Chestnut
19 Burr 17

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THE CHESTNUT BURR

Published by

CLASS OF 1917

KENT STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

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AND
SYLVESTER SUMMERS
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THE OFFICE

Kent State Normal

All hail to the school, all schools above!
We sing of her worth so true.
She beckons us on to the heights above—
Our strength every day to renew.
And across our way, comes the dawn of day,
With its light and its cheer for us all;—
We chant the praise in our roundelay
Of her who's the best of all.

Kent State Normal! Kent State Normal!
Finest school in all the west.
Kent State Normal! Kent State Normal!
'Tis the school we love the best.
So we'll chant her glorious praises,
Waving high her orange and blue—
And to her we bow devotion,
Love and honor all so true.

Shall foemen in wrath our flag despoil
And trample it 'neath their feet—
Our orange and blue in the dust to spoil,
Our glory to turn to defeat?
Not till fires burn cold and our spirit's old
Shall the enemy tread on our flag.
To arms! To arms! Let the cry ring bold—
To fight for our dear old flag!

E. C. Seale

Dedication

To our instructor, friend and helper, Ellis C. Seale, whose counsel has guided us in time of need, we dedicate this book.

PROCESSIONAL.

Don Bregenzer. Ruth Hartlerode.

Moderato.

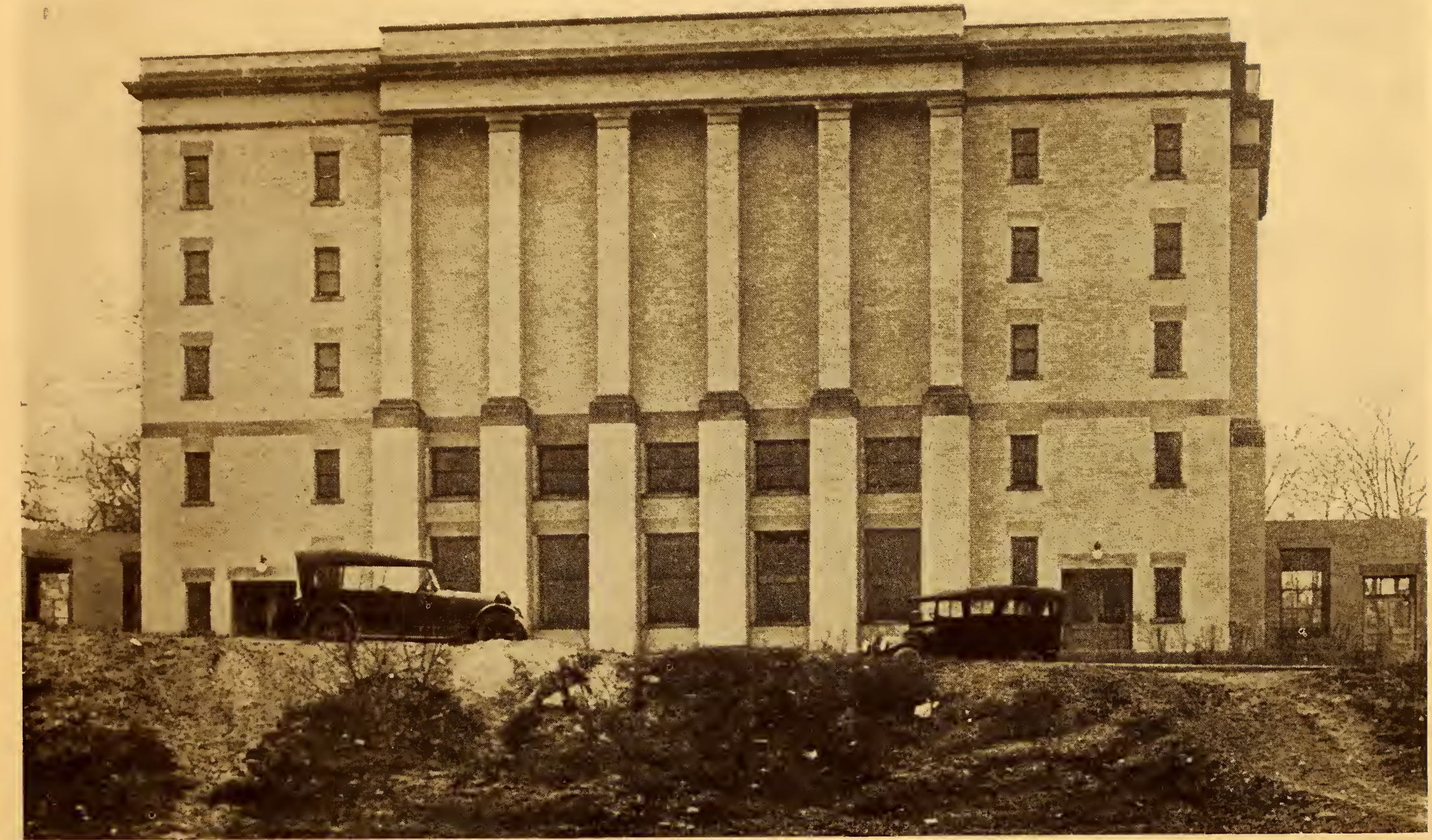
1. In joy - ous song, Kent Nor - mal, Our voic - es now we raise; We sing each one, Kent Nor - mal, Deep heart-felt words of praise. With love we'll e'er re - vere you, With pride we'll speak your name, With joy - ous-ness we'll cher - ish The splen - dor of your fame.

2. A ha - lo bright, Kent Nor - mal, We place in Mem' - ry's halls, Of Loy - al - ty, Kent Nor - mal, En- dur - ing as your walls. Firm bonds of love and friendship Will bind us close to you, These bonds we ne'er will sev - er, Each day will find them true.

3. And though we leave your cam - pus, In aft - er years we'll yearn To speed the day the fu - ture Holds forth for our re - turn. A - gain we'll tread your pathways, Once more we'll view your walls, Re - gret will mark our part - ing When no - ble du - ty calls.

cresc.

ART
I. Humbert.



Library Building

Merrill Hall

Science Hall

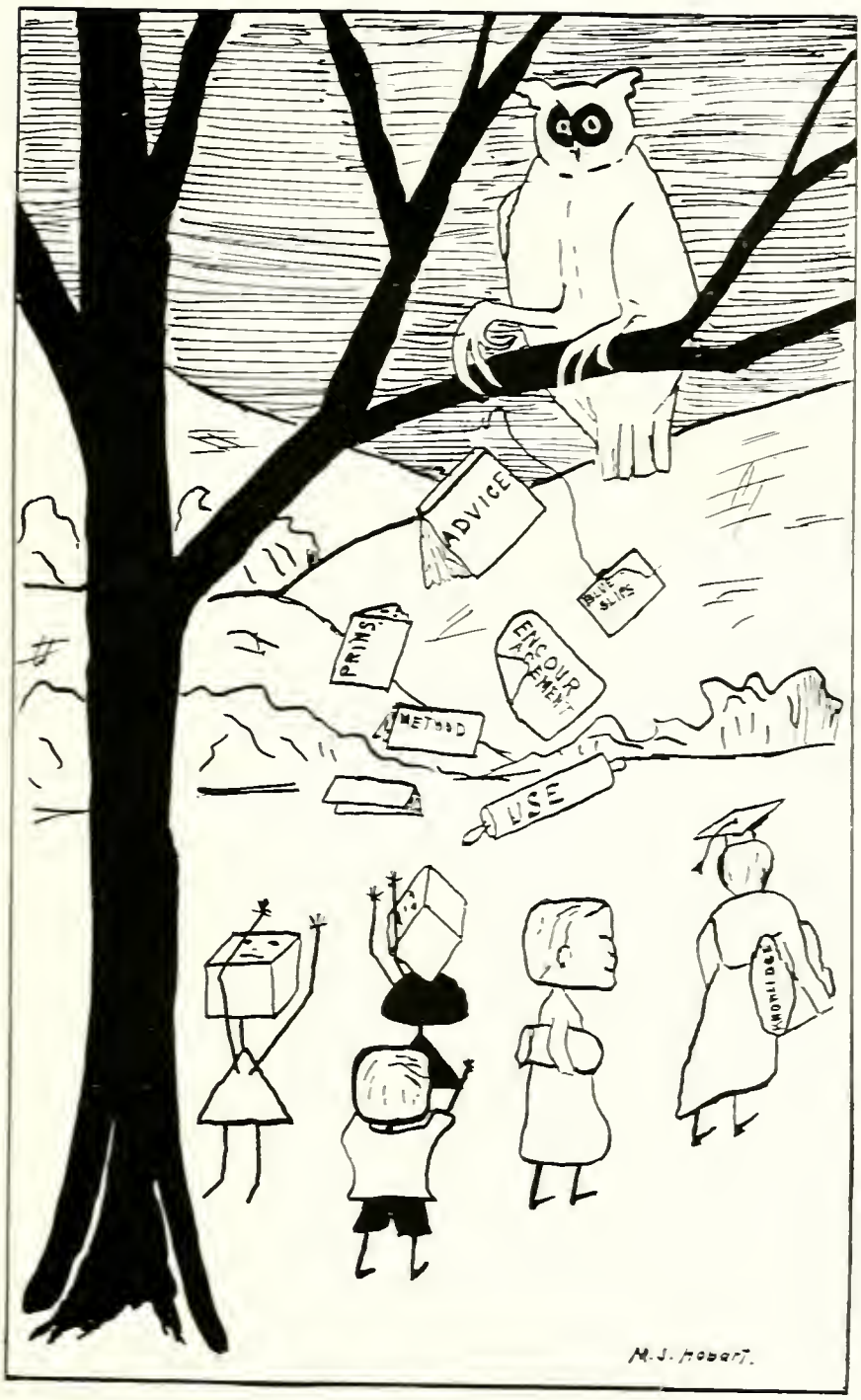
Lowry Hall

South from Main Street Bridge

Standing Rock

Normal Drive

Cuyhoga Gorge—High Level Bridge


ADVICE
BLUE SLIPS
PRINS
ENCOUR AGEMENT
METHOD
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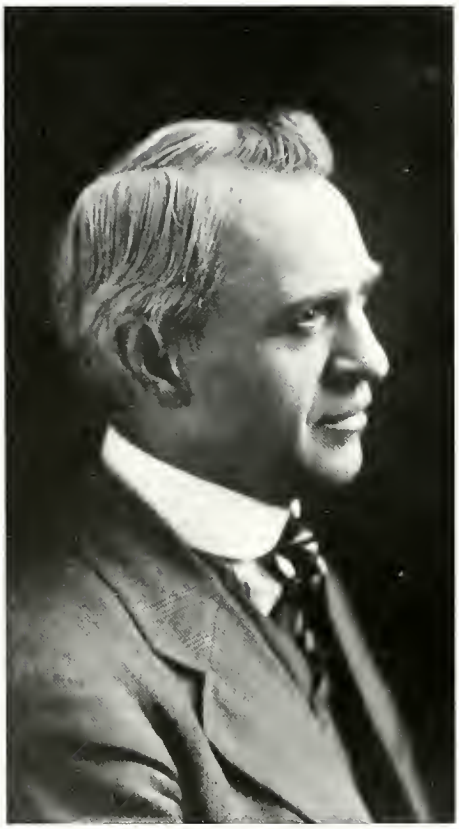
KNOWLEDGE
M. J. Hobart.



JOHN EDWARD MCGILVREY, A.B., PD.D.
President

Our President is a man with a broad vision. Kindly and sympathetic, he is a friend to all who come in contact with him. He has endeared himself to every student by his kindness, tact, and optimistic interpretation of life.

HELEN M. ATKINSON, A.B.
Assistant to the President

When we make our programs, to whom do we turn for advice? 'Ask Miss Atkinson" is a favorite expression among our teachers. A good and loyal friend of the struggling student, is this efficient vice-president.

JOHN THOMAS JOHNSON, A.B.
Department of Agriculture

The student who is fortunate enough to recite in Room 41S is fortunate indeed. No matter how you feel when you go there, an inspiration to get more from life thrills you on leaving.

JOHN BROOKIE FAUGHT,
A.B., PH.D.
Department of Mathematics

Do we know Dr. Faught? Sure, everybody knows him. The man with the cheerful smile and the great imagination will ever be remembered by the alumni of Kent Normal. With him mathematics means more than mere figures.

MAY H. PRENTICE
Director of Training

A great teacher, exponent of women's suffrage, and friend to the student teacher, Miss Prentice has assured herself a permanent place in the hall of fame of pedagogy.

GEORGE EDWARD MARKER, A.B., A.M.
Head of the Department of Education

It is a rare privilege to hear Mr. Marker expound the philosophy of Herbart and Froebel and relate it to every day life. In his hands, principles of teaching and facts of psychology become real and vital to the prospective teacher.

MARGARET DUNBAR, B.L., B.L.S.
Librarian

To the uninitiated, finding a book in the library is a serious problem. But with the assistance and advice of our Librarian, the mystery is unraveled and made plain. She surely is "a very present help in time of trouble."

NINA S. HUMPHREY
Head of the Department of Public School Art

A better friend to the budding artist cannot be found. Patient, critical, and painstaking, she has won the good will of all who know her.

JOSEPH E. LAYTON, A.B., A.M.
Head of the Department of History

Problems of war, peace, and auto construction are meat and drink for our popular history teacher. It is a pleasure to know him and enter into discussion with him on any of the live issues of the times. He frequently employs a very capable chauffeur for the Overland.

ELSIE MABEE, A.B., PD.M., PH.B.
Training Supervisor

All who know Miss Mabee agree that she is "Efficiency" spelled with a capital "E." She can appreciate a good joke, even if on herself.

LOUISE HAINLINE
Training Supervisor

No practice teacher could wish to find a more helpful critic teacher than Miss Hainline. Her tact in handling difficult situations in the schoolroom, and her unfailing kindness make her one of the best loved members of our faculty.

ROBERT M. FOSNIGHT
Training Supervisor

All students who have done practice teaching at Brady will agree in saying that Mr. Fosnight could rightly be termed "The Sage of Brady Lake School."

EDITH M. OLSON
Training Supervisor

She is the one of whom it has been said, "She hath a heart of steel, surrounded by an iceberg." But if the practice teachers do their best, they will find beneath the surface a heart of pure gold, and one that will sympathize and help them. Her favorite expression is, "See me."

NINA J. WILLIAMS, A.B.
Department of English

Intensely interested in student activities, Miss Williams is the advisor of three of the most important of these—The Kentonian, The Chestnut Burr, and the Y. W. C. A.
"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

LEVI L. GARBER, A.B., A.M., LITT.D.

Department of English

Although officially listed in the catalog as an English teacher, Mr. Garber has a wide reputation as a psychologist. Under his instruction, the beauty and sublimity of the works of our great literary masters appear to us.

MARGARET C. POTTINGER
Department of Physical Education

Small in stature, an unlimited capacity for hard work, and a friendly disposition, mark our physical director as an important unit in K. S. N. C.

MIRTIE MABEE, A.B., B.S., PD.M.
Training Supervisor

A more amiable and appreciative person than Miss Mabee is hard to find. Professionally a mathematics teacher, but better known as a critic teacher, Kent is fortunate in having her on the faculty.

JOHN W. DIRKSON
Assistant in Manual Training

Most teachers secure their professional training in college, but Mr. Dirkson received his in the industrial world at first hand. An earnest and tireless worker is this disciple of Vulcan.

CLARA D. HITCHCOCK, B.S.
Training Supervisor

As an apostle of Froebelism, Miss Hitchcock is surely "there." She is a true friend to children and adults alike. Just step into the kindergarten room some day when you are feeling blue, and catch one of her cheerful smiles.

EMILY C. SMITH
Head of Lowry Hall

The head of Lowry Hall they say,
Due tribute to her we must pay.
She is our guide and friend, 'tis true,
At times we know not what to do.
Her rules we think are very hard,
And some we surely would discard.

RALPH L. EYMAN, B.S.
Department of Physical Science

From country schoolteacher to college professor is a worthy attainment for a man of Mr. Eyman's age. He is a loyal booster of school activities and scientific eating.

AMANDA JACOBSON
Department of Public School Art

She loves to skate and hunt and row,
She also loves her work, you know.

Well might it be said that Miss Jacobson is a student teacher, for she is pursuing the study of German with all the zeal and enthusiasm of an undergraduate.

MARY E. DEXTER
Training Supervisor

Although new at Kent Normal, Miss Dexter has already won a place in the hearts of those who have been fortunate enough to make her acquaintance. She may often be found visiting the college classes in which she is interested.

DAVID OLSON, A.B., M.SC.
Department of Geography

Did you ever take a field trip with Mr. Olson? If not, do so at the first opportunity, and you will understand what he means by being "Spezific." Geography may be dead in the hands of some teachers, but with Mr. Olson it becomes a real, live subject. "As for instance—"

ANNE MAUD SHAMEL
Department of Public School Music

This member of the faculty with her charming disposition and aesthetic nature, is highly respected by the students of K. S. N. C. She has given us many inspirations that will help us during the coming years.

FLORENCE BARBARA DOLPH
Training Supervisor

"Cant' do without her,"
The girls all say,
"Don't know what it is,"
"Unless it's just her way."

LESTER S. IVANS, PH.B., A.M., M.S.
Extension Teacher

Mr. Ivans is another new man on the teaching staff. Not having taught here this year, we are willing to accept the verdict of our extension brethren. "Well done," they say, and we know they mean it. We will welcome you as a resident instructor, Mr. Ivans.

ISABELLE DUNBAR
Assistant Librarian

We realize the trials and tribulations of a librarian. But we always find Miss Isabelle willing and obliging. We shall always remember her oft repeated expressions, "I'll look it up," and, "You are perfectly welcome."

MARGUERITE CADWALLADER, A.B.
Training Supervisor

"It is a pleasure to teach under Miss Cadwallader's direction," is the universal opinion of the students who teach in the fifth grade.

ELLIS C. SEALE, A.B., A.M., B.S.
Head of the Department of Rural Schools

It is the opinion of all students in Mr. Seale's classes that he could teach any subject and teach it well. He has surely made many of the connections that he often talks about in psychology. With his help, athletics have taken on a new lease of life and appear to be on the road to success.

BERTHA LOUISE NIXSON
Department of Household Science

It would be difficult to find a more enthusiastic worker, and one who believes more thoroughly in her work than Miss Nixson. So thoroughly does she portray the ideas of good home making, and so well does she enter into the spirit of the practical, rather than the theoretical, that her enthusiasm can hardly help but reach all her students.

FLORENCE B. CRUTTENDEN, B.S.
Department of History

If a course in skating were to be added to the curriculum, Miss Cruttenden would prove a competent teacher. History means something when taught by a good, up to date instructor. Miss Cruttenden is both.

CLINTON S. VAN DEUSEN
Department of Manual Training

Mr. Van Deusen's reputation is not confined to Kent alone. He has been honored by the Industrial Arts association by being chosen president of that body of teachers. Keep up the good work. We are glad to have you for a friend and an instructor.

KATHERINE E. CORBETT, B.PD., B.S.

Miss Corbett in her work as a grade teacher shows that a broad education is very desirable. Not only can she teach in a creditable way her routine work, but she brings to her classes that great fund of experience which is the distinguishing quality of a successful critic teacher.

MERLE WILHELM, B.S., B.S. in ED.
Assistant in Household Arts

From Ohio State comes our capable domestic science teacher. Popular among the girls in class and out, she is making a success of her first year as a member of the Normal faculty.

ROBERT K. HAVLICEK, B.S.
Training Supervisor

At present Mr. Havlicek is teaching in the high school, but he is just the sort of man who will rise to a higher position with the acquisition of experience.

RUTH C. HARTELRODE
Assistant in Music

The saying, "Precious articles are done up in small packages," certainly applies to Miss Hartelrode. Through her devotion to her work, many of our morning exercises have been made to mean more through the instrumentality of music.

AMANDA B. GLASER, B.S.
Department of German

When you need a little encouragement just get acquainted with Miss Glaser. Her cheerful "Good morning" will be long remembered by students of K. S. N. C.

JOHN KOEPPE
Training Supervisor (Lake County Model School)

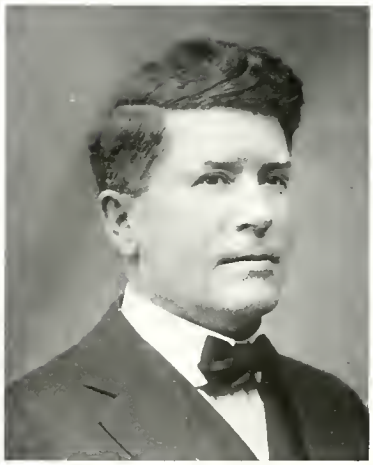
Students who have been in school during the past three summers will have no difficulty in recalling the good-natured countenance of Mr. Koeppe. He is holding a responsible position and is making good as only a Kent graduate can.

MARY E. WALLS
Training Supervisor

Very well known and popular in the Normal High School, Miss Walls also has many warm friends among the college students.

ARTHUR FRIEDLEY
Training Supervisor (Holmes County Model School)

Although primarily trained as a manual training teacher, Mr. Friedly has listened to the call of the rural school, and is doing his best to make the rural school a greater factor in the school organization.



LEWIS SYLVESTER HOPKINS, A.M.
Department of Science

Botany, bugs, dogs. All are very interesting to Mr. Hopkins, but they do not by any means represent his entire line of conversation. Did you ever see him play baseball? You missed something if you did not.

LEMUEL A. PITTENGER, A.M.
Head of the Department of English

After an absence of two years, Mr. Pittenger is once more a familiar figure at K. S. N. C. All students who have not yet made his acquaintance should do so. Get the habit.

DEGREE
STUDENTS
I. Humbert

Degree Class

The degree class this year is not large, but it is composed of people of high educational attainments and broad scholarship. Three of the class are graduates of other colleges.

A degree from K. S. N. C. means more than an empty honor. It means the attainment of scholarship and a preparation for teaching that stands equal to that given by any college in the state.

The following is the class roll:

Elmslie T. Thomas

Amy Irene Herriff

Louise Paulman

Bertha Edith Mantle

ELMSLIE T. THOMAS, A.B.

Collins, O.

Graduate Townsend High School, 1909; Oberlin College, 1916. Member of the Orchestra, Athletic Association, and basket ball team. Assistant to Mr. Olson in Geography. Mr. Thomas gives us a glimpse of the sterling quality of Oberlin College. In addition to helping Mr. Olson he assists Mr. Marker when Psychology takes a geographical turn. He has won a host of friends during his stay in Kent and all join in wishing him success in his chosen field.

LOUISE PAULMAN

Mingo Junction, O.

Graduate of Mingo Junction High School, Jefferson County Normal, student in Mt. Union College and Ohio State University. Graduate K. S. N. C. diploma course, 1915. Having attended so many schools, Miss Paulman is able to look at education with a clear and concise view. She is especially interested in converting Mr. Layton to the modern theory of education.

AMY IRENE HERIFF, B.S., A.M.

Miss Herriff is a teacher of broad experience. By her splendid work in the Kent public schools she has won many friends who are proud to call her teacher.

LILLIE M. ROHRBAUGH, B.S.

Miss Rohrbaugh is a graduate of Heidelberg College, finishing her course in that institution in 1889. She received the Normal diploma from K. S. N. C. in 1915. She has a fund of experiences gathered from years spent in the public schools of Ohio. She is a member of the girl's glee club and the Athletic Association.

Junior Degree Class

Harry W. Kane

Kent, O.

Student Fredonia Institute Preparatory Department. Kent Normal diploma, 1916. Athletic Association. Mr. Kane comes to us well prepared by his fourteen years of experience in the common schools of Ohio and his wide range of reading. He likes a good joke and you will find him an excellent conversationalist.

Floyd V. Graves

Ravenna, O.

Shelby High School, 1914. Kent Normal diploma, 1916. President of the Garfield Literary society, special student in the Manual Arts Department. Floyd is noted for the ever prevailing smile on his face. He teaches part of the time and spends the remainder in K. S. N. C. and in the Grant Six.

Henry J. Robison

Ravenna, O.

Mantua High School, 1914. Kent Normal diploma, 1916. Editor of The Kentonian, member of the Pedagogue's quartette, Athletic Association, Pittenger Literary Society. Henry has served his school in many ways and served it well. As editor of the Chestnut Burr he proved his ability as a literary artist. Everything of merit will find in him a loyal booster.

Carlton L. Miley

Kent, O.

Delaware High School. Diploma Kent State Normal, 1916. President Athletic Association. Mr. Miley is one of our students who has assumed the responsibility of supporting a family. Although he looks at life from a serious standpoint, he is a good companion and makes you feel that life is worth living. Lest you forget, we remind you that he was a star at right guard on the basket ball team.

F. Ethel Jones

Warren, O.

Miss Jones is another Normal graduate who is not satisfied with the diploma alone, but is working on toward the degree. She graduated from the diploma course in 1916.

James W. Tidd

Williamsfield, O.

Williamsfield High School, 1914. Diiploma, Kent State Normal College, 1916. Athletic Association. Manager of the base ball team. A good student, friend and classmate, we are glad "Jimmie" chose Kent Normal as his place of evolution from an educational standpoint. In order to broaden his views he employs his spare moments in working on the railroad. At right forward Tidd was a bright and shining star. "By his deeds you will know him."

SENIORS

Senior Class

Herbert Swigart ..... *President*
Gilbert Roberts ..... *Vice President*
Ruth Allen ..... *Secretary*
Beatrice Millard ..... *Treasurer*

Hazel Clare Hewitt

Newton Falls, O.

Graduate of Newton Falls High School, 1907. One year teaching experience. Secretary of Garfield Literary Society.

Of all the shining lights,
One of the most bright
Is our Hazel Hewitt,
Who in all things literary
Can sureley do it.

Gilbert Roberts

Fredericktown, O.

Graduate of Fredericktown High School, 1912. Three years' teaching experience. Student in History Department. Editor of The Chestnut Burr. Assistant editor of The Kentonian. Vice President of the Senior Class. Manager of the Basket Ball Team. Athletic Association. Pittenger Literary Society.

Mr. Roberts is one of Normal's best known young men. His active work in school functions and excellent scholarship is a credit both to himself and the school. If you want things done, just ask Gilbert to lend a helping hand. As editor-in-chief of the "Annual" he has worked early and late and the "Annual" of 1917 represents his ability to do things and to do them well.

Anna Elizabeth Croskey

Graduate of Scio College in Commercial Course. Five years' teaching experience.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

Mary Lightell

Coshocton, O.

Graduate of Coshocton High School, 1910.

Hey! Who made dat noise ova der, dit you, "Marguerite"? Well you jist betta cut dat out o I'll git Aunt Emily afta yu.

Mabel D. Heim

Warren, O.

Graduate of Warren High School, 1915. Lowry Hall Senior Basket Ball Team. Vice President of the Athletic Association. Annual Board.

Big brown eyes that bring the Skinners,
And are not afraid of flame,
For she stands outside the lobby,
Talking of the "Davey" Game.
"Campuses" are to our Mabel
Just a passing anecdote,
But her heart is large and happy,
And her life one great big joke.

Ethel Nydia Gonter

Baltic, O.

Graduate of Baltic High School.

Ethel is one of our quiet girls in Lowry Hall. She studies hard and knows that perseverence is bound to win. When it comes to "spreads" you want to call on Ethel.

Beth Ford

Williamsfield, O.

Graduate Williamsfield High School. Athletic Association, Glee Club. Special Student in Physical Education.

She is ever willing to help with her bright smile. We all know her as one who does her work and does it well.

Celia Friedman

Cleveland, O.

Graduate of The High School of Commerce.

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent,
But only vaulting ambition,
Which leaps o'er itself,
And falls on the other."

Birdie Isabel Fowler

Hartford, O.

Graduate of Hartford High School. Special Household Arts Course. Pittenger Literary Society, Household Arts Club, Athletic Association.

Altho she is a Birdie,
How dignified is she;
But having many a lofty aim,
Her thoughts soar upward, free.

GRACE ALPHARETTA SPARKS

Woodville, O.

Graduate of Woodville High School. Miami University Summer School, 1915. K. S. N. C. long Summer Term, 1916. Ohio State University, Continuation Summer School, 1916. Athletic Association. Two years' teaching experience.

Grace is one of our Lowry Hallites who is ever ready for a good time. "If she will, she will," seems to be a fitting quotation for Grace.

MARGARET ELIZABETH ILCH

Lorain, O.

Graduate of Lorain High School, 1915. Athletic Association.

Just our "Peg. Her mind is here
in Kent, we know,
But her heart is far away.

MARGARET ROWLEE

Lockwood, O.

Graduate of Greene High School.

A maid quite winsome and commanding,
With yards and yards of understanding.

Florence Elizabeth Ward

Kent, O.

Bedford, O., High School, 1915. Athletic Association. Home Economics Club.

Life is quite interesting,
Just full of everything.
Friendship with girls and boys,
Why, life's just full of joys.
So take things as they come,
From morn till set of sun.

Ruth Ethel Allen

Kinsman, O.

Graduate of Vernon High School. Special Music. Post-graduate of Kinsman High School. Athletic Association. Girls' Glee Club. Secretary of Senior Class.

Basket ball games are the delight of her life and music the goal for which she is striving.

Hazel Louise Patterson

Kent, O.

Graduate of Kent High School, 1915.

She's the jolliest kind of a friend,
When you're in for something new.
She'll rackle almost anything
When others find nothing to do.

RILLIE MIRIAM BECK

Newton Falls, O.

Graduate of Newton Falls High School. Special Household Arts. Home Economics Club.

Studies hard, no time for folly,
Earnest worker, always jolly.

ADA C. ZIMMERMAN

Windham, O.

Graduate of Windham High School, 1913. Newton Falls High School. One year teaching experience. Y. W. C. A.

"Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is as deep as Eternity; Speech is shallow as Time."

MAY ERWIN MERRILL

Newton Falls, O.

Graduate of Newton Falls High School, 1914. Y. W. C. A. Pittenger Literary Society.

She laughs, and the world laughs with her, but she does have occasional flashes of silence in which her laugh is not contagious.

VERA LOUISE HARRISON
Clinton, O.

Graduate of Clinton High School. Three summers at K. S. N. C.

"Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more."

LYDIA ERMA HESTON
Columbiana, O.

Graduate of Columbiana High School. Special Household Arts Course. President of Home Economics Club. Chairman of Social Service Committee of Y. W. C. A. Pittenger Literary Society.

A friendly busy sort of lass,
Standing high in every class;
Friend of all who know her well;
A happy future, who can tell?

KATHRYN A. PARKER
Rock Creek, O.

Rock Creek High School, 1914. Athletic Association.

"A ready tongue, a ready wit,
Oh, who has not felt the touch of it?"

A popular young lady of Lowry Hall. "Feeds," Ahem.

VEDA E. FAUST
Youngstown, O.

Rayen High School. Household Arts Course. Twelve weeks at Wooster University. Household Arts Club. Four years' teaching experience.

"Jonsie" had a little dog, which Veda did not like.

A popular young lady and accomplished art student. Who could want more?

BESSIE VIOLA STEWART
Mantua, O.

Graduate of Mantua High School. Three years' teaching experience. Y. W. C. A. Pittenger Literary Society. Athletic Association.

Sweetness long drawn out. Bessie is one girl who is faithful in all her duties to K. S. N. C. She always has a good word and a smile for every one.

MILDRED LOUISE HERRIOTT
Sharpsville, Pa.

Household Arts Course. Athletic Association. Y. W. C. A. Treasurer of the Pittenger Literary Society. Household Arts Club.

Full of spirit, calm and cool,
Mildred came to Normal School.
She is a faithful friend in need,
Ready to help when it comes to a
feed.

MARY BERNICE JACKMAN
Steubenville, O.

Graduate of Steubenville High School. Athletic Association.

"Jack" lives at the Inn,
(Which is quite a popular Hall),
Whose chief delight is to dance at night
With "——" at a "Beautie's" Ball.

HAZEL MARIE HOSTETTLER
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of West High School, 1914. Y. W. C. A. Domestic Science and Arts Course. Chairman of Social Committee of the Home Economics Club. Glee Club.

The maid with the hazel brown eyes. And, Oh! those feeds we have at noons when she says, "Fill up, girls."

FLORENCE ROWLAND
New London, O.

Graduate of Wellington High School. Two years teaching' experience. Secretary of Women's League. Garfield Literary Society. Athletic Association. Y. W. C. A.

Loyal to K. S. N. C. is she;
A worker beyond compare,
No matter what the task may be,
You always know she's there.

Helen Cole Thompson

Graduate of Monterey High School, 1915, Monterey, Cal. Special Music. Girl's Glee Club. Athletic Association.

Another one of our celebrated songsters. There is no doubt that Helen sings all songs well, but "My Little Gray Home in the West" always has first place on this musician's program.

Alice Barry
Madison, O.

Graduate of Madisonville High School, 1914. K. S. N. C. Summer School, 1916.

'Tis Alice, Miss Barry,
She's French, quite airy,
She hums popular songs
The whole day long.

Grace Florence Barnett
Perry, O.

Graduate of Perry High School, 1913. One year's teaching experience. Athletic Association. Lowry Hall Department of The Chestnut Burr.

Here's to the one who is straight
and true,
Who never can find too little to do.
She is busy here and is busy there,
Altho' she seldom has a care.

NORA OPAL HUSTON
Newton Falls, O.

Graduate of Hamlet High School, Hamlet, Indiana, 1913.

It is useless
"To waste one's thoughts in idle words.
It is ruthless.
So, leave it to the common herds."

OTTO J. KORB
Kent, O.

Graduate of Chatfield High and Wooster Academy. Nine years' teaching experience. Athletic Association.

Our married man. He is the bright and shining example set for us in Education Classes.

MARION C. FOWLER
Hartford, O.

.. Graduate of Hartford High School. Experience as a teacher. Pittenger Literary Society.

Brilliant, studious, sincere maid,
White slips are her only grade.
Always willing to beguile
Weary classmates with a smile.

MARIE ELLEN RUSSELL
LeRoy, O.

Y. W. C. A. Athletic Association.

Pleasant, quiet, friendly, slow to speak, but remember, when she does speak it's always the right thing at the right time.

KATHRYN L. PERRY
Perry, O.

Graduate of Perry High School, 1914. Athletic Association.

Did you ever hear her fret,
If her work she could not get?
She just settles down and labors
So her work will gain all favors.

ESTHER RUTH DAVIS
Akron, O.

Graduate of Akron Central High School, 1916. Athletic Association.

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

LUCILE M. SHAW
Bath, O.

Bath High School, 1914. Teacher in the Bath schools.

"Good humor is the wealth of the soul." Miss Humphrey's helper and a very busy little lady is she.

JENNIE HANSON
Akron, O.

Graduate of Central High School, Akron, 1916.

Altho' her ankle she did sprain,
She never grumbled with the pain.
And she studied all the day,
For hard work to her is play.

GRACIA E. CRANZ
Bath, O.

Graduate of Bath High School. Y. W. C. A. Treasurer of Household Arts Club. Special Household Arts Course.

One who'll lend as quickly as she'll borrow;
One who is the same today as tomorrow;
One who will share your joy or your sorrow.

HAZEL SHOOK
Kenmore, O.

Her heart is quick in kindly acts,
She is a faithful friend;
Her grace of mind and grace of form,
In graceful measure blend.
And those who come to know her,
Are sure to know her well.
May song of joy be sung to you,
Where'er you go, Hazel.

HELEN L. NICHOLS
Elyria, O.

Graduate of Elyria High School, 1915. Athletic Association. Annual Board. Basket Ball Team. Vice President of Garfield Literary Society.

"Her room is common property,
Her heart has space for all.
Her spreads are joy and misery
For all in Lowry Hall."

EDITH M. DICKENSON
Zanesville, O.

Zanesville High School, 1910. Graduate, Columbus Kindergarten Training School, 1913. Dresden County Normal School. Glee Club. Athletic Association.

She studies so much "Miller,"
It's a wonder it doesn't kill her.

GRACE L. HARTMAN
Medina, O.

Graduate of Medina High School, 1915. Household Arts Club. Y. W. C. A. Household Arts Course.

Grace is quite a musical maid,
Whose latest name is "Kid."
To fame her future path was laid,
But fall in love—she did!

SELMA GOHLKE
Berea, O.

Household Arts Course. Graduate of Berea High School. Baldwin Wallace College two years. Athletic Association. Household Arts Club. Glee Club. All Stars Basket Ball Team.

"I pity bashful men." She came to us from Ba'dwin Wallace, where men are not bashful.

HELEN V. WRIGHT
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of Central High, Cleveland.

"A guardian angel o'er her life presiding,
Doubling her pleasure, and her cares dividing."

INA MAY GAMERTSFELDER
Brink Haven, O.

Graduate, Tiverton High School, 1912. Danville-Buckeye City High School, 1915. Y. W. C. A. Athletic Association.

It isn't our size that counts, 'tis true,
What we are, depends on what we do.

SYLVESTER SUMMERS
North Industry, O.

Graduate of Canton High School, 1915. Secretary of Athletic Association. President of Garfield Literary Society, Winter Term. Business Manager of "Chestnut Burr."

Known throughout our college as "Syl." He has always been an earnest worker for our class welfare and has worked long and faithfully as business manager of the "Annual." Altho he has a mania for checkerboard shirts, Persian ties and "pretty girls," we feel certain that in the near future he will become a successful business man.

RUTH ISABELL BISSELL
Kent, O.

Two years at Kinsman High School. Girl's Glee Club. Physical Education Basket Ball Team. Athletic Association. Assistant Senior Editor of The Chestnut Burr.

A dash of lively music,
A partner and a chance;
To be on pleasure bent,
And I shall gaily dance.

KATHRYN LORA CRELLIN
Chardon, O.

Graduate of Chardon High School.

"Mind is the greater lever of all things; thought is the process by which human ends are alternately answered."

JESSIE NYE
Forest, O.

Graduate of Forest High School, 1906. Graduate in Piano, Ohio Wesleyan University, 1908.

Stately and tall, with large brown eyes which radiate intelligence and good humor.

FRANK H. JACOBS
Dola, O.

Graduate of McArthur-Huntsville Centralized School. Athletic Association. Circulation Manager of Kentonian.

"He knew whatever's to be known, but much more than he knew would own."

HELEN LUCILE MIZER
West Lafayette, O.

Graduate of West Lafayette High School. Four years teaching experience. Athletic Association. Executive Board of Household Arts Club. Household Arts Course. "There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter,
There's never a wind in all the sky,
But makes some bird wing fleeter."

EDITH E. REES
Bedford, O.

Graduate of Bedford High School. Girl's Glee Club.

"A quiet little mouse whose motto is, "To study is to learn."

FRANCES LYONS BULLOCK
Cadiz, O.

Graduate of Cadiz High School. Cadiz County Normal. Summer Terms K. S. N. C., 1914-15-16. Teacher in Cadiz schools. Athletic Association. Girl's Glee Club.

You wonder where was space in college
To store away so much of knowledge.

AGNES HUSTON
Peninsula, O.

Graduate of Peninsula High School, 1915.

A very quiet little maiden who has made herself popular by her sweet and winning disposition.

HERBERT SWIGART
Canal Fulton, O.

Canal Fulton High School, 1913. President of the Senior Class. Treasurer, Garfield Literary Society. Athletic Editor of The Chestnut Burr. Athletic Association. Captain of the 1917 Basket Ball Team.

Herbert has been a valuable addition to the small contingent of fellows at Normal. His college work has always been of sterling quality and his athletic prowess is recognized by all. Here's to a jolly good fellow.

MARJORIE KLINE
Canfield, O.

Graduate of Canfield High School. Three years' teaching experience. Athletic Association.

"Thank Heaven, I have a heart tnat quails not at the thought of meeting men."

ELLEN G. SAUNDERS
Somerset, O.

Graduate of Somerset High School, 1912. Wooster Summer School, 1914-15-16. Three years' teaching experience.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

LEANORA F. FORD
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of Central High School. Glee Club, Special Music Class. Athletic Association.

"How pleasant it is at the close of day,
No follies to have to repent."

LENA BERNARD
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of Central High School, Cleveland, O. Girl's Glee Club.

Clever and quiet, with little to say,
Works quite hard the live long day.
Always a smile in her own sweet way,
This is the way she passes the day.

ANNA STUART
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of West High, Cleveland, O. Glee Club. Athletic Association.

Known better to her immediate friends as Becky. A girl of very studious habits and good natured —so they say!

MARY RIEDINGER
Kent, O.

Graduate of Kent High School, 1915. Pittenger Literary (Secretary). Home Economics Course. Basket Ball. Assistant Editor of The Kentonian. Athletic Association.

"Nobody ought to have been able to resist her coaxing; and nobody had any business to try. Yet she never seemed to know it was her manner at all. That was the best of it.

HAZEL FAYE GROVE
Columbiana High School

Graduate of Columbiana High School. Household Arts Course. Pittenger Literary Society, Program Committee. Vice President, Y. W. C. A. Home Economics Club.

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens
are."

HAZEL E. RICHARDSON
Lorain, O.

Graduate of Shreve High School. Oberlin Summer School. K. S. N. C., 1913-14. Teaching experience. Girl's Glee Club. Secretary of Garfield Literary Society. Y. W. C. A. Athletic Association.

"She touches but the ivory keys
And lo! the ivory keys have souls,
A wealth of hidden harmonies
From every string of metal rolls."

ESTELLA GRACE ESTERLY
Columbiana, O.

Household Arts Course. Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. Home Economics Club.

"Them quiet ones sometimes fool ye." Underneath her thoughtful mien is a wealth of wit and jollity.

HARRIET LUCILLE HOLCOMB
Akron, O.

Graduate of South High School, Akron, O. Three semesters, University of Akron. Household Arts Course. Home Economics Club (Executive Committee).

All things practical for some future time,
A regulated household will be a place sublime.

MARY E. WILBUR
Granger, O.

Graduate of Granger High School. Two years' teaching experience. Athletic Association.

"She put aside self-harming heaviness and entertained a cheerful disposition."

RUBY ELLEN MAPLE
Danville, O.

Graduate of Danville-Buckeye City High School. Y. W. C. A. Girls' Glee Club.

"All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less."

FLORENCE LEOLA FREDERICK
Akron, O.

Graduate of Buchtel Academy, 1915. Girl's Glee Club.

She hath a quiet charm,
A happy, friendly face;
A smile that one is glad
To see in any place.

BESS DUNSTAN RIDER
Niles, O.

Graduate Niles High School. President Women's League. Senior Editor, Chestnut Burr.

With head erect and queenly tread,
Not haughty but serene;
With smiling face and ready wit,
Our Bess has reigned supreme.

Climatology she has conquered
With its dews, its frost and snow,
Miller's Psyc and Nature Study
With its Elm Trees, don't you know.

ELSIE FILSON
Lisbon, O.

Graduate of Lisbon High School, 1909. Six weeks Ypsilanti Normal School. K. S. N. C. Summer School, 1914-15-16. Seven years' teaching experience. Pittenger Literary Society, Athletic Association. Cabinet Member of Y. W. C. A.

"A winning way, a friendly smile,
In all, a girl who's quite worth while."

DORIS SHIPMAN
Gustavus, O.

Graduate of Gustavus Centralized High School, 1915. Pittenger Literary Society. Athletic Association. Girls' Glee Club.

A tall and slender lass is she,
Full of fun and jollity,
Ever ready to beguile
Friend or foe with her dimpled smile.

MINNIE SCHULTZ
Clinton, O.

Graduate of Clinton High School, 1915.

Minnie is a bright, sunshiny little lady. We understand that school teaching will not be her life-long profession, and we wish her success in her new undertaking.

K. NILE HESS
Dola, O.

Graduate, Dola and Dunkirk High Schools. Teacher in the Hardin County schools three years. Athletic Association.

Like the Arab, he silently folds his tent and as silently steals away. Hess has the makings of a good business man as well as a psychologist. Hot air, that's the stuff.

DOROTHA MAY FINCH
Cleveland, O.

Household Arts Course. Vice President of Women's League. Household Arts Club.

A merry, laughing, dancing "Dot,"
Who with her eyes flirts quite a lot.

MARY RACHEL ANDREWS
Wellsville, O.

Graduate of Wellsville High School, 1915. Athletic Association. Girls' Glee Club.

Mary works with all her might,
Managing her teaching right;
Yet she never seems to worry,
Never seems to fret or hurry.

FAITH SCHLEGEL
Barberton, O.

Graduate of Barberton High School.

Small of stature though she be,
She is always "Faith" to me.

DOROTHY CLARK HANKS
Mentor, O.

Graduate of Madison High School. Special Art Student. Y. W. C. A. Athletic Association. Two years Cleveland School of Art.

A special Art Student. One whose great talent will win for her a higher place in the near future.

HELEN MCMANNIS
Coshocton, O.

Graduate of Coshocton High School, 1912.

'Tis "What?" or "Who?" we hear her say,
At least one hundred times a day.
For know she will and she must know,
Her lessons show that this is so.
And with it all—she is so dear,
We're mighty glad that she is here.

ESTHER L. ORIN
Akron, O.

Dennison, O., High School, 1913. Summer School, K. S. N. C., 1914-15-16. Two years' teaching experience.

Little, but Oh my! This deficiency is well accounted for by a disposition to lend a helping hand. Especially to a veterinarian, who is from Missouri. So you've got to show me.

MABEL ROWLAND
New London, O.

Graduate of Willington High School. Athletic Association. Garfield Literary Society. Secretary, Y. W. C. A.

She is one in the K. S. N. C.,
Who helps us as the need might be;
She studies hard from morn 'til night,
And wasteth much of the midnight light.

GRACE CATHERINE CONANT

Special Arts Course. Chairman of News Committee of Y. W. C. A. Editor of Y. W. C. A. Department of The Chestnut Burr.

Grace is the girl of highest ambition,
Full of wit and intuition;
Flowers and baskets in artistic display,
Play important parts in her role of the day.

SARA LAWRENCE JULIAN
Kent, O.

Graduate of Kent High School.

I live to learn, by learning, learn to live;
I search in books and take the best they give.

ELNETTA BETHEL
Flushing, O.

Graduate of Flushing High School, 1908. Wooster Summer School, 1908-09. Ypsilanti Summer School, 1913. K. S. N. C. Summer School, 1916. Eight years' teaching experience. Pittenger Literary Society. Y. W. C. A. Athletic Association.

Some say that Elnetta has no heart, but I deny it;
She has a heart, and gets her lessons by it.

GRACE LEONORE MCCABE
New Castle, Pa.

Graduate of New Castle High School.

"Silence is better than empty chatter."

Grace has little to say—but when she says it—oh my! She is a general favorite among her classmates and her success as a teacher is assured.

MRS. A. J. JULIEN
Kent, O.

Special Agriculture Course. Graduate of Business College, Cleveland, O. Findlay College.

She's one of us. We're jolly proud
To have one so worthy among the crowd.

MAUD ALTER
Forest, O.

Preparatory Department, Ohio Northern University. Teacher in the public schools nine years. Home Economics Club. Special student in the Household Science and Arts Course.

Maud is faithful to her work,
Studies hard and does not shirk;
Soon we'll see her teaching school,
Governing with the Golden Rule.

MARIE ELIZABETH BIETZ
Kent, O.

Graduate, Kent High School, 1915. Summer School, 1916.

Marie never worries,
It doesn't pay.
She faces her tasks in a good-natured way.

ELIZABETH M. GRAFTON
Barberton, O.

Graduate of Norton High School. Teacher in the public schools. Y. W. C. A. Kindergarten Primary Course. Athletic Association.

"For she is just the quiet kind, whose nature never varies."

ALFHILD MARIE JOHNSON
Ashtabula, O.

Graduate of Ashtabula High School. Athletic Association.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free! Why aren't they all contented like me?"

HILDA A. UNDERWOOD
Niles, O.

Graduate of Niles High School, 1915. Girls' Glee Club. Lowry Hall Basket Ball Team.

Just a little mite of goodness and
a happy, smiling face.
Lowry Hall, without our Hilda,
would not be the same old
place;
For she helps at every turning, and
her smiles and pleasant ways
Are the sort we all remember long,
long after college days.

OMER G. KEAR
Mt. Blanchard, O.

Graduate of Mt. Blanchard High School.

"In our school work let's be cheerful,
Greet each other with a smile!
Let's make life in Kent State Normal
Life that's really worth the while!"

HELEN E. QUASS
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of East High School, Cleveland, O. Household Arts Course. Home Economics Club.

"Let us love so well,
Our work shall still be sweeter
for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for
our work."
Helen always has a smile for everyone.

ESTHER ALICE SWARTZ
Barberton, O.

Graduate of Barberton High School. Athletic Association.

"Who does the best her circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more."

INEZ TOTTEN
Alliance, O.

Graduate of Alliance High School. Household Arts Course. Household Economics Club.

"Tottie" is lovable, clever and gay,
She knows just how to get her way.
She smiles right often on many a chap,
But not for one does she give a snap.

CORINNE BROWN
Elyria, O.

Graduate of Elyria High School. Y. W. C. A. Athletic Association.

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

RUTH IRENE HOUSER
Kenmore, O.

Graduate of Kenmore High School. Physical Education Course. Athletic Association.

And along came "Ruth."

A steady, ambitious physical training girl who is fair of face, charming in manner and one who will become a success in any work she will undertake. We all know her by her unrestrained gentle manner in the class room and elsewhere.

GRACE BELL
Hudson, O.

Hudson High School, 1914. Y. W. C. A. She is a sensible girl with a heart that is true, well liked by her classmates and other folks too.

HAZEL E. RICHAR
Niles, O.

Graduate of Niles High School, 1913. Two years' teaching experience.

"Happy-go-lucky, fair and free,
Nothing there is that bothers me."

Altho she has only been here one year, Hazel has made her presence felt in all circles.

MARGUERITE L. DEAN
East Cleveland, O.

Graduate of Shaw High School, 1915.

"If she will, she will, and you may depend on it."

HUMBERT G. IACOBUCCI
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of East Technical High School. Athletic Association. Special Manual Training Course. K. S. N. C. Orchestra. President Pittenger Literary Society.

It is the height of our ambition to become an artist such as he.

INA MEARLE MISAMORE
Arlington, O.

Mt. Blanchard High School, Ohio Northern University. Y. W. C. A. Athletic Association.

Let's all subtract unpleasant things,
Like lesson plans and pains.
"And then," said she, "you'll gladly see,
That pleasant things remain."

A. Lorena Bake
Alliance, O.

Graduate of Alliance High School. Voice Student of Helen Keil Elliott, New York, for four years. Y. W. C. A. Home Economics Club. Girls' Glee Club.

Lorena is our cheerful girl of Lowry Hall, with the contralto voice and the auburn hair. Did any of you ever see her excited or worried? No. It is as impossible to separate calm and confidence from Lorena as it is to separate her wit and red hair.

Ethel M. Osbun
Ashville, O.

Graduate of Ashville High School, 1914. Athletic Association.

Ethel is tall, stately and dignified. One of the "niftiest" girls at K. S. N. C. She likes to study, especially when there's nothing else to do. "Study is a dreary thing; I would I knew the remedy."

Sarah LaViers
Canal Fulton, O.

Graduate of Canal Fulton High School.

When we picture Sarah, we think of her as wearing a "middy and bloomers," either blowing a whistle or giving some straightforward command which proves to be quite an instigator of "pep." Trustworthiness and independence seem to be her ideals and she certainly lives up to them to the best of her ability.

LURA VAN WAGNEN
Brownhelm, O.

Ohio Northern University, Ada, O. Summer School of Wooster University. State Normal College, Chico, Cal. K. S. N. C., Summer, 1914-15. Eight years' teaching experience. Household Arts Course. Garfield Literary. Home Economics Club.

No matter what the subject be,
For information come to me.
Our "Assistant Matron." Ahem!

PAULINE HINDMAN
Newton Falls, O.

Newton Falls High School, 1915. Athletic Association. Glee Club.

Of kindly thoughts and sunny ways,
This lady has a store;
Her voice is low and pleasant, and you want to hear it more.
Her laughing eyes are blue and bright,
Her smile is ever sweet;
She's dainty as a flower, and affable and neat.

MAZIE M. MEIKLE
Latimer, O.

Graduate of Fowler High School, 1915.

"It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise."

Martha Vernice Fuller
Madison, O.

Graduate of Madison Township High School. Madison Village High School.

"Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."

Mae Knight
West Mansfield, O.

Graduate of West Mansfield High School, 1915. Household Arts Course. Home Economics Club. Athletic Association. Pittenger Literary Society.

A whole-souled, winsome lassie!
Her heart has room for all,
And you'll be sure to share it,
If you're within her call.

Stella M. Bowers
Bedford, O.

Graduate of Bedford High School. Girls' Glee Club.

"Begone, dull care, I'm busy."

VERNA CAPES
Dennison, O.

Graduate of Dennison High School.

A friend, tried and true. This little lassie thinks autos, airplanes and submarines are twentieth century necessities, and says she'd enjoy a trip in any of them. But we know there is some one to "Wheeler."

CLARICE C. CROCKER
Granger, O.

Graduate of Granger High School. Wooster Summer School. Three years' teaching experience.

"Not much talk—a great, sweet silence."

ISABELLE M. WALSH
Akron, O.

Graduate of Mount Marie High School, 1915, Canton, O. Household Arts Club. Home Economics Club.

"To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

ANNE ELIZABETH SULLIVAN

Springfield, O.

Graduate, two year Commercial Course, St. Benedict's Academy, Erie, Pa. Graduate of High School Course, St. Joseph's Academy of West Park, O., 1915. Home Economics.

"With strength and patience all her grievous loads are borne,
And from the world's rose-bed she only asks a thorn."

CLYDE O. HOSTETTLER

Winesburg, O.

Graduate Winesburg High School, 1911. Wooster Summer School, 1912-13-14. Teacher Rural Schools, 1912-14. Assistant Principal, Birmingham, O., High School, 1914-15. Treasurer Junior Class, 1915-16. Athletic Association. Pittenger Literary Society, President during winter term. College Orchestra. Annual Board.

"The hand that follows intellect can achieve."

QUEEN ESTHER HILL

Lisbon, O.

Graduate of Lisbon High School, 1913. Hiram College, 1913-15. Household Science and Arts Course. Household Arts Club.

Dainty, lovable and petite,
Everywhere her friends you'll meet.
Happy as the lark from morn till night,
"Spreads" and shows are her delight.

Beatrice A. Millard

Niles, O.

Graduate of Niles High School, 1915. Pittenger Literary Society. Athletic Association. Y. W. C. A. Lowry Hall Basket Ball Team. Treasurer of Senior Class.

Little but mighty, when it comes to feeds and mischief. "Where's all that noise coming from?" "Why, the Niles suite, of course."

Ruth Thurston

Mogadore, O.

Graduate of Mogadore High School.

Talking and laughing all the day thru,
Little Ruth Thurston never gets blue.
She studies quite hard from morn 'til night,
Quizzing "Profs" who call her "Thorndike."

Helen E. Jacob

Canton, O.

Chairman of the Missionary Committee of the Y. W. C. A.

"Bright as a star when only one is shining in the sky, is the beamnig radiance in her hazel eyes."

CHRISTINE H. HOEHN

Warren, O.

Graduate of Warren High School, 1915. Athletic Association.

Hands off! I wear a diamond. Christine is one of our hard-working, studious girls. She was never known to come to school without her lessons and is always in the lead.

WILLIAM GRIFFIN HOPPER

Andover, O.

Graduate of Andover High School. Oberlin Business College. Nine years' teaching experience.

To know Mr. Hopper is to know a real friend. He is a good conversationalist, musician, student, and a loyal booster of K. S. N. C. Intensely interested in agriculture, he will be of much aid to the young farmers with whom he will come into contact.

RUTH ANN GALBREATH

Rogers, O.

Lisbon High School. Athletic Association. Glee Club.

She's the completest of all girls. And the neatest and brightest and sweetest. To know Ruth is to love her.

MOLVINE KLEIN

Cuyahoga Falls, O.

Graduate of Cuyahoga Falls High School. One year at College of Women, Western Reserve University.

"A kind of semi-Solomon, half knowing everything, from the cedar to the hyssop."

LAVERNE L. YOUNG

Mineral Ridge, O.

Graduate of Mineral Ridge High School, 1913. Mount Union College, 1913-14. Y. W. C. A. Home Economics Club. Household Arts Course.

You know I say just what I think,
And nothing more or less.
I cannot say one thing and mean another,
I will not make believe.

AGNES R. LOWER

Columbiana, O.

Graduate of Columbiana High School. Y. W. C. A. Household Arts Course. Home Economics Club. Teacher in Alliance City Schools.

"None but herself could be her parallel." With a heart full of kindness and a head full of brains, Agnes has made herself a joy to the Faculty and an indispensable friend to the students.

Ruth McWatters

Cleveland, O.

Graduate of East Technical High School, 1914. Household Arts Course. Household Arts Club.

There lived a maid in Lowry Hall,
And she was wondrous wise.
She could make an apple tart
As big as half her size.

Margaret Turner

Salem, O.

Graduate of Salem High School.

Small in stature, but large in heart,
In parties and dances "Peg" does her part.
She has all her lessons, she gets them at school,
For taking them home is against "Peg's" rule.

Ardis Pfile

Ravenna, O.

Graduate of Ravenna High School.

"Her cheeks are like the mountain rose." She is one person who takes great pleasure in all her tasks. We predict a successful future for her.

Mary Elizabeth Gnau

Canton, O.

Graduate of Canton High School, 1915. Athletic Association. Big Five Basket Ball Team. Garfield Literary Society. Kentonian Staff.

Happy-go-lucky, fair and free,
Nothing there is that bothers me.

Marguerite Dickerman

Middlefield, O.

Graduate of Middlefield High School.

"Few bad habits, faults, or vices,
Lives to love and that suffices."

We fear Marguerite will never be a schoolma'am.

M. Joy Hobart

Greenville, Pa.

Graduate of Cortland High School. Pittenger Literary Society.

"Never do today what can be put off 'til the morrow."

Olive Ball

Akron, O.

Adrian Academy.

Blue eyes of a child. "Frankness"
Is Olive and yet so wild,
Over all dances and parties galore.
Lessons must wait—they have done so before.

Edna Blanche Carrier

Kent, O.

Kent High School, 1915. Big Five Basket Ball Team.

Here we have a little miss who is quite as congenial and cheerful as one could ever expect to find. We know her to be talented along many lines and class her as being "socially" efficient in all respects.

Mary W. Newlands

Lorain, O.

Graduate of Lorain High School. Ypsilanti Normal School. K. S. N. C. Summer School, 1915. Athletic Association.

And so when the girls would
tempt me on to sin,
I try to squash the tempter's voice
'at urges me within.

Karl N. Keller

Massillon, O.

Graduate of Massillon High School. Pittenger Literary Society.

When on a field trip he does go
And when he stands on a rock to
pose,
And the water swirls and swirls,
Wasn't it a sin, that Keller tumbled
in?

Isabelle Covell

Rock Creek, O.

Graduate of Rock Creek High School. Girls' Glee Club.

"Gaze not upon her for she will giggle! By the way, she is quite a school teacher.

Dora Puffer

Kent, O.

Graduate of Kent High School.

A person of few words,
  But does not think the less.
Beneath a sober mien
  Is a touch of roguishness.

Ruby Doolittle

Mansfield, O.

Graduate of Mansfield High School.

A young lady of stately and dignified demeanor, who is strictly down to business. We find that she observes the world from a serious viewpoint and those who come under her direction will surely get all the "worth whileness" out of life.

Florence Williams

Carrollton, O.

Carrollton High School. Glee Club. Special Kindergarten student. "Babe."

Pretty warbler, wake the grove
To notes of joy, to songs of love.

Helen E. Paulman

Mingo Junction, O.

Mingo Junction High School. Steubenville Normal School. Student in Mt. Union College, 1912. Student, Ohio University, 1915-16. Teacher in the East Liverpool schools.

An earnest student will make a good teacher. She has a good chance to compare two of Ohio's leading Normals, having been a student in both.

Nana Woodworth

Middlefield, O.

Graduate of Middlefield High School.

"A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along,
The soul grows glad that hears it,
Grows better and feels strong."

Belle Berman

Akron, O.

Graduate of High School of Commerce, Cleveland, O. Post Graduate Course at Central High School, Cleveland, O.

Who is it works so hard at night,
Always known to think just right?
Belle Berman!

Matilda E. Paulman

Mingo Junction, O.

Mingo Junction High School. Student in Ohio State University and Ohio University. Teacher in the Mingo Junction schools.

Hard work and intense application to duty will make good every time. Matilda is a devotee of both and we know she will succeed.

Mabel Taber

Alliance, O.

Graduate of Alliance High School. Mount Union Summer School. Glee Club. Athletic Association. Pittenger Literary Society.

Altho she has not been with us during our Senior year, she is one of our number who is making good in her teaching. We are glad to be able to count her as one of our Class of '17.

Lucy Gregory

Barberton, O.

Graduate of Barberton High School.

"My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain."

Mary F. Larkworthy

Cleveland, O.

West High School, Cleveland, O.
Y. W. C. A.

Full of spirit is our Mary,
Never known to be contrary;
Wears a diamond on her finger,
And we fear she will not linger.

Rachel Clapsaddle

West Mansfield, O.

Graduate of West Mansfield High School. Household Arts Course. Home Economics Club.

She laughs from morning until night,
Telling jokes is her delight;
But she seriously thinks,
I have enough of Science and Art;
To Household Research I depart.

Genieva Wood

Graduate of Scio High School.

She never trusts to luck,
Nor knows the art of bluffing,
She either has her lessons
Or makes attempts at nothing.

Willa Dunn

Ashtabula, O.

Graduate of Ashtabula High School. Associate Editor of Kentonian. Two years' teaching experience.

She is small but mighty. Willa has worked hard on the Kentonian and we all appreciate her efforts. Did you ever see her when she was not happy?

Zoe Reifsnider

Canton, O.

Graduate of Canton High School. Six years' teaching experience. Athletic Association.

"In manner gentle, in affection mild."

"Our Class in 1925"

"Why, Dorotha Finch! How do you do?"

"Well of all people! Helen Quass, if you aren't the last person on this earth that I expected to see today. It certainly does seem good to see you. What have you been doing all these years?"

"Why, I have been teaching Domestic Science in the San Francisco schools for five years. What have you been doing?"

"I have been trotting around this old world simply wild to find something to do. Do you know, Helen, I have a good notion to go back to K. S. N. C. Don't you remember the good times we had there?"

"Well, do you think any one could ever forget those days?"

"Do you remember how homesick we all were that first day of October? It was the first time most of us had ever been away. I can just see you watching for the mailman and wondering if 'Mother' and '?' still miss you."

"And, Dorotha, do you remember our first class meeting when we elected our class officers? Arthur Neate was president. By the way, do you know that he owns a big ranch out west and has given up the idea of teaching. I always thought he'd want more excitement than teaching."

"Oh, yes, and Isabel Bissell was vice president, and Carrie Rupert was secretary. And do you remember how Clyde Hostettler used to coax the quarters right out of our pockets. I used to hate to see him coming."

"And do you remember the time that we had the Junior Party in the 'Gym,' and a crowd of girls from the Hall came over and stole the eats? Can't you just see that social committee flying around there?"

"I have thought of that so many times and it's partly for the good times that we had that I want to go back. We had good times at all of our doings, didn't we? There was such a jolly good bunch in the class. We fairly ran the school,—I mean we thought so."

"Wasn't Mary Newlands a circus, all by her lonesome? I'd rather be with Mary Uch when she is wound up than to go to ten picture shows. She has certainly made good, having turned into a modern Paderewski. I heard her play at the New York Hippodrome last winter."

"I wonder what has become of Summers. I'll bet he is still locating all the 'pretty girls'! Do you remember his mania for escorting the girls to the hair-dressers?"

"The last time I saw him he was a traveling salesman."

"Well, even if he did like to go to the hair-dressers, he certainly worked hard for our Junior and Senior classes."

"Who took Arthur Neats's place after he left school?"

"Why, Herbert Swigart did. Don't you remember, he was re-elected president in our Senior year? Did you see him when he had the mumps? He was the funniest sight I ever saw. Gilbert Roberts was Vice Presi-

dent, Ruth Allen was Secretary, and Charles Foster was Treasurer. When he resigned Beatrice Millard was elected."

"Do you remember how Beatrice used to look for the 'parcel-post man'? That was some fun. It was strange how every one liked that man. He certainly was popular."

"Helen, didn't we have good times in our Senior year? It seemed as though we knew everyone. After the first day, September twenty-sixth, 1916, I believe, we all felt right at home. Wasn't it fun to see the poor little Juniors get lost? But of course 'green things' grow. The next year they had the chance to laugh."

"Our class certainly started in right. We presented a picture to the library in our Junior year, hoping to start a precedent, but the following classes did not seem to think it was necessary to follow our example."

"Do you remember Mr. Marker and how he used to tell us that it was not customary to fail Seniors?"

"Yes, I do, but think how all the Seniors had to work. We didn't have time for the parties we had in our Junior year. The last one that we had was the success of the season. It was on March second and everybody stayed so late that the faculty had to send us home. My, how I wish we could have a reunion of our class. Wouldn't there be a big crowd if we could get all of our one hundred forty-nine Seniors together? We could go out to the lake and have one grand time!"

"I wish we could have a reunion."

"How those instructors used to vary the subjects. We used to keep our outlines for our roommates for the next term and then they could never use them. Wasn't it a joke, though? One thing we can say is that almost every Senior in the class enjoyed the work and didn't study simply because he had to. Oh, I must hurry, as I am going to a lecture that 'Banty' Jacobs is going to give on Geography. I have adopted the Geography fad ever since I heard him give his first lecture. He has grown. You wouldn't know him."

"Well, I have to buy a new book on Dietetics that Miss Nixon has just had published. I'm awfully glad I met you and be sure to see me this afternoon. Good-bye."

"Good-bye." BESS D. RIDER.

JUNIORS

Junior Class

WALTHER GINTHER ..... *President*
GRACE EMMET ..... *Vice President*
HAZEL REED ..... *Secretary*
ELIZABETH FRACK ..... *Treasurer*

1918

Libby Tichey
Alice Wade
Lillian Conroy
Eva Gawn
Edward Paulus
Gertrude Ellesworth
Murrila McIntyre
Dorothy Marsh
Dorothy Rodhe
Marjory McDevitt
Ellen Manchester
Dorothy Powell
Blanche Derby
Grace Luneman
Christian Wingerd
Mirabelle Elliott
Charlotte Garman
Mignon Spence
Elvah Davis
Shirley Needham
Ellen Messenger
Christine Fowler
Dorothy Saner
Mildred Schlagetter
Mabel Corl

1918

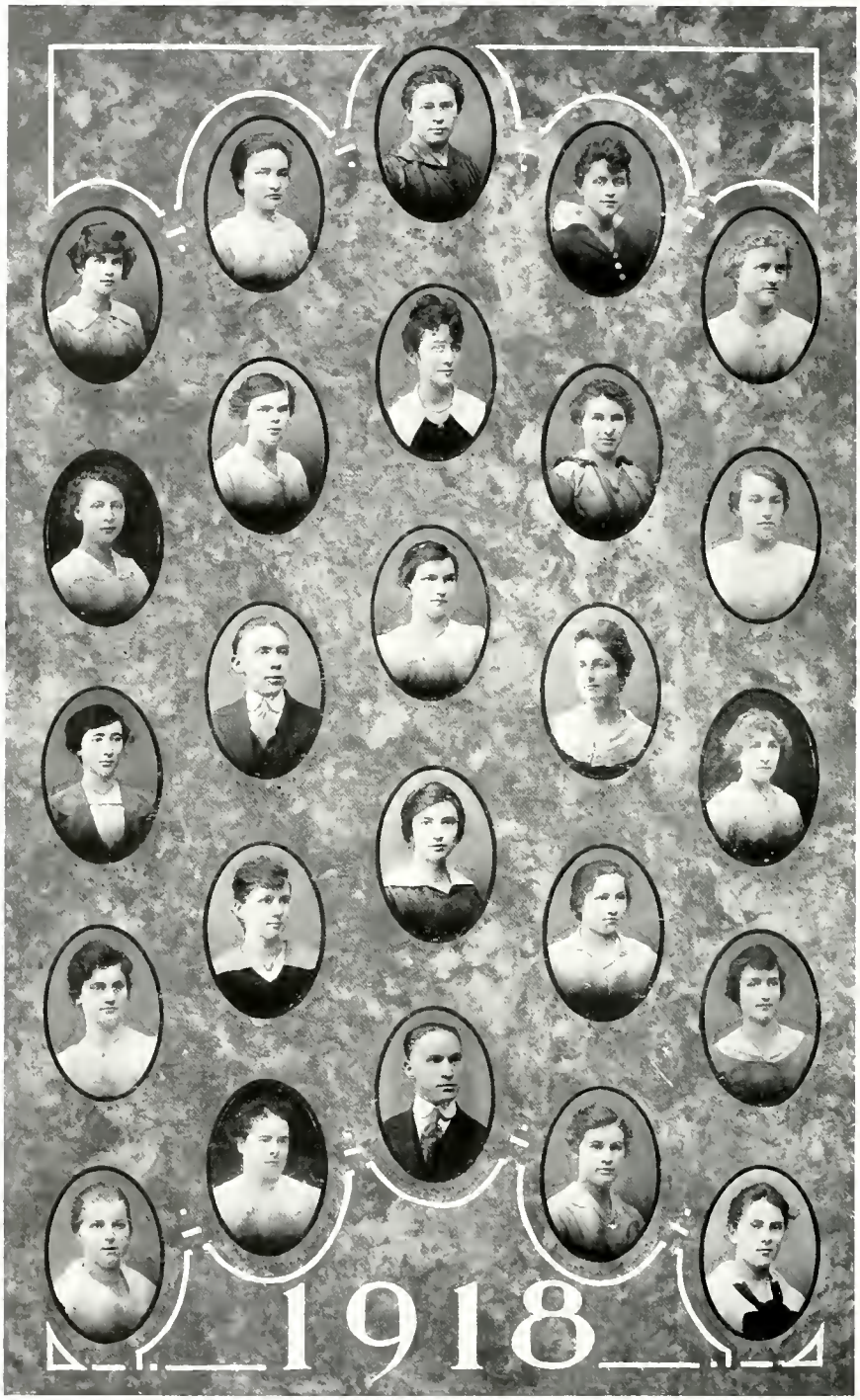
Marion Pelton
Nell Langacher
Merritt Skeels
Minna Rahn
Gertrude Kreinbring
Gertrude Waite
Mabel Reid
Mary Howard
Lena Nafcier
Mary Ferguson
Florence Gamlin
Mary L. Price
John Novak
Irene Thorpe
Florence Montgomery
La Rue Beelman
Mary Zurbrugge
Ruth Geis
Clara Seaman
Bertha Lewis
Ernest Gault
Gneta Brown
Charles Molien
Ruth Green
Mary Fife

1918

Hazel Tuttle
Harold Goodrich
Nina Brown
Kathyrn Baughman
Dorothy Rentz
Bertine Jones
Herold Mills
Louise Bowden
Rachel Shriner
Rachel Shriver
Glenn Guiler
Marion Pew
Esther Discher
Theresa Frazier
Celeste Crittenden
Clystice Smith
Alberta Lynne
Ira J. Myers
Gretchen Nolan
Lillian Swallen
Katherine Chaffee
Margaret Golden
Gretchen Espy
Clara Farrow
Nina Frye

1918

Anna Martens
Esther Alker
Gertrude Altland
Vincent Heanilin
Corena Maris
Anna Bundy
Ruth Cubberson
Clara Bell
Elizabeth Frack
Dorothy Bailey
Geneva Coleman
Frederick Fisher
Mary A. Seeley
Eleanor Krietler
Luella Howell
Ena Maris
Caroline Rowland
Stella A. Miller
Gladys Ellis
Florence Irving
Rachel Becker
Ellie Sheil
Eva Ballentine


1918

Emily Riddle
Carrie Huntley
Nettie Havlick
Gladys Hutcheson
Mildred Sutherland
Gladys Damon
Mary Paulus
Rosa Wuthrich
Ada Printz
Mary White
Eva S. Thomas
Edna Herwick
Meta Chapman
Lottie Smith
Bernice Shie
Ada Mangold
Edith Neiderhouser
Eleanor Kreitler
Frances A. Hall
Crystal Dixon
Bessie Royer
Catherine Darling
Walter Ginther
James Baker
Grace Emmet

Clara Aikman
Albert T. Bair
Anna B. Bare
Ada Beckwith
Erma Bowman
Emma Brejske
Delight Brown
Myrtle Carr
Josephine Cook
Marie Cooper
Amy Cover
Mabel Culp
Ethel Curl
Ruth Curtiss
Esther Davis
Ruth Dilley
Marion Eldridge
Lucile H. Fitch
Deete Fox
Mae Fulmer
Fern Gemberling
Ethel Gonter
Madeline Griggy
Jennie Hanson
Oma B. Hess
Verna Hillard
Vera W. Holscher

Olive M. Hoover
Helen H. Hopkins
Hazel Huguelet
Mary Johnston
Daisy B. Jones
Dorothy Kline
Mattie Kutz
Freda Livengood
Helen McClelland
Grace McNeill
Esther Manns
Virginia Matthews
M. Louisa Maxwell
Eleanor May
Alta M. Mehnert
Elsie Penty
Kathryn Perry
Ruth Powers
Gertrude Reynolds
Marie Richardson
Phoebe Rogers
Carrie Schmalzle
Elsie Schope
Esther Shrop
Fern Siegfried
Ruth Spitler
Elinor Stauffer
Helen Stiver

J. B. Stratton
Edna G. Sutton
Lucille Waite
Adelaide Wells
Mildred White
Mildred Wise
Neva Wolfe
Bess Workman
Agnes Huston
Ruth Gawne
Gladys M. Hoover
Emma Nixon
Marion Noble
Maxine Ryan
Minnie Sorenson
Florence I. Taylor
Olive F. Voit
Edna Wooley
Leota Bailey
Myrtle Hapusch
Wilda Sames
Elmer Steigner
Ada Apple
Elizabeth Trescott
Gertrude Cavanaugh
Gertrude Ellsworth
Hazel Reed

Training School

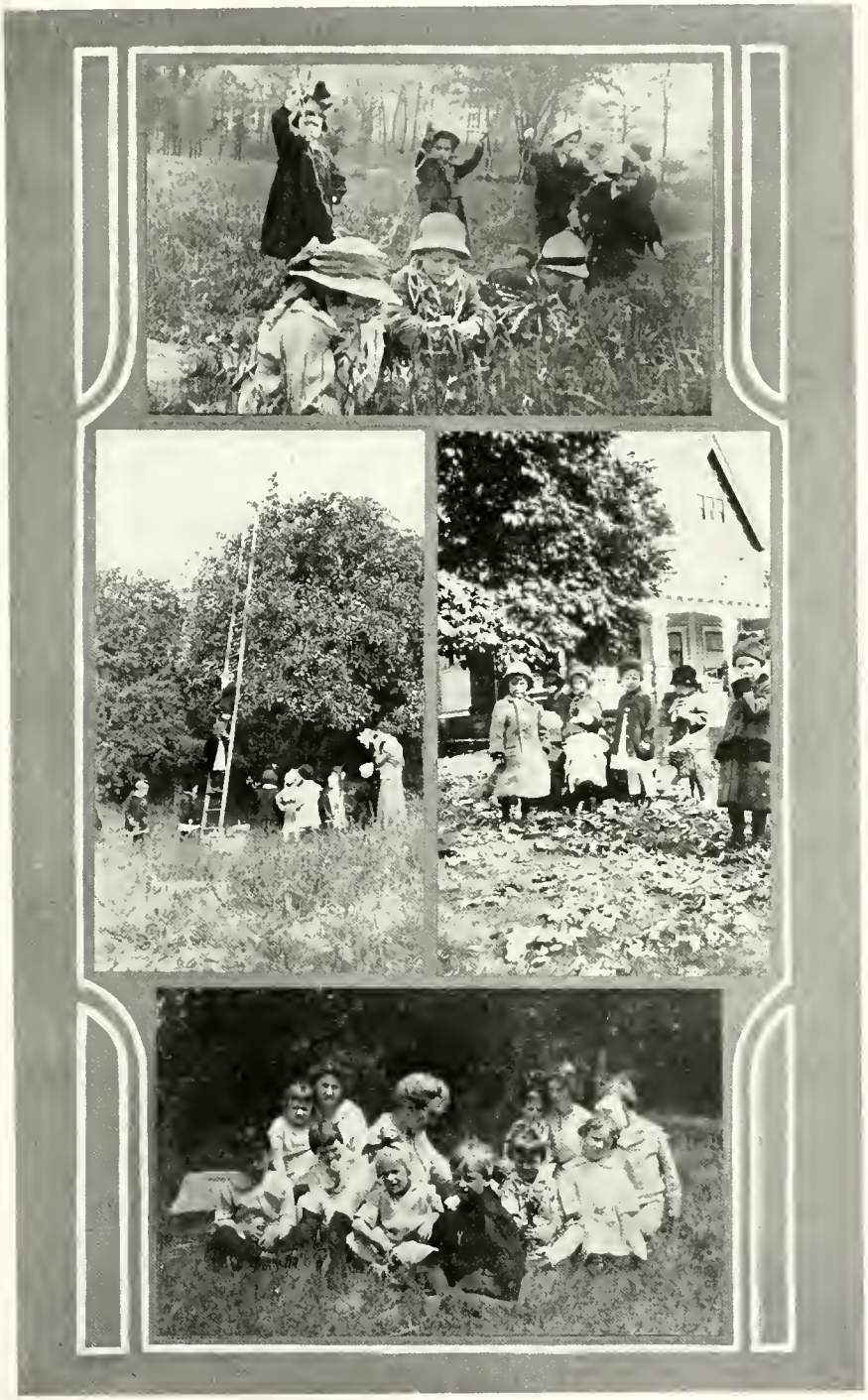
Training School Department

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

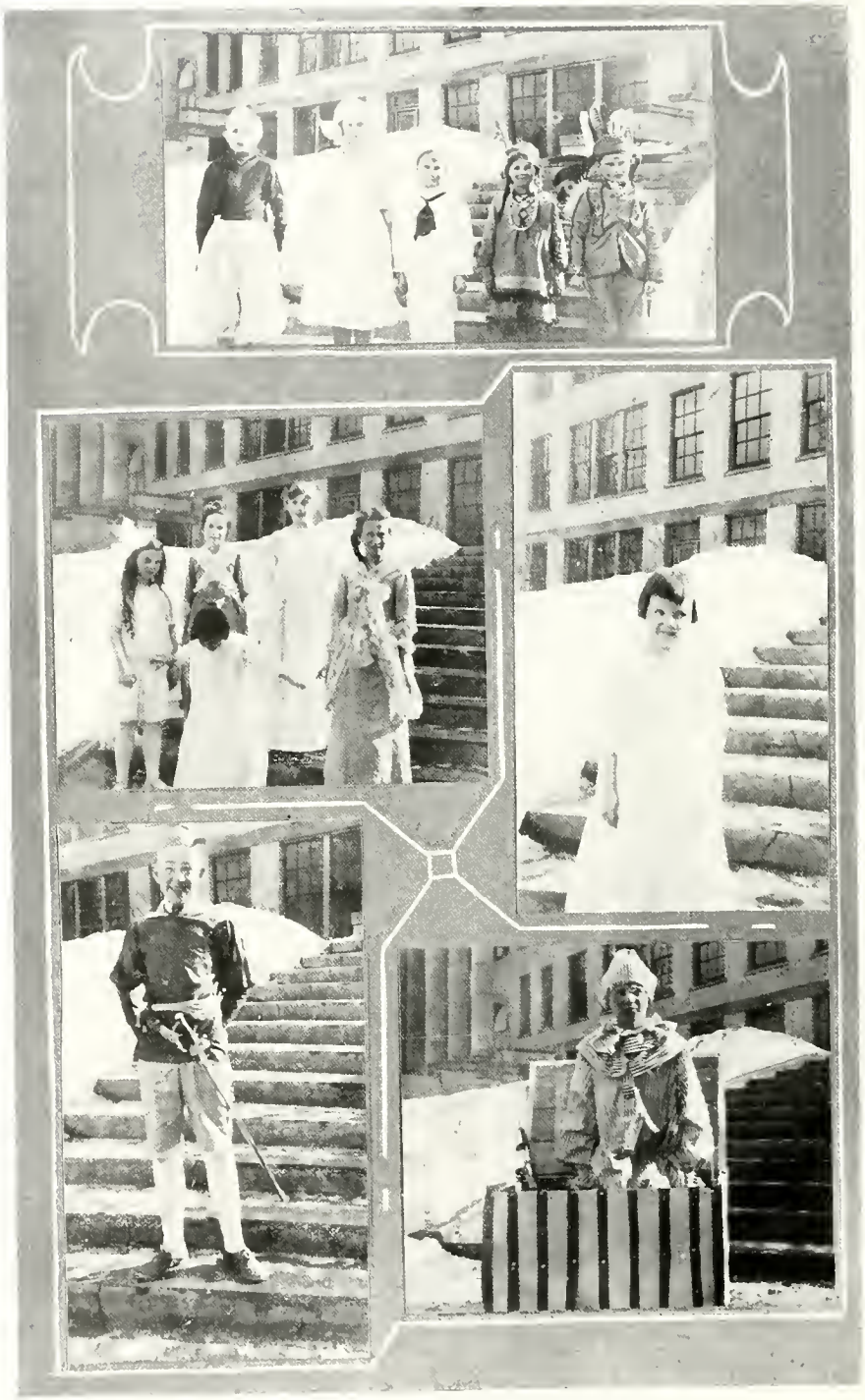
May H. Prentice	*Director*
Edith M. Olson	*Eighth Grade*
Mirtie Mabee	*Seventh Grade*
Mary E. Dexter	*Sixth Grade*
Marguerite Cadwallader	*Fifth Grade*
Elsie Mabee	*Fourth Grade*
Katherine Corbett	*Third Grade*
Louise Hainline	*Second Grade*
Florence B. Dolph	*First Grade*
Clara D. Hitchcock	*Kindergarten*

In the elementary training school there are eight grades and two years of Kindergarten work. The Normal School students do their practice teaching in this school or in the Kindergarten department.

During the school year of 1916-17, two hundred and fifty-seven children were enrolled in the eight grades. In the Kindergarten there were thirty children enrolled during the Fall and Winter Terms, and in the Spring Term there is usually an increase in the enrollment. Twenty-five Normal students had training in this department. The number of students training in the Elementary department was less this year, owing to the fact that no Junior training was given. The total number of Seniors who had training was one hundred and seventy-eight. Each student is required to have three credits in practice teaching in order to graduate.



Training School Snapshots



Training School Play

High School

JOHN B. FAUGHT.....*Director*
AMANDA B. GLASER.....*German*
FLORENCE B. CRUTTENDEN.....*History*
ROBERT K. HAVLICEK.....
Mathematics, Supervisor of Chemistry, Manual Training and Physical Training for Boys
MARY E. WALLS.....*Latin and English*
NINA J. WILLIAMS.....*English*
RUTH C. HARTLERODE.....*Music*
ELMSLIE T. THOMAS.....*Physical Geography*
MERLE WILHELM .....*Household Arts*
MARGARET C. POTTINGER.....
Physical Training for Girls

Practice teaching in the High School is done largely by the students taking the degree course. In this department three credits in training are required. During the Summer Term, twenty-one students had High School training. Only eleven trained in this department during the Fall and Winter Terms. The enrollment of pupils for the year was sixty-one.

FRESHMAN CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Junior Class

Normal High School Basket Ball Team
Harold Jacobs, George Whyte, Marvin Stevens,
Lawrence Bentley, Francis Kerwin

Basket Ball

The Kent Normal High School Basket Ball Team of 1917 played a schedule of games during the season. The scores for the games were:

Dec. 15.....Kent High 43, Normal High 33
Jan. 12.....Rootstown 11, Normal High 16
Jan. 19.....Springfield 8, Normal High 23
Feb. 2.....Copley 20, Normal High 22
Feb. 9.....Rootstown 10, Normal High 36
Feb. 16.....Springfield 32, Normal High 23
Feb. 23.....Stow 18, Normal High 23
March 2.....Kent High 16, Normal High 24
March 9.....Stow 14, Normal High 30
March 16.....Copley 21, Normal High 29
March 23.....Kent High 16, Normal High 36

Interclass Games

Feb. 6.....Freshmen 24, Sophomores 28
Feb. 13.....Sophomores 6, Juniors 25
Feb. 20.....Freshmen 8, Juniors 39

The Juniors won the championship and with it the right to play the college faculty.

The basketball squad was composed of eight members—

Marvin Stevens (Manager)
William Whyte (Captain)
Dick Donaghy
George Whyte
Francis Kerwin
Harold Jacob
Lawrence Bentley
Charles Burdick

The Kentonian

Willa Dunn, Karl Keller, Mary Riedinger, Henry J. Robinson, Gilbert Roberts, Ira J. Myers

CHRISTMAS ABROAD

And they declared a truce on Christmas eve
And waited for the birthday of the Babe.

Shepherds? Nay, sentinels watched the sleeping flocks.
And low upon the horizon flamed—no star—,
A sullen glare of slow-devouring fire.
No sound disturbed the midnight, save the sigh
Of dreamers, stirring restlessly, or tread
Of sleepless guards upon their weary beat.
All silently the wondrous hour passed by.

How could earth hope for heavenly visitants
When Good Will is no more, and Peace is slain,
And on the morrow men shall rise in haste
To crucify once more the patient Christ?

—HAZEL C. HEWITT.

(Taken from the Cover of the Christmas Kentonian)

The Kentonian

Although our little paper is scarcely two years old, its prestige is already established. This point needs no emphasis if the reader has been in the Kentonian office during intermission periods some Wednesday forenoon, the time for distribution. The students, rushing in for their papers, furnish sufficient proof of the statement. But, how could it be otherwise, when we have a paper that is so full of material vital to student life at Kent?

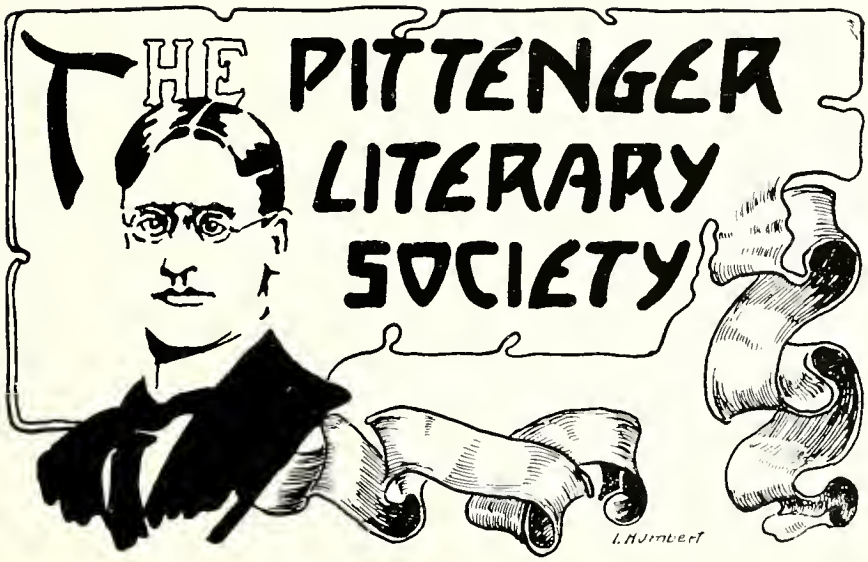
Last year, when the paper was initiated, its purpose, as announced, was to promote school spirit and loyalty among the students. This it surely did with unfailing ability. This year, with the experience of the previous year, it is only reasonable to suppose that the paper should be more capable of realizing its aim. By excluding advertising matter from its columns and opening them to student activity and literary work, it has proved its ability along this line. This is surely a great step toward the complete realization of the aim.

Through the work of its able editors, The Kentonian has been filled with reading matter well adapted to this particular student body and its needs. At the beginning of the year Henry J. Robison was elected to the position of editor-in-chief. In this office he has proved himself so capable that he merits the approval of all. Mildred Swanson, first assistant editor, who resigned to resume her work at Oberlin, was replaced by Gilbert Roberts. Mary E. Gnau, assistant editor, resigned early in the year and was replaced by Willa Dunn. This trio, with the addition of Mary Riedinger, assistant editor, are now responsible for the splendid material that fills the columns of The Kentonian.

At the beginning of the year E. Charles Foster was business manager, with Ira J. Myers as assistant. Mr. Foster withdrew from school to accept a position. Karl N. Keller was elected to take his place. During the winter term a new office was created —that of circulation manager. Frank H. Jacobs was chosen for

this work. The success of The Kentonian is not wholly due to the efforts of these students, however. It was partly through the supervision of the faculty advisors, Miss Nina J. Williams and Dr. J. B. Faught, that they were able to produce such a splendid publication.

With the example of preceding years before them, we may safely assume that the future officials will so manage our little college weekly that as the school grows, so The Kentonian will grow and continue to be an appreciated publication, a real and vital part of the school.


THE PITTENGER
LITERARY
SOCIETY
L. H. Humbert

Pittenger Literary Society

Officers for the Fall Term

Birdie Fowler ..... *President*
Humbert Iacobucci ..... *Vice President*
Mae Merrill ..... *Secretary*
Helen Welker ..... *Treasurer*

Officers for the Winter Term

Clyde Hostettler ..... *President*
Humbert Iacobucci ..... *Vice President*
Nina Brown ..... *Secretary*
Mildred Herriott ..... *Treasurer*

Officers for the Spring Term

Humbert Iacobucci ..... *President*
Gladys Hoover ..... *Vice President*
Mary Riedinger ..... *Secretary*
Birdie Fowler ..... *Treasurer*

Pittenger Literary Society

Students of the K. S. N. C., who have been members of the Pittenger Literary Society during the past year, have found Literary Activities to be very pleasant and beneficial.

All members have enthusiastically taken part in the programs to make the work a success. In order to afford enjoyment, and arouse enthusiasm for the coming year, a social evening was held late in October. Two prominent members of the board of control acted as captains for a game of charades. Much alertness and keenness of mind was shown by those participating in the games.

The meetings that followed this social evening pointed out the individualities of the members in literary work. The programs consisted of character sketches, readings, addresses, studies of authors, appreciation of their works, and various kinds of music. One evening was spent in studying Bryant, reviewing his childhood days, and studying some of his well known poems, such as "Thanatopsis" and "The Flood of Years." Excellent appreciations were given on these poems. Musical ability was not found lacking, for many enjoyable selections were given. A program without music is as a pen without ink—dry.

One of the addresses, "Growth Through Expression," was given by Professor Johnson. He told of his own work in literary societies and what it meant to him. He kept the idea before his auditors that they should improve every opportunity offered them. By failing in this step, retrogression would be sure to follow.

Another splendid talk was given by the Universalist minister, Rev. Fereshetian of Kent, Ohio. He told of the Russian novelist and social reformer, Tolstoy. He painted vivid word pictures of the three phases of Tolstoy's life. In the first phase he related very interesting facts of the novelist's boyhood, how keenly he felt that he had no marked talent, how he remained away from his playmates and brooded over his misfortunes, how the thought came to him that Death was ever lying in wait, and how his attitude changed to one of pleasure. In the second phase Tolstoy became intensely interested in the welfare of humanity. He spent much of his time and influence in the betterment of the Russian peasants. Rev. Fereshetian dealt mainly with the third and highest phase of Tolstoy's life which was reached when the service of God became the motive power of his existence. Tolstoy's mistakes in the earlier part of his life were forgotten by many, because of the great and noble work he did during the last years of his life. He tried to live life as he thought it should be lived.

—Mae Knight.

History of Society

During the first regular college year at Kent State Normal College, the Walden Dramatic Club was organized, but, as the school developed, it was found necessary to change the form of the programs. Then it was, that the programs consisted of recitations, essays and debates. The club exercised its function of caring for the literary interest of the new institution for two years. However, as the school continued to grow, and larger literary needs arose than it was thought the Walden Dramatic Club could satisfy, a demand began to be voiced for two societies. This demand became crystallized during the spring term of nineteen hundred sixteen, when, at one of the meetings of the Walden Dramatic Club, a motion was made and adopted that two people should be appointed whose duty was to consist in dividing the members of the club into two equal groups, each of whom was to form a literary society. As soon as the organization of the two new societies was completed, the Walden Dramatic Club was to pass out of existence.

This program was executed in detail, and, as a result, the Garfield and Pittenger Literary Societies were created. The Pittenger Literary Society was named in honor of Prof. L. A. Pittenger, head of the Department of English, who did more than anyone else to perfect the organization of the Walden Dramatic Club, and to advance the cause of student literary activities during the early existence of the college. It was felt by the members of the new society that Prof. Pittenger had earned some recognition in return for his labors at a time when they were most needed, and that in giving his name to the organization, only a small reward was being bestowed for the work which he had so ably advanced.

The first president of the society was Homer A. Randels, who was also the last president of the Walden Dramatic Club. Due more to his able leadership than to any other cause, the society, during the spring term of nineteen hundred sixteen, was established on a sufficiently firm basis to insure its being further developed and more firmly established during the present college year.

While, at times during the college year, the interest was not as great as it should have been, it must be remembered that time is required in establishing anything new that is to be truly worth while. The officers who presided during the year were all capable, and did everything they could to advance the interests of all members. The year nineteen hundred sixteen was a year of organization and experimentation, and it is thought that plans have been developed during this time that will aid in increasing interest in the society during the following years.

—Henry J. Robison.

Members of Pittenger Literary Society

Aikman, Clara
Bethel, Elnetta
Brown, Nina
Clapsadle, Rachel
Espie, Gretchen
Eyman, Carl
Filson, Elsie
Fowler, Birdie
Fowler, Christine
Fowler, Marion
Gawne, Ruth
Grove, Hazel
Herriott, Mildred
Heston, Lydia
Hobart, Joy
Hoover, Gladys
Hostettler, Clyde
Iacobucci, Humbert
Keller, Karl
Knight, Mae
Kreinbring, Gertrude
La Viers, Sarah
Merrill, May
Millard, Beatrice
Molien, Charles
Moulder, Helen
Pauley, Zena
Riedinger, Mary
Roberts, Gilbert
Robison, Henry
Schlegel, Faith
Shipman, Doris
Siegfried, Fern
Spitler Ruth
Stewart, Bessie
Welker, Helen
Wingerd Christian

What The Pittengers Did For Tom

Is there, for Tom, a chance to win,
Who came to Kent and stopped within
The Normal doors upon the hill,
To spend a few more days at will?

Oh yes, many a chance is here
If he only watches and has no fear,
But digs right in and does his best
When there's a chance among the rest.

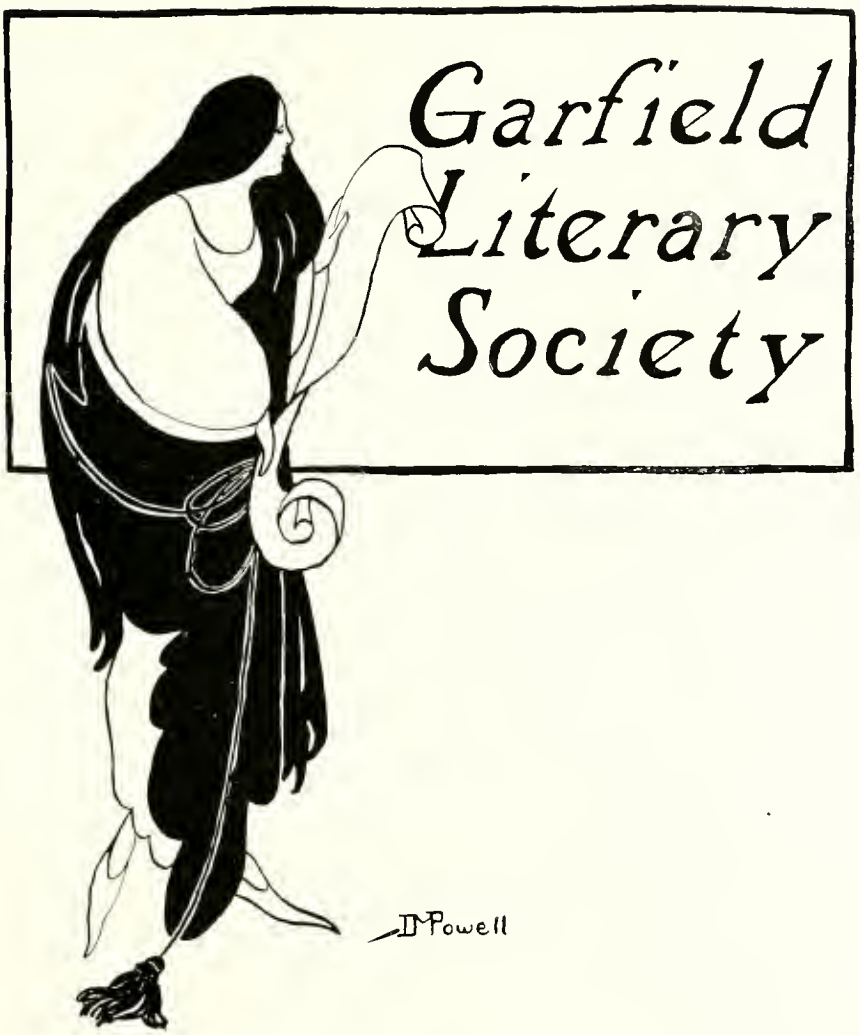
So Tom watched out to find his place
Among the ranks of the Pittenger race;
To find a place is not so hard
As staying there and being no coward.

For Tom remembers that first night
When on the stage he won his fight;
Within those ranks he stayed, till thro'
With work in Kent State Normal School.

Now Tom is filling a higher place,
But still insists, that in his case,
His greatest help toward success
Came that night when he did his best.

To those who come to Merrill Hall
And wish to find success at all,
Tom's parting word to all who read
Is, "Do your best" and "Take the lead."

—M. Herriott.


Garfield
Literary
Society
D Powell

Garfield Literary Society

OFFICERS

Fall Term

Sylvester Summers ..... *President*
Helen Nichols ..... *Vice-President*
Hazel C. Hewitt ..... *Secretary*
Omar G. Kear ..... *Treasurer*

Winter Term

Edward Paulus ..... *President*
Corena Maris ..... *Vice-President*
Hazel Richardson ..... *Secretary*
Herbert Swigart ..... *Treasurer*

Spring Term

Floyd Graves ..... *President*
Walter Ginther ..... *Vice-President*
Libby Tichy ..... *Secretary*
Anna Martens ..... *Treasurer*

Garfield Literary Society

Colors: *Green and White*
Motto: MANEAT AMICITIA

The Garfield Literary Society was organized in April, 1916 as a result of the division of the Walden Dramatic Club. This club was divided because it was considered too large for efficient work.

The purpose of the Garfield Literary Society is to increase the usefulness of the College by giving an opportunity for the literary and social development of its members. Any student attending the College may join the Society. This year forty-five people are enrolled, only nine of whom were charter members.

Many interesting programs have been given during the year, including a very interesting talk by Prof. Marker on "The Price of Civilization"; also a talk by Prof. Johnson on "Ideals and Motives." Another interesting program was a debate, "Resolved that the Sunday movies should be prohibited." Mr. Kear and Mr. Gault debated the affirmative side, and Mr. Paulus and Mr. Baker the negative. Another good factor in the programs was the music.

The programs for the winter term included a Longfellow night. This program was made up of recitations of Longfellow's most noted poems; selections that have been set to music were given by the Pedagogues Quartette.

Another interesting program was "The Book Carnival." This included something about the oldest book, the newest book, the largest book, the smallest book, and a paper on the value of books. Representations of book titles were given in the form of charades. The members responded to roll call by giving the name of their favorite book. The "Musical Evening" certainly was rightly named. It consisted of selections by the Pedagogues Quartette, vocal solos, piano solos, violin solos, and selected folk songs by the society.

A Case of Suspension

At the regular meeting of the Garfield Literary Society on the evening of Feb. 15, 1917, the play, "A Case of Suspension," was presented to an appreciative audience of members and friends of the society.

The scene of the play was a girls' dormitory where breaking rules and playing pranks were the chief diversions.

Ten members of the society participated in the play, which was delightfully rendered.

Anna Martens, Gertrude Cavanaugh and Esther Alker as the irrepressible school girls were natural in their fun and mischief. Their fright, when the "burglar" was discovered, and the diplomacy with which they won the help of Kathleen and Jonas in their plans, were both characteristic of the modern school girl. James Baker, Fred Fisher, and Sylvester Summers as Harold, Tom and Jack, whose unusual manner of arriving at the spread was attended with so much danger and excitement, played their parts well.

Helen Nichols as "Kathleen," the faithful Irish maid, was at once humorous and pathetic.

Walter Ginther as "Jonas," the hired man, played his part well. He had "seen some mighty queer things," but was prevailed upon, through an appeal to his vanity, to help the girls once more.

Hazel Richardson as "Miss Judkins," the matron of the dormitory, played her part with dignity and reserve.

Edward Paulus as "Professor Edgerton," who had declared that "discipline must be maintained at any cost" and who decided to "make some investigations," was quite bewildered when he found himself in an embarrassing position.

—Elizabeth Pierce.

Membership Roll

Alker, Esther
Brown, Gneta
Baker, James
Cavanaugh, Gertrude
Crocker, Clarice
Chaffee, Kathryn
Culp, Mabel
Farrow,Clara
Fisher, Frederick
Friedman, Celia
Gault, Ernest
Gnau, Mary E.
Golden, Margaret R.
Ginther, Walter
Graves, Floyd
Heim, Mabel
Hess, K. Nile
Hewitt, Hazel C.
Hutcheson, Gladys
Howell, Luella
Kear, Omar G.
Lynne, Alberta
Maris, Corena
Martens, Anna J.
Myers, Ira J.
Nichols, Helen L.
Paulus, Edward
Richar, Hazel
Richardson, Hazel
Reed, Hazel
Rentz, Dorothy
Rowland, Caroline
Rowland, Florence
Rowland, Mabel
Shriver, Rachel
Southerland, Mildred
Swanson, Mildred
Summers, Sylvester
Swigart, Herbert
Tichy, Libby
Van Wagnen, Lura
Voit, Olive
Wade, Alice
Wise, Mildred

Garfieldites
Are
Right
Funny
In
Ends
Little
Dreamt of.
Literary
In
The
Evenings with
Refreshments which
Are
Remembered.
Yet the
Society
Of
Course
Is
Ever
True
YOW!

YWCA
LOVE
LIFE
FRIENDSHIP
CONANT

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Y. W. C. A. Group

CABINET

HELEN WELKER ..... *President*
HAZEL GROVE ..... *Acting President*
MABEL ROWLAND ..... *Secretary*
ESTELLA ESTERLY ..... *Treasurer*

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

HAZEL GROVE ..... *Membership*
HELEN JACOB ..... *Missionary*
ELSIE FILSON ..... *Religious*
GRACE CONANT ..... *News*
LYDIA HESTON ..... *Social Service*
NINA J. WILLIAMS ..... *Advisor*
MARY E. WALL ..... *Advisor*
HAZEL HOSTETTLER ..... *Social*

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet Parties

Friday afternoon, May 5, 1916, during an April shower, the old and new cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. closed their books and departed for Brady Lake. Some went in automobiles and others by trolley, but all were laden with provisions which were to appease the appetites that soon manifested themselves.

After wading through many mud puddles, the Canoodler's Inn was reached. The place was soon made cheerful and homelike with a good fire burning in the grate, and the girls singing as they prepared the evening meal. That evening, cozily seated in the glow of the fire, the girls held a religious meeting and discussed plans for the future year. Miss Williams, who acted as chaperon and guide, gave many valuable suggestions.

Miss Marshall, with the assistance of two or three able guards, having securely bolted the windows and doors, every one retired, there being not more than six in a room. After several minutes confusion, which inevitably follows when a group of girls get together, everything became quiet, and peace apparently reigned supreme. Suddenly strange noises were heard in the house and several hearts began to behave badly, indeed some threatened to forsake their owners entirely. One girl investigated the matter and the culprit proved to be one of the party. After duly punishing her, the girls again retired to such rest as can only be had when four occupy the space of two.

During the days that followed, devotional exercises were held and many happy hours were spent in hunting wild flowers and in boating. Each girl was given an opportunity to demonstrate her skill in cooking and dishwashing. Sunday evening found the party wending their way back to dear old K. S. N. C. Tired, stiff and lame, but with the feeling that the various experiences had been of the kind that inspire and help.

One wintry evening in November, Miss Williams delightfully entertained the cabinet with what they termed a "jolly good time." After a delicious chicken supper at the Erie hotel, the girls went to Miss Williams' rooms. The lights having been turned low, they sat on the floor and discussed plans for the coming year. A marshmallow roast followed, jokes were told and a few songs were sung. Surely it was an evening to be remembered for its spiritual benefit, inspirations and pleasures. Every girl became a more efficient worker because of these few hours spent in delightful fellowship, and more than ever felt: "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

Hallowe'en Ghosts

One night in bright October,
The Y. W. Girls gave a party;
And as usual they became sober,
But as time went on they grew more hearty.

They did not stand stiff like a post
When called to join in line
To follow, What! Yes, yes a ghost!
Who led them, forty-nine.

Down the dark and ghostly corridor,
The procession filed along
With shrieks of fright, as an awful roar
Scared away all thoughts of song.

The ghosts were here, the ghosts were there,
The ghosts were all around;
They snarled and growled, and banged and howled,
And yet could not be found.

Our leader ghost went straight ahead
Through places damp and weird;
And the ghosts therein were not well fed,
For with hollow sound they jeered.

We forty-nine held fast together
As we marched through the ghostly nooks,
And even the touch of a little soft feather
Would have terrified our looks.

We finally came to the realms of the known,
And for the forty-nine none too soon,
For it made us think of the seeds we'd sown,
Before or afternoon.

Of course we all had something to eat,
And became acquainted besides.
We did not even care for a seat,
But kept moving with the tides.

Then, at an hour not very late,
We forty-nine dispersed,
Wishing a very kind fate
To our ghosts who scared us at first.

—E. G. E.

Are You Lonesome?

One day a girl left home and went
Away to Normal school.
But when she reached the town of Kent,
The lady lonely grew.

And then her tears began to flow,
She wanted home and Dad.
She said: "I can't stay here, I know,
'Cause I want home so bad."

But some one had a happy thought
To make my lady glad.
She to Y. W. meeting brought
This girl who was so sad.

She met some girls who were so nice
And jolly and refined,
She did not need to be asked twice
To join. They were her kind.

They had some jolly parties
And loads and loads of fun.
Ask her now if she is homesick,
She replies: "Those days are done."

Now if ever you are lonesome
And feel a little blue,
If you'd join K. N. Y. W.,
It might do the same for you.

—A. Huston.

The Spirit Lily

Outside the raindrops beat a dreary monotone upon the roof. The wind howled dismally around every corner of the house. I drew my chair unconsciously closer to the fire and sat, dreamily watching the grotesque flickering shadows dance on the opposite side of the wall.

Then a strange feeling came over me. Instead of shadows I saw a beautiful valley surrounded by large rolling hills. It was spring time and the happy little flowerlets nodded gaily to each other in the verdant grasses. The birds vied with each other in singing beautiful songs. Suddenly the flowers looked up in glad surprise and the birds ceased singing. A beautiful nymph appeared on the plain, her cheeks were of rose and her dress was of sweet ferns and pink velvety buds. "Today," said she, in her sweet voice, "the Great Spirit hath sent me to receive your gifts. I can take only such gifts as you give freely. The birds one and all gave their sweetest carols, the big stalwart trees brought their choicest fruits, the roses and the other flowers brought their fragrance and gave it to the woodland nymph. But the beautiful white water lily had no fragrance to give. Sorrowfully she came forward and said: "I have no fragrance, but take me and let the Kind Spirit give me some humble task to perform for him."

Where the nymph had been only a blank remained. She had departed with her wealth of gifts for the Great Spirit. The mighty King was exceedingly pleased with the bountiful contribution. He looked kindly at the lily and said: "Sweet lily, be of good cheer. You had no fragrance to offer, but you gave yourself. Therefore you shall have a mission on earth. Thy Mother Art doth win the homeless, woo the lonely, and comfort the distressed. Thou art the guardian of girlhood, the rescuer of the endangered, the inspirer of hosts, the educator of legions, the comrade and counsellor of the timid country lass, the protector of the fledgling city maiden. Thou art to the weary and trouble tossed a haven of rest, to the toiler and traveler a temple of joy. Womanhood giveth thee devout affection, and manhood doth honor thee. Majestic be thy service throughout the land. Bring hither the crown."

So the Spirit Lily has established a Y. W. C. A. in the Kent State Normal College, which should have the earnest co-operation of all the college women. It is the only religious organization in the college and surely deserves the support and sympathy of everyone. May the Y. W. C. A. prosper and do honor to her name as a branch of such a worthy organization.

A Passing Show

His Masters Voice

"Y" Giggle

Y.W. House Party

Flag of the Free

Mac and her Kittens

"Just a Smile"

"Dad's Pets"

"Our Chaperon"

Summer School
D Powell

Summer School

The summer session of Kent State Normal in 1916 will long be remembered by both students and faculty. A new record for attendance was not set, but the spirit and good class work of the 1640 who were present could not have been excelled by any other summer school in the land. The intense heat was a handicap to be overcome only by devotion to the work at hand.

Three times every week the large student body gathered in the assembly room and received inspiration and help from the instructive programs arranged by our thoughtful president. If nothing had been gathered from the class work, the summer would have been well spent if one improved the assembly hour by listening to the philosophy of life as interpreted by President McGilvrey.

Eleven thirty! What normal minded student has not heard the call of the class bell (if it was working) without a feeling of marked interest! James, Thorndike, and all the rest passed into a state of oblivion as the prospect of a summer school bowl of soup loomed up in the realms of imagination. Ah! the sleepy moments that followed the calling of the first afternoon classes. Then came a quick dash to the ice cream stand for the life giving cone, and with its disappearance, there vanished also the woes of heat and dull care. There are cones and cones, but none equal to the ones handed out by Robison and Rex in the summer of 1916.

What summer student has not hearkened to the call of the movies, or to the green coolness of Lake Brady? It was even possible to see a Prof. lingering near the Fairy or the Opera House, and a very common sight was that of a learned head bobbing about on the surface of the above mentioned lake. Those delightful field trips with Mr. Olson, and an occasional bug hunt with Mr. Hopkins furnished a fine field for adventure and fun. Bedford Glen and the Normal woods were the scenes of many exciting times. The county picnics and marshmallow roasts gave opportunity for renewal of old friendships and the forming of new ones.

SUMMER SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

For the pleasure and benefit of the student body, a fine program of plays, lectures, and musical productions were brought to Kent at a great expense. The Coburn players presented the "Rivals" and "The Yellow Jacket," both plays being greatly appreciated by the large audiences attending. So great was the success of these plays that an invitation to return in 1917 was given and accepted. These plays were given in the open air, the sloping hillside of the campus furnishing a splendid natural amphitheater.

Judge Addams of the Cleveland juvenile court gave an instructive address concerning the work of that court in Cleveland. Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus gave two lectures on "The Truth About the Bible,"

each one of which showed the effects of years of profound study. Dr. Gladden is one of the most widely known men who has ever lectured in the college auditorium.

In the line of musical entertainment, that offered in the summer of 1916 will long remain unexcelled. Lila Robeson, the Clark Concert Company, and, best of all, Schumann-Heink, delighted and inspired the immense audiences that gathered from far and near to hear them.

ATHLETICS

As has been the case in the past, Kent Normal had a high-class baseball team in the summer of 1916. Welser, the star of 1915, was again the mainstay of the team. With better support from his teammates a clear record might have been written. Manager Korb, a former Wooster star, and Captain Whyte, with the assistance of Coach Lovell, had to build up practically a new team, Brown, Hoffee, and Welser being the only players remaining from the 1915 aggregation.

The following is a list of the regular games played, and the resulting scores: Wooster 5-6, Normal 2-2; Oberlin Business College 2, Normal 6. One of the best attractions of the season was the varsity-faculty game. The varsity won, as was expected, but some of the Profs. showed flashes of form that would do credit to any college player. President McGilvrey was the batting hero, getting three hits out of four times at bat. Hopkins at first base showed that he had not spent all his life in hunting bugs. A volume could be written about this game, but it is safe to say that a more exciting game was never played on the Normal grounds.

COMMENCEMENT

The 1916 graduating class was the largest yet in Normal's short history—nine students receiving the degree and 160 the diploma. The major part of this number was composed of regular students, the remainder finishing by work in the summer school. President King of Oberlin College delivered the class address.

After the address, President McGilvrey presented the diplomas and conferred the degrees. Several musical selections were beautifully rendered under the direction of Miss Shamel.

Perhaps the crowning feature of the day was the presentation of a large American flag to the college by the student body. This was the outgrowth of a suggestion by Miss Augusta Brinkerhoff. In a suprisingly short time the necessary sum of money was raised and the flag purchased. Mr. Walker of Lorain presented the flag to the trustees with a very fitting and appropriate talk.

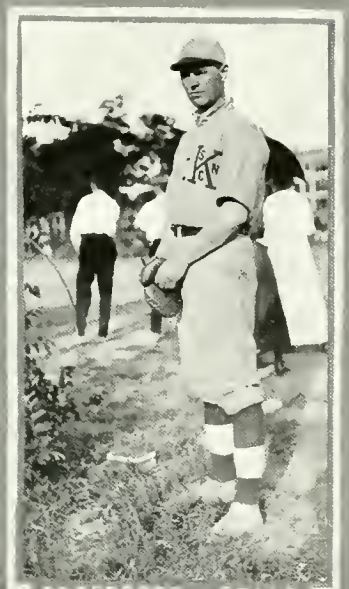
With this impressive ceremony the activities of the summer school ended and passed into history. Many were the pleasant memories carried away in the hearts of students and teachers. Happy indeed is he who can say, "I was there."

Faculty Baseball Team

1916 Summer School Team

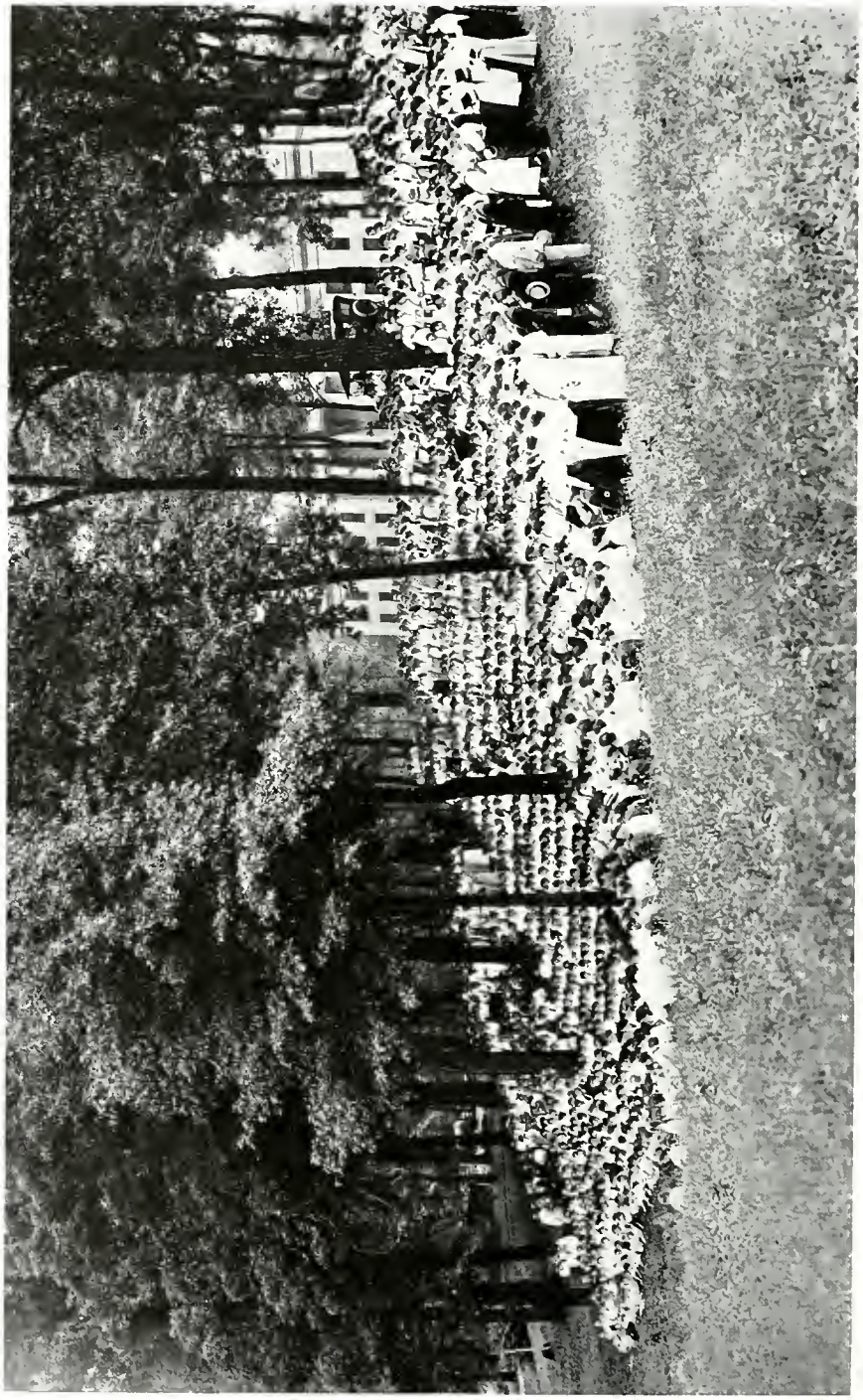
THE NORMAL-OBERLIN GAME

PRESIDENT MCGILVREY

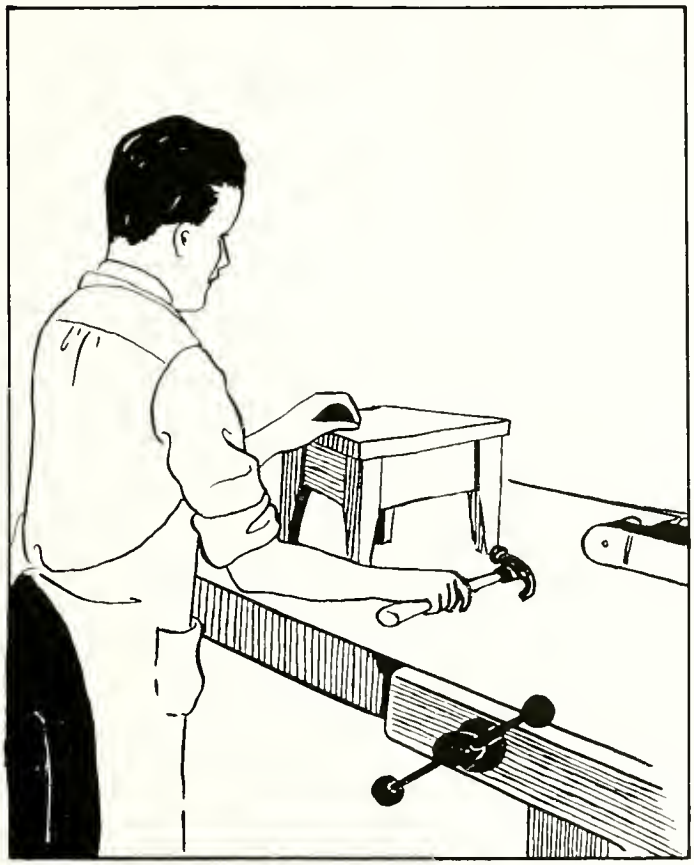


PROFESSOR SEALE

GOING HOME



MANUAL ARTS



Special Manual Arts Students

Mechanical Drawing Class

Manual Arts

The present great movement towards more constructive work in the schools brings into prominence our Manual Arts Department. Our pedagogic father, Dr. James, says that manual training will give us citizens with an entirely different intellectual fiber. Shop and laboratory work engender a habit of observation and insight into nature's complexities. They confer precision and give honesty. In doing a thing, one must do it definitely right or definitely wrong.

The Manual Arts department has shown great growth since school opened four years ago, it now having a location where there is room to expand, but a glance into the future will show that the growth has not stopped. And in fact it has been planned to place twenty-four forges in the room below the woodworking department, and to give a line of work, such as harness making, repair work, and cement work. All this work is especially applicable to rural conditions. A number of woodworking machines have been installed and motors will be used for power.

As a stranger enters the Manual Arts building he may get the impression that it is a one-story structure. He passes through the mechanical drawing room and sees the students at the twenty-four drawing tables, busily expressing their ideas in black and white. Next, he passes into the wood-working department and sees the students at the twenty-four benches, sawing, planing, and hammering. His old idea of book learning receives a severe shock. He looks out of the window and discovers that he is in a two-story building. Thus his impression of the place is changed.

He now goes to the first floor and sees the metal working class, few in number, but noisy and industrious. Here he sees the machinery of the power plant as an appropriate close to his visit to the Manual Arts Building.

Thus he sees ideas shaped on paper, wood, and iron. The courses of this department might be divided into four groups. First, comes the woodworking course, which teaches the beginner to saw by the aid of straight lines. Eventually he is able to turn out a beautiful piece of furniture.

The mechanical drawing course gives skill in drawing by the use of the T-square, triangle and other familiar tools of the draughtsman. This course prepares the student to draw plans for simple structures and even homes.

The theory courses consist of library reading and class work, while the application is made in practice teaching. The last part includes metal working, harness making, and repair work.

Even though Mr. Van Deusen is a little man, we all know he is a hustler. Not having much air resistance, he seems never to tire in his patient guidance of the hands and minds of the future pedagogues.

Mr. Van Deusen is assisted by Mr. Dirkson, who is well known around Kent on account of his active interest in establishing courses in manual training in the schools in the neighboring vicinity.

We are proud of our Manual Arts department, for we feel that it is in keeping with the largest and latest educational movements of the time.

—Omar Kear.

Lowry Hall

Lowry Hall Girls

Lowry Hall

September came—and so did we,
Sixty-two and more to be;
Normal Hill resounded wide,
With noises thru the country side.

A party first for all of us,
Congenial be we surely must;
Miss Smith you see so thotful too,
Decided this we must all do.

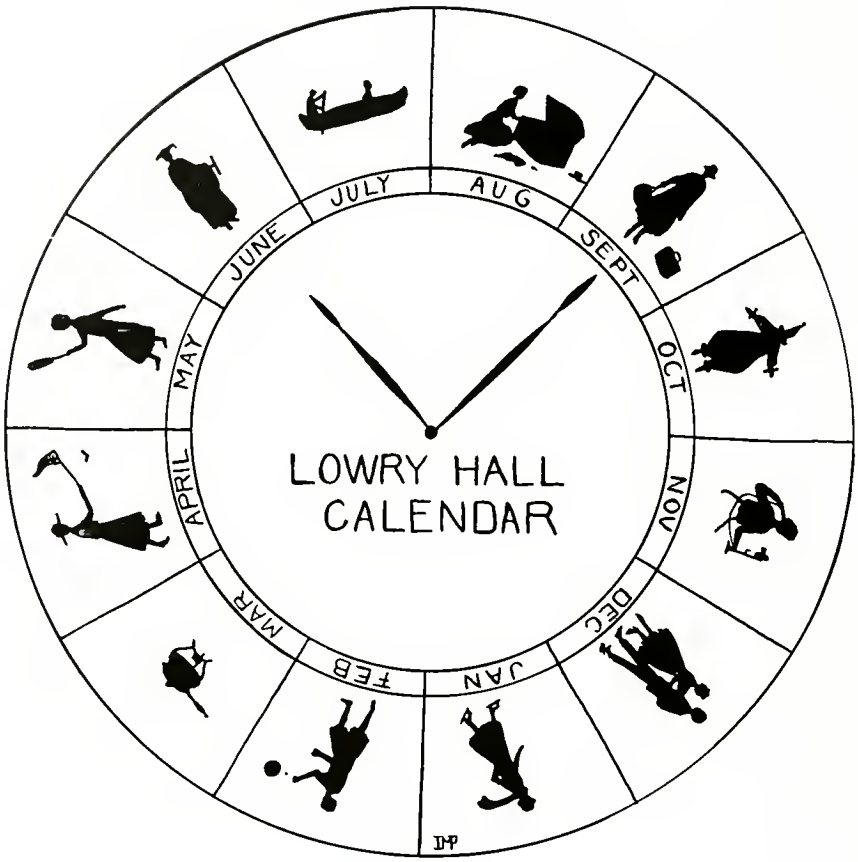
Be friends—obey and happy be,
And rules and regulations see;
But—Oh the Skinners came at last,
The calendar will tell the rest.

For they were here the whole year thru,
And dances gay were all we knew;
But May brought college festal chimes,
And June—goodbye to all good times.

Goodbye to Lowry Hall and too,
All we love and all we knew;
To "spreads" and all the happiness,
Those dear old halls have meant to us.

Goodbye, Miss Smith, our "Mother" here,
Goodbye to all the girls most dear;
Our college days are o'er, you see,
Yet we will all so happy be;
For in our memories will dwell,
Old Lowry Hall we love so well.

M. E. L.



The Lowry Hall Calendar

SEPTEMBER

25. We arrive at Lowry Hall, bag and baggage and are welcomed most cordially by our matron, Miss Smith. We hasten to see every one and everything in the first five minutes. What suspense—Waiting for the appearance of a strange roommate whom you "bet a cooky" you will not like.

7:00 P. M. What! a man already?

26. Registration. We unpack trunks, boxes and suit cases, and wonder where on earth we will put everything.

27. Classes start. We get acquainted at the drug stores while purchasing books.

29. Faculty reception in the gymnasium room for all students. We start our record in the register as a result of those "bug bear" words—SIGN UP.

October

2. Old girls give new girls a "get acquainted" party in the music room from 7:00 to 8:00 P. M.

7. Nick Carter stops in at Lowry Hall for a flying call. Know her?

9. We attend our first housemeeting, where we learn that "permits" are limited and that 10:30 means darkness.

16. Grace Barnett and Mabel Heim give their first dancing lesson. Miss Hitchcock talked after supper on "Social Customs." History of Education, fact exam. POOR SENIORS!

17. Light permits are numerous. Why? Another Hist. of Ed. exam.

20. Hallowe'en masquerade dance—our first social effort of the season. You remember how pretty the hall looked with orange and black crepe paper, Jack o' Lanterns, and the moon shining among the branches behind the piano. And the costumes—Clowns, Nuns, Indians, Cowboys, and Red Riding Hoods. Not to say anything of the Gypsies, Spanish Girls, and Egyptians. Real men, too, would you believe it?

23. Social usage talk by Miss Smith.

November

7. Election Day! Is Miss Smith a Democrat?

8. Talk by Miss Shamel after supper.

10. Coshocton girls give spread in honor of Murilla McIntyre's sister and aunt.

12. Coshocton bridal party in the cornfield.

13. Demonstration in table manners by Miss Smith.

17. Lowry Hall Physical Ed. girls attend their class dance in I. O. O. F. Hall.

21. Fine talk by Mr. McGilvrey on our attitude toward our fellows.

24. We entertain the Faculty. Who says they are not a lively bunch?

28. Social usage talk by Miss Smith.

29. Thanksgiving vacation—so welcome to the poor homesick Juniors.

December

4. We return from our vacation.

7. Mabel Heim and the Cleveland bunch try a new method of transferring eats from one floor to the next.

9. He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And then the matron turned out the lights.

10. Great news! The Skinners arrive in town. Prof. Scherer and Mr. Ilefield haven't forgotten the way to the Dorm.

12. Social talk by Miss Smith.

14. Progressive spread for Mary Newlands. How we hate to have her leave us!

15. Ashland vs. Kent. Lowry Hall girls not among the absent or silent ones.

16. Skinner (?) party. Music room very "collegey" with all those pennants.

17. Mabel Heim and Bess Rider entertained Prof. Sherer and Mr. "Ache."

20. House meeting. We believe that Miss Smith profits by experiences.

21. Serenaded Miss Smith with Christmas carols at 11:30 P. M.

22. School dismissed because of HEAVY SNOW STORM. Trains, jitneys, can we ever get one?

January

7. Back again after two weeks vacation. Gertrude Ellsworth and Ellen Messenger find their rooms topsy turvy as result of flood from above.

14. Hurrah! Skating begins. If you haven't a pair of skates—borrow some.

19. The Dean of Women from Oberlin College took supper with Miss Smith.

21. Murilla and Mabel learn that Saturday night dances are not approved.

25. Dinner party given to Faculty women in music room by eight girls. Mary Newlands surprised us with a visit just in time to come to the dinner. Miss Pottinger characteristically led us in a grand march. Every one says "She's a hit."

29. That noisy Niles suite are being punished by having to put out their lights at 10:00 o'clock for a week.

30. House meeting. Worst one of the season. Many were there, but few escaped unscathed.

31. Niles suite has a spread in the dark.

February

1. The cook forgets that it is Saturday and gives us fish. Basket Ball team organized.

2. Hall in mourning. Black crepe hangs upon the door of the Niles suite with the announcement of the funeral at 4:00 o'clock. Mabel Heim taken to Miss Smith's sitting room with only her suite mates in attendance.

3. Mabel Heim and Bea Millard entertain Franklin Morris and Hugh Newell of Youngstown in the Music Room. Feed in Perry suite but Mabel was absent. Why?

5. First practice of our new B. B. team. Mabel free to again test the outside temperature after 6:30 P. M.

6. How did all that noise happen to come from Babe Williams' quiet suite? Easy. Alice Wade and Hazel Reed were there.

8. Hair-dressers from Cleveland here.

9. Another party, and wonder of wonders, more men than girls. Lessons in astronomy—particularly frequent eclipses of the moon.

13. Miss Pottinger and Miss Dolph called several times at the Dorm. Miss Smith plays bridge in music room with Skinners. Tin pan serenade, "Good night, Skinners."

14. Valentine flowers for Lorena Bake, Marjorie Hatch and Helen Nichols. Fortunate ones!

15. Big ice carnival. Ten piece orchestra. Everyone out for a good time on skates.

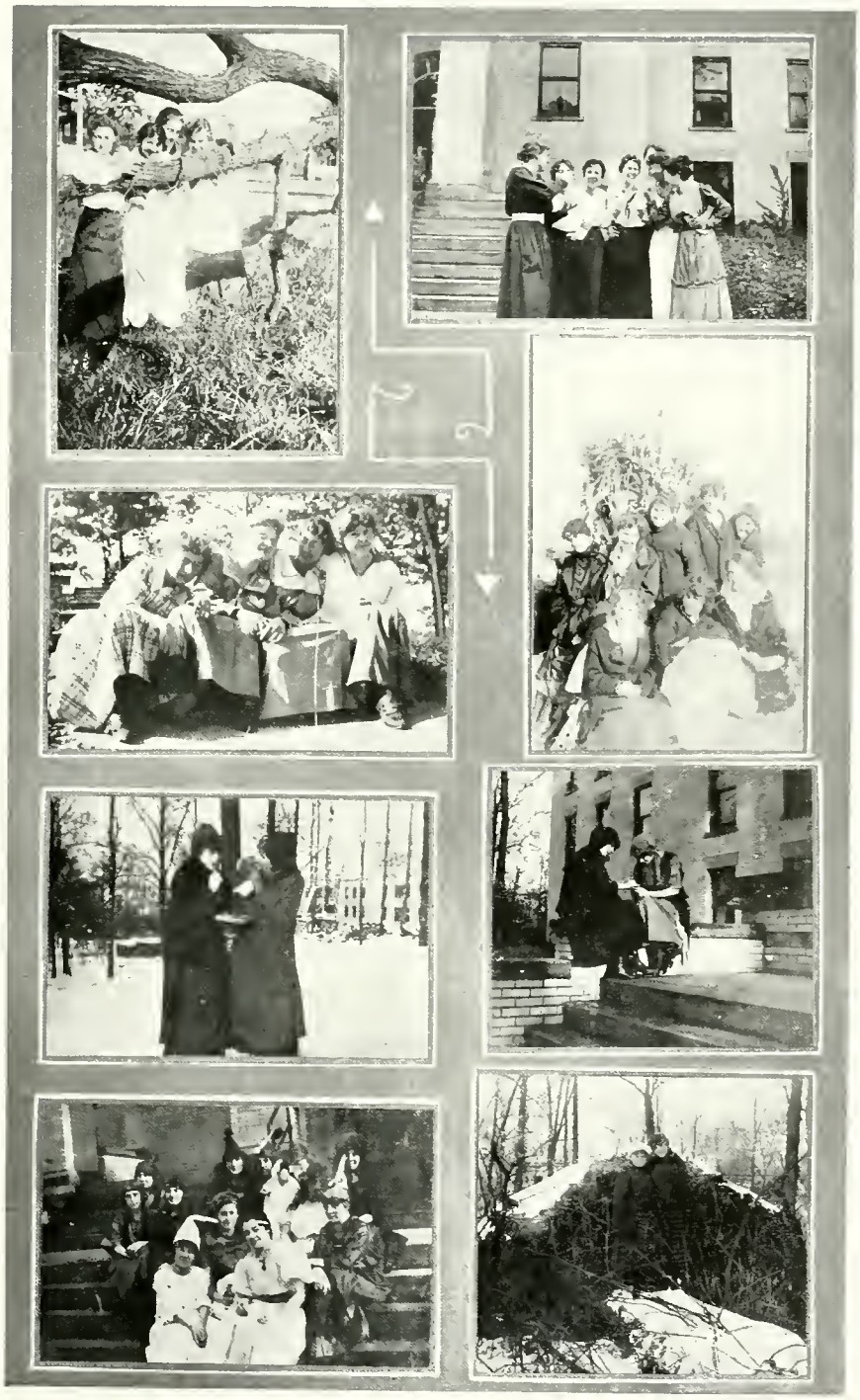
17. Miss Smith gone to New York until Monday. What a chance—but then we promised to be good.

18. Little fudge party for the Skinners tabooed. Oh those abominable rules.

21. Lowry Hall, 8; Live Wires, 16. Ellen Messenger dreams all night of a beautiful white sweater decorated with orange and blue.

22. Washington's birthday! School.

23. Mrs. Hatch of Cleveland, O., entertained by her daughter Marjorie, assisted by Harold Goodrich. A few of the girls thought they were going to the Skinner's dance, but—



Favorite Songs of the Hall Girls

Ruth Galbreath	"You Can't Stop Me From Loving You"
Erma Bowman	"Make That Engine Stop at Louisville"
Grace Sparks	"There's a Quaker Girl In Quaker Town"
Marjorie Hatch	"How Can I Leave Thee?"
Gladys Hoover	"I Want to Marry a Male Quartette"
Eva Ballentine	"I'm a Long, Long Way From Home"
Jennie Hanson	"In the Good Old 'Summer' Time"
Lorena Bake	"Lohengrin's Wedding March"
Hazel Richardson	"From the Land of the Sky Blue Waters"
Anne Martins	"Just a Wearyin' for You"
Agnes Lower	"The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, Tra-La, Have Nothing to do With This 'Case'"
Dorothy Powell	"Let's Go Back to Sweetheart Days"
Dorothy Marsh	"I Want to go Back" (Akron)
Veda Faust	"Case-On Jones"
Kathyrn Darling	"Sleep, Baby, Sleep"
Mabel Heim	"Poor Butterfly"
Beatrice Millard	"'Til the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold"
Hilda Underwood	"Charlie Is My Darling"
Bess Rider	"Somewhere a Voice Is Calling"
Lura Van Wagnen	"Drifting Apart"
Helen Nichols	"Perfect Day"
Corena Maris	"Freddie Fisher" to the Tune of "Pretty Baby"
Murilla McIntyre	"Memories"
Helen McMannis	"Oh, You Never Can Tell"
Ethel Gonter	"Nine O'clock Came and He Said Good Night"
Kathyrn Parker	"I'm Off to the War"
Elizabeth Pierce	"Could the Dreams of the Dreamer Come True"
Ruth Johnson	"One Kiss and All Is Over"
Elsie Filson	"All Through the Night" (hash)
Elnetta Bethel	"All Alone"
Mary Louise Price	"Take That Wagon Home, John"
Alberta Lynne	"The Good Ship, Honey Moon"
Hazel Reed	"The Hours I Spent With Thee"
Libby Tichy	"That Moving Picture Rag"
Olive Voit	"Oh, Mr. Moon, It's Time You're Leaving"
Alice Wade	"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl"
Ruth Gawne	"Oh, How I Want You"
Gertrude Kreinbring	"Call Me Dearie, That's All"
Nina Brown	"Rackety-Koo"

Louise Bowden	"Sweetest Girl in Monterey"
Gretchen Espy	"I Miss You, Dearie"
Esther Discher	"Some Day the Shadows Will All Fade Away"
"Peg" Golden	"I Won't Be Home Until Morning"
Gladys Ellis	"Home, Sweet Home"
Charlotte Garman	"Oh, Promise Me"
Marjorie Kline	"The Glory of the Moonlight" (waltz)
Dorothy Kline	"I Love You Truly"
Zoe Reifsnider	"Goodbye to Flirtation"
Meryle Wilhelm	"Sleep and Forget"
Stella Bowers	"Farewell to Thee"
Edith Reese	"I'm Looking For a Nice Young Fellow"
Helen Hopkins	"Sweethearts"
"Babe" Williams	"Baby Shoes"
Grace Barnett	"I Want to Linger"
Ellen Manchester	"Sunshine and Roses"
Mirabelle Elliott	"I Wonder What's the Matter With My Eyes?"
Kathryn Perry	"Haven't You Forgotten Something, Dearie?"
Elizabeth Grafton	"Twilight Is Stealing"
Ferne Siegfried	"The Rosary"
Ellen Messenger	"The Little Gray Home in Niles"
Gertrude Ellsworth	"They'll Never Believe Me"
Celeste Crittenden	"If You Only Had My Disposition"
Margerie McDevitt	"I'm Simply Crazy Over You"
Hazel Tuttle	"I Like the Boys"
Agusta Seeley	"Is It Love At Last?"
Mary Lightell	"I Love to Dance"

HOUSEHOLD
ARTS
D. Powell

Household Arts

Household Arts in Kent Normal, 'tis needless to say,
Is the great attraction of this age and day;
That is, judging from numbers who this school attend,
For the purpose of cooking or learning to mend.
So in order that you may more interested be,
I will give you an account of what you will see.

In our large cooking room are eight tables with stoves,
At the side and back are large cupboards for loaves;
And for spices and dishes, and utensils too,
All so neatly arranged that they are pleasant to view.
There's an ice box, three tables, a stove and one chair,
Made to go with the desk of our teacher so fair.

At the east of the room, through a great massive door,
Is a large cheerful place, a green rug on the floor;
And a table with chairs—how inviting when set!
At the end are three windows where light we may get.
Now just opposite this is a large buffet,
At the side is a table for serving, they say.

And again through a door in the east we will find
In three straight even rows thirty chairs of a kind.
It is here that the girls in the cooking class go,
For directions for making a batter or dough.
Let us follow them now and see what they make,
For a little bird told me it might be a cake.

First they put on their aprons and make quite a clatter,
Now by taking out dishes, now by beating the batter.
In a very short time, with the cakes in to bake,
All the girls hurry fast another lesson to take.
Then to ovens they rush and with eager eyes view
The delicious results of a minute or two.

But behold coming toward us! with cake on a tray!
Are Dot, Nan, and Gracia, and even dear Mae.
All are good, did you say? Why shouldn't they be?
For Miss Nixson it is, who is teaching, you see.
And now that we've seen all in cooking, we can,
Let us cross o'er the hall to a room spick and span.

It is here that the girls are assembled to sew,
And to learn how the flax and the cotton grow.
In the front on a screen are designs of all kinds,
In the corner two sinks that black hands soon find.
A large case in the rear is for dresses and such,
So that they may stay clean from all touch.

There are tables for cutting and tables for sewing,
And a table in front for the teacher all knowing.
It is here Singers sew (tho' the sewers ne'er sing),
And it's here the girls learn to make almost everything.
This I've written, dear reader, in hope that I may
Lead you here to get Knowledge for some future day.

COOKING CLASS

Home Economics Club

The Home Economics Club was organized last year for the purpose of bringing together girls interested in this subject. During the spring, meetings were held monthly, light refreshments being served each time.

This fall the club was organized, and it was planned to hold the meetings on the first and third Thusdays of each month. New interest was taken in the club and its work. Arrangements were made to have some topic of current interest discussed by faculty members or by other persons interested. Some of the meetings were devoted to needle work. Once a month a social was given.

At one of the regular meetings, Mr. Eyman gave a very interesting as well as instructive talk on "The Mineral Requirements of the Body." At another meeting Dr. Andrews gave an address on "The Communicable Diseases of Children."

These meetings were of educational value and it is hoped that the Home Economics Club will become a permanent College organization.

SEWING CLASS

Would You Believe That---

Helen Quass is going to devote her life to making rice waffles for the Hindoos?
Hazel Grove doesn't intend to furnish her home "in Browns"?
Lydia Heston wouldn't make a good Bassinger?
Harriet Holcomb expects to spend her life teaching school?
Inez Totten has never been in a picture show?
Mildred Harriot can hardly wait for chemistry Lab. Day?
Rilla Beck is as quiet and demure as she seems?
Molly Coddle has withdrawn from school?
Estella Esterly has never cracked a joke?
Selma Gohlke is going back to help the Germans?
Rachel Clapsaddle is making her bungalow plans for fun?
Maraschino is making preserved cherries?
May Knight is as black as she sounds?
Mr. Garber without specific instances?
Miss Nixson teaching without preparation?
Miss Miser flirting?
Freddie Fisher in evening dress?
Dortha Finch at church Sunday night?
Maude Alter giggling?
Helen Quass sassy?
Gracia Cranz sitting still?
Nan Woodworth refusing to dance?
Marguerite Dickerman settled down?

HEARD IN THE HOUSEHOLD ARTS CLASS

Miss Wilhelm (referring to some hemming)—"How near 'round are you?"
D. Finch (much embarrassed)—"Getting rounder every day."

Hazel Grove (asking our painfully dignified Mr. Hostettler for pancreatic amylase)—"Where's the piggy tummy?"

Mildred Herriot (referring to dummy in sewing class picture)—"What is over Miss Nixson's face?"

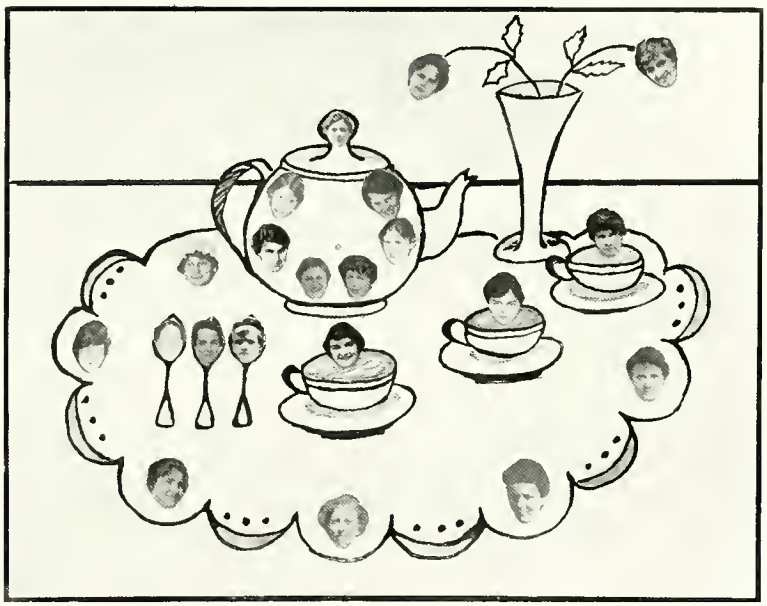
Marion Noble—"I want a loaf of bread."
Clerk—"White or brown?"
Marion—"Doesn't matter; it's for a blind woman."

Bertine Jones—"I've eaten nothing for three days but snowballs."
Nola Nixson—"Poor girl! What would you have done had it been summertime?"

Mary Paulus—"Is the water you have here healthy?"
Miss Wilhelm—"Yes, we use 'well' water only."

A Recipe

Take flour of practicability,
And leaven of ideal,
Add salt of common sense
And knead it up with zeal;
Bake in the steady oven heat
Of each day's trial and test.
This is the daily bread that man
Has always found the best.



"A Possible Edition of the Kentonian in 1930"

Lisbon, O.—Fire destroyed the hotel Hostettler today. Fire was due to an explosion of alcohol that Selma Gohlke and Esther Hill were heating over an open flame. Hazel Hostettler, the manager, estimates the loss at $300,000.

New York—Miss Birdie Fowler, ex-president of the Pittenger Literary Society, K. S. N. C., was elected president of the Equal Suffrage Association at the convention here today.

Washington, D. C.—Madam Harriet Hemoglobin Holcomb has been appointed on the U. S. Bureau of chemical research. It Will be remembered that Madam Holcomb and Estella Esterly were the ladies who discovered a chemical process by which instant regurgigation would take place after eating mothballs.

Misses Lydia Heston and Helen Welker, well known marzipan and pumpernickle makers, have opened a cafeteria at the corner of Fifth and Liberty. Travelers from all over the world will patronize the "Greasy Spoon."

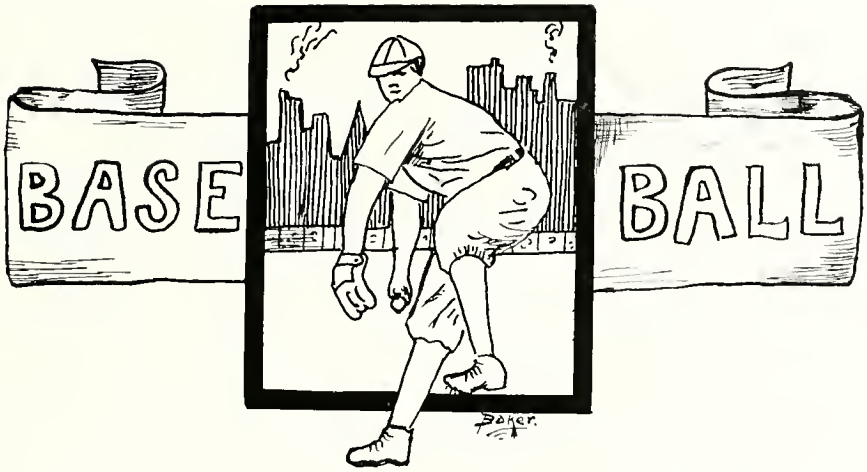
NEW YORK—Dr. D. M. Finch, B.S., Ph.D., recently elected head of the Domestic Science department of Columbia University, is spending the summer with her parents in Cleveland, O.

CLEVELAND—Fifteen thousand people listened with delight at a concert given by Mle. Hartman and company last evening. This is the second appearance of the noted pianist before an American audience. Frauleins Walsh and Woodworth rendered effective musical selections. Signora Inez Totten was especially popular in the latest Spanish dances.

ATHLETICS
KSNC 1916-17
Jas. Baker.

EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

C. L. MILEY ..... *President*
MABEL HEIM ..... *Vice President*
SYLVESTER SUMMERS ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
GILBERT ROBERTS ..... *Basket Ball Manager*
JAMES TIDD ..... *Baseball Manager*
ELMER STEIGNER ..... *Tennis Manager*
E. C. SEALE ..... *Faculty Advisor*
MARGARET POTTINGER ..... *Faculty Advisor*
R. L. EYMAN ..... *Faculty Advisor*



When the 1916 season opened, the outlook for a fast team and a successful year was encouraging. A schedule of seven games was booked by the manager, but unfortunately—perhaps fortunately, only three were played. It seemed that a spirit of ill luck hovered over the team. A long list of injuries caused the lineup to be shifted, thus forcing some of the players to play positions to which they were unaccustomed.

Taking all things into consideration, the boys made a good showing against the fast teams from Akron University, Hiram, and Findlay, all of which rank among the first in athletic prowess. A suitable place for playing was also lacking and this was no small factor in cutting down the attendance.

Several practice games were played with the Central High team as well as several other town teams. Kent Normal emerged from these contests victorious without exception. With the advent of the long summer term came Welser, Korb, Snyder, and Weinman. Thus re-enforced the team was ready for a real battle. But the games with Hiram, Mt. Union, and West Lafayette were cancelled and the opportunity was lost. The following men composed the squad: Welser, Tidd, DeWitt, Havlicek (Captain), Swigart (Manager), Hostettler, Kuenzli, Snyder, Schneider, Korb, Brown, Weinman, Welsh, Swope, Simpson, Hoffee, Stuckman.

BASEBALL RECORD

April	29—At Kent	Kent 1, Akron University 12
May	6—At Kent	Kent 1, Hiram 10
May	17—At Kent	Kent 2, Findlay 8
May	27—At Mt. Union	Cancelled
June	3—At West LaFayette	Cancelled
June	9—At Kent	Mt. Union, Cancelled
June	10—At Hiram	Cancelled

BASKET BALL RECORD

Dec.	15—At Kent	Kent 11, Ashland 55
Jan.	12—At Kent	Kent 23, Reserve Academy 20
Jan.	19—At Kent	Kent 19, Bowling Green 17
Jan.	20—At St. Ignatius	Kent 8, St. Ignatius 61
Jan.	24—At Ashland	Cancelled
Feb.	10—At Akron	Kent 4, Akron University 62
Mar.	2—At Muskingum	Kent 14, Muskingum 69
Mar.	9—At Bowling Green	Kent 17, Bowling Green 51
Mar.	10—At Kent	Kent 12, Findlay 100

There was much enthusiasm at the opening of the season. Ten men, representing the best of the athletic material in college, came out for the team. Each was ready to do his part in raising the athletic standard of the college. That their expectations might be accomplished, Dr. Ulrich was secured as coach.

Past, Present, and Future of Athletics at Kent

In contrast with the rapid and unequalled development of the other departments, athletics has held a minor place. In the past, teams representing the new college have gone into games weak, but determined, and with but few exceptions, have come out defeated. The teams received loyal support at first, but gradually the enthusiasm begun to waver. Consequently athletics was left in the hands of a faithful few. These people have kept the flickering flame from completely being extinguished. Professors Hopkins, Eyman, and Seale have done much to keep things going in the field of athletics.

At present athletics has taken on a new lease of life and has held its place this year. Having no brilliant past, it is difficult to conceive of a bright future. But what the summer shower is to the withering flower, so will the new gymnasium be to athletics in K. S. N. C. in the future.

Dr. N. A. Ulrich
Coach

His record as a high school coach is a successful one. He was a star player at Muskingum College, and later at the Kirkesville, Mo., School of Osteopathy. He was determined to build up a good team, and the extent to which he succeeded was beyond expectations, considering that he had to work with inexperienced men.

Gilbert Roberts
Manager

Too much praise cannot be accorded Roberts for the way in which he worked in the face of difficulties to make the team successful. He was right there when it came to making the first team centers work, and he showed his grit when he donned a suit at Bowling Green to help break the winning streak of the Wood County boys.

Herbert Swigart
Left Guard. Captain

"Sweeney" was the only player left to the team from the team of last year. He proved to be a good foundation for a new team. Always in the game and never conceding victory to the opposing team until the last whistle was blown. He made an excellent captain and leader.

JAMES TIDD
Right Forward

A hard and willing worker was Tidd. He could always be depended upon as a point gainer. He will be a valuable man for next year's team. Watch him. As an acting captain during Swigart's absence, he also proved his ability as a leader.

C. L. MILEY
Right Guard

He played a hard game and with this year's experience will make a good man for next year's team. Aggressive and loyal, he always played for the team.

LOUIS BECHTLE
Left Forward

"Pinkey" at forward delivered the goods. In a few of the games he scored most of the points for Normal. Bowling Green will never forget his wonderful foul shooting.

Elmslie T. Thomas
Center

Thomas was a man who was never known to quit, even though fate decreed that he should sacrifice some of his blood for K. S. N. C. A "sure shot" when given a chance.

Charles Molien
Guard

Charlie was a faithful worker and did his best when called into the fray. His former experience proved a valuable asset.

Omar Kear
Center

Inexperienced at the beginning of the season, his determination to win out was realized and was a prominent feature in the Bowling Green game.

Physical Education Team

Lowry Hall Senior Team

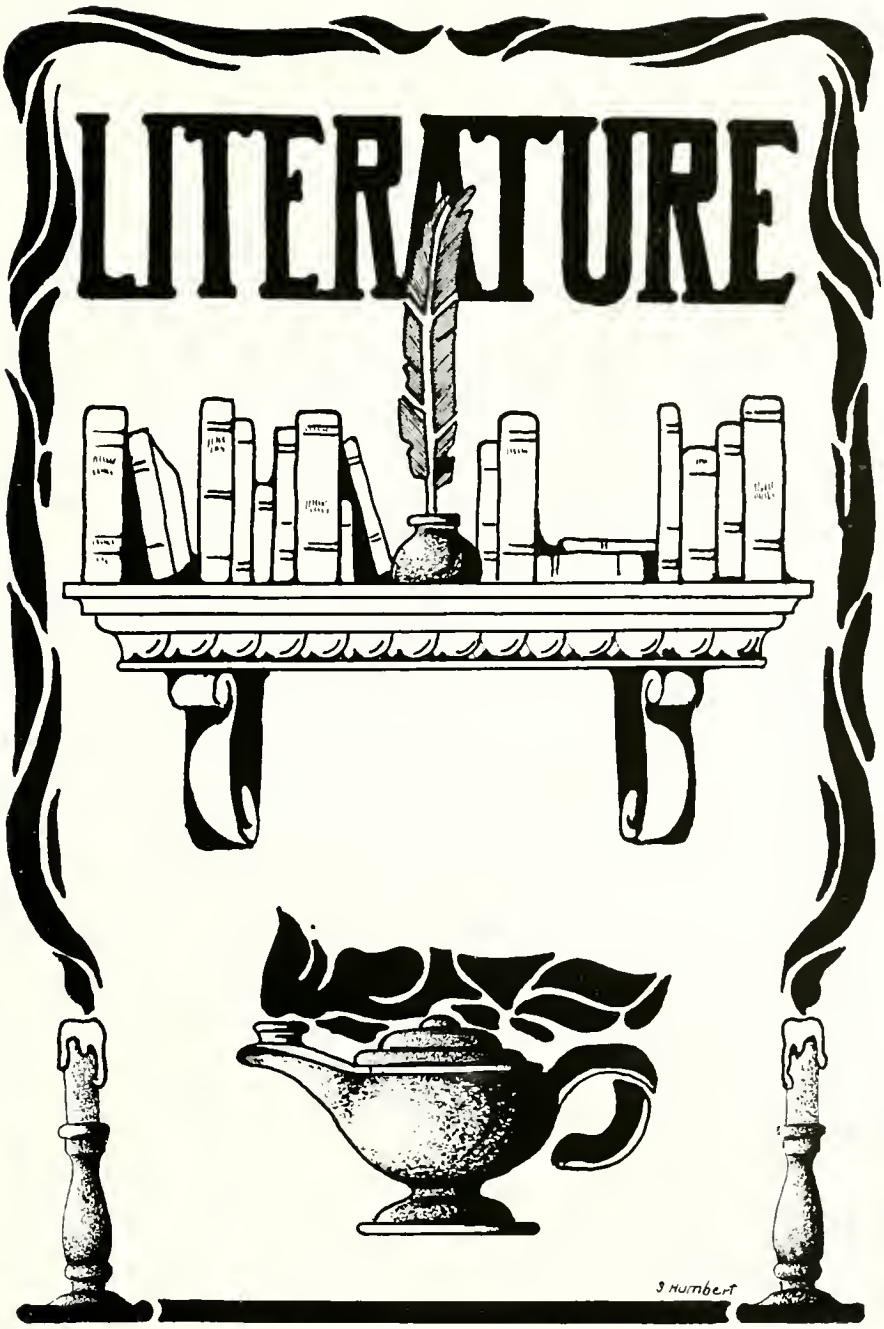
All Stars Team

All Stars Team

Live Wires Team

Live Wires Team

Physical Education Class


LITERATURE
J. Humbert

To Each His Vision

Oh there are times when all the busy clash
Of this, my world of work, grows strangely far;
And o'er my pathway shines a sudden star;
And round me bright aerial pinions flash;
And, clear above the factory's rythmic crash,
A voice drifts down compellingly. The bar
That holds my spirit earthbound swings ajar
And I slip heavenward on voyage rash.
Yet all the while my fingers find their path
Among the threads; the busy shuttles run
Across and back; the fabric knows no scath.
The workers round me toil on, every one
In stolid silence. Yet at times it seems
I glimpse their pinion too among my dreams.

—H. C. Hewitt.

A Normalite Goes Shopping

Oh, here you are, kiddo! I was so afraid we wouldn't make connections. Can we make this car? Oh, lots of time—that's nice. I hate to rush, don't you? Once when I was in Cleveland—ready? Oh, wait till I skip down to my locker! I'll just be gone a minute.

There, let's go. We can walk slowly, and I'm just dying to get out of these walls. It's *such* a nice afternoon. You know, just the sight of that locker makes me think of my umbrella. You see, it's my aunt's—we exchanged by chance—and she values it so highly. Therefore, when I missed it, you can *imagine* how I felt. I thot at once of my locker, but it wasn't there, so I thot I must have left it at the Inn. I could distinctly remember leaving it there, but the proprietor said that he hadn't found it, but—

Isn't that awkward? Don't you feel silly, really, having people open doors for you? And you always get in their way. And the boys! *I* shouldn't do it, if *I* were a man here, I'll tell you!

Oh, yes, I was going to say—

Which way shall we go? Down the hill? Oh, let's run—you can't help it—whee! I can't stop—I can't stop— Say, Miss Pottinger must approve of this hill.

Oh yes, I was telling you about my umbrella. Where was I? Oh, I found it in my room at last—wasn't that funny? I marked three dollars saved on my expense account. I can spend that now, you see, without a qualm.

Isn't this lovely? I just *love* to walk, don't you? My roommate and I are going to walk to Ravenna Sunday. We've been planning it all year, but somehow it has never materialized. These nice days, tho—I just love spring! I can hardly wait until summer. I'm going to take Biology. Catching bugs and things—it must be a circus!

Oh, look at those trees! Isn't it interesting to watch them! There's hardly any of the tree left, they've hollowed them out so, and little holes all over them. Don't you wish we could watch the Skinners work, some time? They're nice fellows, too! But one of them had the impudence to ask me once what the Normal girls would *ever have done* without them. The nerve! He said there were only thirty-five Skinners. And I told him, "Why, every Normal girl is going with at least three." He looked at me so queerly and asked, "Who are the other two?" Oh, no, nothing of that—you can't kid me. You see, they're here such a short time. Anyway, Ted would not like it. Yes, he's coming in the Spring. The imported variety are the best after all!

Here we are, talking about the boys. Mother said in her last letter that she wished I'd think more books and less Skinner. But what was it that that man said in Assembly? That the highest duty of the American girls—heavens, no! I was just quoting. Now, Mr. Seale says that a man doesn't amount to anything until he's forty. So if we are to be good teachers—and that's what we are here for—oh, draw the inference, Florence. My brain is tired. Honestly, that Psychology of Thinking gives me the jimjams.

Ten minutes—oh, that pesky car! Every other time I have to run for it, or it's just gone. How shall we ever kill ten minutes in this town? Wait, let's get some candy. Oh it's so expensive, and really I'm about on the rocks. I wrote to Dad last week and—yes, let's go in here. What do you want? Oh, goodness—I don't know. Here, this is all right; and, yes, I like that. Now, you give me a nickel and I'll give him a dime. Does that penetrate? Have some. Say, this *is* good. Let's wait on this corner—we'll be more likely to get a seat. Goodness, child! don't put that candy in the pocket toward me—really, you mustn't. I've eaten more than my share already.

What does that sign say? Mary Pickford? Oh, kidlets—when? I MUST see it—will you come with me? Sure! Get your lessons at school. Really, that's an educational feature—and she's such a *dear* little thing! Do they ever make you cry? My brother just loves to take me to—yes, smarty, my brother! to take me to a weepy one and watch me squirm. He's horrid. No, he's twenty-two, and say, he's nice looking. *You* bet! he doesn't look at all like me, really. Oh, call off the blarney! What do you want, a quarter?

Oh, darling, I can almost feel those new shoes on my feet! I only brought a five, so no clerk can persuade me into—listen—is that the car? I believe it is. Have we *really* waited ten minutes?

Oh, glory! an empty car! We'd have gotten a seat anyway. This is bliss! I love to go shopping, don't you? If one had lots of money. The other night we were wondering if a woman could spend a thousand dollars for a single outfit. We started with the hat, and—

Look, kiddo, at that get up—my stars! No, the other one. Of all the star spangled banners—oh, no. Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, we spent a thousand dollars on that outfit, all right, all right. Easy. Mr. Layton was telling us the other day about the minimum wage law they're trying to pass in Ohio. He said it was almost impossible to live on fifty dollars a month—just the bare necessities. Yes, isn't it funny he's so well posted. Do you suppose—well, I don't blame him, do you? You know, I'm glad I'm taking Government now, while everything is so topsy-turvy. Do you know, Florence, this is one of the most thrilling phases of the world's history—I think that's what he said.

Say, aren't those windows dirty? Everything gets so dirty, though. And the water! I told the girls I'd never live in Kent just on account of the water. Soap makes no impression on it. And your hair! Florence, tell me—how often do you wash your hair?

Oh, see—here we are. I can always tell by that funny sign. Greek, isn't it? It's so dear of you to pilot me around like this, but really I'd get lost in a bottle with the cork out.

You say this is a good place? Lead on, MacDuff. Oh, see those shoes! Aren't they a *fright?* What—fourteen dollars! Help—carry me in.

Yes. I want some street shoes, brown, medium heels, laced.

Oh, Florence, isn't he a peach! Did you see that mustache? OH, girlie!

Yes, those are nice. Why, Florence, they're awfully pretty! Oh, they're *sweet*. Those heels are dreadfully high, but one might as well look trim, and the last ones I got were so sloppy. How much are they? No, really. No—I mustn't pay more than five. Yes, I know—but really I cannot. Show me something else, please.

Florence, aren't those tans *dear?* See that toe, and the heel! They're beauties. But I can't afford it—so! Glad I only brought the five. You know, tho, if one gets a shoe one really doesn't like,—it's awfully—

Oh ye-es, they're nice. But black! You have nothing in tan at the same price? Oh dear, they look cheap beside the others, tho if I'd seen them first I suppose—oh pickles!

Yes, these *are* nice, but— What are you laughing at, Florence? I know I have the tan in my hand, just to look at. What difference does it make?

Really, I don't care for these. No, I don't like those either.

Say, Florence, these tans are really very pretty. Wouldn't they look nice with my blue dress? Mr. Shoeman, can't you say that they will last a million years or something, so I'll have some excuse? Oh, well, I'll surrender. I *must* have them. Seven dollars, you said? (Aren't they sweet?) Why I forgot—I only have five dollars. And you haven't any! Florence, what shall I do? I must have them! Oh, will you really take a check? How nice!

Isn't it strange how these people accept checks right and left? Why, anyone might swindle them out of a million dollars. Rubbers? Oh, yes. You might as well make it the most expensive kind, to go with these shoes. Seven eight-five! This check business is a painless way of paying, isn't it?

Oh, no. I want to wear them. Well—yes, that's true, it *is* rather sloppy. All right—wrap them up. Do you know, Florence, I hate to lose sight of them. Yes, that's all right. Good day.

All right, smarty, laugh! I know I couldn't afford them, but as you say, nothing else would have suited me. And say, that mustache could have sold me *anything*.

Oh, here's my car! Well, thank you, dear, for coming along. Ever so much. Goodbye—see you Monday. No, don't worry, I won't wear them to school—not at first. Goodbye!

The Teacher of My A. B. C.

Oft in memory's hall I wander,
With dear thoughts that never die;
And when thus I muse and ponder,
Sweet visions come floating by.
For out of the dim and long ago,
In fancy there comes to me
The form of her, I once loved so,
The dear teacher of my "A. B. C."

Her form is very tall and prim,
'Tis cast in dignity's mold,
Her gown is modest, neat, and trim,
An artist's dream is every fold.
Her hair is almost silver white,
Her face is wrinkled and wee,
Her eyes are beautiful and bright,
Ah, sweet teacher of my "A. B. C."

Her voice is soft, and sweet, and low
Like an angel's flute divine,
And out of the dim and long ago
It comes to this soul of mine.
But her smile! Ah, heavenly art!
Is so precious and dear to me,
It says, "Do not fear, dear heart,
The teacher of your 'A. B. C.' "

For when an error I chance to make,
She flashes a look so bright
Which does not make my restless soul quake,
But gives it greater might.
For straightway new courage I find,
And the error I plainly see,
So considerate, thoughtful, and kind,
Is the teacher of my "A. B. C."

* * * * * * * *

'Neath a green mound she is sleeping,
Where the weeping willows wave,
Angels guardian watch are keeping
O'er an honored, new-made grave.
But her heavenly presence is ever near
And I shall always strive to be
Like her. My ideal, most dear!
My angel teacher of my "A. B. C."!

Farewell then, sweet vision of mine,
You are my guiding star;
You have finished your work divine,
You are where the angels are!
But as on my earthly way I wend,
I shall always think of thee
And find noble and good in all I attend,
Oh, ideal teacher of my "A. B. C."!

LOUISE M. PAULMANN.

Your Mission

What have you done and what will you do, are questions asked of every one. Life is too short to dream of great riches coming, as it were, from the hands of a Median God! What will you do? Are you looking forward when you can offer your trivial services to humanity, or are you one of those irresponsible fellows who declare that the world owes them a living in spite of what they can do? I hope not. If you are of this type, our college halls will not be a very secure shelter for you or your kind.

It is not sufficient for you to be reiterating words and works of men who have gone before. There is no glory in that! No honor is in store for the imitator! I cannot express this idea any clearer than Emerson does, when he says, in that beautiful poem "To J. W."—

Set not thy foot on graves;
Hear what wine and roses say;
The mountain chase, the summer waves,
The crowded town, thy feet may well delay.

Set not thy foot on graves;
Nor seek to unwind the shroud
Which charitable Time
And Nature have allowed
To wrap the errors of a sage sublime.

Set not thy foot on graves;
Care not to strip the dead
Of his sad ornament,
His myrrh, and wine, and rings,
His sheet of lead,
And trophies buried:
Go, get them where he earned them when alive;
As resolutely dig and dive.

Life is too short to waste
In critic *peep* or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!

Why hesitate to do something for society, when the products of your labor are so essential to mankind? If you wish to be remembered, if you wish your name carved in the Hall of Fame, you cannot remain idle very long. "A great institution is but the lengthened shadow of a great man," says Emerson. Your institution need not be a college, a university, a great manufacturing plant, a state, or a nation. But let your institution be some little deed that will be remembered by those benefitted.

Have you decided upon your mission? If not, perhaps you will be able to get some idea or some thought from the following lines.

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,—
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

"If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant a happy measure
As they slowly pass along,—
Though they may forget the singer,
They may not forget the song.

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where smoke and fire are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

"Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a fickle goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,—
Do not fear to do and dare,
If you WANT a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere."

—Clyde O. Hostettler.

Passing On The Torch

Robert and Alice Wendell had, as they termed it, "set up housekeeping." They had chosen a small house in the suburbs. Here, Alice had spent many happy days, arranging and rearranging their worldly possessions, until everything seemed, to her critical eyes, to be in perfect harmony. Having completed all to her satisfaction the proud little housewife was just aching to show Robert and all his relatives what a model wife she could be.

And indeed she looked the part as she bustled about her work; laughing brown eyes, a rosy dimpled mouth, an abundance of brown curly hair, a trimly attired figure—and the whole, animated with a firm resolve to become an ideal homemaker.

This was the dream which she confided to Robert, who thought her "quite the best little woman in the world."

"I just wish that you and mother could know each other," he remarked one evening.

"And why can't we?" returned Alice. Here was an opportunity to exercise the hospitality which filled her very soul; and to demonstrate the sublime art of homemaking. So it was arranged that Robert's mother, who lived in a distant state, should come for an extended visit.

The thoughtful little wife prepared the warmest room, and placed the easiest chair, a pair of warm slippers, and a woolen shawl conveniently near the register. Occasionally, Robert regaled Alice with reminiscences of the biscuit and the johnnycake "that mother used to make."

"I'll bet Mother hasn't forgotten how to roast a chicken and bake apple pies. I'm going to ask her to try it when she comes," he asserted one evening shortly before her arrival.

Alice said nothing—only redoubled her efforts in the culinary art.

On the day of "Mother's" arrival, Robert could not leave the office, so Alice went to the depot to meet the dear old lady. The train pulled in. She scrutinized every old lady's face for signs of resemblance to Robert,—but could not find any. Anticipation was fast giving way to disappointment, when a strong capable hand grasped hers, and with a searching look into her face, a tall middle-aged woman asked brusquely, "You're Bob's wife, aren't you?"

Quite aghast with surprise and the comparison of her mental image of a little old woman, with the reality before her, Alice could only stammer "Y-yes,"—and ask about her baggage. "Oh, I just gave my trunk check to a drayman and told him to deliver it," was the response. The astonished Alice could only murmur an excuse for Robert's being unable to meet her.

Once on the car, Alice regained her self-possession; and by the time they reached home, the two women were quite well acquainted. The mother and the wife of a man who is perfect in the eyes of each, can find at least one topic of mutual interest.

Having arrived at home, Mother busied herself with unpacking her trunk, while Alice hurried to remove all traces of the slippers and shawl so carefully placed in readiness for the "dear old lady." Thus Mother was established in the little home circle.

The days which followed were memorable ones to Alice. Almost every day Robert found occasion to praise Mother's cooking. That good woman in turn would always tactfully relish some dish that Alice had prepared, ask for the recipe, and commend the frugality of the little wife. But Alice was perplexed. She admired her capable mother-in-law, and shared in Robert's praise of her. Yet she wondered if her own accomplishments were lacking of appreciation by the man whom she loved. She pondered over this a great deal, and finally very wisely concluded to learn just how Mother made the various delectables which were so lauded. Mother gladly acquiesced in the plan and patiently instructed a very apt pupil.

On the day before her departure, Alice entertained the critical aunts and uncles of her husband. "Just let me do it all, and see if Robert will suspect the difference between your cooking and mine," Alice had said. And so she prepared the dinner while Mother entertained the guests.

With the ever feminine wish to please, she attempted the things especially favored by Robert. The pies were flaky and browned to just the right degree; and Alice was already enjoying in anticipation the fruits of success. Frequent peeps into the oven revealed the glad truth that the biscuits were as light and fluffy as heart could wish—but the roast chicken would not brown. It still retained its pallid color. The gravy lacked all flavor of any fowl, and the perplexed Alice could not remember just what Mother would do to make it so. But with characteristic determination, she resolved not to call Mother at all costs. A briny tear dropped from the brown eyes, and more were gathering; so that, in removing the pans of biscuits from the oven, she burned her arm severely. But the physical pain was obliterated by mental discomfiture and humbled pride.

At this critical moment the door opened and Mother entered the kitchen. "I remember my first family dinner, and what a dreadful time I had; and I just wondered if you were having any trouble. Can I help you?" No angel ever seemed more beautiful than Mother appeared to Alice that moment. Very gladly her offer was accepted, and the dinner was soon served.

Robert lavishly praised "Mother's cooking." "Those apple pies are just like they used to be," he bragged. "I never hoped to taste biscuits like these again." When he had committed himself concerning each dish in turn, Mother took the opportunity to disillusion and enlighten him. "Alice prepared this dinner, son, and you have reason to be pleased with it. When I get home, I will be proud to serve on my table the preparations she has taught me to make." A glow of gratitude flushed Alice's face, and Robert felt a twinge of conscience at his blundering inconsideration, and seeming lack of appreciation.

When the guests had departed, and Robert with them, Alice tried to thank Mother for the many valuable lessons she had received. "But most of all, I want to thank you for the tact and the kindness you have shown toward me. I know that you have praised my cooking so that Robert will like it—you've done so ever since you came. And then, today, you didn't let me feel how awkward and inexperienced I am, but you made

me think that you were so, once, too. I felt it, and I am more grateful than I can say. But tell me how you learned to be what you are. I want to be like you!"

Mother's eyes grew soft as she replied, "I received much of my inspiration, and advanced many of my ideals when I was a girl preparing for life, in the Kent State Normal College. I came to have a definite aim in doing everything and to feel that my own influence must be a studied ideal. Later, it was experience that taught me to see that this education could be applied, not only in teaching, but in homemaking."

Mother took her departure the next day. And if Robert had looked very closely, he would have observed on the kitchen clock, a small box of orange and blue ribbon—Alice's silent reminder of Mother's "ideal influence." She had received a torch which would be a guiding light through all her future life.

—May E. Merrill.

The Narrow Door

Some day I shall come to the narrow door
Where the long, long journey ends at last;
I shall cross its threshold and see no more
The pleasant fields that my feet have passed.
Ah, well-a-day! The journey is sweet
But the stones are rugged beneath my feet.
Perchance I shall tread in a smoother way,
But I cannot tell. Ah, well-a-day!

Perhaps it will glimmer, sunset-kissed,
Like an evening lamp in the twilight air;
Or mayhap some day in a shrouding mist
I shall pass its portals unaware.
Ah, well-a-day! There are times, my dear,
When I dream that the things I have just missed here
Are awaiting me at the end of the way,
But I cannot tell. Ah, well-a-day.

—H .C. Hewitt.

Foreclosed

G. Berkley Morrison closed the door to his private sitting room with a satisfied smile. The purr of the descending elevator still sounded in his ears a rich, final note to a very harmonious interview. The three men about to step out into the foyer were, metaphorically, the political majority of the state. They were kingmakers, and they had looked upon him and found him good in their sight. A vision of the gubernatorial mansion rose before G. Berkley's inner eye, and his smile deepened.

The smile still lingered when he answered a tap at the door. He returned with a bundle of evening papers and settled down comfortably to a consideration of passing affairs. Presently his ample countenance wrinkled into a frown of annoyance, as his eye noted a headline halfway down a column. Apparently the newspapers were going to devote some unwelcome attention to the progress of the Andrews Child-labor Bill thru his committee. Well, it was unfortunate, but would not alter the outcome. He and "Jim" Denton had planned the battle too carefully to be disconcerted by a trifle of newspaper smoke. That reminded him that Jim was awaiting a report from him as to the success of certain preliminary skirmishing. Strange how the afternoon's events had driven everything from his mind! And it might be wise to answer his father's letter at once, and so put a check on any further appeals for financial reckoning. Dad was always easily satisfied, thank Heaven! Still smiling over certain details of the recent interview, he began his letters.

"Dear Jim," he wrote, "Davison has finally come across. We have a clear majority in the committee and I can confidently assure you that the bill will be killed. In regard to that little agreement—" It was soon finished.

Then, "Dear Dad:—I'd like nothing better than to help you out on the mortgage, but just now it is clearly impossible. A congressman's salary is scarcely princely, you know, and it costs to keep up the style of living that gives one prestige in the political game. If you and John can fix it up for the present, I may in a few months—" and so on.

He folded and slipped them into their envelopes, scribbled the addresses, and stepped out into the hall. When he returned it was only to get his hat and overcoat and go out for an evening at his club.

The next day was a busy one for Congressman Morrison. A session of the house, lunch with a party leader, conferences with his colleagues, topped off with a banquet at the biggest political club, at which he was expected to shine oratorically,—all these kept in the background the satisfied feeling of the evening before. But at two o'clock in the morning, G. Berkley breathed an expansive sigh of relief, snapped off the light, and sat down before his open fire for a few moments of pleasant retrospect. It had been a brilliant evening. His speech had been wisely considered, rising into a climax of eloquence that had swept his hearers off their feet. He told himself complacently that he had successfully avoided committing himself on any real question. He had said nothing and said it brilliantly. It was a fit prelude to his larger plans.

Just at this point he was aware of a shuffle of footsteps in the corridor. There was a pause, then his door swung in with a bang. G. Berkley rose in indignation. Into the circle of dim light strode a big gaunt figure, splashed with mud and dripping from the heavy rain.

G. Berkley snapped on the light and turned angrily to the intruder. "What in Heaven's name brings you here, John? If there's something wrong at home, why didn't you telegraph?"

"There's nothing wrong at home. And you needn't worry about your reputation. Nobody saw me but the night clerk, and he was half asleep."

"Then why did you come? About the mortgage? A nice time to startle a fellow about that! I thot my letter made it clear enough—"

"If your letter made it as clear to Jim Benton about the mortgage as it did about some other things to us, it was a masterpiece. Who was to get this, Georgie?"

G. Berkley glanced at the outheld letter and turned a sickly green. "H-how,—wh-wh-what—" he began.

"You got your wires crossed, Georgie. Maybe you'd better sit down; you look shaky." G. Berkley sank heavily into a chair, his eyes still on the speaker's face.

"Now let's get down to business. What I came for is to discuss this letter—and some other things."

G. Berkley rallied feebly. "A gentleman would have sent it to the rightful owner," he sneered.

"Jim hasn't sent me mine yet. And besides, Georgie, this isn't a gentleman's correspondence. It looks more like the documents in a first class scandal."

"Well," said G. Berkley sullenly, "spit it out. I suppose you expect to come in for a third."

"George Morrison, if I didn't object to soiling my hands, I'd thrash you. But your worthless skin is safe at present. What I want is a settling up."

"The mortgage? Well, I suppose—"

"No, you needn't offer me any of your dirty money. I've come to foreclose a different kind of mortgage and I reckon you'll pay up."

"Well, out with it. I can't listen to your nonsense all night."

"All right. Just glance over this little statement. 'Sept., 1900, to George, $100.00.' That was your start in college. 'October, to George, $25.00.' That was to flam you out for a class party. '$50.00, $35.00, $40.00.' That's part of your first year. The next year we mortgaged the farm and you went back in style. We never supposed you would need help after you got thru school. But look here! Eight hundred dollars in three years to help you spend your income in politics. Then Dad had his first stroke and I've had him and Mother to take care of ever since. Twice I've had that mortgage renewed because I couldn't do any more than pay the interest. I suppose I'll go on doing it as long as the folks are alive. Mother hasn't had a new coat for eight years because it took all the money to pay the interest on your debts. Well, we got a rich reward! You're a congressman, and a crook! Three of us, working ourselves to death to raise a thing like you!"

G. Berkley was a shaking bulk, almost without power to speak. Wetting his lips desperately, he managed to whisper, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

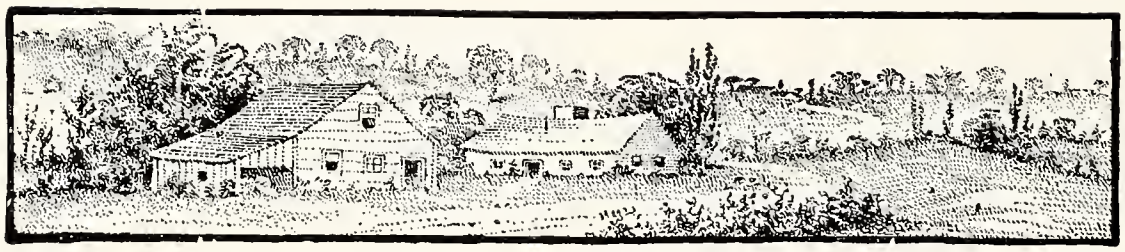
"Do? You are going to do the doing! You are going to live honest, if I have to spend the rest of my life seeing to it. Man, we own you, body and soul,—if you have one! The first thing you will do is to write to Jim Benton that the deal's off,—and let me read the letter."

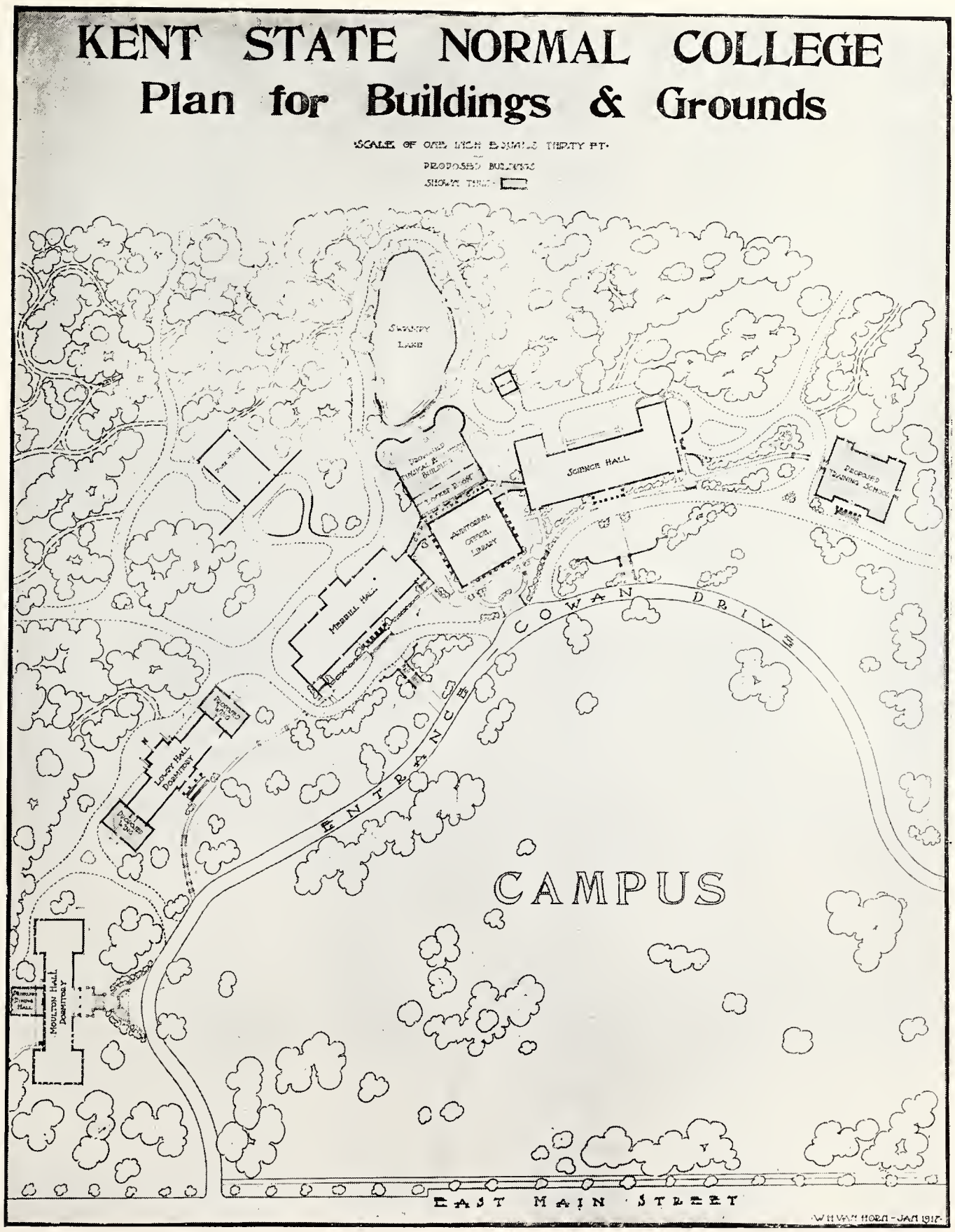
G. Berkley struggled to his feet. "No you don't!" he shouted. "You can't bluff me into a performance like that!"

John Morrison caught his brother's shoulder in a grip that made his pampered flesh wince. "You'll write that letter. Do you know what would happen if I made this little document public? Well, you would have a look at the bars from the inside. Oh, I've got you dead to rights, Georgie! Go write your letter!"

And after a moment's silence, G. Berkley turned and staggered to his desk.

—H. C. Hewitt.




KENT STATE NORMAL COLLEGE
Plan for Buildings & Grounds
SCALE OF ONE INCH EQUALS THIRTY FT.
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MERRILL HALL
LIBRARY
COWAN DRIVE
ENTRANCE
CAMPUS
MOULTON HALL
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MUSIC
I. Humbert

The K. S. N. C. Orchestra

The K. S. N. C. Orchestra was organized at the beginning of the fall term. In the two previous years, orchestras were organized, but after a few rehearsals did not warrant further trial. The orchestra this year has formed a nucleus, which in years to come will be one of the most interesting factors of the college.

The members of the orchestra are:

Violin
Miss Mathews
Miss Martens
Mr. Hostettler
Mr. Fisher
Mr. Hopper

Clarinet
Mr. Ginther

Cornet
Mr. Iacobucci

Flute
Mr. Thomas
Mr. Kear

Trombone
Mr. Miley

Drums
Mr. Baker
Mr. Couch

Piano
Mr. Graves

The orchestra has appeared in assembly several times, each time showing a decided improvement. At the first appearance, three numbers were played and Mr. Iacobucci played an inspiring rendition of "Walter's Prize Song" from "The Meistersingers" by Wagner.

The second concert was given a few weeks later and was very successful. Miss Mathews played "Visions," by Saint Saens.

The orchestra played at the concert that was given March 29, and at the Commencement exercises.

Rehearsals were held weekly and students with musical ability were given opportunity to join.

—Frederick Fisher.

The Pedagogues' Quartette

The Kent State Normal College Male Quartette came into being in the latter part of the fall term. One of the first problems to confront the organization was that of finding a suitable name. Each member of the quartette was of the opinion that the name should be symbolic of the institution represented. The term "Pedagogues," which met well the requirements, was adopted.

The boys made their first public appearance at the Farmer's Institute held in Kent in the early part of January. Since then they have sung at Farmers' Institutes, churches in both Kent and Ravenna, and on several other occasions. There is a possibility that the boys will be in school next year. If so, the organization will continue through the year.

Mr. Henry J. Robison carries the bass part and is a capable reader.

Mr. Floyd Graves fills the bill as a baritone and assists at the piano when his services are necessary.

Mr. Frederick Fisher sings second tenor and is also quite "at home" with the violin.

Mr. C. L. Miley sings first tenor exceedingly well and also does good work with the cornet.

The Lyric Quartette

This year of 1916-1917 has afforded something a little unusual in the Music Department of the Kent State Normal College. A girls' quartette was organized, bearing the name of The Lyric Quartette. The members of the quartette are:

NINA BROWN.....*First Soprano*
ELIZABETH TRESCOTT.....*Second Soprano*
MABEL REED.....*First Alto*
ANNE MARTENS.....*Second Alto*

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club, under the leadership of Miss Shamel, has completed another successful year. This organization is one of the bright lights in the College.

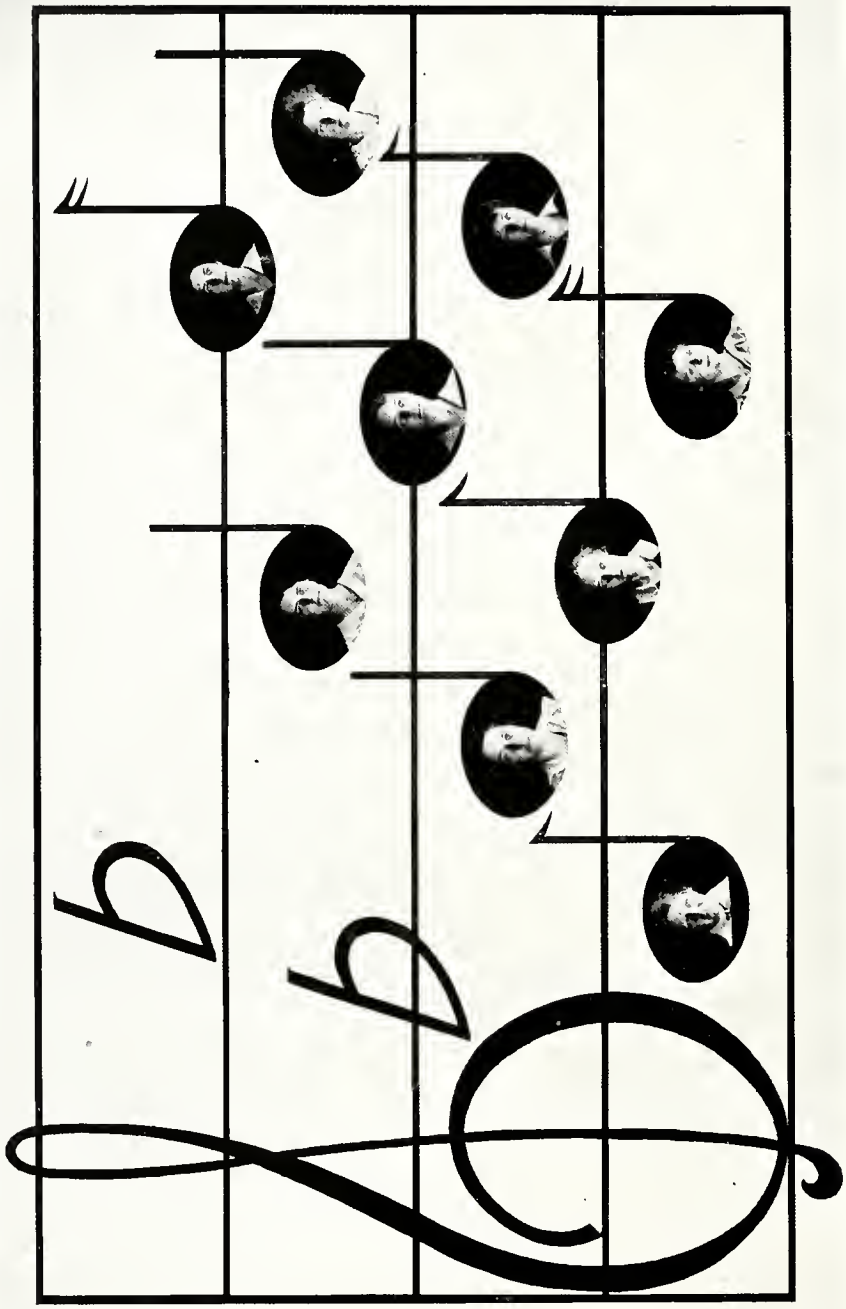
They have appeared twice in concert work during the year. The first performance was given on December 21, 1916. The following program was rendered:

Twilight Star.....J. Barnby
Come, Maidens Fair.....H. Schowacker
Bethlehem Star.....Lewis Dressler
Lullaby from Jocelyn.....B. Godard
Stars Behind the Cloud.....B. Tours
Day is at Last Departing.....Roff

The Glee Club was assisted in this performance by Miss Bruot, organist, and Mr. Wilson, tenor, both from Akron.

The second concert was given on April 25, 1917, in co-operation with the other musical organizations of the College. The following program was rendered:

Organ Solo .....
Miss Hartlerode
Serenade ..... Schubert
Orchestra
The Darrza ..... Chadwick
Elizabeth Trescott
Violin Solo .....
Virginia Mathews
Sing, Smile, Slumber ..... Gounod
Nina Brown
Flute Obligato.....Mr. Thomas
Cornet Solo .....
Mr. Iacobucci
Coppah Moon .....Shelley
Male Quartette
Slumber Song .....Nevin
Nevin Quartette
Estudiaatina ..... Lacorne
Double Quartette and Orchestra
Song at Sunrise.....Manney
Girls' Glee Club



Calendar of Musical Events

Monday Evening, Nov. 13

The first musical number on the lecture course was given by the Gray-Lhevinne Co. The famous old fiddle which Mrs. Estelle Gray-Lhevinne played was made in Cremona, Italy, in 1775.

Friday, Nov. 17

The College Orchestra rendered three selections which were greatly enjoyed. Mr. Iacobucci played Wagner's "Prize Song" and the "Rosary" by Nevin.

Wednesday, Dec. 6

Miss Shamel entertained with the song cycle, "In a Persian Garden," by Liza Lehman—from the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyaim. A short talk was given concerning the character of Omar Khayyaim and his writings.

Friday, Dec. 8

The Lyric Quartette rendered three selections: "A Spanish Romance," Sawyer; "Shoogy-Shoo," Mayhew; "The Sweetest Flower That Blows," Hawley.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 13

The Metropolitan Male Chorus of Cleveland gave an excellent concert in the college auditorium. A soloist, Miss Maud A. Williams, and a reader, Miss Grace E. Makepeace, were with them.

Thursday Evening , Dec. 21

The Glee Club Concert.

Thursday Evening, Jan. 11

The second musical number of the lecture course was the Zedeler Symphonic Sextette, an organization of superior musicians.

Friday, Jan. 12

Schubert's "Hark, Hark the Lark" was sung by Miss Brown. Miss Herriff rendered the same selection on the piano.

Friday, Jan, 19

The Male Quartette sang "When the Heart is Clean" and "The Fairest Flower That Blows."

Friday, Jan. 26

.. The two special music students (Seniors) gave an interesting program. Miss Thompson played Scarlatti's "Pastorale" and Miss Allen played Godard's "Second Mazurka." Handel's "Largo" was played by both as a duet.

Friday, Feb. 2

The Orchestra played the following numbers:

Apple Blossoms ..... Roberts
Mazurka ..... White

Miss Mathews played "Visions," by Saint-Saens.

Friday, Feb. 23

An interesting patriotic program was given by the student body. Patriotic songs were sung with piano, organ, and orchestra accompaniment.

Class Song

TUNE—"*Aloha Oe*"

Swiftly fly K. N. C. days away,
As on we journey toward our goal,
And anew we start out from today
Firm resolved to make the best of our new role.

CHORUS

Farewell to thee, Fair Normal School,
The time has come for us to say "Adieu,"
And as we go on journeyed ways
We'll always and forever think of you.

We have teachers here of great renown,
Who daily give us thots sublime,
And whose aid is great as we have found
In helping us a higher goal to reach.

CHORUS

Tho we've worked to bring these times to pass,
Tis hard to leave our dear old school,
And so now this fair and worthy class
Of '17 will bid you all their last "Goodbye."

CHORUS

—RUTH ALLEN.
—HELEN THOMPSON.

The Philharmonic Society of New York

On Friday afternoon, March 16, 1917, the Philharmonic Society of New York gave the following programme:

1. Haydn.....Symphony in G Major, "Militaire"
   I. Adagio, Allegro
   II. Allegretto
   III. Menuetto, Moderato
   IV . Finale, Presto
2. Wagner.....Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde"
3. Saint-Saens.....Symphonic Poem, "Danse Macabre," Op. 40
4. Tschaikowsky..... Andante Cantabile
5. Rimsky-Korsakoff ..... Capriccio Espagnol

This concert was an event which was looked forward to by a large number of people in Kent, Ravenna, Cuyahoga Falls, Akron and the surrounding country. The audience was appreciative and gave hearty approval to each number.

The season, 1916–1917, is the Jubilee Year of The Philharmonic Society of New York. This means that the Society has completed seventy-five years of musical life—the longest span of existence in the history of an American orchestral organization, and among the longest in the world. It also means that the work of the orchestra in that length of time has been characterized by a dignified, artistic progress which has made it second to none among the great orchestras of today and of all time.

Josef Stransky, whose magic baton has invoked the music of the ages from the orchestra for five years, is its conductor. Mr. Stransky declares that the body of the orchestra has now reached the standard which has been his earnest ideal to establish during his period of leadership.

The programmes have always been the distinctive features of this orchestra. To programme making, Mr. Stransky brings not only his vast musical knowledge and good taste, but a thorough understanding of audiences as well. This fortunate union of knowledge and judgment has earned for the orchestra the unusual combination of critical approval and popular praise.

Officers of the Faculty Women's Club

Executive Committee of the Faculty Women's Club

The Faculty Women's Club

The Faculty Women's Club has a semi-official relationship to the College and its activities. Women of the faculty and women members of faculty families are eligible to membership.

Its purpose is declared by its constitution to be "to promote intellectual advancement, sociability and good fellowship among its members, and to forward the civil welfare of the community."

While due regard has been paid to the Alpha and Omega of the above aims, and while an imposing program has been prepared by the executive committee, and, more, followed, dealing with the poetry of today, the sociability and good fellowship have certainly not been neglected.

The club's six o'clock informal dinners have found much favor with those who daily suffer the cold mercies of restaurants and boarding tables, and have warmed and mellowed the appreciation of the programs which have followed them.

On three occasions the men of the faculty have been entertained by the club, and on these occasions "intellectual advancement" has given place to lighter diversions as are best adapted to the tired faculty man. Two of these occasions were dinners.

Aside from the above, the F. W. C.'s most important function was guest day at Lowry Hall in March, the guests being the Traveler's Club and The Coterie.

The chief feature of Guest Day was the pretty play, Princess Kiku, with a Japanese setting and a very attractive decorative scheme of lanterns, cherry blossoms, wisteria, screens, and pretty coolie girls.

The cast, consisting of Misses Hainline, Dolph, Cadwallader, Jacobson, Atkinson, Rambo, Mabee, and little Dorothy Hopkins, gave a finished dramatic production, which they afterwards were induced to present at assembly.

Previous to the Guest Day play, however, a little militant band of neglected talent, presented to the business meeting of the club as a surprise (one might almost say shock) the playlet, "When Woman Rules."

In regard to the cast, which proved its ability by creating a demand where none previously existed, it was billed as "all-star" and certainly the bill contained some names famous in theatrical annals.

Altogether, the F. W. C. has had a good year and is looking forward to a better one in 1917–18.

—May H. Prentice.

Scene from "Princess Kiku"

Scene from "Princess Kiku"

Alumni

ROBERT M. FOSNIGHT

Kent, O.

Ohio University Summer School, 1910. Oberlin College, 1911-12. Diploma, Kent State Normal College, 1915.

"Bob" was the first Kent graduate to enter the faculty of his Alma Mater. As training supervisor of the Brady Model School during the past two years, he has accomplished much. Do you remember the famous Fosnight-Swigart battery of the 1915 baseball team?

D. T. RING, B.S. IN ED.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Graduate, Martins Ferry High School, 1904. Ohio State University, 1909-11. Bethany College, 1912. B.S. in Ed., Kent State Normal College, 1916. Graduate Student, Chicago University, 1916. Teacher in rural schools two years. Principal, Bridgeport, O., schools four years. Instructor in Geography, Kent State Normal College, summer sessions, 1915-16. Head of the Department of Geography and Geology in the Buffalo State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Ring is one of the many graduates of K. S. N. C. who have made good. He was active in student organizations and served as business manager of the 1915 Chestnut Burr. His friends at Normal feel that the Buffalo School exercised good judgment in calling him to such a responsible position.

ALBERT S. GREGG, B.S. IN ED.
Lorain, O.

Graduate, Fredericktown, O., High School, 1893. Tri-State Business College, Toledo, O., 1896. B.S. in Ed., Kent State Normal College, 1915. Student in Chicago University, Harvard University, and Ohio State University. Mr. Gregg has been connected with the Lorain schools for the past seventeen years and at present is supervisor of penmanship and drawing in that city. During the last two summers he has taught in the Applied Arts Summer School in Chicago. Success has long been written under his name.

GORDON M. DEWITT
Middlefield, O.

Graduate, Middlefield High School, 1911. Diploma, Kent State Normal College, 1916. As president of the class of 1916, DeWitt established a reputation that will always stand high at Kent. He was among the first in student activities, literary, dramatic, or athletic. At present he is employed as teacher in the Model Rural School at Damascus, O.

H. K. Carpenter
Suffield, O.

Graduate, Ravenna, O., High School, 1913. Student at Case School of Applied Science, 1913-14. Diploma, Kent State Normal College, 1915. Principal Mantua High School, 1915-16.

Under Mr. Carpenter's able guidance, the 1915 Chestnut Burr proved a success. He starred in basket ball and baseball and will always be remembered for his brilliant work as a student in K. S. N. C. At present he is Principal of the Suffield High School.

Solomon S. Schneider
Cleveland, O.

Graduate, East Technical High School, Cleveland, 1914. Diploma, Kent State Normal College, 1916. While a student at Normal, "Sol" distinguished himself as business manager of the 1916 Chestnut Burr. He played basket ball and baseball and was a good student in every way. At present he is instructor in Manual Training in the Shaker Heights Schools, Shaker Heights, O.

Cloyce Landis, B.S. in Ed.
Jeromesville, O.

Student in Wooster Academy and Summer School. B.S. in Ed., Kent State Normal College, 1916. Teacher in rural schools two years. Supervising Principal, Jeromesville, 1916—.

Mr. Landis is making a good record this year as a teacher. Progress and industry are his watchwords. His work at Kent Normal as president of the Athletic Association will never be forgotten.

SHELDON MORGAN
Ashtabula, O.

Student, Grand Rapids Institute. Diploma, Kent State Normal College. Instructor in Science and Mathematics at Grand Rapids Institute three years. Principal, La Jara, Col., schools three years. Principal of the Columbus Street and Pacific Street Schools, Ashtabula, O., at the present time.

Mr. Morgan is a teacher of considerable experience and has traveled extensively. His work at Kent has been done in summer school and has always been of superior quality.

A. H. MEESE, A.B., B.S. IN ED.
Shaker Heights, O.

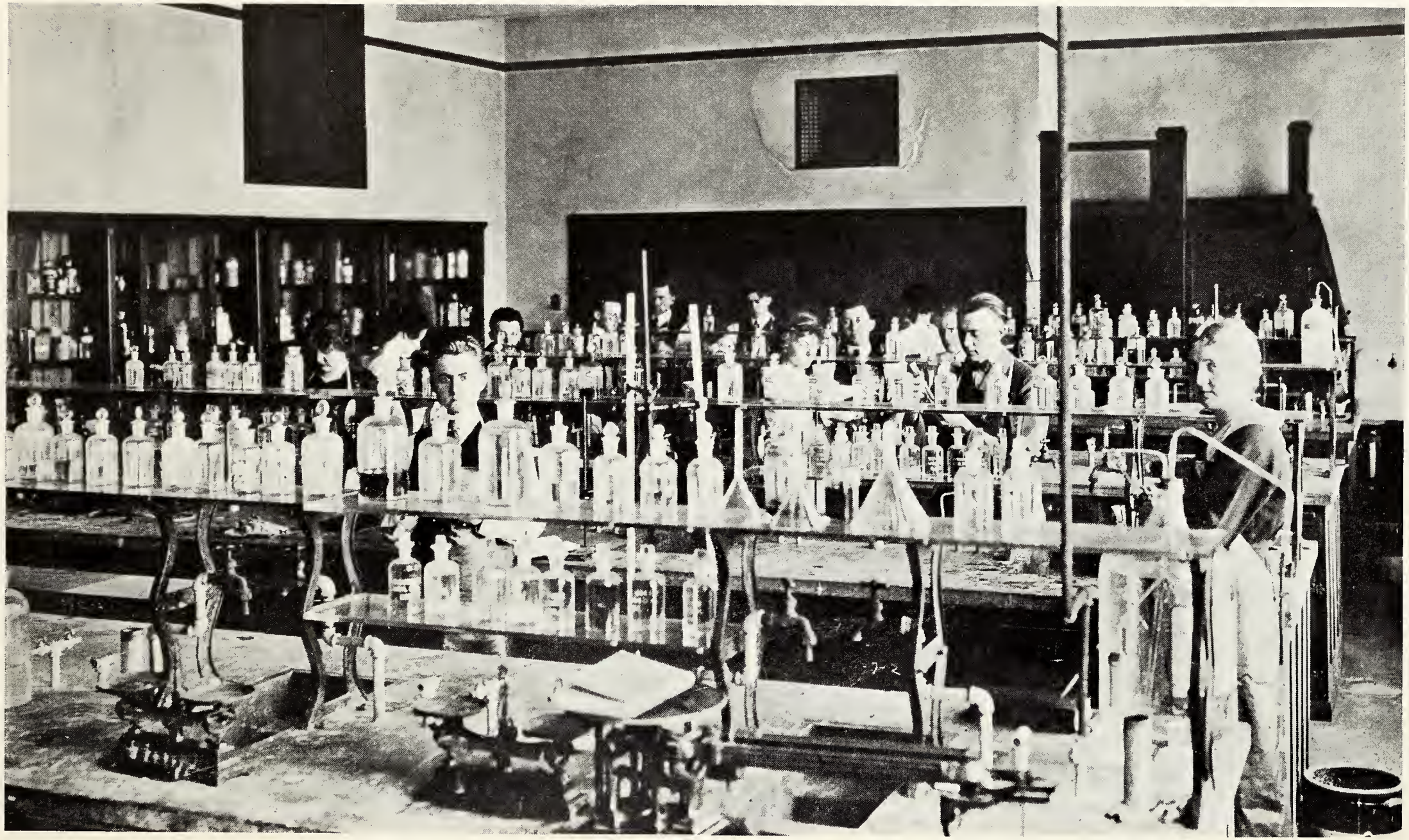
A.B., Berea College, 1909. Graduate Student at Harvard University, 1910-11. B.S. in Ed., Kent State Normal College, 1916. Principal, Harrison School, Lorain, O., 1913-14. Principal, Lincoln School, Lorain, 1914-15-16. Superintendent, Shaker Heights Schools, 1916—

Mr. Meese is well known to students who have been at Kent during the summer sessions of the past three years. He is making good in his new position and the Alumni join in bidding him "God Speed."

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF ALL THE ALUMNI WHO RESPONDED TO THE CIRCULAR SENT OUT EARLY IN THE YEAR AND OTHERS WHOSE ADDRESSES COULD BE OBTAINED

Arnold, Gertrude S.,	Niles, Ohio
Arndt, Cornelia,	East Cleveland, Ohio
Babb, Hazel, '16,	Clariden, Ohio
Bissel, Ora I., '16, Third and fourth grades,	Chardon, Ohio
Bissel, Nita L., '16, Third and fourth grades,	Welshfield, Ohio
Brandt, Flora, '16, Second grade, Rose St. School,	Barberton, Ohio
Budd, Milo, '15, Assistant in High School,	Lykens, Ohio
Burrel, Tessa, '15, Third, fourth, fifth grades,	Spartansburg, S. C.
Caldwell, Maud, '16, Principal, Riverside Bldg.,	Alliance, Ohio
Carter, Leone, '15, Fifth grade, Bentley School,	Niles, Ohio
Chamberlain, Ruth, '16, Diamond Watch Co.,	Barberton, Ohio
Colburn, Maude, '15, Fifth grade, Warner School,	Cleveland, Ohio
Conkle, Grace, '06, Clark Primary School,	Clark, Ohio
Cort, Louis, '16, Manual Training,	Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
Crittenden, Arleen, '15, First grade,	Chardon, Ohio
Strong, Mrs. Cecile Crittenden, '15, Music,	Berton, Ohio
Curtis, Nelia, '15, English and Domestic Arts,	Lowellville, Ohio
Curtiss, Ada B., '14, Special ungraded work,	Cleveland, Ohio
Eibling, Cora L., '16, Rural school,	Wilson Mills, Ohio
Elliott, Blanche, '16, First grade, Sycamore Bldg.,	Coshocton, Ohio
Elliott, Helen L., '16, Second grade,	Copley, Ohio
Ellis, Rose, '15, Second A grade, Mt. Pleasant School,	Cleveland, Ohio
Farver, W. H., '16, City Treasurer,	Akron, Ohio
Fouse, Gilbert, '16,	Barberton, Ohio
Gamertsfelder, Edna, '14,	Ashland, Ohio
George, Blanche, '15, Fourth grade,	Alliance, Ohio
Gifford, Edna M., '15, Second grade,	East View Village, Ohio
Gorz, Charlotte, '14, First grade, Central Bldg.,	Coshocton, Ohio
Graves, Floyd V., '16, Instructor in Manual Training, Franklin Tp. schools,	Ravenna, Ohio
Graves, Olive I., '16, Rural school,	New Berlin, Ohio
Grove, Lois A., '16,	Ravenna, Ohio
Hall, Stella, '16, Seventh grade, Central Bldg.,	Coshocton, Ohio
Harris, Opal E., '14,	Ashland, Ohio
Heffelfinger, Ferne, '16, Primary grades,	Ashland, Ohio
Hershman, Cora V., '14,	Lorain, Ohio
Hershman, Helen, '16, Seventh grade,	Coshocton, Ohio
High, Florence M., Departmental work,	LeRoy, Ohio
Holmes, Alice E., '16,	Youngstown, Ohio
Hodges, Mona, '15, First and second grades,	Parkman, Ohio
Hood, Freda L., '16,	Barberton, Ohio
Hotchkiss, Hilda B., '15, Fifth and sixth grades,	Welshfield, Ohio
Houle, Bessie, '16, Rural school,	Bellevue, Ohio
Ingersoll, Ella B., '16, Seventh grade,	Warren, Ohio
Ingell, Bessie, '16, Rural school,	Diamond, Ohio
Johnson, Alma, '16, Sixth B grade,	Lakewood, Ohio
Johnson, Zelda E., '15, Fifth and sixth grades,	Braceville, Ohio
Jones, Jessie, '16, Assistant Principal, Lowell and Oakwood Park School,	Lorain, Ohio
Kennedy, Gertrude, '16, Second grade,	Niles, Ohio

Keenen, Gladys, '15, Graduate student, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.
Lockwood, Marion, '16, Assistant Principal, Gordon Avenue, Brownwell Bldg., Lorain, Ohio
Maloney, Mary A., '16, Youngstown, Ohio
Maple, Mildred, '16, Rural school, Scio, Ohio
MacKenzie, Pearl, '16, Fifth B grade, Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio
Minarik, Lydia, '16, Rural school, South Euclid, Ohio
Mitchell, David, '16, Manual Training, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
Mitchell, Francis, '16, Kent, Ohio
Morgan, Lyle K., '16, Principal S. Ave. School, Dover, Ohio
Morgan, Margaret, '15, Campbellsport, Ohio
Newman, Lillie E., Mathematics, Junior High School, Ashtabula, Ohio
Oyster, Lura, '15, Canton, Ohio
Parrish, Ruth, '16, First grade, Coshocton, Ohio
Pierce, Pauline, '16, Domestic Science and grade work, North Randall, Ohio
Randels, Homer A., '16, Rural school, Guilford, Ohio
Rigby, Leola Mae, '16, First grade, North Madison, Ohio
Ritchie, Gertrude, '16, Barberton, Ohio
Robinette, Gladys E., '16, Martins Ferry, Ohio
Robinson, Leona, '16, Fifth and sixth grades, Reynoldsburg, Ohio
Rudisill, Ethel M., '16, Fourth grade, Talmadge, Ohio
Saigeon, Artemisia, '14, First grade, East Cleveland, Ohio
Siffert, Florence, '16, Second grade, Canton, Ohio
Stratton, Marion, '15, Rural school, Kent, Ohio
Sullivan, Ellen F., '15, Akron, Ohio
Sullivan, Anna L., '15, Canton, Ohio
Sullivan, Nora E., '15, Akron, Ohio
Sweeney, Lucy A., '16, Fifth grade, Fairport Harbor, Ohio
Theiss, Lily M., B. S. in Ed., '15, High School, Ashland, Ohio
Thompson, Francis, '14, Kenmore, Ohio
Tidd, Theresa, '15, Burton, Ohio
Tom, Daisy B., '16, Sixth grade, Copley, Ohio
Tomer, Jean, '16, First and second grades, Mogadore, Ohio
Trauger, Verda, '15, First and second grades, Martins Ferry, Ohio
Walton, Ina B., '15, Fifth and sixth grades, Twinsburg, Ohio
Wells, Mary, '16, First grade, Cleveland, Ohio
Welsh, Leo A., '15, Cleveland Boys' Home, Hudson, Ohio
Sprentall, Mrs. Emily Wheeler, '14, Canton, Ohio
Zitterman, Theresa, '16, Eighth grade, Warren, Ohio



Chemistry Laboratory

Kindergarten Seniors

Kindergarten Juniors

"Stubs"

"In my imagination she'll be a ravishing beauty, slender weepy willowy form, auburn hair, dark soulful eyes—"

"Cease your ravings, Peg, and come back to earth. You are always anticipating some fairy-like creature before whom you can bow down in a spirit of cherubic like innocence, and upon whom you can bestow your superfluous affections punctuated with—"

Meg entered the study door just in time to escape a dog-eared volume of Math. or "Misery," according to the owner, which was hurled at her offensive head.

An hour later Meg and Peg, not twins but kindred spirits, emerged from the silent chamber and perched upon a window seat to discuss the question uppermost in their fields of consciousness.

"Say, Meg, aren't you crazy to see the new inmate? I'm going to cut Gym. this evening, 'cause you know it isn't half so interesting as to see a new 'stude' who has arrived, and to witness the first symptoms of adjustment."

"You certainly are in a bad fix. Permit me to quote our old friend Bill, 'Between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion all the interim is like a fantasma or hideous dream.' As for myself, I am staked to be tarred and feathered. No time have I for the finer emotions. Still, I hope the young lady has plenty of pep. We need that kind for our team."

A sharp ring at the door brought the dialogue to a close and the two girls to a spying position at the head of the stairs. Below in the hall, crouched behind an antique structure of carved wood, was Betty, the pet of the class. A grunt of disapproval emerged from behind the said structure as a small girl with a seemingly expressionless face was ushered into the room. Above, the two spies nearly forfeited their dignity by falling over the banisters.

"Come along, Peg, you must gather a nosegay of variegated blossoms to lay at the slender, weeping willowy feet—I mean form. I never can adjust your languishing adjectives to their proper nouns. Seriously, Peg, it was a comedown; a decidedly commonplace young lady, on pep."

The dinner gong interrupted the tranquility of the study hour. Groups of girls ambled into the long dining hall. Significant nods and meanings were exchanged as the stranger was shown her place at a table. Fortunate were Meg and Peg, as the center of their interests was placed directly opposite them. Dinner that evening was a mechanical process. Conversation was lagging when the effervescent Meg whispered into her partner's ready ear:

"Bet she's Irish by the way she relishes those water-soaked Murphys." Glancing up Peg saw a strange expression flit across the features of the newcomer. Peg thought the girl was hurt and felt a spark of resentment toward her thoughtless colleague. However, when the object of the joke took another helping of the censured potatoes, Peg analyzed her thus:—

"Queer girl, trifle spiteful, and I fear proud." And with night came the close of the "first day."

The course of human events proceeded undisturbed. The new "Stude" still existed in an atmosphere of aloofness. To be sure she had bestowed upon her that divine right of college girls—a nickname. 'Twas a queer little front-piece to be tacked on to a decent Irish name. Ever since Betty had made the suggestion at an informal lounging party, Miss Stranger was known as "Stubs." Sometimes nicknames fit. "Stubs" did. Some, in using the term, thought of the uptilted little Irish pug, others of the bluntness of the small figure. At any rate, she was Stubs and remained so to the end of the chapter.

Now Stubs was difficult to approach, and so for the most part she was left to her own resources. Outside of class hours she reigned supreme in her little room in the tower. On all occasions Stubs was attentive enough, but under no consideration would she participate in conversation. Meg declared her as impossible as a professor of pedagogy.

"In the class room she scores well as far as 'exams' go, but in the social limelight, well, that's different. It puzzles me, girls, yes *me* of mathematical turn of mind."

The last gong had sounded and Meg, with one grand sweep, gathered a pile of brain material into her arms and entered the classroom in hurricane style.

"You may proceed to explain the thirty-seventh theorem, Miss Thornton," piped the (try-angular) voice of the (wreck tangler), Miss Straight.

As Meg resumed her seat, a closely written sheet of stationery dropped from between the leaves of Stubs' book. Unconscious of her act, Meg read the letter through. As she folded the sheet, a thoughtful look spread over the face of the usually thoughtless Meg. After class she seized her chum by the arm, dragged her into their room, and closing the door, faced her.

"Peg, you and I ought to be picking potato bugs on a farm for the mentally deficient. Any one who can't read character any better than we have isn't fit for the teaching profession."

"But, Meg, you speak in riddles."

"Well, read this. No matter how I came by it. An act of Providence, I guess." Meg thrust the following letter into Peg's hand.

White Pines, March 14, 1917.

Dearest Daddy,—

'Tis lonesome I am to see ye tonight, Daddy Jim. The wind is makin' a queer little moaning sound loike the groaning of the fairies that Granny used to be tellin' about. Sure an' how's me little Emerald Isle, Daddy? 'Tis wishing I am to be there. Yer glad I'm Oirish, ain't ye, Daddy? I'm spellin' me woirds loike we spake 'em at home. You see, dear, I have to write according to rule here; and, Daddy, I miss our home dialect.

I'm not fer talkin' much here because the girls don't understand, and they'd be laughin' at the queer little twist o' me woirds. I thot at first I'd be wan o' thim, 'cause they gave me a nice little nickname. Sure an' "Stubs" O'Brien ain't so bad, is it? I was pleased when they gave me

me name, that I was fer writin' it all over me blottin' pad. But, Daddy Jim, even a name don't make me wan o' thim. Oim just a lonely little Irish girl whose tongue kapes her from bein' loike the other girls. Anyhow 'tis glad I'm that I'm from Emerald Isle and that Jimmy O'Brien is the father of

HIS KITTY.

There was a suspicious moisture in the gentle Peg's eyes, and a little catch in her voice, as she addressed her friend.

"I fear she's right, Meg, we don't understand."

"You mean we didn't. It's never too late to mend. I have a scheme in mind. Come along and we'll plot it out."

Kitty stood by the window watching the last rays of the sun as he glided, as it were, down into the quiet waters of the Bay.

A gentle knock startled the girl from her reverie. Upon opening the door she stood face to face with Peg Sheldon. "I haven't time to stop, 'Stubs,' but this will explain my call," and she handed a dainty envelope to the surprised girl.

Withdrawing a tiny folded sheet, Stubs read:
Miss Stubs O'Brien,—

Your presence is desired at a St. Patrick party to be held Thursday night in the trunk room. Please wear something green in honor of the occasion and come prepared to give a dialect selection.

YOUR CLASSMATES.

With trembling fingers Stubs replaced the little note, and, walking over to the window, she whispered into the stillness of twilight, "Oim wan o' thim, Daddy Jim, Oim wan o' thim."

—G. L. MCCABE.

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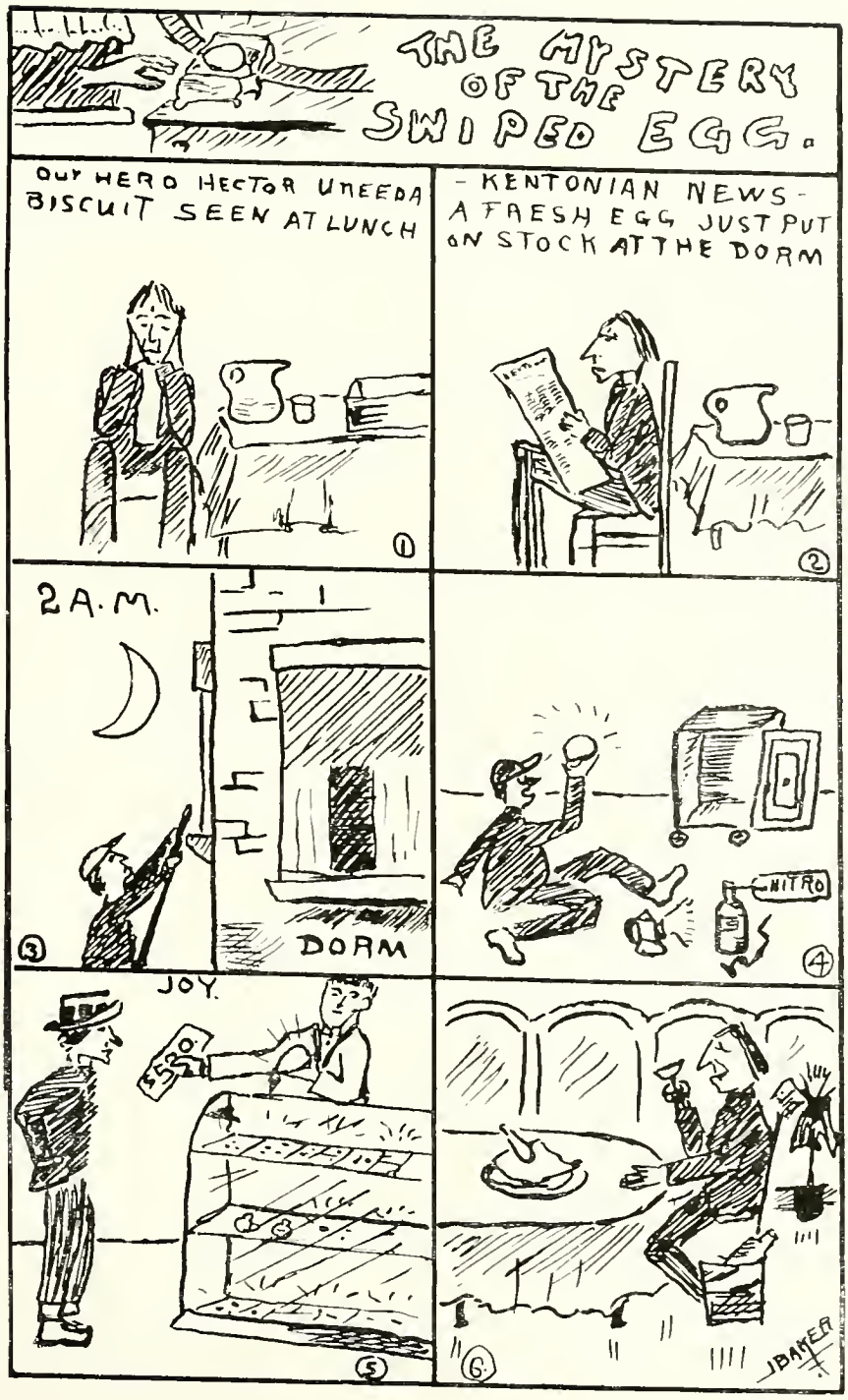
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OUR HERO HECTOR UNEEDA BISCUIT SEEN AT LUNCH
1
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A FRESH EGG JUST PUT ON STOCK AT THE DORM
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2 A.M.
3
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NITRO
4
JOY.
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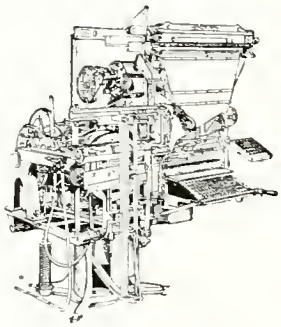

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What He Might Have Been!

A TRAGEDY

Chapter I

Introduction

A word of explanation, I think, is due to my readers. It is not very good literary taste to title the first chapter of a novelette, the Introduction. But nevertheless, my dear readers, I deem it especially necessary to have an introduction, as this novelette is not of the common type of novel. There is, in fact, no conversation in it, as it is the story of a "might have been" man. To all stories of this type, morals galore can be attached. I think we can also forbear a moral at the end of this little story.

At the beginning of the college year in 1915, a young man came to have his education drawn out of him. He had that captivating appearance which makes all men, who possess it, popular with the fair sex. Sylvester had light brown hair, all standing on end, for he just had it cut pompadour for the first time. Nevertheless it seemed that the smile, with which he gazed at the numerous fair girls about him, was sufficient to give several of them attacks of palpitation of the heart.

I must make another explanation to my readers for not dwelling longer on the description of our main character. As I said before, this is not a story merely for pleasure's sake, but one in which the hidden moral may suffice to lead other young college men out of temptation, sleepless nights and tragic love affairs in general.

Continued

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Photographer

Chapter II

Stella

Her cheeks have stolen the blush of Morn,
And her eyes the blue of sky,
Her nature is more than her name implies,
Her purpose is noble and high.

I can but sigh when I think of the way Fate played her hand! Sylvester was thrown, abruptly thrown, into the rays of light that came sparkling out of Stella's eyes. Luck, or Fate if you please, chose to have Sylvester sit at the foot of that dining room table in Lowry Hall. Ah! you have guessed it—Stella sat at the head. Can you wonder that Sylvester fell, as all men have, since Adam?

I shall never forget how Sylvester would long, talk and sigh for meal-time, not that he was such a hungry sort of chap, but merely to sit and gaze. One day Sylvester and Stella "just happened" to meet at the railroad crossing waiting for a freight train to pass. I shall never forget the smile that played all over the ruddy countenance of Sylvester. It has been a great puzzle to me ever since, just how our hero (?) managed to ask to accompany her to the dormitory. But nevertheless it happened and the ice was broken.

As I have stated, the time was in the early autumn, just the time to take long walks into the woods to visit with Mother Nature when she shows her artistic ability to all the world. Well, Stella and Sylvester took advantage of the rare opportunity, and spent many delightful Sunday afternoons on the Normal Farm and in the Normal Woods. Love was plainly evident in the pair, especially so in Sylvester. His hair seemed to behave as perfectly decent hair should. But, kind reader, it was mainly through the efforts of Sylvester that that hair did behave. You cannot imagine the amount of vaseline used and the number of nights our college Freshman slept with a wet towel tied around his head. Love was evidently making a man out of Sylvester.

But one day in the latter part of November, I noticed that Sylvester did not wear his sunny smile. Something had gone amiss. It did not require much energy on my part to wring from him the reason for all his sadness. Stella had refused him the night before. I shall never forget his lamentations, for those lost hours spent with her. He had taken her to the Fairy and to the Opera House once or twice and that money was lost. He had lost valuable time that he might have put to the study of our

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dear friends, James and Thorndyke. Sylvester certainly looked dilapidated, if man can look that way. He lost in weight and his appetite was gone (?). His hair resumed its original position only through the lack of attention, and, pray, why should he care for it, was his reasoning. Sylvester's horizon certainly looked very dark, when another star was seen to appear in the distance.

Chapter III

Flora

I cannot tell how Slyvester ever happened to meet Flora. She was a quiet, self-reserving girl, whose brown eyes and light-brown hair would have attracted even the stoniest-hearted of men. Therefore, after Sylvester's first wound was healed, he fell under the spell of the charms of another Lowry Hall girl.

Can any one of Lowry Hall ever forget how our friend helped Flora wash the dishes and clear the table? Do you remember those tete-a-tetes that Flora and Sylvester had after supper? And when the supper dishes were all cleared away, how they would either dance, or sit quietly in some sequestered nook, and while each other's time away until the study bell would ring? No one, I think, can ever forget that smile, or should I say those smiles, that played chase all over Sylvester's face. Love, it seemed, was coming into its own again.

Sylvester's hair was starting to behave again. I do not know whether he had his hair dressed the time he went with Flora to the hair-dressers. You can imagine, dear readers, that our friend certainly had a "case" when he took his heroine to the hair-dressers. And, by the way, you should have seen his appetite come back! Eat? Why, he just devoured his food! But I presume those morning and evening walks that Flora and he took out the Ravenna pike, when there was over a foot of snow on the ground, caused that enormous appetite.

But it was not very long before the inevitable happened. Flora did not relish those wintry walks, so she decided that Ed, with his Paige, was just what she wanted. Poor Sylvester fell back in his studies, he lost weight, his hair refused to behave, and he returned to his former state, raised to the one hundredth power. It required all in my power to keep him from doing something rash, as he had already bought some cyanide of potassium.

Sylvester was in this condition for several weeks, when another change came into his life. When I asked why he was so happy, he told me that he had started to make regular visits to the corner of Willow and Main Streets, where Ruth stayed.

Continued

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Chapter IV

Ruth

Of Ruth I have nothing much to say, except that those eyes of azure blue were sufficient to bring our friend back to normal life. The faithfulness to which Sylvester was treated made quite a man of him. His standing in school work was greatly increased, he grew heavier, and his smile became broader.

I had no misgivings that Sylvester was finally holding his own and therefore ceased to worry about him and his heart affairs. But nevertheless, Ruth ceased to be faithful and poor Sylvester was again left in the dark and cold. I remember the night when he told me! It was after the Senior-Junior banquet, which was held in the library on the fifteenth day of June. Sylvester called me aside and again poured into my ear his wrongs. He had lost all reverence for the fair sex, no more would he indulge in life's most exquisite pastime, he was stung to the core.

The next morning we departed for our respective homes to await the call of the college again. Many times last summer did I think about the future of my friend.

Continued

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Chapter V

What He Might Have Been

No, my dear reads, this story is not yet finished. Sylvester is back in school, a living example that man can conquer what he will. Sylvester is now profiting from his experiences and bids fair to make a very high mark in his work here.

Perhaps you have asked yourself, why he has told us this story and why he entitled it, "What He Might Have Been"? I must tell you. This story should be a very good example to the Juniors of 1916-1917, and to all other Juniors in years to come. Had Sylvester not indulged in the dreams of love in his Junior year in Kent State Normal College, what might he be now! He would not have lost all that weight, and therefore would have been in better condition to partake of all James and Thorndyke and Strayer had in store for us. As it was, Sylvester did not fully appreciate what these men had to say.

Therefore my advice to all Junior "boys" is: "Beware of the smiles of a woman, for it contributes to your downfall." "Take for your example the man who has had all of these experiences (and scores more). He is today one of the best students in Kent. Does he indulge in life's mysteries as he did last year? I don't think so. We are all proud of our business manager."

The End

Moral—Watch your foot.

E. D. DAVIS

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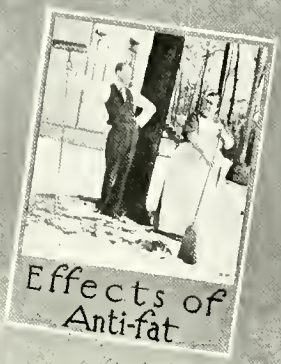
Good-bye Boys

Caught in the Act

Our Winged Creatures

Stepping Stones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Found "A Man."

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!!! MORAL !!!

BE sure you are under the right tree before you shake it --- *it might be a lemon.*

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Kent -::- Ohio

Jingles

There was a man by the name of Faught,
Who deep mathematics in Kent Normal taught;
He excited the student's imagination,
By a wonderful tale of exaggeration.

* * * * * *

All good children go to Kent,
The school upon the hill;
And when our minds are rightly bent,
We get our credit slips from "Bill."

* * * * * *

Those fair young ladies at the Dorm,
The "Tree Skinners" took by storm;
And said they sure were nifty girls,
And sent their hearts into mad whirls.

* * * * * *

"Dear little dames,
You should study James,
And my friend Parker,"
Said Mr. Marker.

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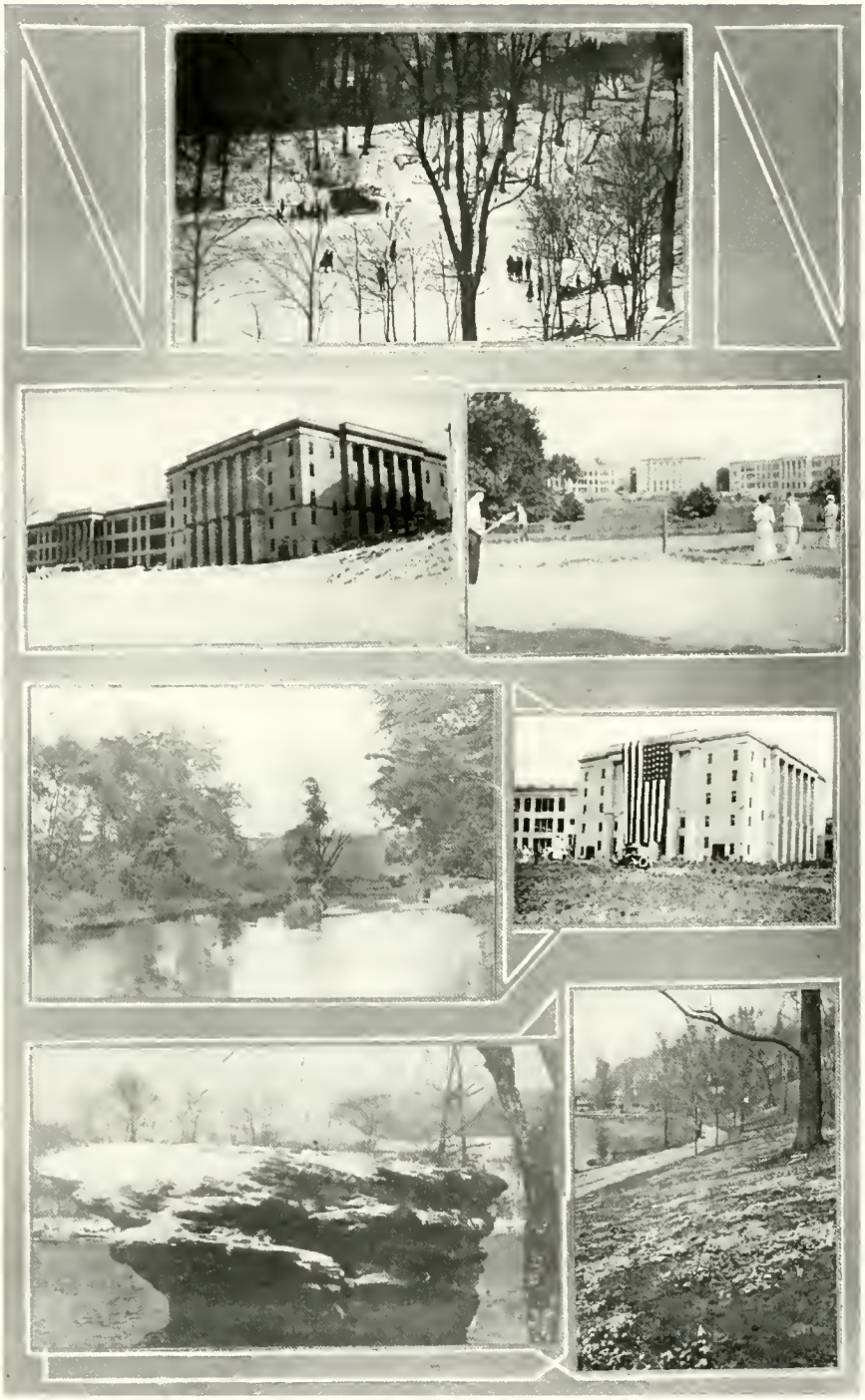

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Information

Question: I wish to catch the 10 o'clock train from Akron to Columbus. How shall I proceed to catch it?—Ruth.

Answer: You had better plan to take the 8:07 car. If for any reason it is late, wait fifteen or twenty minutes before going to the waiting room to see what is wrong. If any cars are off the track, wait until the Erie freight has pulled out, then walk out beyond the Wheeling depot to see a car leave the switch before you get there. Then walk back to the depot to wait for the next car. I would only ride as far as the Junction, as you probably will not be able to make the train anyway. Then send a telegram to tell them you are not coming.

Question: How can I keep a girl after I get one?—Sylly Summers.

Answer: The best possible method is to marry her as soon as you see her. This is the only sure way. But really you are too young to think of such things.

Question: I am eighteen years old and three feet six inches tall. What can I do to grow taller?—Banty.

Answer—First pick out a very tall dame, make it a habit to take a leisurely stroll before breakfast (that is, if you are not fifteen minutes late) and always cast fond glances on her beaming countenance. If you constantly do this you will soon grow taller, as the elasticity in your neck will have stretched. Try this at least five times a week. If it does not work, let me know. It has been a sure cure and I know will cure you.

Question—At present I am considered rather sisterly and have been taken for my sister several times. I desire to become a "man." Will you please answer, as I am very anxious.—Freddie Fish-er.

Answer: One of the first requisites of a man is that he be neat and tidy, changing his collar at least once a month. To be a man you must cultivate the habit of smoking Fatima cigarettes, become the mascot of a girls' basket ball team of K. S. N. C., and play "500" eight nights a week, Sunday included.

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Shively Stores Company
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FLOOR COVERINGS

Question—What is etiquette?—E. C. S.

Answer:

If you can eat and not make eats your master.
If you can drink and not make drinks your aim.
If you can spill both milk and berries.
And treat these accidents just the same.
If you can bear to hear the things you've told us.
Twisted by tablemates to make a trap for boobs.
Or watch the eats you like best eaten.
And not say what you think about the rubes—
Then this is etiquette.

I hope that this is sufficient to relieve your distraction.

Question: How do you make Punk-in pie?—Lowry Hall.

Answer: An inmate of Lowry Hall plus a person found there at all hours.

Question: I have been in Kent two years and have not had a man yet. How can I get one?—Heartbroken.

Answer: Get him by the neck and hang on.

Question: How may I become a famous character in this school?—Bashful Charlie.

Answer:

Go forth and seek the Normal's highest prize.
To rise, my boy, you should try;
And if in this old school you'd rise.
You should not cease to try.

Question: Have been in Kent all winter and have not had a date with a "Skinner" yet. How may I get one?—Worried.

Answer: Apply to Miss E. C. Smith, Head of Lowry Hall.

Question: How may I become an artist?—Industrious.

Answer: Sit and gaze at Freddie Fisher.

Electric Light

For the evening study hour.

The Electric Iron

To save waste and energy.
To press out those handkerchiefs and laces too dainty to send to the laundry.

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To make fudge and that little lunch before retiring.

We are here to serve you.
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SAFETY

The Kent Water & Light Co.

"Do it Electrically"

From a First Year Student

Kente-o.
DeC. 01. 1916.

Misteer Jack Tompkins;
Pumpkin centeer, O.

deer jack:

i hope yew will bee real happie to heer from I. i have spent ten weekses ata the normal skule and profeser johnsing says their is some hopes fer those tat studys agerculter becos the grownd wil stand more abuse than the english langage. miss willums says i cen expres the thot rite but my spelin is a triffel week. this shure is a swel skule jack. i wish yue cud kome heer and lern sumpthing that is wurth whyle. One of the teechers speeks too us everie wensday and always sez sompthing about bein skared and not wantin to speek but he just gose on and speeks anyway. One of them says somp thing about a kalerimeter, that sorter stired my kuriositie. Ive heerd about perimeters and speademeters but never kalerimeters. it is one of the nuest fashens i spose and soon everybodey wil be wering them. the liberian sez that books has two bee charged befour yew ken take them hoam, but i cant understand what to charge them with. at hoam we blew out stumps with a charge of dinamite but the books are loose on the shelfs. mebbe they used dinamite last yer, the floor is sorter cracked and the book kuvers loose. they sell a paper heer kalled the kentonian. they sez kum in at twelve thirty and get your papers. i got one and a big long guy sez have you paid your scription?? i sez no and he sez come across. i would like too be on the staf if the editers wer all assistents. they talks real nice and says what a boob. thats a new wurd to me but i know it meens a nice feller. They has a room on mane street called the fary. they charge a dime to see inside. in the fur end of it i saw guys shute each other and one feller with big pants and a kane ate two pies and they made him sick. nobody had sense to call a doctor. they sez his name was chaplin. i went in a eating hous and the man sez wil you have rost beaf or rost lam: i sez both and he laft and sez i gess you can fernish your own pork. i went out fer baskit ball and the manager gave me a shirt with no sleves and a pare of pants gray kulerd and short. he said the coch will come after while and i sposed we would get to ride home, but i gess he didnt no fer none kame. it is awful ruf. one guy hit me on the nose and anuther counted my ribs. i aint seen no baskits yet. i spose on account of the hie cost of stuf they wil keep on using fishnets insted. i told the kaptin i could get a markit baskit but he laft and said your greener than gras. if i am,it was caused by eatin some green stuf that looked like cornfodder at the normel in. i aint afrade too get sick heer, a doctor is heer al the time, doctor fought the kall him. he dont carry a medisin case but they say he gives calcules to those that want it. I think i will get a quart botel filled and if it is good i wil send yew a sample. i askt a feller abot it and he sez it is good for the hed.

your frend,

billie.

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RAVENNA, O.

Daily Olios

Lean and lanky though he be,
There he is on bended knee;
Teaching "Banty" how to be
Just as straight and tall as he.

Did you ever see Frank pout,
When K. Nile has put him out,
And his sweetheart homeward goes,
Then it is he rages so, we can't forget his woes.

Helpful Recipes

Lowry Hall Fudge

All the sugar you can find, enough water to moisten it, some cocoa if you can borrow it. Boil until it forms a soft ball in water, then cool and beat. If it does not harden add one egg and BEAT it.

Normal Inn Fondant

A few Skinners plus a dance.

Dorm Bread Pudding

Stale bread and a little water. Add one storage egg. Stew five minutes and serve with skimmed milk.

Best Hash Made

Everything not eaten for breakfast or dinner. Bake in dishpan and serve steam-in (?) hot by one of the inmates.

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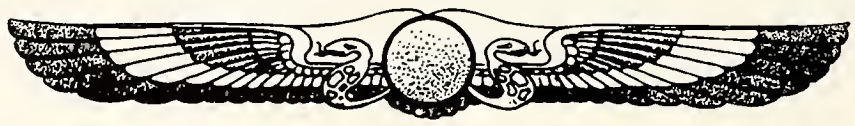

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A trial will convince you of that.

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(Begging Pardon of the "New York Times"

The antiseptic baby and the prophylactic pup
Were playing in the garden when the bunny gamboled up.
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised:
He wasn't disinfected and he wasn't sterilized!

They said he was a carrier, a breeder of disease;
They steamed him in a vapor of a hundred odd degrees.
They froze him in a freezer that was cold as banished hope;
And they washed him in permanganate and Germicidal soap.

In sulphuretted hydrogen they steeped his wiggley ears,
They trimmed his frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens, and they took him by the hand
And elected him a member of the fumigated band.

There's not a micrococus in the garden where they play,
The place is sprayed with kreso a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a hygienic cup—
The bunny, and the baby, and the prophylactic pup.

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ARE backed by a successful and reliable house, amply able to make good in every instance, and not needing for the sake of temporary existence to sacrifice in the slightest degree, its high standards. Davey Tree Surgeons are picked men, thoroly trained, conscientious, intelligent, courteous, in love with their work. Davey Tree Surgery is time-proved; it is absolutely dependable; its record of successful performance for thousands of estate owners spans a generation. After an exhaustive official investigation, the work of Davey Tree Surgeons has been endorsed as best by the U. S. Government.

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Wuthmore Waists $1
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Always WELL WORTH IT

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Jokes

Summers—I was a regular hero last night; I saved a girl.

Fisher—How was that?

Summers—Oh, I had two girls last night and I saved one for tonight.

Layton (at Normal Inn)—Do you serve lobsters here?

Waiter—Yes, sir; we serve everybody. Sit down.

Seale—When was the revival of learning?

Miley—Before the last test.

Mr. H—Isn't it funny how the biggest Mutts get the prettiest girls?

Miss B—Now you are trying to flatter me.

Humbert (soliloquizing)—The world is losing all of its great men and I don't feel well.

Miss Brown—People suggest that I go to Europe to sing.

Miss Hoover—Go to Africa; it's farther away.

Miss Wilhelm—If you have a headache, put your feet in cold water.

Miss H—And if my feet ache, should I put my head in?

Same Old Fellows

in the

Same Old Place

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Jokes

Dorothy P—Humbert, it is so cold. I would like something around me.

Humbert—What would you care to have?

Dorothy P—Oh, anything.

(And the obliging Humbert brought her a shawl.)

See the gallant Junior,
Behold his face so fair;
How stern his face is,
His head is filled with air.

Hopkins—What is a dog?

Junior—A quadruple.

When Hopper registered in the hotel as W. Hopper and valet, K. Nile would not be outdone, so he registered as K. Nile Hess and valise.

Tidd—May I tell you an old, old story?

She (blushing)—Yes.

And he proceeded to relate for the twenty-seventh time how he won the game for Kent.

Steigner (defining "capsize")—My cap size is No. 6.

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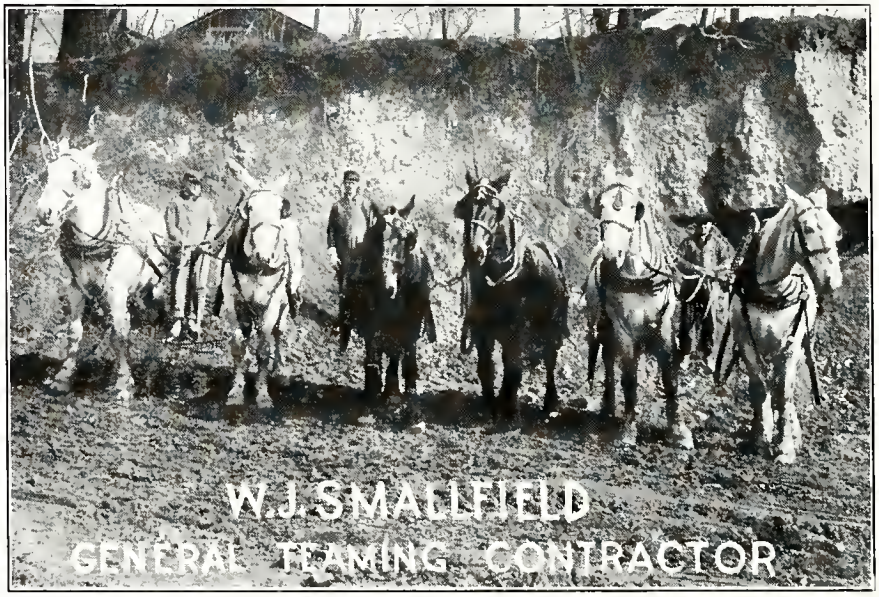

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TRY US. *Phone 341K*

The Knocker

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, he had some awful stuff left with which he made the knocker. A knocker is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water-sogged brain, and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where other people carry their hearts he carries a tumor of rotten principles. When the knocker comes down the street, honest men turn their backs, the angels in Heaven take precipitate refuge behind their harps and the devil padlocks the gates of hell.

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"Our Prexy"

On the rostrum sits our Prexy,
  And his face is wreathed in smiles.
Nothing can his armor sully;
  Proud his glance o'er Normal's aisles.
See his nod approve each speaker;
  Watch his mighty bosom swell
At their logic, deep and deeper—
  Ah, he knows they do it well.
Ah, methinks I read a message
  In McGilvrey's beaming face.
To the graduates encourage,
  These words I seem to trace:
"May your clouds have silver linings;
  May your pathways lead to fame.
And the luster, bright and shining,
  Center round Kent Normal's name."

—Margaret B. Lott.

at Reet.

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