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THE
MANUAL NORMAL
LIGHT



19

DECEMBER

IV

F. S. ROBISON, DENTIST

Office; Both Phones 711. Residence; Home Phone 776
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Pittsburg

Kansas

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PITTSBURG, KANSAS

Supplement to The Manual Normal Light.

Vol. 1

Pittsburg, Kans., December, 1910.

No. 7

The S. M. T. N. at Topeka.

The S. M. T. N. did not dismiss on account of the State Teacher's Ass'n, this year, although ten members of the faculty attended. The program was of the highest order, and thoroughly enjoyable throughout, and the S. M. T. N. was represented on the program by Prof. Bowen and Prof. Brower. Prof. Brower was chairman of the Manual Arts Round Table, and was responsible for the excellent program arranged. The Normal as usual had a fine exhibit of work at the meeting, representing the Domestic Art, Domestic Science, Wood Carving, Pattern-making, Cabinet making, Forge work and Machine shop practice. The part which "took the cake" was that shown by the Domestic Science department. It was so attractive that the mice came out and attacked it vigorously, and so thoroughly enjoyed the exhibit that they returned many times so that they might appropriate to their use and digest the good points of the exhibit.

Probably the most enjoyable feature of the trip was the S. M. T. N. banquet. It was held Thursday night and began with a social time at about 7:30 until we were called to seat ourselves at the banquet board at about 8:30. From this time till 10:30 P. M. there was not one dull minute. The decorations in "Crimson & Gold", the buzz of conversation and laughter, and the rattle and click of the dishes, and the excellent feast appealed to all the senses in a most satisfactory way.

Interspersed with the courses came the school yells and school songs, and finally the toasts. The following set toasts were responded to, Prin. Russ acting as toast-master. (1) "The Outlook", Miss Chandler, (2) "The S. M. T. N. Alumni", H. E. Tewell, (3) "Lights and Shades", Prof. Brower, (4) "Is it worth while?" Miss Helen Glasse, (5) "What can I do for the S. M. T. N.?" Prof. Bowen, (6) "The Game", N. H. Eddy.

After the set toast talks were given by members of the S. M. T. N. faculty and students as called upon, and "Che He! Che Ha! Che Ha Ha Ha!" to Howard Nation as a recognition of his labors and interest in arranging and carrying through the banquet in such a successful and enjoyable manner, it was voted unanimously to have a banquet at the State meeting next year.

The Normal as usual had the honor and pleasure of presenting to the President of the State Ass'n., a gavel which was used throughout the meeting, and which Chancellor Strong of the State University publicly accepted and thanked the S. M. T. N. for the useful memento.

At Chapel the following week, reports of three minutes each were given by the faculty to the students of the many interesting and helpful things seen and heard at the State meeting.

The Manual Normal Light.

Vol. 1.

Pittsburg, Kans., December, 1910.

No. 7

Mrs. Hobbs on Christmas

at Mud Valley.

By Miss Leila Coleman.



O, I haint no time to set, Mis' Peaks; I jest run over fer a minit and if I don't hustle right back my bread'll be runnin' over, too. And how's Mr. Peaks by now? Jest midlin', eh? I do declare, that's too bad. Jest keeps you tied right down so's you can't go nowhere---but then, there's one comfort---so long's he's bedfast he can't be chasin' around nights like he uster. Now there's sister Ann; a timider creeter never dwelt on top o' sod-what broke her health down so, wuz her pullin' out them heavy sofys an' burears every night fer fear there 'ud be a man behind 'em--- I 'low I'd jest left 'em pulled out all the time, but law! She wuz too neat. Well, she married that good-fer-nothin' Si Hankins, thinkin' he'd be her comfort and stay, so to speak, but he don't stay at all---out every night--- I tell her a good watch dog would 'a been inexpensiver an' less worrisome!

Say, Mis' Peaks, I do wish you could 'a been to the Christmas entertainment at the school-house last night. Yes, a purty good crowd---everybody in Mud Valley or nearabouts wuz there, an' my land! there wa'nt standin' room. Preacher Simms---he allers wuz a great hand to joke---said he guessed he'd

have ter hang folks on the Christmas tree. (Some of 'em had orter be hung any how, I'm thinkin'.)

Well, first thing, to sorter start things agoin', a preacher from Almy offered up a prayer. He reminded me a sight of your brother John---real humly, and bald-headed as a chiny nest egg. An' so he wuz prayin' real beautiful about the "little angel children," an' everybody still ez the dead, when up piped Mis' Bean's little boy and sez, real shrill like, sez he: "Oh, see his bald head." The preacher he said "amen" right quick and mad like, an' everybody tittered and looked around. Mis' Bean wuz mortified nigh to death. She took little Lemuel out in the entry and give him a good spanking an' he yelled so loud that Deacon Cook finally hed to go out and tell him to shut up so's we could hear the program.

I felt real sorry fer Sadie Hobbs. She wuz there with her first feller, one o' them big, gawky Jones boys---she's sich a mite I declare they do look awful onsided together. Well, thet goslin' of a Jones boy plunked hisself down on the first seat he come to, an Sadie didn't have no seat at all so she got sorter jammed up against the stove and 'burnt a big hole in the side o' her dress---a right purty new one, too, a blue chiny silk with a awful nice pink sash. She wuz next on the program fer a piece and I wanted her to wear my big plush cape, but she said 'twould look awful inharmonitous like an' out o' season as her piece wuz all about the beautiful summer time, an she wuz sweatin then, pore child. So I told her the only thing for her to do wuz to speak sideways. Sadie is plucky, I declare. She went on sideways o' course, an spoke sideways, and she done right well an nobody'd a' knowed but what that wuz a new city style uv speakin', if she hadn't got frustrated and

gone off the stage burnt side out!

Mis' Peaks, I wish you could a' heard the Mud Valley quartette. You know they bin practicin' fer months, so we all reckoned 'twould be somethin' GRAND.

It sounded awful strange, but I never would a' knowed what was wrong if my man hadn't figgered it out. (Oh, yes, if I do say it as shouldn't, he is quite a musicianer. He can jist make a jewsharp talk. Why, he ust ter fiddle for the dances down ter Jim's hall right along.) Well, as I wuz sayin, what seemed to be the matter with the quartette wuz ole Doc. White. He got started on the wrong song an wuz a singin' with all his might, "bells, merry bells" while the rest wuz a singin' "in a manger lay." You know Doc. White's gettin' deaf and they tried every airthly way to head him off, but law, twant no use--- might as well tried to stop a steam engine. He jest kept on a keepin' time with his foot an' bellerin' "bells" until the rest jest nachelly got discouraged an quit.

Then they hed a dialogue with thet big galump-in' Hanks boy figgerin' as a brave knight or somethin', all toggged up in a red cheese-cloth suit, trimmed with tin, an when he wuz embracin' Minnie White (thet wuz in the play, understand) I swan ef he didn't bust his sleeve clean out! I don't 'spose he'd hugged her so hard if he hadn't knowed that Min's stiddy beau wuz lookin on jealous like. There'll be a fight over that, I bet!

Mis' Peaks, thet Christmas tree wuz a real sight. All candles an pop corn an presents. Preacher Simms wuz Santy Claus an when he come galumpin' onto the stage frisky an' gay like, in cotton battin suit (imitatin fur) an' false-face, all the kids thet hed bin helt in check till then, broke out howlin'

like mad an no wonder, fer he wuz a sight fit ter scare any human. An' would you believe, Mis' Peaks, he hed to take off thet suit the Ladies' Aid hed spent so much time riggin' up, an' put on his regular swaller-tail afore them kids 'ud shet up so's he could distributate the presents.

Well o' course all the kids got dolls—that is, the feminine apportionment, so to speak. Mis' Dillon put thet same doll on fer Ellen—the third time now she's hed it hung on the Christmas tree an it looked as big and purty as ever (goodness knows she takes it home an wraps it up in tissue paper till the next Christmas so's it won't get mussed.) Poor little Ellen wuz sittin forlorn an neglected lookin', with her hair skinned back so tight her eyes watered, a rock-in' her big doll an braggin' about it to my Mary, an' I sez loud so's her mother could hear, sez I: "Mary's doll haint nothin' extry, but thank the Lord," I sez, "it's made fer use an not fer show."

Mis' Peaks, what do you reckon they give the preacher? I declare, it's real mortifyin'. They hed a awful time decidin' what would be fittin' an proper, likewise desirable, but they fin'ly got him a big silver cup with "Preacher Sims" in fancy letters on it. It's real handsome, but them as knows sez it's a beer mug! Aint it shameful to think of thet poor man drinkin' his coffee ouden a beer mug—an him a minister!


Elder Williams got a real nice spittoon—I declare, if I wuz his woman I'd plant geraniums in it; its a shame to designate a thing o' beauty to sich a use.

O' course candy an nuts wuz give to everyone, (John broke one o' his best teeth bitin' on a piece) and but fer a few accidents sich as will happen in the best society, things went off without a hitch an I never seen a more genteel entertainment.

Lan' sakes! Is that clock right? You don't say —an me a settin here an lettin my bread run all over the place, more'n likely. Well, I do hope they won't have to put no more epidemic dejections in your man's arm. Come over ef he gits well so's you can. Yes, thanks, Mis' Peaks I will, but I don't never have time to go nowhere. When I die it'll be on the jump! Well, good mornin'!

A Fairy Tale.

By Miss Vida Boshey.

T happened, once upon a time in Normal Land that it was the custom handed down from the ancients to have a day set apart each year for the feasting and merry-making of all tribes in the province to be held in the mystic forest.

Now at this time Good King Russ, the king of this great territory, the knights and ladies of the famous court and the chiefs of the tribes of the Porterian, Manus Verez, Russonian and Athenian decreed that the thirteenth day of October should be made a day of festival.

According to the ancient rites and customs this gala day should begin with some sort of sports. And when a mighty throng had assembled in a large open space in the forest the exciting game began.

The Modelonians, a young and weak tribe, residing within the boundaries of the territory of Normaldom and under the protection of the King and his loyal courtiers, were matched in the lists against the neighboring tribe called the Washingtonians, who dwelt near by.

Now, as I have said before, this was given in the mystic forest of the realm and was the dwelling place of witches, elves, sprites, in fact all the wood people which made the place enchanted or bewitched as people were wont to say. These fairy folk were known to make or mar the fortunes of people who came within their spell.

It happened that the Normaldom folk had much pleased the woodfolk by their superior ability to surpass and overcome all obstacles put before them, no matter of what nature and therefore on account of this they showed them great favor on this occasion.

The game between the Modelonians and Washingtonians consisted of securing an elliptical object called by these people a Pigskin and carrying it beyond a certain point called a goal.

Long and fierce was the struggle and nothing seemed to daunt the courage of either side. The shouts and cries of the spectators ceaselessly urging the combatants on to victory in order that they might gain great fame throughout the land.

Of course the Modelonians overcame the other tribe at the same time displaying their superior strength, wisdom and courage in the ensuing struggle and thus gaining more favor from the fateful powers of the woods.

The game being closed, the adversaries having been utterly routed, the tribes of Normal Land with glad and joyful songs proceeded over hill, dale and stream into the very heart of the mystic forest, the innermost sacred place of the witches, for 'twas here they held their nightly revelries and, sometimes, in rare cases, revealed themselves to mortal man.

The king and his knights and courtiers not to be outdone in bravery and daring by the younger members of his tribe and to show their exceeding joy ov-

er the great victory, ascended a steep and high mountain, and, standing a moment upon the edge of the steep declivity in order that they might measure the distance with their eyes, then taking their lives in their hands, plunged down, down, into the valley below.

One after another of the brave knights, headed by the king, descended in this manner while the multitude below held their breath in awful suspense until it was certain that they had reached the bottom in safety.

While this daring feat was being accomplished, a feast had been prepared. By the mere touch of a magic wand the dainty, ethereal delicacies of the fairies appeared before them in a delicious feast.

And when the feast was over the mystic moon came up and made the forest ground a waving checker-board of lights and shadows. And me-thinks the man there, in the moon had a twinkle in his eye as he gazed upon the merry throng, which waxed hilarious over the mere joy of living, or perhaps it was the merry sprites dancing in the enchanted moonbeams that made the very air so gay.

The tribes sang the songs of victory, shouting with all their might their victorious battle cries until the very woods rang with jubilant echoes.

The time was now drawing near when they should depart from the enchanted forest. The last ancient ceremonial rite was performed. The magic red fire was built that now and then flamed with wavering forks of fire and mounting sparks like watchful eyes.

And around it circled the tribes: while the sprites of the air, taking voice, spoke to the people, urging to attain the high goal for which they had striven, and reminded them of the battles to come in which

(Continued on Page 105.)

- Editorials -

Staff.

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L. E. Reavley, Athletic Editor.
Stanford Householder, News Editor.
Miss Hazel Childers, Society Editor.
Miss C. Nelson, Exchange Editor.
Prof. C. A. Harpman, Business Manager.
Monroe Bragg, Assistant Business Manager.

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THE approach of December 25th makes all happy who know its significance. If there is anything we know positively about this date, it is, that Jesus was not born on that date. However, it has come to mean much, and is meaning more each day as human society evolves. Space will not permit us to say more along this line. You will carry this issue home with you as you go for your vacation. Remember you also carry the best wishes of the staff for a most pleasant and happy holiday vacation. May you return as happy as you go!

A Fairy Tale.

(Continued from Page 103.)

they must have the loyal support of each member of the mighty tribes, in order to make their fame supreme.

One and all responded: "We shall win! We must!"

And when the voices had ceased speaking, the red tongues of fire had burned low, they journeyed out of the enchanted forest.

But they had not journeyed long before they came to a magician's performance and having just come from the forest, they still were bound by the witches' spell and walked into the place without meeting the least resistance, and having gained admittance, the good magician did his best to find favor in the eyes of the almighty Normalites, whose fame was already spreading to the surrounding provinces and making the brave warriors of the tribes quake and tremble with fear.

They saw queer looking objects which resembled not the people from Normal Land, but from a far away country.

But strangest of the strange; the place had become ominously dark and silent. Then there appeared to the beholders, on the wall in front of them a light and then a shadow and many shadows, and these queer looking shadows moved and were like people and yet were not people, but seemed so on account of the magic art practiced by the magician. And so the shadow pictures continued for a time; the phantoms coming and going on the wall before them and were considered a great wonder by the Normalites.

And when the mystic play was over, one by one, the tired tribes departed from the magic place, singing a song of praise in honor of the wonder maker who surely had won esteem from the people.

And so the feast came and passed away.

And that's the kind of a time they had.

ATHLETICS.

"Rah! Rah! The Normal DID win!" Thursday, the 24th, dawned a fine day. Two o'clock on this memorable day saw the grandstand filled with a cheering throng. Many took to the side lines, where they could view the game at close quarters. Two thirty saw the rival teams lined up awaiting the starting whistle. It looked as though the Normals were outclassed and would be beaten by "beef" alone but in their hearts, it was do or die: actuated by the love for their Alma Mater, they bravely were off at the first signal. The first ten minutes of play were passed within the Normal 30 yard line, but a good long punt by Householder put the Normals out of danger. In the second quarter, the Normals scored a touchdown after five minutes of fast playing and line smashing. In the third quarter, Springfield made a touchdown but failed to kick the goal. The fourth quarter was characterized by the attempts of the Springfielders to raise their score, but to no avail. Both teams put up a fine game of improved football.

In the evening, the entire squad sat in the banquet room of the Stillwell Hotel, a merry band of Normal "Issers," eating their thanksgiving turkey.

Thus the season of football closed. The S. M. T. N. has won five out of eight games this season, which is a very good record. To Coach Fuhrer and the Team we take off our hats. May our coming teams do as well.

o O o

The "Scrubs" succeeded in defeating the Girard high school team on the 15th of November. The Girard team was confident of an easy victory, but when Coach Fuhrer's lusty reserves sprinted onto the field their spirits began to evanesce. All through the game the Normals showed evidence of their rigorous training. From first to last, they played with the same spirit. The rooters were well pleased with the game on account of the pep and ginger shown by the Scrubs. Hare, the quarterback, showed fine generalship and was well supported by his men. The final score was 23 to 6.

o O o

After the game with Girard, a light banquet was served at the Leland Hotel, at which the entire squad was present. Profs. Dellinger, Wood, Brower, Lee, Harpman, Bumann and Carrithers represented the Faculty, and made excellent, encouraging talks to the men, who were to represent the S. M. T. N. on Thanksgiving Day.

o O o

The Normals gave the Galena high school a good drubbing on Nov. 4th. They had their plays and formations down in fine shape. Capt. Kaemmerling was out of the game on account of bruises received in practice scrimmage. Crowell came out in the first quarter on account of injuries received. Potter played an exceptionally fine game at right end. Householder did some fine punting in spite of the high wind.

Morrison showed up well at right guard; and Dana Reed at right half, put up a stiff, hard game. Dudley persisted in making long gains through his opponents' line, and succeeded in placing the ball over the line for a touchdown. Smith at left half, "able to contend." Hendricks worked the forward pass for a touchdown the ball being carried over by Hunter. For Trout at center, Miller at left guard, Andrews at right tackle we have but words of: "You do your best boys, we'll do the rest boys, fight on to victory." The score was 10 to 0

o O o

SOCIETIES.

Manus Verez.

THE Society expects, within a few days, to have in place the two finely engraved loving cups, on which the names of all the successful contestants have been engraved.

To have, or not to have; that is the question. Shall we, or shall we not, have a Manus Verez banquet, immediately after the contest?

At our last election J. L. Wheeler was elected president; Chas. Cook, vice president; Nannie Stanfield, secretary; and Monroe Bragg, treasurer; with Eileen French, Jessie Quackenbush, Hattie Campbell and W. Evan Davis as journalists.

The committee elected, to choose the contestants, were Nannie Stanfield and Andrew Steele. Contestants chosen were: W. Evan Davis, S. L. Household-

er, J. E. Willett. Lonnie Hare and Dana Reed. They will dramatize a scene from "Richard III."

Porterian.

In our last election L. E. Reavley was elected president; Helen Payne, vice president; Verena Klauser, secretary; Karl Errebo, treasurer; and Lee Linthicum, sergeant-at-arms.

Misses Klauser, Illiff, Gill and Bushey have organized a Porterian quartet.

"Pat" Crowell, "Cherry" Childers and Grover Hollman are going to do as the "Porterians" have always done in the coming contest.

Chas. Spence, one of our absent members, sends his very best wishes for our coming success, Dec. 21st.

Russonian.

The election of officers was held November 11th. Chas. Snyder was elected president; James Stillwaugh, vice president; Sarah Derby, secretary; Chester Clugston, treasurer, Wilbur Hollsworth, yell master; Edward Reed and Howard Lindsley, sergeant-at-arms; and Ethel Kaiser and Orville Davis were appointed society editors for the "Normal Light."

The contestants who intend to win honors for us on Dec. 21st are Feral Peak and Josephine Ogilvie.

News Notes.

Prof. Buchler of Germany gave us a very interesting talk, Nov. 28th. We wished he might have occupied at least an hour more.

Of all the evenings of genuine jollification that the S. M. T. N. students spend, one of the best this year was that of Hollowe'en, when the combined musical clubs accepted Miss Vida Bushey's generous invitation to use her home as a meeting place and celebrate the occasion.

The house was as "spooky" as possible having only Jack o'lanterns for light and great "Badluck" signs to face one at every turn. Every one was compelled to whistle as he entered the parlor. After passing through the house each victim was blind folded, led down a rocky stair to the lower region and when allowed to see he found he was in a dark, uncanny, cave-like place with ghosts moving about and hideous faces in corners. He was directed to follow the passage and put his hand in the dark behind the brick wall. Here it was grasped and in hollow, monotonous tones his future was unveiled. In such sports the evening was passed, even bobbing for apples and pumpkin pie had their places. At 10:30 the party went out on a serenading tour, visiting the homes of the faculty. Appreciation was shown in various ways, the most enjoyable being at Dr. Dellingers' where the entire chorus of thirty-five singers was invited in and served with hot chocolate and peanut butter sandwiches. Prof. Wollank had prepared a surprise for the serenaders but they sang at the wrong house and missed this treat. The last house visited was that of Prin. Russ where the singing called forth hearty applause from an upstairs window.

o O o

Among the masculine rooters at the Thanksgiving game were our old friends, Lindburg, Malcolm, Jacobi, Curran, Gourley, Tewell, Cheney and Nation, and with the ladies could be seen, Benton, Cook,

Kinsella and VanBuskirk. They find it simply impossible to remain away from old S. M. T. N. on Turkey Day.

o O o

Lena Martin made a business trip to Lawrence a few weeks ago and while there, saw the K. U. vs. Nebraska game. It is reported that a certain big tackle on the K. U. team played his star game that day. This may explain the unusual manner in which Miss Martin shuns the boys here.

o O o

Marvin Miller and Stanford Householder left town for a few days during the Thanksgiving vacation to get a much needed rest from the ceaseless round of studies. They spent the time with Mr. Miller's brother-in-law, at Turck, Kans.

o O o

"Pat' Crowell played his best game of foot-ball at Emporia, not missing a single tackle or letting one man get past him. This may be made clearer by the knowledge that he was official time-keeper.

o O o

Wm. Kaemerling, our big foot-ball captain, is back in school after two weeks illness. "Bill" was not able to play in the big game but he did royal work from the side lines.

o O o

The contestants in Dramatic Art are practicing for the contest which will be held Dec. 21st, and from various closed rooms comes a sound of weeping mingled with the stentorian tones of a modern Hamlet, or a future comedian is heard cracking chestnuts that he, poor soul, imagines to be real live jokes.

On November 15th, Thos. Brooks Fletcher came as the second number of our Lecture Course and delivered a splendid Lecture on the "Martyrdom of Fools". He had a strong personality and held his audience as in a vice while he propounded his excellent ideas on the subject in hand.

o O o

Rogers and Grilley, entertainers, who were given such a hearty welcome last year, were with us again December 1st. They upheld their reputation as entertainers of the highest class. Mr. Rogers is a Harpist of rare ability and Mr. Grilley, in his impersonations, is one of the best in his line. Our course has given entire satisfaction so far and we are looking forward to the two remaining numbers with anticipation. The Hon. Jos. W. Folk will give us the next number February 6th.

Helen Hudson, who has been sick at her home in Ft. Scott for the past few days, is with us again.

o O o

Nell Osborne, of Coffeyville, has returned after an absence of several days, caused by sickness.

o O o

Dr. Dellinger and family accompanied Miss Lena Martin home for Thanksgiving vacation.

o O o

Mrs. Vanzille, director of manual training at the Agricultural College at Manhattan, visited us Nov. 16th.

o O o

One of the best hours was the third period on Nov. 8th, when the Ladies' Convention of Federated Clubs visited us. A number of distinguished ladies spoke to us, but the readings given by Mrs. Johns of Chanute were the climax of a great feast.

o O o

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