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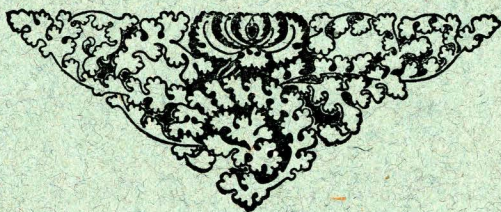
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RECORDER

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JANUARY
1918

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NORMAL SCHOOL RECORDER

VOL. 2

JANUARY, 1918

No. 2

CAMP NEWS.

Most interesting letters have been received from the Rockwood boys from across the waters. They tell us that the Y. M. C. A. keeps up with them. Clifford writes: "I am glad to be here. This is a great worth-while experience and I am glad to have a part in it."

The following comment was made by one of our boys at Camp Dodge when he read about our Y. M. C. A. drive: "Say, a fund like that from the old School makes a fellow realize that the old Bunch is behind us, doesn't it?"

Arthur Carlson is still in a hospital. He has been sent from the military hospital to Flower Hospital, 64th Street and A Avenue, New York City.

Charles Harrison is now First Lieutenant in the 329th M. G. Brigade, Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.

Lieut. Phil Oberg's present address is 311 Trench Mortar Battery, Camp Grant, Illinois.

Charles Lauermann's address is 8 Aero Squadron, Aviation Depot, Garden City, Long Island.

John Taylor, a member of our school during the Fall term, has gone to Jefferson Barracks.

John Vogel is among the right ends on the Kelly Field Football Squad. We are proud to have him hold his own with the many football stars from all over the country who are at Kelly Field.

Taylor Joyner resigned his position at Harmony in October, and enlisted in the army. He is in Co. C, 25th Eng., Camp Devens, Ayers, Mass. From camp, he writes: "Tonight is stunt night at the Y. M. C. A. Soon there will be more noise than at a Varsity football game. Boxing, wrestling, singing, and various other forms of entertainment occur. Two or three times a week there are free movies and lectures that are always patronized to the capacity of the building. The Y. M. C. A. is the link between civilian and army life."

Clarence Barr has joined the Navy. He is in the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.

Walter MacGregor has joined the engineers' corps, at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.

Ole Moe has been sent east from Camp Lewis, Washington. He is now in Headquarters Co., 147th Field Artillery, 41st Division, Camp Merritt, New Jersey. Mr. Moe writes of an interesting eight days' trip across the country, with varied minor calamities en route. Chief of these was the burning of a part of their cook car. Mr. Moe says he has read and re-read the "Recorder."

Sigfried Williams has been discharged from the army in order that he may continue his work as a dental student. He is now in school at the State University. After his discharge he enlisted in the Dental Reserve Corps.

Geo. Cipala was also discharged to continue his work in dental college.

Harold Swanson's present address is 127th Co., 7th Reg. U. S. M. C., Santiago, Cuba, care of Postmaster, New York City.

Word has been received of the safe arrival in France of the 408th Telegraphic Battalion, of which Otis Bosworth is a member.

Morgan Flaherty, Kelly Field, Texas, has passed the examinations for entrance into the Aviation Officers' School, and is probably already in the school.

Where right triumphs over might and the will of the people
is law;

Where democracy reigns;

Where rulers are servants of the ruled;

Where kings are figures of the past;

Where the weak are protected by the strong;

Where peace, though dearly bought, is secure;

Into that heaven of righteousness may we lead the world.

—AMANDA DETTBARN.

RECENT HISTORY OF OUR SCHOOL

A SENIOR'S VIEW OF THE Y. M. C. A. DRIVE.

WALTER KENDALL

An event that will be remembered probably for years—by the Juniors—and one that caused *them* extreme satisfaction, took place in the school during the latter part of last term. The Seniors, wishing to raise as much money as was possible for the Y. M. C. A. Fund, but never thinking of any individual honor or fame that they might win for themselves, challenged the lower classmen to a contest to raise money for this cause, thinking only of the fact that this friendly competition would increase the amount of money raised. The Juniors, suddenly inspired to do good, or, perhaps, to whip their dignified superiors, accepted the challenge as soon as it was issued. A set of rules was drawn up and a contest, which proved as interesting as it was remunerative, was started.

Immediately the faculty sprang into a popularity decidedly unusual. The Juniors, aided by their usual large amount of spare time, and with an efficiency that would have put the Germans to shame, commenced at once to win a soft place in the hearts of their beloved teachers. The Seniors, with their typical lack of any kind of time at all, waited until what was supposedly the opening of the contest. The result was disastrous in the extreme. On the opening evening of the campaign, the faculty seemed suddenly smitten with deafness,—always on the side towards the Seniors,—and pledges and money gushed to the Juniors from the hands of our philanthropic pedagogues in a way that made me glad that some day I, too, would be a member of that seemingly much-moneyed class.

The next day, although Sunday, was no day of rest for the untiring Juniors. They were up bright and early, arousing those members of the faculty who had not cared to attend the meeting the evening before, from their pleasant slumbers, an inconvenience which the more thoughtful Seniors were far too considerate to impose upon anyone. All day long the

Juniors worked with unceasing perseverance. From the time when they pulled Mr. Steward out of his warm and cozy bed until the last train arrived from Minneapolis, not a moment was wasted. Despite the extreme cold, they sat for hours on Mr. Lynch's porch, fruitlessly awaiting his arrival, while other members of their class, with about as much success, took frequent trips down the Minneapolis road. In fact, the Juniors stopped at nothing. They flagged trains; they broke into private garages and tampered with other people's automobiles; with the result that on Monday afternoon, when the final returns were brought in, the Juniors' thermometer registered about five hundred dollars more than the Seniors.' However, the older and more dignified Seniors, being of a forgiving nature, will forget the childish pranks and thoughtless capers of their youthful opponents and will unite with them in praising the school for its phenomenal contribution of \$2,688.

A JUNIOR'S VIEW OF THE Y. M. C. A. DRIVE

OTTO PUFF

Modern history would be incomplete without at least a mention of the Juniors' "bit" in the Y. M. C. A. drive. No doubt the Seniors would seriously object to any detailed narrative of the contest being published, because posterity would thus be enlightened on the slow and medieval tactics used by this class in their attempt to defeat their chronologically inferior, but mentally superior, opponents, the Juniors.

The Saturday evening meeting was scheduled to be the commencement of the drive. The intimate friendliness with which members of both classes accosted the Faculty as they entered the Assembly Hall for the meeting was strikingly noticeable and unusual. The finish of the last song was the signal for such a sudden outburst of rapid-fire appealing that Demosthenes would have humbly relinquished his oratorical eminence to the youthful pleaders. The Juniors, with dexterous arguments, received the majority of pledges. Only the lateness of the hour stemmed the tide of Junior ambition.

But Sunday witnessed the climax of activity, perseverance, and strategy. While the Seniors, with their "usual lack of time," were enjoying their peaceful slumbers, the ever-active Juniors, altho loath to cause discomfiture to any of the *now-popular* Faculty, arose bright and early to awaken those faculty members who had not attended the meeting. The Juniors, with equal lack of time, overcame this obstacle in their case. While conducting a "watchful waiting" campaign on Mr. Lynch's porch, their fertile brains were inspired with the "2 in 1" idea, so they actually began at the same time—to *study*. In connection with this big Y. M. C. A. drive, several fruitless drives were made into the country in Fords to seek pledges. The plan of some Seniors to meet the Minneapolis train by driving to Becker in a "Flivver" was frustrated by the mysterious inability of the engine to become active. Even the Ford seemed to have contracted Senior indolence. A few of them, however, had the foresight to meet the evening train from the Twin Cities, in quest of a prospective pledge, unconscious of the fact that the Juniors had already collected it at Clear Lake. Witnessing the expression of utter incredulity on the faces of those Seniors, when they were informed of the fact, must have impressed an indelible humorous picture on the minds of those who saw them at the depot. To make a long story short, as a result of the Juniors' superior activity and strategy, their thermometer registered several hundred dollars above that of the medieval Seniors.

But the Juniors wish to express their admiration of the gameness with which the Seniors accepted defeat and their cleverness in expressing their sentiments. In an original musical composition, of which the following lines are the most remarkable,

"Some of the Juniors were naughty boys;

Stole the coils out of Roeser's Ford.

We'll give a show that will break your trust.

Then you'll need sympathy, sympathy, much sympathy."

they kindly gave warning of the draft on our purses, when they, the losing class, in fulfilment of the rules, give an

entertainment to the winners, the proceeds to be given to the Y. M. C. A. fund.

The keen rivalry between the two classes was an invaluable aid in achieving the remarkable results, which were beyond the anticipation of even the most optimistic. The school aimed at the bull's-eye of \$2,500, but hit a mark \$188 above this.

The Juniors join the Seniors in hoping that the friendly class rivalry will continue to accomplish equally remarkable results.

THE "BOARDS OF EDUCATION."

DOT BRUNING

"You're in the War. Do you know it?"

I was entering the library a number of weeks ago when I heard these words spoken directly behind the half-opened door.

"I see Ford's going to build machines now, that will run on water." I was attracted at once, remembering Mr. Ford's success in building machines run on gasoline. "He's going into American shipbuilding," the speaker concluded.

In the corner behind the door was gathered a rather animated group of young students. I joined at once the interesting and interested group.

"Oh, here's a good article: 'The President's Two Jobs.' I'm going to take that to talk on in Themes," remarked someone.

"I'm taking that funny one which was posted yesterday: 'When the Army Doctors Get Hold of You.' "

New clippings were added while we looked. "Congress declares a State of War existing between United States and Austria," "French troops now at the Italian Front," we read.

A glance at the top of the board revealed the fact that this board was "The Busy Students' Daily News." Even as I stood there the group about me was constantly changing. Many stayed but a moment, but in that moment read the most important news clipped from the best current magazines and newspapers.

In another part of the library I discovered a second bulletin board. Various cartoons featuring the conserving of food were most prominent. One cartoon picturing the steel fist of Hoover planted firmly in the "bread-basket" of the Kaiser was suggestive of the effect of Hooverism and Kaiserism. Another entitled, "Have a Battlefield all your own, and fight the Kaiser at your table," gave rise to an animated discussion concerning Hooverism. I gathered from remarks that this bulletin board was used for one important topic at one time and for another topic at another time, such as "The Red Cross Society," "Pan Germanism," the "Y. M. C. A."

I was interested in these bulletin boards and inquiry brought to light the fact that these were in the charge of Miss Oliver's History III classes. Each week a new committee of three or four is appointed to be responsible for the bulletin boards during the week.

Coming into the library at a later time I found that a music board under the direction of Miss Brecht, and also a very attractive art board under the direction of Miss Minich, had recently been installed. These latter boards are planned to bring many things to the students that would otherwise escape their notice. They are to the history boards what the Mentor and the Etude are to the daily newspaper.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS

WALTER KENDALL

Along with its zero weather and flurries of snow, the winter term at the Normal School has ushered in something which carries with it brighter prospects than does Jack Frost's icy shoulder. Despite the fact that our service flag bears so many stars, the prospects for basketball this year are good. The members of the school have already had an opportunity (of which, by the way, very few took advantage) to see the candidates in action. Early in the season the Middies, without warning, challenged the Seniors to the first of a series of interclass games. The Seniors surprised the

school by defeating the Middies but the pride of the former was hurt when, the following week, they were badly beaten by the Juniors.

Among the candidates for this year's team are only two, Dunnewold and Kendall, who played on last year's squad; but the quantity as well as the quality of new material looks decidedly hopeful. Dan Williams, with his six feet and four inches, promises great things for the pivot position, while Farr, Freeberg, and Magnusson will contend for places as guards. Barry and Feakes will push the two last year's men hard for the forward positions. The team will miss, as guard, Enoch Freeberg, who will not be able to play this year because of a broken arm.

FIFTY-THREE NEW THINGS UNDER THE SUN

WINIFRED ORR

Solomon once declared that "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun." Those of us who investigated the recent exhibit of fifty-three little dresses made from discarded garments of grown-ups, temporarily forgot that here again the old had been made new. Most of us saw more than the cozy little garments, however. I, for one, saw a round and dimpled face and a pair of bright, dark eyes above a certain blue woolen dress. However, that, of course, was not a reasonable picture of any of the little refugees to whom the products of Miss Gleason's class have gone,—children whose faces suffering has made old and careworn, and whose eyes are large and bright from terror of the shells. We sometimes forget that in beautiful France not even the children are happy. Neither is it in our power to make them so, but if we can add merely to their comfort we are glad.

OUR BANQUET

MARGARET DUNN

Saturday, the eleventh of November, was an anxious day for the Minervas. Invitations had been issued to all of our alumnae, and three distinguished guests besides, and it was "up to us" to make the banquet interesting.

Under Alice Jerrard's guidance, the domestic-science room had been decorated with cornstalks and pumpkins, expressive of Thanksgiving. Down the centre of the table were miniature shocks and pumpkins. In black and white this decoration scheme sounds far less attractive than it actually proved to be at the time of our entertainment. Add to this twenty-six active members and fourteen guests, all in their best bib and tucker, and you can imagine the attractiveness of the scene.

I will not comment upon the banquet itself for I am sure you will assume (with perfect safety) that it was out of the ordinary, but I shall tell you about the toasts.

Mae Flynn started the program with a toast to the United States, for, even in our play, our country is most important. Mildred Smith responded to the toast, "Our Miss Lawrence," hailing her as monarch of all she surveyed. Alice Jerrard responded to the toast, "Our Juniors," Marie Leonard to "Our Seniors," and Dot Bruning to "Our Alumnae." Celia Barrett concluded the program with a toast to President Brown. After each of the last five toasts we sang to the respective groups or personages. We knew it was very intimate to sing "Our Darling Isabel" and "Prexy Brown," but we did want them to know how pleased and honored we felt to have them with us. After the toasts, we went to the west gym and danced until eleven.

What Mr. Brown said when he was asked how he liked being sung to will characterize the evening. Mr. Brown told us that a friend of his once asked how it felt to be honored with a toast. He answered, "Now I know how the pancake feels when the syrup is poured over it."

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elsewhere, go elsewhere. But tell the second merchant that he is second because you did not see his advertisement in the "Normal-School Recorder."

Just at present an effort is being made to publish the Recorder monthly instead of quarterly. This adds to the cost of publication just when it is necessary that the magazine be self supporting. You can help in this matter. Think about it, and you will do it.

OUR SERVICE FLAG

HELEN D. BREWER

Since April 2d the sight of red, white, and blue together has thrilled us with a fresh feeling of patriotism; a glimpse of white stars on a blue field has inspired in us a reverent awe for the country we so highly honor; a vision of our flag in any situation has urged us on to new service for the country it symbolizes. Never before have we been so touched by the conjunction of red, white, and blue in one flag as by the combination we find in the service flag of today. The service flag with its blue stars on a white background bordered with red stands as a glowing tribute to those who are actually fighting in this great war, or preparing to do so. It is a tribute to those who will win, for themselves and for us, *honor*, and it is a deeper tribute to those who will not come back to us when the war is done. For every star in this flag there is a boy, striving, fighting, suffering, perhaps dying, for his country and for humanity. Here in the St. Cloud Normal School, the stars in our service flag number, so far, fifty-eight.

THE BOOK-HOG

HELEN D. BREWER

"There is," says our worthy Dr. Magnusson, "a species of biped known as a book-hog." Unfortunately, this animal is not yet extinct here in the Normal School.

There are many different examples of the book-hog. There is the book-hog who fails to return Terman's "Hygiene

of the School Child" to the reserve shelves in the library before 8:15 in the morning, preferring the payment of his fine to the discharge of his obligations. There is his brother, the book-hog who draws out a book merely because the book contains a story he wishes to read, in the face of the fact that he knows a whole class is using the book. There is the book-hog who, when he is a member of a school-management class of 48 or 50, draws one of the 18 copies of Bagley's "School Discipline" and keeps it for himself alone throughout the six weeks. Also there is the book-hog who borrows a "Writing of Today" from a member of a themes class but fails to return it in time for the owner to prepare his own lesson. Besides these, there are some minor book-hogs who pull the song-books over so far to their sides of the desks that their seatmates will soon be in a fair way to visit an oculist, and those poor specimens of book-greedy ones who even stoop to carrying away the magazines from Shoemaker Hall living-room, directly contrary to rules.

A trifle different, but a peculiarly interesting type of book-hog, is known as the "nesting" book-hog. He goes over to the library armed with a righteous determination to look up the topic his class is to recite on next day. He trots about busily for a time collecting material and when he has accumulated four or five books and half a dozen magazines comprising all the available material on that topic, he proceeds to make a nest for himself and is soon to be seen surrounded by his booty, apparently "eating his way out." Once a book-hog has made a nest, however, he rarely leaves it until library hours are over and the material is barred to all users.

Own cousin to the nesting book-hog is that feminine book-hog who carries a child-study book to one of the Halls for one hour's work and keeps it hidden under a pile of books on her table for three other hours.

And so I might go on at great length enumerating the different book-hogs to be found about a Normal School. But of all book-hogs, the most insufferable is the one who goes around remarking, "Why, I have my lesson prepared. I didn't have any trouble getting a book."

WHERE THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING

HELEN D. BREWER

Emma Glaser writes from Evanston, near Chicago, that she is often homesick for St. Cloud. At least, she has a little of old St. Cloud Normal School with her, as Jeannette Guthrie is teaching at the same place. All who know Jeannette agree that she is a splendid antidote for anyone's homesickness.

If children tend to follow in their father's footsteps, John Shoemaker's little daughter, Mary Louise, will be coming to St. Cloud Normal School some day.

Olga Lake is now Mrs. Dr. Rounds of Sleepy Eye and is putting her "Child Study" into practice on her small son.

Truly, the influence of St. Cloud is widespread. Rose O'Neill and Margaret Stenger are at Ely; Ruth Senescall is at Ortonville; Eleanor Lundeen and Gladys Ames are in Albert Lea; Esther Sullivan is at Duluth, and Hazel Zinn is at Crosby. At Cokato, are Lajla Myron and Ruth Leuty; at Morris is Margaret Ryan, and at Mountain Iron is Myrtle Hintze. We find Frances Stauffer at Stewart, Olive Packer at Clearwater, and Ada Klatt at Princeton. Further inquiry reveals the fact that Gertrude Tschann is at Woodstock, Helen Van Rhee at Elmdale, and Kate Chance at Billings, Montana.

Ramona Belle is at work in the primary department of Canby.

William Anderson is a superintendent at Cohasset and Otis Smith at Willow River.

Marie Larsen writes of her interesting work with thirty little fifth and sixth graders at Milan, Minn.

Lilian Anderson, formerly a teacher in the St. Cloud city schools, has gone to Eveleth as a primary supervisor.

Margaret Skinner is working in a fine new Junior-High building in Cokato.

Lloyd Raymond, one of our graduates, is now telegraph operator at Clear Lake. He visited us a short time ago.

Another recent visitor was Alice Larsen, now Mrs. Halvor Halvorsen of Sauk Centre.

Among other visitors the Normal School has had since school opened this year are Jessie Bame, who drove down from Woodrow in her Ford; Ethel Patterson from the Junior High School at Little Falls; Grace Crolley from the same place, and Margaret Venoss from Northfield.

We owe the visits of Leone Anderson and Stella Williams to the epidemic of smallpox which closed the Osakis schools for a time. They reported that Margery Poppenburg was at that time ill with the disease.

All these people declared that it seemed good to be back and it certainly seemed good to us to have them come.

Miss Isabel Shoemaker of Minneapolis was a recent visitor at the Normal School.

Irene Swenson, now Mrs. Ray Critchfield, visited us not long ago with her two daughters, Irene and Isabel.

We are not sure yet whether all our December graduates have gone to teach but we do know that Lillian Apmann is at Cuyuna; that Vera Brown, Gladys Alger, Amanda Dettbarn, and Helen Randall are at Duluth; that Beatrice Cluff is at Chisholm and Leila Dally at Walker; that Myrtle Ehnborn is at Oslo, George Haskell at Comfrey, Elmer Hauge at Spicer, and Marjorie Jacobs at Mountain Iron; and that Waconia, Hutchinson, Harmony, St. Cloud and Ellendale have claimed Esther Lundstrom, Judith Liljedahl, George Lindsley, Viola McCrea, and Maedi Lakkunen, respectively. Isabel Skinner has gone to attend the University of Minnesota.

Our Christmas program was attended by several former members of the school; among them Marian Rhodes of St. Paul and Cynthia McCarthy of St. Cloud.

We were glad to see Wesley McQueen, from Faribault, singing in our Christmas chorus.

Emma Glaser writes from Evanston that Supt. Farmer has worked out, for the rest of the year, a new arithmetic plan involving composition work. "It is a plan in which the big idea is the war food problem, waste, and conservation. It is very interesting and vital and I know will be great to work out with the children." Earlier in the year Supt. Farmer was called to Washington for several weeks, to work in Mr. Hoover's department.

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GEO. R. CLARK

Graduate Chicago Ophthalmic College, '94