

SIXTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT

MUNISING WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

Munising won the Upper Peninsula High School championship, beating Escanaba by the score of 13 to 11, in the closest contested game of the season played on the Normal floor.

A special train was chartered to carry the Munising team, band, and about 600 fans to Marquette. Most of the Escanaba rooters arrived too late to witness the game because of a delayed train.

Munising was first to score, getting a field basket. This was followed by two foul baskets. The score was 4 to 0 in Munising's favor at the end of the first quarter. In the early part of the second quarter Munising scored, another field basket which was later followed by a foul basket. But Munising did not have everything their own way during this quarter. Escanaba shot one foul and two field goals, making the score at the end of the first half 7 to 5. In the third quarter Escanaba tied Munising twice, once with the score 7 to 7 and later with the score 9 to 9. The last quarter was a thriller. Munising shot a field basket which was soon followed by another from Escanaba. The score then stood 11 to 11 until about three minutes before the finish, when Munising looped another field basket. Escanaba fought hard to overcome this lead but was still in the rear when the final gun barked out. Munising's defense was superb. They kept the ball away from the basket so that Escanaba had to shoot from the middle of the floor. The majority of these long shots failed.

Line-ups:
Munising—Morris and Beattie, forwards; Genry, center; Capt. Christian and Pearson, guards.

Escanaba—Gafner and Tolan, forwards; Shelton, center; Capt. Christensen and Yelland, guards.

Substitutions:
Escanaba—Kitchen and Harder.
Referee—D. H. Rich, Calumet High; William Taylor, M. C. M., alternating.

MUNISING CAPTURES FIRST PLACE

Munising's come-back in the last half was one of the biggest thrills in the whole tournament. The line-ups were:

Munising—Morris, Beattie, Pearson, Christian and Genry.

Dollar Bay—Mattson, Penphrase, Lahaie and Stevens.

Christian fouled and Stevens netted one out of two free throws. Stevens missed one free throw when Pearson fouled. Stevens made a basket which was followed by a basket by Morris. Christian made one free throw, tying the score.

Score at the end of first quarter—Munising, 3; Dollar Bay, 3.

In the second quarter Stevens started things with a field basket. He subsequently missed two free throws when Christian fouled. This he followed by another field basket. Christian missed one free throw. Morris missed one when Penphrase fouled.

Score at the end of the second quarter—Munising, 3; Dollar Bay, 7.

Beattie gave Munising two points with a field basket. Stevens and Penphrase each missed a free throw when Morris fouled twice. Genry and Beattie, in rapid succession, netted the ball.

Score at the end of third quarter—Munising, 9; Dollar Bay, 7.



MUNISING
Top row, left to right—C. C. Rushton, coach; Captain Christian, guard; Pearson, guard; Genry, center. Bottom row—Beattie, forward; Morris, forward; Alexander, substitute. (Best, substitute, not in picture.)

NORTHERN FINISHES SEASON WITH VICTORY

In a preliminary game before the championship match, the Northern Normal basketball team gave an exhibition of high class speedy team work, defeating the fast Alger County Club by a score of 23 to 12.

LeClair of the Normal started the ball rolling by shooting a field basket. The Normal continued to lead the pace throughout the first half, making four field goals. Munising was able to connect with the basket twice only from the foul line and once from the field during this half. The second half was a repetition of the first, with the Normal leading by a safe margin. McNamara and LeClair were responsible for many of the Northern's points. Strong guarding on the Northern's part forced the Munising quintet to attempt to shoot from long range. Floria of the Alger five was taken out, but later put back in.

SONS OF THOR STAGE "WURZEL-FLUMMERY"

On Saturday afternoon, following the fifth session of the tournament, Wenn Oedil Reda, in accordance with a tradition of several years' standing, presented their annual. This year's selection, "Wurzel-Flummary," a satiric one-act comedy of a decidedly English type, was excellent. Wurzel-Flummary is one of the few modern comedies that have been able to include a definite message and still retain the comedy element. The play is developed in a natural way and without resort to the inconsistent crudities that mar the so-called comedy of the average American stage.

The play was very favorably received by a large and appreciative audience. The presentation was free from most of the flaws that are usually associated with first performances. The only serious defect was the disconcerting tendency of one character to "play the house" rather than "act the play." This was remedied to some extent as the play progressed. The farcical element, introduced by having men play the feminine roles, while subject to criticism from the standpoint of technique, was probably essential to the success of the play with a student audience. The whole-hearted manifestations of appreciation on the part of the audience certainly justified any liberties that the Wenn Oedil Reda were forced to take with the play.

Mr. Violette's interpretation of the maid's part was exceptionally good. He walked and talked in the approved feminine style. With an audience unacquainted with Mr. Violette's charming every-day personality, few would have suspected that he was other than a typical English maid. His work, and that of Richard, played by Mr. Hildner, were the outstanding features of the play. Richard was natural, self-contained, and free from the troublesome restraint that the amateur usually manifests on the stage.

His role was an exceedingly difficult one to play, calling, as it did, for an ease of attitude and keen sense of the drama. Mr. Farrell and Mr. Coyne, playing the two principal feminine parts, contributed much to the success of the production. The Muse-adoring solicitor, as represented by Mr. Clemenson, was very cleverly done and aided materially in effecting the comic relief so necessary to purposeful comedy. Mr. Bottrel's oratorical outbursts were forcefully delivered.

All in all, the Wenn Oedil Reda are to be congratulated on their work. It showed careful preparation and well considered selection of play and characters. The reception accorded it was an excellent tribute to their painstaking efforts to produce something more than a mere laugh producer.

of Oshkosh.

From Oshkosh the N. S. N. men traveled to Kalamazoo, where they played the Western State Normal quintet. Here the Northern Normal played its weakest game of basketball. At no time did the Northern five appear likely to win. Miller and Righter did most of the scoring for Kalamazoo. The Western State Normal won by a score of 27 to 7.

The third game was played against (Continued on page 2, column 4)

CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENTS

Tournaments to select local and state championship basketball teams are held annually at Marquette, Houghton, Ann Arbor and Lansing. The Marquette and Ann Arbor tournaments select the Upper Peninsula and State Class B champions. The Houghton and Lansing tournaments decide the Class A championships. Winners in the two Upper Peninsula tournaments represent the Northern High Schools in the Lower State tournaments. The Upper Peninsula championship game is this year played at Marquette between the winners of

the Class A and Class B tilts. Class B teams represent High Schools with an enrollment of less than two hundred and fifty students. Class A teams represent High Schools whose enrollment exceeds that number.

Eighteen teams entered the Sixth Annual Class B tournament. The choice of opponents was determined by lot. As the name of each team was drawn it was placed on the previously drawn plan. Principal R. W. Cheney of Escanaba conducted the drawing. The officials for this tournament were:

Member of Board of Control in charge—Prin. R. W. Cheney.

Chief Referee—D. H. Rich, Kalamazoo College.

Assistant Referees—L. O. Gant, C. B. Hedgecock and W. B. McClintock, all of the Northern State Normal School.

Timekeeper—Prof. G. L. Brown, of the Northern Normal.

Scorer—Prof. D. F. Stull, of the Northern Normal.

Three places, first, second and third, were awarded prizes.

WISCONSIN-MICHIGAN TOUR



N. S. N. SQUAD
Top row, left to right—B. Hedgecock, Nelson, Bussiere, Coach Hedgecock, Voelker, Hadrich, H. Hedgecock. Bottom row—LeClair, Bystrom, Captain Olivier, Clemenson, Limpert, Craze.

Feb. 18, Coach Hedgecock, with Captain Oliver, McNamara, LeClair, Limpert, Hardimon, H. Hedgecock, Craze and Bystrom, started on their basketball tour through Wisconsin and Southern Michigan. This is the first time in the history of this institution that such an extended tour has been made. The first game was played at Osh-

kosh against the Oshkosh Normal. The players attempted to turn the tables for the defeat suffered by them from the Oshkosh five on the local floor. The game was closely contested until the last five minutes of play when the Oshkosh five, showing a burst of speed, piled up a comfortable lead. The game ended with a score of 22 to 12 in favor

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

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MARCH 21, 1923.

Attention, Athletes

High School athletes of the Upper Peninsula need no longer go to school down state in order to get the chance to play basketball. The Northern State Normal now has a full-time coach, and is offering an attractive schedule of games.

This past season the Normal team played a schedule of fifteen games. Among these were games with the following Normal Schools and Colleges: Central Normal (two games); Oshkosh Normal (two games); Michigan College of Mines (two games); Kalamazoo Normal; Detroit College of Law.

Although we did not always win, we did always prove ourselves a worthy opponent; we won the respect of every team that we played. During the season we piled up a score of 241 points against our opponents 310 points. Considering the fact that this was our first Normal and College schedule, we have every reason to be proud of our achievement.

Next year we are planning a schedule of twenty games, and hope to include the following Normals and Colleges in our list: Stevens Point, Oshkosh, Eau Claire, Kalamazoo, Central Normal, Detroit College of Law and Michigan College of Mines.

This past season our trip through Wisconsin and Lower Michigan proved an entire success. Next year we are going to make the trip again, and we

are going to make it a still greater success.

Athletes of the Upper Peninsula, Attention! We need you to help us keep Cloverland on the basketball map. When Coach Hedgecock calls the first practice next year—when the whistle blows and you hear the ringing cheer: "Northern Normal! Rah! Rah!" you'll always be glad that you came to the Northern State Normal School.

"More Pep"

"More Pep" of Iron Mountain illustrates a phase of High School Journalism that cannot, we believe, be over-emphasized. A publication, be it large or small, must have a definite purpose. Its editorial policy must be based on that ideal. Only that matter that contributes to the fulfillment of this governing ideal should be allowed space. We know of no higher ideal than the inspiration of the student body. This ideal of inspiring others to make their contributions to society is applicable to all our activities. It can be applied with especial fitness to High School publications. That it has been applied is manifest. There is no other justification for the reports of athletic contests, reviews of the various school activities, and editorial articles, save on its basis. Peculiarly, however, one of the finest modes of instilling a desire for greatest effort, that of accentuating literary work, has been sadly neglected by the great majority of High Schools. Of all the exchanges that we have received, "More Pep" shows the most complete appreciation of the value of a literary department. Much of the material in this department of "More Pep" is distinctive. Naturally it is not all of a uniformly high quality, nor is the best an example of consummate art. The essential point is that they are publishing the material. This publication of the work of students for other students' consideration affects the entire student body, induces a critical sense, inculcates a desire for emulation and thereby makes a definite contribution to the progress of the students. The pages of "More Pep" reflect an interest on the part of the students in the worth-while. It is a distinctive publication because it has a complete appeal.

"Hi Times"

The editors of the Michigamme Hi-Times are especially to be congratulated. Handicapped as they are, by all

the difficulties that the students of the smaller high schools must, in the nature of things, contend with, they are publishing a weekly paper designed to serve not only the High School, but Michigamme as well. In the arrangement of the paper no attempt has been made to keep school and local news in distinct departments. The object seems to be that of bringing the school and the people of Michigamme into closer touch. This is a very clever idea and one that certainly deserves commendation. We wonder, however, if the gain in interest on the part of the citizens compensates for the loss through the necessarily ineffective presentation of material that results from such a mode of presentation. One Upper Peninsula High School that has effected a good combination in this direction is the Sault Ste. Marie High. They, through the co-operation of the Evening News of that city, publish from time to time a page of school news, editorials, essays and humorous sketches, in the regular edition of the News. A number of extra sheets are then printed to take care of their regular subscribers and exchanges. In this way they arouse local interest and at the same time have a paper distinctly their own.

The typography of the Michigamme Hi-Times has greatly improved. They have eliminated the "dead fillers" that one occasionally found interspersed with the excellent news articles that characterize this paper. In the issue of November 30 we find a tendency to adopt an editorial tone in the news write-ups. Corrected mis-statements and all comments should, as a general rule, be confined to the editorial columns proper. This is one point that is greatly emphasized in professional journalism.

"The Ingot"

"The Ingot," of Hancock, is primarily concerned with athletics. Over half the available space in the last issue received was devoted to football. Hancock surely should be able to support a literary department that would provide space for the efforts of their embryo authors and poets. The Ingot has an excellent humorous department, but "there isn't enough of it." It ought to be at least twice its present size. We hope that the next issue will be more fully representative of Hancock High School.

"This and That"

Menominee's "This and That" is a well balanced and representative paper. The Alumni Department has been handled very skillfully. The natural style, and the nice discrimination that has been exercised in this department, show journalistic ability that is rarely found in high school. "Cat Tales," "The Gift Box," "Our Alumni in 1932," are likewise excellent. The organization of material is not as strong as one would expect from the quality of the material published. A regrettable error in arrangement resulted in the publication of a rather lengthy anecdote about Mose White, presumably colored, under the editorial head.

"The Quill"

"The Quill" for December has been received from the Normal High School. The news articles are well written and very carefully worked out, but they have very little news value. A great deal of the subject matter was obviously common knowledge long before its publication. If the time expended on the news write-ups had been devoted to creative work—essays, short sketches, and the like—we believe that "The Quill" would have been greatly improved.

Michigan-Wisconsin Tour

The Detroit College of Law, in Detroit, Feb. 23. Here, the Northern State Normal played a better brand of basketball. The game was closely contested throughout with both teams playing a strong defensive game. Banks starred for Detroit, while LeClair played a stellar game for the Normal. The game ended with a score in Detroit's favor.

The last game of the tour was played at Mount Pleasant against the Central Normal. Here the Northern Normal five, although losing by a score of 26 to 19, played a strong game. LeClair and McNamara played a speedy offensive game, while the other members of the team were responsible for the strong defense.

Although the team brings no string of victories from the tour, we are well satisfied with the showing they made. "We have broken the ice and are ready for the swim." We have established athletic relations with these Normal teams and we feel that we have won their respect. Next year we hope to have better luck.

Northern Normal Victories

The Northern Normal trimmed the Alger County Club to the count of 28 to 22 on the local floor, Feb. 10. This was a fitting sequel to the tilt staged in Munising, where the Algerites trounced the Normal.

The game was a hard fought contest from start to finish. The Alger five led at the end of the first half by a score of 12 to 10. In the second half the Normal played a better offensive. McNamara found the basket and scored consistently. The score rose to 17 to 17, then the Normal forged ahead and maintained the lead throughout. Earl Floria and Gosselin scored most largely for the Alger five, while LeClair and McNamara were the point getters for the Normal.

GWINN CLUB BOWS TO DEFEAT.

The Northern Normal achieved its fifth consecutive victory by defeating the Gwinn Club, on the Gwinn court, by a score of 23 to 20, Feb. 11. The game was hard fought. The Normal led until the last ten minutes, when a spur by the Gwinn five put them in the lead. In the last three minutes of play, the Normal took the lead and held it. Captain Oliver and LeClair did not make the trip. The players reported a good time and spoke enthusiastically about the luncheon served after the game.

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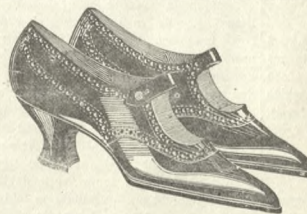
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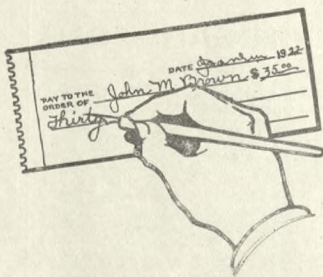
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NORMAL TAKES SIXTH STRAIGHT GAME.

Feb. 16 the Northern Normal beat the Negaunee Legion with a spectacular finish by a score of 21 to 20 in the local "gym."

The first half was a trifle slow, due to the Normal not playing up to their usual standard and failing in many attempts to score. It ended with the score 13 to 12 in Negaunee's favor. As the second half progressed, the game speeded up so that near the end everybody was on his toes. Two minutes before the gun, the score was 17 to 20 in Negaunee's favor, when a field basker by McNamara, followed by another by LeClair, cinched the game for the Normal five. Sundquist was ruled off the floor for personal fouls. Pulkinen and Scanlon played stellar basketball, doing most of the scoring for Negaunee. LeClair and McNamara handled the offensive part of the game for the Normal, while Bystrom, Oliver, Craze and Hardimon kept the ball away from dangerous territory.

MUNISING WINS CHAMPIONSHIP STAMBAUGH'S LUCK CHANGES.

This is generally conceded to have been one of the finest games of the tournament. It was comparatively free from fouls, bitterly contested throughout, and had everyone guessing all the time. Stambaugh surprised its followers by appearing in much better fighting trim than had been expected after its continued ill luck. Dopesters are inclined to believe that if Stambaugh had been able to put up the same fight in the game Saturday afternoon that it did in this contest it would have given Munising a hard run for the Class B championship.

The line-up for this game was: Stambaugh—1, Malone; 2, Harris; 3, Malone; 4, Karkeet; 5, Holmes; 6, Olsen.

Newberry—1, Taylor; 2, Potvin; 3, Sheer; 5, Hurlburt; 6, Niver.

Potvin of Newberry netted the first basket. Taylor fouled and Karkeet made one free throw. Olsen fouled and Potvin added another point to Newberry's score. Malone (No. 3) made one of his beautiful shots and put Stambaugh in the lead. Holmes gave Stambaugh another point on a free throw when Hurlburt fouled. Karkeet missed a free throw a minute later when Hurlburt again fouled. Potvin made one out of two free throws when Malone fouled.

Score at end of first quarter—Stambaugh, 4; Newberry, 4.

Malone (3) started things with a field goal in the third quarter. Hurlburt came back with a field goal for Newberry. Potvin missed a free throw on Holmes' foul. Potvin broke the tie with one goal out of two free throws on Malone's (1) foul. Sheer gave Newberry a lead of three points with a basket from the center of the floor. Malone made a long shot and cut the lead to one point. Potvin netted two baskets and made one free throw out of two on Karkeet's foul. Malone (3) cut the lead with another field goal.

Score at end of first half—Newberry, 11; Stambaugh, 10.

Karkeet fouled and Potvin missed one free throw. Niver made a field goal which Karkeet followed. Hurlburt regained the lead for Newberry with another basket. Potvin gave Newberry a lead of six points with another field goal and one free throw when Karkeet fouled.

Score at end of third quarter—Newberry, 18; Stambaugh, 12.

Malone (3) came across with two

field goals in the first few minutes of play. He missed one free throw when Hurlburt fouled. Karkeet missed another. Potvin made two points on a foul of Karkeet's and a foul by Malone. Malone missed a free throw when Niver fouled. Karkeet and Malone (3) each made a field basket in the last minute of play, tying the score. The game ended with Newberry and Stambaugh each having twenty points.

Five minutes were granted to play off the tie. Malone (3) fouled and Potvin missed. Malone (3) made a field goal. Holmes followed with two more. Period ended 26 to 20, Stambaugh's game.

The one feature of the 1923 Class B tournament that will be long remembered, is the steady consistent playing of Malone. In the afternoon game, practically the only man uninjured on the team, he made one of the gamiest fights that we have seen. The whole Stambaugh team displayed a spirit of sportsmanship that is indicative of good, clean training. Harris, with a badly injured leg, attempting to play; Malone (3) playing with the same spirit in games that seemed hopeless were exhibitions of the type of school spirit that makes for the best kind of athletics.

quarter and held it by a narrow margin throughout the rest of the game. Both teams fought a strong defensive game and several of the scores were made from long range. Munising shot one foul goal out of five, while Lake Linden got one out of six.

CHASSEL ELIMINATES BARAGA.

Chassel won the second game of the series by defeating Baraga by a score of 24 to 5. Baraga scored first by making two foul goals. Chassel shot a field basket and tied the score in the first quarter. In the second quarter, Chassel shot four more field goals, holding Baraga scoreless. Chassel shot two field goals in the third quarter and five in the fourth. Baraga got a field and foul goal in the fourth quarter.

NORWAY WINS FROM WAKEFIELD.

Wakefield certainly threw a scare into the Norway fans in this game. Norway had been picked to win easily. The game opened with both teams playing carefully, and guarding closely, which gave rise to many fouls. Wakefield started off with a rush and scored 7 points in the first quarter. Norway made 3, and added two more points before the half ended, with Wakefield in the lead, 7-5. Wakefield was held

Menghini 4, forward; Marrin, center; Bjork and Guliani, guards.

Wakefield—Mattson, forward; Yatzak 4, forward; Hanson 4, center; Bergin and Capt. Hook, guards.

Score by quarters:	Total
Norway	3 2 3 3 11
Wakefield	7 0 0 1 8

NEWBERRY WINS ONE-SIDED ENCOUNTER.

Newberry had no great difficulty in eliminating Champion in their first game, although Champion put up a good fight, playing against odds, being outweighted by Newberry. Newberry started the scoring, Champion followed closely, but Newberry easily drew away and held their lead throughout the game.

The line-ups: Newberry—Niver 6, forward; Capt. Potvin 11, forward; Hurlburt 2, center; Taylor, guard; Sheer 2, guard.

Champion—Mahoney 4, forward; Bussiere 3, forward; Capt. Harrison 2, center; Levine, guard; Deroche 4, guard.

Score by quarters:	Total
Newberry	6 7 6 6 25
Champion	2 3 4 4 13

BARAGA SHOWS REAL CLASS.

Baraga showed real class in this game and Vulcan did not seriously threaten them at any time, although they, too, played a strong and consistent game. The Baraga boys showed remarkable ability for passing and speedy floor work. The first half ended with Baraga leading, 16-3. Vulcan held Baraga scoreless during the third period and scored 3 points. In the final quarter, however, Baraga opened up again and doubled the score.

Score by quarters:	Total
Baraga (Par.)	11 5 0 8 24
Vulcan	3 0 5 4 12

MUNISING HOLDS CHASSEL TO LOW SCORE.

Munising started the game with two regulars on the bench. This enabled Chassel to hold Munising to a 3-point lead. At the end of the first half the score was 4-1. The regular team lined up for Munising in the second half and the score board began to change. Munising allowed Chassel but one field basket in the whole game. The guarding was excellent, especially on the part of Munising, and the Chassel forwards could not even get away for long shots. The game was remarkably clean and free from personal fouls, Munising making but one.

Line-ups: Munising—Morris 4, forward; Alexander 2, forward; Best, center; Capt.

Christian 3, guard; Pearson, guard. Chassel—Destrampe 3, forward;

Hale, forward; McLaughlin, center; Capt. Courchaine, guard; Warner, guard.

Score by quarters:	Total
Munising	1 3 8 7 19
Chassel	0 1 0 2 3

STAMBAUGH WINS ONE-SIDED CONTEST.

Stambaugh had little difficulty in eliminating Rapid River to the tune of a 28 to 11 score, Friday evening. The first quarter started with a rush that gave every indication of being the prelude to a bitterly contested fight. Harris of Stambaugh netted the ball twice in the first quarter, from the field, and made one free throw out of three. Rapid River failed to score in this quarter.

The second quarter was not quite so one-sided a contest, Rapid River scoring twice from the field. Nephew and Messenger, who replaced Miller, were the point-getters for Rapid River. Stambaugh succeeded in adding four more points to her score.

The third quarter resulted in Stambaugh's doubling her score. The Malone brothers made eight points with an ease that settled most controversies as to who would win. In the last few minutes of the quarter, Malone (No. 3) made three baskets in breath-taking succession. A number of personals were called on both sides.

The last quarter enabled Stambaugh to add another twelve points to her score. Harris, Malone (No. 3), and Olsen were the men who found the basket for Stambaugh. Karkeet was substituted for Malone in the last few minutes of play.

The work of Malone was distinctive. Sixteen of Stambaugh's points were credited to him. Nephew was the Rapid River man who was responsible for the greatest number of his team's points. Excessive fouling on both sides marred the game.

GWINN FAILS TO HOLD GLADSTONE.

Gladstone won with a 16 to 10 score in a one-sided contest with Gwinn. In the first quarter Gladstone obtained a lead and held it throughout the game. Feeny and Ackley each made a field goal. Ellis of Gwinn made one free throw out of two.

In the second quarter, Feeny and Ackley added seven points to Gladstone's score. Gwinn was unable to score.



BARAGA HIGH—Marquette

MUNISING WINS FIRST TILT.

Munising won the opening game of the tournament by defeating Lake Linden by a score of 15 to 13. The game was closely contested from start to finish. It was fast and clean, with both teams showing speedy teamwork.

Williams of the Lake Linden quintet was the first to score, followed by Beattie of Munising. At the end of the first quarter Munising led by a score of 4 to 2. In the second quarter, Lake Linden came back strong and the first half ended with a score of 10 to 10. Munising took the lead in the third

successfully by Norway in the second half, adding only one point on a foul shot. Norway added 3 points in the third quarter, making the score 8-7. Norway stalled. Wakefield tied the score with a free throw. After battling for some minutes, with the score 8-8, Norway dropped a free throw which was soon followed by a field basket, leaving the final score 11-8, with Norway leading. It was a fight to the finish and anybody's game until the gun was fired.

The line-ups: Norway—Capt. D'Arras, 5, forward;

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The third quarter was Gwinn's, with Trudgeon making one field goal, and Trebilcock one free throw for Gwinn. Murdock of Gladstone was the only member of the Gladstone aggregation who scored. He dropped the ball

diction of victory for either. Bertal of the Normal team was the first man to score. Michigamme succeeded in gaining a lead on free throws. Buton was disqualified in the latter part of the game for personals. The Normal was

NEWBERRY TAKES A SPIRITED CONTEST FROM BARAGA.

In a thrilling game, Newberry nosed out ahead, defeating the Baraga Parochial by a score of 14 to 15. Newberry was first to score, getting a foul goal. Baraga got a field basket but was unable to retain the lead as Newberry shot two more foul goals. The first half ended with a score of 10 to 6 in Newberry's favor. In the last quarter Baraga began to connect with the basket and their score rose 7 points while Newberry was held to one foul basket. Out of eight attempts, Newberry shot seven foul baskets. This was an important factor in winning the tilt. Baraga succeeded in shooting two foul goals out of eight tries.

STAMBAUGH CONTINUES WINNING STREAK.

Overcoming a bad start, Stambaugh put a crimp in Gladstone's championship aspirations by defeating them by a score of 27 to 15. Feeney of Gladstone started the scoring by getting a field basket. At one time in the first quarter, Gladstone led by a score of 5 to 0. The first quarter ended with a score of 5 to 3. In the second quarter; Stambaugh started with speedy

walked away from Michigamme. Throughout the rest of the contest Dollar Bay was never in danger of losing. In the last quarter, the reserves of Dollar Bay were put in action, leaving the regular line-up in a better condition for the afternoon games.

NEWBERRY GIVES MUNISING HARD BATTLE.

Munising fans were given a scare by Newberry who had been picked as an easy victim. The Munising boys had to work hard until the final gong to hold a lead over the Newberry team. At the end of the first quarter the score was tied. Munising came back strong in the second quarter and worked the ball down the floor again and again only to lose it when they reached Newberry's defense. Many long shots were attempted, but neither team could locate the net. The half ended with Munising leading, 9-3. Newberry played a strong game in the second half, but they could not overcome the lead gained by Munising. Munising stalled very effectively and played a consistent heady game throughout.

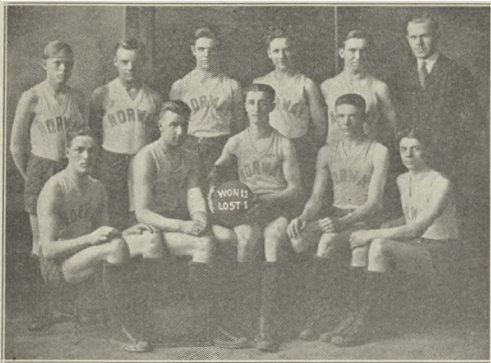
Line-ups:
Munising—Morris 7, forward; Beattie 4, forward; Genry 2, center; Capt.

Christian 2, guard; Pearson, guard. Newberry—Niver 2, forward; Capt. Potvin 4, forward; Hurlburt 2, center; Taylor, guard; Sheer 2, guard.

DOLLAR BAY UPSETS DOPE.

Stambaugh did not seem to be able to get into its stride against Dollar Bay in this game. Many of their attempts at baskets were in vain, while in the game against Gladstone the Stambaugh forwards had no trouble in locating the basket. Stambaugh also had two men taken out because of injuries, while another was forced out on personal fouls. However, Dollar Bay played a fast and strong game, working the ball up to the basket for additional points by snappy plays and excellent teamwork. Dollar Bay's passing was excellent.

Line-ups:
Dollar Bay—Mattson 4, forward; Penphrase 4, forward; Lahaie 2, center; Boatman, guard; Stevens 11, guard. Stambaugh—Pat Malone 6, forward; Karkeet 3, forward; Holmes, center; Olson and Capt. Pete Malone, guards.
Score by quarters: Total
Dollar Bay 3 6 4 8 21
Stambaugh 2 0 6 4 12



NORWAY

through the basket for a field goal in the first part of the quarter.

In the last quarter Gwinn played a far better game than in any of the previous quarters. Trudgeon, Carlson and Trebilcock each added a field goal to Gwinn's score. Gladstone ended with sixteen points to Gwinn's ten. The contest was too one-sided to provide many thrills.

DOLLAR BAY DISTANCES STEPHENSON.

This game was Dollar Boy's from the start. Stephenson was not in Dollar Bay's class. The final score, 27 to 10, was made without excessive effort on Dollar Bay's part. Stevens, Mattson and Penphrase did most of the shooting for Dollar Bay. Penphrase was injured in the second quarter and was replaced by Lahaie. Beaudin did most of the score getting for Stephenson. He was disqualified in the third quarter for fouls and was replaced.

Score at end of first half—Stephenson, 6; Dollar Bay, 21.
Final score—Stephenson, 10; Dollar Bay, 27.

MICHIGAMME BEATS NORMAL HIGH.

This was the closest game of the evening. At no time was either team sufficiently far ahead to enable a pre-

forced to rely on long shots and Bertal, the principal shooter for the Normal, had rotten luck. In past games he has had no trouble in locating the basket from the center of the court. The Normal teamwork was not as good as it has been in the past. Free throws were responsible for the most of Michigamme's points. The final score was: Normal High, 5; Michigamme, 7.

MUNISING DASHES NORWAY'S HOPES.

Munising's chances of winning the pennant soared sky-high when they took the long end of the count by trimming Norway to the tune of 14 to 7. Norway was considered a strong contender for the honors. They scored first by shooting a foul goal. A few minutes later, Munising shot a foul goal soon followed by a field basket. The first quarter ended with a score of 3 to 1 in Munising's favor. In the second quarter, Munising got a foul basket and a field basket, while the best that Norway could do was a lone foul goal. Norway speeded up in the third quarter and the score was 7 to 8 in Munising's favor when the gong rang. During the last quarter, Munising shot three field baskets, holding Norway scoreless. This game was featured by close guarding by both teams.



GLADSTONE

teamwork that resulted in three field baskets, holding Gladstone scoreless. From this time on Stambaugh retained a safe lead, piling up six field baskets in the last quarter. On account of close guarding, several fouls were called and Feeney was ruled out. Ackley of Gladstone shot seven foul goals out of eight tries. Harris of Stambaugh was taken out of the game because of an injured leg.

MICHIGAMME LOSES TO FAST DOLLAR BAY FIVE.

Dollar Bay played a one-sided contest with Michigamme, walking off the floor with the long end of the tally, 27 to 9. Michigamme scored first, getting a field basket, and led at the end of the first quarter by a score of 5 to 4. In the second quarter, Dollar Bay exhibited a different brand of ball and



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SCRIBBLERS' CORNER

But before us loomed the rapids
And in our hearts we feared
That here we'd meet our troubles
With "jamming" of the logs.

We struck the seething rapids
And each man took the shore;

A log had stuck in mid-stream,
Crowding others to the bank,
And soon there was a monstrous pile,
As logs heaped rank on rank.

We clambered o'er that pile of logs
Like children to their play,
If we could start the "key-log"
We'd soon be on our way.

We tried with peaveys, pikes, and
poles,
Pickaroons and chains;
But after two long hours of toil
We could not see our gains.
Then we placed a charge of dynamite
And waited for the blast.

The log was blown to splinters,
And the men did loud approve
As the white caps rolled up higher,
For the jam began to move.

Each husky took his peavey
And set himself to work,—
There was plenty of it for us all
And not a man did shirk.

In the camp that self same evening,
We told of other drives,
Of jams, and risks, and thrilling tales,
Of how men lost their lives.

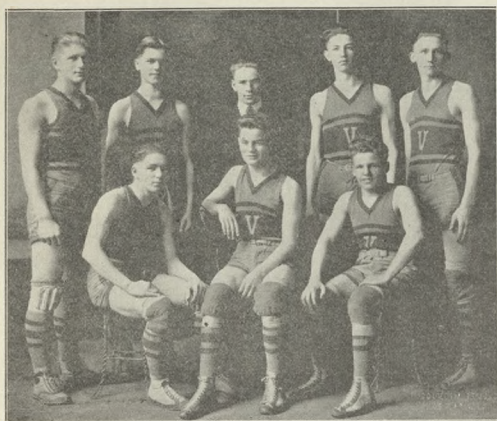
And as the fires burned lower,
Upward crept the moon,
The day-birds sought their cover,
While shrilly cried the loon.

As each man sought his blankets,
His thoughts began to roam,—
He thought of peaveys, logs, and jams,
But most of all, of home.

From English III.

THE DRIVE.

Rattling of chains,
Shouting of men,



VULCAN

And neighing of horses
Add to the din;
For the big spring drive was on.

We had left the camp at daybreak
For that night the ice went out,
And each man grabbed his peavey
With loud and lusty shout.
We reached the first big skidway
And loosed it in the flood.

Like a giant moose in winter,
When rising from his bed,
It staggered, moaned, and rumbled,
Paused; and then it sped
Into the roaring torrent
To be carried to the mill.

As each log churned the water,
And danced upon the foam,
We lumberjacks gave hearty shouts,
For this to us meant home.

For this we'd toiled and labored,
Had braved the winter's cold,
The terrors of the cookcamp
Our winter's freedom sold?

Four nights we'd camped on the river's
bank,
And supped on pork and beans,
While each man sat before the fire
Trying to dry his jeans.

The ice had cleaned the river,
All windfalls it had cleared,

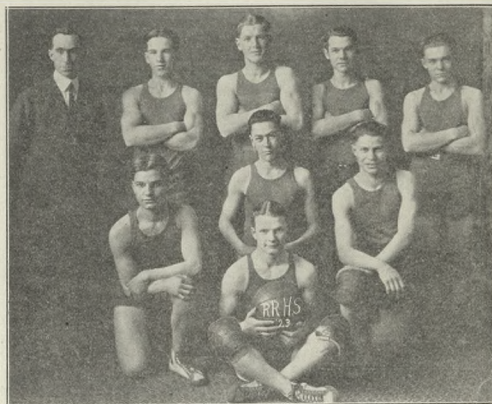
Then while we watched the logs rush
past
Our foreman loudly swore.



GWINN

recesses of the cavernous abysses of
nontenity. He was a liar. I sincerely
wanted to tell him so. On the earth it
was a habitual thing for me to become
imbued with the spirit of sincerity. It
always made me want to unburden my-

concourse. A frown flitted across the
uddy face of my guide, and then, as
hough he had recalled something long
orgotten, he smiled and beckoned me
o follow. I followed him out into the
great paved hall, down its cathedral-



RAPID RIVER

self, especially to policemen. This was
the first time I'd felt that way down
here, though. My guide, however, in
the politest of tones, informed me that
I would never see Dante. He was on
the heights. He was lost to the elite.
He hobnobbed with rummy chaps that
wore imitation wings bought on the in-
stallation plan. I was keenly disap-
pointed. If I remember correctly, I
wept. The weather was beastly warm,
anyhow.

Now my guide, being an old hand at
the game, as well as being a hospitable
soul, perceived that I was, to say the
least, a wee bit bored. So he cudgelled
his brains, in what I thought was a
futile endeavor, to find something in-
teresting. It was a futile endeavor. He
stood there, sweat streaming from his
brow, for nearly an hour. I was on the
point of making a solicitous appeal
that he refrain from further violent ef-
fort because of the positively discon-
certing heat when, from without, we
heard the turbulent uproar of a mighty
mob. The grey stone walls, with their
brighter decorations of sulphur incrust-
ations, rang with the cries of the vast

like expanse, and paused while he un-
locked a massive door carved from the
solid stone. The door swung open with
a dully grating groan, such a groan as
one hears at twelve in the night on the
way home through the dismal dreari-
ness of a graveyard. A glare of green-
ish light flared out. Before me, stretched
on the steaming pavement, lay the most
abject personification of misery that
ever starving poet, in rat infested gar-
ret, mentally painted for himself. Six
men, yes, men, if you wish to call them
that, lay there. Scarce more than skel-
etons, motionless save for the spas-

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I was thoroughly and completely dis-
gusted. Hell was not all that it had
been cracked up to be. At the end of
my first day, a day of such absolute
boredom as I had never before experi-
enced, I demanded, in somewhat ele-
vated tones, to be conducted to old
Dante's dressing room. I had framed
a most eloquent speech—a speech that
would send him hurtling from the
glory-crowned heights of universal es-
teem, down, down into the uttermost

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otic quivering of their bodies as they breathed the sulphurous vapors, noiseless save for the dry rasp of bitter breath and the rattle of corroded chains, yet I recognized them. Those faces, pitiful caricatures though they were,

tended, reincarnated, and sent back on top to live down the mess they made of things the first time. This is the — — —
Here the noise from without became deafening. I stepped to the door and,

vided. A flippant flapper flicked past the gaping multitude and flopped into the witness chair. While she assumed a pose that did justice to the generous expanse of "Two forty-nine, warranted never to rip or run," the judge surveyed with growing approval this exponent of anatomical frankness. Then, to the gasping astonishment of the crowd, the judge, with the utmost of judicial solemnity, winked. The girl leaned closer. So did the judge. She whispered to him. Her lips — well the judge seemed to think he heard better with his. His eyes seemed to be connected with the hearing process, too. Then she paused. The judge regarded her with open-eyed admiration. The weeded eyebrows answered. Another glance from his judicial majesty, it is time an all-inclusive one,—bobbed hair, hand painted effects, expanses of shimmering silk, everything. Slowly, reluctantly, his eyes at last leaving this most refreshing sight, he rose to address the culprits.

"Gentlemen, you are declared guilty of a crime so inhumanly loathsome to the truly chivalrous that I cannot utter a syllable of the charge this innocent creature has made against you. Let it suffice that she has been forced by the idiocy of posterity to read your incomprehensible scribbles. After much listless cogitation I have failed to arrive at a satisfactory punishment. However, she has suggested that I send you forth into the world as Comp and Rhet teachers. I cannot conceive of a more horrible punishment. There is not a

lot. I always felt sort of responsible for Miss Alicia. You see I saw her first and put her under my wing, so to speak. She being 30 and me nearly 17 didn't make any difference; it was my wing that sheltered, not hers. The faculty had been in an awful fuss—three teachers gone, one married, and a convention on top of it all. So when I bumped into Miss Miller in the hall and she asked me if I'd meet the new "lit" teacher on the 4:10, I said yes, though my heart wasn't in it at all. I could just picture a long ride home from the station with a stiff old maid who'd quizz me about "The Ode of Immorality" and that sort of stuff. But I went down to the station just the same, kind of peeved at missing a tennis game and sort of scared about the new prof.

Dormitory?" "Oh, Lord Alive," I blurted out, "you're—you're not Miss Alicia Carr?" And the poor little thing looked at me so abjectly, as though she were begging my pardon for being alive, and said "Yes."



STEPHENSON



CHAMPION

had leered at me from copies of "Selected Essays" that I once had been forced to read. The blasphemies that I had heaped on their heads returned to me. I was lost in thought. Half consciously I noticed the triumphant grin that had smeared itself over the guide's countenance. He had succeeded. I was no longer bored. But my preoccupation was soon disturbed. The clamorous multitude, that had stirred my guide to this "coup de triomphe," again awoke me to the grim reality of the situation. They were approaching. I gazed inquiringly at my guide.

after a few minutes, perceived the vanguard of the procession rounding the corner.

It reached the door, halted, the ranks divided, and forth came the judge surrounded by twelve stalwart guards. Impudently he waved his trident. The

"Today they are to be sentenced. Every time a bunch of these birds collect on our hands, we give 'em a trial all together. That old jigger with the classy moth-eaten robes has been here three or four hundred years. They don't collect very fast. Up there, they call 'em lit'ry genuses. That other guy with the chesty atmosphere and the 'I-told-you-so' accent, seems to be a pal of his. They scrap in Latin because old glad rags is English and the other nut is French. The rest of 'em are all in for the same thing, but they haven't been here so long. You see it's like this, we keep 'em till we get six or seven in a bunch, then th're sen-



N. S. N. FOOTBALL SQUAD

guards stepped forward, unlocked the huge padlocks that bound the prisoners, then brought them before the judge.

The court crier announced in ringing tones the convening of the court. The judge with ponderous deliberation opened the court. Monotonously the indictment was read.

"Hear ye — — — Ye prisoners at the bar, Bacon, Montaigne, Addison, Swift, Huxley and Ruskin—charged with — in this year of his dynasty —"

Then the judge called for the prosecution's witness. Again, the ranks di-

vide one of the breed throughout all my dominion. It is imposed. Let this serve as a warning to all scribblers." B. C.

Roses for Miss Alicia
By RUTH P. DALY.

Well, it's two weeks since the whole thing happened and everyone is beginning to look sort of composed and ordinary-like again. I may look composed on the outside, but inside of me there's such a nice satisfied feeling that will never be composed. I suppose

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brainiest, most sarcastic girls at college. When they got a grudge against a teacher, a maid, or a girl, they saw to it that she was the most miserable person on the campus. They had driven five girls to another table, one teacher out of school, and all the maids in the dormitory into tears. The only reason they let up on me was that Uncle Bob's one of the trustees and admittedly a personage. But when Miss Alicia appeared in a white mull dress, with a high ruffled neck, long sleeves and a pale blue sash, my heart sank. Either Miss Alicia would die an unnatural death or would leave Cliff Heights in the course of a week.

The first course passed off pretty well. Miss Alicia had acknowledged the introductions timidly, and conversation languished. To a casual onlooker it might have seemed as though all was well, but I knew better. Corrine Lindsay, leader of the clique, was in an unusually sarcastic mood and we all suspected by the absence of the huge red roses she usually wore that she'd broken her engagement to Bill Peters again and was now furious at herself and the rest of Cliff Heights because she had done it. So when I saw Corrine eye the white mull with its pale blue sash, up and down and give the password to her obedient henchman, Marie Sinclair, I knew that the battle was on.

It started shortly enough.—Corrine asked Miss Carr where she was from. Miss Carr replied with a reasonable amount of pride that she was from Carr, Mass., so named after her great-great-grandfather, a famous general in the Revolutionary War. Corrine shook her head dubiously and said she had never heard of the place, and asked all the girls, who shook their heads as dumbfoundedly as though she had asked them where the Kalahari Desert was. I was the only girl who possessed an anterior knowledge of the village of Carr. I did not add that I had acquired that knowledge only that afternoon. As to the renown of

the illustrious "great-great-grandfather" all the girls professed similar stupidity. Corrine then commented on the colloquialism of easterners. "They lack the cosmopolitan attitude of mind one finds in westerners, don't you think so, Miss Carr?" She did not wait for Miss Carr's eager rebuttal, but continued on a discourse as to the joys of small town life. She asked her if it was a seaport town and went right on without waiting for Miss Carr's denial. The joys of codfish, the picture of barefoot fishermen with their slovenly homes,—Corrine depicted them all with a realistic if not accurate tongue. The color flamed in Miss Alicia's cheeks, her voice rose in protest time and time again and was quietly disregarded by Corrine's smoothly flowing discourse. At last she noticed Miss Alicia's flushed and tearful face and she begged Miss Alicia's pardon, she would have known it would have made her homesick. Actually, her mother had a maid once who became so lonesome for the cows and chickens she'd married a milkman. She didn't suppose Miss Carr could marry a fish monger, but—and abruptly Corrine changed the trend of conversation. Had Miss Carr seen "Recked in Blood" that the Cheroovskl players were putting on in New York? Had she read Delworth's latest novel? What did she think of the Greenwich Village fad of working trapezoids into concave squares? She hadn't heard of them? Well, the Mid-Victorian age had its advantages—one never disturbed one's mind with nasty thoughts. She supposed that Miss Carr read the Psalm of Life every night before she went to bed? Miss Carr did not deign to answer her question; instead, in a very muffled voice, she said that she was tired and wanted a good night's rest for tomorrow—would we please excuse her? Corrine viewed the departing white mull with its pale blue sash sweetly and in a voice equally sweet quoted—

Oh, never

Shall sun that tomorrow see!
Well, sun *did* that tomorrow see and quite a few afterwards for Miss Carr. If great-great-grandfather Carr had given her nothing else his legacy of sick-to-iveness in the face of great odds was a worthy heritage in itself. Her determination was only a red flag to Corrine's intention of riding Cliff Heights of white mull forever. Corrine's ire waxed stronger and stronger; even Marie thought she ought to let down on Miss Alicia. But Corrine was in a dangerous mood. She had heard by various indirect sources that Bill was swallowing his hurt pride very well—in fact, that he was quite interested in some little nobody who was very sweet, silent, and sympathetic. Corrine outwardly made sport of any girl of this type; in secret she recognized the obstacle with which she could not cope. So all the vehemence of Corrine's jealousy found vent in poor Miss Carr, who, too, was sweet, silent, and sympathetic.

Perhaps, because my motherless and fatherless life had made me somewhat of an outsider myself, there grew up a strong attachment between Miss Alicia and me. I grew to like her companionship, and after an hour of Corrine's and Marie's brilliant scintillating, epigrammatic fencing, there was something about Miss Alicia's soothing quietness that was like an hour at twilight. I think she returned my affection, for she unveiled to me that lonely treasure house of her heart, and because of her unhappy childhood, her bare girlhood, and her empty womanhood, my heart went out to her. Sometimes I was filled with a strange fury because men do not appreciate women of her kind. I wanted to scoff at my teachers who had told me that men always marry the quiet, good girl and that the Cleopatra type is shunned by all mankind. For wasn't Miss Alicia the prototype of the good woman doomed to spinsterhood, and I could wager my eternal salvation that Corrine Lindsay with her total disregard

for sweetness and goodness would be married within the next five years. My philosophy of life was being curiously twisted and I wasn't quite so sure that God was in Heaven and woman in her proper place.

Now Bill's college, Whitmore, is six miles from Cliff Heights, and Corrine had suspected every girl in school of being the sweet unaffected thing Bill was interested in. She prided herself on her exclusiveness, and hence knew very few of the 400 girls at Cliff Heights, and would have been too proud to ask anyone outside of her own immediate clique. Hence Corrine's inquisition ran from Miss Winthrop, our Dean, to Sara Lou, the cook. Now Sara Lou is rather pretty, so suspecting her wasn't funny, but the idea of Bill courting Miss Winthrop, fat and fifty, was too killing for words. I was thinking about how funny Miss Winthrop and Bill would look together and at the same time conveying a spoonful of chocolate pudding to my mouth when my eyes encountered those of Miss Alicia. A second afterwards a spoonful of chocolate pudding reposed upon a white tablecloth. Instead of being mortified to death I was radiantly happy. I, Roberta Smith, had conceived the brilliant idea of making Corrine think Bill was in love with Miss Alicia!

Well, Chicago wasn't built in a day and it took a whole week to plan my offensive. I had successively tried and found wanting all of my first ideas. First, I planned on appealing to Bill's chivalry and having him call on Miss Alicia—but even if that was all right with Bill, Miss Alicia wouldn't stand for a mail-order love affair. Then I debated on having Bill serenade her, but it was pretty cold yet nights in early May and Bill muffled up in an overcoat singing in his unlamented falsetto to a surprised Miss Alicia in kid curlers and a bathrobe wasn't particularly appealing to my sense of romanticism. A letter would be too incriminating, and I was in the depths of despair when I finally remembered those huge

American Beauties Bill always sent to Corrine! The next morning I very sleepily crept down a squeaky hall to mail a communication to the Thompson Greenhouse, Whitmore, Ill., ordering two dozen American Beauty roses tied with the Whitmore College colors to be sent to Miss Alicia Carr, Cliff Heights Dormitory, charge to Miss Roberta Smith.

You would have thought it was my wedding day, I was so fdgity. All day long, I jumped every time the bell rang, and ran after every maid I saw carrying a suspicious looking box. When I learned that the express was delayed until five that afternoon I was almost frantic. And then horror of horrors! What if when the box did come Miss Alicia would say there was some mistake and they couldn't possibly be for her! I looked at my watch—it was twenty-five to five—I rushed madly up to Miss Alicia's. I'd make her keep those roses. I could see that Miss Alicia was feeling very lonely. She smiled at me abstractedly, but was quieter than ever. My nervousness had reached a climax. If a policeman had walked in the door I would have voluntarily screamed my confession. The clock went slower than the week before vacation, and then I heard a bell ring on the floor below. I picked up a magazine and was interestedly reading it when I heard Miss Alicia's surprised "For Me?" My eyes never left my paper—you would have thought that the "Home Life of the People of Mesopotamia" was of vital interest to me. I heard a gasp, smelled the fragrance of roses, and then Miss Alicia in a choked voice cried—"Oh, Roberta, look!" The eight dollars of my allowance made a brave showing, and my surprise would have done credit to Sarah Bernhart. I gave a cry of delight, buried my face in the roses, and began to sob as loudly as I could. Miss Alicia put comforting arms around me, and said anxiously, "Why, Roberta, what is the matter?" My tearful face emerged from the roses and I sobbed—

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"Oh, Miss Alicia, you never told me about him! You said you were a friend of mine and you never told me."

"But-but-Roberta-there isn't!"—"There is!" I cried, "I just know there is." And I threw myself upon her bed and emitted long and bitter cries which would have done credit to the canine species. Miss Alicia tore about the room in a frenzy. She applied smelling salts to my head and water to my nose, and when my vocal chords refused to function any longer, she attempted to explain.

"Now, Roberta, listen to me—I have not the slightest idea who sent me those—" "You're just trying to make me feel good"—and with a superhuman effort I crinkled up my face, squeezed out the harbingers of more tears, and gave every evidence of repeating my former exhibition.

Miss Alicia was frightened into submission. "Yes, yes, dear," she said nervously, "perhaps you're right."

I dried my eyes carefully and tried very, very hard to look cheerful. "Well, I suppose you must have had your reason for keeping still about him, though I think it's a rotten trick. Is he a nice man?" I questioned.

"Yes-a-yes, dear—a very nice, good man," answered poor Miss Alicia.

"How old is he? What's his name?" I fired. "Well, he's a rather young man. His name? Wil-Wil-yes, William, I think."

"Don't you know?" I demanded firmly.

Miss Alicia looked at me helplessly, then a gentle smile played around her lips. "Well, you see, Roberta," she explained, "I always call him Billykins."

The tears had quite disappeared now and Napoleon never felt so proud of his soldiers as I of Miss Alicia. "Will you announce your engagement tonight?" I demanded.

"No, not tonight, dear. But, Roberta, that black dinner gown you wanted me to wear, well, perhaps, I'll wear it tonight."

My cup of happiness was just about to spill over Cliff Heights. And the change we produced in the next hour would have made the best fat reducer's picture of three hundred pounds before the three days' harmless trial and ninety-eight after, look sick. I thanked my guardian angel for the impulse which had made me buy a black jet dinner gown in New York the summer before, even though I hadn't been able to wear it. But black dinner gown, satin pumps, and my mother's pearls would have availed not, if it had not been for the rejuvenation in Miss Alicia herself. She looked as though she, an outcast princess, had at last come into her own. When we were all finished she kissed me very sweetly and told me to run down to dinner, she'd be down in a minute. "Don't say anything about B-B-Billykins, though, will you?"

I said no, I wouldn't. Good Lord, I guess she believed there was a Billykins herself.

I'd dressed Miss Alicia myself, so I'd only seen the change by degrees and it didn't hit me so hard. But by the horror stricken looks on the girls' faces when Miss Alicia entered the room five minutes late you'd have thought all their grandmothers had taken to wearing infants' clothes. Great-great-grandfather Carr never maneuvered a battle more successfully than his distant offspring walked across the room. She made us feel as though she were an heiress to millions in her own right and expectant of many more. She excused her tardiness as though being five minutes late was not a state's prison offense at Cliff Heights, smiled at us through veiled eyes as though her past had Cleopatra and Madame de Pompadour skinned a mile, and buried her face in a corsage of American Beauty roses tied with Whitmore College colors. If her face was a picture, so was Corrine's. Corrine looked sort of sick despite the Pompeian Bloom which remained on her face. When dinner was over she announced that she didn't

feel like dancing, she had an awful headache. Twenty-four hours before that declaration would have been a signal for all the rest of us to say we didn't feel like dancing either, and we'd all go up to Corrine's room and sympathize with her headache and tell her Bill would be around pretty soon. But tonight—nobody even looked at poor Corrine—even Marie, her best friend, just said she was sorry her head ached, maybe it was because she'd plucked her eyebrows that morning, and then they flocked after Miss Alicia like women at a spring sale. We're only supposed to dance for thirty minutes after dinner, and when that thirty minutes was up I was wishing that we could dance forever, but I knew that only a dispensation from heaven or an eclipse of the sun could ever induce the faculty to let us dance one hour longer than we're supposed to. So you can imagine how I felt when Miss Alicia calmly walked up to Miss Winthrop and asked her if we please couldn't dance until ten. I could see a tearful Miss Alicia calling up the station and asking what time the train left for Carr, Mass. But the American Beauties must have had their effect on Winny, too, for she said we could.

After that all you could hear was girl after girl singing Miss Alicia's praises. Every two seconds some girl stopped her, asked if she wouldn't please finish the year at Cliff Heights and have "IT" in June. "IT" was the wedding, of course. You'd have thought Miss Alicia had just arrived at Cliff Heights, they'd so completely forgotten the white mull and pale blue sash. Miss Alicia answered them all in the same way—she smiled through veiled eyes and buried her face in the roses.

I decided to keep my mouth shut and just smile after that. It suggested so much more. I tried it once and then noticed that every single girl was smiling through her eyelashes and trying to look mysterious, too. Talk about a hit, Miss Alicia was a blowout. Ten o'clock came all too quickly, and when Miss Alicia walked over to me I saw about the same look on her face Cinderella must have had when the bells chimed twelve. Then I remembered she was going to tell me there wasn't a Billykins, I'd been in Amateur Dramatics for three years, so what I did wasn't so hard, I just tumbled over in a dead faint.

Next morning I felt well enough to go to classes despite the bump on my head where I'd hit the floor. I thought I'd run in and chat with Miss Alicia for a moment as I'd always done, but pushing your way into her room would have been like trying to get an extra pin into my trunk in June. I can bet that every girl in Cliff Heights was perched somewhere in that room. They were talking about Miss Alicia's roses and how much they were like the ones Bill used to send to Corrine. Of course they were all just hunting around to find out for sure, because I knew they were all pretty certain it was Bill. Miss Alicia just smiled. Then Marie said, "Will he send some more by this afternoon's express?" and I beat it down stairs. I'd have to put in a standing order at Thompson's? Oh, my poor allowance!

I was coming out of the office trying to figure out how I could afford roses every day for the rest of Bill Peters' natural life when I looked up and saw Uncle Bob. Poor old Winny was shocked to death at the way I landed on Uncle Bob's neck, but I didn't care. Uncle Bob's the only relative I've got outside of Pinky and Winky, my white mice that I'm not allowed to bring to Cliff Heights. Well, after Uncle Bob had untangled me from around his neck, he presented me to the other trustees and told them how much a sweet young thing like me meant to his otherwise inexperienced in the realm of the superior sex. He might have added how much I meant to his pocketbook, too, for I certainly am an advocate of the theory that expenditure gives employment to labor and thus benefits the poor.

After they'd all congratulated him on

the possession of me, Uncle Bob and I walked around viewing the marble balls of learning they fought the Revolution or the Civil war for, I forget which. When we came to Miss Alicia's room I told him I wanted him to meet some one. He said, "Wealthy? Russian? Princess?" I said, "no" and not to be foolish that I had outgrown all matchmaking tendencies and it wasn't my fault that the female I tried to marry him to last summer turned out to be a fake with two husbands. Furthermore, I added that Miss Carr was engaged and consequently quite safe.

Well, I could see the minute he saw Miss Carr that she made a hit—I don't know if he did at once or not—women are the masters of their complexions much better than men are. We stayed there quite a while, and during the conversation I alluded to Miss Alicia's roses and Whitmore and so forth, in return for which I got a deadly look from Miss Alicia and a why-didn't-you-tell-me-about-this-lovely-thing- before one from Uncle Bob? So I tried to fix that up by telling Uncle Bob how marvelous Miss Alicia was when she got Winny to get us dance until ten, and then I noticed that neither one of them were paying one bit of attention to me, but staring at each other like a little boy stares at licorice candy in a shop window. So I saw by that, that I was "de trop," which is Dutch for a deadly bore, and suddenly recollected an engagement to play tennis, at which they both said quickly that I couldn't miss it, and smiled all over. I went out and slammed the door. It made me sort of disgusted to see two good friends of mine act like imbeciles.

Uncle Bob was supposed to leave Cliff Heights the next day for an important lawsuit, but he discovered some business at Cliff Heights which demanded his immediate attention. He must have done that important work when all the rest of Cliff Heights was

asleep, for I never saw him do anything but stick around Miss Alicia's room and look moody. He looked more moody than ever when the afternoon express came in. So did Miss Alicia. So did I. I hated to see eight dollars go to waste every day, but what could I do? I decided to let Cupid alone after this. Here I thought I was doing something clever by manufacturing Miss Alicia a lover, and here when a real one pops on the scene she couldn't very well tell him she didn't even know the other one, could she?

Things went on getting worse and worse. The only time I saw Uncle Bob look happy was when he heard that two of the Whitmore "frat" houses had burned down, but when it turned out to be a janitor's building it was worse than ever. At last Uncle Bob took matters into his own hands—he would go away. Miss Alicia and I were just coming out of her classroom when Uncle Bob came up to us. They both gazed into each other's eyes and looked so beautifully sad, like the hero and heroine in the matinee when their cruel families separate them forever. My heart beat for the poor things. How sorry I was that I ever sent Miss Alicia those roses. Uncle Bob looked at Miss Alicia, but he spoke to both of us. He wanted us to go for a ride, so of course we did. I huddled back in the tonneau and tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

After about an hour I pretended to fall asleep. Uncle Bob must have noticed it, for he stopped the car and said, "Alicia, I have decided. The only thing I can do is to go away." Miss Alicia said, "No" in a choked voice and Uncle Bob went on—"Yes, dear, we must be as ships that pass in the night. Our beacon lights shall signal to each other and then we will go on in the dark, lonely and sad." Tears ran down my cheeks, it was all so romantically sad.

Uncle Bob was to leave at ten-thirty the next morning. I suppose he had said goodbye to Miss Alicia the night before—he was a changed man from the time he had come to Cliff Heights. We rode to the station in silence. I pressed his hand in silent sympathy. When we got to the station he bought me a paper and a huge box of candy, which shows that even in his great sorrow he had not forgotten my passion for sweets. He walked up and down the platform. I felt so sorry for him I went into the station to sit down. The seats were dirty, so I unfolded the paper to sit on. And there in glaring headlines I read—50 Whitmore College Boys Leave for China for Seven Years! Under it came an account of the expedition. Bill Peters' name was first on the list!

I controlled my excitement enough to casually inform Uncle Bob Miss Alicia's fiancé was leaving for China. Uncle Bob took one look at that paper, yanked me into the car and started up the street at no less rate than sixty miles an hour. For a ship in the dark he managed to navigate pretty well.

We found Miss Alicia pretending to read a book under the trees on the campus. She was crying, and looked up as though Uncle Bob were a ghost when he jumped out of the car waving the paper at her. "Alicia," he cried, "what does this mean?" "What does what mean?" she said blankly. So he showed her the paper, and as she read it, light came into her eyes. "You sent him away for an old duffer like me?" said Uncle Bob. "Oh, Alicia, Alicia!" Miss Alicia smiled her answer into his expectant eyes and

Young ladies of Cliff Heights conduct themselves in a perfectly decorous manner and so I turned my eyes away.

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