ST. CLOUD DEFEATED IN SNAPPY CONTEST
WINONA ADVANCES IN S. T. C. BASKET BALL RACE

T. C. Annexes two victories; one over Mankato and one over their ancient rival, St. Cloud.

W. S. T. C. 20 — MANKATO 8

In a game characterized by the close guarding and the fast, shifty offense of the purple and white, Winona clearly outclassed Mankato and emerged a 20 to 8 winner.

From the very start it was evident Winona held a slight advantage and when the half ended Mankato had not registered a point while T. C. had 10 to its credit.

After the rest between halves, Mankato showed a flash of form that did not cause joy in the hearts of Winonans loyal rooters. Mankato advanced to 8 while Winona was fighting to get past the 12 point mark. Finally Winona hit its stride and when the final whistle halted their progress they had the equivalent of 10 field goals.

Mankato with her rangy players, presented a decided contrast to Winona, whose honor is upheld by diminutive athletes. The small floor hampered both teams and the seating capacity was far from that which was necessary.

Nohr, of La Crosse Normal, "called 'em as he saw 'em." One can always feel assured of capable officiating when Nohr handles the whistle.

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THE MEMORIAL ORGAN

"The organ is to be the grateful memorial of all whom the school has touched, of the eager youth who attend it; of parents and friends of those who have seen what the college does for youth; of elementary school pupils whose success today is in part due to the inspiration once received here; of under-graduates who sojourned with us but a fraction of a year; of all friends who directly or indirectly felt the benefits of the institution; and most of all, is it to be the memorial of that long line of graduates who for over half a century have been daily realizing Winona's ideals in their lives of service. The organ will sing your songs triumphant, the inspiration once received here; of under-graduates who sojourned with us but a fraction of a year; of all friends who directly or indirectly felt the benefits of the institution; and most of all, is it to be the memorial of that long line of graduates who for over half a century have been daily realizing Winona's ideals in their lives of service. The organ will sing your songs triumphant, the inspiration once received here; of under-graduates who sojourned with us but a fraction of a year; of all friends who directly or indirectly felt the benefits of the institution; and most of all, is it to be the memorial of that long line of graduates who for over half a century have been daily realizing Winona's ideals in their lives of service. The organ will sing your songs triumphant, the inspiration once received here; of under-graduates who sojourned with us but a fraction of a year; of all friends who directly or indirectly felt the benefits of the institution; and most of all, is it to be the memorial of that long line of graduates who for over half a century have been daily realizing Winona's ideals in their lives of service. The organ will sing your songs triumphant, the inspiration once received here; of under-graduates who sojourned with us but a fraction of a year; of all friends who directly or indirectly felt the benefits of the institution; and most of all, is it to be the memorial of that long line of graduates who for over half a century have been daily realizing Winona's ideals in their lives of service.
also made the St. Cloud defense look foolish at times. When it comes to picking the stars of the game, Captain Chinski stands out as one of the best. He played a whole of a floor game and was responsible for most of Winona's total points. Several times Chinski eluded the St. Cloud defense and scored easy shots.

The task of handling the officials whistle, fell to Jackson, who performed in a very satisfactory manner.

Now for the state teachers college basketball championship. Let's talk it up and make it a reality.

C. L. C. MEETING

The regular meeting of the Country Life Club was held Wednesday Evening, January 30, at 7 o'clock in the Training School. After the regular business meeting games of circle formation were taught by members of the entertainment committee.

It may be of interest to students to know that a small paper of news, compiled from the schools associated with the College, and typed monthly by Miss Holgate of our office, can be found in the magazine rack in the Library. This paper contains many articles of interest as well as the “doings” of the various schools.

PARKER SPRINGS SURPRISE

Over-confidence on the part of the team and the student body, nearly cost the T. C. a basket ball game, played on their own floor, Tuesday night. Parker College of Winnebago, proved a “real dark horse,” and only the three points, resulting from free throws, represented the margin of victory. The final score was 15 to 13.

The first half was a poor exhibition of basket ball on the part of both teams. Frequent fumbling and poor shooting held the score down to 4 and 2 in favor of Winona. Neither team seemed to possess that smoothness of offense that is necessary to make the game interesting. A great deal of rough tactics, that went by unnoticed by the official, together with humorous happenings constituted the first stanza.

At the opening of the second half, Bannon replaced Bambereek and Gerlicher was inserted into the line up at the pivot position, in place of Zimmerman. The team play of both Parker and Winona showed a decided change this half, and the former, who had not exhibited great offensive power, spurted into the lead. Things began to look serious but Bannon and Chinski sank two long shots and knotted the count. Then Captain Chinski connected for another neat field goal and also a free throw. That clinched the game for Winona, as only a short time remained.

The cheering at this game was especially commendable. There is of course room for improvement and let's show this advancement March 1st when Hibbing Junior College plays Winona Teachers College for the state title.

DORMITORY NOTES

Margaret MacLaytreye, who began College work here at the beginning of the mid-term is living at Shepard Hall, a room mate of the House President, Hormina Lindberg.

Edna Proachel returned to Shepard Hall last Sunday after an absence of two weeks caused by the death of her father.

We were all very glad to see the girls from last year Delphine Anderson, Nellie Bang, and Ethel Givens.

Miss Vivian Spangler was called home last week on account of the illness and death of her mother.

Miss Mary Armitage has returned from her home at Princeton.

Martha Davis, of Stillwater, was the guest of Ethel Goodrich at Morey Hall last week end.

Grace Miller, who has been ill with rheumatism for the last two weeks, has decided to go home for the rest of the term. We are sorry to see Grace leaving but will welcome her back in the spring.

West Lodge has had an epidemic of bobbing hair. It is now the unusual to see any one there with long hair.

Health charts were due last Tuesday. It seemed necessary to work late in the halls on Monday evening.

Shepard Hall has temporarily been turned into a hospital for the many disabled. If it isn't stiff backs or limbs — it is wrists or fingers.

All Morey Hall was entertained last Thursday evening at a Valentine Party in the form of a Backward Party. It consisted of several clever stunts; as the pigtail band, a “uke” chorus, and a “take off” on some of the Morey Hallers, as well as delightful refreshments. Valentines were distributed to all present from a clever Valentine box which was designed and made by a committee of Morey Hall girls of which Helen Chard was chairman.

Miss Richards entertained at dinner last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Gilbertson and their guests Misses Delphine Anderson and Nellie Bang who are teaching in St. Paul.

Marjorie Mettam and Florence Hall were overnight guests at Shepard Hall during last week.

Gladys Atkinson and Helen Maddox both of Rochester, visited Alice Hubbard and Catherine Alden at Shepard Hall over the week end.

Mary Ann Redican, of North Lodge, was hurt while tabogganing last week.

CHAPEL EXERCISES TEND TOWARD PATRIOTISM

February being the month of Presidential birthdays and this being the time we are mourning for the late Woodrow Wilson our Chapel exercises have been of a patriotic nature. On Wednesday last fitting exercises were carried out by students in honor of Woodrow Wilson the great War president. On Thursday morning Miss Davis read “He Knew Lincoln” by Isa M. Tarbell. Those who knew and those who did not knew were made to appreciate this great man more than ever before through this splendid story which Miss Davis gave to us so well. And again on Monday morning a special tribute was paid Abraham Lincoln in devoting the Chapel hour to the moving-picture film “Under the Stars.” On Thursday we were hosts to Mr. Blantan of the University of Wisconsin who talked to us on Abraham Lincoln.

The Annual Room is a business office not a lounging room! It is for the use of the Staff, and the materials there are for their use. Take the hint to heart or key will have to be used.

The We-no-nah Camp Fire Girls met in the social room of Shepard Hall, Tuesday at 4:15 for their first council meeting.

He

In the gloaming, oh my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your face is powder painted,
How am I, sweetheart, to know?
Twice this month I've had to bundle
Every coat that I possess
To the dresser — won't you darling,
Love me more and powder less?

She

In the gloaming, oh my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your shoes are powder whiskers,
You can bet your boots I know,
If I powder, I must do it,
And again on Monday morning a special
Health charts were due last Tuesday. It seemed necessary to work late in the halls on Monday evening.

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—ANON.
JUNIOR HIGH CLUB MEETING

In her talk to the Junior High Club on February 7, on “The Cooperation of the Teacher with the Parent,” Mrs. Simmers developed the following points: the handicap to the child when this cooperation does not exist; what the parent has a right to expect of the teacher, what the teacher has a right to expect of the parent, and the Parents Teachers Association as the avenue through which the teacher may now most successfully work. In this meeting, it was decided to have a winter picnic, March 1.

THE ANNUAL

Again we make a report that the work on the Wenonah is progressing. Very slowly, it is true, but nevertheless the work is being done; progress is being made by the Staff. Those people on the Staff wish again to urge the cooperation of the students. This Annual cannot be a success without the aid of every person in school. It takes a long time to get the material together, to get the book made, but by hard work and hearty backing we will be able to swing this publication and make ends overlap.

This morning you have had an opportunity to pledge yourselves to the purchase of this year’s book. It is more expensive this year, fifty cents more than last year making it three dollars, but you will never regret those few dollars when your friends and companions of the last two years have written their messages over its bare spaces, and you find their pictures and names appearing here and there thru its pages. It has been said before that this year and last will be closed to all who come after us, they will never know what happened in those buildings which will soon be turned back to their rightful owners and we can never come back to them. The New building will mean nothing to us as individuals, we have not woven months of our lives into its atmosphere, we will not be a part of it, nor it a part of us. Just this Annual, just this Wenonah of 1924 will contain these treasures for us.

But, without your help the Staff can do nothing. Have you, and are you doing your share? Isn’t there something you want in this book that you have neglected to turn in? Neglect, no longer, be up and doing, bring over your pictures and your stories. Even tho it be the last minute, dash up with them. We want and need all we can get.

Ye Moth Eaten Sweaters

Do you remember when everyone (almost) came to school last fall wearing a furry sweater. Look at them now. The poor things look as if they need some hair tonic.

Do you remember when every girl (almost) had a spell of headache and came with her head done up in some vivid color. Yes, those head bands. They have gone into some other article of wearing apparel now.

Do you remember how the girls used to wear their hair. Now look how they have worn it all off in the back. Dear, dear, what will be next?

PICTURES

The Wenonah staff is doing its best to get out an annual of which we may all be proud. The Staff plans to have the annual ready some time in May with your cooperation. In the past the Wenonah material has not always been ready on time due to the fact that pictures were not brought in on time. Help speed up the publication by bringing in your pictures.

Helen Moore—“Why do you carry your umbrella to school?”
Gwenyth Hinckley—“An act of kindness, it can’t walk.”
Chinske—“What have you in your hand?”
Bob Kelly—“Fly paper.”
Chinske—“Oh dear, you don’t mean to say that flies can read?”

Students can not help noticing how the new building is daily rising toward the sky—but students are not the only one’s who are noticing it—because a good many spectators were seen gazing at the building Sunday afternoon.

Dorothy Magnus was a welcome guest at the Kindergarten party Saturday evening. She spent the week end at home with her parents returning to the University Sunday.

Dorothy Rohweder was another guest of her family and friends about T. C. last week end.

Nell—“How can I cure a sleep-walking habit?”
Miss Ariz—“Sprinkle tacks on the floor.”
Sovereigns. There are a few in every community of our life as it will soon be beyond the protection and guidance of these buildings and their points. In school life we find a small pattern of other great literary men, then they in turn carry their daily routine.

Edgar Allan Poe one of our greatest American poets was truly possessed of this gift. A power to create literature that stirs men to their innermost beings. With the thought of Poe come thoughts of other great literary men, they in turn associate with thoughts of statesmen, inventors and such. But what have their lives been? Have they just sat at a desk and allowed their genius to flow from their finger tips? Nay, not so. The life history of each of these men show that genius itself is not alone sufficient. Stedman says that "genius is a talent for incessant work." We may not agree with him fully, for there must be something with which to work. Psychology tells us that without a talent for work or the ambition to use our genius we may never attain success. We may never carry on our shoulders the responsibilities which we so often wish we might, and admire to see others carry.

Then work is necessary in order to make use of the few talents we may have. Few of us are possessed of genius but nearly everyone has a small talent the greatest of which may be work. The utilization of just this one talent is the chief means by which people may reach the top right here at this school. If one would be a twenty point man or woman about school one must be willing to work harder than he ever did before, and then a great deal harder. He must be willing to do all his own work, odd jobs that others leave undone, and many things he expects others to do. One must be constantly on the job, he must never forget it is his duty to do, and be forever doing, even tho he may fail on the ice and sprain his ankle, he must keep on doing his work, other people's neglected work and always ready to do just one more task. Then his genius may be utilized, then he may be one of the "few" people in school.

EVEN DAY ART

By JAMES PARSON HANSEN
Director of Art in the High Schools of New York City

The art training of the public schools should be a practical training touching closely the needs of the community; it should aim to cultivate taste and apply that taste to the homes, the dress and the business of those it trains.

A mistaken idea is to hold that art is the business only of the artist. As a matter of fact, principles of art touch every individual and are used more or less consciously by all. The housewife must decorate her home. She may use the principles of decoration well or ill, but use them she must, in the adornment of her house, in the flower her dress, and even in the flow her garden, or hang in her window boxes.

The business man cannot escape from the use of art's principles for a single day. If he would "dress" a shop window, get up a circular, design a letter head, or arrange a newspaper advertisement, he must consciously or unconsciously use the rules which art has devised in design, color and arrangement.

Art is not for "the few." It is for "the many," for the many have to use it. It is not held that the training of the public schools will produce artists, but it is held that it will raise the standards of taste throughout the community. We cannot have people with high standards without an effort on the part of the public schools. Art teaching in the public schools has a practical relation to the business interests of every community.

Besides this, there is a civic value in art teaching. One cannot raise standards of taste without raising standards of appreciation. The man or woman who strives to make his house better takes pride in having his town made better. Every civic "booster" knows that there is nothing which stimulates the interest and pride of citizens more than a consciousness of the growing beauty of the town in which they live.

Thus the spiritual value of art training goes with its practical value. Many of those who cannot see the spiritual worth can see the practical worth. One of the surest evidences of the broadening realization of this lies in the fact that the public schools are doing more than they ever did before. The Union is using art training in its public schools as a means of advancing community interests. The reason is plain. One cannot change, materially, the taste of a people already grown up. To affect these standards permanently, one must begin with the children in the public schools. Art teaching is not a fad, it is an economic question with an economic result to every community that realizes this and forwards the art work of its schools.
WHAT A WONDERFUL THING IS A SMILE

In the first place, to be in time for chapel he had left home without his breakfast. That annoyed him greatly. In chapel, he disliked all the songs, and he considered the speaker tiresome. He didn’t feel like going to his classes. He didn’t know why he felt that way, but he certainly knew that he did. He thought, “Why in the name of heaven (or some other appropriate place) did they have to start the period with assignments of more work? Didn’t he have enough work already? What was the matter with everyone that they were all so cheerful? What was there to be cheerful about, especially considering the amount handed out? Why was it necessary to make all the unpleasant announcements on this day?”

The recitations of other students, for some reason, made him angry. He felt that he could do better himself, but he would be hanged if he would. He felt hampered, oppressed, and confused. He would have liked to kick over a few chairs and make a little room for himself. He hated to sit still. He wanted action. He wondered why everyone seemed content to go about their everyday business in an everyday manner and say everyday things? They ought to be shocked out of it. He wondered what would happen if he should throw his books and swear loudly and violently.

The idea pleased him. It made him grin. That girl thought he was smiling at her. She smiled too. Well, she wasn’t so bad. Let her smile. He’d hate to hurt her feelings, and besides she was pretty good looking. That last remark of the instructors wasn’t as dull as some. It made the girl smile. She was a darn pretty girl when she smiled. That last recitation was fairly good, but he could do better than that. He guessed he’d show them he wasn’t so dumb. He put up his hand.

OUR BASKET BALL RECORD

We have one of the strongest Basket Ball teams this season that the school has ever had. It is a thing of which we are intensely proud. It’s record, so far this year, is a string of successes, from the first conference game with Rochester Junior College to the one played last Friday night with St. Cloud, in which our team surpassed itself in speed and brilliant playing.

A strong winning team means a great deal to a school. It raises an intense feeling of pride; it brings school loyalty to the front.

Let us show our appreciation of what the team and the Coach are doing. Let them know how proud we are. Go to every game played here. Respond when called upon to cheer. Let’s boost the school and its athletics wherever we go. Stand back of the team in its next games and we can, and will, win!!

In American Government Class—Gordon B. Leak explaining extractive industries gives this example: “Fish have to be replenished in lakes or rivers or they would be all fished out.”
Did You Ever See:
A sword fish or a stone fence?
A horse fiddle or a pig iron?
A bottle fly or a pot roast?
A star fish or ink stand?
And did you ever hear the shoe blow its horn?
A harebell ring or a cough drop?
A birch bark or a kitchen sink?
A pillow dick or a tree top hum?
And did you ever see a board walk or a mill race?
A butter fly and the dish mop?
A corn prick up its ear or a potato wipe its eyes?
A clock wiping its hands or a table crossing its legs?
A man pull up a lake or a cat take up a tree?
A girl drop her eyes or the night fall?
An apple turn over or a clock wash its face?
Did you ever eat any door jam when the door was ajar?
Or see a peanut stand or a star fish?

WHAT SOME OF US THINK*
That Way Sagless Springs is a health resort.
That the Kentucky Derby is a new style hat.
That most dentists are crabby because they are always looking down in the mouth.
That Zane Grey is a new Spring shade.
That if we all lived in bungalows there would be no second story men.
That the celebrated Wallace Records is a movie hero.
That the Dunn Pen is the county jail.
That the Sea Shore Tests come from the ocean.
That W. S. T. C. is a radio station.
That the Republic Herald is that party's next nominee for president.
That Shepard Hall is a new dance pavilion.
That the "Country Club" is an extension of the Farm Bureau.
That the Childrens Bureau is a piece of furniture.
That Krause's end bulbs is an improvement on the Mazda lamp.
*Please excuse the misuse of "think."

Kline—"I just got my pictures today and I believe I like the one with my mouth open best, its most natural."

Bill—"Not going with that pretty little blond any more?"

Wilton—"I tried to call her "sweetie" with a cold in my head."

Testing Eyes—Physical Exam
Miss Artz—(pointing to test chart P X Z Y O I N P S C) "Can you read that?"
Cora J.—"Sure, but I can't pronounce it...I am not a Bolshevik."

"Jibberwabbers"
Am she gone,
Are she went,
Be she left I all alone?
Us can never come to she,
She can never come to we,
Oh, it can never was.—Ex.

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow!
You slip on a lump and away you go.

Cleary—What would you do if you were in my shoes?
Lindy—I'd get a pair about five sizes smaller.

I DON'T
Most motorists are blooming fools,
They trifle with the traffic rules.
I don't.
A man should never drive too fast,
Or brag about the car he's passed.
I don't.
A man should never lose his bean
When piloting a gas-machine.
I don't.
On city street or open road,
A man should never break the code,
Nor fellow-farers incommode.
I don't.
In fact, I have no car to run,
I'm shy the coin to purchase one,
You'd think I wouldn't have much fun.
I don't.

Ruth Dahl—Has anybody seen Fred Lund?
Wally—What do you want of Fred?
Ruth—I've got his whistle.

If the glove fits put it on—
I love this bibble babble,
I love this fluent flow,
I love to wind my mouth up!
I love to hear it go.

Nelson—"Why do you say Risser ought to be an osteopath?"
Coleman—"Cuz, he makes his money rolling bones."

"She has Franklin teeth."
"How come?"
"Air-cooled."

"You belong to the White Sock's?"
"Why?"
"You have so many runs."

Swede—Your hair makes me seasick.
Dorothea—Why so?
Swede—It reminds me of the Atlantic Ocean.

As We Like It—
Snow fights on street corners.
Standing Army at the parties.
Expression "I'll bite."
Shoving and crowding at doors.
Men First, Last and Always.

My girl is from the Prairie
And maybe she's a hick,
But she's the girl to marry
For candy makes her sick

Mildred K.—"If some bad, bold, wicked man kidnapped me and carried me off, would you offer reward?"
Petey Ince—"I always reward those who do me a favor."

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