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The Winonan

Winona State Teachers' College

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Art Club Entertain at a Jack Frost Party

Saturday evening, January 16, college students and friends of the faculty enjoyed a delightful evening at the college gymnasium as guests at a Jack Frost Party, the annual frolic of the Art Club.

The scene of entertainment was laid in Jack Frost's playground, the wintry out-of-doors. Special mural decorations, designed by art club members and executed by groups of pine trees in various parts of the gymnasium, were very suggestive of the work of Jack Frost's paint brush. The decorations on the lights and the lighting effects used during the evening added much to the delightful, artistic atmosphere, which was very successfully created.

During the evening, Art Club members wore smocks and distributed miniature palets, which served as programs and favors. Very appropriate icy refreshments, eskimo pies, were served about 9:30. The evening was spent in dancing.

STUDENT ADVISER PLAN TO BE OFFERED

In recognition of a need felt by both students and faculty for extending the present informal opportunities for counseling together, the teachers of the college have agreed to offer a simple plan for faculty advisers. The relationship proposed is not different from the friendly attitude already maintained, but will be extended in this new way to the degree where no student, however retiring he may be, will be overlooked or his interests neglected.

It will be the wish of the faculty adviser especially to help students of his own group in their scholastic and professional problems, to know about and on suitable occasions to represent their interests, also where possible to assist in their placement and success as teachers in the schools of the state.

It is expected that all members of the faculty except the two deans and the president, will actively serve as group advisers. Those advisers will proceed under the general or specific direction of the president and deans who will act as a kind of supervising board. The listing and assigning of each group of students will be done, by the president, and so far as possible, upon choices expressed by the students themselves.

It is hoped that the good will and cooperation which center in this new phase of organization will by this means be more dominant and fruitful in the life of the college.

LOSE FIRST CONFERENCE TILT IN CLOSING MINUTES

A poor defense lost the first conference basketball tilt with the Rochester Juniors for Winona by a 30 to 25 score on Friday, January 16th.

Winona and Rochester played on even terms up to the end of the third quarter when Rolly was disqualified because of four personal fouls. Rochester too, was weak on defense. Winona's defense was weak mainly because none could quite take "Corn's" place as back guard. Rochester then was able to get many tries at the basket. The Purple and White basketers were leading at the end of the halfway period by one point. The score being sixteen to fifteen.

Winona led until near the end of the third quarter when Tust was disqualified. A free throw was made by Rochester and the score then was tied twenty-one all.

With Tust out of the lineup Rochester felt he had a better chance to win. This proved the case.

Nicholson, right forward, was the start for the Juniors. Nicholson was to Rochester what Tust was to the Winona team. He handled the ball well, dribbled with ease, and shot with an uncanny skill which made him dangerous. He collected 14 points for Rochester.

Huston played well for Winona. In the beginning he made three baskets in quick succession. However, "Say" did not keep up this pace throughout the game.

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Winona invaded Mankato on Friday, Jan., twenty-second and scored a twenty-one to fifteen conference victory. Our boys tallied eleven points before the Mankato players started to score. With a thirteen to five lead at the half Winona kept the lead to the end of the game.

"Cully" and "Rolly" started the scoring by long shots. Our defense was so strong that it was fifteen minutes before Mankato scored. Arndt, the center, sank the basket.

Mankato rallied in the opening minutes of the second and came within five points of the Winona's thirteen points. But the Purple and White boys boosted the score to eighteen to nine shortly after this. Another rally by Mankato near the end of the game made the score nineteen to fifteen. But "Guff" McCaffrey sank a long try when the game ended.

Guff was the scorer for Winona, making four baskets and a free throw for a total of nine points.

Winona showed a strong offense and continually drew the Mankato defense out for easy shots. Mankato played a stronger game in the second half.

WINONA WALLOPS MANKATO 21 TO 15 McCaffrey High Scorer. Defense Improved.

WOUNDED WORDS

If words could speak to us in defense of themselves, they would be heard to cry out in anger, fear and pain at our abuse of them. Surely an animate object would not endure such unjust treatment without remonstrance of some kind. If words could express themselves they might well exhibit righteous indignation equal to that which would probably be shown by an athlete who is unnecessarily deprived of his natural strength and force by a careless coach. Through our careless speech we deprive words of the opportunity to express their full meaning or to perform their full duty. We expect partial service from a wounded person. How much more may we expect from a wounded word? Words say, "Service is rendered according to your use of us."

We have no right to handicap words in their work, as we do when we mispronounce them. Geography, just, because, get, where and our are a few of the words that would be justified in allowing their angry passions to rise. Indeed it is probable that they would be in a continuous angry mood, could they be allowed to defend themselves in our hall and class rooms. A

(Continued on Page 3)
“Books should to one of these four ends conduce For wisdom, piety, delight or use.”

Which kind pleases one most, matters little. The more fact that one enjoys books of any kind tells us several things about the reader. The most important of these is that he is able to entertain himself. A great test of character is that of whether one can enjoy himself when alone. Books are the companions of solitude, such companions indeed, as we rarely find in crowds. Who omits books from his life omits a side of the world that can be gained from no other source, for books have something to offer us for every mood we experience.

The problem is how to know what to read and when to read it.

“A little reading every day, will help you through the long hard way.”

Daily reading, no matter how little, will acquaint us at least with enough literature to satisfy our lonely hours. However, if we cannot find time each day what will help us choose when we do wish to read?

Our Library has a selection of books such as we will rarely come in contact with when we leave our college. Why not become acquainted with its shelves? There is more than one way to do this, not the least of which is “The Bookshelf.” That is one part of our paper solely for your use. Do you use it? If you don’t the space might as well be used for something more valuable. If you do, won’t you tell us what you think of it? It is a new department that welcomes suggestions from any and all sources. That means you!

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MUSICAL PROGRAM ENJOYED

A very delightful musical program was given in the college auditorium Monday evening, January twenty-fifth by Hans Kindler, cellist, and George Liebling, pianist. Both artists have won high praise throughout the United States. Mr. Kindler is perhaps the best known cellist in the country. Of Mr. Liebling the New York Evening Journal says: “Mr. Liebling is just the kind of pianist who gets the spirit out of the music he is at, and gets it, moreover, with a spirited and rather exciting gesture. It both speaks personality and strikes one as fitting.”

The program was as follows:

I. Sonata Appassionata Beethoven
   - Mr. Liebling
   - II. Sonate Largo-Allegro-Gavotte-Adagio-Allegro
   (1670-1725) Valentini
   - Mr. Kindler
   - III. Raindrop—Prelude Chopin
   - Florence—Waltz
   - Emile Liebling
   - Ode to Spring Geo. Liebling
   - Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 Liss
   - Mr. Liebling
   - IV. Prelude
   - Chopin
   - Gavotte
   - Mehul
   - Scherzo
   - Van Geems
   - Lullaby Brahms
   - Tarentella Tarentella
   - Platti
   - Mr. Kindler

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THE BOOKSHELF

As this is our Literary issue we hope that some of the things in it will contribute something to a newer appreciation of that side of life. An acquaintance with some of the newer books may help you decide upon your week-end reading.

Marbacka

Here is recalled by the Swedish novelist recollections of her childhood and home life of her family in the old farmstead. Marbacka inherited from Selma Lagerlof’s great-father. They are memories of a peaceful, happy life, of labor and festivals, of travelers who came to the home, of Marbacka in her father’s time and of her father’s efforts to improve the farm.

Of it Francis Snow says, “Marbacka is one of these rare works which bring childhood back before us. That Selma Lagerlof has done this and done it so wonderfully without shadowing the beautiful picture by the sorrow that visited her in early childhood, when she became a helpless cripple, is to me one of the most triumphantly convincing proofs of her objective genius.”

Other reviewers are so profuse and extravagant in their praise of this work that we feel it is something which ought not to be overlooked in our reading.

Goin’ on Fourteen

Irwin Cobb

The author gives us cross sections out of the life of a year in the life of an average boy. John C. Calhoun Custer Junior, known as Juney was goin’ on fourteen and a particularly incorrigible imp for his age. Search for excitement was his eternal quest and where Juney was, things were usually happening quite fast and furiously.

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Wounded Words
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(Continued from Page 1)

picture loses some of its attractiveness when called ‘pitcher,’ children lose some of their charm when called ‘children’ and we lose a large part of our dignity when we say ‘uv,’ ‘fur,’ ‘wuz,’ ‘whur,’ and ‘gography.’
There is also a large group of words that might well be fearful lest their identity be lost. Our abuse of them goes far beyond the handwriting stage and might well be termed murder. We, as individuals, would object strenuously to having our identity so merged into that of another that we could not be recognized as separate persons. But this is the state in which many words are placed. Who, but an American, knows that ‘gimme,’ ‘donchu,’ and ‘diya’ are supposed to be translated as ‘give me,’ ‘don’t you’ and ‘did you?’ We laugh at the foreigner who says, ‘I bane to de city,’ or ‘I tank I go over by Dutoot de next day after now.’ But we say to him (and do not expect him to laugh) ‘Ole, ya gotta gimme a hunderd dollars an acre for the land cuz, donchu know, are improvements cost a lotta money.’ If words could be judges they would undoubtedly choose to be used as we do now. If the foreigner used them and would probably decide that the laugh (if there is one) would be at our expense.

Doctor Pound, Dean of Harvard Law School, says that he finds such words as those above, used in examination papers written by his graduate students. He further states that he trembles for the future of our language.

There is no business or profession, no work of any kind in which our success does not depend in a large measure on the skill with which we use the English language. It is this ability, above all others, that marks the educated person; it is this ability, above all others, that marks the educated person.

Joe Martin stood on the station platform of a little Wisconsin village, angrily chewing his cigar stub, watching the train he was to catch rapidly disappearing from his sight. He cursed under his breath, consulted his time table and discovered it would be three hours before he could catch another. He lit a fresh cigar and slowly walked around the streets of the village to amuse himself while waiting.

He turned the corner to the prettiest residence street of the village. It was a beautiful street lined with maple trees. Every green, velvet lawn was trimmed with flower beds. Martin walked down the street greeedly drinking in the beauty of the scene. As he came to the end of the street he stopped from an open mouthed rapture at the beautiful lawn and flowers which grew around a large red house.

In the shade of a large maple tree, sat a white haired old man in a rocking chair. At his feet lay a large red Irish Setter dog, one of the most beautiful of his kind Martin had ever seen.

He stopped to admire the creature which looked at him with the most expressive brown eyes he had ever seen. The dog growled a little. The old man raised his head saying:

‘What is the matter Pat?’

The beautiful creature waved his tail and placed his head on the old man’s knee. Martin then discovered the old man was blind.

‘That is a nice looking dog you have here,’ said Martin.

‘Yes he is a good dog,’ replied the old man.

‘You do not like dogs do you stranger?’

‘No I do not, but how do you know,’ queried Martin.

‘Well stranger, I judged so from Pat. A setter dog is one of the best judges of the human nature there is. He knew immediately that you perhaps meant no kindess to him.’

Martin moved uneasily, his conscience bothered him.

‘Pat, go to the house and get my pipe and tobacco,’ requested the old gentleman.

The dog did immediately as he was bidden, returning directly with the objects of his errand.

Martin took out his watch, glanced at it murmuring that he had two hours until train time, and sat down.

The old man settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

‘If you will take notice,’ said the old patriarch, ‘On the collar of my dog is engraved “Killare Pat IV.” Yes he is the fourth of his kind I have owned, but to get to my story I will tell you mostly of my first Pat.’

‘When I was about fourteen years of age I was a “Harum Scarum,” dirty wide awake young rascal. I had two brothers that were not far behind me in the same respect. We had one little sister about five years of age whom we loved very much.

‘One Saturday in late October we were going out to grove to gather our winter’s supply of walnuts. I was running along ahead of my brothers who were hauling my little sister in an express wagon. I was just in the act of throwing a stone at a telephone insulator, when I heard the most pitiful whimper coming from the direction of a clump of weeds at the side of the road. Running over I parted the weeds and there lay a little wooly, half starved, brown puppy, about three months of age. I picked up the homely little fellow and took him back home, while my sister and brothers went on to gather nuts. I fed him warm milk gradually at regular intervals the rest of the day and night.

‘After he began to get his strength back he started to grow and develop very rapidly. By the next spring he had developed into a beautiful Irish Setter weighing about seventy pounds. He was a wonderful playmate and chum. He was so full of life and so intelligent that it seemed as though he was just bursting to talk. We had lots of fun during the summer vacation until one day five of us boys went upon the bluff back of the village to hunt rabbits with our air gans.

‘After hunting a few hours we sat down on the hillside to rest. In some manner one of the guns was discharged, the shot striking me in the eye causing blindness to both eyes immediately. I started to cry and yell, for I was both in terrible pain and fright. My playmates became frightened and ran away leaving me

(Continued on Page 4)
SECRETARY’S LEDGER

At the regular monthly meeting of the Kindergarten Club, on Wednesday, January twenty-seventh, there was a discussion of the Kindergarten Scholarship Fund to which the Club contributes. Edith Lauglin and Nellie Rollins entertained members with piano and vocal solos.

The Kindergarten Seniors, together with Miss Hagler, were entertained by Miss Sutherland and Miss Schwable on Friday evening of last week. Hearts were played, prizes being awarded for the two highest scores. The Kindergarten Juniors were entertained a few weeks ago.

With the beginning of the mid-quarter on January twenty-fifth, a group of children was promoted from the Kindergarten to the First Grade, and a number of four-year-old children entered the first year Kindergarten.

Mr. Simmers gave us an instructive and interesting talk on the life and works of Luther Burbank, Monday Morning, February 18.

He impressed us with Burbank’s love of nature, even as a youngster, and his great interest in and observation of the activities of plant and animal life. “Nevertheless,” Mr. Simmers said, “he is a friend of man and has given many worthwhile contributions in the field of more useful and better fruits and plants.” His work with the potato, prune, verbena and gladiolus was given special mention. Luther Burbank’s experiment with nature’s contributions has made him a truly great man.

On January twenty-third Mrs. Maxwell entertained the cabinet members of the Y.W.C.A. at her new home.

Sunday afternoon the Y.W.C.A. held an open meeting in the social room at Shepard Hall. After a brief business meeting the association enjoyed a program of special music, and a talk by Miss Hicks of the local Y.W.C.A.

The Country Life Club held its meeting on Thursday evening, under the direction of the Misses Lanz, Stephenson, Ryan, Clara C. Peterson and Swenson, and Messrs. Linam, Stromme, and Cercoran.

On Monday evening, February first, the Mason Music Club will have their regular meeting in the form of an “open house.” Each member is to invite an outsider as his guest. A special musical program is being arranged by Geneva Lattin, Victoria Olund, and Margaret Carlson.

The Club has had some very interesting meetings this year. Several members of the Club have given special reports on the orchestra and the composition of the orchestra. The new members are also receiving experience in directing.

In the near future the Mason Music Club will hold a sleigh-ride party as a farewell for March graduates.

Miss Cavenaugh, supervisor in the Phelps Training School gave an illustrated lecture to the members of the college at chapel Monday morning January twenty-fifth.

The lecture comprised a most interesting exposition of Miss Cavenaugh’s expedition to Mt. Baker last summer. Mt. Baker is near the city of Glacier in the northwestern part of the state of Washington. The audience was taken with Miss Cavenaugh as she retraced her trip and though they could not actually realize the experiences, the descriptions and fitting illustrations given enabled them to appreciate the joy and instructiveness of the precarious trip.

Who’s Who and Why

Mrs. Williams visited her daughter Mildred for about a week.

Gweneth Hedlund, Mabel Hemmingson, Gertrude Rham and Margaret Tripp of Red Wing were guests of Marion Lindon over the week end.

Geneva Smaby and Ruth Johnson spent the week-end at their homes in Peterson.

Mildred Sutherland, who has been at home in Red Wing because of illness, has returned to Morey.

Miss Agnes Ferguson has been very sick with bronchitis for a week.

Miss Marian Crandell spent the week end at her home in Red Wing, Minnesota.

North Lodge girls enjoyed an informal party one evening last week. Dainty refreshments were served.

Miss Eloise Simpson spent the week end at her home in Sparta, Wisconsin.

Joy Belle Quimby spent the week end at her home at Cochrane, Wisconsin.

Winona Cleaning Works

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FOODS FEED

BAY STATE MILLING CO. WINONA

THE WINONAN

Emlyra Simon entertained her cousin, Miss Ruth Guttensohn of Fort Smith, Arkansas, for a part of last week.

Shepard Hall discovered that it is the recipient of a beautiful Christmas gift from Miss Arts—a Caprice by Kreisler. Miss Arts has a habit of doing things like that and we’re mighty glad she lives with us.

“His Great Love” (Continued from Page 3)

not leave my side. The doctor came but due to the fact he was a stranger Pat would not let him touch me. He tried to remove my cham and was slightly bitten for his effort, I spoke reassuringly to Pat and he then let the doctor examine me.

“After being in bed for about two weeks I was allowed to get up and go out doors, but what mattered it to me where I went or what I did, I was blind. It was impossible to play with my old companions. They could not be bothered with me. I was a handicap to them in their excursions into the woods. Seeing this I did not go near them. I was an out cast. But sir, there was one friend that did not desert me. That was Pat. He was with me continually. When I was walking he would be by my right knee to guide me. He gave up his pleasures of hunting and romping with other dogs to be with the boy he loved.”

“Time came for school to begin. To keep from getting lonesome and not to lose out on too much school work, I attended my classes, instinct guiding me to the class rooms. Pat once more could play and hunt but, stranger, every noon and night my cham was at the school entrance waiting to guide me home, while my former playmates ran on giving no thought to their old cham, who before his accident could run out, out throw, and out wrestle any of them. The so-called dumb brute never failed me.”

“In the meantime father had built a new home on the outskirts of the village. We had moved in but as yet the concrete sidewalks had not been built. For temporary use the carpenters had laid down some two by four timbers and nailed strips of board to them.

One noon as usual Pat was at the school entrance to meet me but he seemed restless. We were crossing the street in front of our new home when Pat left my side for the first time while guiding me. He barked and barked. I heard my sister scream. Children began to yell ‘Mad Dog, Mad Dog’. I could not believe that my dog was mad and biting my sister. I heard him yelp several times after being struck by stones thrown by the older boys. I started to run but fell down. I heard a scream almost human, knowing instantly it came from Pat. I knelt on the grass and called to him. I heard him...
him coming, whimpering and gasping for breath. Something seemed to tell him to tell me he was coming. Holding him closely in my arms I prayed to God to give me my sight just long enough to see and to help my pal. Feeling him give one terrible shudder, I knew he was dead. Father came, picked us up and carried us to the house. I knew he was crying for I could feel his tears drop onto my face. When we entered the house I could hear mother and sister sobbing softly. Then father told me what had happened.

"My little sister was crossing the street ahead of me, when she got almost to the board walk, Pat left me and ran to her grabbing her by the dress tearing it almost from her body. She screamed and started to run, Pat knocked her down, and tried to hold her there with his body, barking all the time while looking in the direction of the sidewalk.

"One lad broke Pat's right front leg by throwing a large stone which might have easily missed him and seriously injured my sister. From the shock of the blow he jumped up, which allowed my sister to get upon her feet. She again started to run towards the house, Pat ran ahead of her and leaped upon a snake which everyone, in their excitement failed to notice. The snake was a rare specimen, being a poisonous blower. Pat took the full force of the blow poison in his mouth and face, but killed the reptile. He then dragged himself to me and died in my arms. Stranger, if the people around at the time would have had the intelligence and presence of mind that my four footed friend had, the snake could have been killed without the loss of Pat's life.

"Of course I was broken hearted. So my uncle gave me another dog as near like Pat as he could find. I named him 'Kildare Pat II.'

"The winter, after I had a series of operations, I regained the sight of one eye, and again took up my studies.

"Pat the second and I had many a good time and hunt together, but he in turn grew old and died. So I bought Pat III who was also an ever faithful pal and friend. We did not hunt so much as my eyesight again began to fail making it hard for me to draw a bead.

"One day when Pat III was about ten years of age, he left home and never returned. I then obtained the dog I have now, Pat the fourth. He is a fine dog and never leaves my side now that I am entirely blind. My children, grown up, have left me to care for myself. Were it not for Pat I know not what I would do.

"Now stranger, you have heard my story, do you wonder why I love my dog so?"

Joe Martin rose slowly to his feet, looked at the white head of the old man held tight against his hat absent mindedly and walked toward the depot, wondering if he could ever win the unflagging love of a good dog and be a better man for it in the end.—RALFE M. CALKINS.

WINONA TO MEET ROCHESTER FEB. 5TH

On Friday, February fifth, Coach Habermann and his warriors will journey to Rochester to scalp the Junior College cagers and avenge the Rochester victory.

With a five hundred per cent slate our boys will try to make our percentage reach the 667 mark with a win over the Rochester Juniors. Our cagers will fight the better for our one conference loss.

When Rochester played here they played on even terms with the Purple and White team until Rolly was forced out of the game. The line up ought to help the invaders beat Rochester.

Come on, Winona, let's WIN!

MU EPSILON NU

Wednesday evening January thirteenth the initiatory services were held for the incoming members of the Mu Epsilon Nu. All applicants were brought before the tribunal to be questioned and to demonstrate their talents in the presence of the presiding judge and the members of his court. The judge approved or disapproved at his pleasure.

The rule of the club for new members is that each should perform some duty that would make him worthy of membership in such a noble organization. The duties were assigned as follows:

Houghtelin—to write a poem about said organization.

Hubert—Having many ideas and much information concerning the "We're Thru Club" was asked to write a poem about said organization.

A. Sunde—Assist the janitors by scrubbing the first two steps of College Hall with a toothbrush.

Mitch—Show his talent by fishing in the fountain at Shepard Hall. He was to fish for goldfish. Later he stated that fishing was fine under existing conditions.

Corcoran—Carry a brick to all classes at the pleasure of the judge.

Kintzi—Entertain the visitors at Shepard Hall the following Tuesday evening by playing, comb, guitar, mouth organ, saxophone, ukulele, cornet, and piano.

Rosen—Eat a raw herring at Shepard Hall.

McKeever—Pass through all doors walking backwards to give variety of movement.

Loughlin—the judge didn't like the way Mr. Loughlin wore his shirt so the latter was told to wear his shirt front-side-around.

Feany—in this man the chair was in search of a hidden talent and thus Mr. Feany was to tell the story of "The Three Bears" at Shepard Hall the following Tuesday evening.

Moyer—as the men of the college were not familiar with sweet rolls Moyer was told to carry one and to display it whenever asked.

Karow—in order to make Mr. Karow famous because of his splendid soprano voice he was asked to sing "America" at Shepard Hall.

Moen—the judge thought it would be a fine thing if Mr. Bush would be relieved of having to carry books around so the honor of doing relief work was given to Moen.

Talus—More entertainment was needed at Shepard Hall so Otto was told to give a solo dance. "Oh! Where is Otto?"
True friends and members are they in all degrees,
Long—long, ago before I came.
So now dear friends of Shepard Hall,
It means that you must leave alone,
The men who so bravely strove,
To make the world safe for all mankind.
So here's to thee our dear old Club.
May all thy members from east to west,
Let thee in hearts never wither or die.
"WE'RE THRU," A symbol for us all.
—W. E. HUBERT.

A SCENE IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY
On night, just as the clock struck twelve.
"Life" stirred in her place in our library and called out, "Hello! It's time for our nightly chat. Is everybody here?"

In the fluttering of leaves that followed, "Outlook" was heard to say, "No, Harper's is missing. I suppose some student took him home and left him there."

At once from every shelf and table rose the chorus "Again!" "Heedless!" "Careless." "Selfish." "Inconsiderate!"

As the uproar subsided, "World's Work" could be heard addressing "School and Society,"
"How do you keep your frock so fresh and clean?"
"Oh, that's very simple. If no one ever handles you or reads you, it is an easy matter to preserve your pristine freshness."

"That's right!" "All true!" "Just my experience!" same a chorus of replies from "Asia,"
"The Yale Review," "Forum" and several others.

As the project subsided, "Life" stirred in her place in our library and called out, "Hello! It's time for our nightly chat. Is everybody here?"

Not long ago, it was heard to say, "No, Harper's is missing. I suppose some student took him home and left him there."

At once from every shelf and table rose the chorus "Again!" "Heedless!" "Careless," "Selfish," "Inconsiderate!"

As the uproar subsided, "World's Work" could be heard addressing "School and Society,"
"How do you keep your frock so fresh and clean?"
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"That's right!" "All true!" "Just my experience!" same a chorus of replies from "Asia,"
"The Yale Review," "Forum" and several others.

A SCHOOL PARTY LASTED TILL ONE A. M.
Mr. Reed came to school with his hair mussed up.
Mr. Munson ate between meals.
Mr. Owings was absent all night.
Mr. Scarborough forgot "tomorrow's assignment."
Mr. Munson ate between meals.
The Mendelssohn Club always rendered popular songs.
Mr. Reed came to school with his hair mussed up.
A school party lasted till one A. M.
Mr. Owings was absent all night.
Mr. Scarborough forgot "tomorrow's assignment."
Mr. Munson ate between meals.
Mr. Owings was absent all night.
Mr. Scarborough forgot "tomorrow's assignment."
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