Seniors Choose “You and I” for Class Play

Commencement Play is Prize Comedy Drama of Modern Life

The Senior presentation, which is the first of a series of long plays issuing from the forty-seven workshop, calls for an all-star cast and warrants an all college support not only for this reason but also because it is the Harvard Prize Play for 1922; because it contains some of the most brilliant dialogue since Wilde; because it has been highly praised by all the critics; and because it’s all about people just like ourselves — You and I. This comedy drama written by Philip Barry is just teeming with intense situations, brilliant dialogue, and human sympathy that holds interest until its last vestiges have disappeared. The characters are not only all stars but represent genuine types of American life. To quote the New York Times, “In all the recent contrasts drawn between the new generation and the older one, none has been as clearly and at the same time as sympathetic as this one.” Privately, it may be revealed that the modern generation is justified by this very sympathetically human drama.

Its simple and interesting setting lends itself readily to our own stage facilities although it has been presented by such casts as those of Northwestern University and the University Players who have greater opportunities for elaborate stage settings. The New York Globe reads, “He (Philip Barry) suggests, without the slightest imitation, the whimsy of Barrie, the brilliancy of Shaw, and the aptness of Wilde.” George P. Baker says of it, “Delicately, tenderly, and with no sentimentality the author suggests the affection and understanding of father, mother, and son.”

The popularity of this “clever and genuinely entertaining comedy” rests not only because people enjoy seeing and hearing it but because it offers a real challenge to the cast and to those who work with it. This promises a genuine comedy drama of American life — the story of “You and I.”

Try-outs for the characters were held this week and the “all-star cast” will appear in our next issue.

MR. SELLE VISITS STILLWATER STATE PRISON

During the Spring vacation, Mr. Selle visited the State Prison at Stillwater. He declares that he was much impressed with the efficiency with which this large institution is managed, and with the apparently good spirit among the prisoners. He attended the evening school, which is directed by the Superintendant of the Stillwater city schools, all classes taught by inmates, and found the highest degree of interest and industry in learning everything from beginning reading to advanced algebra. Almost two hundred of the eleven hundred men are studying in these classes for six hours a week. Among these are fourteen illiterates, for whom attendance is compulsory.

The inmates publish a very creditable weekly paper, “The Mirror,” about the same size as “The Winonan.” It contains some first class features, including an occasional sparkling bit of humor, for instance this, “St. Paul entertained the State Editorial Association last Friday and Saturday. Owing to pressing business engagements we were unable to attend.”

Mr. Selle also visited the State Legislature, but found nothing of interest except what he characterizes as the “usual mid-session inertia.”

PRESIDENT MAXWELL GOES TO N.D. NORMALS

Vacation week was used by President Maxwell in visiting the three state normal schools in Chadron, Nebraska, and Mayville and Minot in North Dakota. The visits were official inspections on behalf of the North Central Association of Colleges, a body whose principal business is that of accrediting colleges and high schools by establishing certain standards up to which these institutions must measure. The most important are those of faculty preparation and experience, definite entrance requirements, a definite limit to size of classes, and to the number of classes taught per week by each instructor. The general spirit and attitude of the students must be good, the buildings, furniture, floors, laboratories, and other necessary equipment must be orderly, well cared for, and adequate.

Each of these three schools is situated in a pioneer section with a limited number of high schools from which to draw students and with the standards of certification still below those of older states. Each of these schools therefore enrolls students of high school level and awards diplomas (or less than two years training beyond high school. Only one of these schools, the one at Chadron, is awarding the college degree, an increasing number of students each year completing four years of college study. It is needless to say that none of these schools has the good fortune of so fine a building situation as our own at Winona.

VERSAILLES OPINIONS VARY

Miss Myrna Sharlow, soprano, Forrest Lamont, tenor, and Virgil Lazzari, basso, members of the Chicago Operatic Trio, delighted an appreciative audience with a varied program from the great operas. Mr. Frank St. Leger accompanied the artists at the piano.

The concert was opened by the trio singing Verdi’s “La Fata del Deserto” and this was followed by the Finale of the First Act of “Madame Butterfly” by Puccini and again received great applause. Since the interest that Mr. Lazzari graciously responded with two encores after a particularly fine solo “La Calumnia” from the “Barber of Seville” by Rossini. Several songs in English, serving as encores, were also well received. One of the most popular of these was “No, John.” Other numbers given were the Finale of the First Act of “Faust” by Gounod, “La Mamma Morta” by Giordano and the concert was closed with the major act of the Last Act of “Faust” by Gounod.

The spring term promises to be “chuck full” of musical treats for the students and the citizens of Winona. The Chicago Operatic Trio which was so enjoyable will be followed by the Wisconsin Glee Club, April 13, and Oranstat and Kisdiler the last of April or some time in May.

SENATOR ROCKNE CONFERS WITH MISS GILDEMEISTER

Miss Theda Gildemeister was invited by Senator Rockne, chairman of the Finance Committee at the Capitol, to discuss with him the bill for revising the present and obsolete teachers retirement law. The conference was held in St. Paul on Monday. Miss Gildemeister reports on her return that she fears the present legislature will decline to make any change in the law on account of the economic policy which is everywhere present in the legislature. There appeared to be full prospect, however, of the granting of the full benefit for the teachers college which was requested by the Board. If the budget goes through as requested it will give Winona $65,000 for the completion of Shepard Hall, with new sidewalks, and a fence for the dormitory grounds.

Lowell said:—“One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warnings.”

The Winonan

Vol. VI

WINONA, MINNESOTA, MARCH 27, 1925

No. 11
North Lodge

The girls returned Monday to resume their work. Among them were four new girls—Agnes Andreason, Mona Bigham, Mildred Ferguson, and Rosalyn Dietz.

Mildred Obertson is teaching at Gilmore Valley, Agnes Joyce at La Crescent, and Mable David at Hokah.

Several of the girls are interested in the basketball tournament at St. Mary’s, chiefly because they have brothers on the competing teams. Among them are Maureen Kenefic’s brother from Owatonna, and Rosalyn Dietz.

ESTHER WETZEL REMAINED HERE OVER VACATION.

Miss Smith left Friday night for New York. Miss Grannis is in charge of North Lodge during Miss Smith’s absence.

West Lodge

West Lodge specialties:

Withers with work.
Eats every evening.
Sleeps soundly sometimes.
Topsy turvy tempers.
Likes lots leisure.
Only out occasionally.
Doddges dates dutifully.
Gay giddy girls.
Encourages easy exercises.

The quarterly fashion review was held Monday night by the members on second floor. Most attractive spring fashions were displayed, among them an ensemble of unexcelled beauty.

One of our members who attended “Sakura” brings back this synonym for the slang expression “hunch” intuitive perception. Shall we appropriate it?

The West Lodgers have all returned with the exception of Emily Bradt, who was graduated. Edith Olds takes her place. As no change has been made in the personnel of the upstairs group we welcome each other back.

MORLEY HALL

Six Morley Hall girls remained for spring vacation. They were Gwen Loken, Myrtle Crandall, Sally Hill, Hannah Vanger, Florence Peterson and Louise Nicholas. Lois Howard of Shepard Hall, moved to Morley for vacation.

Miss Conklin entertained five dormitory girls at bridge and luncheon during spring vacation.

The girls are all trying to earn dollars. The most popular business seems to be wave-waving.

THE WINONAN

JIMMY’S VISIT TO PHOEBOS

(For older Children)

The night before the Fourth of July, Jimmy went to bed early so that he could wake up early the next morning. When he awoke it was still dark, but he jumped out of bed quickly, ran down stairs and out of doors faster than any sky rocket; and speaking of sky rockets there in the yard was one of the biggest ones you ever saw! It had the queerest little door which looked just large enough for Jimmy to crawl through. He did crawl through and the door shut automatically. Then he felt himself going up, up at a terrific rate of fifty million miles a minute, for the next minute the rocket landed in Phoebo. Jimmy crawled out and looked about him quite bewildered for a moment. Then some one came up to him and bade him welcome. It was a guide who explained that he would show Jimmy about.

They walked until they came to a magnificent palace. Here they stopped, and before entering the guide said, “You may ask three questions tonight, and no more. You will be required to find the answer of any more that you ask yourself, or perish.” Then he added, “As you come from the earth and are earthly minded you are not visible to these highly intellectual citizens of Phoebo.”

Jinnie and the guide entered the palace, and Jimmy saw hundreds of people in beautiful spider web garments making merry. They hurried this way and that, and then everyone sat down, all at once, at a large banquet table and began eating so fast that Jimmy honestly believed that they ate almost as fast as he had once seen the students at Morley Hall eat.

In a few minutes the toast-master announced the speaker of the evening as a fellow citizen from Mars who would give a lecture on the “Latest Discoveries Made of the Planet Earth.”

After due applause the speaker began, “The Martian astronomers are convinced that the earth is inhabited, and that the inhabitants are very backward race, and very slow in their work. Evidently they do not know a thing about educational inoculation, for the earth people are reported to have been studying for hours. What wouldn’t they give if they only knew that if they burned all of the educational books in one huge fire and stored away the fumes that their educational problems would be settled forever! All that they would have to do then would be to take one deep breath of these fumes, and their educations would be complete. And just think they have, according to the sun, twenty-four hours a day to live in.”

“What is unusual about that?” queried Jimmy, half reproachfully.

The guide answered, “In this high powered and intellectual age we have only seven hours a day in which to live.”

“Then, too,” the Martian went on, “according to Professor Uria Flanetelle’s latest report, the earth people are still in the age of electricity. All progressive planets are using lumineferous ether nowadays.”

“What is lumineferous ether?” asked Jimmy.

“It is that substance above the air,” answered the guide, “which is stored away in great tanks. One small bottle of this ether will light all of the rooms of this palace for a year.

“Finally,” concluded the speaker, “if the people of the earth only knew our formula for bouncing, what knowledge they would have gained.”

“What does he mean?” asked Jimmy.

“Look,” answered the guide, and with these words everyone gave a bounce and disappeared.

“How can they do that?” questioned Jimmy.

ORGANIZATIONS

MENDELSSOHN CLUB

The Mendelssohn Club sang for the Winona Music Club at its monthly meeting at the parlor house, Tuesday evening, March 24. The program was as follows:

A Brooks Shall Murmur from St. Cecelia’s Day
Van Bree Goin’ Home from New World Symphony
Dvorak Welcome Pretty Primrose
Pinnelli

The College orchestra also supplied its part of the program with a few very entertaining numbers.

book store success

The Y.W.C.A. Book Store one of T.C.’s latest innovations has proved a great success. About one hundred fifty books have been sold and about as many students have been accommodated. Junice Otterness, treasurer of the organization, has been in charge of the work. The store will be in charge of Vernice Rice next year and will be on a larger scale. The summer school students will be accommodated at the end of this term.

art club

Fern Laurence, an Art Club member, graduated in March. The vacancy in the club is filled by Mildred Povoyck.

Art Clubbers are planning an appreciation of the Watkins art collection.

THE WINONAN
WEAVING ON DISPLAY IN EXHIBIT CASE

In the industrial arts exhibit case in the Manual Arts Department will be found some samples of home weaving done in the southern part of Sweden between 1840 and 1880. The weaving was all done in the home on hand looms which were also made in the home. The wool and linen were raised on the home farms, and prepared there with the use of only home-made machinery. The cotton used for warp in some of the pieces, was purchased in the nearby city of Ystad and had been imported from England.

No. 1 is a type of bed spread then in common use. It is not very wide as the beds of that time in this community were so made that they could be pushed together and be only half the regular width by day. The spreads just touched the head and foot and hung over the sides. Other color schemes commonly used were green, blue or red combined with white or black. Notice the border woven along the sides as well as at the ends. The looms being narrow it was necessary to have a seam down the center.

No. 2 is a sample of the kinds of cushion covers made to cover the feather cushions used in the seats of the spring wagons which were used for riding. The design is more complex than that of the spread and required considerable skill.

No. 3 is an apron of the type commonly used in those days. Notice that the striped pattern is woven crosswise and the width of the material became the length of the apron. The looms were so strung that a variety of designs could be woven into the various apron units made from one warping. Different color schemes were possible by changing the color of the woof.

No. 4 is a piece of ticking used for feather beds and pillows. A ticking of heavy linen or of linen and cotton was commonly used for mattresses which were usually filled with minced corn husks.

No. 5 is a lunch cloth, all linen, woven from hand prepared thread. Note the border woven into all four sides. This is similar in quality to much of the table linen of the day. Notice that the striped pattern is woven crosswise and the width of the material became the length of the apron. The looms were so strung that a variety of designs could be woven into the various apron units made from one warping. Different color schemes were possible by changing the color of the woof.

No. 6 is a small piece of table cloth material of simpler design and woven on cotton warp. The housewives of the time thought the cotton warp would make it stronger.

No. 7 and No. 8 are two types of towels commonly made. The former has cotton warp but the latter is all linen. They stand many years of constant use. These have been laundered a great many times.

No. 9 is interesting for two reasons. First, because the lace is made by biding the warp threads so as to form the pattern; second, because at that time it was considered quite essential that every young man should have as a part of his dowry four long straps to be used in lowering caskets into the grave, this being the end of such a strap. The same kind of material was used for sheets and towels. A plain weave was also used for sheets, dish towels and underware. The linen was partially bleached during the process of preparing for the loom and completed after it was woven.

STUDENTS ENTERING MARCH 17

Agnes Andreason, Owatonna; Mona A. Big- ham, Arcadia, Wis.; Margaret Brandt, Winona; Leavitt; Burdoin, Winona; Agatha Cuddigan, Anoka; Rosalyn Dietz, Owatonna; Emma A. Distad, Hayfield; Mildred Ferguson, Minneapolis; Frances Hadler, Kasson; Alfred Hansson, Elston; Florence Happel, Houston; Mabel Hodgman, Dodge Center; Alice Holmensee, Rockford; Cecilia Kowaleska, Winona; Leona Kurowska, Winona; Evelyn Lea; Bula Ritter, Rochester; Franklin Root, Winona; Helen Siler, Houston; Nels Solberg, Spring Grove; Geraldine Swift, Winona; Jeannette Sylving, Spring Grove; Genevieve Wos, Winona.

ORSTEIN-KINDLER COMING

The concert scheduled for February 24, which was postponed due to the illness of Orstein, is to be given. Mr. French, chairman of the Lecture Committee, states that they will be secured for the later part of April. No definite date has yet been announced.

Kindler covers made during this week with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. After filling this engagement he will again go on the concert stage.

MR. SELLE ELECTED HEAD OF LITTLE TEN CONFERENCE

Mr. E. S. Selle, who with Mr. Habermann represented Winona at the spring meeting of the Little Ten conference, was elected president of that body for the coming season. The meeting was held Saturday, March 21, at Minneapolis. Our college is very much honored to have Mr. Selle in this position and it is also a great tribute to him. He is the first president to come from a southern division school. Mr. Habermann has been vice-president during the past season.

It is planned to hold the first annual Southern Division Relay meet at Winona on May 15 of this year. St. Cloud, Rochester, Mankato, and Winona will at this time compete for the championship of the cinder track.

Mr. Beck of Benedict State Teachers College, and Mr. Lynch of St. Cloud Teachers College were also elected to office during the coming season. Mr. Lynch is also in charge of a publicity system which is to be inaugurated.

ALUMNI ENTERTAIN PRESIDENT AT REUNION

At Sioux City, Iowa, on March 8, nine Winona graduates met at one of the hotels for a reunion and dinner, with President Maxwell as their guest. Mr. Clarence Benz, normal training teacher in the South Junior High School engineered the party. The new building in Winona with its interesting features and the whereabouts of former teachers and of classmates were the main topics. The list of those present is as follows: Dorothy Pearson, '22; Anna Sova, '22; Esther Groth, '22; Selma Fossum, '25; Agnes Pederson, '25; Alice Brochart, '25; Clarence Benz, '22; Florence Felein, '22; Lulu Felein, '24.

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THE WINONAN

OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION OF THE WINONA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1925

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THE NEW SEMESTER

What does it mean to you, the NEW TERM? Wherein is it new? It is new in point of work. Surely, but that rests chiefly in the hands of the faculty and they will attend to it. They have never failed us yet. Anyway, work is said to be the healthiest kind of play. But how else should it be NEW to us as students?

Certainly it should be new in ambition. The mark of achievement set should be higher than ever before. Personal aggressiveness is the best incentive. Who is satisfied with previous standards? Joan of Arc succeeded because she continued to "hitch her wagon" to successive stars, each one more distant than the last.

Ambition is a vital necessity for progress. America progresses as her youth progresses. The college is striving to develop winners. The wise ones are choosing now. And incidentally while we are choosing, let's make ourselves worth being chosen. The newness of a true friendship never wears off and if we employ in this project the principles suggested above of ambition, determination and efficiency, we shall soon acquire the 'wearever' brand, so much to be desired.

PERFECTION

"Nature, in her productions slow, aspires by just degrees to reach perfection's height." Nature, who in her bounteous provision assures us life itself, constantly holds forth to us a challenge for higher attainments in her own perfection of order and beauty. Too many of us allow this challenge to rest most peacefully and content ourselves with the common standards of mediocrity. At this season in particular we may in a measure anticipate the perfection of color and form about to be elaborately displayed for our appreciation. Neither is this accomplished in one day—or two. On the other hand each bit of life is carefully nourished month after month and allowed to unfold slowly and perfectly with care in each smallest detail.

Nature is satisfied with nothing but the very best. Perhaps there would be fewer C's and D's if more of us would aspire to the ranks of the best rather than to continue in the same old rut and be perfectly happy in just "getting by." Nature is satisfied with nothing but the very best. Perhaps there would be fewer C's and D's if more of us would aspire to the ranks of the best rather than to continue in the same old rut and be perfectly happy in just "getting by." Ambition is of necessity contagious, and unfortunately, so is mediocrity. A teacher can never expect to inspire her pupils with high aspirations and glorious joy in a noble forward look unless she herself is endeavoring to live up to the best ideals she knows in every phase of life. It's not too late to begin now but it will be some day soon. Habit is too strong to be broken at will but those things worthwhile invariably require patience, and likewise time amounting, in some cases to years and years. As one college professor once said, "Nature takes one hundred years to build a powerful oak, but she takes only two months to make a squash." Which do you intend to be?
MY NEIGHBOR’S GARDEN

In that old colonial house on the southeast corner of the block lives my neighbor whose garden is the pride of the neighborhood and of the city. Stateliness stands the house and more than half an acre, stately though unpretentious, while the garden is visible from either Seventh Avenue or Veronique Place. Four magnificent elms drop their feathery branches from the eastern boulevard over the edge of the grounds, and cast delicate, lacework shadows when the forenoon sun traces their woven patterns on the velvety green of the lawn. On the south two shapely hardwood maples and a giant tulip tree temper the fecundity of the afternoon deluge of sunlight. On the western lawn, not too far from the house, a Norway maple proudly spreads its broad, richly colored leaves to catch alike the patter of the rain drops or the full effect of the sun’s noon day rays.

While the soil that clasps the house in a close embrace is not without its embellishments nearer the house, the garden proper occupies the extreme northwest portion of the premises. Seen from the street on either the east or the south of the house, the effect is equally striking, equally artistic; but it is only as one stands beside the garden or in it that he senses the full value of the harmonious whole. Every shrub, every flower is native to the state and to the value of the harmonious whole. Every shrub, every flower is native to the state and to the extreme northwest portion of the premises. None of this analytic mood is mine as I take to myself both the donor and the gift. Dothors is a hypostasis of rare power, so she and I retire to the shade of the Norway maple, where we enjoy at leisure the twittering of the red-eyed vireo as he preaches from his pulpit aloft in the waving branches, and we inhale the incense that the sun distils from the flowers.

My emotions have worked their way with me; a film distorts every ray of light that enters my eye, but the soul of me is not seeing with the sun’s noon day rays.

I said that in this garden there is no exotic, but the fairest flower I see in it seems lately come from Heaven, nor yet to have been acclimated. When she slips her chubby little hand into mine while her eyes of blue look trustingly into mine, and the aureole of her golden hair glints back the sunshine, I forget my vanished youth, my early hopes of scientific career, even my present appreciation of the matchless beauty of this garden; I live only in the present. “Here are some of your favorites, Grandpa, I just picked them for you.” Not really grandpa, but so accepted in deference to the several decades difference in our ages, and to the very close friendship existing between ourselves and our neighbors of the garden, never-the-less I am gripped by thronging emotions which I do not try to analyze. How has this dainty little miss of less than seven summers found out what flowers are my favorites? Has my admiration of these simple blossoms of the wild gotten over to her in some subtle manner that we adults fail to utilize or even to recognize? None of this analytic mood is mine as I take to myself both the donor and the gift. Dothors is a hypostasis of rare power, so she and I retire to the shade of the Norway maple, where we enjoy at leisure the twittering of the red-eyed vireo as he preaches from his pulpit aloft in the waving branches, and we inhale the incense that the sun distils from the flowers.

My emotions have worked their way with me; a film distorts every ray of light that enters my eye, but the soul of me is not seeing with any blurred vision. Here is life in simple purity; here the potentiality of a matured personality that, though shorn of its childish simplicity, will have lost nothing of its tender sweetness. Here is a budding flower, that given the thoughtful nurture accorded the plants in the garden, will bloom true to color and type. Despite the glamour of the present I find myself no longer looking back to my own vanished youth, no longer simply enjoying the present, but looking into the future when this bud shall have blossomed in the garden of her home; looking into the unseen, if perchance I may vision forth the fruitedness of a strong, guileless life in all its magnificent potentialities.

JUNIORS TRIUMPH OVER SENIORS

The basket ball season for the girls came to a close Saturday Morning when the Juniors defeated the Seniors 12-10.

The Seniors started off in good style being in the lead by four points. Their opponents soon rallied and when the whistle blew for the half the score was a tie 6-6. Both teams came back with strong determination to win and the game went at full speed to the last. The Juniors however slipped in an unexpected basket and the game ended with the underclasswomen the victors.

Referee—Miss Josephine Van Campen of the Y.W.C.A.

The quieter gives an alibi, the mongrel he gets blue, the fighter goes down fighting, but the Thoroughbred comes through.

—Author Unknown.

A lot of people who have nothing to fuss about make a fuss about nothing.

—ELBERT HUBBARD II.

HONOR ROLL

B plus average

Boschard, Betty—A A A B C.
Bradt, Emily—A B B C.
Curts, Julius—A A A B C.
Deass, Valois—A A A C.
Daten, Agnes—A B B B.
Farley, Arthur—A A A A.
Fossum, Selma—A B B A.
Fuller, Ruth—A 3/4 B 3/4 B.
Goltz, Eleanor—A A B B.
Gruber, Kathern—A A B B.
Harris, Roy—A B B B.
Haseland, Ellen—A A B B.
Johnson, Elwin—A A B B.
King, Neva—A 3/4 A B B B B.
Larson, Esther—A B B B.
Manson, Helen—A A A B.
McLeod, Clarence—A A A B.
Miller, Grace—A B B B.
Muir, Grace—A A B B.
Olds, Beth—A A A A.
Payne, Margaret—A A B C.
Peters, Frances—A A B B C.
Sample, Leota—A B B B.
Spelzs, Florence—A B B B B B.
Todd, Merle—A A A B C.
Voelker, Pauline—A A A C.
Walker, Morilla—A B B B.
Wezel, Esther—A A A B.
Wilson, Barbara—A B B B B.
Willamson, Grace—A B B B C.

Witt, Carl—A A A A.
Woleander, Hazel—A B B B.
Zimmerman, Katherine—A B B B B.

B Average

Beckler, Etta—B B B B.
Bohn, Ruth—B B B B.
Borene, Fanchon—A B B C.
Brossard, Marguerite—B B B B.
Bryan, Bernice—B B B B.
Charl, Helen—A B B C.
Charl, Leola—B B B B.
Cowlcs, Mabel—B B B B.
Dean, Berta—A B B B.
Gilslear, Thomas—A B B B.
Holmes, Mabel—A B B C.
Kearney, Celia—A B B C.
King, Edith—A B C.
Kramer, Maybelle—B B B B.
Mngurs, Ethel—B B B B.
Millam, Elizabeth—A B B C.
Munger, Allene—A B B C.
Nelson, Maude—A B B B.
Olson, Howard—B B B B.
Olson, Selma—A B B C.
Redmond, Blane—B B B B.
Sperche, Barbara—A B B C.
Stryf, Joseph—A B B B.
Stuarez, Blanche—A B B C.
Sylling, Georgie—A B B C.
Thomson, Catherine—A B B C.
Whitman, Orpha—A B B C.
CHANCE.

They call Bernie Wachols “The Star Spangled Banner” because when he comes in, his whole row in chapel stands up.

Mumps is on the wane but with the prevalence of spring fever, palpitation of the heart and other cardiac disorders is increasing.

The diseases are recognizable in their early stages. The victims are a prey of illusionary dreams and other hallucinations, of unsound and erratic judgment, are either foolishly happy or proportionately miserable, sometimes evidencing great irritability and moodiness with a general wakefulness at night. They are possessed of a feeling of being in the company of only one person at a time.

No alarm need be felt over these maladies as they are usually temporary derangements and seldom prove fatal. However, in such cases, isolation is advised by Donald Clark, an eminent authority on the subject.

Hilton thinks some one ought to notify Babe Burns that the combination of her locker is known. A tall youngish man of medium complexion has repeatedly been seen skulking thereabouts.

The male population of Mr. Scarborough’s class had a fifty per cent representation the other day. Mr. Lynam wasn’t there.

Bill Engles hopes his instructors will not go to any extra bother because of his presence in class. He always tries to make himself at home.

With our regular work, the hundred hours per study spent outside class, the thorough mastication of food, and the snatching of eight hours of sleep, occupying our united attention, the harmless enjoyment of leisure is not a serious issue in T.C. life.

Helen—We’re both just rushed to death, I think.

Clark—You said it. As Shakespeare says, “life is one darn thing after another.”

Fat Burdoin has decided to take a few classes while waiting about. Regular Tryst, you know.

Special musical renditions cheerfully given by Joe Martin every Monday P.M. in the tower. Only music lovers need attend.

To get a permit for a dance, all that is necessary is to give the name of your escort, his occupation, favorite haunts, past and present income, and to explain who his father voted for in the last presidential election, and why he came to America.

Speaking of cynical smiles, we’d like to ask Mr. Grimm if they also come in the detachable variety.

Why are you smiling?

Because your shirt is the soul of wit—EXCHANGE.

Pope Leo sat for a portrait again last Thursday night. Miss Vanger hasn’t yet decided which type of halo best suits his Irish subtlety.

And shall she add a pair of wings so we can see how he will propell himself about the ethereal regions?

Gerlicher was also presented with a handsome portrait of himself. Among other local celebrities sketched at the concert were Mr. Streiff, Mr. French and Mr. Sandt. The artist met no opposition.

Mr. Selke says towns of less than 2,500 acres rural. And some of us thought we had a right to that metropolitan air.

Curtis—How’d you like the operatic trio last night?

Engles—Great—but I sat too far back to understand what they were saying.

Our music director ‘grimly’ insists that the rendition of “No, John, No” given by the Chicago Operatic Trio has eclipsed all former performances given at the W.S.T.C.

A famous tenor duet was broken up when Cleary and Bourne were separated in chapel.

As one of the janitors says, “Mamma can call me anything she likes, just so she has three squares a day and calls me on time.”

Cleary went into the Butterfly, but being weary of the usual menu, he asked the waiter what specials there were.

“I have pig’s feet, frog’s legs—”

“No. Stop! Stop! I don’t want to hear your misfortunes! I want something to eat.”

Ed Ruhnke says he may not have known any better than to have laughed when the devil got Faust, but he isn’t as ignorant as he may have seemed. When the three gentlemen of the operatic concert we heard last week, turned out in dress suit he wasn’t so dumb but that he knew right off, they were trying to hide their identity. Any time he couldn’t tell a member of the National Waiters Association!

Mr. Bourne was somewhat mystified when he received Tubby’s report cards last week. “Young man,” paternal wrath heavy in the air, “what does this mean?”

“Well, Papa,” said Tubby, “let me explain. ‘B’ is exquisite; ‘C’ is darn good; ‘D’ is could be better; ‘F’ is bad; ‘A’ is atrocious.”

Jimmy’s Visit to Phoebos

(Continued from page 2)

Jimmy was left all alone, and did not know what to do. He searched and searched for the formula, but he could not discover what it was nor where to find it. He bounced and bounced,

but only to come to the ground again with a jar. Finally, he set out to find his sky rocket, but when he came to the place where he had left it, it was gone. Now he felt that he must search for certain, and thinking about all of the dear ones at home he began to cry. Then to cry. Then a strange thing happened. The glycerin tears mixed with the nitrogen in the air, and the long sought for formula was discovered. Jimmy immediately felt himself going down, down, and the next minute a voice called, “Jimmy, Jimmy, wake up. Don’t you know this is the Fourth of July?”—VERNA PAULSON.

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