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The Mystic, April 1, 1927

Moorhead State Teachers College

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"Riders To The Sea", "Away", "Stabat Mater", and Art Exhibit are College Contributions to Arts Festival

CHICAGO TENOR WILL SING HERE

**THEODORE RITCH, ON SECOND
TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR,
GIVES CONCERT MONDAY**

Theodore Ritch, tenor of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, will be here on the Lyceum Course program at Weld Hall, Monday, April 4, at 8:15 P. M. Ritch, it is said, possesses a voice of rare timber, coupled with an astonishing ease in passing from the piano forte to the pianissimo. He comes on his second transcontinental tour, applauded by audiences all over Europe, having played the leading roles in operas of Russian composers—Boris Goudonoff, "Prince Igor," "Snegowritchka," and others. Though a young man as yet, he has thrilled audiences in Spain before the royal house. He spent an entire season at Monte Carlo, where he appeared with such artists as Barrientos and D'Angello; in France, he appeared with the Symphonica Orchestra of Pasedeloup, and on frequent occasions with the Symphonic Orchestra at Ostend.

No doubt the college students will be pleased with the incomparable voice of Theodore Ritch.

Maurice Rosenfield, in the Daily News, Chicago, Dec. 9, 1925, says: "Mr. Ritch sang with earnestness of purpose, with a vocal delivery which disclosed a wide range, power, and volume, and with clarity of enunciation."

New York Times: "Theodore Ritch was a youthful and ardent Nicias, his tenor voice fully adequate to the light vivacious airs."

Mr. Ritch will sing the following group of songs, accompanied by Mrs. Frank Temple, who recently appeared in our auditorium, at the piano.

I.
Aubade Roi d'Ys.....Lalo
The Rose and the Nightingale.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Au, Ay, Ay, (Popular Creole).....In Spanish

II.
"Una Furtiva Lagrima".....Donizetti

III.
I'll Sing the Song of Araby.....Clay
Songs My Mother Taught Me.....Dvorak
Still Life.....Jacobson

IV.
"Tosca" aria.....Puccini

V.
Silence.....Tchaikowsky
Berceuse.....Gretchaninoff
A Dream (from Manon).....Massenet

MR. KISE TO SPEAK TO LEAGUE ON CHILD LABOR

Next Monday evening, April 4, the members of the League of Women Voters will meet in the Assembly hall of the Junior High School at 7:00 P. M.

Mr. Kise will give a short talk on the Child Labor Amendment. His talk will be followed by a playlet, "The Family Takes Notice," which treats of the child labor question. All women interested are invited to attend the meeting. Refreshments will be served at the close of the program.

TRAINING SCHOOL TO GIVE CANTATA

On Friday morning, April 8, the chapel period will be given over to a program which will be presented by the Intermediate and Junior High departments of the Training School under the direction of Miss Florence Bullard. The Junior High School girls will sing three selected numbers and the Intermediate department will present the cantata, "The Swallow," by Carrington. The children of the fifth and sixth grades will broadcast this cantata and several additional numbers from Station WDAY on Wednesday evening at 6:00 P. M.

The program is as follows:
(a) 1. I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercies.....Mendelssohn
2. Hush, My Babe.....Old Melody
3. Come Again Beautiful Spring.....French Folk Song
Junior High School Girls.
Barbara Robertson, Accompanist.
(b) "The Swallow."
1. Opening Chorus—The Swallow.....Chorus
2. Welcome Home.....Chorus
3. Under the Eaves (Solo).....Genelle Donovan

- 4. Another Voice (Recitative).....Genelle Donovan
- 5. Better to Laugh Than Grieve.....Chorus
- 6. Building a Nest (Solo).....Ethel Christianson
- 7. I Fly to the Southland (Duet).....Hugh Price and Margaret Moffit
- 8. At Eventide.....Chorus
- 9. I'd Like to Go With You Flying.....Chorus
- 10. Goodbye, Little Swallow.....Chorus
Miss Della Johnson, Accompanist.

\$2500 SCHOLARSHIP FOR WORLD TOUR IS OFFERED

New York, Mar. 31.—A \$2500 scholarship for a school year of study aboard the S. S. Ryndam on its second College Cruise Round the World, is soon to be announced by the University Travel Association, Inc., 285 Madison Avenue, New York City. It will be available to any young man, now an undergraduate in any college or university.

This scholarship includes full expenses of the "University Afloat"—tuition, lectures, steamship ticket, stateroom, shore trips and meals.

It will go to the writer of the best essay in a national essay contest, for which presidents of 150 leading colleges and universities are now selecting the subject.

Judges nominated by these presidents are to decide the merits of the essays and pick the winner.

The scholarship provides for a continuation of the regular academic courses in preparatory subjects, or a freshman year of college work, or study of special business courses relating to foreign commerce and international trade.

The award will be made early in June of this year, and the winner will depart on a study-travel tour of the globe September 20.

The subject for the contest, which will possibly involve a discussion of the East in connection with international education, will be made known as soon as decided upon. Not more than two months will elapse between the opening and closing dates.

KAPPA PI TO PLEDGE ELEVEN THIS AFTERNOON

The Kappa Pi society gave an indoors picnic from 5 to 7:30 P. M. in the Kindergarten rooms Monday afternoon, March 28, in honor of the rushees. They are as follows: Hazel O'Day of Dilworth, Annabelle Godfrey of Moorhead, Lois Hall of Dilworth, Esther Halvorson of Glendive, Mont., Grace Hanson of Newfolds, Evelyn Lybeck of Glenwood, Helen Remley of Moorhead, Valborg Runsvold of Fargo, Jean Howie of Fargo, Eunice Johnson of Mahnomon, and Marguerite Erickson of Stephen.

The rushees will be pledged at a tea that is to be held this afternoon from 5 to 6 P. M. in the Kindergarten rooms. The pledges will act as hostesses.

WITH THE ALUMNI

Miss Hilda Gigstad, an alumna of our college, is principal of the Moorhead Junior High School.

Miss Myrtle Larson, class of '25, who is teaching at Lancaster, Minn., was the guest of Violet Lund of Comstock Hall.

Irene Bondy of Comstock Hall had as her guest Miss Hilma Skoog, a graduate of '24, who is teaching in the second and third grades at Henning, Minn. Miss Skoog is a sister of Miss Vera Skoog, who is teaching in the Moorhead Public School.

Lucille Lyons, '24, is a teacher in the primary department of one of the St. Paul schools.

Mrs. Albert Faulkner, nee Charlotte Nelson, of '23, is living at Champaign, Ill.

Ward Smith, '24, is teaching Industrial Arts at Ashville, N. C.

Miss Winnifred Ericson, or '25, is teaching in the Karlstad Public Schools.

Miss Tillis Helleland, of '26, who teaches at Doran, Minn., visited at Wheeler Hall last week-end.

DEBATE APRIL 6 WITH JAMESTOWN

**VOLSTEAD ACT TO BE SUBJECT;
FOUR TEAMS TO PARTICIPATE
IN FINAL DUAL DEBATE**

April 6th will mark the close of the debating season for 1926-27 at M. S. T. C., when we clash in a double contest with Jamestown College on the question, "Resolved: That the Volstead Act should be amended so as to permit the sale of light wines and beer." M. S. T. C. will again uphold prohibition by taking the negative of the question in both contests.

The team which upheld the 18th amendment here in the first debate of the season with North Dakota University, namely, R. Ormense Bjork, Ralph Smith, and Roy A. Petrie, will meet the Jimmies in their own stronghold, and our other negative team composed of Ralph Iverson, Marshall Shelstad, and Raymond Jones will uphold the Volstead Act against Jamestown before the home audience.

The decision in both cases will be by the audience, with an open forum discussion following the debate proper. The rewording of the question which will center the debate about the return of light wines and beer will permit of an excellent open forum discussion.

The pleasant relations existing this year between M. S. T. C. and her opponents has greatly aided in carrying on the work. Debate is a growing institution at M. S. T. C.

PI MU PHI SORORITY INITIATES EIGHT GIRLS

The Pi Mu Phi sorority held formal pledging in Room 7 last Friday at 5:30. The following girls were pledged: Marguerite Ericson of Karlstad, Margaret Hvidsten of Stephen, Annabelle Godfrey of Moorhead, Gertrude Holm of Roseau, Luella Scribbers of Dilworth, Arla Olson of Henning, Ida Haagenon of Barnesville, and Laurinne Gardiner of Orleans.

A luncheon was served immediately after the services by the actives.

COLLEGE LIBRARY GETS SOME NEW EQUIPMENT

Several new pieces of standard furniture have been added to the library equipment recently. Students are finding the new Atlas stand with its sliding shelves a real convenience. In addition to this, there is a new wall case, and another filing cabinet. A rearrangement of the tables has completely monopolized our former promenade.

All of these articles have been secured from the Library Bureau of Chicago with the view of standardizing the equipment.

THE VAGABOND

A short story by an M. S. T. C. De Maupassant is printed on Page 3 of this issue. It is the first of a series of short stories and serial stories which will feature ensuing issues of The MISTIC.

VACATION BEGINS

The Easter vacation will begin next Friday, April 8, at noon. School will again be resumed on Monday, April 18, at 8:20 A. M. In order to permit of a full week of work next week and still dismiss at noon, it has been decided that the 6th period classes will meet Monday, April 4, and the 5th period classes will meet on Wednesday, April 6. There will be no issue of The MISTIC next week.

ENGRAVINGS AND AD SECTION COMPLETED

As we go to press we are informed by Miss Lucile George, editor-in-chief of the 1927 Praelceptor, that all engravings for the yearbook have been sent in to St. Paul, and "copy" for the various sections is being prepared.

Claude Nemzek, business manager, and George Bowers and Esther Jorgenson, assistant business managers, have completed their canvass of the two cities, and report very satisfactory results for the advertising section of the book.

COLLEGE STUDENTS TAKE PART IN RADIO CONTEST

James Bestic of Detroit Lakes, trombonist, and Edward Skjonsby, of Rosholt, S. Dak., tuba player, the latter accompanied by Irene Hagen, took part in the popularity contest for radio entertainers held this week at the State Theater of Fargo under auspices of WDAY.

TWO-PIANO RECITAL AND SOLOS COMPRISE PROGRAM

Mrs. Frank Temple and Miss Myrtle Johnson, pianists of Fargo, gave a two-piano recital at Chapel Assembly last Friday. The piano recital was supplemented by selections by Harriet Julius Lindstrand, contralto, a graduate of this institution.

The instrumental program consisted of numbers by Rachimanoff and Chaminade, which were favorably received by the students.

COUNTRY LIFE

The Country Life Club held its monthly social meeting Tuesday, March 29, in the gymnasium. "Flying Dutchman," "Ruth and Jacob," "Three Deep," and "Trades" were the chief amusements of the evening. After the games refreshments were served.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Friday, April 1:
7:45 P. M.—Campfire meeting.
- Monday, April 4:
2:20 P. M.—Band rehearsal, Auditorium.
4:00 P. M.—Chapel Choir, Auditorium.
7:30 P. M.—Y. M. C. A., Y. M. rooms.
- Tuesday, April 5:
5:00 P. M.—Men's Glee Club, Auditorium.
- Wednesday, April 6:
10:10 A. M.—Chapel Assembly, Auditorium.
1:45 P. M.—Band practice.
1:10 P. M.—College Band.
3:15 P. M.—Dramatic Club, room 26.
4:00 P. M.—Chapel Choir, Auditorium.
5:00 P. M.—Men's Glee Club, Auditorium.
8:00 P. M.—Debate, Jamestown vs. M. S. T. C.
- Thursday, April 7:
9:15 A. M.—Chorus, Auditorium.
5:00 P. M.—Men's Glee Club, Auditorium.
- Friday, April 8:
11:05 A. M.—Chapel Assembly, Auditorium.
4:00 P. M.—Chapel Choir, Auditorium.
5:00 P. M.—Men's Glee Club, Auditorium.

COLLEGE IS BUSY ON PRODUCTIONS

**PLAY BY SYNGE CHOSEN; "AWAY"
IS ORIGINAL FANTASY; ART
WORK TO BE DISPLAYED**

One of the most interesting evenings of the Arts Festival will be given over to the portrayal of Irish Life. Part I of this program will be a one-act play, "Riders to the Sea," by J. M. Synge, which will be presented by the Dramatic Club under the direction of Miss Tainter. A tentative cast has begun work on the play; the final cast will be announced at a later date.

"Riders to the Sea" was the prize-winning play in the Northwestern University Tournament which was held in Evanston, Ill. It was presented by the West Virginia University and was the unanimous choice of the judges for first place on all three of the points judged: the play itself, the acting, and the directing.

Ludwig Lewisohn of Ohio State University says of the play: "It is a one-act tragedy, thoroughly naturalistic in structure and method, and human in every fiber, ending upon a note of almost intolerable pathos in Maurya's belief that the sea, having taken the last of her sons, can do her no more harm."

Part II is a fantasy entitled, "Away," written by Miss Frick and directed by Miss Frick and Miss McKellar. The incidents of the little fantasy are culled from a number of folk tales. Most of them are recorded not as fairy stories at all, but as actual happenings. The fantasy combines three incidents, each of which is reported as true to the collector of details. It strives to picture Irish people as a friend sees them, credulous at heart, generous, loving, and above all, striving for something he does not seem to understand himself. The tales, songs, and other material come, not from one county, but are combined materials from several places. The whole is Irish, but not typically local.

The cantata, which will be sung by the College Chorus, will be "Stabat Mater," by Rossini. Assisted by visiting soloists the cantata will be presented Sunday evening, May 1.

The Studio Reception and Art Exhibit under the direction of Miss McCarten will be a portrayal of the work of the students.

The exhibit will include the work of students in landscape, still life, figure composition, decorative letters, maxims, block printing, leather tooling, gesso work, batik, illumined parchment, poster working and flower arrangement. The mediums used are water color, pastello, and pen and ink.

Color harmony will be displayed through designs on screens, tiles, textiles, covers of books, and box covers.

Students of art will present demonstrations in batik, block printing, flower arrangement, leather, and tile designing.

M.S.T.C. TRACK TO BE RE-SURFACED

Coach Nemzek, in his effort to have the track in the best of shape for the track meet to be held here on May 21st, will invite the American Legion, Rotary, Kiwanis, and male members of the Moorhead High School to aid him and the men of the Teachers College in this work. The work will consist of surfacing the track with cinders and putting a sod border around it. The Northern Pacific and Great Northern have donated two cars of fine cinders, and clay to be mixed with the cinders in the surfacing of the track has been donated by J. B. Aske.

One day of effort by the combined organizations will be sufficient to have the track in tip-top shape. The day to be set aside for this work is not as yet determined upon; but Coach Nemzek expects to make a personal call on each of the organizations in the very near future and the date will then be set.

The track will be used for future track meets by the Teachers College for Conference and Dual meets, and by the Moorhead High School for their track meets. It will also be used for workouts for both schools.

THE MISTIC

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NEW WORLDS FOR OLD

"Nature does not allow us to explore her sanctuaries all at once. We think we are initiated, but we are still only on the threshold."—Seneca.

There is perhaps no field of discovery that holds such promise for the future as that of Chemistry. Although chemists have been at work on problems of universal interest for years and years, they have only partially succeeded in opening the door which leads into the hitherto unexplored realms of Chemistry. The discoveries of the last decade have exceeded the highest expectations. The progress in the discovery of new elements, and in the manufacture of organic substances, which, it was once claimed, man could not make in the laboratory, are only a beginning in the real discovery of the science.

For the field of Chemistry seems at the present time to be endless. It is the only remaining region for the man with a true love for adventure—the man modeled after the hardy explorers of old. The chemist is as truly an explorer as was the Spaniard in the early days of the New World.

"Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears, and he said, 'Angel, I will go no further; for the spirit of man acheth with his infinity. Insufferable is the Glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave and hide me from the persecution of the Infinite, for end I see there is none—.' Then the Angel lifted up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God. Lo! also, is there no beginning!'"

—A. T.

WHO ARE LEADERS?

"The creative responsibility for the world today passes steadily into the hands of writers and school teachers, students of social and economic science, professors and poets, editors and journalists, publishers and newspaper proprietors, preachers, every sort of propagandist and every sort of disinterested person who can give time and energy to the reconstruction of the social idea. Human life will continue to be more and more dangerously chaotic until a world social idea crystallizes out. That—and no existing institution and no current issue—is the primary concern of the present age."

—H. G. Wells.

COLLEGIATE BARTER

IS THIS EDUCATION?

I can solve a quadratic equation, but I can not keep my bank balance straight.

I can read Goethe's "Faust" in the original, but I can not ask for a piece of bread in German.

I can name all of the kings of England since the "War of Roses," but I do not know the qualifications of the candidates in the coming election.

I can explain the principle of hydraulics, but I can not find a leak in the kitchen pump.

I have studied the psychology of James and Titchener, but I can not control my own temper.

I can conjugate Latin verbs, but I can not write legibly.

I can recite hundreds of lines of Shakespeare, but I do not know the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, or the third psalm.

—Journal of the N. E. A.

It was decided that the class play for the year 1926-27 be "The Taming of the Shrew," by Shakespeare.

—The Winonan, Winona S. T. C.

DON'TS FOR SOPHOMORES

Supt.—And what is your age please? Bright Soph. — Twenty-one — and yours?

Editor's note: Caution, in time saves you a job!

* * *

"I'll give you fifty cents if you'll wash your face," said the college professor to his small son.

"Keep it and get a haircut," was the young hopeless' reply.

THE OPEN COLUMN

WHAT A GRADUATE THINKS

We are printing the following communication from Ernest Gates, who is now teaching at Alexandria, Minn. Mr. Gates stated in a letter written to the faculty advisor of The MISTIC that he is enjoying his work. He also reported that several people liked the special edition of The MISTIC issued in February. Mr. Gates was a member of The MISTIC staff in 1925-26 and in 1926-27.

Teachers in a community are not always judged by their classroom ability. That ability is judged by only a few, but his outside contributions to the community are judged by all. If a teacher is so limited that he must make his reputation in the classroom, then I maintain that promotion will be slow. On the other hand if he can serve the community in a qualified manner and partake in outside activity, his services will be forever in demand.

We must not only be willing but must have the ability to handle extra-curricular work such as athletics, music, Camp Fire, Boy Scouts, etc. It is work along this line that marks a teacher as outstanding.

In a late issue of The MISTIC there appeared an article announcing the Y. M. C. A. program for the spring quarter, in which Boy Scout leadership work would be taken up. In my opinion that course should be taken by every man in the M. S. T. C. who expects to teach and make a success of it.

Perhaps this article will only be read by a few, but I would like to drive this thought into the minds of every male teacher. The Boy Scout movement is growing as it never grew before. Organizations of districts, summer camps, and Scout executives who supervise Scout work in all communities, are a few of the newly added features which make Boy Scout work more attractive. The time will soon come when, we hope, every community will have a Scout organization. When that time comes, the community will be confronted with the problem of obtaining a qualified Scout leader. Who will furnish and maintain this office? The question is already answered. It will be no other person than the male teacher who should be qualified to do so.

I believe it safe to say that an applicant who is not qualified along this line of work will stand a scant chance with those who are.

I think the time will soon come when training along these lines will be listed in the curricula of all teachers colleges, just as it is at M. S. T. C. Surely a course in any of the above activities is just as important as many of our professional subjects.

We are in the age when the applicant is judged by his participation in extra-curricular activities. The time is past when the book worm, who has ignored all outside activity, wins on scholastic reputation.

From experience I urge every man in the M. S. T. C. to enroll in that course offered by the "Y." I also wish to congratulate that organization upon its work, and I can assure anyone that such a course will be a great help to him.

—Ernie Gates ('26).

FEMINE INFLUENCE

Poets have from time immemorial sung the praises of women, and almost every day some inspired songster breaks forth into lyric praises of her ravishing beauty with the publication of one more popular song. In the springtime—in the summer—in the fall—and in the winter, poor deluded man dreams of his lady's eyes and draws deep sighs as he thinks of her. But the debate team sighed in vain the other evening, March 24th to be exact, for her presence. Three hundred of her around the campus, just think of it, and only 13 attending the debate.

Now since this particular debate concerned the question of benefits to be derived from the removal from the scene of action of various and sundry surpluses which have been perplexing the mind of the American farmer for

the last eight or nine years, it would seem to be in order for him to investigate a little—to ascertain just how the large surplus of women in this institution was removed from the scene of action, namely the debate. Probably his problem would be solved at once.

It is almost an insult to a visiting team to be greeted with so small an audience, as well as disheartening to the home team. If the student body manifests so little interest in the work of its representatives, there is little incentive to continue the work. True, debate is not so spectacular as athletics, and perhaps not nearly as enjoyable to the audience, particularly when such a question as the McNary-Haugen Bill is involved, but it deserves support just the same.

April 6th, we debate Jamestown on the question of the return of light wines and beer, here in our own auditorium. One new member, Ralph Iversen, will appear on the team, which will consist of Shelley and Jones in addition. If this new member is not attraction enough to draw a large crowd of the fair members of the student body, we give up.

—R. A. P.

THE MISTICAL REPORTER

Last Monday evening I was standing in the alcove of the main building waiting for a friend of mine when Mr. Christenson whirred past me down the stairs and out of the front entrance. In less than three seconds he was back again, returned to his office and in another minute he was whirring past the alcove again on his way downstairs. He was suddenly accosted by Petrie who addressed him. "I thought I just saw you go out of the door a second ago. Now you are going out again." "Sure, and if I could do it fast enough I could probably meet myself." And with that he was gone again.

The same afternoon, while I was looking at the bulletin, Lucille George and Dorothy Bettchen sauntered up, and the following conversation took place:

"Are you going home at Easter, Lucille?"

"Am I going home? I should say I am, and I am going to bed and sleep a whole week at a time."

Yesterday when I went to Methods Class, Marie Fredrickson inquired of Cora Humphner, her roommate, "Say, Cora, did you take those two books back to the Reserve Library?"

"Why, no, I thought that since we had them out we might just as well keep them and use them the fourth period today. They are due today. I will take them back this afternoon."

"Take them back. I should say you will! I got a bill for them this noon for eighty cents!" Then Miss Rainey could not understand why Cora and Marie laughed when she said, "This book that I have assigned you can get in the Reserve Library."

W. M. NESHEIM

DRUGS

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Baker-Crothers, Hayes & Hudnut: Problems of Citizenship.

Bourne, E. G.: Spain in America. A well rounded account of the discovery and exploration of America together with a full consideration of the Spanish Colonial System. Professor Bourne's researches have revealed the existence of Spanish culture and civilization of a high order in the colonies.

China Yearbook, 1926 and 1927.

Caldwell, Charles: Less Than Kin.

Courts, S. A.: Measurement of Classroom Products.

Crawford, Caroline: Dramatic Games and Dances for Little People.

Dean, Alexander: Little Theatre Organization and Management. A manual and guidebook on Little Theatre Administration. Organized for community, university, and school, including a history of the amateur in drama.

De La Mare, W. J. and others: Number Four Joy Street.

Dibble, R. F.: Mohammed. A volume filled with the colorful legends which cling to the name of the great religious leader, but he is treated as a flesh and blood character and not a legendary hero.

Edman, Irwin: Richard Kane Looks at Life. In its essence a philosophy of existence for young men and women written by the "Havelock Ellis of the younger generation."

Galsworthy, John: Justice.

Gulick, J. H.: Philosophy of Play.

Halsey, R. T. H., & Tower, Elizabeth: Homes of Our Ancestors. A living and authentic account of the conditions of American life of the period with which it deals.

Hartman, Gertrude, Editor: Creative Expression Through Art.

Japan Yearbook.

Kipling, Rudyard: Debits and Credits. Kipling's first book of new fiction in ten years. There are fourteen stories and eighteen poems in this volume, and all of them will rejoice the hearts of his hundreds of thousands of followers.

Kaye, Smith, Sheila: Joanna Godden Married. A sequel to "Joanna Godden."

Lord, Frank: Light Fingers. The story of a personal triumph—triumph over environment and heredity. There's beauty here, amid a great deal that is sordid, flowers springing up through the cracks of the hot cement paving, young dreams which come true. The setting of a part of the story is Glyndon.

McArthur, Peter: Stephen Leacock.

Maeterlinck, Maurice: Blue Bird.

Moore, Charles: The Family Life of George Washington. A study of Washington as a man living in the intimacy of his home.

N. E. A. Dept. of Classroom Teachers: First Yearbook.

N. E. A. Dept. of Superintendence: Fifth Yearbook.

The Junior High School Curriculum.

Niehardt, J. G.: Song of Indian Wars. Thrilling as a narrative and profoundly impressive in its portrayal of the Tragic Figures of the Great Indian Chiefs.

Newman, H. H., Editor: The Nature of the World and Man. There are two classes of people who need this book, those who have not been to college and those who have. It is a fascinating reading for anyone who has a spark of that divine curiosity about him—the ways of life which cause man to seek, and seeking, to progress. (To be continued next week)

THE VAGABOND

Through the sultry stillness of a clear summer day rang the harsh song of a crow: "Caw, caw, caw!" From the top of a great towering oak which made the surrounding cedars look insignificant flew a black bird of prey; then another. As they leisurely flew away toward a distant grove of trees they repeatedly uttered their strange discordant cries.

A lonely traveler on the dusty road which passed thru the cedars and beside the great oak raised his head at the first sound from the tree-tops, and stopped, gazing at the birds as they winged their way in the air, turning as they flew past him. Long after they had disappeared in the distant trees he stood there, apparently lost in thought; then he bowed his head and slowly continued on his way. His gait was slow and plodding; his body was bent over in a most pathetic droop; in one hand he carried a stick which he used as a cane, tapping it before him at every step. He wore a long coat which reached almost to his knees; it had once been black, but it had faded in spots, and the sleeves were frayed around the wrists and torn at the elbows. His dilapidated hat had once been a handsome Stetson; now it was shabby and misshaped with age and use. His trousers were baggy and patched, covered with filth and dirt; his shoes were large and stiff, turned up at the ends, and a dirty white toe could be seen protruding from the tip of one of them.

But it was not the traveler's apparel that would have attracted most attention and set him apart from the crowd. A glance at his face immediately told the onlooker a story of suffering and misery. He might have been about sixty years of age, if one were to guess, for a few locks of white hair showed below the ragged rim of the hat, and his face was wrinkled and lined in every conceivable manner. Deeper lines showed in a slow curve on each side of a tightly drawn mouth, which when opened, showed toothless spaces. The eyes protruded, so to speak, from their sockets; the eyelids never closed over their staring accusation.

The sun, already on its western descent, shone through the top of the great oak, and as the traveler plodded by on the road, sunlight and shadow played upon his bent form in succession. Then he stepped from the cedars into open ground, and the hot sunlight fell on him with full force. He paused to wipe the sweat from his forehead with a black handkerchief. Before him stretched the road for another half mile; then it was lost over the brow of a hill. Open ground for the most part, pleasantly broken by little groves of trees and small rolling hills, lay to the right and left. Most of the groves surrounded farm places; for this was a country which had once been covered with forest, but which had been cleared to make room for more cultivated land.

John Barst had grown old on the road; his had been a life of roving.

Once, long, long ago, he had harbored hopes of making a name for himself. He had dreamed of a successful business, a happy home with wife and children, and scores of other things that can make a man happy. But now he realized that they had only been dreams. He had never really accomplished anything; he had never taken a step to make his hopes real. Instead of seeking success he had waited for success to seek him.

His boyhood on the old farm had been happy, he thought, though he had felt that father and mother had been rather exacting in compelling him to work at farm labor which he so detested. As soon as the authority of the father was over, he had felt that hard labor was no longer necessary, though, he told himself, in a short time he would start working for himself. And that would be something easy, where he could make much money. Somehow, that time had never come. Always, he was going to start working; but he never reached the point where he began.

It was thus that he became a wanderer of the dusty roads, a vagabond of the endless trails. His had been a life of everlasting wandering in every part of the country. His road had led from the Atlantic to the Pacific; he had seen all the large cities at their best and at their worst; he had wintered in the South; he had spent a year in Central America. He had been led into extravagance and dissipation; though he was by nature kind and good, he had experienced moments of the deepest passion. He had tasted of the joys of life just as any other man.

Now he was coming home. Never before in the course of his extended wanderings had he felt the urge to see the scenes of his childhood. At first he had had no desire to let his acquaintances know that he had not yet met success; later he had been notified that his parents had died some years previously,—and it was just an accident that he received the message at all; after that, there was no reason for going home. But now, finding himself within a few days' journey of his old home, he suddenly had an inspiration to see it again. So he had turned his steps westward; he was approaching his destination after many days of weary trudging. For John Barst was old.

The lone traveler stepped to the edge of the road at the hoarse warning of a horn, and turned as an automobile sped by, leaving a huge cloud of dust in its wake. A crow, flying over the road, uttered a cry as hoarse as had been that of the horn, and the traveler quickly looked upward. Then, as suddenly, with a cynical sneer on his lips, he resumed his journey through the fast widening cloud, coughing, with head bent against the swirling dust—a pathetic figure on a lonely way.

John Barst was wondering if the old scenes were greatly altered. He was becoming eager to see the farmplace which had been his father's; he could see it now,—the old frame house badly in need of paint, with a dilapidated porch at the front; the little barn, neatly kept, and covered with a new coat of red paint; a granary for the wheat and oats and barley; a wide yard, enclosed with fine wire netting. Around the farmyard was a solid grove of trees,—planted by nature, not man, almost virgin forest in its foliage. It had been his delight to play in the darkest depths of these woods with two neighbor boys somewhat older than himself. Indian they played, and other games that children delight in. He could see the biggest boy now, commanding the other two to fall after he had supposedly shot them with arrows, Indian fashion.

So he mused as he plodded on in the light of fading day. Beside the road, and bordering a small pond, was a small patch of heavy thickets and low shrubbery. The traveler felt tired and hungry, and he decided that these thickets would serve as a resting place for a short time. As he was leaving the highway, a great limousine, with glaring headlights turned on before the sunlight had left the earth, swept around a curve twenty rods ahead, and with a roar of throbbing pistons thundered by. The wayfarer faced the car, and watched it as it disappeared around another bend, and again an expression of sarcasm covered his face. Across the pond two crows hoarsely called: "Caw, caw, caw!" Hurriedly the man sought the shadows of the deepest thickets.

(Continued on Page 4)

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(Continued from page 3)

Stretched full length on his back in the center of the thickets, it was some time before John Barst opened his eyes and began to think of food. He had eaten that morning at the home of a kindly farmer, in whose barn he had slept during the night, and having had no food since then, he was beginning to feel the gnawing of hunger. He had nothing with him that would give nourishment; he had not even the solace of a quiet smoke, for there was no tobacco in his pouch. He must wait till morning; he was too tired now to ask for a meal and risk the probability of being refused. He would spend the night here and search for food in the morning. He had done the same many times before. Besides, he was too tired to go any farther.

He slowly arose to cool his hot forehead in the muddy water of the pond. As he looked across to the opposite side, he was seized with a feeling that he had been in this spot before; something looked familiar to him. He looked to right and left,—hill-tops still bright in the sun, low places becoming dusk. Slowly he realized where he was. Half a mile to the right, where the highway seemingly led, lay his old home. This very spot on which he now stood had been one of the joys of his youth,—it had been a spot often visited by him and his companions while playing in the woods. The forest growth had been swept from those neighboring hills, but the pond had not changed during these forty or more years, nor had the woods and thickets surrounding it. He had a strange feeling in his breast as he sensed other familiar things. He was near the place where his hopes had been formed, his plans had been made, and his fate had been determined. It was from this country that he had ventured into the world, young and strong; it was here that he now returned, aged and broken.

He sat down in a mood of meditation, his cane laid away at his side. What had he lived for? What had he done with his days of life? Nothing! He had expected to obtain success in the world; he had lived for forty years in anticipation; now life was bearing down on him. Tonight was the first time in his life that he realized that his part in life had been small, indeed. He had been too busily occupied with problems of his present needs to have been concerned with the future. His life had been wasted—utterly wasted, and now it was too late to start over again. Assuredly, he told himself, he had done nothing to help other people; other people had always helped him. He had received aid from others and had given nothing in return. He had expected others to aid him; he had entertained no thought of returning the favors. It had probably been mere thoughtlessness. Perhaps his whole life had been mere thoughtlessness.

But now he was old and broken. He looked into the future with dread. He began to realize that compensation was coming to require its due for his life-long slackness. He had no friends; there was nobody that he could go to for help in his old age. He was afraid to die like a dog. His eyes grew dim, and his eyelids closed.

John Barst found bitterness in his heart as he ruminated on his fate. He had felt bitterness before when an enraged house-wife had shut the door in his face or a surly farmer had curtly told him to leave the farm. He had stored up this bitterness, and being unable to give it expression on others of his kind, or even on a barking dog that would chase him from a home, he had found an outlet in a sneering sarcasm at passing cars that threw sand in his face. Now bitterness welled up in his breast. His thoughts of a few moments ago were gone. He owed the world nothing,—this world that had thrown and buffeted him around as if he were a toy that could weather hard knocks,—this world into which he had been automatically placed without urging on his part, and which had given him nothing but suffering and sorrow. Fate had been against him. He had laid plans; he had started without bitter thoughts; man, who inhabited the world, was the cause of his misery. But he would stand up for his rights now; he would go to the nearest farmhouse and demand food, and there would be no quibbling. Why should one man enjoy the world at the expense of another's misery?

He suddenly grasped his walking stick, and, rising, started for the highway. It was a pitiful figure that slowly made its way down the road; it was a bitter heart that dwelt within the bent body. Let man rail; John Barst was not to be denied at the door of the house that had once been his home. Again he was following the ever-ending trail.

An automobile sped down the road on his track, the headlights glaring, the horn sounding its raucous warning. The vagabond paid no attention to the warning, but with head erect and eyes staring, held his place in the center of the road. Screeching brakes sounded directly behind the traveler; he staggered and swayed for a moment in the bright gleam of the lights; then there was a dead thud, a scream, and the roar of the motor as it sped away into the distance. The lifeless body of John Barst lay grotesquely in the ditch.

A crow, roused from his rest in a tree, flew frightened into the darkness, uttering loud, strained cries: "Caw, caw, caw!" Then there was dead silence.

Among those who left the campus this week-end were: Ruth Tweeton to Barnesville, and Lucille George to Barnesville, as a guest of Miss Tweeton.

* * *

Some of the guests on the campus last week-end were: Miss Martha Haagenon of the University of Minnesota, who visited with her sister, Ida; Mrs. W. Meyers and son, Buddy, of Baudette, Minn., guests of Delia O'Neil; Mrs. T. J. Thompson of Leonard, N. D., a guest of her daughter, Bertha.

* * *

Agnes Redlinger, who is doing student teaching at Glyndon, spent the week-end at Comstock Hall.

* * *

Other guests were: Misses Hilma Skoog and Nora Hegstad of Henning, Minn., who visited with Irene Bondy; and Miss Rubye Halvorson, a former student of the college, who is now teaching at Bismarck, N. D.

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(Continued from Last Week)

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