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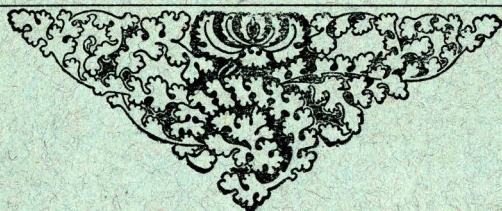
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THE NORMAL SCHOOL RECORDER

MAY, 1918



The Normal School Recorder is issued monthly at the
State Normal School, St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Subscription, 35 cents a year.

LEO. GANNON, Editor.

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NORMAL SCHOOL RECORDER

VOL. 2

MAY, 1918

No. 6

MANY MANNERS OF MEN

WINIFRED ORR

"She is just the kind I like." I wonder how many there are in our school who haven't said this or heard it said about some friend. Yesterday, perhaps, it was applied to a lively, happy-go-lucky girl possessed of an inexhaustible fountain of energy. An hour later, a quiet, restful friend was praised in like terms. So it goes. The play we like, the work we like, the people we like—yes, we ourselves are a motley, hit-and-miss collection.

There is one type of us in the St. Cloud Normal School that easily exceeds any other type in number. We hope that as long as our school stands for success by toil, this class will continue to so predominate. Its members are not likely to be sure what the chic shade for spring suits is, or what is the latest slang expression of surprise. Their faces may at times bear traces of the weariness resulting from forcing an already tired brain to work on and on into the night. Still that notebook had to be completed, or that plan had to be written. Yet, after all, I have been showing the dark side. If anxiety is one of their goads, reward is one of their balms. Their lives are not dreary nor even tame. Laughter comes easily and means real merriment rather than form. They run a race with the clock every night and great indeed is their satisfaction in discovering that practice makes it possible to finish, first, one and a half, then perhaps two and a half lessons in the time in which only one was finished before. They know the joy of achievement. Friendships formed among students of this kind are as beautiful and enduring as granite. Disappointment and good fortune alike cause them to take only momentary backward glances. Never forsaken is their onward path. All honor to this our most numerous class! Wide as is the range of their mental ability, in the intensity of their faithfulness there is little variation. All honor to the faithful of our school!

Then there is another type, often lovable and charming, that is widely different from the steady majority. Pleasure draws them easily from the dull monotony of work. Thought of the morrow is pushed aside and conscience is hushed by that old fallacy, "She won't call on me, anyway, I guess." Yet a perverse fate seems to put the wrong names on "her" lips next day, and recitations based on a compound of imagination and imperfect memory are not graded very high. Perhaps this incident results in a fit of feverish studying. Then the unaccustomed exertion is so wearying, the resulting success so intoxicating, or the advantage so indistinctly perceived that old methods are again resorted to. Hint to these people that they are in a rut, one of the most slippery and unpromising ruts that anyone can ever slide into and then see the cold or insulted look that will answer you. In fact you will be lucky if angry words are not poured out upon your head. In a rut! Well, I guess not. Don't they get invitations that everyone envies? Don't some of them know more about selecting dainty clothes than those studious old frumps? Anyway, (so the happy-go-luckies think) if they studied, they could get higher marks than the "smart ones". No, don't say anything. Some day an earthquake violent enough to unsettle some of their ideas may occur. Until then we shall continue to smile at their scrapes, wonder at their logic, and hope for the day when their conduct will befit their good hearts. A puzzling race are the happy-go-lucky.

There are not many of the next type and the few that there are among us could be much more seriously afflicted with their distinguishing malady. Still, it is plainly there. We can see its deadening effect in the cold expression of their faces and in the artificiality of their walk, their speech, their smile. In fact many of these girls smile in order to display a dimple or to manipulate a pretty little mouth into a charming shape. Their lessons, their promises, their friends may be forgotten. Their powder-puff never is. In order to win the friendship of one of this type you must wear fine clothes and come of a family with plenty of social position or wealth. If you are plain and simple you will be

noticed only when some peacock can make use of you. Peacocks indeed! Perhaps some day they will outgrow their plumage and develop the real worth that is in them—hidden.

In striking contrast with the preceding are those who feel that the race is to the strong, and that they, alas, are the weak. Many things may bring about this heavy-hearted condition. Despondency is ever lurking near ready to seize any of us in a moment of discouragement and strangle the hope that we live by. If one's attitude is inclined to be pessimistic, or oversensitive, or lacking in humor, trifling disappointments weigh heavily. Then too, financial difficulties or physical weakness may so distract one that it is impossible to do justice to abilities really present. All of us have belonged to the discouraged type at some time. Still we are more or less selfish and do not take the trouble to say the word or do the deed that would lighten some friend's burden. The discouraged are not often weak or babyish. Cheer them and gain worth-while friends.

I have said there are many kinds of us and among each kind many variations. Surely, then, since we are many manners of boys and girls, it behooves us to judge lightly and interpret kindly, remembering that ideal charity that "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

CAMP NEWS

OTTO PUFF

On April 9th, Leith McQueen, James Burns, Peter Weyrens, Thomas Murn, Tom Galernault, and Harold Jensen were among the chosen few to leave for the University of Pittsburgh to take special training as mechanics in aero squadrons.

"The world is a ladder for some to go up and others to go down." Albert Bruener of Fort Snelling now wears the silver decorations of a captain in the Dental Corps. Thomas Joyner at Camp Cody is a sergeant in a machine-gun company of the 135th infantry and has been made quartermaster sergeant of his company. John Taylor is now a sergeant at Kelly Field, Texas. Clarence Barry received second rating

at the close of his first period's training in Pensacola, Florida.

Clarence Barr from the Great-Lakes Training School, Sergeant Leslie Caylor from Camp Dodge, and Corporal Max Davidson from Camp Cody were some of our recent visitors. Leslie said: "The Camp Dodge boys are all fine." One morning, Max showed the Model School pupils the proper salute to Old Glory—a "presentation lesson" which they will never forget. We hope that Oscar Bergman can visit us on furlough after finishing his course in the Officers' Training School at Camp Custer, Michigan.

Walter Omundson, William Flieder, Leonard Williams, and Henry Schiedinger are in the engineers' corps, the former two being at Camp Devens, Mass., and the latter two at Camp Custer, Michigan.

The most recent news we have noted is: Peter Liljedahl and Herbert Opheim are at Camp Logan, Texas; Roy Larson is with the field artillery at Camp Dodge; William Bergman is doctoring in a veterinary corps at Fort Riley, Kansas; Sam Thorn is in the engineers' corps at Camp Meade, Maryland; Theron Castner is at the U. S. Proving grounds, Aberdeen, Maryland; Walter Gaumnitz is at Camp Mills, Long Island; Taylor Joyner and Charles Lauerman are now serving Old Glory in France.

Henning Erickson is taking intensive training in aeronautics at the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta. We understand that gray matter is a requisite for admission to this school.

Frank Betz writes from the U. S. S. "Florida": "My sincere sympathies go with the basketball team". (Has the quality of mercy been strained?)

Clifford Rockwood writes from "Somewhere Over There": "We are well fed and happy."

John Vogel sends this good news from France: "Just a word to let you know that Hubert Markus and I are still among the well and happy."

Sergeant Roy Blattner of the Medical Department at Camp McArthur, Texas, visited us while on furlough last month. Roy says: "The country down there is fine."

Ralph Borman is now at Camp Dodge learning how to "take the 'toot' out of Teutons."

Roy Petrie, who left Camp Dodge with Lloyd La Brie, writes as follows: "I'm at Fort Leavenworth now. No, it isn't quite as bad as it sounds. I am in a railroad operating regiment to which I was transferred from Camp Dodge. Army life seems to agree with me very well. I weighed 126 pounds when I left Dodge and weigh 139 now."

William Moe, who is playing in the 361st regiment band at Camp Lewis, Wash., writes: "Thanks for the Recorder. News from the Normal School is like news from home to me."

The latest news from Ole Moe, now "Over There," is: "We had a rather interesting and exciting journey as we weren't the only boat that sailed at that time. I met Merle Smith here a few days ago, but haven't met any of the other boys."

SOME OF US

He walked slowly up the sidewalk to the school—he always walked slowly—and entered. From my position in the locker-room window I turned and greeted him as he entered, with, "God a class, Stub?"

"Yes."

"The first bell's rung," I said, hurriedly.

"Is that so?" was his unconcerned reply, as he sauntered to his locker at the far side of the room to dispose of his hat. I watched him as he calmly combed his hair before the glass.

"Got your child-study?" he stopped to ask on his way to the door.

"Yes, you nut. Go on to class. You'll be late," I blurted out.

In seemingly no hurry he went out, and a few moments after his steps had died out in the hall, the last bell rang. I was sure that he was late.

I saw him again at noon. "Were you late this morning, Stub?" I said.

"No," he said.

When I left him a moment later at the corner, I could not help thinking of him. Never have I seen a person who did so much and yet who seemed never to be busy. A student of excellent ability, an editor of unusual talent, and in general a truly good fellow he probably accomplishes more than any other student in the school, and yet we continually see him strolling serenely thru the halls as if he had not a care in the world.

WALTER KENDALL

One day in the hall a large group of girls, who were, whispering excitedly to one another, beckoned Alice to join them. They had heard something about one of the girls, which if true would ruin her reputation. The girls seemed very eager to pass this rumor on. Alice was astonished and could not believe this idle gossip, so she asked where they had heard it. They did not exactly know. One girl had told another girl, and that girl some one else, and so on. Then she wanted to know if the girl in question knew about it.

"Oh no. Don't tell her," was their answer.

"Girls, do you realize that you are defaming a girl's character without giving her a chance to defend herself?" Alice flung at them as she hastened upstairs to tell her friend. The affair was soon cleared up and the girls all apologized to the injured one for what they had done.

Alice, although she is so remarkable, may seem to others very ordinary and plain. To me, she represents the sweetest, highest, and most nearly perfect type of girlhood. One would not take particular notice of her in a crowd, for outwardly she does not seem different from other persons. She is very slight, and has ordinary hair, rather pale cheeks, and a somewhat shapeless mouth. But her eyes! In them are found the beauty which the rest of her lacks, her character, and her soul. Her beautiful, deep blue eyes reveal the thing which I most love her for—loyalty to her friends. She does not make friends easily. In fact, many persons, think her a bit shy, but once you become her friend you remain so forever.

At one time, a group of girls tried to entice her from the Society to which she belongs, into their own, making all kinds of bribes for they understood her sterling worth. But she talked to them—only a few words—and they understood that she was impregnable.

These are only two examples of her loyalty. But Alice is *always* loyal!

FLORENCE REICHMUTH

The first time I saw her, she was singing a solo at a concert given by some of the Normal School girls. She sang in Swedish, a tongue unfamiliar to me. Perhaps because I could not understand the words, I heard only the voice. I think it is the gentlest voice I have ever heard. As we were going home that evening, my room-mate asked my opinion of the song. I could think only of the trite expression, "Hasn't she a wonderful voice?" Somehow, though, it didn't seem trite or commonplace then. My room-mate answered, "She has, and her voice portrays her character. You'll like her."

I wondered if her voice always held that quality, or if it was wonderful only when she sang. Her greeting as I entered the assembly hall the next morning settled the doubt. As she said "Good Morning," there was in her voice the same note which the night before had made me glad I was alive. I knew then that her voice was truly wonderful.

Since that time I have come to know her better. I have talked with her when she was tired; I have laughed with her when she was happy; I have conversed with her when she was worried; but never once have I heard in her voice anything harsh or rasping.

Often I have hurried to school, tired and discouraged, hoping to find her somewhere and hear her call out a cheery greeting. It makes no difference whether she is singing, or chatting, or giving a recitation, I love to hear her voice. I cannot call it just sweet or gentle. It is both of those things, but it is a great deal more. It makes me want to sing with Pippa, in "Pippa Passes," "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world." I have often wondered why

other pleasant voices are not like hers. Then I remember what my room-mate said that first night. "Her voice portrays her character. You'll like her."

RENA STUART

"There is no good in complaining," a certain Normal School girl with a cheerful voice has been heard to say, although she has more reasons to complain than anyone else that I know.

When only twelve years old, she was left homeless and penniless. Some kind friends offered her a home with them on the condition that she pay for her privileges by working. After trying this a few years, she decided that by working for her board and room and borrowing money from the Students' Loan Fund for other necessities, she would attend the Normal School until she received her first-grade certificate. By carrying five or six subjects each term, besides working outside, she accomplished her aim in two years. Often she was so tired from staying up nights to study, that she almost fell asleep in her classes the next day. After securing her certificate, she taught in rural schools for six years. All this time she was saving money with which to complete her course, but every cent that she could spare she sent to a younger sister who was also striving to get an education.

At the end of the six years she came back to the Normal School. The little money that she had saved was inadequate for her needs and her sister's, so the older girl was again forced to work for her board and room. She had intended to finish her school work in less than two years but, as her work was so hard that she had to drop two of her five subjects, she is forced to take more than two years for the completion of her course. Still her motto is "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile."

AMANDIA VARTDAL

Ruth Holmes, who had been teaching at Glenwood, died in St. Paul not long ago. Many of the students probably remember her.

EDITORIALS

LEO GANNON

Sometime during the year President Brown said something to this effect: Men who use high-sounding phrases are often credited with having an unusual amount of knowledge. Then, for example, he read a statement of the purpose of a certain high school. The purpose of the high school appeared loftily, indeed, obscured, as it was, by mists of high-sounding phrases and clouds of words of large denomination. The wording of the statement was evidently intended to overawe the ordinary mortal. By way of comparison President Brown said, "This school is primarily interested in elementary education." To one who found himself using poorly chosen words of extreme length, or to one who had been according undue credit to the utterer of empty, high-sounding phrases, or the bluffer in authority, this clear contrast might have easily proved more of a blessing than the achievements of a term in any one of his several classes.

This issue of the Recorder contains a number of articles by seniors on what the school has meant to them. The school may have meant as many things as there are seniors. Certainly attempts have been made to enrich the lives of the students at every turn of the road. The opportunities were there. Probably, not any were grasped by all; nor all were grasped by any; but certainly the most indifferent got something. Just what appealed to some of the seniors it may be of value to the rest of us to know.

Each issue of the Recorder this year has contained information concerning the addresses of boys in the service. This information was collected and published, originally, merely to satisfy the general interest our readers have in knowing who among us had entered the service and where he might be. Because the information was collected unofficially, out of interest in the matter, a greater use has been made of it.

It has been possible with the calendar of addresses to arrange meetings between old friends located in the same camp, and to establish correspondence between old friends

in different camps. This has been a great satisfaction and has overshadowed the original purpose of the work. However, the Recorder, being a monthly publication and the changes of addresses being daily occurrences, the method of circulating the news has proved inadequate. However, the calendar of addresses is complete and up-to-date insofar as it is possible to make it. It is accessible to any one at any time. A letter of inquiry to Miss Pribble will bring the address of nearly any of our boys now in camp. A notice of change of address, sent to her, will be highly appreciated.

During the winter term in the famous Y. M. C. A. drive contest between the Seniors and Juniors, the Seniors were beaten in the appropriate free-silver proportion of 16 to 1; that is, sixteen hundred to one thousand. As a result the Seniors, as losers, were required to entertain the Juniors, as winners. Since the Seniors, as challengers, had entered this stipulation in the challenge, and since the Seniors had emerged from the battle heavily in debt, it is clear their chickens had come home to roost with a vengeance. To the waiting Juniors it doubtless seemed that the Seniors were not satisfied with this common agricultural phenomenon but were waiting for "the cows to come home," before giving the entertainment.

However, the Seniors arose to the emergency and the debt to the Juniors is now paid. The Seniors arranged a very delightful party in the West Gymnasium for Saturday evening, April 20. The Seniors' entertainment committee very wisely chose for the first part of the evening, entertainment which was of the nature of a series of contests, for contests of any kind are the delight of the Juniors. The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing. The net proceeds are to be given to the Y. M. C. A. fund.

Just what place the "Normal School Recorder" has in school life may be a question in the minds of many. Perhaps, the novelty of seeing one's own literary production, or the literary production of one's school-mate in print is sufficient reason for the Recorder's being.

However, it is the hope of the management that the Recorder may serve as a record of the best happenings of school life, and at the same time give expression to the thoughts of the students. Moreover, it is hoped that the training in writing for the public will prove of value to the students. There is reason for this hope, for the willingness with which the students, already burdened with heavy programs, have assumed the extra work of writing for the Recorder bespeaks more than curiosity as the motive. The last six issues have received contributions from fifty students; several from some of the fifty. These fifty may or may not be fairly representative of the school. There may be parts of the school that have not made use of this mode of expression. Yet the contributions have been purely voluntary on the part of the writers, and the Recorder is open to any who have anything to contribute.

SEEN AND HEARD ABOUT THE SCHOOL

PHYLLIS FINK

During the week after Easter one could see around the school many persons who had been here a year or two ago. One morning the boys seemed to be singing unusually well. Presently, I discovered the reason. In their accustomed places sat Clarence Varner and Andrew Moog. Farther back in the room were Belle Siple, Pauline Swartz, and Roma Gans.

Many other visitors about Easter time came to St. Cloud: Cynthia McCarty and Marion Rhodes from St. Paul; Aletha Herwig who is teaching in Milaca; Wesley and Leith McQueen; Louise Larawa, the guest of Miss Hill; and Helen Weber.

The Waverly Literary Society had a party at Shoemaker Hall one Saturday night; and the Victrola music made known to those in the Hall that there was dancing at this party.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Varner (formerly Irene Walters) have a daughter.

Miss Root and Miss Brecht attended the National Music Supervisors' Convention at Evansville, Ind., the week of April eighth.

As we entered the assembly hall one chorus hour, we saw a white screen in the front of the room. What was going to happen? After the opening exercises Mr. Brown told us that Mr. Frazee was going to give an illustrated lecture on the birds of Minnesota. Mr. Frazee brought clearly before us the comparative value of birds by showing charts which pictured the per cent of animal and vegetable food consumed by them. Mr. Frazee made us realize the great value of most birds to the country as a whole.

Doloris Boylan, principal at Sartell, Hilda Nomeland, and Mable Smart have been making things spin in that place. Conditions have been steadily improving in the schools there.

Irene Harris has been seriously ill for the last ten days. The crisis day in the pneumonia case is over, however. Irene will probably soon be well.

Mrs. Halvorson, formerly Alice Larson, has been made district food administrator.

The Y. W. C. A. has had two very interesting meetings. A special meeting was held at which Miss Flora Robinson, who is a missionary in India, spoke. She came to organize a volunteer band of missionaries from this school. Eight girls pledged themselves to go, at some time, into missionary work. At the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. a discussion was held on the problems resulting from the present war. As the time was much too short, it was decided to have an extra meeting in two weeks.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS

JOE MEAGHER

For the first time in a number of years the prospects for a Normal School baseball team seem favorable. There used to be an old law of the school which forbade the use of school money for purchasing baseball equipment. Through the influence of President Brown that law has been repealed. The school stands ready to furnish all the necessary equipment for a team. At a meeting of the players Barry was elected Captain and Puff Manager. They decided to do their

best to form a good team. All that they now need is a little enthusiastic support by the students.

No definite line-up has as yet been made. Barry and Murphy will probably alternate on the mound. Barry is a veteran player and has several shut-out games chalked up to his record. Murphy has played on local teams since boyhood. Poepke seems to be a sure bid for catcher. He has caught for the "Nemecs" and "All Stars" of this city and needs no introduction to local fans. Others who seem to have a good chance of landing a berth on the team are Burns, Bunnewold, Feakes, G. Freeburg, Freed, Kendall, Meagher, Puff, Schultz, and Stangl.

LOOKING BACKWARD

What did I think the Normal School would mean to me when I came here? Only this—that I should be able to prepare myself for the teaching profession, and thus earn a living. But oh! what a number of things it has meant to me besides the professional training which it has, of course, given me very thoroughly. It has meant to me a great spirit of democracy; it has given me a widened outlook on life and my fellowmen; it has taught me, as Kipling puts it, to "meet with Triumph and Disaster, and treat those two imposters just the same;" it has meant greater opportunities; and lastly, but not least, it has meant an acquisition of a greater determination to stay by any valuable project that I have undertaken, whether it be easy or difficult, pleasant or unpleasant. Often in the early part of my course, during my vacations at home, I would think, "How easy everything is here! There are no difficult problems to solve; no duties that must be promptly and unceasingly performed. I wish—I really wish something would turn up so that I shouldn't have to go back to work again." But nothing ever turned up; and I am glad that nothing did. For I realize that the training given here has imparted to me a determination to attack difficult problems and work them out unflinchingly. The Normal School has, indeed, with the many other things it has meant to me, given me a feeling that everything worth while must be striven for *hard*.

RUTH I. OLSON

What has it meant to me to attend this Normal School? There have been several things which have meant a great deal, but there is something which has helped me the most. I came from Montana, a state in which, I believe, people are considered to be very democratic. Therefore, I did not expect to find them so much so here. On the day I first arrived, I was tired from my journey, and was much disappointed to learn that there were no vacant rooms in the dormitories. One of the teachers went with me and helped me get settled,—a thing which I have ever since appreciated, for I was completely lost in this strange town. In the afternoon of that day, I was lonesome, but when I went to dinner my lonely feeling was dispelled, for the girls I met were all very friendly. During the year and a half that I have lived here, I have found this friendly spirit manifested by practically everyone and have come to the conclusion that the democratic spirit is shown just as strongly in this Normal School as it is in Montana. This spirit is that which has kept me from feeling that I am a stranger in a strange land.

HELEN HALSTEAD

The most inspiring lesson which I have learned during the past two years at the Normal School is that we, as students, as teachers, as men and women, have much in common. I have felt that, in the class-rooms and at our social gatherings, all feeling of social or economic inequality is obliterated. We are members of the same school and have similar problems to solve. In this democratic atmosphere of good fellowship, I have learned to know something of the true human aspects of many of my classmates and teachers. I have learned that strength and weakness, hopes and misgivings, joys and sorrows, are all common factors of our lives. My failures have seemed less discouraging when I remembered that others must pass through similar experiences; the exultation of success has been tempered with the realization that others are more successful. Our individual excellencies and our shortcomings are merely relative degrees of growth. To me, life is grander and humanity more interesting since I obtained this perspective.

ERNST T. JACOBSON

MY AWAKENING

HELEN FROST

The war which is being waged so desperately across the sea has not touched me so closely, perhaps, as it has many people. I have no brother to go. Eight of the boys in our Senior class at high school enlisted before graduation, and I was proud of them and glad to have been a member of their class. I went to the depot to see them off and bit my lips to keep from crying when I said "Good-by." But I was absolutely incapable of realizing the depth of the sacrifice those boys were making. I thought that they had been swept off their feet by their emotions, and that such a sacrifice was both uncalled-for and unnecessary.

The conservation question began to be agitated, and, in a spasm of patriotism, I promised not to eat candy for six weeks. I kept my promise, but when the six weeks had elapsed, my patriotism waned and I again indulged. When I wanted candy, I bought it; when I felt like eating fudge, I made it; if I wanted ice cream, I went after it—if I had sufficient energy! I bought a Liberty Bond but it called for no sacrifice on my part. I was not especially concerned about the conservation of coal. To summarize matters, the war did not *touch* me except for brief intervals of time immediately following a patriotic speech or a parade.

As I sat in the assembly room and listened to Father Perigord's speech, on that memorable morning in February, something happened to me. What it was, I do not know. I will not even attempt to describe my feelings. I can only say that I can never be the same irresponsible, carefree girl I was when I entered the assembly hall that morning. Something of the awfulness of this war was brought home to me and I was able to comprehend, at least partially, the reason why my classmates left school, home, and friends to fight in the trenches "over there." I saw too, the dire need of their going. And I saw, at last, what a slacker I had been. I was appalled, wretched, discouraged. It was in this dark mood that I recalled a sentence of Browning's—"All service ranks the same with God." Perhaps even my trivial service would help. This thought changed my discouragement into energy. I hadn't been serving, but I *could* serve.

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