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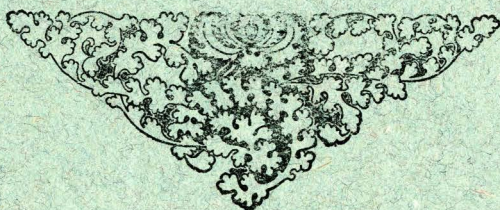
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Miss Campbell

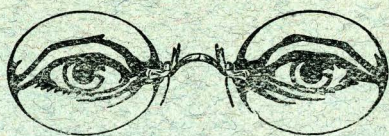
**THE
NORMAL SCHOOL
RECORDER**

ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA

LEO GANNON, EDITOR



**FEBRUARY
1918**



Eyes and Eyesight

Think of the unusual demands you put on your eyes. Are they really equal to do it? Do they tire easily?

Delay is just as dangerous in eye strain as in any other abnormal condition of the human body.

Broken Lenses duplicated promptly and accurately, as we grind our own Lenses.

FRITZ GUY'S OPTICAL DEPARTMENT

You Young Men

Figured strongly in our selection of the

Clothes and Hats

You'll find here for spring. That's only one
reason why we're anxious to have
you call on us

The "New Clothes" Store

Oscar Magnuson

Wm. J. Rau

NORMAL SCHOOL RECORDER

VOL. 2

FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 3

A MATTER OF DISCIPLINE

ETHEL WHITCOMB

"Teacher whipped the big girls an' they're crying a right smart bit around the corner there." A short, fat finger shot forth simultaneously with this outburst and I felt fire as two indignant eyes flashed upon me. My friend and seat-mate was speaking. "Come, let's go to see them," she urged, prying me away from the side of the school house. "The girls are powerful sorry, I reckon."

This I found to be true, indeed, for the group upon which I came a moment later was the sorriest, most dejected bunch I've ever seen or ever expect to see. There were three of the so-called "big girls" huddled in a nest of warm-hearted, loyal school-mates, reciting their woes, dabbing their noses and eyes with their handkerchiefs, and showing the wounds of a crushed and broken spirit.

"Did he lick you, Flora?" I asked. (It was hard to believe that she had been whipped, although her red eyes and nose were evidence.) "A mean thing!" I blurted savagely. "What did you do?"

"Oh, we ran through when the boys were playing pull-away. He saw us from the window."

"Is that all? I did it, too!" I said. "I'm going right in and tell him so." Unheeding the protestations of the girls, I darted for the school house, reaching the entrance just in time to encounter the teacher as he came out to ring the bell. He was a husky fellow and I think I must have trembled a little in anticipating what was coming.

"I did it, too!" exploded from me. "What are you going to do about it?" Then with a high chin and a chest swelled with righteous wrath, I whisked past him to my seat.

After the pupils had stumbled in and school was brought to order, I was duly (perhaps rightfully) flogged before, what seemed to me, thousands of eyes.

The physical wounds of that flogging healed. The spiritual ones, never! I believe to this day, if I were to visit old

Bellview school or meet one of my old school-mates, these pleasures would be marred by the mortifying recollections of that day. Grandfather used to say that in breaking a colt one must be careful not to break its spirit. I think the rule has a double use. It might be applied to the breaking of human colts.. Why, since there are many, many finer ways of disciplining, should a kind that might "scathe and scorch the soul" ever be used?

VIGNETTES OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL

MAIL TIME.

BY SELMA JOHNSON

The boxes ranged puppet-like along the wall from A to Z. Some were top heavy, others pitifully empty. A bell rang. Immediately there was a rush of approaching feet, and students, some laughing, some serious, swarmed eagerly into the hallway. Joyous expectancy stamped their faces as they jostled confusedly to reach their boxes. A disconcerted young man, triumphantly clutching a letter, struggled from a group of crowding girls. The throng scattered to the accompaniment of merry exclamations and complaints against "the folks at home." Robbed of their treasure, the boxes stared vacantly.

DINNER AT SHOEMAKER HALL.

ESTHER LUNDSTROM

The deep hush, following the ringing of the bell, was broken by the moving of chairs, as happy, chattering girls sat down to their evening meal at Shoemaker Hall. Zig-zagging in and out among the tables, bustled girls, laden with steaming dishes from the kitchen. The low droning hum of many voices seemed to float to the beamed ceiling. Now and then, gay laughs broke forth, coming from hearts overflowing with the joyousness of life. Again the little bell tinkled; and with forks suspended and laughs hushed, the

merry girls subsided, while the attention of everyone was directed to the matron, whose announcement of a party for the evening caused gay laughing and applauding.

THE ASSEMBLY HALL

MARIE KAUS

Groups of laughing students saunter into the Assembly Hall before chorus. Some are straggling along with smiles on their faces as they keep their eyes fastened on letters, bumping into people and desks as they go. Here and there are scattered groups who wax hot over some argument about their lesson. Desks are banging, papers rustling, and now and then a peal of laughter breaks out above the excited buzz of voices, which fills the room. Singly and in groups the faculty leisurely enter and take their places on the rostrum. The hum of voices grows dimmer and dimmer, finally dying away as an expectant hush sweeps over the entire room.

OUR SOCIAL HOUR

LILLIAN W. ANDERSON

One after another the girls came straggling into the Shoemaker Hall living room from the dining room below, where they had just finished their evening meal. Some sought the comforts of the deep-cushioned sofa, others selected the coziest of chairs, and still others contented themselves with seats on the floor. Amid the gathering of girls was a profusion of gayly colored knitting bags with now and then a sombre grey one. Those who were not knitting were telling their favorite tales of woe and joy to one another. Even Mrs. Burns was present, lending a still more homelike cheer to the room.

Suddenly the noise and clatter subsided as some one arose to her feet and began talking. It was announced that excerpts of familiar songs were to be played, the names of which the girls were to guess. Evidently a program was in

line, and the girls sat up and took notice. There were played parts of a number of songs, including "Seeing Nellie Home," the old standby, "Annie Laurie," and "Over There." From the nods of approval as the names of the songs were read, one would judge that every one had succeeded in guessing them all. After the contest the familiar strains of "There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding" sounded, and one of the more talented members of the group, Mildred Farwell, sang the verses while all joined in the chorus. After this, Edith Young played a piano solo. The program ended in dancing, and until the study hours began the girls glided smoothly about to the strains of piano and violin. But why all this hilarity on Tuesday night? It was the fortnightly Social Hour at Shoemaker Hall.

THE HISTORY CLUB

HELEN MC GEE

"What was the real cause of the Balkan War anyway?" asked a very interested student of history.

"That's just what I expect to present to you to-day. As you will soon see, the causes of that war throw a spotlight on the present war."

Such remarks are the kind one might have heard last term if he had entered Miss Oliver's history room on Saturday mornings. There we learned many things that, because of lack of time, we should not otherwise have known. We girls living in dormitories are usually so busy with the petty affairs of our friends that long magazine articles do not attract us. Yet, it was far from being hard to sit for one hour a week and listen to Miss Oliver tell us of an important current event. It was a joy! How little should I have known about the peace proposals of Germany or the rapid change of affairs in Russia or just what Hoover has accomplished, if I had not frequented Room H on Saturday mornings. Now, when I hear my more intelligent neighbors discussing those topics, my mind is not quite a blank. I am sure that, when I speak of the benefit I have derived from the History Club, I speak for all its other members, too.

CONSERVATIVE CONSERVATION

LEO GANNON

Since the beginning of the war millions of men have been called from the fields of production to the fields of destruction. This has had the double effect of diminishing the products of the world, and increasing the demand for many of them. Just what the demand upon the resources of the world has been is almost beyond comprehension. About a year ago it was estimated that the amount that had been spent in the war up to that time, would be sufficient to hire a taxicab to the sun and back at four hundred and twenty-five dollars a mile. This estimate was low enough to allow about two billion dollars for incidental expenses while the occupant of the air-going cab was approaching his place in the sun. Since a year ago the cost of the war has advanced. The world is less able to meet the exorbitant cost of the war this year than it was last year. There is money, to be sure, but money is merely a measure of the cost. The shortage is in the materials for arms, explosives, clothing, and food. The one way to make up the deficit is conservation.

The conservation of food is a serious, trying duty. Nearly all are acquainted with the methods of conservation, and have expressed their willingness to do their bit. These are essential steps toward conservation, but they will never conserve anything. Actual practice is necessary. The practice of conservation requires a change in one's manner of living. Such a change can not be accomplished without suffering. It has been said, "The task before the conservation committee is to change the eating habits of millions of people living in the land of plenty." The difficulties are apparent at once. The change would be difficult if it were compulsory; but the change not being compulsory, the individual, surrounded by every means of gratifying desires born of life-long habits, is apt to find himself favoring a policy of *conservative* conservation. A change is pleasant for a change; but the same change for a regular diet becomes an old story rather abruptly; and the American, six thousand miles from the site of actual need, finds it very easy to slip back into his

old manner of living. What a simple matter conservation would be if the American were seated at the same table with the European who is in actual need! How easy then for the American to accept the corn-bread that the European might use the wheat-bread! We find conservation difficult because we cannot see the things we conserve being used by those who need them more than we do. Shielded, as we are, from even the sight of suffering, one finds it necessary to exercise a rigorous discipline over himself that he may not become slack in his duty. Conservation was fun at first. Now it is funnier each meal than it is the following one. But it must be remembered that conservation is not a passing fad. It is a necessity that will remain a necessity as long as the war lasts. The only looked-for changes are more general practice and more rigid rules.

Difficult as conservation may be, it is the duty of every civilian. Obviously the privations endured by the soldiers are much more distressing than any that may be required of the civilian. Though the division of hardships can never be equal, the inequality of the division should be recognized by those who remain at home. For the soldiers, who are bearing the brunt of the struggle, have as good a claim to the peaceful occupations as any civilian. Many have expressed regret that they were not in position to enlist in some branch of the service. Verbal expression of patriotism is good and always to be desired. Still, it doesn't pay one to advertise unless he has the goods. The test of the civilian's patriotism lies in his practice of conservation—the inglorious, tiresome duty of saving. No one should miss this opportunity to acknowledge the hardships others are suffering for him. If he does he is an ingrate. That is a hard name indeed. In the words of Shakespeare, "I hate ingratitude in any man more than lying, drunkenness, babbling, or any taint of vice that inhabits our frail blood."

Particularly, the *student* should practice conservation. The service that the student renders, in this struggle, is more remote, more hazy, than any other form of service. Consequently he is in more danger of appearing to be a slacker than any other. Then in fairness to himself—to avoid the

stigma of the slacker—he should give expression to his patriotism in at least this conservative way. But there is more than appearance to be considered. “A person who refuses to change his eating habits now is more than indifferent; he is *disloyal*.”

THE MONEY VALUE OF EDUCATION

ERNST T. JACOBSON

Do you know that on the average, each day spent in the elementary and high school, is worth nine dollars in cold cash to the student? In the United States the uneducated laborer earns, on the average, \$500 per year for forty years. A high school graduate earns \$1,000 per year for the same period. Twelve school-years of 180 days each, add \$20,000 to the income for life of each individual. Thus each day in the elementary and high school is worth nine dollars, according to a report issued by the Commissioner of Education. We do not have statistics to establish the value of a day at the Normal School, but it is undoubtedly still higher.

These data are based upon conditions existing before the war. Now the entire country is facing a serious shortage of teachers. In Iowa alone, President Brown tells us, five hundred schools are closed due to the lack of teachers. Indications are that there will be a far greater shortage in the future. Data collected by President Brown from more than a hundred public Normal Schools in the country, indicate during the past year a decrease in enrollment of 1700 men and 5500 women students. By the law of supply and demand, there has been a corresponding increase of from ten to thirty per cent in the wages of grade teachers throughout the country. This upward trend is certain to continue.

It will be decidedly worth our while, financially, to prepare ourselves adequately for the teaching profession. But there is a nobler reason. After the war the nation will need well trained minds to solve its intricate problems. It is our duty and privilege to prepare ourselves for this patriotic service.

THE C. M. E. A. CONVENTION

GLADYS TIPTON

Always an interesting feature of the school year, the C. M. E. A. convention will be especially attractive this year as most of the addresses are to be given on patriotic subjects. The meetings will be held at the State Normal School, St. Cloud, March 7, 8, and 9. A program of unusual excellence has been arranged, largely through the efforts of Superintendent Maxson, President of the Association, and Mr. Adams, Secretary.

A gymnasium exhibition on the evening of March 7 will show with what readiness and skill the Normal-School boys execute commands and do teamwork. Dr. Burton, President of the University of Minnesota, will deliver a patriotic address on this same evening. President Brown said of one of Dr. Burton's patriotic lectures, "It was an address one could not afford to miss, if it were within one's power to hear it."

Friday morning will usher in A. D. Wilson, who is at the head of the Minnesota Food Commission. Mr. Wilson will undoubtedly tell us of many things we can do to help win the war.

Professor J. William Hudson of the University of Missouri also is to talk Friday morning, his subject being "The War and World Reconstruction." Mr. Hudson has lectured in nearly every state of the union, and has secured a national reputation through his lectures on public issues, especially internationalism. "If any one address stands out as better than any other in the splendid array presented at the convention, it is that of Professor Jay William Hudson," was a comment made after his lecture to the Vermont State Teachers' Association.

I presume that most of the students of the Normal School have heard Dean Coffman, head of the College of Education, University of Minnesota. He has addressed this school several times, one of the occasions being the C. M. E. A. convention of last year. He is recognized as one of the

prominent educators of the state. He will lecture Friday afternoon.

After some patriotic music on Friday evening, will be delivered one of the strongest addresses of the entire convention. J. Paul Goode, of the Department of Geography, University of Chicago, will give an illustrated lecture. I am positive that no one who heard Dr. Goode's illustrated lecture on "The Geographic and Economic Foundations of the Great War" at the M. E. A. meeting last fall will fail to avail himself of this opportunity to hear Dr. Goode again. I did not expect to be particularly interested when I read the title of the lecture upon the program last fall at M. E. A. I expected, as one man put it, "to swallow a few yarns, give a few loving thoughts to the spring wardrobe, and otherwise relax; not to sit on the edge of my chair, crack my gloves with applause, and go out saying, 'Thrilling, thrilling.' " But the spring wardrobe never entered my mind as I *saw* the growth of Prussianism and felt the depression that Bismark's philosophy produces in our democratic minds. I was cheered and exultant, however, as Dr. Goode compared this hideous Prussianism with liberal Americanism. He raised my spirits still higher by showing that the Allies have on the whole greater resources and a better chance of winning the war than Germany has.

A crayon talk on "The Influence of the Cartoon on the War" will be given by C. L. Bartholomew, cartoonist of the Minneapolis Journal, Saturday morning. This will be one of the most entertaining and instructive of all the lectures given. Some one from the State Department, probably Mr. Flynn, will also speak Saturday morning. A business meeting will conclude the program.

An improvement in the convention of this year over that of last year will be that the sectional meetings are to be held in the afternoon only, from 3:00 to 5:00.

Let us hope that the weather will favor us this year, but let us resolve to attend these truly wonderful meetings even if we do have to wade through several feet of snow to get to them.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF SHYLOCK

CAROLINE K. BARRON

To the Ben Greet Players who presented "The Merchant of Venice," the last number of our entertainment course, we are indebted for a very real pleasure. They carried us back to the time of Shakespeare; surrounded us with the atmosphere of a pleasure-loving Venice; and gave us a glimpse of the busy Rialto, "where merchants most do congregate." They peopled this pleasant city with old, familiar figures, which assumed new aspects in the presentation. It is with these characters and with Shylock in particular, who was, without doubt, the dominating personality, that my impressions are concerned.

I was stirred by the friendship between Bassanio and Antonio—a friendship which could transcend all selfish emotions and make either happy in laying down his life for the other; but all the more keenly I felt the utter loneliness of the Jew. I exulted when pretty Jessica made her escape from a life, the ruling principles of which were repugnant to her nature; but I *lived* the terrible, voiceless agony of the father. Again, I sighed with relief when the wisdom of the youthful Portia saved Antonio the necessity of paying his gruesome bond; but I forgot him in an overwhelming surge of pity for the broken old man at the mercy of the hated Christians.

For Shylock, unlovable character as he was, was interpreted in a way to picture to us the wrongs of his race. We saw Shylock, the usurer, it is true, but back of him we saw a race of intellectual men, forced to the basest use of their intellects in order to perpetuate a persecuted tribe. The vengeful, implacable Shylock, we felt, was the victim of a vengeful, implacable Christianity. Though we knew that he deserved his punishment, we could not sympathize with the boisterous, unfeeling delight of Gratiano in the spectacle of a miserable old man, stripped of daughter, home, influence, and faith. In the hopelessness of his fate, we felt the tragedy of his people—their homeless wanderings, their poignant sufferings, their daily crucifixion by the militant followers of the Prince of Peace.

THE ALUMNI SPOT-LIGHT

AGNES COOPER

Sigfried Williams, one of our former basketball stars, is now a senior in the dental department of the State University and is a member of the University basketball squad.

Amy Anderson, of the class of 1910, will be graduated from the California State University in June.

Gertrude Robbins writes that the teachers at Nelson never work more than twenty hours a day or eight days a week—but that they enjoy it.

On January sixteenth, Doreen Swadling became Mrs. Herbert Nelson.

Miss Stiles writes that Long Beach, California, is certainly in the "horse latitudes" this year, as it hasn't rained for eight months.

Harignaz Hovagimian reports that the northwest winds on the Wolverton prairies are colder than "forty below" in St. Cloud.

During Christmas vacation, Miss Eva Staples, of the class of 1916, and Mr. W. W. Walters were married. Mr. Walters was a member of the High-School faculty for two years but is now in the employment of the Pan Motor Co.

Ruth Tolman is engaged to George E. Helde, a Y. M. C. A. worker in China.

A letter from Emma Glasier states that the arithmetic plan worked out by Supt. Farmer and now being used in the Evanston Schools, is very satisfactory. The children are surprised to find that a universal saving of one-fourth of a cent would make \$250,000; and that by each of us saving an ounce of meat and of sugar, 1,137,500 tons would be saved in a year. She says the drawing classes are making conservation posters and that the Evanston teachers are on the lookout for "catchy slogans" and ideas in general.

Eunice Penny, who is teaching at Kelliher, recently visited the Normal School.

Magda Nelson, Hilda Oberg, and Agnes Osterberg, who have been teaching at Becker, Hopkins, and Wheaton, re-

spectively, have been forced to resign on account of ill health.

Vera Booten, now Mrs. Eisenrich of Sandstone, was a recent visitor at the Normal School.

Brand Leopard, after having taught for two years at Ely, Virginia, and Duluth, is now studying medicine at the Minnesota State University.

Probably on account of the scarcity of teachers, teaching has come back into fashion. Mrs. McKay, nee Jennie Horner, is teaching at Brainerd; and Mrs. H. Sharrat, nee Selma Magnusson, is teaching at Austin.

Margaret Johnson of Atwater is now Mrs. Lee R. Pemberton and the proud mother of a fine baby boy.

On December twenty-fourth, Miss Lois Waite and Richard S. Rogers of Minneapolis were married.

Adell Van Hoesen, of the 1914 class, who is now at the State University, writes: "I enjoy the work here so much and am so glad that I didn't come to the University directly from high school. My Normal School and teaching training have proved to be very helpful to me down here. Often I pity the young freshmen of only sixteen years of age. The Normal School and the University together give one a training that he is unable to get from either one alone. Two girls who went to the Normal School at the same time I did—Jerusha Meigs and Miss Essling—are both in one of my classes."

Miss Ruth E. Atkins, who has been spending her furlough with her sister in St. Cloud, sails February sixteenth from San Francisco to resume her work of teaching in the girls' school at Malacca, Malaysia.

Just at present nursing is quite as popular as teaching. Clara Lee has been graduated from the Nurses' Training Course of the Swedish Hospital at Minneapolis; and Kate Reed, Emily Mosford, Rose Beidler, and Clara Holes are Red Cross nurses in France.

Mrs. H. C. Heber, formerly Beatrice Whitman, and her husband, Dr. H. C. Heber, of Thief River Falls, are spending the winter in Los Angeles.

Miss Edith Clark, of the class of 1911, who has been teaching at the Washington School, left for Washington,

D. C., about two weeks ago to meet her brother, Lieutenant Guy Clark, who was unable to reach St. Cloud on account of the heavy snow storms in Ohio. In Washington, D. C., she and William E. MacGregor, also a graduate of the Normal School, were married. Mr. MacGregor is now a member of the Food Administration Board under Herbert Hoover at Washington, where they will make their home.

Letters have recently been received from Marie Petit, now Mrs. Robert Hinkle of Crosby, from Emma Hebert, now Mrs. Herman Reifel of Mountain Iron, and from Julia Lewis, now Mrs. J. C. Gibson of Hibbing. Mrs. Gibson enclosed a picture of her four-year-old daughter and Mrs. Reifel sent one of her son, Herman.

Mrs. H. L. Arnold, formerly Lou Cox of the 1907 class, reports that her young daughter is learning to walk.

Sue Huff, who is in charge of the Normal-Training Department at Norwood, reports that in visiting a school, not at Norwood however, she heard a man, teaching a class, say, "Though the geographies teach that the world is round, Scripture teaches that the world is flat and therefore it is." Miss Huff is a sister of H. C. Huff, who was a member of our Normal-School faculty last summer. She was graduated from the Normal-School in 1900.

Julia Kleve is now Mrs. Rex Oliver of McClusky, N. D., and Carrie Tschudy is now Mrs. L. D. Mosier of Fargo, N. D.

Clara Nelson, Mable Liljedahl, Frances Nelson, and Ruth Jernberg, who teach at Jordan, at Lamore, N. D., at Mora, and at Eagle's Lake, respectively, spent Christmas vacation in St. Cloud.

Mr. George Lindsley writes from Harmony that he is very busy teaching algebra, plane geometry, manual training, and coaching basketball. His recreation consists of "looking over" papers, preparing work, and working with delinquent pupils. He says, "My superintendent heard President Brown give his lecture on 'Study Habits,' and has asked me to recall some of the suggestions for study and present them to our high school."

Adeline Rohrer is teaching the second grade at Eveleth, and Catherine Chance is teaching at Billings, Montana.

On January twenty-eighth Supt. Thompson of Kelliher visited the Normal-School to get teachers for next year.

Samuel Thorn, who is conducting the orchestras and glee clubs of the public graded schools of St. Paul, is working as if he expected to spend the rest of his life there. Miss Root, after seeing him conduct a class, says that no one would suspect that he expects to enter one of the training camps at almost any minute.

Walter Gaumnitz writes from Lake Wilson: "I thought I was very busy when I was at school and often looked forward to the relief promised when I should be in charge of a school of my own, but I am quite as busy now as I was then. But I say, 'Blessed be drudgery.' "

OUR WAR ORPHAN

EDITH FRENETTE

We have adopted a war orphan for at least one year. By "we" I mean two divisions of Miss Oliver's fall term history III class. Each member of the class subscribed as much as she could afford in addition to her subscriptions to other war activities, and Miss Oliver made up the deficiency. The class on December 21 chose one of its members to act as foster mother. She is to receive letters from the boy and to write to him for the class, as well as to see that the money for his care is sent. The boy, Pierre Gosnier, is eleven years old, and is now living in France with his mother who can keep him at his own home for one year for \$36.50.

FROM A LISTENER

WINNIFRED ORR

A few weeks ago the student-body was given another glimpse of what its special chorus can do. The *Amaryllis* sung at the opening exercises was a song to make one long

for spring—that is, long for it more. In fact in its lightness and delicacy the tripping little ballad itself was much like spring. Although quite a contrast to the grandeur of Gounod's *Sing to God* which the chorus handled so well at Christmas time, and also to the happy yet plaintive Christmas songs given on the same occasion by the Training-School children, the lovely *Amaryllis* was, well—*lovely!* Because of the very smoothness with which it was done we can give only this ancient comment: "We liked it." Didn't you?

THE HERBARIUM AT THE ST. CLOUD NORMAL SCHOOL

OREN E. FRAZEE

GEO. M. LINDSLEY

During the fall term (1917) a revision of the nomenclature, which was checked with the seventh edition of Gray's Manual of The Flora of the U. S., and a reorganization of the accessioning plan of the school herbarium were completed by George M. Lindsley, a student in Biology. The work of revision involved in many instances a careful scrutiny of minute characteristics which had become more or less difficult to determine from the preserved specimens, some of which date from 1879. The herbarium, deficient as it is in several of the families, includes, nevertheless, representative specimens of a majority of the families of Minnesota and of some species found outside the Minnesotan range. The herbarium has received as gifts notable collections from a large number of former students of the school and from friends of the school. By far the largest and most valuable single collection presented to the school herbarium is from Dr. E. V. Campbell of St. Cloud. This collection includes 61 families and 332 species. The herbarium contains at present (January 1918) 91 families and 751 species. An enumeration of the families and species is on file in the school herbarium.

School Necessities

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Atwood's Book and Stationery Store

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