

# NORMAL TIMES

At Central State Normal School

VOLUME 2

LOCK HAVEN, PA., FEBRUARY 15, 1924

NUMBER 7

## STUDENT FRIENDSHIP WORKER STIRS SCHOOL

### Miss Quale Tells of Heart-Rending Conditions Among the Foreign Students

Miss Quale, a worker for the International Students' Friendship Fund, visited our school on Sunday, February 3. Miss Quale has been working among the students in Russia, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia for the last four years. She spoke both at Y. W. and at vespers of the conditions she herself had seen. "No picture of the poverty of these students, of their unbelievable living conditions, has been exaggerated," she says; "the half will never be printed." Students are living on one meal a day, and frequently dividing this with a friend. Often there is but one presentable suit of clothes among several persons; they take turns wearing it to class. Books are so scarce that the least number found using any textbook was ten. They live in houses that have had no heat in them for years, and sleep on the bare floors, fortunate if they have a single blanket, and never having more.

These young students are from the best families in their countries; many of them are from the nobility. It is to them that their countries must look for future leadership. But for the help they receive from the Friendship Fund, they would be unable to get any education, and many more would die in the attempt, from tuberculosis or starvation, than are now actually dying.

The fund is providing free meals, clothing, and shelter, and assisting in many other ways to preserve the life of these ambitious young people, whose conditions are so hard that the little annoyances of our life here seem unworthy momentary consideration.

Before Miss Quale left the school, a committee was appointed to raise money for use by the Fund. Joanna Sweeny is general chairman, and a committee member has been appointed for each floor and dayroom. We have set our own goal as \$300. It should be raised without hesitation or difficulty.

### The Dormer's Saturday Night

Saturday night! The best night in the week. Even though we don't doll up much any other night, we do then. First there comes the basketball game, and of course every one who is any one goes to that. Then when the game is over, though we weren't going to stay for the dance—well, we might as well.

Nine-thirty, and the dance is over. We all crowd back to the dorm, with lots of noise. There is a rush for the student kitchen; everybody has a feed on Saturday night. Soon the smell of hot

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## PRAECO DANCE A THRILLER TO ALL

The Praeco Dance given in the gym February 9 was a success if one is to judge from the conversation heard the day after. This is a yearly affair given by the seniors for the benefit of the Praeco fund, which helps to cover the expense of putting out the year book.

The decorating committee certainly deserve much praise for the effective way by which they transformed the gym. Streamers of red and white hung from the balcony, while strips of the same color extended from the chandeliers to the four corners of the gym. The lights were covered with red, which gave a decidedly entrancing moonlight effect.

As usual State was very well represented. It is reported that about eighty-three fellows came for the dance.

Many of the Alumni were back for the dance. "Music Hath Its Charm." At least something attracted Kay Cawley, Margaret Farwell, Amelia List, Ethylene Lee, Mary Hile, Mildred Fiekas, Amy Peters, Sylvia Breth, Christine Holly, Sam Diehl, Lemoyne Cornely, Ernest Schrot, Esther Heffner, Ted Schreiber, Augusta Howard, and Louise Reighard.

### Student Teachers

The student teachers for the second semester took up their work Monday, February 4, 1924. The work in the different grades is divided among nearly fifty seniors. Many of these students have had previous experience in teaching, and so the work is not entirely new.

Following is a list of the students who are teaching this semester, and the grades they are teaching:

Junior High School—Jessie Haven, Frieda Staimen, Velma Ridge, Mary Johnston, Sara Gardner, Edna Reynolds, Donald Glossner, Evald Erickson.

Sixth grade—Ione Garbrick, Helen Baird, Carol Herb, Erda Maurer.

Intermediate grades—Finola Wiles, Helen Thall, Eva Bailey, Matilda Kurtz, Catherine Deveraux, Bessie Nearing, Winifred Patterson, Myra Boone, Ida Rearick, Lois Crays, Jessie Stravino.

Second and Third Grades—Naomi Jenks, Ruth Langsford, Ruth Ward, Mable Sergeant, Evalyn Kana, Louise Holden, Metta Nelson, Helen Blackburn, Marie Taennler, Gertrude Lynott, Catherine Brosius.

First grade and Kindergarten—Constance Tubbs, Neta White, Merian Brown, Ruth Brehm, Alice Weison, Hetty Staver, Margaret Myers.

Those teaching in the city schools are—Marion Wilson and Pauline Schaffner, Roosevelt; Jean Peck and Margaret Beam, Lincoln; Erma Miller, Margaret Bracken, Beatrice Harris and Mary Frantz, Robb.

## DR. RADER TALKS ON AMERICA'S GREAT MEN

### Presidents, Orators, Writers, Humorists, and Acquaintances, Are Passed in Review

Dr. William Rader, one of America's foremost orators and journalists, was an inspiration to local people in his lecture here on Sunday afternoon, February 3. The death of Woodrow Wilson so shortly before Dr. Rader's appearance here impelled him to change his subject from that previously announced, "National Delusions," to "Leaders of the Nation Whom I Have Known," into which he released some of the solemn emotions our war president's death had aroused.

Dr. Rader has a very effective platform personality, winning both the liking and confidence of his audience rapidly. He talks with energy, believes what he says sincerely, and gets over his belief to his listeners. His platform life began, according to Who's Who in America, about 1913, commencing at the same time that he entered the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Since that time he has talked from Alaska to London, and from the Bay of Fundy to the Mexican border. He has studied life from the pulpit, from the platform, from the editorial chair, and from the viewpoint of a lawyer. He tries to help, with everyday common sense, attractively presented, both the communities in which he talks and the individuals to whom he speaks, modelling his efforts on one of his heroes, Benjamin Franklin.

Among those who passed in review, and concerning whom he had personal reminiscences to pass along to us, were three great orators, John B. Gough, James G. Blaine, and William J. Bryan, the last of whom he thinks will be ranked with Daniel Webster as orator; Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, and Woodrow Wilson.

Dr. Rader believes sound health to be one of the first essentials of leadership; then excellence in some field of endeavor; then personality, the ability without effort to make an impression of oneself on others. It was on this last qualification of all leaders that Dr. Rader dwelt most. He cited Charles Steinmetz, Alexander Stephens, General Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, and Russell Conwell as representative of the leadership these three qualities make possible in widely varied fields.

Dr. Rader believes that each person's real greatness is conditioned by his philosophy; that those who do not aspire greatly cannot achieve greatness. He paid high tribute to ex-presidents

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## GETS BACK AT POTTER FOR RECENT DEFEAT

Revenge: That is no name for it! but that is what we had, full and plenty, when C. S. N. S. put it over Coudersport 22-19. At Coudersport we had been beaten, 46-17. That sort of defeat does not sit well, which is why this victory tastes so sweet, especially since it occurred only one week after that overwhelming defeat.

The school here had no idea that the team could possibly win; but due to Coach Dick Seltzer's able supervision and four strenuous workouts in the week preceding the game, the Normal team displayed some real floor work, far superior to any that they have so far presented. Every one in attendance at the game say that it was the best exhibition that the local boys have given.

The game was not quite so close as the score indicates. The Normal boys started the scoring, rang in three baskets and a foul before Coudersport got started, and were never headed. A Coudersport spurt brought them up into a 9-9 tie, but that was as close as they came during the game. During the final period a flash of scoring brought them up within one point of the maroon and grey, 19-20, but some dazzling passing and tricky teamwork brought C. S. N. S. out on the long end of 22-19 when the final whistle blew.

Competent refereeing made the game a pleasure. More fouls were called against us than against the visitors, but they were properly called, and the game never threatened to get out of hand. We are lucky, here at Lock Haven, in being able to command the services of three real officials. No visiting team has left here this year feeling unfairly treated, which is as it should be.

By some oversight no one kept score for Normal. The Coudersport coach took his score home with him, naturally, which prevents us from publishing the box score of Normal's comeback.

### Leap Year Meditation

The daily prayer of most of the girls at C. S. N. S.: "Oh, Lord, deliver me from the loneliness of school teaching, and lead me beside full streams where the fish are plentiful, to one who will usher me into the Kingdom of Matrimony."

By the number of boxes of candy and silk dresses floating around, it looks as though some of the prayers had been answered.

Still, we haven't seen any new diamonds. Dot Lynds is sporting a new ring. Of course she says that it does not mean anything, yet we wonder.

Here is a secret; do with it what you like: One of the girls sent a proposal through the mails, the message ending

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### Our Nature Corner

While we are waiting for spring to arrive we might find it interesting to observe some of the animals which we may think we know all about. Here are some observations to make on some of our domestic animals.

1. How many toes has a cat? A dog? A horse? A cow? A pig?
2. What is the use of a pig's tail?
3. Do a horse and a cow lie down alike?
4. Can a pig swim?
5. Why does a dog bark when he hears a noise?
6. What is the best animal story you have read this winter?

Write your observations in to the Nature Study Department at this school. Tell us just what you have seen. We promise to answer your letter, and perhaps even to print it in this paper.

By the way, we have been asking you questions all this year; why don't you try to ask us some. Turn about is fair play, isn't it? Wonder if you can ask us a question to which you know the answer, but we do not; that might be easily possible, you know. Try it.

### A Color Display

A whirl of color and a patter of feet—that was the impression one received when the youngsters from the training school took charge of chapel, Friday morning, February 15, 1924.

They had a definite aim in mind, and that was to show the use of color in the world. First came Color, a tall dignified maid whose costume would have told her name. She explained what her mission was in this world, and then—the curtains parted revealing the three primary colors. These girls, too, told what they represented, and then, in a whirling dance, flaunted their beautiful colors. Their sister secondary colors were called; and, after their dance, a host of dainty little ones dressed in tints of the colors came out, and all joined in a merry whirl of color in a May pole dance around Color.

The children had to respond to a "curtain call" before the clapping would stop, which shows how well the thing went over.

### The Dormer's Saturday Night

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dogs, coffee, pork chops, and onions fills first floor. Good? Oh, boy! And every one is hungry, anyhow. We never did enjoy anything so much as eating; and between the courses there are demonstrations of every dance from the Salomie tango to imitations of the vaudeville put on at the Garden on Saturday afternoons.

Bz-z-z. There goes the three minute bell. We all go to bed and to dreams. And to think of not having to get up for any classes the next morning!—Well, it's life.

Mr. Ulmer had been talking about birds, and asked for a discussion of the goldfinch. Evelyn Ross evidently was asleep, because, as it came her turn to recite, her neighbor punched her and said excitedly—

"Goldfinch."

"Goldfish? Goldfish? I didn't know they were birds."

### George Junior Republic Described

Miss Cora Greene from Ithaca, New York, gave the student body a very interesting talk on Wednesday, February 6, about the George Junior Republic, which she represents.

The Republic, she says, is a small town, inhabited by students between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, who go to school part of the day, devoting the remainder to running their own businesses or working for some one else. Each student upon entering the republic takes up an occupation of his own, at which, under natural competitive conditions, he must make his living. The sort of home in which he lives, the type of food he has to eat, etc., is determined by his earning capacity, his purchasing power.

The boys and girls in the Republic have all the rights and privileges of citizenship. They make their own laws at town meetings, hold elections, conduct political campaigns managed by themselves, and in every way run themselves as a going community.

The town is about a mile long, and contains a gymnasium, a hospital, a court house, a jail, a printing establishment, many business houses, etc., all owned and run by themselves. It is in no sense a reformatory; with few limitations, any one is eligible to citizenship there. The only requirement in addition is that the student take up a trade and support himself. Miss Greene extended a hearty invitation to Normal school students to inspect this experiment in education—an experiment which has long passed the experimental stage.

Mr. Ulmer is planning another hike soon; he is dusting off that hat.

### Audubon Societies Organized

Both sections in nature study have been organized into Junior Audubon Societies at the request of Mr. Ulmer. His purpose in organizing such groups is, primarily, to show the members how to do the same thing in their own schools. He states that the society is an asset to the school, arousing interest and enthusiasm among the pupils. The fee per semester is ten cents, which, Mr. Ulmer says, will not break anybody. Six colored charts of birds, with a full account of their life history, are sent out yearly to each member. These alone are worth the price of admission. A small colored button is given also to each active member. The purpose of the society is to make a study of birds, and to create an interest in their welfare.

Each class elected officers at its first meeting. In section one Violet Agnew was elected president; Marion Shaw, secretary; and Esther Schofield, treasurer. In section two, Lucy Mitchell, president; Josephine Beaujon, secretary; and Lydia Gross, treasurer.

The presidents are to appoint each an entertainment committee, to bring the best forms of entertainment to the class, in the form of lectures, lantern slides, and so on; a hiking committee, to set certain days aside for bird-study hikes; and a bird-study committee, which will make selection of the birds which it thinks it will be profitable for the class to study.

### Principal Talks on the Teacher

The teacher, her work, and her qualifications were discussed by Mr. Drum in chapel on Monday, February 4.

The teacher, he says, is the one person who comes in contact with school boys and girls more than any one else except their own parents; thus it is very essential that the teacher be a good one, and able to influence the students desirably in every way. The teacher, therefore, must have ideals for which to work; especially, she must herself be inspired to become more and more competent.

There are certain assets which a teacher must have to be successful. Personality is the greatest of these. A teacher who possesses personality, is almost sure to have positiveness of character, teaching power, and ability to meet any emergency.

C. S. N. S. graduates are followed up after graduation. Superintendents and principals are asked to report in detail on the points of strength and weakness which our graduates show. Mr. Drum read many of the adverse criticisms made of our graduates who are teaching in various communities. The one which occurred most frequently was inability to secure effective discipline, and this fault is almost invariably caused by a lack of something in the teacher's personality.

### Problem of the Changing Voice

The problem of the changing voice, which confronts all teachers of music in the upper grades, was discussed by Mr. All in chapel on Thursday, February 7.

"Every teacher should understand this problem," he said, "for the future singing voice may be injured through lack of knowledge. The period of change varies greatly, beginning with some boys as early as the twelfth year, while with others it may not occur until several years later. As the voice changes, the pitch gradually lowers, and the range of tones possible becomes very small. It is difficult to select songs which can be sung within the range; consequently the teacher at this time should not force boys to sing. If the proper care is taken during this period of change—which will not exceed two or three months with some, while for others it may extend over as many years—the boys will have a real bass voice to take up their work again at the end of the period.

Mr. All demonstrated by having a group of Junior High School girls sing with five boys whose voices had changed. One of these could not have been over 13 years old; while another, barely 16, had a true, deep bass voice, able to reach easily two tones below the bass clef. "If Winter Comes" and "For Freedom" were the part songs effectively sung by this chorus.

### SHORT TEST IN ADAPTABILITY

1. Explain the 1, 2, 3, peanut.
2. Give six reasons for day-dreaming in nutrition class.
3. Solve the following equation: A pretzel: ? :: an observation: a junior.
4. Develop a rational basis for participation.
5. Why is a measles? If so, to whom?

### Bobbing Up and Down

Running footsteps in the hall. A panting figure rushes into Hazel Barrett's room. "Oh, girls, it's half off; oh—" Peg Gledhill catches her breath; then finishes her sentence—"Do you think you'll like it?"

"Oh, Peg, you look darling!"

"I always told you to have your hair bobbed."

"Are you going to wear it curled or straight?"

All this in one breath from the whole crowd.

"But, kids, I'll lose my happy home for this."

"Let me finish it for you. Oh, you're going to look ten times better."

Snip, snap, more off.

"Peg, do stand still, or I'll cut your ear off. Turn your head to the left. The left, I said!"

"Which is my left?" She leans her head forward. "Oh—oh, I know."

Snip, snap, snip, snap.

More running footsteps. Several girls, with Mary Mayes in the center. "Mary's next."

"Mary, not your beautiful hair!"

"Sure. I told Peg that I would if she would."

"Oh, Mary, you'll look darling."

"I wouldn't curl it if I were you."

The scissors change hands. Peg is initiated into the curling process. Snip, snap, goes Mary's hair.

"Gee, it looks great, honest it does. It makes your face look much sweeter."

More arrivals at the door. All the old remarks are revived. Mary disappears, but soon returns with a band on. This the crowd received with great approval, and also Peg's hair, after almost an hour of fluffing and curling. Excitement runs high. More victims are sought. Esther, Cherry, and Hazel refuse all efforts at persuasion, however; the excitement wears away; gradually the squeals cease, one by one.

### Music by Sixth Grade

A music program was given by the pupils of the sixth grade from the training school, Friday, February 8. The children sang three songs, "Snowflakes," "Dreams," and "Long Long Ago." Anna Mae Landis directed the singing, which was pleasingly done.

A pitch-testing exercise was conducted by Miss Whitwell. In all but two cases the children were true to pitch.

One of the problems in this grade, the changing voice, appeared in this exercise. It is important that the teacher make careful selection of song material for the grade, so that the range of the tones will not be greater than that of which the pupils are capable.

### DR. RADER TALKS ON AMERICA'S GREAT MEN

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Hayes and McKinley as great gentlemen. Roosevelt to him was the genius of work, and Taft the friend of all friends of America. Wilson was the possessor of magnificent ideals and mind; he made some blunders, perhaps, but his efforts were so right that his life has been as a star across a black sea. It was the American people, unable to rise to his height, to see with his ideals, who broke and martyred this finest type of president.

# NORMAL TIMES

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Editor-in-Chief.....Cleona Coppersmith  
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FEBRUARY 15, 1924

## A New Chief

In the year and a half of its existence Normal Times has been fortunate in its editors-in-chief. Throughout all of last year, the first of its editors gave to it a faithful service that is likely to remain unsurpassed. An inequable distribution of the duties connected with gathering and preparing all the copy which the printer requires made it necessary for her to devote to this paper most of the hours she could be free from her class work. She gave it even more thought than time. Normal Times acknowledges again its debt to Gertrude Harper.

During the first half of this year Sally Hanna worked to keep the paper up to a high level. She made a most excellent editor, with all the affairs of the paper at her fingers' end at all times. In pure labor of production she fell little short of the first editor; and in producing the paper she built her own ideas into and upon the experience of the first year.

Sally's graduation at the mid-term has made necessary the election of a new editor-in-chief. Clearfield County produced one good editor; Clinton County the other. It is now up to Cleona Coppersmith, our new e-i-c., to show that Blair can do as well. The rest of us are doing very little worrying; we think she "has the goods."

## Precious Merchandise

The most important matter that can engage the attention of the young men and women of this day is that of their education.

When Aristotle was asked in what way the educated were different from the uneducated, he replied, "As the living differ from the dead."

Much more recently a man not a whit less practical advised every young man if he wished marked success in life, to invest every cent he can spare from his earnings before thirty in his own education. That modern philosopher was Henry Ford.

This question of education is most clearly and forcibly presented in a speech by Mr. J. T. Schultz before a large gathering of students in a New York university. The following paragraphs taken from his address emphasize something of the importance of higher education:

"To the young men and women here I make this request: I want to buy everything you know; I want to buy everything you have ever learned in



A Sign of the Times

school, even your ability to read and write; and it is stipulated that under no circumstances can you ever get any of these back. I want to sweep out of your lives forever all of the knowledge and culture and sweetness and fairness which have come into them through the process which we call education. What will you take for what you already know? Would you sell it for all the wealth of George Eastman? The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. And do you not prize and appreciate it more than you did when you were in school? Just so, when you come to college your appreciation will grow stronger and stronger.

"If education is something which you would not sell for any amount of gold, is not a higher and broader education worth looking for?"

"If you have youth and health, that is all that you need. Youth is all that you need! Youth is the period when we own the world and the fullness thereof. Youth sees the world and tries to conquer it. It has for its birthright every discovery, every conquest, and every sacrifice since civilization began."

"The most sublime sight in the world is that of a young man fighting his way up from the pit of ignorance to the heights of intellectual attainments; fighting against odds on all sides; fighting destiny itself; beating it down inch by inch."

"Young men and young women, I can only ask you to peer into the future and see to what countries you are bound."

Never wear your shoes around the room after seven o'clock; somebody might suspect something.

Nellie M.—"Oh, kids, we didn't have a thing prepared for Oral Expression, so we just got up there anyhow and gave something simultaneously."

## Is It Worth While?

It's a long, hard grind for the student.  
To finish his course through the school.  
To stay till it's all completed;  
And he calls himself a fool  
To be plugging away at his studies,  
When he might be making his "pile";  
So he stops in disgust for a moment  
And asks, "Is it really worth while?"

When assignments are becoming too lengthy,  
Or discipline gets too severe;  
When teachers and profs make him weary,  
And school life becomes a bit drear;  
Then the student desired more freedom—  
Of living, a different style—  
So he's forced to ponder a moment,  
And think, "Is it really worth while?"

"Does it really pay you to keep struggling  
And striving these lessons to learn,  
When you might be out working, instead of  
Remaining here, waiting your turn."  
Thus does the lure of temptation  
Attempt by smooth words to beguile,  
To prove to the faltering student  
That really "It isn't worth while."

But the ones who refused to continue,  
To finish the course they'd begun,  
Now know that a good education  
Means half of the hard battles won.  
And the answer those same ones will give  
you,  
Be they scattered from here to the Nile,  
When you ask for their candid opinions,  
Is always, "It's mighty worth while!"

So whenever you're feeling downhearted  
And wanting to give up the fight,  
Don't hastily make your decision;  
Take your time, and determine what's  
right.  
Just say to yourself, "I'll stick to it";  
And then, in the future, you'll smile  
When you look back and think that you  
ever  
Had wondered, "Is it really worth while?"  
—M. E. COOK.

## After the Fall Is Over

Belva had a little shovel,  
He follows it around,  
It takes the snow all off the walk  
And puts it on the ground.

He has a frown upon his face;  
A snow-flake hits his nose.  
I don't see why he gets so cross,  
And stamps and hurts his toes.

"Why doesn't Belva like the snow?"  
An eager child did cry.  
"Because he has to shovel it,"  
Her routine did reply.

Perhaps if you had Belva's job  
And had to shovel snow,  
Maybe you would change your mind  
And not enjoy it so.

But still the snow comes tumbling down,  
It falls on roofs and trees;  
And sometimes when we venture out  
We fall upon our knees.

And still we see that little shovel,  
With Belva following round;  
It takes the snow all off the walk  
And puts it on the ground.

## A Proud Distinction

There is one phase of life here at Central State of which we can boast. It is a thoroughly American phase. It is one which can, nevertheless, be found in very few educational institutions between here and either the Atlantic or the Pacific. It is the reality of our democracy, our freedom from those outcroppings of snobbery which make life unpleasant for many students who cannot, at other schools, keep up the social pace.

We have formal social occasions here, of course; but they are neither so frequent nor so elaborate as to mark those who are unable to participate; may they never become so. We have sororities, but they do not conceive themselves as creating a sort of superior caste, as they do elsewhere; may they come speedily to an end if they ever begin to do so. We have students who work and students who do not; the student body respects those who are self-supporting. There are schools where the working student with difficulty can get into the life of the school; no such question ever comes up here; it simply does not occur to any one to raise it.

There are popular students here, and there are unpopular students, but nothing whatever enters into making a student one or the other except his own disposition, his own personal acceptability. Do a little tactful inquiring concerning the social conditions at certain other schools. Do no bragging concerning your own; but take a deep and quiet satisfaction in the fact that at Central State the spirit in which and for which this country was founded is having full expression.

H. B.—"I think I'll have to go call on the McDougalls soon?"

J. B.—"Zasso? Why?"

H. B.—"Well, he's called on me twice this week."

Members of  
Federal Reserve

## Lock Haven Trust Co.

Largest and  
Finest Bank  
in Clinton  
County

### Leap Year Meditation

(Continued from page 1)

something like this: "If for me there is no hope, send me back six yards of rope."

Cheer up, girls; only 50 days have passed out of the year. If by this time you think that you have picked a lemon, do not give up hope; a good husband is a work of art. Perhaps we may induce Miss Yale to add this to her list of practical arts.

What does education amount to if you cannot have a little husband in your home?

This is all very well for us; but—it would be interesting to know just what the boys are thinking of our efforts to destroy their single happiness.

Sally Claster says she was so dumb in high school that she couldn't even copy straight.

Ester—"I don't know my music for Monday."

Lucy—"That's too bad; go on up to your own room and get it ready."

## Wiedhahn Jewelry Co.

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### Causes for Dissatisfaction With Graduates

"The complaint of weak discipline is the one most frequently made about Normal school graduates," so said Mr. Drum in chapel on February 11. This complaint seems to be universal concerning new teachers, wherever they come from. The problem of securing discipline seems to be the one the teacher finds hardest to solve. "Good discipline is not merely a matter of control. It comes from knowledge, book knowledge, of the subjects taught, and from the employment of effective methods of teaching. A well prepared teacher is unlikely to be greatly troubled with poor discipline, which results usually from lack of preparation by the teacher or lack of strong traits of personality. The latter is particularly a hindrance to a teacher; it is essential to her success that she develop a pleasing and effective personality, if she is not naturally endowed with one."

But poor discipline is not the only weakness mentioned in the list of faults reported to us by school heads. Another is the lack of knowledge of Latin. This is made, of course, concerning our graduates who take senior high school positions, when they have been prepared for junior high work only. Failure to handle correctly English composition is a common weakness. Part of the responsibility for this rests on the Normal school. Part of it properly must be assumed by the high schools. High school graduates should have a real command of written expression, whatever else they have; this very few have, said Mr. Drum.

Some teachers, it is reported, forget that it is best to allow the children to do the talking in class. They lecture to the class, instead, with the result that they are uninteresting, and give the pupils no chance for self-expression, so necessary in the development of each child.

Immaturity of graduates is another complaint. A displeasing personal appearance is also frequently commented upon.

Last of all comes what is perhaps the one fatal weakness in a teacher. This is an over-development of self-esteem. A teacher who believes that he is just right can never become successful. He must realize that he is in the same class as his pupils. He should be aware that what he does is capable of improvement, and strive in every way to grow in power.

### Second Semester Registration

All new classes were organized and the work of the second semester begun Friday, February 1, 1924. The seven new students who enrolled for this half year's work are:

Mary Bair—Altoona.  
Anne Kyle—Reedsville.  
Ruth Laird—Port Matilda.  
Estela Kiffer—Williamsport.  
Lucile Hovis—Smethport.  
Edward Tyson—Loganton.  
Brown Bossert—Mill Hall.

Judy Fisher paid her monthly visit in town to her aunt, Mrs. David Pursley.

### My Aunt

"Aunt Priscilla; oh, Aunt Priscilla," I called from the hall; "where on earth are you?"

"Margaret Frances, come into the living room, and stop that screeching this instant. And such language. You certainly are not the girl I was when I was your age." Thus my dear old-fashioned aunt called me to account.

I entered the living room, my hair down my back, a faded kimona wrapped around me, and soft, kid bedroom slippers on my feet.

Aunt Priscilla was in her usual place. Her big chair was drawn a little to one side of the fireplace, and Darling, her Angora cat, lay at her feet. She wore a stiff, rustly black satin dress, with a high collar that looked as though it might choke her at any time. Low-heeled black kid slippers covered her feet. Long, tight sleeves encased her arms, and a frill of handsome white lace fell out over part of her hand. Her hair was quite gray, combed straight back over her ears, and set off with a pretty comb in the back. The only jewels she wore were a beautiful diamond breastpin and the two diamond rings on her right hand.

There certainly was a contrast between her neat, prim, old-fashioned appearance and mine. Of the two, I know that I was the more comfortable.

"Well, here I am, dearest," I said. "What do you want?"

"What do I want, Margaret Frances? Do I need to inform you that it was you who called me, not I who called you?" and Aunt Priscilla gave me a cold little stare over the rims of her spectacles.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. I wondered if I could get a new evening dress tomorrow for the dance. May I?" I asked in my sweetest way. Then I walked over to the table, and sat down on the edge of it, with my feet swinging.

"Margaret Frances, get off that table at once. Have you no poise at all? No, you may not have a new evening dress for that dance. I have bought you four new evening dresses already this fall, and they'll have to last a little while longer," answered my aunt, rather sharply.

"Oh, shoot the luck, I don't see why I can't have one more now;" and I did not get down from the table. Rather, I began to sing and hum a new dance hit, when a new voice was heard in the hall.

"Hello, there, Miss Margaret, I heard your voice, the door was open, so I came right in."

"Heavens, it's the minister," and I jumped off the table, wrapping the kimona closer around me, and looking for an avenue of escape. There was but one door out, and that lead into the hall, in which I could hear him coming closer.

"Margaret Frances, do something at once. He cannot see you looking like a wild Indian;" and for once my Aunt Priscilla's poise was shaken.

"Leave it to me—if you'll get me that new evening dress," said I, halting momentarily.

"Yes, anything, but get out of the way before he sees you," succumbed my aunt, wringing her hands, and behind the door I jumped, just as the minister entered.

"Oh, Miss Priscilla, upon my word. I was sure that I heard our Miss Margaret's voice as I came in," and he glanced around the room, then looked inquiringly at Aunt Priscilla, whose cheeks were as rosily as the flame of the fire.

"Why, yes—that is, I don't see her, do you? Come in, sir, and sit here." She pointed to the chair opposite; its back was toward the door.

"Quite so, indeed," and he moved toward it. "But I thought surely I heard her, laughing, talking, and singing."

"Well, Margaret Frances is the girl of today, and does talk rather loudly—and sings at the top of her lungs if she happens to feel so disposed," responded my Aunt Priscilla. "I certainly do not know what is going to become of this younger generation. So different from our own young days."

She and the minister clicked together—and I slipped out of the door, sorry for their generation, and with the highest hopes for mine.

### Exam Week Wails

Oh, dear, I guess I'll get sick and spend the rest of this week in the infirmary. This continual studying, rushing around the halls, chasing bugs, teachers, and reference books, is getting on my nerves. I'm too dog-gone tired and miserable to enjoy even the thought of vacation. It has somewhat the same sound as "Christmas is coming" had when we were small children. I can't write anything for this dumb paper; if I did it wouldn't be accepted anyway. Oh, why wasn't I born at least good looking to make up for my lack of brains. I haven't seen my marks yet, and when I do I suppose they'll be the proverbial last straws. What's the use anyhow? When I die I'll have just as good looking a tombstone as though I had made one plus in everything.

### Father's Flivver

My father has a flivver,  
He calls it his tin Liz.  
And when he winds the darn thing up  
You ought to hear it whiz.

Sometimes the engine gets too hot,  
And then it won't move off the spot.

He pours some water down its throat;  
That puts some pep back in the boat.

For troubles, Lizzie can't be beat;  
I've seen it tried upon the street.

One good habit has dad's Lizzie:  
No matter where he'll roam,  
Whenever it takes him far away,  
It's sure to bring him home.

Miss Denniston held reunion with her classes, February 10. She had spent several days in the infirmary visiting with Mrs. Cresswell. The girls were so glad to see her back that they even went cheerfully to gym.

Gret Williams, ex-24, wandered in for the Philipsburg game.

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**Society Notes**

**Price-Shake Literary Contest**

The date of the Price-Shake Literary Contest was set for March 28. The Committee decided on six selections which will be given then. They are:

1. Debate—Resolved that the bonus bill should be passed by Congress. Price will take the affirmative side, and Shake the negative. There are to be two speakers on each side with five minutes time allotted for each.
2. Play—This will be a short one-act play with not more than four people.
3. Essay.
4. Monologue—It must be original.
5. Recitation—This is to be humorous.
6. Reading—One which will be serious is to be given.

Reverend Williams, Mr. Wolfe and Mr. William Griffith are to be the judges.

**Shake Celebrates**

Shake meeting, Friday, February 6, was quite a success. This short, but snappy, program was followed by refreshments of ice cream and cakes to celebrate the election of the new officers who took charge at that time.

**Recitations**

"Somebody Did" ..... Faye Lord  
 "Dad" ..... Bernice Day

**Solos**

"The Rosary" ..... Esther Wardrope  
 "Tying Apples on a Lilac Tree"

**Play**

"Entertaining Sister's Beau"—Emily Miller and Albert Hauke.

Nellie Moore, president; Edith Bergeson, vice president; Beatrice Harris, Secretary, and Faye Lord, treasurer, were the new officers to take charge.

**Shake Challenges Price**

The Shakespeare Literary Society has challenged Price Literary Society to two games of basketball to be played at some time set by committees from both societies. One game is to be played by the girls and the other by the boys. Both sides have excellent material and a hot contest is expected. Let's watch!

**Naturalists Meet**

The talks and discussions of the meeting of the Naturalist Club, held February 11, were chiefly about birds and bird life. Helen Mizener called the roll by giving each member a suitable bird name. Mrs. Trembath told about the warblers and their migration last summer; then she showed a unique home of the Redstart family. Bird calls were discussed and some were given by Carolyn Wein and Margaret Cunningham. Mr. Ulmer read a story about "Birds in Winter," by John Burroughs.

**Naturalists Hike**

The Naturalists Club went on a six-mile hike over the mountains near Lock Port, February 2. Mrs. Trembath and Mr. Ulmer were the guides?

After wandering around for some time, the river was reached, but from the wrong side. It was finally agreed, as a result of an excited discussion, that the river was where it belonged, but the hikers weren't.

At the half way mark of the hike Mrs. Trembath treated all to a dutch cake that made one think of home.

**Memorial Exercise for President Wilson**

The social studies department took charge of a fitting memorial exercise for Woodrow Wilson, who, having given his services and his life to his country, died at his home in Washington, D. C., on Sunday, February 4.

Jack Follmer, in charge of the exercises, read one of the late president's favorite passages for the scripture lesson. He then gave a short talk on the service of this great president for his country, and gave many of the important milestones in his life.

Cleona Coppersmith read the proclamation issued by President Coolidge, decreeing national mourning. A few of the many messages of sympathy sent to Mrs. Wilson from all parts of the world were read by Anna Mae Landis. Albert Hauke told of President Wilson's acts during the Great War; and read his reasons for keeping in this country Major-General Leonard Wood, reasons which he had kept secret until his death, but which were then published by one of the dead president's close friends.

Woodrow Wilson gave his life to his country, as truly as any of those who fell in France. He is destined to be exalted in history as one of America's most heroic figures. These short, solemn exercises of ours are but fitting recognition.

**What's the Matter?**

Have you noticed the increase in the number of people recklessly cutting classes recently? This may be due to lack of preparation for certain classes, but the main reason for it seems to be that the students feel that they need more freedom from the grind of classroom work. When the strain of first semester finals was over, we awoke to find ourselves in the midst of the second half year's work with every teacher in the course demanding the impossible. The interest and enthusiasm necessary for attacking the work were lacking; consequently classes were cut.

This is all intended to bring to attention the need of a short vacation between the closing of our one semester and the beginning of the next. It is too late now to do anything this term, but can we not, by our discussion, cause the matter to be taken up by the administration?

**"Collegiate Jane"**

The exit of the wartime and after-wartime flapper has set the stage for the entrance of the Collegiate Jane.

The Collegiate Jane is bred in college towns, and turned loose half-fledged on the trusting public. It is easy to recognize her by certain prominent earmarks: long, badly hung skirts, of the sort to be found in many allegedly humorous caricatures of London's back alleys in Soho; open galoshes funneling down around vivid ankles; and widely flaring coats. Her hair is bobbed or shingled, and is worn greased, ironed, or straight. Light stockings, of any shade that could not conceivably match anything else she may wear, are part of her regalia. Barber pole or plaid hose are particularly affected, and are occasionally worn in deep reefs about the ankles.

Slang and hard-boiled expressions characterize her speech. She has a good line, which she feeds to any Kappa Beta Phi she may find lying around loose, unattached or not. She is not averse to digging for ties, fraternity pins, scarfs, and other useless articles to be added to her collection of trophies, to be envied by other Janes, and by a few Jennies inclined to be Janes but prevented by home influences.

Long and untiring research among many of the species has brought the above general characteristics to light. A full account of the investigation will be likely to be found in the next copy of the Scientific American.

**Hung Out to Dry**

Once upon a time, a few days ago, Hetty Staver was hurrying to get ready for school. As sometimes happens, she had not arisen much too early. Now, Mamma Staver had just been washing—not Hetty, of course—and had left the primitive container sitting beside the door. Hetty tore into the room, ready to go; slid a kiss off mother's cheek; dabbed another on Papa Staver's nose; got a gentle push for her misplacement of affection, just as she was dashing out—and went down flop into the tub! I wasn't there; I simply state what was told to all by the Dayroom Slate.

Margaret Braeken and Isabel Watson spent the week-end of the 19th at State College. Do the rest of us wish we had been with them? Not a little bit—just a whole lot.

**Book Reviews**

**The Last of the Vikings**

The Last of the Vikings is the most recent work of one of the world's great present day writers, Johan Bojer. It is intended by its author to be a monument to his comrades and their fishing life. Johan Bojer, a Scandinavian, was a poor boy, and has endured many of the hardships met by the hero of his novels. This last book deals with the lives of the peasants and fishermen around the Lofoten Islands. The author sets forth his characters in such a graphic manner that he gives the reader a mental impression of momentous events in the simple life of a fisherman and his family. His sea pictures are unforgettable; they show the marks of genius. If you like stories of the sea, you cannot allow yourself to miss this last one.

**A Son at the Front**

This story gives us the war spirit in its fiercely opposed elements of pacifism and militarism; gives us war's horror un glossed, and its pure ideal of patriotism. It neither laments the one nor glorifies the other. It gives us war as it happened.

Yet Mrs. Wharton does not show us a soldier's life at the front, or the horror of actual conflict. She deals with the deep undercurrents of war, the influence of its vast upheaval on civil life.

The center of action is the artist, John Compton, divorced from his first wife, who has become the wife of an American millionaire, Anderson Brant. George, the son of the first marriage, is deeply loved by all three.

When the war breaks out George has just returned from Harvard, gentle, handsome, full of the joyousness of life. The three are full of their individual plans for his happiness, when the war dashes away all security.

By accident of birthplace, George is a French citizen, and likely to be drafted at any moment. No plea can save him. Only "influence" will keep him from the trenches, into which it is unthinkable, to these three who love him, that he should go. They intrigue together, therefore, and succeed; a clerical job is secured for George, and there is continued great anxiety lest "influence" fail, and he be ordered into the trenches.

"Influence," from George's point of view, does its worst. He sees what the struggle means, and is unwilling to stand outside. He cuts through all obstacles, the anguished three at first not realizing what he is doing.

All the characters are truly human beings from first to last. The emotional core of the story is the father's grief for the fearful penalty of war. The book does not deny that the war had to be; but it does make terribly clear that glad hearts, reconstructed ideals, and pride in victory are not the fruit of war.

**Normal School Students—  
 Be Sure of Your Store**

It is a pleasure to shop where you can have confidence in the merchandise you wish to purchase. There is satisfaction in knowing every purchase you make must be a satisfactory transaction in every respect. It is economy to buy where the prices will stand comparison.

HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, DRY GOODS,  
 NOTIONS, NOVELTIES and JEWELRY

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*Shoes and Hosiery*

**KAMP'S**

*The Best is Always the Cheapest*

### "I Wish the Box Held More!"

The kind of candy that makes you wish the box held more—you never seem able to get quite enough. It is so pure and deliciously good and tasty.

#### SPECIAL CHOCOLATES

These chocolates are particularly fine. The candy that draws the crowd to our store every day in the week. If you could see the cleanly condition prevailing in the making of these candies you would decide right now to get a box.

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#### Radio Message

#### HOW TO TRAIN GOLD FISH

By Senator I. M. Watt

Fellow Citizens:

You too can have fish you love to train. Remarkable as this fact may seem to you, it is nevertheless true. Oh, friends, if I could but make you realize the importance of this training to you and the fish, then I could surely consider my life's work accomplished.

You are naturally unintelligent, but so are the fish—why worry about that matter?

Well, now for the first instructions:

Before the actual training begins, you must make practically a life study of the gold fish themselves. You will not find all gold fish living in the same place. Some you will find in the water; others, of a more amphibious nature, thrive well in Wall Street sections.

I cannot possibly outline such an extensive study for you tonight. I, therefore, take great pleasure in referring you to a few works by some of my contemporaries: "The Evolution of a Fish Ball," by Otis Odarn; "Biography of a Bait Hook," by Louis K. Zissboom; "From Fish to Kakeater" by Rowena Hokenderby."

I myself am the only authority on the actual training of gold fish. I suggest that you write to me for full information. The most I hoped to accomplish tonight was the arousing of your enthusiasm along this highly important fish line.

In conclusion, I wish to say, my dear invisible audience, that we are all fishes swimming with Darwinian majesty in the pool of life.

I thank you.

We can tell you the most beautiful way to say it

CARLSON, Florist  
AT THE MONUMENT

### Us and Others

Thelma Krumbine spent the week-end of February 3 back in Northumberland. She took with her Sara Diehl, Blanche Mauger, and Bernice Day. Some gang.

Alice Kunes' brother visited her on Sunday, February 10. Good for Alice; that gave her a chance to use the Blue Room.

Edward Harnish, Virginia's brother, came to visit us on February 9. She shared him with all of her friends.

Carl Sehrot entertained his brother over that same week-end. Carl had plenty of assistance.

Erma Miller, Gareldine Teitbohl, and Meriam and Helen Hayes were the few who took advantage of the week-end permits for February 9. Every one else went to the Praeco Dance.

Some of our visitors at that same time were Elsie DeWalt, who came to see Catharine; Elizabeth Wolf, who cheered up Mary Mayes and Sally Gardner; and Hazel Jordan, who came to bring some home news to Louise Holden. Did you make a note of the date of the next dance, girls? We would like to have you again.

State College was favored on February 16 with three charming visitors: Judy Fisher, Coral Herb, and Elverda Richardson. (Sure they are; look for yourself.)

Grace Marshall, of Scranton, spent the same time within the stately walls of C. S. N. S., visiting Sue Thomas. Come back soon, Grace.

Mary Mitchell, a homesick little junior who mopes around our many halls, spent that week-end back home in Portage.

Clearfield welcomed home on February 16 Twila Matthews, Dorothy Robb, and Roberta Tobias; while Altoona took care for us of Anna Mae Landis, Ruth Malone, and Alice Kunes.

Mrs. Cresswell and Miss Whitwell spent the week-end of February 9 in New York. Did you see all the latest fashions that they came back with?

Miss Yale was unable to meet her classes during part of the week on February 11. We are glad to say that she is back, and that Art is as usual.

Edna Fitzsimmons, Helen Blackburn, and Dorothy Lynds have gone home for several days to rest up. The strain has been terrific.

Evelyn Karn spent the week-end of February 16 with Ione Garbrick, and Hetty Staver, with Eva Irvin. We wondered what day students did with their week-ends.

Mary Mayes went home to mother, at Howard, over the week-end of the 19th. She says she had never been the recipient of so many insults in her life as when the folks saw her bobbed hair. We like it, anyhow, Mary.

Bea Harris, who has spent a week or more in the infirmary with a nervous let-down, is once more chasing around the dorm. Disturbances as usual.

We wish that Hazel Barrett would spend a week-end in the dorm for once; it would make a news note for Normal Times.

### Hasty Pudding

An important meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held February 6, to elect a new president to take the place of Blanche Smith, who was forced to leave school on account of illness.

Frances Cooke was elected president, but as she was already secretary, Mary Frantz was elected for secretary.

Helen Buffington conducted the regular devotional exercises.

The library is surely popular this semester. It is crowded morning, noon, and night with ambitious—or desperate—workers. Before the library opens there is a small crowd waiting at the door; and when the doors swing apart there is a grand rush for the coveted book. Every one is surely having a lot of reference work to do these days—a good way to start the semester in right. If you are unnecessarily ambitious, just craving for knowledge, come to the library; millions of books are waiting there for you; only the ones you want are busy.

An interesting village project has recently been worked out in the kindergarten of the training school.

The houses in the village are made of blocks and arranged on a street of gravel. Cork and green sawdust have been used to make the grass, and small shells to make flowerbeds on the lawns.

The inhabitants of the village, which may be seen in the houses, on the lawns and the street, are paper dolls cut from books. The children make them stand by pasting them on sticks and putting a bead on the end.

Rev. Nichols, of the St. Paul's Episcopal Church, spoke to the students in Vespers, Sunday evening, February 17.

He said that the important thing in teaching is to put it across. "You are not teaching lessons—you are teaching children." Illustrations and stories are two very common ways of getting your ideas to the children. Reading the Bible is an acquired taste; there one may find a perfect mint of learning.

"Study the Bible" was Rev. Nichols' parting thought.

The punching bag which has recently been installed in the gym has been getting a good many "punches" from the artists in this sport. Almost any time of the day there can be heard the sounds of some one "worrying" it. Boxing and wrestling have again come into the limelight.

Hazel Barrett, chairman of the committee, secured the Lyric Orchestra for the dance. Lively, jazzy music was the result.

The Thorndike College Entrance Examination was given to all the students Saturday morning, February 16. Mr. Drum acted as examiner of the Juniors in the day room, and Mr. McDougall of the Seniors in the Junior High School Auditorium.

Sara Gardner was elected to take Blanche Smith's place as vice president of the Student Council at a meeting of the Seniors in the Auditorium, February 5. Blanche Smith, who held the office, was obliged to go home because of illness.

### Plea to Aid European Students

The work of the International Students' Friendship Fund was discussed earnestly by several members of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet in the chapel exercises on Thursday, February 14.

Beatrice Van Zandt, talking on the purposes for which this fund is raised, told of the necessity for aid in the principal university centers of Russia and of Eastern Europe. Many of the students there, like ourselves striving for an education, are starving, getting along on one poor meal a day. Many are in need of simplest clothing, few of them possessing anything that might be called a complete suit; linens are rarely seen. As many as fifty students, in a few instances, have been found studying from a single book. Although they are putting up with unbelievable hardships to get an education, and are doing all that they can to help themselves, they must look to the students of this country for some help. With our own problem making us sympathize with theirs, they ought not look in vain.

Some of the ways in which American students are helping were given by Anna Mae Landis. Free meals are served daily in many centers of student life; clothing is provided; medical care given whenever it is necessary; and these three lines of activity present only a portion of the work that is carried on.

In a plea for support to this fund, which is contributed entirely by American students, Joanna Sweeney asked that each student do his part toward raising the \$300 this school has pledged. If each pledges \$1.50, he will bring sunshine into the life of some one like himself, studying in a European normal school or college. These pledges are to be collected in three installments, at the end of February, March, and April.

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- Millinery

**Autobiography of an Apple**

I was born on a farm October 18, 1923. My parents are Mr. Tree and Mrs. Blossom.

My father thought I was old enough to take care of myself, but I stuck to Dad as hard as English (Grace) is sticking to Ireland. Finally some one interfered, however, and I fell to the ground.

I was shamefully neglected, like an uncaired for day room I know of, until I began to get a little rusty. I was then picked up with many others, taken into a large kitchen, and given a bath. This felt very good.

That afternoon I was put in what they called a cider press. After awhile, I felt a pressure upon me and all my ambition seemed to ooze out.

I was then put in a large keg which was very dark. The keg was put on a wagon and we went to town. I was left at a large residence and later taken to the cellar. There they left me alone (as a day-roomer would sometimes like to be left), until I began to feel a little frisky.

After various experiences of baking, I am now a mince meat pie and am waiting to be eaten. I mean that I am the kick of the pie, and, after all, what else is mince meat pie for?

**Origin of Basketball**

Basketball, unlike baseball and football, is a strictly American game. It was invented in 1891 by James Naismith, who at that time was an instructor in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. Training School at Springfield, Massachusetts.

A game which would break the monotony of the winter months, and take the place held by baseball in the spring, and football in the autumn, was needed by the gymnasium class. Naismith was equal to the occasion, and created the game in almost identically its present form.

The idea of the game was first published in a school paper in 1891. Not until 1902 did the game secure much popularity, but from that time on its spread was very rapid. From an unimportant pastime it has become the most popular indoor game of America, for women as well as men everywhere. At this time there are very few schools which are not enthusiastically supporting at least one team.

**A JUNIOR ALPHABET**

**A** is for Agnew,  
Who is so bright  
That all the rest of us  
Aren't in sight.

**B** is for Beaujon,  
Our little French doll,  
At whose dainty tootsies  
The menfolk all fall.

**C** stands for Cawley,  
And also for candy,  
At the selling of which  
V. is certainly dandy.

**D**—Katy DeWalt!  
Her complexion is fine.  
Yes, powder and puff  
Do keep off the shine.

**E** is for Eckenroth,  
Generally Jo.  
She comes from the day room;  
That proves they're not slow.

**F** stands for Fisher,  
So little and slim;  
If she'd stop her chattering  
She'd soon be less thin.

**G** is for Gledhill,  
Peggy, you know;  
She has the appetite,  
But not always the dough.

**H** stands for Hartsoek,  
A cute little maid;  
She has a complexion  
That never will fade.

**I** is for "In, girls!"  
That slogan we hear  
At the end of the day, when  
Ten bells does draw near.

**J**—Helen Johnston,  
Basketball star;  
She's also on council,  
That's how good she are.

**K** is for knocks,  
Detested of all;  
When we laugh just a little,  
On our door they fall.

**L** stands for Lynds,  
Demure dear old Dot;  
She looks meek as Moses.  
Believe us, she's not!

**M** is for Mitchell,  
Of whom we have two,  
One answering to Mary,  
The other to Lou.

**N** is for Normal,  
To all of us dear,  
To the end of our chapter  
For her we will cheer.

**O** is for order,  
Obedience, and such.  
Better do what you Ought to,  
Or you'll get in Dutch.

**P** is for Prindle,  
Caroline's what comes first.  
If she couldn't talk she'd  
Be likely to burst.

**Q** is for Quigg,  
Our own little Ruth,  
Who can't give you a smile  
Without showing that tooth.

**R** is for Ross  
And for Rough-house, you see.  
Wherever there's one on  
There she's sure to be.

**S** represents Schofield,  
A cheer-leader fine.  
The yells she gets started  
Roll way down the line.

**T** stands for Thomas,  
Our own bashful Sue.  
To help out us others  
There's nothing she won't do.

**U** is for all of Us,  
Popping with pep;  
You can leave it to us to  
Keep up Central State's rep.

**V** is for Vonada,  
That quiet chappy,  
Whose face tells the world he  
Always is happy.

**W**—Woodward,  
An active he-vamp.  
At the Saturday dances  
On his feet we all tramp.

**X, Y, and Z,**  
Of which we have none,  
Wind up the alphabet.  
That's fine; now I'm done.

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**The Swope Studio**

**Werrenrath Reviews Himself**

Reinald Werrenrath was asked by the Louisville Post to review his own concert. He did it—and then some.

"You see I never would of gone to hear this bird Werrenberg or whatever his name is, he's a wop or something, if Lou hadn't got stuck on a record she hird last summer when she was to her folks in Guthrie only God only knows where they got the coin to buy such tripe, they always sponge on me when they get the chanet. Well I coffs up four good iron men plus a war tax although there aint no more war and we goes to the concert as it is called Lou looking like \$1,000,000 and me all dressed up like a plush hors \* \* \* Well this guy comes out at last tall and skinny with his shirt sticking out in front like he was proud or something followed by a little red-headed what they was of it feller and the crowd begins to clap and stamp before he opens his face \* \* \* After the crowd stops there noyse Red begins to tease the ivories and the big bum starts in. Was he good well yes and no. The 1st song wasent so rotten it was about a guy who wanted his dame to get up and rush the growler for him. He says hell take cream and if their's no cream hell take beer. He's foolish just like a fox only a swell chanet hes got to get to get beer these days \* \* \* Well to make a short story long he sings or thinks he does the big stuff shirt and Red he plays and the crowd claps there hands and I says to Lou I gotta smoke and she says its all right with me and stay as long as you want \* \* \* Wasent it beautiful Lou says and I says it may of been but it was over my head what does the bird get for his trouble. More than you make in a month Lou says. Pretty soft says I but if I gotto ware trick close and no vest and come my hare back with a fork like that poor wop I'll stick to running the old taxi."

**FASHION DECREES PEARLS**

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### A Kick for Cinderella

The blast of a trumpet; a gentle knock at the door; a hasty command; the portals swing open. Prince Charming (Tot DeWalt having another delusion) enters with a majestic swing. In his wake follows a small page, looking precociously wise; this seems to be Rosie Ross. On an extended silk cushion she carries a pale blue, quilted bedroom slipper. The attendants in the background perform their mission: "Does the very Beautiful princess whose tiny foot exactly fits this slipper dwell here?" The occupants of the room, helpless up to this time, remain so. They stare at the intruder, with mingled emotions, mainly pity, littered over their countenances. They didn't quite get the idea of the performance; no matter, could they not try their luck with the slipper? They could, and do. The slipper submits to a series of tugs and pulls, to no avail. The Prince heaves a patient sigh, and murmurs something like "find her if I die for it." The door opens; closes; they are gone.

"Hurry, some one, page Cinderella. Cinderella—Cinderella—Cinderella, your slipper is looking for you."

### Athletic Association Officers

Miss Denniston held a meeting February 15, to elect the officers for the Athletic Association. A committee had been appointed previous to the meeting, and from the names submitted these were chosen:

Josephine Beaujon ..... President  
Faye Lord ..... Secretary  
Esther Fyock ..... Treasurer

It was decided that two more members would be needed to help change certain parts of the constitution. Helen Bettens and Cleona Coppersmith were appointed by the president.

Jean Peck—"If getting wisdom teeth means wisdom—Oh—well, then, ignorance is bliss."

Proctor on first floor next week is to be Judy Fisher. Know any more good jokes?

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### Basketball a la Mode

(This writeup was requested by Miss Denniston)

Time: Use your own sundial.

Place: Gymnasium, if no tea room is available.

Characters: Two flashy forwards in full dress suits; two caveman guards; one wrist-watched center; one referee with pitchpipe.

Scene: Gymnasium (or tearoom) beautifully decorated in henna and periwinkle, with Normalites scattered around for mural decorations. Mr. McDougall in background, prepared to prevent any violent manifestations of the pugnacious instinct. Action: No place for it here: this is a gentleman's game.

#### Scene I

Referee approaches with pitchpipe in hand and basketball tastefully packed in Christmas box. He sounds "do." This is the signal for Belvie to place the towels and fingerbowls at each player's position.

#### Scene II

Referee sounds "re." This is the signal for the visiting team to form a circle and dance lightly around the center of the gym, bowing profusely to spectators.

#### Scene III

Referee sounds "mi." The brave and fearless warriors of C. S. N. S. (Canned Spinach and Noodle Soup) emerge from the sidelines. Skipping-ropes in hand, they dazzle the eyes with their graceful evolutions. Follower in Hawaiian dance outfit especially attracts. Spectators turn themselves inside out to express joy. Cheer leader, on a hunting expedition to Greenland, leads cheers by radio.

#### Scene IV

Referee sounds "fa." Players ready. Ball is tossed. C. S. N. S. forward tucks ball under his arm, runs toward basket, climbs up stepladder, and drops ball in basket. Time out; visiting team wants to discuss the play. Ball in play. Time out; C. S. N. S. guard has injured opponent's pet corn. Guard put out of game for callous playing; corn also removed.

#### Scene V

Referee sounds "so." Players sit down on floor in kindergarten circle. Dining room force serves tea.

#### Scene VI

Referee sounds "la." Game resumed. During time out Miss Denniston announces that Ladies' Aid meeting will be held Sunday.

#### Scene VII

Referee sounds "tl." Game continues until ball is lost. It is thought that one of the girls took it to complete a chain of Czecho-Slovakian beads.

#### Scene VIII

Referee sounds "do." Game automatically stops. Score? Nobody knows, as the sorekeeper left early to buy some pretzels at the Arbor. Slow curtain.

Correct this sentence: "Come on, kids, why waste all this lovely Friday afternoon; let's get our lessons done for Monday."

Rap.

"Say, come in without knocking; what's the idea?"

Practor's voice:—"Goodnight, girls."

"Gee—Oh, good-night."

Squeak.

### Real Efficiency

The members of the Y. M. C. A. met Wednesday evening, February 6, with Carl Schrot as leader. Each member present was given a question on the general topic of Real Efficiency to discuss.

The question, Are Training Rules Necessary? was discussed, the answer being yes. Each man must exercise self-control in all things which affect the player in the game and between games.

What are the most serious handicaps to the efficient life? Out of the many handicaps suggested, the most serious were chosen to be bodily illhealth, dull intellect, weak will, and dead conscience.

What is the direct result of the practice of selfmastery? The answer agreed upon was "A life complete in every way." Real life means a concentration of powers, each operating at its best without hindrance to the rest.

This meeting was worth while, for every member took part in the discussions.

### Alumni Notes

A copy of The March, an excellently written school paper, has arrived from the March Building, Easton, Penna., a junior high school. Miss Nelle Dick, 1921, is in charge of the work in English in the school; this paper seems to give proof that she is getting results. Miss Dick is one of the city training teachers in Easton, supervising the practice teaching of seniors in the Lafayette College department of education.

'16. Charles B. King has written in recently from his present home way down in Wichita Falls, Texas, asking for news of the school, and promising to send in a short, newsy letter about the Texas oil fields. Normal Times hopes to be allowed to print it when it arrives.

### Before I Taught You

The small handbooks are covered with dust,  
But sturdy and staunch they lay;  
And the small note-books have a gray, light rust,  
And the tablets mould into clay.  
Time was when the little handbooks were new,  
And the notebooks were bright and fair;  
That was the time when our lessons seemed clues  
To the unknown work "out there."

Now, I won't move till my work is done,  
Nor will I make any noise!  
So, rolling into my single bed,  
I dreamed of my lessons as toys.  
And, as I was dreaming, a lesson plan  
Awakened my thoughts anew—  
Oh, the hours they were many, the hours  
were long.

Ere I could write them too!  
Ay, faithful to old school-work they stand,  
Each in the same old stack,  
Awaiting the touch of a long-absent hand  
To move them from their rack.  
And I wonder, as, teaching these long hours  
through  
Subjects enough and to spare,  
What I once wrote in those small handbooks  
Before I closed them and clucked them  
there.

### A Song of Summer Weather

At evening when I go to bed  
I hear the bats fly overhead.  
They are the little demons bright  
That get into your hair at night.  
Often when at peace I lie  
Across my face a bat will fly,  
and, startled, I will duck my head  
Beneath the covers of the bed.

And when at morn at last I wake,  
My first breath of fresh air to take,  
I find the bats have all flown down  
Into the chimneys of the town.

H. B.—"Belvie, how old are you? You must be 33."

Belvie—"Well, I'm not telling that. But I'll tell you this: I've had the seven year's itch three times; figure it out for yourself."

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### Junior Representation in Praeco

A Junior meeting was called by Albert Hauke, president, February 14, to discuss the Junior's part in Praeco. It was suggested that these things could be worked up: Class history, class picture, snapshots, jokes, pictures of class officers, and Junior Council Members, class song, yells, poem, flower, motto and colors. They will be further discussed later and voted upon.

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