The Chestnut Burr

1919

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/chestnutburr1919kent

KENT STATE UNIVERSITY — ARCHIVES

THE CHESTNUT BURR

Published by

CLASS OF 1919

KENT STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

To

Lemuel A. Pittinger

Our teacher and friend, who has helped us through many difficulties, we, the Class of 1919, dedicate this book.

Foreword

We have tried to make this volume of the Chestnut Burr interesting to all members of the school. It has been no light task, and we have struggled hard and long. If, however, we find it has brought you any pleasure or joy, we will feel amply repaid for our struggles.

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

DOROTHY HAESSLY

THELMA CARSON

DOROTHY BIRD

MARGERY BRANDT

ALMA EVANS

CHARLOTTE KILGORE

CHARLOTTE KEMPER

HAZEL QUINLIN

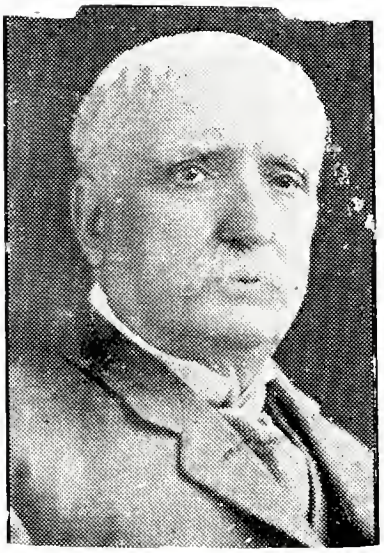
GERTRUDE DAUGHERTY

Editorial Staff

Editor in Chief ..... Alma Evans
Assistant Editor in Chief ..... Dorothy Haessly
Business Manager ..... Irma Storck
Assistant Business Manager ..... Francis Tutthill
Senior Editor ..... Charlotte Kemper
Junior Editor ..... Marjorie Powell
Departmental Editor ..... Margery Brandt
Literary Editor ..... Hazel Quinlin
Joke Editor ..... Edythe Whinery
Lowry Hall Editor ..... Vera Morris
Moulton Hall Editor ..... Dorothy Bird
Artist ..... Thelma Carson

FACULTY ADVISORS

Literary	Business
L. A. Pittinger	J. E. Layton
Susan B. Davis	L. S. Hopkins



IN MEMORIAM

Edwin F. Moulton

President of the Board of Trustees
Kent State Normal College
Died March Eighth
Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen

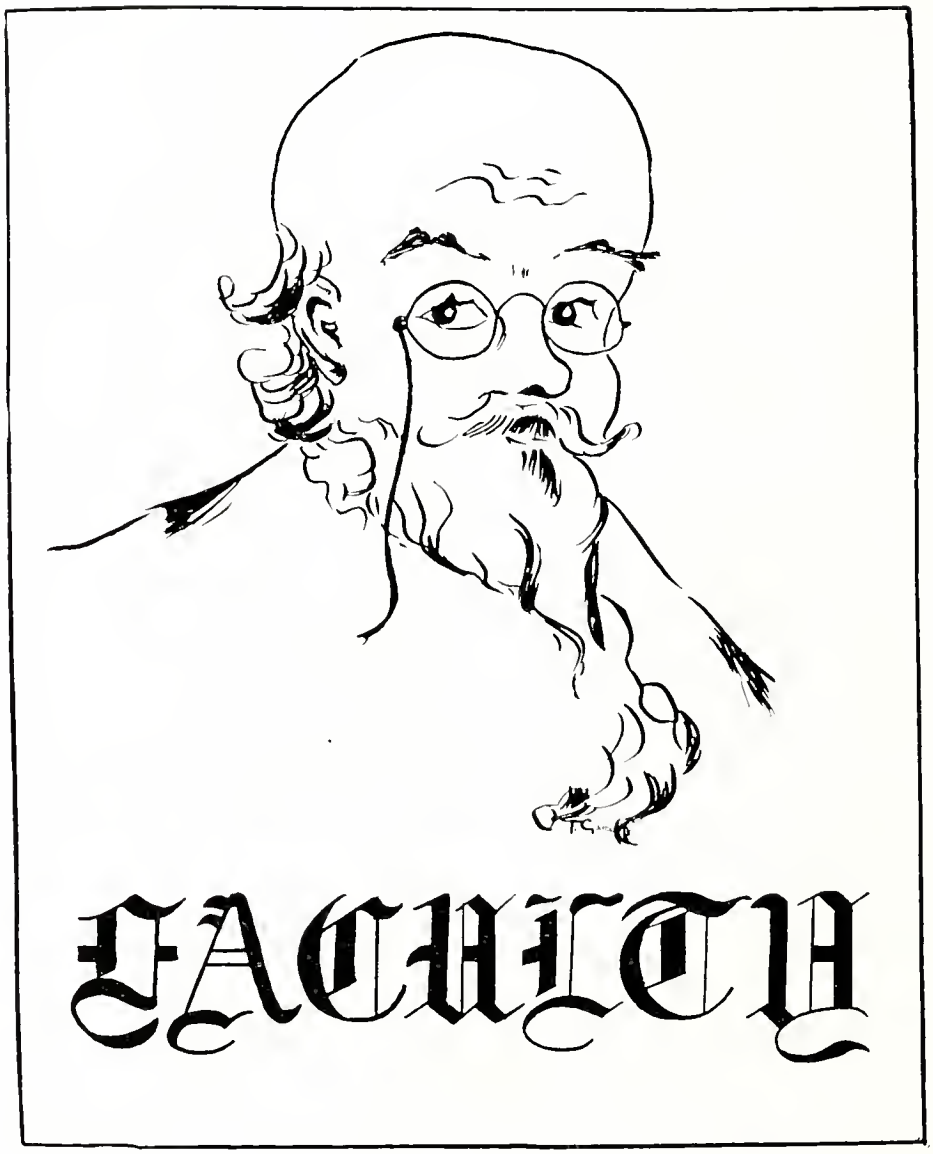
IN MEMORIAM

Alice Tidd
Beatrice Peubles

Students of

KENT STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

Died during Epidemic of Influenza
Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen


FACULTY

JOHN EDWARD MCGILVREY,
A. B.; Pd. D.
President

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

GEORGE EDWARD MARKER,
A. B.; A. M.
Education

SUSAN B. DAVIS,
A. B.; A. M.
Reading and Effective Speaking
Acting Dean of Women

LOIS V. MERKLE,
Resident Nurse

ISABELLE DUNBAR,
Assistant Librarian

JOHN BROOKIE FAUGHT,
A. B.; Pd. D.
Mathematics

NINA S. HUMPHREY,
Public School Art

DAVID OLSON,
B. A.; M. Sc.
Geography

MAY H. PRENTICE,
Education
Director of Elementary Training

EDITH M. OLSON,
Critic Teacher, Grade 8

LEMUEL A. PITTINGER,
A. B.; A. M.
English

MARJORIE BORNE,
Assistant in Library

MAUDE SLAGHT,
Critic Teacher, Grade 2

ISABELLE HAZEN,
A. B.; M. A.
Latin and German

MIRTIE MABIE,
Pd. M.; A. B.; B. S.
Critic Teacher, Grade 7

JENNIE FELT,
Public School Art

FLORENCE B. DOLPH,
Critic Teacher, Grade 1

C. F. RUMOLD,
Ll. B.; A. B.
Agriculture and Physical Science

LILLIAN REYNOLDS,
Critic Teacher, Grade 5

MARIE E. HYDE,
Physical Education

ELSIE MABIE,
A. B.; Pd. M.; Ph. B.
Critic Teacher, Grade 4

LOTTA LOWER,
Household Science and Arts

JOSEPH E. LAYTON,
A. B.
History

MAUD HARRIS,
A. B.; A. M.
English

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

JOSEPHINE PETTIS,
B. S.
Geography

FLORENCE B. CRUTTENDEN,
B. S.
History
Head of Moulton Hall

LEWIS S. HOPKINS,
B. A.; M .A.
Biological Science

ANNA E. SULLIVAN,
Clerk in Office

SAMUEL L. EBY,
Litt. B. A.; A. B.; A. M.; Ph. D.
Education

MILDRED ROGERS,
French

BERTHA L. NIXON,
B. S.
Household Science and Arts

CHARLES F. KOEHLER,
Ph. B.; M. A.
Education

EMMET C. STOPHER,
A. B.
Education

LESTER S. IVANS,
Ph. B.; M. S.; M. A.
Education

CLARA D. HITCHCOCK,
B. S.
Kindergarten

ALVIN J. MILLER,
A. B.; A. M.
Education

JOHN W. DIRKSON,
Manual Training

CLINTON S. VANDEUSEN,
M. E.
Manual Training

ADALINE KING,
Secretary in Office

Ruth Hartlerode,
Public School Music

Ellis C. Seale,
A. B.; A. M.; B. S.
Rural School

Katherine E. Corbett,
B. Pd.; B. S.
Critic Teacher, Grade 3

Marion E. Feeley,
Critic Teacher, Grade 6

Anne Maud Shamel,
Public School Music

Leta C. Miller,
Head of Lowry Hall

SENIORS

LUCILE SMITH
Hartville, O.

Music Department. President of class '19, Class Play '19.

"She touches but the ivory keys, and lo! the ivory keys have souls."

MARGERY BRANDT
Scio, O.

Vice President of class '19, Class Play '19, Annual Board.

"The kind we need more of."

AGNES EGAN
Youngstown, O.

Secretary of class '19, Class Play '19.

"I can roar that it will do any man's heart good to hear me."

CHARLOTTE KEMPER

Physical Education Dep't, Vice President of class '18, Woman's League Board '18, '19, Class Play '19, Annual Board, Class Treasurer '19.

"Independence now,
Independence forever."

MINNIE ALBRECHT
Elyria, O.

"She studies by day,
She studies by night;
She always strives
To get her lessons right."

Ada Apple
Kent, O.
Music Department. Class Play '19.
"Her laughter sounds like a peal of thunder."

Dorothy Bird
Girard, O.
Kindergarten Department. Woman's League Board '19, President of Kg. Club '19, Annual Board.
"A rival to sunshine."

Thelma E. Carson
Canton, O.
Art Department. President of Y. W. C. A. '19, Class Play '19, Annual Board, Woman's League Board '19.
"All passes. Art alone enduring stays by me."

Nell Cheney
Coshocton, O.
"To her own business she does attend;
Never a blunder, so nothing to mend."

Grace Dean
Armstrong Mills, O.
Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '19.
"Where there are geese and women, there wants no other noise."

CLARA DILL
S. Euclid, O.
"Quiet as sincere and sincere as quiet."

GRETCHEN ESPY
Ashtabula, O.
Kindergarten Department.
"This studious Normal maiden is busy all day long."

ALMA EVANS
Niles, O.
Kindergarten Department. Secretary of class '18, Secretary of Woman's League '18, '19; Class Play '19, Editor of Annual '19, House Proctor of Moulton Hall '19.
"Heaven help me when this book comes out."

CHRISTINE FOWLER
Hartford, O.
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

RUTH FRANK
Loudonville, O.
"Did you ever hear her fret
If her lessons she could not get?"

EVA FULMER
Elyria, O.
Music Department. "Good nature is the wealth of the soul."

DOROTHY E. HAESSLY
Kensington, O.
Class Play '19, Annual Board.
"She pushes everything worth while,
With her winning way and smile."

HAZEL HOCHSTETTER
Marion, O.
Class Play '19.
"Thy fame will one day be relatively as great as thy avoirdupois."

BESSIE HYDE
Elyria, O.
"Serenity and cheerfulness are her portion."

FLORENCE HARTMAN
N. Lima, O.
"Be good and you'll be happy, but you'll miss a lot of fun."

DAISY JONES
Mayfield, O.
Any one can tell she has wheels in her head,
By the spokes that come out of her mouth."

LETTY JEFFREYS
Beallsville, O.
"A lass with a will of her own."

HILDA LEBOLD
Bolivar, O.
Woman's League Board '19, Vice President of Y. W. C. A. '19, Class Play '19.
"Such a sweet and gentle lass,
Will be remembered by her class."

JOSEPHINE LONG
Ravenna, O.
Music Department. Class Play '19.
"My business was song, song, song."

MARGARET MACKEY
Niles, O.
"By my truth a pleasant spiritual lady."

HELEN MATTHEWS
Kent, O.
Physical Education Department.
"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."

HAZEL MCEVENY
Coshocton, O.
"Genius is mainly an affair of energy."

GERTRUDE NIMS
Colebrook, O.
"What she undertakes, she does."

META OLMUTZ
Lorain, O.
"One of the jolliest you ever met."

HELEN O'ROURKE
W. Park, O.
Kindergarten Department.
"I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobodee."

ANNA PAULIN
Beardman, O.
Kindergarten Department.
"In manner gentle, and affection mild."

HAZEL QUINLIN
Canton, O.
President of class '18, Kentonian staff '18, Annual Board '19.
"Every one has their faults.
Good nature is hers."

IRMA STORCK
Lorain, O.
Business Manager of Annual '19, Woman's League Board '19, Class Play '19.
"She talks, and talks, and talks and then she talks some more."

DOROTHY SANER
Ashland, O.
"Quality, not quantity."

CLYTICE SMITH
Canton, O.
"He who invented work should have finished it."

VIVIAN SMITH
Ravenna, O.
Physical Education Department, Woman's League Board '19, Class Play '19.
"Short but sweet."

EVA STINSON
Orrville, O.
"A still, small voice."

DOROTHY SNOW
Cleveland, O.
"Wise from the top of her head up."

CLARA THOMPSON
Cadiz, O.
"'Tis the little things in life that count."

MARY WALTER
Dover, O.
"Mary works with all her might, managing her teaching right;
Yet she never seems to hurry, never seems to fret or worry."

RUTH WEAVER
Wadsworth, O.
Kindergarten Department.
"Her heart, like the moon, is always changing,
But there is always a man in it."

MILDRED WHITCOMB
Marion, O.
Woman's League Board '19, Class Play '19.
"A full sweet nature."

BEATRICE WILLIAMS
Tilton, O.
"I am little, but I have a mission to perform."

DOROTHY RAUDABAUGH
Celina, O.
"My tongue within my lips I reign,
For who talks much, talks in vain."

FRANCES TUTTHILL
Elyria, O.
Annual Board '19.
"Ah! blessed with a temper whose unclouded ray
"Can make tomorow as cheerful as today."

ZANA HAMILTON
Congo, W. Va.
"Thy modesty's a cradle to thy merit."

Miriam and the Friendly Moon

Miriam, lying awake on her little cot in the dormitory, watched the great silver disc of the moon framed in the window.

And as she watched, she could hear the low, measured breathing of the other girls, all sleeping quietly. But Miriam could not sleep. Her conscience troubled her, for after classes that afternoon she had thoughtlessly laughed at one of her suite-mates, Beatrice Johnson, because of the dress she wore.

"Oh, girls, see the terribly funny dress Beatrice is wearing," Miriam had said, and all the other girls laughed at Beatrice's discomforture.

Beatrice had looked down at the dowdy, old-fashioned dress that had come to her that morning and which she had put on for the first time.

Her eyes filled with tears as she faced her tormentors.

"I think it is a beautiful dress," she said, quietly. "My mother made it for me, and every little stitch is a thought for me."

With that she had turned and walked away.

Beatrice had not spoken to the other girls when they all had entered the dormitory that night. She did not take part in the laughter and chatter, but went to bed.

And later, when all the others had gone to sleep, Miriam, troubled by her conscience, could hear Beatrice sobbing softly in the next room. And she now lay awake, although Beatrice long since had cried herself to sleep.

"I have done wrong," she told herself as she looked out at the great disc of the moon sailing serenely and silently in the dark blue of the heavens.

And it seemed to her that the moon smiled down at her, like a bright, chubby-faced old man, and it seemed also, to her troubled mind, that he spoke.

"You have done wrong," the moon seemed to say, "but, my dear, you have partly atoned by admitting it. For a million years I have looked down upon the world and have witnessed the loves and hatreds of God's children. There always are little children and grown men, and nations who do wrong. Men fight and kill their own kind, and call it right because they believe themselves justified. Conceit is what makes them think they are right, and selfishness justifies their acts, because it would hurt them to admit the wrong. Men do not like to hurt themselves."

The old moon seemed now to smile.

"How beautiful it would be," he continued, or seemed to continue, "if all the world, like you, my dear, could admit its willfulness and promise not to repeat its hateful acts. There would be no selfishness, no petty jealousies, no false pride. The dress your friend wore was beautiful in her eyes because one she loved and who loved her, made it. Who were you, my child, to call it unbeautiful? You cannot see with the eyes of another."

"I am sorry; I did not mean to hurt," poor Miriam whispered, and as the tears started to flow she began to sob, very quietly. It seemed an awfully long time before she felt a hand touch her shoulder, and turning her head, she saw Beatrice bending over her.

"Miriam, you are crying; are you ill?" she whispered.

"No, b-b-but I am-am—hateful and everything. And you are beautiful and your—your dress is beautiful." Miriam touched the other girl's cheek with her hand. "And I shall not laugh at you again."

"But you must not cry," said Beatrice. "See, I forgive you."

And she bent down and kissed Miriam on the cheek, carefully lifted the covers and crawled in; and thus at last they fell asleep while the wise old moon looked down and smiled.

"A Midsummer-Night's Dream"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Miss Davis,

PRESENTED BY

The Senior Class.

COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

MARCH 7, 1919

Cast of Characters

In the order of their appearance:

Attendants.....Misses Bessie Boak and Florence Russell
Philostrate—Master of revels to Theseus.....Miss Lousie McGilvrey
Lysander— } in love .....Miss Josephine Long
Demetrius—} with Hermia.....Miss Mildred Whitcum
Egeus—Father of Hermia .....Miss Lucile Smith
Hermia—In love with Lysander .....Miss Mildred Heinlen
Hippolyta—Betrothed to Theseus .....Miss Thelma Carson
Theseus—Duke of Athens .....Miss Ada Apple
Helena—In love with Demetrius .....Miss Dorothy Haessly
First Fairy .....Miss Hilda Lebold

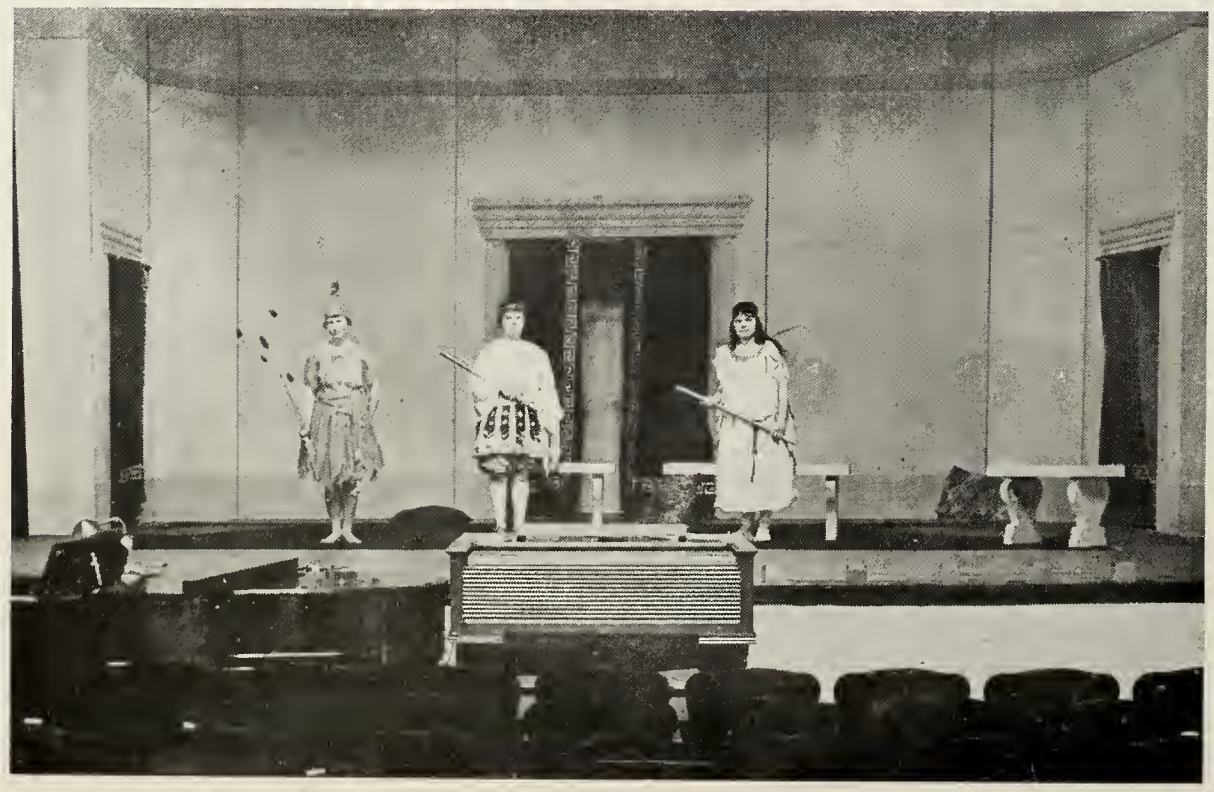
Fairies—

Josephine Woodward, Bertha Kennelley, Florence Ramicone, Nadene Beechey, Carl Meaker, Floyd McGowan, Gilbert Smith, Richard Woodley.

Puck .....Miss Mary Walter
Titania .....Miss Vivian Smith
Oberon .....Miss Alma Evans

Quince—A carpenter .....Miss Marjorie Brandt
Snug—A joiner .....Miss Agnes Egan
Bottom—A weaver .....Miss Hazel Hochstetter
Flute—A bellows mender .....Miss Irma Storck
Snout—A tinker .....Miss Clara Thompson
Starveling—A tailor .....Miss Charlotte Kemper
Peas-blossom .....Master Roy Queen
Cobweb .....Master Clayton Alden
Mustard Seed .....Master Charles King
Moth .....Master Vernon McHenry

Fairy dances under the direction of Miss Hyde



Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I

A hall in the palace of Theseus.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

ACT II

Scene I, A Fairy Wood

Scene II, Night in the Same Wood

"Lord, What Fools These Mortals Be"

ACT III

The same as Act I

" 'Tis Almost Fairy Time"

MUSICAL PROGRAM

Under the direction of Miss Shamel

The incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was composed by Mendelssohn. It contains several well known selections and is considered one of the finest examples of music composed to accompany a play.

Overture	Scherzo
Nocturne	Wedding March

At the piano—Miss Amy Herriff, Mrs. David Olson

At the organ—Miss Ruth Hartelrode

M Powell
JUNIORS

Junior Officers

President ..... Doris Humes
Vice President ..... Cherrie Reed
Secretary ..... Martha Lash
Treasurer ..... Clara Hall

Dorothy Addicott
Alta Albright
Statia Barth
Leona Beam
Mabel Berns
Helen Bowers
Marion Boyd
Ethel Briggs
Grace Brown
Mabel Casper
Beulah Cassidy
Bessie Chrisman
Annie Colburn
Elizabeth Curl
Pearl Davidson
Elsie Dean
Miriam Dever
Esther Eberhart
Eunice Fackler
Mona Fletcher
Esther Fults
Clara Hall
Lucille Hart
Mabel Horner
Doris Humes
Martha Hughes
Mary Hughes
Mildred Jansen
Letty Jeffers
Bernice Jones
Ruth Jones
Mildred Kraus
Martha Lash
Mary Lash

Fannie Lowe
Marie McCann
Florence Mehnert
Lillian Menges
Gladys Moore
Grace Moore
Marian Neuzil
Verna Nuttal
Lillian Poore
Marjorie Powell
LaVerne Proper
Cherrie Reed
Naomi Robertson
Eva Rowe
Grace Rowland
Marguerite Scriven
Josephine Singer
Mabel Stringer
Mildred Stucky
Blodwyn Thomas
Carrie Thompson
Lillian Timmins
Martha Topper
Mabel Troyer
Mildred VanAntwerp
Margaret Weinmiller
Jennie Wheeler
Rowena Whinery
Clara Williams
Florence Wilson
Evelyn Winters
Mrs. Jessie Yaxley
Mary Yohe
Ella Yost

(Photograph of the Gorge)

Of what does this picture remind you? I should think the minute you gaze on this scene you would recall that memorable field-trip that every Junior takes at his, or rather her, pleasure (?) under the motherly wings of our most excellent geography instructor, Miss Josephine Pettis.

After a delightful ride on the Akron-Kent-Ravenna street car, we reach this place known as the Cuyahoga Gorge. As we entered the ravine that leads to the falls, an exclamation arose from one irreverant student, "Golly, what a gulley." And as we laboriously climbed up and down the alpine slopes we were all convinced that it was "some" gulley. If we did not learn much from the enlightening explanations of the earth's features, at least we were impressed by two things, the glaciated telephone-poles and the mud-cracks.

If you use a little geological knowledge and a bit of common sense you might find a synecline in this picture. Do you remember what a synecline is? One curious student tried to investigate conditions too far and found, by throwing herself down head first upon a rock, that it was resistant, in fact, very resistant.

On the whole it was a very enjoyable trip. But the most delightful part of it all, and I'm sure you will all agree, was the composing of the manuscript afterwards from knowledge gained by careful observation.

Juniors

The age of wonderful happenings is certainly not yet past. In the history of K. S. N. C. what can compare with the spectacular passing of the Junior Class of 1919. September 26th, 1918, is a date to be remembered for it marked the entrance of this illustrious class into the activities of the school. Sixty-eight strong, we launched into a brilliant career, meeting with many obstacles (which were chiefly ourselves), but in the end conquering and finally reaching the highest goal that Juniors can attain.

For our work in class, those of the faculty who were fortunate enough to instruct Juniors, will surely recommend us. In athletics the Juniors have truly given their share—as evidence just witness the captain of Moulton Hall basket ball team with her faithful guard and forward, and what about the whole bunch on the Lowry team?

On the other hand, we have not neglected our social duties. The Juniors are discreet and have class parties just often enough to make a person appreciate one as something worth attending.

It gives us great pleasure to have the honor of writing a word about this noteworthy and praise-deserving class, the Juniors of '19. But we regret that our skill cannot do justice to its many merits and heroines.

We have always been welcomed with much merriment on the part of the Seniors and we have often wondered at the reason. But wait until we are Seniors and then we can understand their attitude.

And may all the Juniors have the honor of returning next year to become Seniors of K. S. N. C.

T. Carson
COLLEGE

Seniors

CORA HERSHNER
Mt. Gilead, O.
B. S. in Education.
"Quiet, reserved and studious was she."

CLYDE HOSTETLER
Kent, O.
B. S. in Education.
"To do the very best I can in everything that I attempt. Amen! You have done just this."

ROSE LINK
Sandusky, O.
B. S. in Education. House President of Moulton Hall '19, President of Woman's League '19.
"Ambition is my ideal, on whose wings I am carried."

Juniors

IDETTA LUTZ
Elida, O.
"It is my chief delight to do the things I ought."

C. L. MILEY
Kent, O.
"No where so busy a man as he there was;
And yet he seemed busier than he really was."

IRENE THORPE
Cleveland, O.
House Vice President of Moulton Hall.
"How? When? Where? Who? Which? What? Why?"

Sophomores

GERTRUDE DOUGHERTY
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of two-year Household Arts Course in June. House Secretary and Treasurer of Moulton Hall, Vice President of College class, Annual Board '19.

"I came, I saw, I conquered."

MATILDA KESSLER
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of two-year Household Arts Course in June. Secretary and Treasurer of College class.

"Don't fall in love. But you've told us too late; we've already fallen in love with you."

EMMA ANDREWS
Cleveland, O.

Graduate of two-year Household Arts Course in June.

"A mind not to be changed by place or time."

MILDRED MEYERS
Grafton, O.

"Just whispering my way thru life."

CHARLOTTE PAYNE
Windsor, O.

Graduate of two-year Household Arts Course in June.

"Life is a joke, and all things show it; I thought so once, but now I know it."

EDYTHE WHINERY
Salem, O.
Woman's League Board '19, Annual Board '19.
"I am red-headed but still I have a mission to perform—so has zero."

LUCILLE WOODFORD
Mesopotamia, O.
"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

DOROTHY SHEA
Canton, O.
Graduate of two-year Household Arts Course in June.
"Women are not measured by inches."

DAISY STACKHOUSE
Kensington, O.
Graduate of two-year Household Arts Course in June.
"But the Bible says, 'The first shall be last, and the last shall be first,' Daisy."

MABEL BATZLI
Damascus, O.
"A still, small voice."
RUTH NIGHMAN
Akron, O.
"Oh, woman! You know not the depths of your coquetry."

MARGUERITE CULP
Cleveland, O.
"She does the ordinary thing in the extraordinary way."

HAROLD REX
Bolivar, O.
"We salute you!"

STERLING SMITH
Ravenna, O.
"Every day is ladies' day with me."

Freshman

ARTHUR PITTENGER
Kent, O.
President of College class.
"Women? I never heard of women before! What are women like?"

FLORA BAEHRENS
Canton, O.
"Where the stream runneth smoothest, the waters are deepest."

RUTH HAWKINS
Collins, O.
Women's League Board '19.
"Modesty in women is an excellent thing."

CHARLOTTE KILGORE
Canton, O.
Woman's League Board '19, Annual Board '19.
"Not for school, but for life we learn."

MARTHA MCCARTNEY
Carolton, O.
Woman's League Board '19.
"A daughter of the gods, divinely small, and most divinely fair."

DOUGLASS MILLER
Kent, O.
"What he undertakes, he does."

VERA MORRIS
Youngstown, O.
"The best of me is diligence."

BEATRICE VEVERKA
Cleveland, O.
"To know love, is to live."

CAROL WATSON
Jefferson, O.
"I'll take my own sweet time."

HELEN WELDY
Seville, O.
"My thoughts and I were of another world."

The Four-Year College Course

In planning the Four-Year College Course, the following ends were kept in view.

1. A course in which the student is permitted to enter at the beginning of his course, upon the study of subjects of recognized College rank, and is not required to spend the first two years of his course in the study of elementary subjects of interest only to the student preparing to teach in the elementary schools.

2. A course in which the student is given the largest possible freedom in electing his work. For this reason only a limited number of subjects is required of all. Being a Normal College, all students completing the course are required to offer six credits in the theory of education and two in teaching. On the academic side all students must offer three credits in English, three credits in History, three credits in Science or Mathematics, and three credits in Agriculture, Household Arts or Manual Training. To prevent the dissipation of energy, each student must choose a Major subject and present a minimum of nine credits in one department and a Minor subject with a minimum of six credits in one department.

3. A course in which the student may prepare himself for a superintendent, a supervisor of special subjects, or a teacher in the high School.

Students electing this course have the advantages of the following opportunities for securing a certificate to teach before completing the course. The elementary diploma may be obtained by completing two years of College work, and four credits in the elementary subjects. This work may be done in two years, and two summer terms. By taking a Major in Agriculture, Household Arts, or Manual Training, with a total of twenty-five credits, the student may receive a special diploma in one of these subjects.

When Dreams Come True

What a hard day it had been! After I had put on my bathrobe and bedroom slippers, I cuddled up in the easiest chair I could find, and prepared to study. I could hear the wind howling outside and it seemed as if were tearing up the street, regardless of all obstacles. The snow hummed a low tune on the window pane. The stillness of the room, the raging wind, and the pattering snow on my window did very well as a lullaby, and before long I was fast asleep. Ding-g-g went the alarm clock. Get up? Why I had hardly fallen asleep. I reached over, pulled back the little lever and cuddled up under the warm covers, only to be awakened again in a few minutes by the same familiar ring. I got up and soon came to the realization that it was to be my first experience at teaching. A tired feeling still lingered, but after taking a few vigorous exercises, I felt much better.

I arrived at the room assigned me, wishing I was leaving instead of entering it. I laid out the material I would work with, casting my eyes upon my lesson plan every few seconds, to make sure I would know just when and what to ask the children when the fatal hour arrived. What comes after the second problem? Oh, sure enough, I ought to remember that, but it seemed the more I thought, the more I forgot. Suddenly the door burst open, and thirty mischievous grins greeted me, as my little charges trooped into the room, evidently glad to work after their vigorous play outdoors. I felt strange and know I looked worse, but worst of all, the critic teacher was eyeing me up from head to foot, and every time I glanced at her, I grew speechless. If she would only leave the room, I knew I could get along all right. But that was out of the question, as she had previously informed me that she would remain in the room for the full period. The children sat staring at me with wide, speculative eyes—I had often seen the same expression on other children as they watched some strange animal in a zoo. Without any more preliminaries, I plunged in where angels fear to tread.

"First of all," I said, "we will do some examples in division, and then we will go to the board, and then we will try some at our seats, and then when you get the answer, you may stand, and then—I glanced at the teacher, and as my eyes met the reproach in hers, I could feel the blood congeal in my veins. Oh, what did I say? I must have said something dreadful, but to save my soul, I could not think of what I did say. After sending a few of the children to the board, I gave them some simple prob-

lems in division at their seats, requesting them to stand upon getting the answer. Again I glanced at the teacher. She was writing something then, and perhaps she was not listening to what I was saying at all, so I hastily stole my fiftieth glance at the clock—five more minutes. In a short time almost every child had gotten an answer and was standing beside his desk. I called on some pupils for answers to the more simple problems, then went to the board to explain the harder ones. Even the hardest were to simple for most of the children, and I realized that I had made my problems too easy. This took up four more never-ending minutes. Suddenly, I was very much startled to hear the teacher say, "Miss ——, have the children be seated." She smiled, but I was afraid to trust that smile.

Only one minute more. If the bell would only ring and relieve me of this agony. "Teacher, who is the president of China?" I gasped in consternation, but just at that moment the welcome bell sounded the time for dismissal. As the children left the room, and the teacher went with them, I sank upon the chair for a little much-needed rest. Suddenly I was awakened by some one shaking me, and shouting into my ear, "Bea! aren't you ever going to get up? It is ten-thirty, and the lights will go out in a minute."

up? It is ten-thirty, and the lights will go out in a minute."

What a disappointment. It was only a dream. I still had my lessons to prepare for the next day, and those dreadful horrors to live through.

—Beatrice A. VeVerka

TRAINING SCHOOL

Miss May Prentice ..... *Director*
Mrs. E. M. Olson ..... *Eighth Grade*
Miss Myrtie Mabee ..... *Seventh Grade*
Miss Marion Feeley ..... *Sixth Grade*
Miss Lillian Reynolds ..... *Fifth Grade*
Miss Elsie Mabee ..... *Fourth Grade*
Miss Katharine Corbett ..... *Third Grade*
Miss Maude Slaght ..... *Second Grade*
Miss Florence B. Dolph ..... *First Grade*
Miss Clara Hitchcock ..... *Kindergarten*

THE TRAINING SCHOOL

In Science Hall there are nine rooms in which the chairs are occupied by active, wide-awake children. They are the children of the training school.

For the first time a student teacher steps to the front in one of these rooms. Before her are seemingly endless rows of boys and girls. She begins the lesson; all the psychological and pedagogical principles which she has studied "for at least an hour and a half, five days of the week" flee. If the corners of her eyes are not playing tricks with her, the training supervisor is writing numerous suggestions as to how the lessons might have been better. Will she ever be a teacher? Each day brings new problems, another lesson plan to write stacks of papers to carefully look over. Each day brings other things, more self confidence, more interest in the work. The training supervisor is human after all, and each criticism is constructive. A teacher's meeting is made even more helpful if Miss Prentice is present.

When the year is finished, the student finds that the experience in the training school has been the most important factor in preparing her for her chosen work.

COFFEE

YWCA

The Young Women's Christian Association of Kent State Normal College took up its work at the opening of the school year.

On the first Friday night a "Get Acquainted Party" was held for the students. This was the first of many pleasantly planned social events for the year, but, on account of the "Flu," most of them turned out to be merely plans, and not parties.

The winter term went a little more smoothly, and during this time a Bible class was started under the direction of Mr. Pittinger. We are glad to report that we have succeeded in placing the Bible class on a credit basis.

Aside from this, many social affairs were held, the most successful of them being the Colonial Party on February 21st. George and Martha Washington were there, and so were many other of our Colonial friends. Of course, we had the Minuet, danced by girls in quaint costume, and we were entertained by the "Follies," readings and solos.

The traveling secretary, Miss Helen Solt, of Cincinnati, helped the members in their work by her splendid talks. They were also greatly helped by the many friendly suggestions and the assistance of Miss Slaght and Miss Harris.

At a special meeting the officers for next year's work were elected. They were as follows: President, Mary Lash; Vice President, Statia Barth; Secretary, Lucille Woodford; Treasurer, Carol Watson.

The members of the Y. W. feel that they cannot sufficiently thank all those who helped them with their year's work. They can only hope that future organizations will be benefited by their help as was ours.

Y. W. C. A. OFFICERS

President ..... THELMA CARSON
Vice President ..... HILDA LEBOLD
Secretary and Treasurer ..... GRACE DEAN

WOMAN'S LEAGUE

EXECUTIVE BOARD OF WOMAN'S LEAGUE

Faculty Member ..... Miss Davis
President ..... Rose Link
Vice President ..... Winnigene Wood
Secretary ..... Alma Evans
Treasurer ..... Edythe Whinery

REPRESENTATIVES

Senior ..... Dorothy Bird
Hilda Lebold
Junior ..... Mabel Batzli
Marion Boyd
Physical Education ..... Marjorie Powell
Vivian Smith
Art ..... Thelma Carson
Kindergarten ..... Helen O'Rourke
Training School ..... Mildred Whitcomb
Irma Storck
Y. W. C. A. ..... Charlotte Kemper
Martha McCartney
College ..... Charlotte Kilgore
Ruth Hawkins

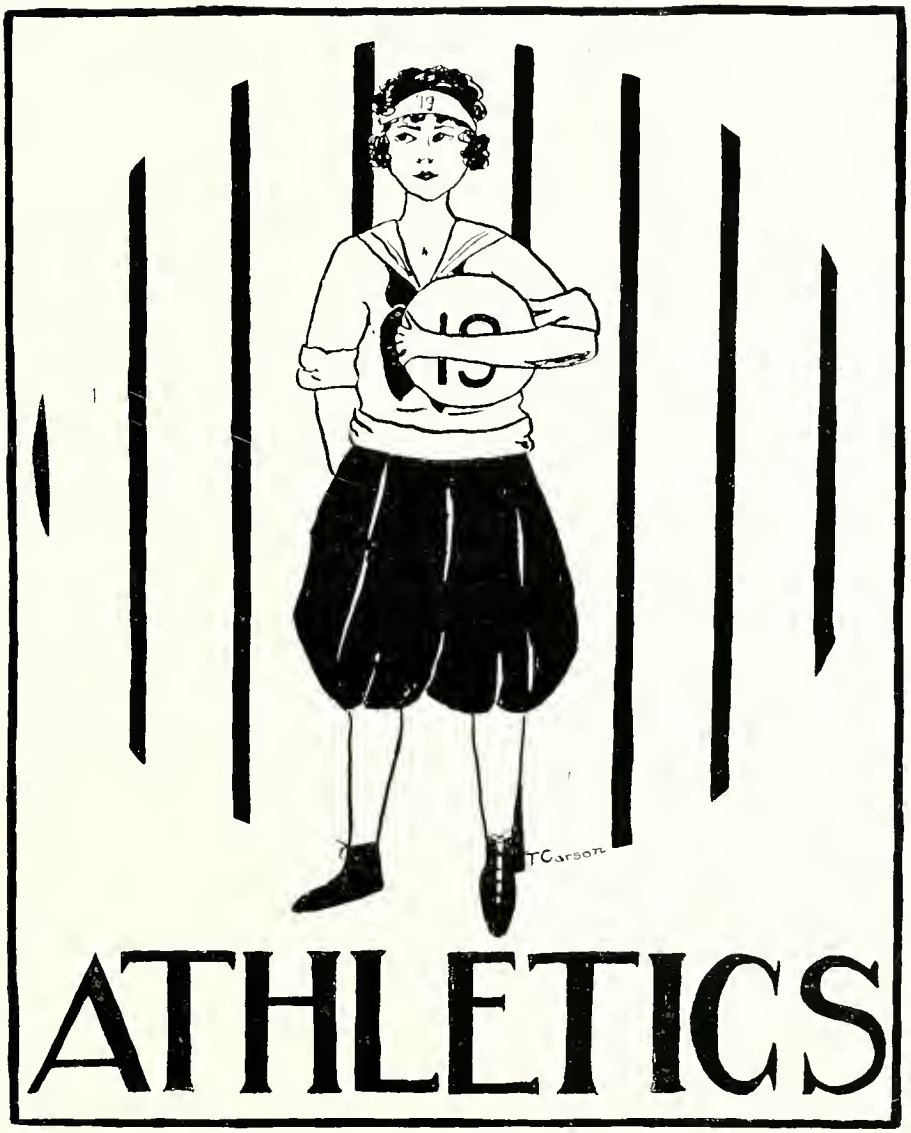
"The power of cooperation is man's highest manifestation of intelligence and wisdom."
—Elbert Hubbard

The above quotation forms the cornerstone of the foundation on which, in the fall of 1917, the organization known as the Woman's League was built.

This organization automatically includes in its membership every woman student of Kent State Normal College. Its executive board consists of a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and two representatives from each department in the school.

The purpose of the League is the betterment of the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of the girls in our College.

Last year a beginning was made, and as we all know, to make a beginning is the hardest part of any project. This year we have made considerable progress; the Woman's League today stands for definite principles, it is a constructive force in the school, and best of all, the girls recognize it as their friend. Next year and all of the years to come offer infinite possibilities of growth for the League, and it is the sincere hope of the present League that these possibilities will some day be realized.


19
19
TCarson
ATHLETICS

COLLEGE LINE-UP

Ruth Hawkins, G.
Vera Morris, C.
Martha McCartney, G.
Charlotte Kilgore, F.
Lucille Woodford, F.
Dorothy Shea, F.
Irene Thorpe

OFF-CAMPUS LINE-UP

Florence Mehnert, F.
Helen Matthews, F.
Vivian Smith, G.
Esther Cook, G.
Martha Hughes, C.
Dorothy Addicott, F.

LOWRY LINE-UP

Cherrie Reed, F.
Marie McCann, F.
Mildred Kraus, G.
Marion Boyd, C.
Mildred Janson, G.
Mabel Casper, G.
Gertrude Nims, F.

MOULTON LINE-UP

Mabel Stringer, C.
Hazel Hochstetter, F.
Marguerite Scriven, G.
Bessie Hyde, C.
Statia Barth, F.
Irma Storck, G.
Gretchen Espy, F.
Charlotte Kemper, G.

BASKET BALL

Basket ball? Well, I guess! Basket ball in its best form was played at Normal this year, and some star players developed as a result. At the beginning of the season most of the girls who turned out had never played before, but their interest and enthusiasm soon made up for this. Practice started off with a rush, then, of course, training rules came into play, with the foregoing of the delicious pies and cakes at the "Dorm," and the delicate candies sent by unknown parties. Walking and running soon had every member of the five teams in the pink of condition for the fray, which started on March 8.

The first game was an excellent "starter" for the tournament, the audience, composed of Home Coming Alumni, was full of the game and the players lived up to their expectations with a snappy, exciting game. Lowry and Moulton Halls, rivals of last year, met again to test their strength. Lowry led off with two baskets, gained by snappy team-work. Moulton then tightened up, and the half ended with the score 5 to 2 in Lowry's favor. In the second half, Lowry increased her lead by four. Then, in the last three minutes Moulton started a rally that netted them two baskets. But the whistle ended this and left the score standing 9 to 6 in Lowry's favor.

The next games played were equally exciting, the College defeating the High School by a score of 10 to 8, Carl starring for the High School and Woodford for the College. Moulton then played the Off-Campus in a rather slow game, that ended with Moulton on the long end of the score, 13 to 1.

Moulton won over the College in a fast game of 12 to 5. Stringer starred for Moulton, making six field goals. The Off-Campus had bad luck with Lowry, in that Mehnert became exhausted and was forced to leave the game, which ended with the score of 25 to 8. The Off-Campus defeated the College to the tune of 4 to 3, Mehnert starring for the "O. C's."

The climax of the tournament was reached when the College met and defeated Lowry with a score of 10 to 9. From the standpoint of teamwork this was the best game played during the whole tournament. The work of the College guards with the brilliant playing of C. Kilgore was the chief factor that made the College victory possible. By this upset of the "dope," Lowry was forced to play a series with Moulton to settle the dispute for first place.

Lowry won the first game by the score of 14 to 6, Reed starring for Lowry, and Stringer for Moulton. In the next game Moulton was defeated by the score of 15 to 9, therefore cinching the cup for Lowry.

This had been a long hard grind for everybody, the months of self-denial were past, for that evening cakes and pies at the "Dorm" were consumed, and the candies were fully appreciated.

L
L
L
L
L

Moulton Hall Officers

House Matron ..... Miss Cruttenden
House Chairman ..... Rose Link
Vice Chairman ..... Irene Thorpe
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Gertrude Daugherty

Proctors
- Helen O'Rourke
- Bess Hyde
- Emma Andrews
- Matilda Kessler
- Alma Evans

Moulton Hall

"Sure they builded up a building, and they did it carefully,
And each brick was moulded from a heart, that beats with loyalty;
And the beams were made of beaten truth, to strengthen 'gainst life's storm,
And the windows were of sunbeams, so golden and so warm;
And they peopled it with spirits, just to make the work complete,
Young and gay and hopeful spirits, whom no trouble could defeat;
Then they crowned it with a tower of Hope, that touched Ambition's call,
And, when they had it finished, sure, they called it Moulton Hall."

(Sung to tune of "A Little Bit of Heaven, Sure, They Called It Ireland.")

YELLS

"Hit 'em high,
Hit 'em low,
Come on, Moulton,
Let her go!"

"M-O U-L-T-O-N,
That's the way we spell it,
Here's the way we yell it,
Moulton! Moulton! Moulton!

"Yea-a-a-a, Moulton,
Yea-a-a-a, Moulton,
Yea-a-a-a, Moulton,
Fight! Fight! Fight!

"Left! Right!
Left! Right!
Left! Right!
The foe's gonna get
Left! Right!"

"K. S. N. C.
RAH! ! ! ! ! !"

MOULTON! Rah! ! ! !
MOULTON! Rah! ! ! !
Rah! Rah! MOULTON!

SEPTEMBER 24—

Hello! there! How are you?
Gee, I'm glad to see you.

SEPTEMBER 25—

Registration Day.

SEPTEMBER 26—

Real class work begins.
Who says there are no necessary evils?

SEPTEMBER 28—

Reception for new students.
Marshmallow roast included.
Daisy S. indignantly tells us that she was taken for a Junior.

SEPTEMBER 30—

Trucks! Girls! Trucks!

OCTOBER 2—

Election day for the Seniors.
We hope the Juniors follow suit.

OCTOBER 11—

Moulton Hall gives a dance.
Remember, the famous stringed orchestra presided.
Some class!

OCTOBER 12—

Esther and "Gert" and "Chotzy" are tickled to death. It was rumored that "Peace Was Declared."

OCTOBER 14—

First "Flu" vacation begins.

NOVEMBER 17—
"Flu" vacation ends.

NOVEMBER 18—
We notice several girls are gaining fame as fortune tellers.

NOVEMBER 23—
Second "Flu" vacation begins.

DECEMBER 2—
"Flu" vacation ends.
Third floor south gives a party for "Crutty," Miss Dolph and others included.

DECEMBER 12—
Third "Flu" vacation begins.

DECEMBER 30—
"Flu" vacation ends.
"Merry Christmas."

JANUARY 7—
Marker gives a test. Ugh!

JANUARY 8—
"Crutty" makes the rounds to see if we are all warm and comfortable.

JANUARY 9—
You think you are going to read a poem,
But we know you aren't;
We think the printer did it this way,
Just so we could fool you.

JANUARY 22—
Miss Davis reads a selection from Dickens.

JANUARY 31—
The Naval Reserve Band gives their concert at the auditorium. We can't bear the details of this affair.

FEBRUARY 7—

Everyone is convinced that Alma does her duty in trying to keep the suite opposite her within bounds.

FEBRUARY 8—

Senior dance.

FEBRUARY 13—

"Tilly" gives a party for her end of the hall.

FEBRUARY 14—

Valentine Greetings!
Everyone enjoyed the Faculty "Hip" in the P. M., especially since the proceeds go toward the new clock. Annual drive rally in Assembly. (We wish so much good material would not come on one date.)

FEBRUARY 15—

Woman's League party. We don't think it necessary to say any more. If you weren't there you don't deserve to know anything about it.

FEBRUARY 16—

Second floor north is very quiet. "Redie" is going to have a Physiology test.

FEBRUARY 17—

The "Skinners" delight in examining trees in front of our Hall.

FEBRUARY 22—

Y. W. C. A. Colonial Party.

MARCH 1—

College Party.

MARCH 7—

Senior Class Play.
"Midsummer Night's Dream."

MARCH 8—

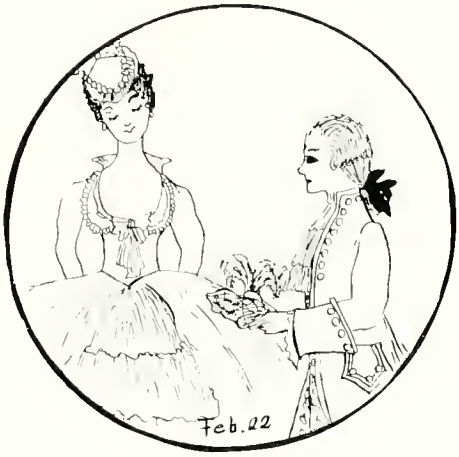
Home Week. 'Nuf said!

MARCH 14—

Junior dance.

MARCH 28—

Minstrel show.



APRIL 1—
April fool!

APRIL 7—
Basket ball games are very popular.

APRIL 18—
Easter recess begins.
Sh! only two days.

APRIL 25—
Too many dances to make note of all of them.

MAY 2—
Because we may confuse you, dear reader, we are not going to mention any of the "Dots."

MAY 3—
Classes will be in session the following Saturdays: May 10, 17, 24, and 31. (By permission of the K. S. N. C. catalogue.)

MAY 21—
The "Ain't We Got Fun Alley" is still with us.

MAY 31—
Junior-Senior dance.

JUNE 1—Baccalaureate sermon.

JUNE 4—
Breakfast in the woods.
Class Day exercises.
Campus Night.

JUNE 6—
Commencement! Back to the farm.
Hurrah!

P. S.—Books will be on sale soon entitled, "How to pack a trunk."

Lowry House Officers

President ..... VERA MORRIS
Vice President ..... PEARL TOMPKINS
Secretary ..... GERTRUDE NIMS

Literary

T.C.

Dining With Uncle Sam

Richman, poorman, beggarman, chief; they are all the same in the army; and you can't tell Bob from Bill when his back is to you. Those first few days are never to be forgotten. It was a time when we took unto ourselves many new things. We found that it would be a "great life if you didn't weaken."

Practically the first new thing was a mess kit. I know, had it not been for a gnawing at my stomach I should have mistaken it for a new-fangled mouse-trap, or bird-cage; in fact, anything but tools for off-bearing stew. The art of juggling them had to be learned ,and many a precious pan of stew or cup of coffee was spilled down a comrade's neck in the process. And woe be it to the lad who spilled his, because too often it was emphatically announced, "No seconds." Then the poor Mess Sergeant, cooks, and even the Kitchen Police caught it.

The story goes the rounds that one of the boys wrote home, telling his mother that he had been appointed K. P. that day. Not understanding the term exactly she responded that he should be kind to the boys, remembering that he was once a private himself.

Having once fallen in line for mess, it pays to stay in line, because to fall out means to go to the rear. After "dining," the dishes must be washed, and one must take his turn for that also. Two tubs of water are provided; one for washing and another for rinsing. Next find a buddy who has a dish towel or, that being impossible, a gun-rag or dirty shirt must suffice. Mess call is the first call to be learned, and many rhymes are sung to it. The most popular one runs like this:

"Soupee, soupee, soupee, without a single bean;
Porkee, porkee, porkee, without a streak of lean."

There is one call that could possibly get a man out of the mess line, and that is mail call, with the possibility of eats from home.

Even in these early days in camp we cried about the "grub," when we hadn't even tasted "Corn Willie" and had never heard of "hard-tack." How glad we were then, when we got orders to go to Detroit for the purpose of conveying motor trucks to Baltimore. Now our eating was to take a different aspect. A "kitchen truck" was provided, and thinking that was my chance, I spoke for it. But sorry was I, for I had to be the first man out in the morning and the last to bed at night. Thanks to the spirit of the people, we were not compelled to eat our own cooking much of the time. Our mess kits became a superfluity. We dined at tables covered with white cloths and there were real plates and silverware and pie and cake. I remember having eaten so much pie at Ravenna that one kind lady thought I really liked it, and slipped me another piece as we filed out of the building.

Having had the good fortune to be snowed in at Pittsburg for two weeks, we were shown a good time by the "big bugs" of the burg." Of course they had been warned to count their silverware, etc., as soon as we left.

The Red Cross were on the job all of the time. Good cakes and pretty waitresses appeal to any soldier. All honor to the Red Cross; they did much for us here as well as in Europe.

After such treatment, of course we objected to being sent back to camp, having completed our third trip. Now that the weather was getting nice, the temperature having risen from about thirty below to that much above zero, we wished to continue in convey service.

June 13th, 1918, we shipped from Boston Harbor in a British ex-mule boat. Having been to sea about twenty-four hours, dining was temporarily suspended for many of us, and I spent a large part of my time at the rail, looking for the bottom of the sea. Recovering from this false affection for the rail, I found that the stuff the chink cooks were stirring up, was likely to bring back an acute attack of the same thing; so I dieted for the rest of the voyage on bread and onions.

The tables from which we ate in the day, served as clothes racks at night, for those who weren't too scared to lay off any of their habiliment. In the morning we tied up our hammocks, which swung over the tables, so that we could eat without bumping our heads.

As soon as we set foot on terra firma, which happened to be at Liverpool, England, my stomach felt better. We rationed with the British a few days, but their cheese, strong tea and beer did not appeal much to the Yankees, and we were glad to get back to pork and beans and bread and jam.

French cafe's served a small variety of eatables, if one knew how to ask for them. However, most of us had deferred our study of French until we arrived and felt the great necessity of it. As it stood, the best contortionist was our best interpreter. After eating came the difficult operation of paying. The "Sammie," if he had learned how to say "combein" and wanted to practice it, asked her how much it was. Then, not knowing what she said in response, he handed her all his money and she took what she liked and returned the rest. No wonder the prices went up.

I am told by an honorable man that he saw one negro accost another and ask him where he could get something to eat. Now it happened that the one accosted was a French negro, and, of course, muttered something in French in response. Whereupon the "Sammie" ejaculated, "Good Lawd, man! Hab you been among dese frogs so long you done forgot your own language?"

French women are good cooks and many a Sammie's heart was won thus. Etiquette differs in different strata of society, but a few customs I noticed were quite prevalent. Every one was expected to furnish his own knife. Now as the only knife I owned was a bayonet, and it was a little clumsy for table use, they managed to stir up an extra. The bread, I mean the loaf, was passed around and each one suided off a chunk. Wine is the principal drink. I remember having seen water drunk once, and that by a woman. Soup constitutes the principal course. A large dish is put in the center of the table and each takes a helping therefrom, and the music begins. For, their soup-spoons being deep and pointed, there is but one way, and that is to literally suck the soup from it.

At last came the Armistice, and after one grand celebration, thoughts flew homeward, and every day seemed a month. Just to get out of this mud and rain. We had rain on our mush and rain in our coffee. We surely believed the fellow who said, that all that was necessary to be a weather prophet in France was to know the word for *Rain*.

And then, oh! for a dish of ice-cream. We had forgotten, did you eat it with a fork?

Once more we came in sight of the First Lady of the Land, and I quit my place at the mess table to poke my head out a port hole and throw her a kiss. Of course, she didn't return it, but that never hurts any one's feelings; because she has her hands full and troubles of her own.

—HAROLD REX.

Her Private Secretary

The first streaks of dawn crept through the window of a luxuriously furnished bed-room on upper Fifth Avenue, enveloping a figure, lying in a huddled position on a bed in one corner of the room. Shortly, a knock is heard, and some one says, "Dick, Dick, Richard, it is six o'clock." Slowly the figure rolled over, untwisting itself somewhat, but still in deep slumber. Again the voice is heard, with feminine impatience, much like an echo of the first word, "Dick, Dick, Richard, it is six o'clock." A change is produced in the vicinity of the bed, the figure it contains slowly rises. There is the familiar sound that accompanies a good yawn and simultaneously a voice replies, "Yes, mother." A firm but boyish hand is thrust through a mop of black hair, brown, fearless eyes look out from heavily arched brows, a well-shaped nose exerts its function of letting its owner know that bacon is on the breakfast menu and a strong chin relapses in a smile.

Reader, you are meeting Richard Shaw (Dick to his intimate friends), the only son of Mrs. J. M. Cartwright, a wealthy widow and story writer. This day marks the departure of said Dick to a southern training camp, where he will endeavor to win a commission, and then see France. He didn't seem to mind leaving, do you think? At any rate, his smile is against him, and we all know he has awakened on the "right side of the bed" at least.

Let us return to the same house in the afternoon and steal through the French windows leading to the library. An atmosphere of wealth surrounds us, and as our eyes travel about the room with curiosity, they revert back to that which first arrests one's attention, upon entrance to the room, a grey head, bent in the attitude of writing, whose owner is seated at a mahogany desk working laboriously with pen and lips.

"The 25th day of June, 1917.—On this day, all pictures, personal property, etc., of my son Richard must be removed from my sight. Two great disappointments have come to me. Today my only child left to train for service in the great war. Yes, and why do I have to give him up, my only cheer and comfort, while other mothers' sons are still at home. Also, it was not enough that he leave me, but last night he told of his great love for some wild creature, whom I know nothing about. He met her last spring, just a little over a year ago, while at Uncle David's lumber camp in Maine ,and vows that when he returns from war he is going to bring this creature here to my home, as his wife. Just out of college, young and foolish,—what a prey he was for her. When he told me of this affair, I became so enraged that I could hardly contain myself. How many times have I wished and planned upon his marriage to the Judge's daughter, and now I must see my dreams shattered, my pride scorned at, and the family name allied with that of some forest creature. No, it must never be. When he kissed me good-bye this morning, I could not help but think of her kissing him, and my heart was broken. It was first the death of Dick's father that started to turn my hair grey. Then I married Cartwright merely for Dick's sake, and then when he died and Dick alone was left to me, I continued to live for him alone; and now,—oh! the disappointment is almost too great to bear. My hair will be white sooner or later from all this, and I know if Dick returns and brings that girl with him, the blow will kill me. This has been a very unhappy day."

The pen ceased its scratching and the book was closed with a slow, discouraged movement. On the front of it are the words, "My Diary." As the bended head comes up, a sad but determined face of a woman comes

with it. Her eyes are wet, but her mouth and chin are set like tempered steel. You have guessed that she is Dick's mother, and perhaps are contrasting mother and son. At this moment she rises and moves with stateliness across the room, bent on closing the French doors, which seemed to be admitting a draft.

"Good morning, I have come in answer to the advertisement in the Times, for a secretary to an elderly woman. May I see the advertiser, please?"

These words, spoken quickly and in a business-like manner, came from the prettiest pair of lips ever required to make a woman beautiful. The owner, standing on the steps of the Cartwright residence, wore a trim blue suit, and a saucy hat of the same color. Her tan walking shoes were well-polished, and rested firmly on the stone step; and she did not fidget from foot to foot. A maid admitted her, and after a short interval, she found herself facing an elderly woman, who seemingly needed a secretary.

"I am Mrs. Cartwright; you have doubtless read some of my short stories in the Post. I have been doing my own writing, but find now that my work for six or eight weeks will be very heavy, too heavy in fact, to get along without the services of a typist.

"Then the usual conversation between an employer and one wishing to be employed, followed. Mrs. Cartwright found out that Ruth Day was the name of her applicant, that her home had originally been in a small village in Maine, and that she had been living with her aunt in New York, while attending business college. Her aunt had been very sick with pneumonia that had proven fatal a few weeks ago, and Ruth, although her course was not completed at school, found it necessary to seek some kind of employment. The paper, that she held in her hand, had directed her, and she did hope that Mrs. Cartwright would consider her application favorably.

Mrs. Cartwright was touched by the story, and then, since she wished her secretary to act in the capacity of a companion, also, and Ruth appeared so cheerful, she decided to hire her at a salary of $25 per week. Of course her secretary was to live right there and become a member of the household.

That night we find Ruth Day before the mirror in her bed-room. As she looks at the face in the mirror with its wonderfully big blue eyes, perky little nose and pouting lips, she suddenly smiles, and of course the other face smiles back at her, showing an even row of white teeth.

"What a fortunate girl I am," she said to herself, continuing to smile. "Now I can make my own living and send something home to Cousin Jane occasionally, and here in these beautiful surroundings I can surely forget 'him,' or perhaps I can rise to his equal. But, oh, he was so educated, and I could never have married one in his position. My lover! So he said he was; and yet how could he love me, a poor lumberjack's daughter! Well, I must forget him ,and my work will help me."

Throwing her head of black hair back, preparatory to braiding, Ruth Day decided many things for one little girl to decide for herself.

Three months have elapsed, and during those three months, Mrs. Cartwright's secretary has gained the place of a daughter in the home. Ruth is beloved by all of the servants, has a big place in the not over big heart of Mrs. Cartwright, and is respected and admired by all of the old families on the Cartwright calling list. During this time, Ruth has discovered that some dark secret hangs over the household, as to an only son of her employer. Although she doesn't even know his name, she knows that there is such a person, now serving in the army, who writes frequently to his mother, but rarely receives answers to his letters. Ruth notices that her benevolent friend gives liberally to the Red Cross, but never goes there to work in her spare time. In fact she has often urged Mrs. Cartwright to acompany her there, but never have Ruth and Mrs. Cartwright been seen

going together to the Red Cross, or to hear a speaker on any question of the great war. The only excuse she offers is that her writing must be hurried, and while Ruth is out, she may be organizing her thoughts for tomorrow's work. And so the months slip by and Mrs. Cartwright's work is coming to a visible end. Of course she cannot let Ruth go when the writing is finished, and so persuades her to stay at least until summer, just as a companion at the same salary. Ruth had planned to return to Maine that spring, but changes her plans and agrees to stay until the latter part of August, at least.

It was the fifth of May when a telegram came early in the morning, which shocked Mrs. Cartwright so that she retired to her room for the day. Since Ruth was free for the time being, she decided to go down to the canteen and help out there in the preparations for the arrival of some troops from a western camp, who were on their way to France. Garbed in a Hoover apron, Ruth manfully stood behind the counter at the canteen for hours that day, serving hungry soldiers with "chow," as they called it. It was a tired girl that ascended the steps of the Cartwright home that evening, and as she opened the door, she was aware of a hushed atmosphere. Doggedly, she climbed the stairs to her room to dress for dinner. A half hour later she came down, refreshed, and looking extremely pretty, in an organdy frock.

"Madam would like to see you, Ruth; she is in the living room."

"Thank you, Marie," replied Ruth to the trim little maid who had given her the message, and directly started for the living room. When she reached the portiers, she stopped shortly. What was there in the man's voice, speaking in the next room, that fairly made her heart stop beating?

"Why, Ruth, how foolish," with these words and a careless shrug of her shoulders, she proceeded into the room.

"You wanted me, Mrs. Cartwright?"

Even as she spoke, she was aware of a third presence in the room. It seemed to be in the vicinity of the mantle at the side of the room, but since it was dusk, and only the lamp at the desk was lighted, it was impossible to make out who the individual was.

"Richard, this is my secretary, Miss Day."

Suddenly a khaki figure separated itself from the gloom, and turning with a start, faced her.

"Ruth!"

"Why, Dick!" And in a moment the dignified secretary of Mrs. Cartwright was enveloped in the arms of a handsome lieutenant. Yes, it is the same Dick who greeted us early one morning, some months ago, only how much bigger he is, and not at all like the boy of yesterday. After the shock of the surprise is over, many explanations follow. Dick tells Ruth how he has written and written, and always had his letters returned. Of course, his mother had mentioned that she had hired a very capable secretary to help her with her spring stories, but she had never mentioned her name. Mrs. Cartwright wrote many things in her diary that night, and repented what she had written a year ago, about a girl whom she had judged so wrongly.

Dick's furlough is rapidly coming to an end and yet Ruth has withheld her answer; an answer which means so much to every girl. Dick has decided that they must be married immediately, and Mrs. Cartwright begs Ruth to become her daughter before Dick leaves for France. How differently she feels towards the girl whom she once fairly hated, and yet loved, ever since she knew her. Reader, I leave them to you; you decide for Ruth—but be sure she is happy ever afterward!

—I. A. T.

The Great K. S. N. C. Pageant

One of our biggest disappointments this year was the fact that we Seniors couldn't help stage the greatest pageant ever produced in the State of Ohio, to be presented to the public next year. Do you remember when we, the class of English 12, Winter Term, used to spend hours and hours in the Library and stay in and up nights looking up material on how Brady made his famous leap; how our pioneer grandmothers made candles and Our disappointment in not being able to take part in this, is somewhat quilts; how our Normal School actually happened to be here,—and dozens of other things you couldn't see any sense in at all? And then during the evening study hours at the Dorm, when we would be holding an animated committee meeting discussing and demonstrating just how Brady made his leap, or some equally difficult subject, an unsympathetic inmate from the next room would burst in and confront us with, "How in the world do you expect me to study Geography when thirteen of you are *performing* English?" Of course, we didn't expect her to. But, anyway, that was her problem to solve, not ours.

Well, we of the English 12, worked diligently, faithfully, earnestly on just how the pageant should be worked up. We turned our material over and around, in and out, took out here and added there, till it began to look like something. It took on the shape and form of the great idea we were endeavoring to make out of it. We planned to present it in June, and even went so far as to choose some of our actors. Did we ever tell you about how vicious one of the girls was to "Evil Eye," the villian, and how she wanted him killed off and gotten rid of as quickly as possible. And how mean we were to hall right around and choose her to take the part of that self-same "Evil Eye!" We cannot help but wonder whether there'll always be an objection if an anthill or some other kind of a hill should assist in Brady's leap. No doubt ferocious "Evil Eye" would suggest that we apply a lash or two, and maybe more, to all objectors.

We were getting along just fine with our work when the Influenza again walked into our midst and for several weeks, the main cogwheel of our machinery was missing. Then it grew too late for us to stage our pageant, so we decided to leave that task to the next class of English 12. alleviated by the hope that we can return next year to see the results of our efforts.

We wish the greatest success to the new English class and hope that they will enjoy their work as much as we did ours.

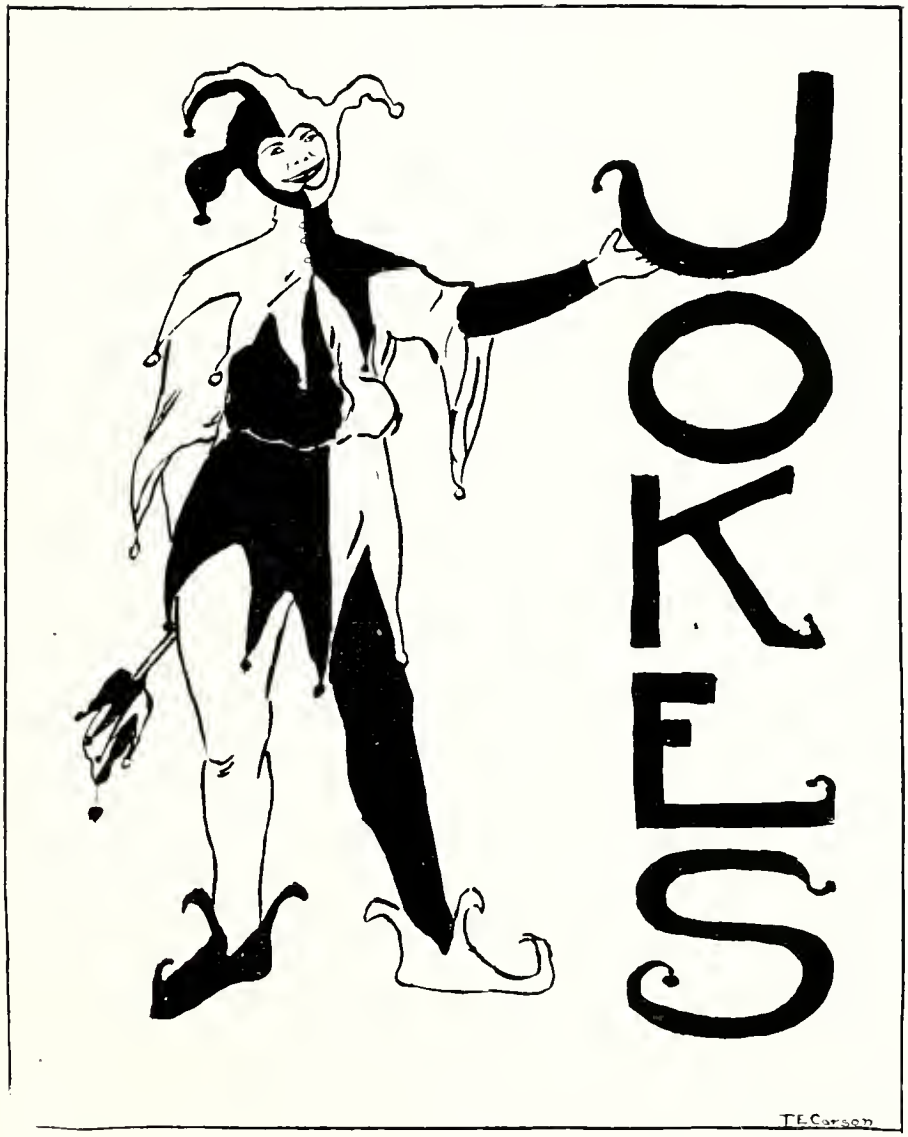
—English 12, 1919, Winter Term.

Farewell to Professor Marker

Another disappointment and surprise which came to the Seniors was that Professor George E. Marker, our class advisor, was to leave for the west before the completion of our Senior work.

Mr. Marker has been our advisor for two years and has helped and guided us in many ways, and it was indeed a great disappointment to find that he would not be with us until the end of our Normal School work.

We certainly wish Mr. Marker happiness during his trip to the West and sucess in his work at Cheney Normal.


JOKES
T.E.Carson

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the Chestnut Burr,
That is known as the JOKES.

How We Know Them

Irene Thorpe—by her arguing. "Get the Broom."

Charlotte Kemper—by her grin.

Thelma Carson—by her love for "Art."

Mr. Marker—by his former positions.

Fannie—by thinking it's Annie.

Charlotte Payne—by her constant use of large, impractical, unnecessary, and "un-Webstered" words.

Mary and Martha—by their "Lashes."

Marjorie Powell—by her giggle.

Mr. Layton—by the sunshine of his smile, after the storm-cloud of his frown.

Dorothy O'Shea—by the map of Ireland.

Grace Dean—by her vociferated, animated expositions.

Proctors—by "It's study hour," "Lights out," etc.

Mrs. Miller—cause "that's where our money goes."

Idetta Lutz—on the trail of Miss Cruttenden.

Hazel Hochstetter—by her baby-talk.

Miss Pettis—by her reference work.

Elizabeth Curl—by her love for everyone, much in evidence.

Edythe Whinnery—by her hair. Danger!

Beatrice VeVerka—by her numerous phone-calls.

Margery Brandt—by her industriousness.

Gertrude Dougherty—"It's the way that she walks, and the way that she talks, and the way that she fixes her hair."

Annual Board—by the care-worn expressions on their faces.

Hilda Lebold—by her sighs and size.

Dorothy Bird—by her "Foot."

Things Heard In The Classes

Esther: "What will be the use of the army and navy in the future?"
Mr. Layton—"To suppress the women."

What is pasteurization?
Grace Dean—"When cows are on pasture."

Miss Lower—"When must you use tact?"
Daisy—"In dealing with your husband, by all means."

We do not wish to neglect the fact that the Annual was first printed by the "Hunt and Poke" System—"Dot" Haessly, Operator.

Teacher—"What is a vacuum?"
Pupil—"I have it in my head, but I can't express it."

Mr. Hopkins—"What is the size of a guinea pig?"
Dorothy Haessly—"Fifty pounds."

Hazel Quinlin—"Why does your hair part in the middle?"
Chotzy (knowingly)—"Gravity."

Teacher—"Please give me a word that contains a silent letter."
Pupil—"Sausage."
Teacher—"Why, there is nothing silent in that."
Pupil—"The dog is."

"What's the bird of Paradise?"
Answer—"Chicken."

Junior (first meal away from home): "My plate is damp."
Senior: "Hush, they only serve a small quantity of soup at this place."

GREAT NEED

Oh, that some Burbank of the West
Would patent, make, and sell,
An onion with an onion taste,
But with a violet smell.
"(That's me all over, Mabel.)"

Favorite Sayings

Chotzy—Fritz Taylor, England.
Rose—Who-o-o, Honey—Irene.
Gertie—You old darling, you.
Hazel—Oh, gee.
Miss Cruttenden—Girls, please moderate your voices in the corridors.
Idetta—Telephone call!
Mr. Marker—Bells may come, bells may go; but I go on forever.
Mrs. Merkle—Hope no one gets sick this week-end.
Thelma—Oh, I have so much to do I don't know where to begin.
Mrs. Miller—How many are going home this week-end?
Martha—Where is my Pin-dy?
Emma—Can you dress my hair tonight?
Miss Slaght—Sorry you aren't going to Y. W.
Mr. Layton—Be here at the same time, the same place tomorrow.
Irma—Let me tell your fortune!
Charlotte Payne—These—boys!
"Dot" Haessly—What could be sweeter?
Vera—Sit here, please.
Irene—Dear Pal of mine. Am I?
Ruth—Oh, kid!
Flora—Oh, I must study.
Emily—Spen' will bring me back.
Esther—Oh, I haven't written my letter to Biddie.
Rowena—Say, I'm going down town and get something more to eat.

SCHOOL PERSONALITIES

The Desk—Receptive, sympathetic; likes to be leaned on.

The Waste Basket—Intemperate, aggressive; frequently gets full, and is full of scraps.

The Inkwell—Extremely versatile—can write a wrong and wrong a write.

The Blotter—Retentive; absorbs a great deal.

The Calendar—Contemporaneous, but lazy, always up to date, but frequently a month off.

The Twenty-Third Psalm

(As read by the Editors)

The Chestnut Burr is my work; it shall not wait. It maketh me to sit down in deep thought; it leadeth me into strange dreams. It restoreth my memories; it leadeth me into the paths of sleepless nights for its own sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of ignorance, I shall have no fear; for it is with me; its jokes and its slams, they comfort me. It prepareth a flunk before me in the presence of my teachers; and they annoint my head with lectures, while my eyes runneth over. Surely work and agony shall follow me all the days of my life; but I will dwell with the pages of the Chestnut Burr forever.

Lost—An umbrella, by an old man with bent ribs.

"Bathing suits reduced to almost nothing."

Wanted! A boy to deliver oysters, that can ride a bicycle.

Pat—"How can I drive this nail without mashing my finger?"
Mike—"Hold the hammer with both hands."

Miss Davis—"What do you think of closing school?"
Mr. Marker—"I think the soldiers would like a little chicken on the side lines as well as on the table."

Bull dog for sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children.

THE WAIST

An imaginary line is the waist,
Which seldom stays long where it is placed;
But ambers and slips
'Twixt shoulders and hips,
According to popular taste.

Mr. Marker's Soliloquy

How dear to my heart are the Seniors of nineteen,
When fond recollections of them I recall;
The three's, the four's, the one's, the plus marks,
And those awful quizzes! They stood thru them all.

How often I spoke to those pupils assembled,
(They were a remarkable class I full know;)
They never did come with an unprepared lesson,
Time could not foretell that I could miss them so.

They never skipped classes; they knew all of James,
And always remembered his "top of page ten";
They struggled thru "Hart" without one complaint,
And took my advice on all matters to them.

At eve when I think of those forty-page lessons,
Which often, quite often, I gave them, so cruel;
In pain, then, I think of their virtues apparent.
Oh! will such a class again enter our school?

CHORUS:

Those patient old Seniors, the mistreated Seniors,
Those remarkable Seniors of nineteen nineteen.
(Sung to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket")

THESE FLIGHTS OF FANCY

When Emma Andrews appears as a quakeress.
When Grace Dean dances the Fox-trot.
When Miss Cruttenden flirts with the "skinners."
When Miss Davis is embarrassed.
When Rose Link appears anywhere on time.
When Mr. Layton lectures on Pedagogy.
When the two Charlottes cease to like "Melons."
When "Dot" Shea gets "Fat."
When our new Physical Education building appears.
When Lucille Smith knows for sure she can teach next year.
When Thelma will stand still and be bossed.
When Esther Fults doesn't get a letter.
When Hazel Quinlin produces *three* volumes of *deep* literature.
When Dorothy Saner smiles.

DISADVANTAGES OF K. S. N. C.

If you wish to learn the correct method of serving and eating a meal, Misses Daugherty and Kessler will gladly demonstrate.

Also how to become graceful, taught in 100 lessons.

I. THORPE, Conductoretta.

IMPORTANT THEATRICAL NOTICE

The pageant to have been given June 1919 at K. S. N. C. will be delayed until June 1920 because the engine drawing the Erie train No. 13 has had an attack of rheumatism and can not move with his usual speed. All actors of the pageant are on this train and we would hate to give the play without them.

S. A. SKITTINGER, Manager.

NOTICE

Any one wishing to obtain chairs educated at K. S. N. C may do so by applying at Moulton Hall. These chairs are absolutely guaranteed to walk across the floor in five minutes. We furnish a free speedometer with every chair in order that you may not exceed the speed limit of Kent, which is 8 miles per hour. Kindly call during the day as we close at 7:30 P. M.

"Bachelors and old maids are the results of looking before you leap."

If you do not like our jokes,
And their dryness makes you groan,
Just stroll around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.

Processional

DON BREGENZER RUTH HARTLERODE

In joyous song, Kent Normal,
  Our voices now we raise.
We sing, each one, Kent Normal,
  Deep, heartfelt words of praise.
With love we'll e'er revere you,
  With pride we'll speak your name.
With joyousness we'll cherish
  The splendor of your fame.

A halo bright, Kent Normal,
  We place in Mem'ry's halls,
Of Loyalty, Kent Normal,
  Enduring as your walls.
Firm bonds of love and friendship
  Will bind us close to you,
These bonds we ne'er will sever,
  Each day will find them true.

And though we leave your campus,
  In after years we'll yearn
To speed the day the future
  Holds forth for our return.
Again we'll tread your pathways,
  Once more we'll view your walls.
Regret will mark our parting
  When noble duty calls.

ADVERTEMENTS

EVERSHARP PENCILS *WATERMAN PENS*

NORMAL COLLEGE BOOKS AND SUPPLIES

Students coming to Kent will make no mistake
in selecting our store for

DRUG STORE SUPPLIES

Hale B. Thompson, Ph. G.

"ON THE SQUARE"

Telephone 150—KENT, OHIO

SPALDING ATHLETIC GOODS *CRANE'S CANDY*

W. S. KENT, Pres. J. G. GETZ, V. Pres.
G. E. HINDS, Cashier G. J. STAUFFER, Ass't Cashier

DIRECTORS

W. S. KENT G. E. HINDS P. W. EIGNER
J. G. GETZ M. B. SPELMAN

Kent National Bank

Capital Stock, $60,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits,
$25,000.00

Deposits, $447,000.00

Ralph Hogan

JEWELER
AND
OPTICIAN

GUARANTEED REPAIRING

144 S. HOWARD ST. AKRON, O.

To Our Readers:

This book has been made possible only through the kind and hearty cooperation of our advertisers who have so generously contributed to the financial support of our book. We feel that our indebtedness can be repaid only through our joint patronage to them. Don't fail to note every advertiser and show your appreciation by telling them so.

BUSINESS MANAGERS.

MUSIC IN THE HOME PUTS SUNSHINE IN THE HEART

The Behning Piano

"IT TRULY IS AN INSTRUMENT FOR THE ARTIST"

The NEW

EDISON

Anna Case, the Miracle Girl of the Metropolitan Opera Company
proving that her voice and Mr. Edison's Re-Creation of it is
AN EXACT DUPLICATE

WE ARE PREPARED TO SERVE YOU WITH
THE BEST IN THE MUSIC LINE

N. E. OLIN & SON

Piano Parlors—402 E. Summit St. KENT, OHIO

Ralph C. Knisely

DRUGGIST

The REXALL Store

113 E. Main St. Phone 362 Ravenna, Ohio

REAL ESTATE *LOANS*

The M. C. Johnson Co.

610 METROPOLITAN BLDG.

BOTH PHONES 1591 AKRON, OHIO

DIAMONDS
WATCHES
CLOCKS
CUT GLASS

Ben J. Neff

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

CUTLERY
FINE JEWELRY
EXPERT WATCH
REPAIRING

Kent National Bank Bldg., Water St., Kent, O.

WHAT WE DO——

PLEASE YOU SATISFY YOU

MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE CALLING AGAIN

Kent Opera House

PARAMOUNT, ARTCRAFT, GOLDWYN, WORLD, VITAGRAPH
AND METRO CLASSIC PICTURE PLAYS

$100 in Gold if You Can Duplicate This Program

A FEATURE EVERY DAY
FROM THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PRODUCERS

Britton's Supplementary Leaflets *for* Class Use

PRICE LIST (Delivery Charges Prepaid by us)	Price per 1,000	Price per Copy —10 or more	Price per Copy —less than 10
5th Grade Language, 28 pages and cover	$35.00	5c	10c
6th Grade Language, 16 pages and cover	30.00	5c	10c
Grammar Exercises, 96 pages and cover	50.00	10c	25c
2d Grade Arithmetic, 24 pages and cover	35.00	5c	10c
3d Grade Arithmetic, 24 pages and cover	35.00	5c	10c
4th Grade Arithmetic, 24 pages and cover	35.00	5c	10c
5th Grade Arithmetic, 24 pages and cover	35.00	5c	10c
6th Grade Arithmetic, 24 pages and cover	35.00	5c	10c
7th Grade Arithmetic, 28 pages and cover	35.00	5c	10c
8th Grade Arithmetic, 36 pages and cover	40.00	5c	10c
Answers to Arithmetic Problems—From 4th to 8th Grades (inclusive) bound in one book—Sold to School Authorities only		10c	15c
Manual of Physical Education for Teachers. 64 pages and cover		15c	25c
Manual of Physical Training, Plays and Games. 56 pages and cover		10c	10c

To Introduce—We will send one of each of the above books for $1.00.

THE personal and close attention of the teacher to the pupil's needs is assured by the use of supplementary work. The Britton Supplementary Leaflets furnish pupils with such work as is adapted to them. Hitherto, teachers have been obliged to search here and there for appropriate material which, when found, had to be written on the blackboard or dictated for the pupils to copy; and while this method in most cases produced very satisfactory results, yet upon the whole, it was somewhat desultory as to the character of the work done and wasteful of the time and energy of the teacher.

The use of Britton's Supplementary Leaflets will relieve the teachers of much of the drudgery which was heretofore necessary. The mere mechanical and formal methods of work usually ascribed, if supplemented by the Britton Exercises, means a more sympathetic outgoing of the teacher's mind and heart toward those to be instructed.

The Britton Printing Co., *Publishers,* 812 Huron Road, Cleveland, O.

Frank A. Russel, M. D.

154 N. Water St. Kent, O.

Residence Phone 57-L

Office Phone 57-K

Office Hours: 2 to 4 P. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

Art Needle Work and Gift Shop

STAMPED ARTICLES
NEEDLEWORK
GIFTS

RAVENNA, OHIO

QUALITY FIRST

RHODES' Confectionery Store

QUALITY FIRST

CONFECTIONS, ICE CREAM, SODAS, SUNDAES, ETC.

SPECIALS

PUNCHES, ICES, SHERBETS, FANCY BRICK ICE CREAM, ETC.

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER

138 North Water St. KENT, OHIO

Cunningham Bros.

RESTAURANT

—AND—

CONFECTIONERY

Cigars and Cigarettes

57 Payne Ave. Cuyahoga Falls, O.
(Silver Lake Junction)
People's Phone G-72

The Kent Courier

THE OLDEST—THE BEST

FINE JOB WORK A SPECIALTY

K. S. N. C. Jingles

Seniors, be nimble, Seniors, be quick,
Or with the profession you'll have to stick.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
If Pettis doesn't get you, Marker must.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It's Monday again."

ODE TO HISTORY OF EDUCATION

The Seniors had a little book,
And could you only know
How much they wished to send it
To the regions far below.

Higgledy, piggledy, my fat hen,
Miss Pettis' class begins at 9:10.

Amarilly of Ain't-we-got-fun-Alley—Hazel Hochstetter.
The Menace of K. S. N. C.—Blue Slips.
House of Mirth—Faculty Party.
Misdirected Energy—Library Work.
Great Divide—Seven Potatoes for twelve girls.
Witching Hour—10:30 P. M.
The Awakening of Helena Ritchie—6:30 A. M.
Magnate—Troop Train.
Murders in Rue Morgue—Practice hours in Music Hall.
Straight and Narrow Path—Corridors.
Ships That Pass in the Night—F. T. and I. S.

Oh, friend, think not that lively step,
That lifted brow and lots of pep,
Are signs that tell of a soul at rest,
Peace seldom hides in a Senior's breast.

We laugh at the teacher's jokes,
Whatever they may be,
Not because they're funny,
But because it's policy.

WRIGHT & HENNESS

THE RAVENNA CHINA AND VARIETY STORE

WE SELL EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME. THE LARGEST STOCK OF ITS KIND IN PORTAGE CO. CALL AND SEE US.

246-248 West Main Street — Ravenna, Ohio

Bell Main 1534 — Cuy. Cent. 427-W

Jontzen Printing Co.

PRINTING AND ENGRAVING

CATALOGUE AND POSTER PRINTING A SPECIALTY

323 Long Ave. N. W. — CLEVELAND, OHIO

TRADE AT

Acme No. 27

Kent, Ohio

YOU WILL ALWAYS GET

SATISFACTION

Mitchell Co.

128 N. WATER STREET

KENT, OHIO

F. S. Hommel & Co.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS-AUDITORS

Citizens Building

CLEVELAND

TO GIVE PERMANENT SATISFACTION, 10-K AND 14-K GOLD

Class Pins and Rings

Should be Entirely Steel Die Struck and
of Meritorous Workmanship

These are the essential and necessary factors in the manufacture of BASTIAN material, to which is due its ever-increasing popularity

On your complete satisfaction hinges our measure of success. DEPEND on us to give you QUALITY, VALUE and SERVICE

BASTIAN BROS. CO.

869 Bastian Bldg. *ROCHESTER, N. Y.*

Producers Also of

Engraved Commencement Announcements and Calling Cards
Club and Society Pins

Everything

FOR THE

LADY AND MISS

IN

Wearing Apparel

The A. Polsky Co.

AKRON, OHIO

DIAMONDS *WATCHES*

JEWELRY

LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS

THE
KAY JEWELRY
CO.

132 SOUTH MAIN STREET

AKRON, O.

The Ideal
Restaurant

A CLEAN PLACE TO EAT

GRIDDLE CAKES A SPECIALTY

F. E. Crankshaw

PROPRIETOR

121 East Main St. KENT, OHIO

J. HAUNSTEIN *F. E. HAYMAKER*

PHONE 506

KENT
MOTOR CAR CO.

AUTOMOBILES

—AND—

ACCESSORIES

FORD *OVERLAND*

KENT, OHIO

RECOGNIZED FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY AS THE DRY GOODS HOUSE OF QUALITY AND VALUES, WHERE AUTHENTIC STYLE GOES HAND IN HAND WITH
MODERATE PRICE.

The Higbee Co.

CLEVELAND

COMPLIMENTS OF

Imperial

Dry Cleaning Co.

PHONE 452 149 S. WATER

KENT

A HEARTY WELCOME TO THE HOME-COMING SOLDIERS

New Togs for Our Soldier Boys

"Travel broadens a man."

Returning soldiers will find our new suits made with an eye to their comfort.

New models and measurements which measure up to their husky shapes. Everything for men to wear.

Yes, the new "waist-seam coat" is one of our novel models, also the camouflage double-breasted coats.

SUITS $20 TO $60

TOP COATS $20 TO $50

"A NATIONAL INSTITUTION"

Browning, King & Co

419-421 EUCLID AVE. CLEVELAND

CHAS. A. DOLAN, Manager

Buckeye Bakery

FRESH BREAD AND ROLLS, PASTRIES
OF ALL KINDS EVERY DAY
CALL AND SEE US

120 East Main Street KENT, OHIO

That Thirsty Feeling

CAN BE EASILY SATISFIED AT OUR SODA FOUNTAIN

WE SERVE ONLY THE

Highest Quality Ice Cream

MADE IN OUR OWN FACTORY. PRICES REASONABLE

TRORY'S DRUG STORE

MAIN STREET PHONE 4

Compliments of ED. HOLDEN

NORTH WATER STREET
KENT, OHIO

TRY J. C. KEIDEL

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

FOR RELIABLE MERCANDISE—all goods sold under a positive guarantee to be as represented or your money will be cheerfully refunded.

DIAMONDS REMOUNTED WHILE YOU WAIT
FIRST CLASS REPAIRING ONLY

East Main, Corner Prospect RAVENNA, OHIO

SAME OLD FELLOWS

IN THE

SAME OLD PLACE

GIBSON & OTT

WE HAVEN'T FINE FEATHERS

BUT WE HAVE FINE "EATIN'"

The Jackson Press

FINE STATIONERY
AND
ENGRAVED WORK OF ALL KINDS

North Water St. KENT, OHIO

Why-hide?
Our "Marg"
Now shoot!
A Stream Party
A Stock horse
The Eternal Triangle
Love me, honey?
Annual?
Hitched
"Pigs is pigs"
On Best Behavior
There are smiles

PUMPS *and* OXFORDS

D. H. Green
CLOTHING & SHOES
KENT, OHIO

Complete Line of Tennis and Gymnasium Shoes

Davey Tree Surgeons

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-approved; 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.

ARE trained in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery—the only school of its kind in the world. It is conducted for the specific purpose of drilling men according to Davey methods and Davey ideals. Every student after the completion of his course is guaranteed a position in the Davey organization. The work is fascinating, healthful, broadening; it affords opportunity to travel and to meet the finest class of people. For students who cannot come to Kent for resident training, an Extension Course is provided whereby instruction is carried on through the mails.

Write to-day for free examination of your trees.
Write to-day for full particulars.

The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.

P. O. BUILDING, KENT, OHIO

The Surprise Store

—FOR—

CANDIES *NOTIONS*
STATIONERY

G. W. GILBERT

PROPRIETOR

RAVENNA - - - - OHIO

MAKE YOUR COUNTRY HOME MODERN

We have an electric lighting plant that you can install at a moderate cost and can supply you with hot and cold running water. There is no excuse for not having city conveniences in your country home. We will be pleased to have you call; we will be more than glad to show you what we have.

MERRITT & FESSENDEN

143 N. Water St. KENT, OHIO

Fred C. Gibson

Successor to Hart's Pharmacy RAVENNA, OHIO

ALL KINDS OF CRUDE DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES

OF THE FINEST QUALITY AND PURITY

TOILET ARTICLES *PERFUMES*

COME AND GET A GOOD SODA

E. O. Carlin & Co.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

AND

FURNITURE DEALERS

AUTO AMBULANCE

PHONE 177 KENT, O.

Altman, The Tailor

221 N. WATER ST.

—FOR—

ALL KINDS OF WORK

CLEANING *PRESSING*
REPAIRING

221 N. Water St. KENT, OHIO

Phone 1225

EVERYTHING IN PHOTOGRAPHY

C. B. Stidsen's Studio

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK
RAVENNA, OHIO

Woodward & Co.

COAL AND COKE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

KENT, OHIO

THE M. O'NEIL CO

AKRON'S GREATEST STORE

DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR DECORATIONS

—with large quarters
—with improved facilities
—with artists devoting entire attention to

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

CORRECTLY PLANNED *ARTISTICALLY DECORATED*
RICHLY FURNISHED

No problem of home furnishing too great—no detail of artistic decoration too small for our artists and experts to attend to. With much improved facilities we are now in position to give unsurpassed service in the planning and finishing of the home decoration and furnishings.

THIRD FLOOR

WHEN CONSIDERING THAT
NEW HOME THINK OF

C. R. REED

ON HEATING

BOOMER FURNACES

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT IS AT THE

RAVENNA RESTAURANT

115 N. CHESTNUT STREET
RAVENNA, OHIO

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO PARTIES

What a Good Letter Written on Howard & Webb Lithograph Letter Paper Will Do—

Introduce your firm and goods to the buyer.

State your selling arguments clearly and keep them on file for quick reference.

Sell your goods direct or serve as the strongest auxiliary to your selling force that you can use.

Adjust a complaint, settle your differences in an amiable manner. There need be no hasty remarks in a written letter.

Collect your accounts in the city or out for less than street car or railroad fare.

The Howard & Webb Co.

MASTER LITHOGRAPHERS

113 St. Clair Ave., E. CLEVELAND, OHIO

PHONE MAIN 207

Quality Pianos

HAZELTON BROS. — KIMBALL
VOSE & SONS — HALLET & DAVIS
ABESTROM — STROBHER
HOBART M. CABLE — STORY & CLARK

Phonographs

ARTOLIANS — *COLUMBIA*
RECORDS AND PLAYER ROLLS

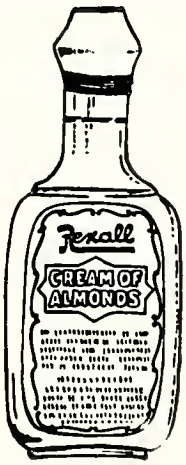
A. B. Smith Piano Co.

190 So. Main St. — AKRON, OHIO

"THE REMEMBRANCE OF QUALITY REMAINS LONG AFTER THE PRICE IS FORGOTTEN."

Kneifel Grocery Co.

142-146 N. WATER ST.
KENT, O.



YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL THE GIRLS WHO BUY THEIR TOILET ARTICLES AT OUR STORE

Cream of Almonds 40c
Coco Butter Cold Cream 50c
Violet Dulce Van. Cream 50c
Peroxzone Cream 25c
Milkweed Cream 50c
Pond's Creams 25c
Jonteel Combination Cream 50c
D. & R. Cream 10c, 25c, 50c

Jonteel Talc. 25c
Mennen's Talc. 30c
Boquet Jeanice 50c
Mary Garden 75c
Colgate's Talc. 20c
Williams' Talc. 20c

Doneghy's Cut Rate Drug Store

Where Quality Rules

THE I. S. MYRES CO.

GOOD CLOTHES

HATS AND FURNISHINGS

FOR

MEN, YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

AKRON'S GREATEST STORE FOR MEN

14 S. Main St. 915 E. Market St.

AKRON, OHIO

FURNITURE RUGS LINOLEUMS

COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS AND RECORDS

S. C. Bissler & Son

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

AUTO AMBULANCE SERVICE

PHONE 530 112-114 E. Main St.

KENT, OHIO

G. F. Elgin

Jeweler and Optometrist

114 No. Water St. PHONE 9

DIAMONDS WATCHES

JEWELRY

College Jewelry

FINE ENGRAVING AND REPAIRING

HAND PAINTED CHINA

GREENBERG'S

THE PLACE TO BUY

KUPPENHEIMER

AND CLOTHCRAFT

Clothes

KNOX HATS

RAVENNA, OHIO

Herriff's

FURNITURE *FANCY CHINA*
RUGS
OPEN STOCK DINNER WARE

AMBULANCE SERVICE

PHONE 2 KENT, O.

THE STORE OF
STYLE AND QUALITY
IN MILLINERY

Ruth Allen

MAIN ST. RAVENNA, O.

TO THE READERS OF THE

Chestnut Burr

We sell Good Goods at a Fair Price in all our departments

DRY GOODS *NOTIONS* *UNDERWEAR*
CORSETS *CLOAKS AND SUITS* *MILLINERY*
WALL PAPER *CURTAINS* *CARPETS AND RUGS*

Wurthmore Waists $1.00
Always worth more

Welworth Waists $2.00
Always well worth it

FRANCE DRY GOODS CO.

W. A. Carpenter

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
Glasses Fitted *Watch Repairing*
RAVENNA, OHIO
At the "Sign of the Big Clock"

The Kent Tribune

149 N. WATER ST.
CLEAN NEWS
CLEAN PRINTING
CIRCULATION LEADER
$1.50 A YEAR
J. G. PAXTON, Publisher

The Cleveland Artificial Limb Company

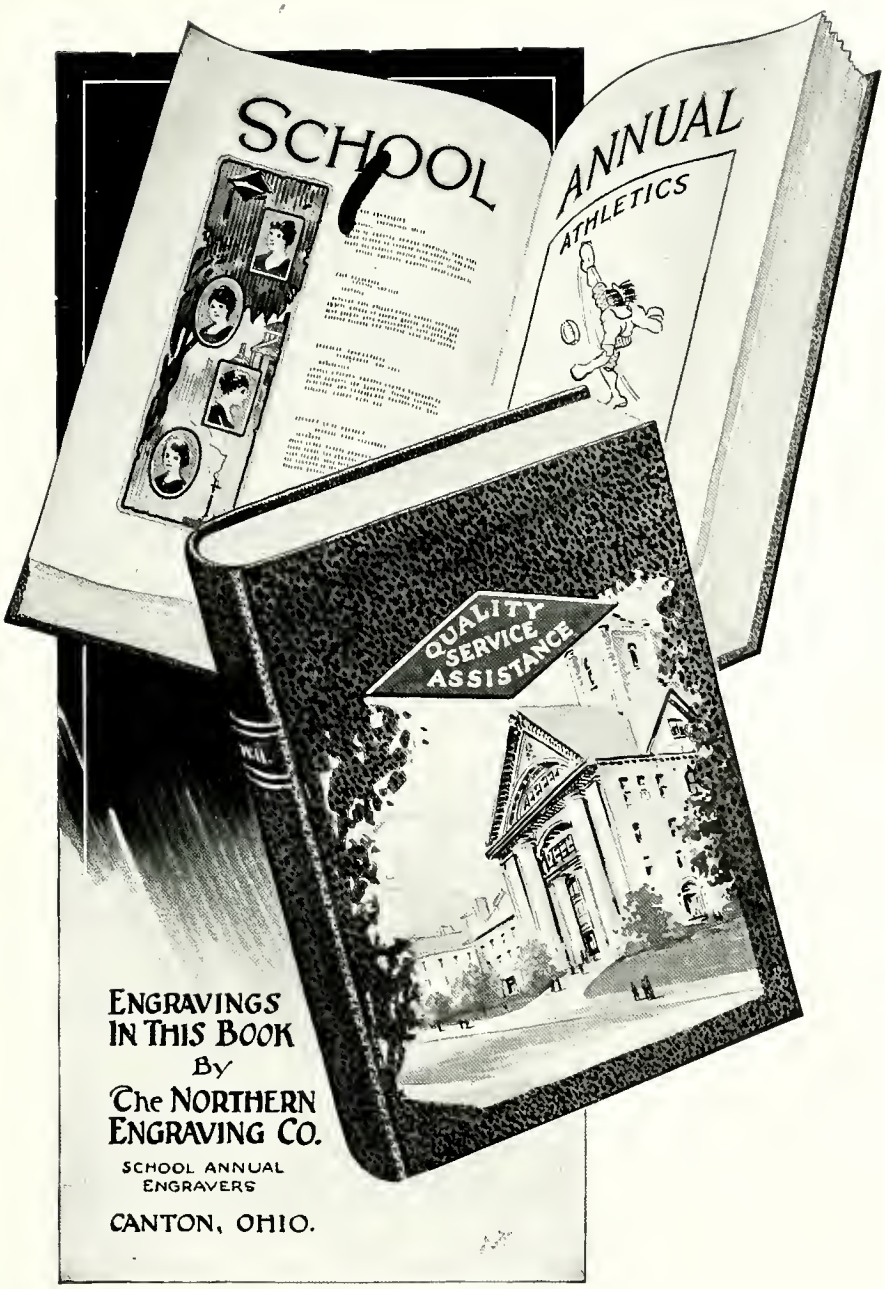
MANUFACTURERS OF

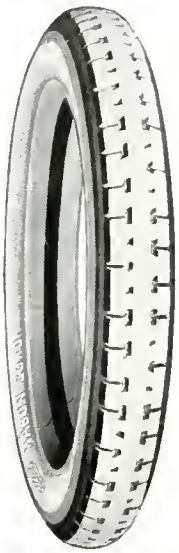
Artificial Limbs and Orthopedic Apparatus

Bonded Manufacturers for United States Government

717 Superior Avenue, N. E.

CLEVELAND


SCHOOL
ANNUAL
ATHLETICS
QUALITY
SERVICE
ASSISTANCE
ENGRAVINGS
IN THIS BOOK
By
The NORTHERN
ENGRAVING CO.
SCHOOL ANNUAL
ENGRAVERS
CANTON, OHIO.



WHATEVER OF ENDURANCE AND RIDING COMFORT IS ATTAINABLE IS BUILT INTO

MASON Tires

THEY TAKE THE "TAKE-THIS-AND-TRY-THAT" OUT OF TIRE BUYING.

The Mason Tire & Rubber Co.

KENT, OHIO

We Thank You

To every one who has helped us in any way to make this publication a success, we extend our sincere appreciation.

THE ANNUAL BOARD.

Lemuel's - Tree-men

Guests,- Where's Kent?

Statuary

The Hippi drome Wizard

A dam picture

Stumped!

And we'll all cheer for Moulton

Just daisies

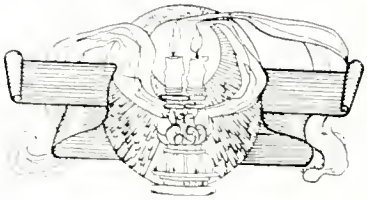
More guests

Mable, Lucile and Carol

"All mine"

On Moulton Heights

Autographs



KENT STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
LD
4191
.O 75 c4
1919
DEPARTMENT OF SPECIAL COLLECTIONS