCall, '09, successfully took the role of Countess Olivia, the heroine. Her graceful and courtly manner won the entire house immediately.

Mary Templeton, '09, played the role of Olivia. Her splendid acting made a delightful impression. Maria, Olivia's mischievous maid and arch conspirator with Toby, was played by Carrie Bacon, '09. As a comedian of the first class she won great favor.

Malvolio, Olivia's steward and would-be lover, was played by Will Mulally, '10, who took advantage of the opportunity for good work. He seemed in some way or other to be aptly fitted for just such a part, and won much deserved applause.

Freda Kluttig, '09, as Sebastian; Elizabeth Girard, '09, as Antonio, and other minor roles were successfully taken. One of the leading features of the whole production was the court dance.

As a whole, the play was well received. The people of Marquette and Ishpeming evidently knew a good thing when

they saw it. Great credit was reflected on all members of the cast, and the acting throughout was such that only the N. S. N. could produce.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Olivia .....	June McCall
Viola .....	Mary Templeton
Malvolio .....	Wm. Mullaly
Sir Toby .....	Simon Anderson
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....	Ted Johnston
Fabian .....	Howard McKereghan
Duke Orsino .....	Haven C. R. Stewart
Maria .....	Carrie Bacon
Officers .....	{ Virginia Fraser
	{ Minnie McClaurin
Curio .....	May Condon
	Court Dancers and Lords.

*Eva Mae Watt.*

### JUST A LITTLE SHAKESPEARE.

It was Billy's turn in our great Senior play. He was dressed in a gorgeous costume. His part was that of one of the Lords in waiting, and he had but four words to say, "The queen has swooned!" As he stepped out on the stage he bowed low, amid great applause, and said, "The swoon has queened!" There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently and made another attempt, "The swoon has cooned!" Again the walls shook and Howard M. (stage boss) said in a loud voice, "Come off, you chump". But ambitious Billy refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed, "The swoon has sweened!"

*H. C. R. S.*

Scenes from



" Twelfth Night "



Scenes from "Twelfth Night"







# ATHLETICS



## Athletic Notes.

*"Life without sport is not life".  
"The spirit of honor goes hand in hand with manly sports".*

AS one looks back on college life there are certain events that are generally foremost in one's mind. I especially recall my first day at the Normal, our first election of officers, the parties our class gave, certain memorable chapel mornings, the meeting of our literary societies, and last but not least, the victories and defeats of the foot-ball and basket-ball teams.

In 1909 no one ever complained about the lack of college spirit. There was life at N. S. N. all the time and everybody had a common interest,—success, and victory for *the Normal*.

One might easily imagine from the newspapers, that athletics are the sole occupation of college students; but this is not so. In our college, athletics are not allowed to interfere with the regular studies. Besides, athletics foster loyalty to the institution, they develop physical and moral strength, arouse ambition and determination, and, in general, have a wholesome influence upon a student body. I do not think that one student who ever takes part in college sports is sorry that he or she has done so.

Basket-ball is the chief center of athletic interest at the Normal. It is a game which commands interest through hot competition, and offers opportunity to develop skill, agility and endurance. The nature of basket-ball is such as requires the players to play fast and hard, to run here and there, hindering and assisting, playing, individually and collectively, without touching their opponents.

Success in foot-ball or basket-ball is too often measured

by the number of games won. This is a very wrong view to take of this important branch of athletics. No college can always win. A school may hold first place one year, but she has not always done so, nor is she certain to continue to. The great thing is to learn to accept defeat in a graceful manner. The purpose of athletics is not merely to win games or championships, or even to advertise the college. It may do all these, but they are not the essentials; they are only the incidentals. It is, as a coach of one of the leading universities in the country says: "The game of foot-ball is played and will continue to be played because it affords pure and wholesome enjoyment and contributes to the development of body, mind and character. It cultivates the strenuous, robust qualities,—vigor, sand, courage, determination and resolution—qualities that make for the highest and best manhood. Furthermore, the victory does not belong to the star player or any member of the team, but to his school, and the athlete learns that the joy of life lies not so much in the achievement as in the struggle to achieve".

At the present time no agency is more effective in raising a college in the estimation of people generally than success in athletics. From an athletic point of view the Normal has been successful, and has a record that any school might well be proud of, and much comment has been made because of the splendid way in which the school has supported and encouraged both foot-ball and basket-ball teams.

In the fall term of 1908 there was little work done in the line of outdoor sports, but from Thanksgiving till the end of

the winter term an unusual amount of interest was taken in the basket-ball work. During the basket-ball season of 1908-'09 the line-up was as follows:

James Cameron, forward.

Ernest A. Von Zellen, forward.

Simon Anderson, center.

Kenneth Richardson, guard.

Howard McKereghan, guard.

William Mullaly, guard.

Haven Stewart, guard.

Milton Findlay, center.

Our total score for the year was 252 to 123 in our favor. We were successful in all the home games, and lost only two out-of-town games. The season ended with a banquet given at the Clifton. This was the first athletic banquet ever given by the Normal, but after such a successful season we thought it was only natural to celebrate.

Besides the regular Normal team there was also a girls' Normal team, both boys' and girls' teams in Senior and Junior Classes, and Ygdrasil and Osiris teams.

The foot-ball season of 1910 was one of the most successful that N. S. N. has ever experienced. The team was composed mostly of new material with a few of our former stars. We played with varying success during the season, sometimes putting up a superior article of foot-ball, and at other times not keeping up to the mark.

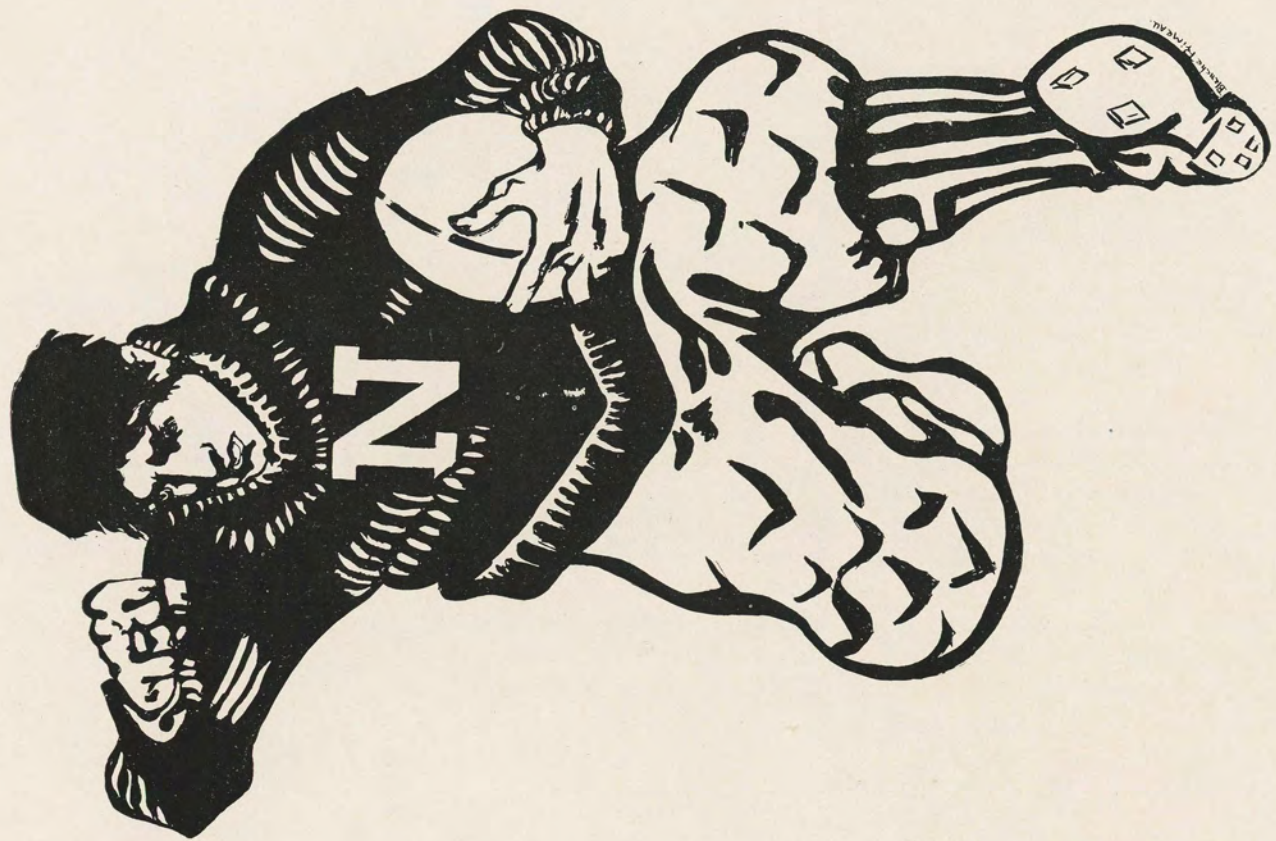
On Thursday, October 21st, we had a grand athletic rally at assembly. Every student was present. Claude Pendill and William Mullaly were in charge of the rally, and a rousing good half-hour was enjoyed by all. The class songs were sung, and speeches were given by Dr. Hebb and Dr. Downing. A football dummy was placed on the platform and was introduced by *Bill*. Miss Hessel read a paper on athletics.

During the last winter term many exciting basket-ball games were played and much enjoyed.

The school has three excellent clay tennis courts, and now that the warm weather has arrived we bid farewell to the Gym. with all its pleasures, and find in tennis the chief source of athletic attraction.

*Adele Dorothy Hessel.*





NO-TITLE



THE SQUAD IN ACTION.



FOOTBALL, 1909.

0  
1  
9  
0  
9

N looking over our football records one should not make a decision as to the capabilities of the Normal squad on the gridiron, but bear in mind that with an enrollment of twenty-two men students we were able to pick out a football team. We began practice the second week in October. We met defeat at the hands of the Guild Hall squad, who outweighed us twenty pounds to the man, but the score was the best put up against them during their season's schedule. The Escanaba boys were a fast team, who were about our size, but outplayed us and handily won by the score of 12 to 0. Our only excuse is too little practice and too much hard study. Our game at Newberry, resulting in a tie, was as clever a game as was ever played in this vicinity. They outweighed us slightly, but we were faster, and three times we would have scored but for the runner tripping on the frightfully ragged gridiron. A tie game was not so bad. Ishpeming and Marquette High Schools

were easy meat, and it was such a snap that we can't spare the valuable space in our Annual to mention it. Why, we simply scored and then held our opponents and tried to see what they could do with the ball. We next put on our overcoats and it began to snow, snow, snow.

*W. F. M.*

OUR FOOTBALL SQUAD.

Left End .....Pendill  
 Left Tackle .....Cameron and Wheeler  
 Left Guard .....Brotherton and Liberty  
 Center .....Mullaly  
 Right Guard .....Stewart and Stratton  
 Right Tackle .....McKereghan  
 Right End.....Fraser and Von Zellen  
 Quarter-back.....McCarthy and Fraser  
 Right Half-back .....Rogers  
 Left Half-back .....Richardson  
 Full-back .....Pellow



BASKET-BALL, 1909.



## Basket-ball, 1908-'09.

IT will be plainly seen by looking over the records of our team that they made a name for the N. S. N. in athletics. With six boys enrolled in the school, we started practice about the end of November. The faculty practiced with us until we consented to let the Marquette H. S. team have use of our Gym.

Our first game was with the Ferguson Business College, and by defeating them we aroused much interest in the game at the school. The next two games were easy, we winning by large margins. Our game with Munising Y. M. C. A., however, was the hardest game of the season. It was played in our Gym., but despite the fact that the visitors were large and experienced players, we held them to a tie when time was up. We continued the game and were successful in scoring a goal, thereby winning by two points.

We then added three more victories to our list, but met our Waterloo when we again played Munising Y. M. C. A. in their Gym. Their hall was much smaller than ours, and our team being much lighter, we could do nothing with our opponents. They defeated us by the score of 23-3.

The team next took a journey to Escanaba. It was a most enjoyable trip for all on the team. We were defeated

by the score of 11 to 8, but our good time erased the effect of our defeat.

Our next games were at Ishpeming and Negaunee. We were defeated in both cases. Later we added two games to our list by forfeit, Negaunee and Marquette H. S., teams refusing to play scheduled games.

The season proved a very successful one for N. S. N. Out of fifteen games played, we won 11 and lost 4, and thereby acquired the coveted title of champions of the city, having defeated the City team, which had defeated all comers.

Basket-ball line-up:

J. Cameron, forward.

E. Von Zellen, forward.

S. Anderson, center.

M. Findley, center.

K. Richardson, guard.

H. McKereghan, guard.

W. Mullaly, guard.

Rex Stewart, guard.

Coach, Prof. Mills.

Business manager, Dr. Faught.



BASKET-BALL, 1909-'10.



BASKET-BALL, 1909-'10.

## Girls' Basket-ball.

**D**URING the years of 1908-'09 we played only two games; we were victorious in both, and naturally this roused a great deal of spirit.

This spirit we determined to revive in the fall of 1909. This year we were all wondering whether or not we were to have a team. On account of the absence of Mrs. Rushmore, the physical training teacher, no one was left to take charge of the girls' athletics.

About the middle of the winter term, Dr. Hebb, the boys' coach, received a challenge from the M. H. S. girls for a game with us. He, as much interested as we were, called a meeting of the girls. It dampened all our hopes when only about twelve girls responded. Nevertheless, we decided to accept the challenge for Friday night, March 11th, and organized immediately. Joana L. Kennedy was elected captain and Adele D. Hessel official bulletin poster, with the added duties of arranging for practice games, use of the Gym., etc. Adele was one of the best and most conscientious players last year, but owing to an accident to her foot later in the year, she has been unable to play since.

Bertha Kamrath, forward; Grace Doetsch, forward, and Joana Kennedy, guard, were the members from last year's team, so to complete this year's team it was necessary to obtain a novice for center and another guard.

The work began with vigor, but we had practiced only one week when we played our first game of the season with the Marquette High School girls. The team was lined-up as follows:

Grace Doetsch ('10), forward.  
Bertha Kamrath ('10), forward.  
Bessie Fisher ('11), center.  
Joana Kennedy ('10), guard.  
Estelle Schuler ('11), guard.  
Maude Warren ('11), sub.

The game was played in Legion Hall and was very exciting throughout. The first half ended with the score 9-7

in our favor, but for some unknown reason during the intermission that followed the score changed to 9-8. The game was one of the closest and most interesting games played between the girls. Every girl went in for a winning game and did her best.

When the whistle blew for the second half we went on determined to win. The ball was in our territory most of the time, but it seemed that luck was against us, and we couldn't make a basket. When the end of the half came and we saw the score was 12-11 in favor of our opponents, we didn't show our feelings as our same rivals did last year, but went home with a "don't care" air and determined to try our luck at another game.

The next week a return game was arranged between the two teams. This was played in the Normal Gym. Before this game we had much trouble trying to get enough girls down to practice to make two teams, consequently only had two or three good practices.

It seemed that fate had decreed that we should not win a game from the M. H. S., because we went on the floor with two of our players sick. When the ball was first thrown up it appeared that the girls went in for each other instead of for the ball. After about three minutes of play we made the first basket; after that it was evident to everyone that we lacked practice. The first half ended 5-10 in favor of our opponents.

In the second half we went on without confidence, but determined to do our best. The line-up was the same, only the positions slightly shifted, Grace Doetsch taking Joana Kennedy's position at guard, and the latter changing over to forward. All that can be said is, that if the girls had played the whole game as they did the last half there would have been no doubt as to the outcome; the first score shows how hard the N. S. N. worked in this half. The game ended 14-11 in favor of the High School.

*Joana L. Kennedy, '10.*



BASKET-BALL TEAM, '08-'09.

## A Boy's Experience as a Hobo.

AS father was not running the affairs of our home in just the way that suited me, and as he was not likely to change for my special benefit, I bethought myself of hying me to some other clime. I studied several volumes of Nick Carter's best works, and conceived the bright idea of turning hobo, as that promised to be the easiest and most careless life that anyone could possibly live. I collected all my spare thoughts, got my thinking cap on, and drew up a plan of action. First, I sold everything I possessed, little and big—principally little—and reaped the munificent sum of seven dollars and twenty-three cents. Then I hied me down to one of the cheap theatres—being somewhat of a clown by nature—and got a job with a repertoire company in order to get out of town. I played the heavies, hustled trunks, and did a song and dance stunt between acts. That night I packed my red-bandana, folded my tent like the Arab, made a moonlight skip through a back window, slid down the woodshed roof without touching a nail, and caught the midnight train like a true hero.

We made our first appearance in a little town about a hundred miles from home. The theatre was filled. Everything was going lovely, too lovely in fact, for just before the curtain rose the town marshal forced his way into the green-room with a warrant for the arrest of our manager. He declared that he wouldn't even allow the show to go on that night. After a lot of good moral persuasion, however, the officer condescended to remain behind the scenes to watch his victim and to allow the performance to proceed. Our manager, it seems, had been playing the forging act. He was tried and given five years hard labor. We got another man to take his place and went on our way rejoicing. Things

ran smoothly on the road and stage till one day the man who acted as manager turned up missing with all the funds. The commotion was great; the end was inevitable; we had to disband.

This was the time when I was to get my first taste of hobo life. After bidding farewell to my actor friends, I bestirred myself and ascertained when the first freight train left for the east. I preferred this mode of travel, as passenger cars were obnoxious to my sense of smell and my pocket-book. The train came in, and the knowledge that I had gained from Nick Carter stood me in good stead. It was a case of catch it on the fly or get left. I made a bold lunge for a ladder on a box car and was wafted through space. I managed to crawl down on to the bumpers out of sight. I placed my chest on one axle, my feet on the other, and for fifty miles proceeded to inhale much of the loose sand and gravel on the track. I was discovered at last, and very unceremoniously thrown off at a little wayside station, not knowing where it was and caring less, because my exhaustion was great and my appetite greater.

After partaking of a light lunch—so light I couldn't feel it—I awaited another section of the rolling stock. This time the train stopped and gave me time to stow myself away in a more comfortable and less dangerous place, inside of a car loaded with soft coal. This was the best thing I had struck in some hours. I immediately fell asleep, and when I awoke I was black as a negro, and a stranger in a strange city. Dirt and hunger are poor combinations. The former is easier to get rid of than the latter, when funds are low. It was a case where I must get clean before I could persuade anyone to feed me, so it was "me for" a river to change my

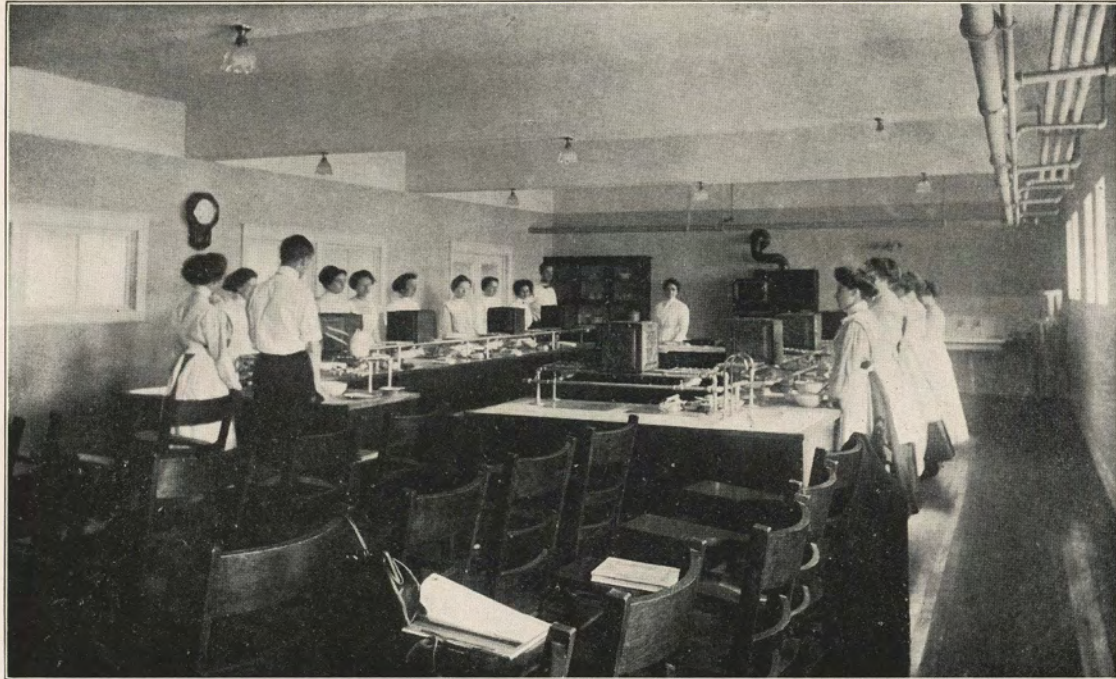
color, "then for" a restaurant to get something to eat, and a job if might be. Fortune favored me, and both came my way. I began with cleaning fish; then through the dish-washing department I was raised to the sublime degree of sub-waiter. The first few dishes I broke I managed to keep out of sight. But my Waterloo, alas, came in the form of a banana peel, just as I had a full load of eating stuff ready to serve. There was a sudden drop in turkey and china. When the roll was called, I found I had spoiled the head waiter's fancy vest, broken an unlimited amount of dishes, frightened the cook nearly to death and wasted several pounds of good food, not upon the desert air, but upon the kitchen floor. The wrath of the head waiter was great; he wouldn't even let me stay long enough to work out the amount I owed for the accident.

To work at a place where they sold things to eat was my chief aim. My eye caught sight of a want ad. A butcher desired the services of an energetic youth to drive his butcher-cart. This, by the way, is the most dangerous position, next to that of a chauffeur. After having questioned me as to my knowledge of horseflesh and my driving abilities, all of which I exaggerated much, he decided to give me a trial. The first day I spent getting acquainted with the horse. The second day nothing of any importance happened, except I came near being arrested for fast driving and cutting corners. But the third day topped the climax. In doing a double-quick, hurry-up stunt with a rush order, I accidentally took a wheel off a milk wagon and overturned a street-organ. In the mix-up I rescued the whip and myself. A trip on the water immediately suggested itself to me, because the anger of that butcher would far surpass anything that had happened yet. It may be the horse is still going, at least I kept going till I got to the dock.

I shipped on the first boat in sight. Again I was doomed to dispense food to human beings, and I heaved a prayer that bananas might be excluded from the bill of fare. We have all heard sung those beautiful, touching ballads about "Sailing the Deep Blue Sea", "Riding the Billows", and "Breasting the Gale", but no one has tried to put to music those lines "Feeding the Fishes". I'm sure if it could possibly be done the composer would make his fortune. Oh, those sounds that came floating to my ears the day after we left port! Neither I nor my stomach was in a condition to describe them. We lament and bemoan the loss of our friends, of our money, or of our home, but that is nothing compared with the way in which we bemoan the loss of all that we have worked, for weeks, so hard to get—our daily bread. We would now have given life itself. I would have committed suicide had it not been against the rules of the ship.

After the gale quit working over-time and all the passengers and crew had collected their individual selves, each looked in the mirror to see how much of himself he still possessed. Everybody went into the hands of a receiver. We couldn't even offer an appetite as an asset. The human stock market was below par for the rest of the trip.

Hoboing to me now had begun to be anything other than what I had pictured it. I racked my brain to find an excuse for going back to father's bungalow, caring little whether the fatted calf would be slaughtered for the prodigal's return or not, and after meeting with several other exciting experiences in the line of being guard at an insane asylum, news-boy, and night clerk at a hotel, I finally hit the bumpers to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home", and arrived safely, considerably the worse for wear, but much wiser.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE.





## Saturday Morning Music Club.

Director, SOPHIA LINTON.

The Normal Music Club was an organization of seventeen members, which met during the winter term on alternate Saturdays.

This club afforded great pleasure, both to the participants and the director. Many excellent programs were furnished, including solos and ensemble singing, together with piano solos and duets.

The final program, rendered at the close of the winter term, gave the Normal students and their friends the privilege of enjoying one of the best programs ever given by the club.

In the spring term, it was thought best with the work of the Senior opera to disband, which was deeply regretted by all the members. It is to be hoped that the club will resume its work again in the fall term.

Members—Claudius Pendill, Will Mullaly, Howard McKereghan, William Stratton, Gordon Liberty, Thure Windoft, George Belding, Haven C. R. Stewart, Flora Retallic, Ruth Brotherton, Marguerite Barnes, Helen Withey, Ethel Young, Edna Rutan, Mae Grills, Adelaide Desrosier, Eva Parks.

The following is a program of one of the open meetings of the club:

1. Vocal—Greeting ..... *Mendelssohn*  
ARIEL CLUB.
2. Vocal—Out on the Deep..... *Fredrick N. Lohr*  
MR. H. P. A. M'KERECHAN.
3. Vocal .....  
MISS MAY GRILLS.
4. Montebank Song ..... *Lohring*  
MR. T. E. WINDOFT.
5. The Daily Question ..... *Meyer-Helmund*  
MR. WILL MULLALY.
6. Piano—Prelude ..... *Rachmanihoff*  
MISS MARGUERITE BARNES.
7. Face to Face ..... *Herbert Johnson*  
MR. CLAUDE PENDILL.
8. Over the Desert ..... *Lawrence Kelly*  
MR. GEO. BELDING.
9. June ..... *Dudley Buck*  
MISS EDNA RUTAN.
10. Aeolian—Aida Poftvumi ..... *Verdi*  
MR. CLAUDE PENDILL.
11. (a) While I Have You..... *Tosti*  
(b) The Cooper's Son, from Boccacio... *von Suppe*
12. Garden Romance ..... *Schaefer*  
MISS FLORA RETALLIC.
13. Piano Duet—Quartet from Rigoletto..... *Verdi*  
MISS ETHEL YOUNG AND MISS RUTH BROTHERTON.

## The Senior Class Opera.

THE Senior Class of 1910 has decided to give an opera for their Annual Class Day program, under the direction of Sophia Linton. Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" has been selected, and it will be given by members of the school chorus with a few exceptions.

### Cast of characters:

Count Arnheim (Governor of Pressburg)....Will Mullaly  
Thaddeus (a proscribed Pole).....George Belding  
Arline (daughter of the Count).....Miss Flora Retallic  
Florestein (nephew of the Count).....Gordon Tucker  
Devilshoof (chief of the Gipsies)....Howard McKereghan  
Captain of the Guard.....Llewellyn Drake  
Queen of the Gipsies.....Miss Christina Creer  
Buda .....Miss Edna Rutan  
Officer .....Clair Drake

The music of the "Bohemian Girl" is very bright and melodious, and the plot, which is marked by simplicity, has for its principal theme the love of Thaddeus (a proscribed Pole) for Arline, the daughter of Count Arnheim.

Through strange circumstances, both become members of a wandering Gypsy band. Through a scar on Arline's arm, Thaddeus discovers that Arline is the one whom, when a child, he rescued from the vicious attack of an infuriated stag, and he knows also who she is and that she is of noble birth, but this he does not disclose.

When the Queen, who loves Thaddeus, discovers that Arline and Thaddeus love each other, she forms a plot to separate them. To this end she secures a medallion from the tipsy Florestein, a member of the Court and nephew of Count Arnheim, who has mingled in the festivities of the plaza of the city where the Gipsies have been dancing.

This she places about the neck of Arline and it is soon discovered by Florestein. He at once proclaims Arline a thief, and great excitement ensues. Arline is arrested and taken before Count Arnheim for trial. Florestein presses the charge, and circumstances seem to strengthen the appearance of guilt against Arline, when the Count perceives the wound upon her arm. He asks its origin and learns the story as told by Thaddeus, and the Count recognizes his long lost child. Arline is restored to her rank and the home of her father, but this does not diminish her love for Thaddeus, who is sternly rejected by the Count, until such time as he discloses his identity by relating his history, and thereby proves himself to be of noble birth. The Count is reconciled to Thaddeus and bestows Arline upon him.

The Queen still conspires against Arline, and induces one of her tribe to fire at her, but through the timely movement of Devilshoof the bullet is turned aside and kills the Queen instead.

### RECITAL.

ON Wednesday afternoon, March 2nd, at 4:30 P. M., the assembly hall was crowded to its utmost capacity for the recital given by Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Roberts. Of Mrs. Davis' numbers, the Grieg Sonata, Opus 7, showed great strength and beauty of technique. By the time she had finished the Kameunoi-Ostrom number she had won the complete sympathy of her audience.

Mrs. Roberts' numbers were chosen with variety of theme. The Schjelderup number, typical of Norse song,

told in quaint and weird melody the story of the lover's boquet to his lady. The Linding number brought out the power and sweetness of her voice, and the Ave Maria was well rendered. She made her songs very interesting by first telling the story or translating each song before she sang it in the foreign tongue.

The music department has been very fortunate in securing such good talent this year, as was certainly proved on this occasion.

## Girls' Glee Club, 1908-'09.

*Director, Harriet B. Oltman.*

*Sopranos*—Agnes Bergh, Christina Creer, Elsie Koob, Eileen Scully, Marian Mulcrone.

*Altos*—Alice Hansen, Louise Jensen, Ramona Rupp, Klara Kjesboe.

The Girls' Glee Club was organized in the winter term of 1909. It was made up of ten members, all of whom had considerable talent in singing. Miss Oltman, the director, set about her work at once, and through her bright and cheerful manner soon won the favor of the girls. It was now an easy task to keep the club together.

After a few weeks of practice the girls were asked to assist at the chapel exercises. Their work proved a credit to their director and themselves. Later they took a prominent

part in the cantata "Granada", given in the Normal Assembly Hall. The club also furnished music for the Upper Peninsula Oratorical Contest, and for other occasions.

Several good times were spent together socially. Lunches at the Island and marshmallow roasts on the beach were especially common occurrences. The town girls entertained the club a number of times at their homes. All these events were most enjoyable.

The close of the winter term disbanded the club, but it was organized again at the beginning of the spring term. The work was equally as good, if not better. A picture of the club was taken toward the close of the term, which in after years will call to memory the good old Glee Club.

## The Normal Chorus.

*Director, SOPHIA LINTON.*

This organization consists of one hundred voices, and forms an essential part of the musical growth of the student body.

The regular meetings for study are on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and it is always present for chapel exercises on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. The purpose of the organization is to give its members an opportunity to study the best known hymns, glees, anthems and operatic selections, to become more proficient in sight-singing and to develop the voice. Student members of the chorus who are in regular attendance throughout the year receive a twelve weeks' credit in music.

### DOUBLE MALE QUARTET.

First Tenors—George Belding, Thure Windoft.

Second Tenors—Haven C. R. Stewart, William Stratton.

First Bass—William Mullaly, Gordon Liberty.

Second Bass—Howard McKereghan, Claudius Pendill.

This organization met regularly and enjoyed very profitable study until it was disorganized by one of its members leaving for work in a medical college in a distant city. They gained in development of voice, sight-reading and rendition. Their appearance at chapel, society meetings, and the Saturday morning musicals was a continued source of delight.



GLEE CLUB.

## NORMAL SONGS.

### CHEER, NORMAL, CHEER.

*Tune—"Ducker."*

As the golden sun of morning  
Touches up the sombre pine,  
So the gold of "Northern Normal"  
On its bed of green reclines.  
'Tis, I know, a sunbeam lighted  
On a breadth of God's own green;  
Fairer standard ne'er was sighted  
Than this one of ours, I ween.

#### CHORUS:

Cheer, then, cheer, Normal, cheer;  
Come, a rousing, heart-felt cheer;  
For our olive and our gold!  
Pure, unstained our colors dear  
To the breezes we unfold.

Hark! The waves of Lake Superior  
Beat unceasing on the shore;  
Firm above their fearful murmur  
Stands our Normal evermore.  
Brave men built its firm foundation,  
True souls labor in it yet.  
Honor to them! Honor ever!  
We shall ne'er their worth forget.

Look we backward, look we forward  
Through the mist that veils the tide,  
We behold a mighty army  
Nobly striving side by side.  
As the shy arbutus, fragrant,  
Blooms amid the dry, brown leaves,  
So dear School, thy mem'ry's fragrance  
O'er each life a sweet spell weaves.

Alma Mater, we, thy children  
Offer up our prayers for thee.  
Fairest fortune smile upon thee,  
Truth and Love thy guardians be.  
We, thy children whom thou nourished,  
Will aye trim thy beacon light;  
See! thy flame shoots o'er the waters;  
Lo! the darksome night is bright.

—Esther Lindquist.

### NORTHERN NORMAL SCHOOL.

*Tune—"Updee."*

On Michigan's far northern strand  
Stands the pride,—of our land  
And round about her pine trees tall  
Are a joy to all.  
At every season of the year  
She greets you with a welcome cheer  
N—S—N—S—N—S—N  
Normal School—Normal School  
N—S—N—S—N—S—N  
Northern Normal School.

In summer time our campus bright  
Is a source—of delight,  
The woods above; the lake below  
Make us love it so.  
Our tennis courts cannot be beat  
Our basket-ball games are a treat  
For we seldom meet defeat.  
Normal School—Normal School  
N—S—N—S—N—S—N  
Northern Normal School.

We wander through the fine old halls,  
Here and there—everywhere,  
Admire the pictures on the walls  
Masterpieces all;  
We fill the class rooms every hour,  
And strive from each to gain some power.  
N—S—N—S—N—S—N  
Normal School—Normal School  
N—S—N—S—N—S—N  
Northern Normal School.

And may the colors we love best  
Ever float—o'er the rest,  
We love the olive and the gold  
Glorious to behold,  
But best of all that we have here  
Are teachers, friends, and classmates dear.  
N—S—N—S—N—S—N  
Normal School—Normal School  
N—S—N—S—N—S—N  
Northern Normal School.

—Theodora McEwen.

### CLASS OF 1901.

#### THE PURPLE AND THE GOLD.

Surrounded by a forest  
Of pine trees tall and dark,  
The Northern Normal College stands  
Adorning Nature's park;  
And the colors we have chosen  
Are royal, rich and old,  
The emblem of our College—  
The Purple and the Gold.

Through the two short years of College,  
'Midst friends and teachers kind,  
We've studied hard and faithful,  
The teachers art to find;  
But our school days now are over,  
We'll leave the sheltering fold,  
But never, never, will forget  
The Purple and the Gold.

In the future when we're teaching,  
And burdened o'er with care,  
Our memory will not fail us,  
But will show us colors fair;  
And a bit of faded ribbon,  
What tales it will unfold,  
Of the pleasures and the gladness  
'Neath the Purple and the Gold.

—Elizabeth McKnight.

### CLASS OF 1902.

Our Normal stands amidst the pines,  
The school to us so dear,  
To her colors floating in the winds,  
O, let us give a cheer:  
Oh, golden are the sands that mark  
The hours of passing time,  
And olive the branch of victory,  
The gift of gods divine.

#### CHORUS:

We sing, we sing, we sing,  
And joyous our voices ring,  
To the Olive and the Gold,  
To the Olive and the Gold,  
That in the breezes float.

O may our school march on  
Through many years to come,  
To win great honor and renown,  
As she ever upward strives.  
Though clouds may sometimes gather near  
And fortune seem adverse,  
O may the sun shine out more clear,  
And every cloud disperse.

#### CHORUS:

Then let us to our cause be true,  
And go where'er we're called;  
Let us courage have to dare and do,  
Ever striving for our cause.  
And now kind friends and teachers all,  
We bid a last adieu,  
But in sweet memory's gilded hall  
There'll be a place for you.

#### CHORUS:

Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
We bid you all farewell,  
And now before we go,  
Cheer the Olive and the Gold,  
And to all say adieu.

—Satie Thompson.

### CLASS OF 1903.

Richer than harvest of ripest grain,  
Are the lives so full of wisdom,  
Teeming with energy, faith and cheer,  
And fired by zealous hearts.  
Richer than mines are the years passed here,  
Feasting in Learning's kingdom,  
So come, let us sing and our praises bring  
To thee with brimming hearts.

#### CHORUS:

Here's to the School of northern climes,  
Here's to Superior's sea,  
Here's to the lofty waving pines,  
Here's to the Class '03.  
Here's to our colors, Red and Gold,  
Here's to the Faculty,  
Here's to the hearts of purest mold,  
Here's to the Class '03.

O Normal Halls, dear Normal Halls,  
Thy threshold we pass o'er,  
With lingering gaze on student days,  
We tread forever more.  
O step by step through passing years,  
Wherever we may be,  
Thy scenes so dear, so sweet, so true,  
Will ne'er forgotten be;  
Thy scenes so dear, so sweet, so true,  
Will ne'er forgotten be.

—Bessie Preston.

### CLASS OF 1904.

School days are over,  
Those days we treasure—  
Days of joy and pleasure,  
Here we've had full measure.

Hail to thee, Normal,  
Sweet be thy mem'ry;  
May it ne'er pass  
From our hearts of truest mold.

Bright our goal is, and our future,  
Lying far beyond us all,  
On the day the veil will fall  
O'er the past beyond recall.

Here as students we are treading,  
In a happy class our way,  
We shall always keep in mem'ry,  
Friends we've made and leave today.

Hail! Our banner o'er us waving,  
Black and Gold, we wave thee o'er,  
To our dear old Alma Mater  
Hail! Our class of Naughty-Four.

Hail! Naughty-Four,  
Hail! Naughty-Four.

School days are over,  
Those days we treasure—  
Days of joy and pleasure,  
Here we've had full measure.

School days are over,  
Those days we treasure—  
Full of joy and mirth,  
Full of joy and mirth.

Hail. Our banner o'er us waving,  
Black and Gold, we wave thee o'er.

—Selma Hallberg.

### CLASS OF 1905.

On the soft June breezes blowing,  
List you hear our farewell songs,  
To our Alma Mater showing  
That our love to her belongs.  
In her care we have been hidden  
From the path we see today,  
But some other work has bidden,  
So we must away, away.

Now our school days here are over,  
So we go where duty calls;  
Memories prove thy worth, that hover  
'Round the dear enchanted halls.  
Alma Mater, glory crown thee,  
In the class that leaves today,  
In our work we hope you may be  
Proud to know we're yours always.

#### CHORUS:

Fare thee well, fare thee well,  
In our fond hearts' deepest center  
Shall thy image ever dwell.  
Hear the Class of 1905  
Calls again a sweet farewell.

—Belle Kelly.

### CLASS OF 1906.

The class of Naughty-Six are we,  
Such jolly students, too,  
Away with plans and lectures now,  
For with them we are through.  
Then bring the cup and fill it up,  
And let our voices ring,  
To our dear Normal ere we go,  
Together let us sing.

We're through with History of Ed,  
And with mythology,  
We've hunted bugs and tested rocks,  
And sketched a tall pine tree.  
Our heads are filled with sharps and flats,  
With fractions great and small,  
Now we're as happy as can be,  
For we have learned them all.

#### CHORUS:

Farewell, dear classmates, our comrades true,  
For we must leave you, to start anew;  
And while battles we must fight,  
May we ever stand aright  
For our colors, the White and Blue.

—Alberta Sharpe, Bessie Beattie,  
Emma Spitz, Rosella Simmons.

### CLASS OF 1907.

Stately, prim, and dignified,  
All in cap and gown;  
Careful how you speak to us,  
We Grads of great renown.

#### CHORUS:

Sing, sing, together,  
Of course our class is best;  
Sing, sing, together,  
Supreme o'er all the rest.

Here's to the dear old Normal,  
Here's to the Faculty,  
Here's to the struggling Juniors,  
Working as hard as we.

#### CHORUS:

Farewell to each dear classmate,  
Farewell to Superior old,  
Farewell to the tall green pine trees,  
Farewell to the Olive and Gold.

#### CHORUS:

—Lillian Goodreau, Irene Westcott.



### CLASS OF 1908.

There's a loneliness pervading, the faint sighing of the breeze,  
And sadness ever stealing through the branches of the trees;  
It is not the chilly autumn that is slowly drawing nigh—  
No, dear classmates, it is only that we must say "Good-bye."

How can we say it gladly, each heart holds back its own,  
With the pleasant past behind us and the future all unknown,  
Our lives are bright as youth is with hopes that never die,  
But fancies close around us when we classmates say "Good-bye."

Our school days now are over, time flies on golden wings;  
First Juniors, then as Seniors, now awaiting higher things;  
The parting hour grows nearer, dim shadows round us play,  
Visions of the past returning, then as slowly fade away.

"Good-bye," the pines are singing, good-bye is their refrain,  
"Good-bye," the play grounds whisper, and the halls take up the strain;  
"Farewell," instructors murmur, "farewell," the Juniors sigh,  
All the world, indeed, is mourning that we must say "Good-bye."

—Olive Carrigan.

### CLASS OF 1909.

Fair Normal School, 'neath waving pines,  
With branch of olive green,  
The sunset rays now sweetly shine,  
A glorious, golden sheen.  
Our colors fair, Olive and Gold,  
That on our banners unfold;  
Come wave them while we sing  
And cheerful voices ring.

#### CHORUS:

Naught Nine! Naught Nine!  
Your banners unfold,  
Naught Nine! Naught Nine!  
Hail, Olive and Gold.  
Naught Nine! Naught Nine!  
All hail the class of Naught Nine!

A jolly class, we Seniors brave,  
We love to do and dare;  
We love our class, her colors wave,  
We love our Normal fair.  
We love our teachers who have taught  
That rich is life and rich is thought;  
We love the heart that's true,  
That dares the right to do.

#### CHORUS:

Wher'e'er we go, by duty sent,  
This class of Nineteen Nine  
Shall oft recall the school days spent  
Where waves the Northern pine.  
Their memory shall be our stay,  
Dispel the clouds, make bright the day.  
Come then we'll sing the song  
That we have loved so long.

#### CHORUS:

Come, Seniors, come, and bid farewell  
To these our comrades dear;  
Come give once more our Normal yell,  
With ringing, hearty cheer.  
And as the banners now unfold;  
While wave the Olive and the Gold;  
Come Seniors join the strain,  
We'll sing our loved refrain.

#### CHORUS:

—Lucile Ferguson.

## THE COLORS.

*Tune—"The Orange and the Black."*

Although College days are fleeting, 'neath whisperings of the pine  
In our dear old Normal building, with its clinging ivy vine;  
For vacation we are yearning, and the joys it doth unfold,  
Yet we've all been glad and happy, 'neath the Olive and the Gold.

Most dear to us the friendships here, with teachers kind and true,  
While brightly shines our Northern sun, from a field of azure blue;  
In chains of love our hearts are bound, in chains that ere shall hold,  
And we shall ever faithful be, to the Olive and the Gold.

And when we have cast ourselves adrift, upon life's ebbing sea  
We'll guard our barks forever on its waters rolling free;  
We'll try to make our lives sublime, and to the world unfold  
The knowledge gained from day to day 'neath the Olive and the Gold.

And should we stray in future in distant lands to roam,  
In quiet of our firesides, our thoughts will wander home,  
And o'er College days we're musing, with joy we shall behold  
Our dear old Normal banner still, with the Olive and the Gold.

—Ethel Thornton.

## 1909.

*Tune—"The Watch on the Rhine."*

We are the class of nineteen nine  
And richer far than any mine  
In knowledge stored for future need  
When we shall teach by word and deed.

### CHORUS:

Oh, nineteen nine, we sing to thee,  
Oh, nineteen nine, we sing to thee;  
Strong is the class, the class of nineteen nine,  
Strong is the class, the class of nineteen nine.

And though we part, we'll not forget  
Our Normal School, where first we met,  
Where e'er we live, o'er land and sea  
Our hearts, our hopes with her shall be.

Though two short years, we've studied here  
Our Normal life has been most dear,  
All hail to thee, our colors old,  
To thee, the Olive and the Gold.

—Theodora McEwen.

## Gymnastics.

THE physical training in the N. S. N. is under the able direction of Mrs. E. G. Rushmore. The classes consist mainly of Juniors, as the Seniors, so pressed with other duties, declare that they do not have time to change their attire between classes. However, some Seniors (not so risky as others) faithfully continue their course for four terms (amount required for graduation). At the beginning of the term great ado is made.

*A.* "I just can't take gymnastics. It takes me so long to take off my collar, I couldn't get ready in five minutes. I believe I'll get a doctor's certificate. I have a friend who will give me one".

*B.* "I don't know what I'll do. I haven't a suit. Mrs. Rushmore, I haven't a suit".

*Mrs. R.* "Oh! I have a nice one I'll let you take".

*B.* (disappointed and amazed. "Oh! I think you are mean. I don't want to take it".

*Mrs. R.* "Some girls are so lazy".

However, this fussing is all over after the first week, and the classes, arrayed in suitable attire, appear regularly. The primary aim of this course is to develop vitality and physical health. This is done through many exercises on

bars, ladder, rings, etc., which everyone agrees are very interesting and so helpful. Basket-ball, fancy steps, games and drills are also features most enjoyed by members of the classes.

Work in practice teaching is done, so that the course is made practical in that it is of value to the public school teacher in arranging exercises and drills for children.

Besides the work indoors, members of the classes display their skill on the tennis courts provided and well equipped by the school.

Some of the members of the N. S. N. are real gymnastic lovers, one member having taken it for five terms; another feels well capable to enter any circus, and would doubtless win a prize in tight-rope walking; another loves basket-ball, in fact, all Gym. work, but her ankle always gives out (I wonder why); still another will display her skill and attainments by accepting a position as fancy dancer in Ringling Bros. circus.

As a final plea to Juniors and soon-to-be-Seniors, I refer them to the attainments of the present Senior class along this line, and urge them to take "Gym." every chance they get.

*G. M. D.*

## NORMAL YELLS.

N—o—r—m—a—1!  
N—o—r—m—a—1!  
N—o—r—m—a—1!  
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Northern Normal, Rah! Rah!  
Northern Normal, Rah! Rah!  
Who Rah? We Rah!  
Northern Normal, Rah! Rah!

1—2—3—4—5—6—7  
All good children go to heaven,  
When they get there they will yell,  
Northern Normal, you did well!

What's the matter with the Normal?  
It's all right!  
You bet! Every time!  
It is, it is, it IS all right!

Hullabaloo, hoorah! Hoorah!  
Hullabaloo, hoorah!  
Hoorah! Hoorah!  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Normal, Normal,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

"Say!" "What?"  
"That's what."  
"What's what?"  
"That's what they all say."  
"What do they all say?"  
"Normal! Normal!! Norma:!!!"

Hobble, gobble, razzle, dazzle,  
Zip! Boom! Bah!  
N. S. N., N. S. N.,  
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

1—2—3—4  
3—4—3—4  
Who are we for, we for, we for?  
N. S. N., basket-ball!

Niggah! Niggah! Hoe potatah!  
Half-past Alligatah!  
Rain! Bah! Bulligatah!  
Chippewa, wah!  
N. S. N., N. S. N.,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

1—2—3—4  
Who you going to root for?  
Northern Normal!  
Smash them! bust them!  
That's our custom!

Gazella, Gazella, Gazella, Gazay!  
Get out, get out, get out the way,  
Rebo, Ribo, Zis Boom Bah!  
Northern Normal, Rah! Rah! Rah!

"Who's all right?" "They're all right,  
The Normals are all right."

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka,  
Bow, wow, wow!  
Ching-a-lacka, Ching-a-lacka,  
Chow, chow, chow!  
Boom-a-lacka, Chink-a-lacka,  
We are we?  
We are the Normal,  
Don't you see!!

Razzle dazzle, hobble, gobble,  
Hokey pokey, bah!  
Northern Normal,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Strawberry shortcake,  
Huckleberry pie!  
V-i-c-t-o-r-y!  
"Are we in it?" "Well, I guess!  
Northern Normal, Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Who! Who! Who am I?"  
"I'm a loyal  
N-o-r-m-a-l-i-g-h-t!!"

Go, get a go-cart,  
Go get a hearse.  
Our opponents  
Prepare for the worst!

What's the matter with our faculty?  
They are just what they ought to be.  
Northern Normal, Bis! Boom! Bah!  
N. S. N., Rah! Rah! Rah!

**N. S. N. RAH**

# FOOT-BALL

## OUR RECORD.

Northern State Normal..... 0	Guild Hall .....11
Northern State Normal..... 0	Escanaba Highs .....12
Northern State Normal.....10	Ishpeming Highs ..... 0
Northern State Normal..... 0	Newberry ..... 0
Northern State Normal..... 5	Marquette Highs ..... 0
—	—
Total, Northern State Normal.....15	Opponents .....23
Games Won ..... 2	
Games Lost ..... 2	
Games Tied ..... 1	

# BASKET-BALL

1908-'09

## OUR RECORD.

Negaunee High School .....	0	Northern State Normal (forfeit).....	2
Marquette High School .....	0	Northern State Normal (forfeit).....	2
Ferguson Business College .....	4	Northern State Normal .....	20
Ferguson Business College .....	7	Northern State Normal .....	14
Marquette High School .....	12	Northern State Normal .....	22
Munising Y. M. C. A.....	12	Northern State Normal .....	14
Ishpeming High School .....	2	Northern State Normal .....	34
Marquette City Team .....	20	Northern State Normal .....	30
Escanaba High School .....	10	Northern State Normal .....	37
Munising Y. M. C. A.....	23	Northern State Normal .....	3
Ishpeming City Team .....	14	Northern State Normal .....	21
Escanaba High School .....	11	Northern State Normal .....	8
Marquette High School .....	11	Northern State Normal .....	29
Ishpeming City Team .....	25	Northern State Normal .....	13
Negaunee High School .....	21	Northern State Normal .....	18
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Opponents .....	152	Northern State Normal .....	267
Total Won .....			
Total Won .....		11	
Lost .....			
Lost .....		4	

## Calendar of Past Events.

- Sept. 27.*—Arrival of a new Junior Class. The expressions on most faces seem to say "Here I am, all ready to be taught. Teach me".
- Sept. 28.*—"Twelve Labors of Hercules" begin for students.
- Sept. 29.*—J. H. K.'s smile appears in the usual good form.
- Sept. 30.*—President speaks to us in chapel. Immediately after, first meeting of the rubber-neck brigade takes place before the bulletin board.
- Oct. 1.*—M. E. G. decides she can't live without taking something in the department of geography.
- Oct. 4.*—M. E. G. decides to take two subjects in above mentioned department.
- Oct. 5.*—H. C. R. S. wears a new necktie. It's green, but Rex isn't a Junior.
- Oct. 6.*—A Junior's remark: "Everything is as tame as an elephant around here".
- Oct. 7.*—Juniors are homesick.  
"Hush, dear Juniors, don't you cry,  
You'll be Seniors by and by".
- Oct. 8.*—A Junior writes home: "I've got to learn Psychology and such uninteresting things here".
- Oct. 11.*—Sentiments of a Senior: "What's the use of bucking when there's things to do instead".
- Oct. 12.*—B. Hall: "Oh, girls, the Geography faculty is just grand".
- Oct. 13.*—Everybody plugging(?)
- Oct. 14.*—Lives of Seniors all remind us  
We should strive to do our best,  
And departing leave behind us  
Note-books which will help the rest.
- Oct. 15.*—Rumor that H. McKereghan has prepared his Psyche lesson for Monday.
- Oct. 18.*—Rumor concerning H. Mc. false.
- Oct. 20.*—C. W. refused a pickle.
- Oct. 21.*—J-e K-n-e-y answered a question in one word.
- Oct. 22.*—E-i-h U-s-o-t- looked untidy.
- Oct. 26.*—Faculty and Juniors are invited to attend the grand Senior blow-out.
- Oct. 27.*—Seniors busy decorating.
- Oct. 28.*—The day before the Prom. Everybody is wearing her gaudiest, also her room-mate's gaudiest, and a large six-inch home made grin. Why should we not be happy? Tomorrow is the Prom.
- Oct. 29.*—Senior dance tonight. All other remarks unrolled for.
- Oct. 30.*—The day after the Prom. Everybody wears what is left of hers or her room-mate's and a sorrowful trace of a well meant grin.  
Senior Class *plan* to eat up scraps.  
Esky game.  
Faculty serenade.
- Nov. 1.*—Blue Monday.
- Nov. 2.*—Senior Class dues. Hurry up, there; they're tight wads.
- Nov. 3.*—Thanksgiving is three weeks from Thursday.
- Nov. 4.*—Athletic meet in Assembly room. Saturday's football game announced. Ten-minute talks on athletic spirit.
- Nov. 5.*—Great demonstration. Colors, yells, song, laurel wreaths for victory; foot-ball, foot-ball everywhere.
- Nov. 6.*—A silence, a rush, a kick. 16 points for N. S. N.
- Nov. 8.*—Senior Class meeting. Olive and Gold board elected. How does it strike you?
- Nov. 9.*—First Psyche test. Day of wonders and terrors.
- Nov. 11.*—After school we play M. H. S. The score will be — — —?
- Nov. 12.*—10 to 0 in our favor. Are we in it? Well, rather.
- Nov. 15.*—Howard McK. takes a vacation this afternoon.
- Nov. 16.*—Pres. Kaye exhorts students to attend foot-ball game.
- Nov. 18.*—Juniors hold meeting and elect officers(?)
- Nov. 19.*—Junior chorus, "Oh, how we hate those tyrannical Seniors".
- Nov. 22.*—Debate in Ygdrasil, "Resolved, that thinking is but an idle waste of thought".



Nov. 23.—Exams. do now occur, and for a time our life's  
a blur

Of green books, questions, texts and ink,  
And vain endeavors to think.  
A few succumb, but most survive  
Thankful merely to be alive.  
The next thing we look forward to  
Is Thanksgiving, home and Turkey, too.

Nov. 24.—Two days vacation announced. Did we grin?

Nov. 26.—Dorm. halls gloomy and deserted.

Nov. 29.—Bessie Fisher takes her fall smile out for a walk.

Nov. 30.—Look pleasant, Juniors.

Dec. 1.—The Junior Class have their pictures taken. "Oh,  
dear, nothing but my nose will show". E-t-e- H-a-h.

Dec. 2.—The Osiris have a tea party.

Dec. 3.—Basket-ball game with Ferguson Business College.  
And it came to pass that many people were delightfully  
surprised.

Dec. 6.—Walter Hornstein recites in Geology. Rate, 240  
words a minute.

Dec. 7.—We haven't seen Zoe Proctor's diamond since  
Thanksgiving. What happened, Zoe?

Dec. 8.—Stock company in town. One's studies do so in-  
terfere with the regular college course.

Dec. 9.—Normalites who live without folly are not as wise  
as they think.

Dec. 10.—Review of the season.

Dec. 13.—Big night tonight. Ygdrasil entertain school at  
a children's Xmas party.

Dec. 14.—Quarter-yearly guessing contest begins.

Dec. 16.—Student taking five Exams. in one day: "Haven't  
I somewhere heard of a proverb to the effect that it never  
rains but it pours?"

Dec. 17.—"Good-bye, everybody. Merry Xmas, and the  
best luck in the world".

Jan. 4.—Cheer! Cheer! Cheer! The gang's all here.

Jan. 5.—New Year's Resolutions:

Hazel Ferguson—"Resolved, to use as many ponies  
as I can this term".

Joe Kennedy—"Resolved, to get on the right side of  
the faculty by diplomatic speeches".

Miss Oltman—"Resolved, to wear my new furs as  
much as possible".

Claude Pendill—"Resolved, to keep up my bluff as a  
big gun".

Jan. 6.—English History pony for sale. Apply at Room  
14, Dorm.

Jan. 7.—"Oh, what shall I take?"

Jan. 10.—"Can't find anything to take except History of  
Painting. Oh, Horrors! I see 'S t u n g' before me for  
the term".

Jan. 11.—"Wonder what the new drawing teacher will be  
like?"

Jan. 12.—Eloise Salvo recites in her usual way. "In a de-  
vious manner as previously mentioned", etc.

Jan. 13.—At last Dr. Downing arrives to make the terrible  
worse.

Jan. 14.—"Let's all bunch observation; she doesn't care".

Jan. 17.—The Misses Withey and Retallic exhibit in training  
school. Come and see us; it's free.

Jan. 18.—Faculty meet. Here's where we get raked over.

Jan. 19.—"Oh, they frowned on me.

How about you?"

Jan. 20.—History Exam.

Jan. 21.—"Did you ever wake up in the morning feeling as  
if you lived among a hard bunch of villains?"

Jan. 24.—Exam. papers handed back. Alice Hansen de-  
cides that Miss M. has a cold, icy nature, and a heart  
that beats only once every half hour.

Jan. 25.—Blanche blew in. Have you seen Gay Paree?

Jan. 27.—Can anybody beat Dr. Downing at Exam. ques-  
tions?

Jan. 28.—Ida Peck loses her vocabulary.

Jan. 31.—Grace D.'s new dress is very becoming.

*Feb. 1.*—Senior Class song: "Work for the night is coming".

*Feb. 2.*—Exam. day in Grammar. H. C. R. Stewart: "I have always made it a rule never to do today what I can put off till tomorrow, but there are moments when I wish I were not so virtuous about it".

*Feb. 3.*—"Of all sad words of tongue and pen,  
The saddest are these, Exams. again".

*Feb. 4.*—Life is real, life is earnest,  
But it might be more sublime  
If we were not taking Grammar Exams.  
Three-quarters of the time.

*Feb. 7.*—Eileen Scully is a year older than she has been for some time.

*Feb. 9.*—"What are you going to do this Lent?"

*Feb. 10.*—Some of the students think that 69 is a very poor mark, while 70 is fine. I wonder why?

*Feb. 11.*—"Oh, goodie, tomorrow is my off day!"

*Feb. 14.*—Osiris entertained Ygdrasil at a Valentine party. The principal event of the evening was a debate on the question of "Woman Suffrage" between the Misses Mae and Winifred Von Zellen on the affirmative side and Messrs. Morris and Liberty on the negative side. Refreshments were served, and dancing was suggested, but the Osiris decided to observe Lent, so the time was spent in playing "Simon says thumbs up".

*Feb. 15.*—Miss Hessel: "Oh! Mr. Stewart, sign this petition".

Rex—"No, ma told me I must not do anything unless all the other boys do it first".

Slight fire in Peter White Science Hall. Nothing serious. Just a little excitement and no more classes in that building for the remainder of the afternoon.

*Feb. 16.*—Announcement of no school next Monday. All students except two are happy.

*Feb. 23.*—At it again.

*Feb. 24.*—A number of the girls were pleasantly entertained at an informal fudge party given by Miss M. E. Gibson.

*March 1.*—Debate between Ygdrasil and Osiris: "Resolved, that Cotton Mather was the author of Mother Goose Melodies".

*March 2.*—It has been rumored that the Junior Class is about to organize. The Seniors hope they will not be disappointed.

*March 4.*—Basket-ball game at Legion Hall between Normal and Marquette High School girls. Where were we?

*March 8.*—Senior Class begins to renew old acquaintances.

*March 10.*—Something in the air, but Juniors unable to make out just what it is.

*March 11.*—What are you going to contribute to the Annual?

*March 14.*—Another Senior meeting!!! Plot thickens.

*March 15.*—Faculty attend court. Mock trial. Seniors proved worthy of wearing pin.

*March 16.*—Important Junior meeting(?)

*March 17.*—Junior celebration. Green and White flag waving from flagpole. Juniors haven't enough party gowns, so they borrow(?) Senior clothes.

*March 18.*—How do you feel, Rex?

*March 21.*—We're on the home stretch now.

*March 22.*—Soaked again.

*March 23.*—How did the Grammar Exam. strike you, Eunice?

*March 24.*—"Home, sweet home".

A. D. H.

## N. S. N. Alphabet.

A is for All of us, loyal and true,  
May we all stand together with virtues not few.

B is for Best, we are 1910,  
The very best class of N. S. N.

C is for Critics, we all must agree  
That to please them we'd stay up till half after three.

D is for Dorm, where some of us stay,  
But often we wish we were far away.

E is for Excellence, for which we so long,  
It sounds far away like a mythical song.

F is for Faught, an instructor in Math,  
At his jokes we all very often do laugh.

G is for German and all Grammars too,  
The bane of all students—please ask just a few.

H is for Hill, a toast for F. E.,  
Her virtues outnumber the sands of the sea.

I is for Interest we take in our work,  
For ne'er were we known a lesson to shirk.

J is for Juniors, so awkward and green,  
We wish they were heard less and more often seen.

K is for Kaye, our greatest authority,  
Right up to snuff, so think the majority.

L is for Lessons, which bring to light  
The fact that to get them we must stay up all night.

M is for Maxwell, who when she us sees  
Reminds us to make use of our opportunities.

N is for Normal, of all schools in the west,  
We are certainly sure that this is the best.

O is for Osiris, where we often debate,  
And always enjoy ourselves till it is late.

P means Psychology we studied last year,  
And some of us didn't adore it, I fear.

Q is for Quizzes by curious ones given,  
By which we to distraction are just about driven.

R is for Rushmore, whom we all do adore,  
And her readings and virtues we'll praise evermore.

S is for Societies in our hemisphere,  
And of their great doings you oftentimes do hear.

T is for Tact that some people use,  
Or else their high marks they are liable to lose.

U is for Uses we make of the Gym.,  
Fat people trying to make themselves slim.

V is for Valor in class-room and field,  
We never a victory to anyone yield.

W is for Wisdom, which we all have procured,  
And with us it will always remain, we're assured.

X is for future "unknown" to all,  
'Twill ne'er be revealed till we've left far these walls.

Y is for Ygdrasil, a society glorious,  
Whose record has been "in all things victorious".

Z is the end of our Normal career,  
If we do not succeed, 'twill be mighty queer.

*Adele D. Hessel.*

## Some New Books.

"HOW TO BLUFF IN RECITATIONS". By *Esther Lindquist*.

The author's well-known skill along this line is sufficient recommendation for the work. No one but the author could ever have written such a valuable treatise. Upon every page can be found the imprint of her personal experiences. 2000 pages. Price, 9 cents.

"THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE". By *Howard McKereghan*.

This is a book which is very helpful to a reader, because it portrays so much thought, experience, skill and labor. Sold only by the author. Free to good students and pretty girls.

"THE CHATTERBOX". By *Adele Dorothy Hessel*.

Sent free to all who want it, as long as they last. Write to publishers at once. Full of light and capricious dialogue. Numerous pictures. The spirit and style of the author is reflected on every page.

"HOW TO BE HAPPY". By *M. E. Gibson*.

A short little volume, as clever as it is inspiring. The author believes that happiness may be perpetual if only we aspire to that end; believes in the theory of "Laugh and the world laughs with you".

"INNOCENTS ABROAD". By *Th. E. Juniors*.

A humorous account of the experiences of certain inexperienced parties who are unacquainted with the ways of the world. The ridiculous things they say and do keep the reader in a constant uproar of laughter.

"GIRLS I HAVE WOODED". By *H. C. R. S.* A sequel to "A String of Hearts" and "Adelaide and Other Lyrics" (gilt edge edition).

Three volumes. Leather bound. Profusely illustrated. Price, 99c. This is one of the most interesting books of love and romance ever written. It will be found both interesting and instructive to the reader.

"HOW TO BECOME POPULAR". By *Grace M. Doetsch*.

A neat little book on good form and etiquette. The book itself is the embodiment of good form and proper decorum.

"THE ADVENTURES OF DARE DEVIL JACK IN THE WILDS OF THE ROCKIES". By *R. D. Shepherd*, author of "The Arizona Scout", "The Reuben Band in the Dakotas", etc., etc.

This book is the product of an author who has a thorough acquaintance of his subject owing to a residence of forty years upon the western frontiers. The descriptions are very thrilling. Yellow covers. Three volumes boxed ready for shipment on receipt of 29c in stamps.

"THE QUESTIONER'S MANUAL". By *Eunice Purcell*.

This book is very interesting and contains a list of 23,230,230,023 questions to be asked in a recitation class the day after a lecture, dance, or a ball game. It is a volume that every student of philosophy ought to have. Price, 1c postpaid.

"WHAT TO SAY". By *Adele Egan*.

This is a collection of the brightest gems of the English language. More entertaining than "Lucky Jim". While the English may not be quite up to the standard, the paper and binding are very good, and these certainly entitle it to a place in every library. Special discount to all of 250 per cent.

"WHEN I HAVE TO CRAM"

Will be put on sale again about the second week in June. After much persuasion on the part of the editors the Junior Class has allowed their incomparable speller to go into press. The following are some words which Dr. Fracker and Miss Hill have selected from some Psychology and Grammar papers handed in by members of the Junior Class: Watter, grees, miszerable, conspicuous, solem, oppertunity, redicellus, fleez, inflameable, duch, graph, seperate.

"CANDY RECEIPTS". By *Florence Kepler*.

Humanly powerful, scholarly, well ordered and splendidly evolved. Price, 7c.

# N. S. N. DAILY.

Vol. 1. No. XL.

MARQUETTE, MICH., JUNE 4, 1910.

Price, 5 cents

## GRAND BANQUET TO N. S. N. ATHLETES

Elaborate Spread Served Last Evening to Basket-ball Team at Hotel Clifton.

Monday evening one of the social successes of the year took place in the form of an elaborate banquet served at the Clifton Hotel in honor of the basket-ball team of the school. Tables were arranged in the form of a large H and set for a party of about fifty. Dainty and attractive decorations of daffodils and sweet peas lent a pleasant appearance to the tables. The banqueters arrived about eight o'clock and sat down to enjoy one of the most elaborate feasts that Mr. Sullivan could serve, and that speaks for itself. President Kaye, seated in his throne of honor at the head of the table, evoked laughter from the merry-makers by his remarks. As toastmaster he could not have been excelled, introducing the speaker with some story that always brought ap-

plause. Prof. Mills was first to speak, and he did speak, and in the course of his remarks he thanked the committee for arranging the banquet, the girls for their loyalty to the team and the team for sticking together.

Miss Grace Doetsch spoke very well on the accomplishments of the team, and showed that she had college spirit—that wonderful gift which some members of the school lack.

Captain "Jim" Cameron told in an interesting way "Why the team won." His talk may be sized up in the following saying, "Keep a-yelling, girls! Keep a-moving, boys."

Simon Anderson then spoke on the trip "abroad." Many interesting incidents were related and met with applause. Miss Hill told how pure athletics were a benefit to the school and how they should be promoted. Three cheers for her. Kenneth Pellow was then called upon to lecture on the Ygdrasil-Osiris game—an affair that did not materialize, owing to many excuses which the tall Senior clearly stated in a most pleasing manner. Next came William Mullaly, who was introduced as the one who was to

(Continued on Page 2, Column 3)

## N. S. N. STUDENTS TAKE INTERESTING JAUNT

Zoology Class Explore Piscatorial Regions and Investigate Natural Phenomena.

Monday afternoon the zoology class of the Northern State Normal returned from a four-days' encampment on the banks of the Salmon Trout river, having spent the time in collecting material for literary work and investigating geological formations as to their relation to animal and plant distribution. Dr. Downing, who has charge of the natural science department and who is a teacher of repute in his department, gave to the pupils during the course of the trip information that was of a nature that could not be obtained in any regular course in this subject. The class did some fishing in the vicinity of the Salmon Trout and brought into camp several fish weighing from one to two pounds each. Dr. Downing reeled in a trout that tipped the

scales at two and one-half pounds. When camp was made and supper was being prepared by the star class cook, Simon Anderson, the five hungry students who had hiked it with their sixty-pound packs from Big Bay sat down to devour about two dozen of the finest specimens of the Salmon Trout that were ever set upon a—well, these weren't set on a table, but they tasted just as good, so says the class.

During the trip the class saw many deer, porcupines, turtles, snakes, ground moles, etc. These were carefully studied, and even the hoot, hoot of the owl did not escape the ear of the zoologists. One snapping turtle that measured a foot in diameter amazed the class by his antics whilst in combat with a stick held in one of the student's hands. Snakes were so numerous that the class had great sport in chopping their heads off with an axe. Two turtles were brought back to the laboratory, one being smaller than a fifty-cent piece. Dr. Downing also discovered that many new warblers are now inhabiting that region, among them being the scarlet

(Continued on Page 2, Column 1)

## N. S. N. DAILY.

W. F. M., EDITOR.

MARQUETTE, JUNE 4, 1910.

The subway habit is becoming chronic at the school. That subterranean passage between the North and South buildings, lit up with incandescents of joy, is rapidly merging into a Broadway or Picadilly. No student wishes to court influenza, catarrh, sore throat, bronchitis or a frog in the valve; hence the trip through the bosom of Mother Earth. Why not? It makes a long walk and a lovely walk, and a walk that should eventually become a lovers' lane. It reminds one of the mysterious passage under Paris in the Helmet of Navarre, with the only difference that comedy replaces the scene of tragedy. May the tunnel always be open, for it is the boulevard of brains and the thoroughfare of thoughts.

## N. S. N. STUDENTS TAKE INTERESTING JAUNT

(Continued from Page 1)

breaded Tannager and the chestnut saddled warbler.

The class hiked to Huron Mountain club on the second day, rowing across Pine lake and up Pine river to the falls. These falls make a drop of forty feet, sending at this time of the

year a tremendous volume of water. The falls flare at the foot and look as though they had been constructed by man, so smooth is the surface of the river as it makes this drop. At the foot of the falls the river comes in contact with a dike of granite and makes a big bend. Here the party camped for dinner and a good snooze. Dr. Downing took some very good pictures of the falls, which in all probability will be printed in some later issue of the Daily.

The following evening Dr. Downing lulled the class to sleep while expounding the evolution theory of animals. Each student, enwrapped in his Indian blanket, made a picture as they sat about the camp-fire on the beach, where they finally slept the weary hours away until 3 a. m. Three a. m. was the rising hour throughout the trip, and the early morning jaunts of five or six miles brought the color to the cheeks of the party.

Having heard the wolves howl, having seen McKereghan shoot the red squirrel, having seen Mullaly loose a two pounder and Simon and Dr. Downing prepare the meals, we will leave the class to return to their studies.

The N. S. N. Daily hereby announces the engagement of Miss Libby to Mr. Waldron M. Jerome, of Minneapolis, Minn. She will, however, continue her duties at N. S. N. until the close of the Summer term.

## GRAND BANQUET TO N. S. N. ATHLETES

(Continued from Page 1)

develop a deep subject, victory or training. This is how he did it: "It is indeed an honor to be called upon to speak to you this evening, especially in view of the fact that I am to lecture upon a subject about which I know absolutely nothing, etc., and therefore let it be understood that the team went to Escanaba merely in the interest of training." Dr. Faught spoke well, and his remarks brought applause and laughter, especially when he related about the small classes that he used to teach, one time having only one in the class, and that one a fair maiden. Freda Kluttig spoke about the girls' basket-ball team and brought the fact before the president that the girls were being down-trodden in a most alarming fashion. The toast of the evening was given by Miss Adele Hessel, who was equal to the task, and received loud applause. The school song was then sung:

### The Olive and the Gold.

Surrounded by a forest  
Of pine trees tall and dark,  
The Northern Normal College stands  
Adorning Nature's park;  
And the colors we have chosen  
Are Royal, rich and old,  
The emblem of our College—  
The Olive and the Gold.

Through the two short years of college,

'Midst friends and teachers kind,  
We've studied true and faithful,  
The teacher's art to find;  
But when our course is finished,  
And we leave the sheltering fold,  
We never, never will forget  
The Olive and the Gold.

In the future when we're teaching,  
And burdened o'er with care,  
Our memory will not fail us,  
But will show us colors fair;  
And a bit of faded ribbon,  
What tales it will unfold,  
Of the pleasures and the gladness  
'Neath the Olive and the Gold.

The menu discussed, with the list of toasts, was as follows:

Oysters on Half Shell	
Consomme	Sliced Tomatoes
Celery	Queen Olives
Roast Chicken with Dressing	
Sweet Potatoes	Green Peas
	Fruit Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream	Assorted Cake
	Coffee

Toastmaster, President Kaye.

"The Relation Between Athletics and the Normal School".....	Prof. Mills
"The Team".....	Grace Doetsch
"Why We Win—the Girls".....	Jas. Cameron
"The Trips Out of Town".....	Simon Anderson
"Pure Athletics".....	Miss Hill
"The Ygdrasil-Osiris Game".....	Kenneth Pellow
"Victory or Training in School Athletics".....	William Mullaly
"The Normal School and Young Men".....	Dr. Faught
"The Girls' Basket-ball Team".....	Freda Kluttig
"The Northern State Normal School".....	Adele Hessel

# H A S H

*Miss Hadley* (Geog. class, during any pupil's recitation)  
—"Yes—yes—good—um—um— um—hum— good—good!  
yes—good—very good! —um—hum—good—good—um—  
FINE!

*Miss Linton* (in Chorus)—"There must be some mistake here. I have the enrollment slip of Walter Hornstein for this subject".

*Lost*—A heart. Undoubtedly taken by mistake. Person is known. Finder please bring to Miss D'Ooge's room.

*Miss M.*—"Where was the Magna Charta signed?"  
*S. S.*—"At the bottom, I suppose".

*Miss H.*—"Mr. S., give the past tense of the verb 'beat', for instance, in reference to the basket-ball game last night".  
*H. C. R. S.*—"We were beaten".

The Osiris Literary Society is composed of Mullaly (the solar center), two moons (Rex and Adelaide), and a few lesser lights.

*Miss H.* (in first hour class)—"How does it happen that you are on time today, Miss M.?"

*Loretta M.*—"Oh—oh—I caught the car I should have missed".

*Miss Russell*—"Define enclosed".

*Student*—"Shut up!"

Your hair stands up and your face grows pallid,  
'Tis the morning after the lobster salad.

*Dr. Hebb*—"What answer did you get, Miss Watt?"

*Miss Watt*—"I haven't it yet".

*Dr. Hebb*—"Watt, you haven't it!"

## AN INTERESTING DEBATE.

"Resolved, that hanging is justifiable beyond certain bounds". Affirmative, Bill and Howard; negative, the Faculty.

## BURGLAR ESCAPES.

The following conversation was heard between two Juniors on the day of their arrival:

*First Junior*—"Say, pal, what are those ladder-like appendages that are hanging up on the dormitory?"

*Second Junior*—"Don't you know what they are, you ignoramus? Why, they are burglar escapes".

"There is one bit of slang", observed the visitor, "which you Dorm. girls seem rather unfamiliar with".

"What can it be?" asked the student with surprise.

"Darn", returned the visitor, as she pointed to a number of fair maidens with holes in their gloves.

A curious thing is love,  
Which comes like a dove,  
From heaven above,  
TO SOME.  
While to others it flits,  
And scatters their wits,  
And gives them all fits.  
BY GUM.

H. C. R. S.

ADELE'S FAVORITE POEM.

How I love its giggle gurgle,  
How I love its ceaseless flow,  
How I love to wind my mouth up,  
How I love to hear it go.

Please hand me the "Review of Reviews", he said;  
The landlady's eyes did flash,  
For another boarder looked calmly up,  
And solemnly passed the hash.

This is the dearest time,  
The best of all to me;  
I now can spring my stalest jokes  
For it's "spring time", don't you see.

IT WILL PAY YOU—

To be dignified.  
To take plenty of exercise.  
To run a graft.  
To attend every meeting of your class.  
To contribute liberally to all school organizations.  
To learn the school cheers.  
To join one of the literary societies.  
To respect the rights of others.  
To contribute to your class Annual.

Billy M. (who thinks he's the cheese),  
Weighed down by his double L. D.'s,  
Collapsed from the strain,  
Said the doctor, "'Tis plain  
He is killing himself by degrees".

Oh say! Adele,  
You know very well  
That you'd like to be a brick,  
So that "being square"  
Up in the air,  
You'd have done a bran new trick.

(AN ODE TO A. H.)

He loved her changing, listless ways,  
He'd have loved to be her *pal*;  
She said *just* "23, skidoo",  
You're not OR—IG—I—NAL.

H. S.

Who boosted our Senior book,  
Yet for fame would not look;  
Nor would slumber or eat  
'Till the book at her feet was complete?

So now give a yell,—  
Give it well,  
Yell like (blazes)  
For Adele.

H. S.

DONT'S FOR YOUNG MEN.

Don't by any means sit up late with the daughter, as it  
will prevent your getting up with the sun.

Don't, when calling on a girl who has other callers, try  
to send them home by singing. Patient politeness is far  
more advisable.



## DICTIONARY.

Oration—An essay with gestures and a lot of noise.

Thesis—Two pounds of paper extracted from English specialists, so that the poor, impoverished book-sellers may survive.

Cram—To exercise one's mental faculties in the acquisition of knowledge.

Grind—A more or less successful attempt to be witty; a joke.

Pink Slip—See Miss Spalding.

Principle of Exams.—Survival of the fittest.

*Junior* (a few days after beginning of school)—“Miss Hill, are we allowed to go in the office and use the telephone?”

*Miss Hill*—“Well, we don't expect you to telephone to a young man and spend half an hour talking to him, or have just a social chat with your friends, but if you have an important business message, why then we wouldn't object to having you use the telephone for a few minutes”.

## ON THE SICK LIST.

*Claude Pendill*—Had his leg pulled for 10c (ticket to girls' basket-ball game). Will not recover.

*Howard McK.*—Struck by an idea. Very serious.

*E. Purcell*—Swallowed one of B. M.'s stories. Case pronounced hopeless.

*H. C. R. S.*—Overcome with a sense of his own importance.

*A. D. H.*—Starvation. (Resides at Dorm.).

*Grace M. Doetsch*—Shot while studying Turkey. She is not chicken-hearted, however, and will recover.

He said he never would go back  
To that confounded college,  
But ma and pa will say next fall  
“Our Willie needs more knowledge”.

## WHAT SOME PEOPLE MOST DESIRE.

*Bill M.*—To become an orator.

*Howard McK.*—To be humorous.

*Joe K.*—To knock.

*Adele H.*—To talk.

*Merle G.*—Ditto.

*Honor M.*—To talk less.

*Grace D.*—A beau.

*Eloise S.*—To be smart.

*Rex S.*—To be the “ideal college chap”.

*Alice H.*—To make a permanent hit.

*Juniors*—Knowledge.

*Seniors*—Diplomas.

## DEDICATED TO A HEARTSICK LAUGH.

The easy smile  
Is the one worth while.  
There's a saving grace  
In a laughing face—  
It means life and youth and spring.  
So come, let's laugh  
At somebody's chaff!  
Here's a jolly sell,  
Let loose a yell!  
Why, we're living, we're young, it's spring.

*Merle*—“Oh, why do they call me the Gibson Girl?”

*Mrs. K.* (to Observation class)—“What a wonderful thing Will means in this world”.

*Miss E.* (to Draw. I. pupils)—“Now, class, this is the way I used to do so that if I forgot it I wouldn't forget it.

*Miss E.* (to neighbor in Painting I)—“Give me a squeeze. (Meaning a little tube paint).

“The first woman”—who, if the issue be true, was only a side issue.



THE "DORM."

Sweet to the Senior is truant June,  
Bringing fulfillment of dear desires;  
Promising greater achievements soon,  
Sending the courage success inspires.  
But bitter it is when the last farewell  
Gives to commencement an aspect drear;  
Sadness and joy in each heart compete,  
June the finale is bitter sweet.

A. D. H.

*Edna Rutan* (in Ancient History, speaking of Livy)—  
"He lived in Rome until shortly after his death".

*Miss Spalding*—"I want somebody to pose for the class.  
I should like you to have an expression of anger on your  
face. Miss Trebilcock, can you think of anything to make  
you angry?"

*Miss T.*—"An E in Drawing".

#### A WORD TO THE WISE.

If, while you are reciting, Dr. Faught's eyebrows are  
lifted higher than usual, don't finish what you were going to  
say; it won't be right.

A. D. H.

*Dr. Downing* (in Nature Study)—"When you look up  
at the sky at night and see the sun shine"—

*Miss Maxwell*—"Who was Alexander? Don't anybody  
know who Alexander was?"

*E. A. Von Zellen* (receiving a sudden inspiration)—  
"He was a man".

H. C. R. S. gave this as an explanation of the delay of  
the tariff bill:

"Congress was trying to make up its mind whether to  
do its duty by the country or 'to do' the country by its duty".

#### ISN'T IT A FACT—

That in everything except baseball, you must strike out  
to make a hit.

That the "freshies" consider themselves the salt of the  
college.

That the chap who blows his own horn very seldom hears  
the echo.

That no one can show his temper until he has lost it.

That a "well to do" man is generally hard "to do".

That the Juniors, like parrots (being green) ought to  
imitate their superiors (Seniors, of course).

That the pessimist stands beneath the tree of prosperity  
and growls when the fruit falls on his head.

H. C. R. S.

#### E. VON ZELLEN'S LYRICS.

The sun was hot that Juny day,  
When sweetheart, dear, she went away.

"I hate to see you leave", he said,

"It's a down right shame" (he hung his head)

But say, you know, it's 'gainst the law

For me to yell out "Holy Mackinaw;"

And yet, "By Ginks", it's quite a time

For me to stop a verse to rhyme.

Prof. Mills, in discussing the different railroads of the  
U. S., asked E. V. Z. what railroad he would take if he were  
in Duluth and wanted to reach Denver in a hurry. The  
answer came promptly: "The first train".

Prof. Mills made to his students a statement that the  
world spends more for clothing than for eatables. How-  
ever, Prof. Mills says that he does not agree with the state-  
ment as an individual.

What article of wearing apparel is given free to the stu-  
dents of N. S. N? Answer: A pink slip.

*Cordelia S.* (a Junior, on entering Dorm. for first time)  
—“Why, how green these walls are!”

*Her Senior room-mate*—“Hush, child, they are only the reflection of your face”.

*Miss H.*—“Mr. S., what is the plural of deer?”

*H. C. R. S.*—“Darling”.

*Miss Hill* (giving a sentence to the class to illustrate the construction of the infinitive)—“She knows not how to love”. “George, what is love?”

*George*—“Why—er—love is sublime”.

*Bertha Kamrath* (in Eng. Lit.)—“He had his picture taken by the court painter”.

#### HEARD AT THE DORM.

“I have a Psyche note-book, a Thesis, and five lesson plans to hand in today. Do you suppose I can write them all this hour?”

*Stern Father*—“Young man, try to keep your expenses in check.”

*College Son*—“If you’ll keep me in checks I’ll try to”.

“Why is the moon masculine?”

“Because it often gets full and stays out all night”.

#### HOW WE WISH HE WOULD.

Bills to the right of him,

Bills to the left of him,

Bills piled in front of him,

Daddy, dear, thundered:

“Frightful the charge they made!

Ruinous the price you paid”.

Then on the table laid

Check for a hundred.

#### IN PHYSICS.

*Dr. H.*—“Very good recitation, Mr. Windoft; how much time did you put on the lesson?”

*T. W.*—“Why, I didn’t have time to look at today’s lesson at all”.

“Why do the dormitory girls turn out their lights when mischief is brewing?”

“Because *she* has such beautiful eyes”.

Mr. Parker once remarked to a Freshman struggling with irregular verbs in Latin: “Oh, Latin verbs aren’t so irregular. Just think of your English verbs,—*went* (the past), and *gone* (the past participle) of the verb *to come*. That is much more irregular”.

This was told as an anecdote in English. Miss Hill didn’t see the point!

*Adele Hessel* (French class)—“O, dear! This is the only place where I don’t have a good time!”

*Miss Drolet* (in History)—“Bishop Laud was misplaced”.

Pa heard him give the college yell,

For joy he could not speak;

He murmured, “Mother, listen to our Willie talking Greek”.

Life is real, life is earnest,

But it might be more sublime

If we were not kept so busy

Getting lessons all the time.

“Were the cookies good, Adele?”

*R—a K—n*—“Once I knew a girl who had one face larger than the other”.

*Mr. Mills*—"Name some volcanos".

*A. D. H.*—"Mt. Vesuvius, Mt. Pelee, Mt. Aconcagua, Mt. Fudge".

I roused me from my slumbers,  
I hid me from my bed;  
If I had known what chapel was,  
I would have slept instead.

*Small Boy*—"Auntie, did God make both you and me?"

*Aunt*—"Yes, dear".

*Small Boy*—"He's doing better work than he used to do, isn't he, auntie?"

*H. C. R. S.* and his father were passing the greenhouse.

*H. C. R. S.*—"There's where lots of your money goes".

*His Dad*—"Oh, are you studying botany?"

See, there they go, why act they so?  
Their heads are swelled their hats from under;  
They have no care; 'Tis hardly fair,  
I guess they Seniors are, by thunder.

There's nothing so pleasant on this green earth,  
As a cheerful smile or two,  
It helps a person to wiggle along,  
Though he may be feeling blue.

*Rex* (in writing a letter)—"My dearest girl".

*A. D.*—"Ah, then there are others".

The Juniors as a whole wish that Dr. Hebb would choose a deeper subject to talk on in chapel. As far as the Seniors are concerned, airships and kites are fine subjects, as they're a light headed bunch anyway.

*Windy.*

We have consented to allow this one Junior slam. Note its contents.

*Annual Board.*

#### IN PSYCHE.

*Dr. F.*—"What are you doing, Miss McCafferty? Are you learning anything?"

*L. M.*—"No, sir; I'm only listening to you".

#### IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

"The decomposed Saxons".

*Miss M.*—"What?"

*Student*—"Oh, I mean the dispossessed".

#### IN MATHEMATICS.

To prove that  $2 = 3$ :

$$2 \times 0 = 0.$$

$$3 \times 0 = 0.$$

$$2.0 = 3.0.$$

$$2 = 3.$$

#### IN HISTORY.

"What were the circumstances of his life after his death?"

*Miss Hill*—"If in a week you are going to forget all this, what are you going to do by the end of a term?"

*Brilliant Junior*—"Well, we'll have longer to remember it then".

#### IN PHYSICAL NATURE STUDY.

*Junior*—"What makes this jar turn green when water is poured into it?"

*Senior*—"The reflection of your face".

*Howard M.* (at beginning of winter term)—"I've got heavy work this term".

*B. M.*—"Why don't you take some snaps?"

*H. McKereghan*—"Well, if you can pick out any snaps in this institution I haven't had, I wish you'd do it".

MY ENEMY.

They say that loathing is not right,  
 And hatred is a sin,—  
 But there is something that I hate  
 And feeling have "agin",  
 I'd like to know, I hope I shall,  
 If someone knows, please tell  
 Me who's the cruel, ruthless fiend,  
 That made the rising bell,  
 Just when enchanting slumber  
 Holds me fast in her embrace,  
 While I hobnob with Solomon,  
 And the ancient race,  
 At that enraptured moment  
 Comes my enemy so fell,  
 And shatters all those fantasies—  
 There sounds the rising bell.  
 When I dwell in Arcadia,  
 And see my ship come in,—  
 When I'm a multi-millionaire  
 Within the Wall Street cin,  
 I'll institute a grand reform,  
 Which firmly I foretell,  
 My land shall slumber peacefully,  
 With ne'er a rising bell.

IN GEOMETRY.

A is the maid of winning charm,  
 B is the snug, encircling arm.  
 How many times A is B?  
 He questioned calculatively.  
 She flushed and said with air sedate,  
 "It's not quite clear, please demonstrate".

*Lost*—A pink slip in a green book. Finder please return to office of the owner.

*Bright Junior*—"I fail only when under a condition".

*Junior*—"Oh, I know something".

*Senior*—"Oh, stop your fooling".

The ideal teacher should be possessed of the following qualities: Mrs. Kelsey's stateliness, President Kaye's affability, Mrs. Rushmore's grace, Dr. Downing's knowledge, Dr. Fracker's dimples, Miss Maxwell's patience, Miss Hill's sympathetic nature, Miss Oltman's enthusiasm, Prof. Mills' optimism, Dr. Hebb's athletic ability, Miss D'Ooge's accent, Dr. Faught's "go", Miss Spalding's taste, Mr. Parker's fastidiousness, Miss Russell's preciseness, Miss L. Olson's dignity, Mrs. Martin's gentleness, Miss A. Olson's friendliness and Miss Hadley's independence.

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## THE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

B. J. KENDALL, M. D.

**N**O less a medical authority than Dr. Osler says: "The cure of tuberculosis is a question of nutrition; make a patient grow fat and the local disease may be left to take care of itself". The most certain method ever adopted for the cure of the "Great White Plague" is through the diet used as per directions given below, which can be taken at home and comes within the reach of every country resident.

The modus operandi is to force the body to take on fat, a desideratum long felt by the medical profession, but never before attained to.

During the last fifteen years I have prescribed this diet in hundreds of instances, and where directions have been followed strictly it has raised the weight and increased the strength and vitality of the patient rapidly up to a normal condition, thus enabling nature to assert her sovereign right to be the dominating force in the body, and the germs causing consumption have been overcome and the cure accomplished. Some have gained a pound a day, and would gradually take on less until they would not increase in weight more.

The all-important thing is to drink large quantities of milk strippings (the very last of the milking, which is all cream when a proper cow is selected). This seems so simple and easy that many refuse to follow directions and demand instead medicines to cure them; but there has not yet been discovered any medicine that is a specific for consumption.

To get best results a healthy cow should be selected, that gives very rich milk. **A JERSEY COW IS PREFERABLE.** The milk should always be tested to be sure that there is a large per cent of cream in it.

The last quart should be milked into a separate dish which rests in a larger vessel containing water just sufficiently warm to prevent the strippings from cooling below blood heat. The cow previous to milking should be thoroughly cleaned to prevent any dirt getting into the milk, so the patient can blow back the froth and drink at once without straining the milk, as this cools it too much.

Begin by drinking nearly a pint in the morning and the same at night, and increase the quantity gradually so that in 10 or 15 days a full quart will be taken twice a day. It should be taken slowly immediately after milking before it has had time to cool any. All should be taken that can be without too much discomfort, then rest two or three minutes, drink more and rest again, and so on until a full quart has been taken as soon as it can be conveniently. In about fifteen minutes the patient should eat at

the table such articles of food as are known to agree with the stomach. At noon eat as usual.

When the strippings are not allowed to cool below blood heat, and are taken immediately after milked a full quart will be transfused into the circulation in a remarkably short time.

I never have seen a case but could take the strippings without any discomfort worth mentioning when above directions were followed strictly, although some have declared they could not before trying it; but when they delayed taking for half an hour and the milk had cooled ten degrees I have seen half a pint make them very sick. The great secret of success with it is in not allowing it to cool below blood heat, taking a full quart morning and evening and having milk that is very rich.

The following is a typical case. Mrs. A. E. was suddenly startled to find that her weight was forty pounds below normal. She was coughing terribly, and soon had a very profuse hemorrhage from the lungs that came near taking her life. I at once began the use of the milk strippings after hemorrhage was stopped, and in a few days, about ten or fifteen, she was gaining nearly a pound a day, and was soon able to get out of bed and go around the house. She gained quite rapidly, and as her weight and strength increased her cough decreased. When she had gained thirty pounds in about three months, her cough left her. I had her continue the same diet for six or eight weeks longer, and she gained ten pounds more, then would not take on more flesh. She was then as well as she ever had been, and continued well after the strippings were discontinued.

She took no medicine after the hemorrhage was stopped excepting a little pepsin and some other digestive to aid digestion, and a simple cough remedy to ease the cough; tar, lobelia, opium, tartar emetic and such medicines as disturb the stomach and interfere with digestion were carefully avoided.

It is easy for those on a farm to carry out this method. In several instances parties who lived in the city purchased a suitable cow, and after complete recovery, in every instance, they sold the cow for nearly as much as was paid for her.

I do not remember any case which followed the directions strictly that was not cured, but several persisted in declaring they could not take it until so much valuable time was wasted that they lost their lives by it.

I have found the same diet, when the above directions were carried out carefully, equally successful in increasing the weight and strength of those run down and debilitated from other causes.

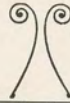
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## WHAT IS A FLUNK?

Broad View.—A flunk is an extravagant elaboration of an erroneous idea founded on a psychological basis relative to the requisite qualifications of an unenergetic aspirant in the field of higher education.

Narrow View.—It's the first letter in Education. Translated thus: The Beginning of Education.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
Taking his first Exam.,  
He pulled out his cribs,  
Was caught by the ribs,  
And now he takes time to cram.

*Miss Mohrman* (studying Grammar)—“To love is progressive”.

*A Student*.—“Yes, I agree with you”.

*Prof. X*.—“Who got the benefit of the fire?”  
*W*.—“Why, I think the faculty did, for the only way they could get even with the Juniors was to have Dr. Fracker soak Liberty every time he looked sidewise to see where all the smoke was coming from”.

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---

*Rex H. C. S.*—"I may have wheels in my head, but they  
are no longer ball-bearing".

"How is Adele Dorothy like Lord Byron?"  
"Miss Maxwell will tell you how".

---

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MARQUETTE

"What's the matter with the dormitory baby?"

"She's all right".

"Who's all right?"

"E. W.!"

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MARQUETTE

*Helen White*—"I opened a can of peaches that came in my box from home and I found that they were not exactly sour, but—well, they tasted like beer".

*E. Parks*—"Pray, how do you know?"

*Prof. M.* (in Geography)—"Miss S—d—r—r—e—, tell us what you know about New Jersey".

*J. S.*—"The people of New Jersey are very stupid".

*Prof. M.*—"Why?"

*J. S.*—"The book says New Jersey has a very dense population".

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#### PSYCHOLOGY.

*Observer*—"What does 'timbre' mean?"

*Experimenter*—"Why, it is wood before it's sawed!"

*Miss Hadley* (giving instructions to her Psychology class for dissecting eyes)—"Now I want each one of you to cut up your own eye".

*Dr. Faught* (after a lengthy explanation in higher Math.)—"All right, Mr. McKe—gh—n, better wake up now, I'm all through".

*Dr. Hebb*—"Which travels fastest, heat or cold?"

*T. W.* (a reflective student)—"Why, heat. Anybody can catch cold".

*First Senior*—"How long does it take you to get all your lessons?"

*Second Senior*—"I don't know, I never tried it".



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**LADY LOVE.**

Oh! Lady love, lady love,  
Where hast thou been?  
Thou hast made me so weary  
By growing so thin.  
Out in the sunlight,  
Moonlight and daylight,  
I have searched thee and found  
No trace of thy flight.  
Tell me! Oh tell me!  
Where so long thou hast c'wel.,  
While in the sun's heat  
I have all but melt.  
I was weary awaiting  
And pining for thee,  
But now I am happy  
Since together we'll be.  
Poor angle worm!  
On the fish-hook you've hung,  
Why not rejoice?  
You've escaped the fishes tongue.

*E. V. Z.*

**SENTIMENTS OF A SENIOR.**

Compel me not to toe the mark,  
Be always prim and true;  
But rather let me do those things  
That I ought not to do.



#### FACULTY JOKES.

*Pres. K.*—"We inherit certain characteristics from our forefathers, our sixteen fathers, our twenty-four fathers, don't you see?"

*Dr. D.* (dropping the mannikin's liver)—"It's time meats were going down,—fall in liver today".

Ask *Dr. Downing* why the Juniors shouldn't wear Derbies.

*Miss Linton.*—"Sing the next chorus, please.  
'In love and truth by thee,  
Their hands united be.'  
There is a connecting link there".

#### ANOTHER VERSION.

Laugh, and the teacher laughs with you,  
Laugh, and you laugh alone;  
First, when the joke is the teacher's;  
Second, when the joke is your own.

*Dr. F.* (in Math. class)—"Mr. Mullaly, how is it that I have three absent marks against you?"

*B. M.*—"I guess it is because I wasn't present".

According to one of the brilliant Seniors, there are two forms of animal life that hop, viz., toads and Juniors.

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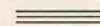


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*Miss Hill*—"Miss Levitan, can't you find some remedy for your tardiness?"

*A. Levitan*—"Yes; they might move the school about a block closer to my boarding house".

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*Bill*—"Why is a fellow in college like a New Year's resolution?"

*Howard*—"Give it up. Why?"

*Bill*—" 'Cause he's always broke".

*Dr. Fracker* (in Psyche)—"What are some of the essential attributes of the ideal man?"

*Miss Hansen*—"Love".

One of the sweet innocents of the Art department has blushing confessed to the chief painter that she firmly believes a young man who poses will make a model husband.

All who wish to join the barnyard chorus please apply to Lucilla R. or the Dean.

*Mrs. Kelsey* (in Pedagogy class)—"Should a teacher ever ask a question that can be answered by yes or no?"  
*Brilliant Student*.—"No".

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*Junior*—"How do you like my big green tie?"

*Senior*—"The only trouble is I can't tell where your face leaves off".

*Miss Hill* (seeing Teacher's Language on winter schedule)—"Well, what's that there for? Nobody'd want *that!*"

*Miss Hadley* (Geog.)—"But what else do they mine in Alaska?"

*Bright Student*—"Fish!"

*Miss Hadley* (Geog.)—"Which is higher, the top or the bottom of a mountain?"

*Dr. Fracker*—"Alice, what is a soul?"

*Alice*—"The only thing we take with us, when we die".

*Dr. Fracker*—"Next."

*Howard*—"It used to be made of cowhide, but since the trusts got a hold of leather, it is mixed with paper, and we leave it when we die".

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HOW TRUE.

We always laugh at faculty jokes,  
No matter what they be;  
'Tis not because they're funny,  
But because it's policy.

*Prof.*—"Many fools can ask questions which wise men cannot answer".

*Student*—"Then that is the reason why we flunk so often".

The taste of H. C. R. S. for classical music is not so highly cultivated as it once was. This winter his favorite song seems to be, "Clementine", only he sings the chorus, "Oh my darling Adeline".

Mary had a little hat  
No bigger than a stopper,  
Mary soon got rid of that—  
Her present hat's a whopper.

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**MARQUETTE, MICH.**

## EIGHT LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR EIGHT LITTLE PEOPLE.

1. Why do some people wear clothes-pins on their noses in the laboratory?
2. Why do Angela and Irma chew gum?
3. Why do Normal students get pink slips?
4. Why do some Seniors want caps and gowns?
5. Why is Eleanor Power taking Domestic Science?
6. Why does Rex have a new girl every season?
7. Did Adele come back to take a post-graduate course because she was fired with a zeal for higher learning?
8. Is the reason some people take Drawing two or three times that they like it?

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- Overture (very fast).....  
EVA PARKS.
- Song (attempted)—“There’s a Hot Time Comin’ Bye and Bye” .....  
ESTELLE SCHULLER.
- Dirge—“Don’t Forget Me” (her favorite).....  
LAURA HIGGINS.
- Waltz—“The First Waltz”.....  
IRENE O’NEILL.
- Grand Chorus ??? !—“Auld Lang Syne”.....  
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MARQUETTE, MICH.

*H. C. R. S.* (in Grammar, giving an example of an impersonal verb)—“He chased himself”.

Did you ever try it, Rex?

*Miss Russell* (Mythology)—“When is the period of bliss?”

*Elsie Mudge*—“Before marriage”.

*Prof. Kaye*—“If a child in the first grade should say, ‘Dogs was’, meaning ‘Dogs were’, would you correct it?”

*Answer of Class*—“Yes”.

*Prof. Kaye*—“Why certainly, that is dogmatic”.

*Miss Bill* (at Critic meeting)—“Of course, you all saw me teach that reading lesson this afternoon; but as yet, you couldn’t do it like that—you haven’t come to it,—for *that was art!*”

*Miss D’Ooge* (French class)—“Now, Miss Ferguson, the very next time Miss Hessel starts conjugating that plural, past definite, *wrong*, will you just stamp on her toes?”

*H. Ferguson* (undertone)—“Avez plaisir, Mademoiselle!”

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---

*Miss Drolett* (in Children's Lit.)—"The lady said, 'Sir Launcelot shall choose which one of the queens he wants for a husband'."

*Mrs. R.* (in giving oral quiz on "Dr. Curry's Lessons in Expression")—"Mr. M—l—a—y, what does Dr. Curry say about clearness?"

*W. M.*—"I don't know what *he* said, but I read the chapter".

(Aside) "Who's Dr. Curry?"

*Dr. Fracker* (Hist. of Ed.)—"Where is Bologna?"

*M. Benson*—"Oh, you find them in the butcher shop".

*Elsie Constance*—"Pyramus and Thisbe loved one another because they lived so near one another".

*Miss Russell*—"Is that a cause for loving?"

Adele H. is a frequent visitor at the Dean's parlor. *Why?*  
Adele says she never takes a dare.

---

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### LATIN.

All the people dead who spoke it,  
All the people dead who wrote it,  
All the people die who learn it,  
Blessed death—they surely earn it.

*Miss D'Ooge*—"Mr. Hornstein, please decline 'Me' in German".

*Mr. Hornstein* (blushing with hand upon his heart)—  
"Im—m—pos—possible".

*Prof. Mills*—"What is the hardest known substance?"

*A. D. H.*—"Dorm. cookies".

We judge that Xmas came early to one member of our class, as one girl appeared with a new ring a few weeks before the 25th. Wonder what it means? Will you tell us, Zoe?

*A. D. H.*—"I don't sleep at night".

*J. S.*—"Why don't you take something".

*A. D. H.*—"I do; I take English Lit."

## PALACE MEAT MARKET

# Frank W. Hathway

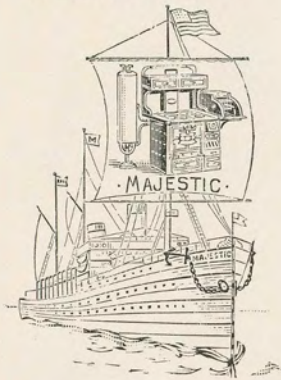
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*Miss Hill*—"Daisy, decline the verb 'to be' in the singular, future tense".

*Daisy*—"I will be, you will be, she will be".

*Miss Hill*—"Why say 'she will be'?"

*Daisy*—"Men are getting the back seat".

All day long you sit and study  
Till your brains are thick and muddy,  
And you say, "Oh, woe is me,  
Why did I take History?"

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

*W. M.*—"If you had seen me five years ago you wouldn't know me now".

Lives of Seniors oft remind us,  
That we shouldn't cut a thing;  
Drill ye then when ye are Juniors,  
And as Seniors have your fling.

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*H. C. R. S.* (reciting in History)—“The great Chinese wall—I don't remember the exact dimensions, but it was very long and high—was built by a Chinese emperor of one of the dynastics. I have forgotten the name of the emperor and the dynasty, but it was one of the old ones”.

*Miss M.*—“When was it built?”

*H. C. R. S.*—“Oh, yes, some time B. C.”

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*Chet R.*—"Cut the rough house".

*H. McK.*—"Yes, boys, it behooves us to play as clean a game on the gridiron in this world so that we shall not go where gridirons are in the next".

*E. S.*—"Why do you keep on singing that one tune?"

*A. D. H.*—"It seems to haunt me".

*E. S.*—"No wonder, when you continually murder it".

*Prof. M.* (in Geology)—"Where did the first rocks come from?"

*A. D. H.*—"They grew there".

Anent the case of the Indian man who was mistaken by a hunter for a rabbit, H. C. R. S. says that he himself has often mistaken a girl for a deer'.

"What three fruits are most frequently seen about the Normal?"

"Peaches, pears, lemons".

**W**E'RE all more interested in our President for what he is than for what he wears; that's the way we ought to feel about all men. But that's no reason you should be careless about what you wear.

**HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX**

make the sort of clothes any gentleman may be glad to wear; and we sell them.

This store is the home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Collegian clothes.

**M. A. KAHN,**  
**ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN.**

*Grateful Senior*—"Dr. Downing, I am indebted to you for all I know".

*Dr. D.*—"Don't mention such a trifle".

*Dr. H.*—"Where one irresistible body meets another, what happens?"

*W-n-y*—"They get married".

*M. G.* (in Eng. Lit.)—"In the last part of his life he died".

*Dr. Hebb*—"What is an atom?"

*Bright Student*—"A molecule cut in two".

I noticed she was pretty,  
I thought she smiled at me,  
And after I had passed her  
I turned my head to see.  
A piece of banana peel  
My careless heel beguiled,  
I crashed the curbstone with my head,  
And then I know she smiled.

# Ormsbee & Atkins

## Clothes Shop



Young Men's Clothes, built by Stein-Block  
and The House of Kuppenheimer,  
America's foremost Clothes Makers.

Up-to-date Haberdashery.

Knox, Stetson and Mallory Hats.

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Latest in Tan, Gray or Black Oxfords.

Ties, Silk Umbrellas, Steamer Trunks, Fine Bags,  
Suit Cases, Etc.



Nester Block.

Marquette, Mich.

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GENUINE POCAHONTAS SMOKELESS.  
YOUGHIOGHENY AND PITTSBURGH SOFT.  
CANNEL AND SMITHING.  
F. B. SPEAR & SONS.**

Our verdant Juniors fuzzy-faced,  
As green as nature grows,  
Have yet to learn that country airs  
Are not concealed by clothes.

*Miss H.* (in Grammar)—“You could say, ‘He lived a good life,’ but no one ever does”.  
“Are there no exceptions?”

*Miss H.* (in Grammar)—“Parse hug”.  
*H. C. R. S.*—“It’s a proper and common noun”.

The young lady who grounds her claim to the honor of having the largest sized Christmas present on the fact that she received a piano will undoubtedly concede first place to Miss Funkey when she learns that Santa Claus left her a new pair of shoes.

*Junior* (first day of school)—“Say, Senior, what do the professors do?”

*Senior*—“You goose, they draw their salaries”.

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ROASTED PEANUTS

## DR. HEBB'S LABRATORY.

*Dr. Hebb* (noticing couple near Electro machine)—“Mr. F., what are you doing?”

*Mr. F.*—“Nothing”.

*Dr. Hebb*—“Are you sparking with the Electro or with Miss F.?”

*Mr. F.*—“W—wi—with the machine”.

“Do you think there is much danger in going up in a balloon?”

“Not half as much as there is in coming down”.

## EXPLANATION OF UNIT OBJECTS IN TEACHERS' ARITHMETIC CLASS.

*Dr. F.*—“Mr. Mullaly, are you a single unit object?”

*Mr. M.*—“Why yes, just now I am”.

*Dr. F.*—“But you won't be very long, eh?”

WAR ON MT. OLYMPUS (FACULTY FEUD.)

*Apollo* (Dr. J. B. F.)—"I want that end chair during chapel".

*Vulcan* (Prof. W. M. M.)—"So do I. I've always had it".

*Zeus* (Pres. Kaye)—"Stop quarreling, or you'll both have to sit on the floor".

*M. E. G.* (in Eng. Lit. making a mistake.)

*Miss Hill*—"We'll have to put that in the Annual".

*M. E. G.* (indignantly)—"I'm not going to make up that whole Annual, I hope".

*Miss H.*—"Don't be conceited; it takes genius to get in that Annual".

THE WAY THE SENIORS FIGURE IT.

Axiom I.—Nothing is better than a good lesson.

Axiom II.—A poor lesson is better than nothing.

A poor lesson is better than a good one.

## Consolidated Fuel & Lumber Co.

**GOOD Lumber CHEAP**

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**CHEAP Lumber GOOD**

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The supreme effort we made this season to bring our lines of footwear up to that point in which the most expectant customer would find nothing lacking, has been more than successful. The styles, the workmanship, and the selection of leathers leave no possible doubt of this store's leading position in the shoe retailing in Marquette, and the advantages for choosing correct and new lasts will be fully appreciated by personal inspection. Black calf or kid, tan, Russia calf or patent stocks, Oxfords or Shoes, at

**\$3.50 and \$4.00**

**The Store of Quality.**

### THE MORN AFTER.

In the bright, sunshiny morning,  
I observed a camel crawl,—  
Laws of gravitation scorning,  
On the ceiling and the wall.  
Then I saw a table walking,  
And I heard a towel sing,  
And a red-hot monkey talking—  
Didn't seem the proper thing.

"Do editors ever do wrong?"

"No, they do write".

### MORE NECESSARY.

Mary had a little lamb, lank and lean and bony ;  
When Mary College Latin took, she swapped it for a pony.

*Prof. Mills*—"Miss E., do you take Gym.?"

*Miss E.* (astounded)—"No, sir ; Jim takes me".

# WHY NOT

TRY OUR NEW FOUNTAIN ?

**THE BEST IN  
THE CITY**

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**ICE CREAM AND ICES**  
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MARQUETTE - - MICHIGAN  
BOTH PHONES.

WISE NORMAL-LIGHTS' RECORD.

Never a flunk,  
Never a con,  
Never a case,  
Never a bijou.  
Never a game,  
Never a serenade,  
Never a treat,  
Never a spread,  
Never a call-down,  
Never a bunch,  
Never a cram,  
Never miss chapel.

*Junior* (to a Senior, tying a ribbon on her hair)—“What are you doing?”

*Senior*—“Tying my ears on”.

*Dr. Fracker* (describing use of the muscles in putting the shot)—“Sometimes the athlete, in putting the shot, sticks out his tongue and throws it as far as he can”.

*Latin Student* (looking into the Latin room)—“Why, where is Mr. Parker?”

*Senior*—“Out taking his picture with the Juniors”.

**THE BEE HIVE**

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WE SOLICIT THE NORMAL TRADE,  
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