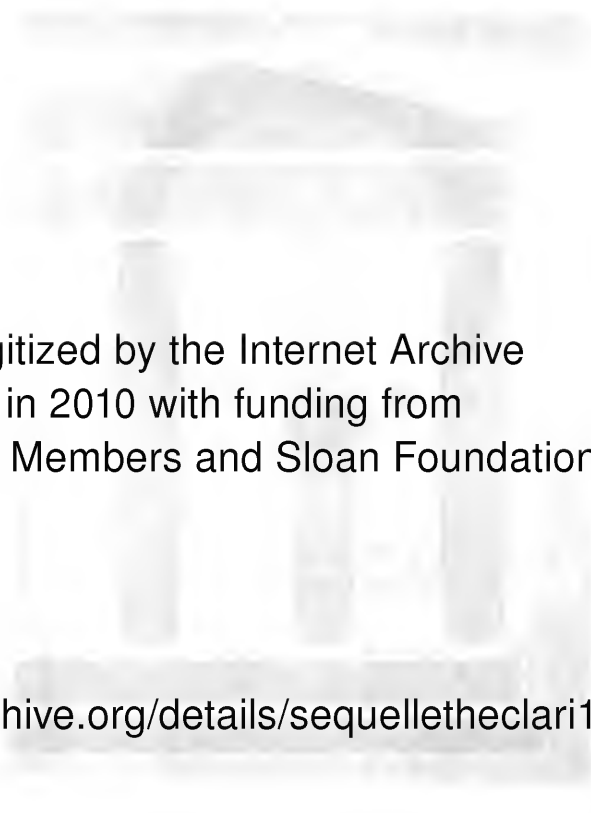






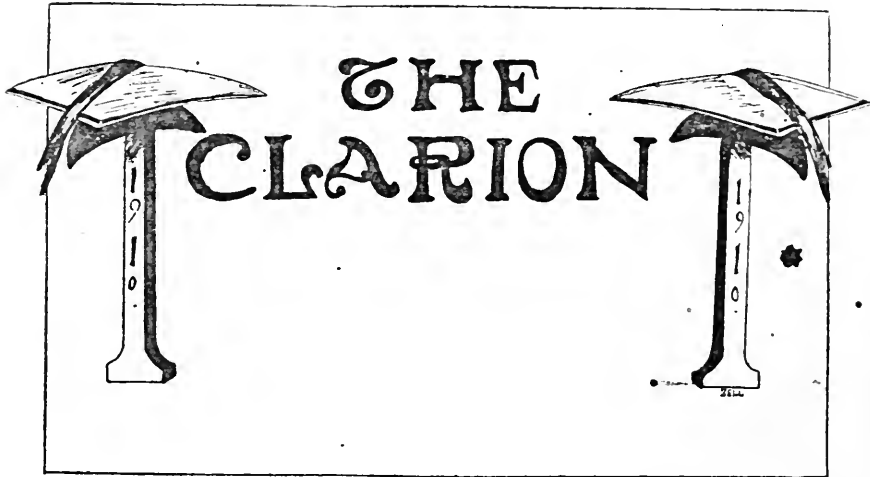
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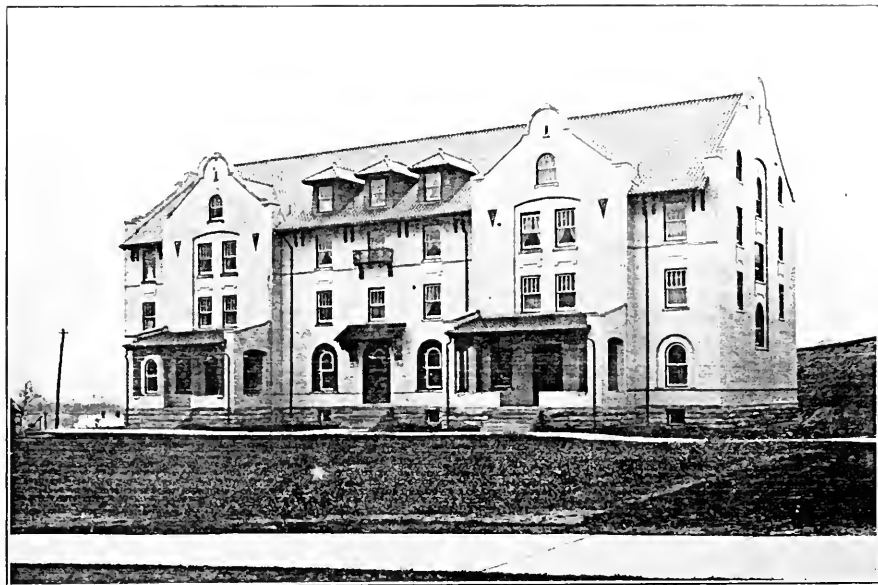


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The Class of 1910 cordially dedicates
this issue of The Clarion to John
Ballentine, A. M., Ph. D. our Vice
Principal and kind friend.

Greeting.

Kind Readers:—The Senior Class of 1910, Clarion State Normal School, salutes you! The three years of our course are at an end—years, the plannings, doings and happenings of which cry out for expression in some form or other; and "The Clarion" is the result.

In preparing this book, it has been our aim to chronicle, in part, the events of these years, and to portray life as it is lived within these memorable walls. It is our idea that "The Clarion" should contain good, legitimate fun, as we see it in Normal life. So the effort has been made to show, impartially, without fear or favor, particular characteristics of our fellow-students in due proportion. If you think you have been handled roughly, we have to say "Grin and bear it." It has been done with careful consideration, oftentimes to our personal discomfort, but with the hope that you may be benefited. At least, kindly accept it with all the good feeling with which it is given.

To the Faculty, especially, do we extend many thanks for their invaluable assistance, both literary and financial. For by their permission, this book includes the June issue of the Enterprise.

And now we submit it to you, dear friend, for inspection, hoping that you may derive pleasure from your acquaintance with "The Clarion of Nineteen-ten."

Editor-in-Chief.



THE CLARION.

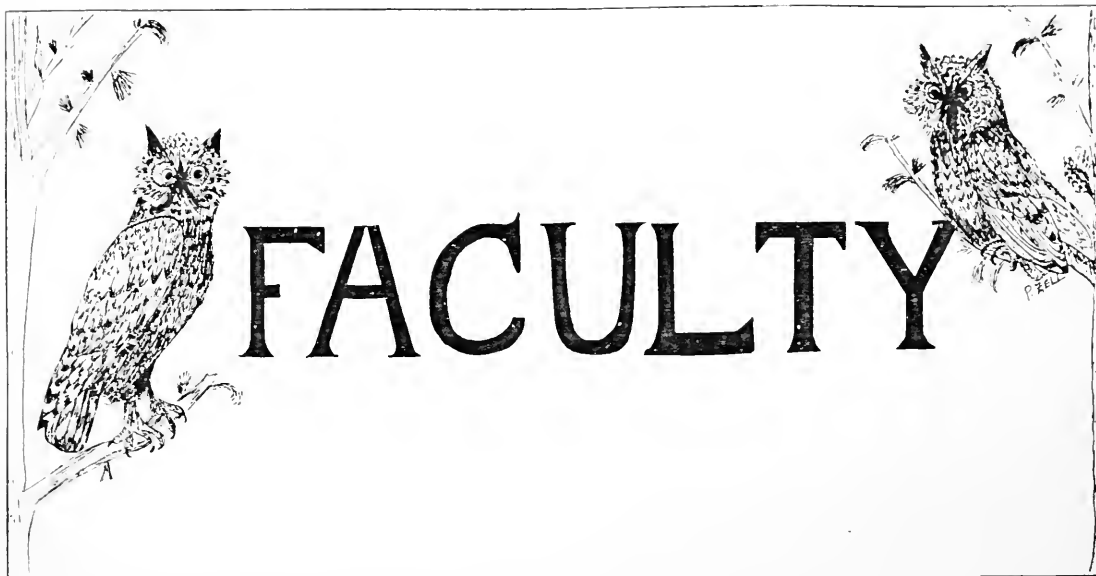
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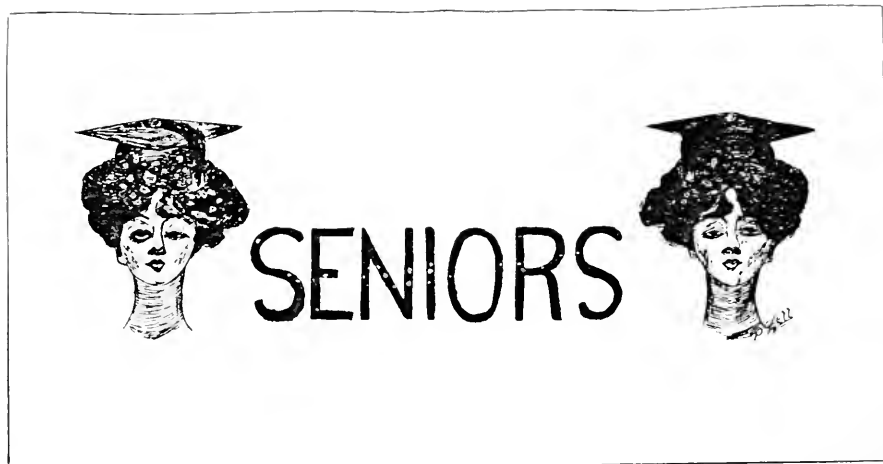


Class Roll.

Elda Wilson Altemus
Mary Edith Beatty
J. Burton Beck
Willard S. Bender
William Best
Dora Esther Boddorf
Ernestine Bodenborn
Twila B. Bowman
Franklin W. Boyer
Jennie E. Braden
S. Taylor Brown
Iva Rachel Buzard
Catherine Cochran
Harold D. Cooper
Mildred M. Cook
Daisy Nell Crooks
Chloe Cummings
Myra Elizabeth Curtis
Chalmer C. Curtis
Sarah A. Everhart
Bertha L. Fitzgerald
Estella Fitzsimmons
Orville G. Gates
Jessie Jeane George
Frank A. Glenn
Newton A. Goble

Arthur Reid Gourley
Emma Zoe Guthrie
Ina F. Hazen
Hazel Mae Heller
James Hughes
Kate A. Humphreys
Frank L. Irely
Margaret Elvira Johnston
Dee Ethel Jones
Dora Pearl Kahle
Jennie Keck
Viva Knappenberger
Anna Elizabeth Kyle
Anna C. Lynam
Howard H. Mack
William H. Mayes
Eugene J. Metz
Mark T. Milnor
George B. Miller
Isabelle Mortland
Kittie Avis Mowrey
Elizabeth Bell Noble
W. Earl Park
Lorena Edith Port
Edith N. Price
Lura Agnes Reed

Letta M. Reid
Charles E. Richards
Leonore B. Rhodes
Ora Mae Sanders
Vera Freda Sigworth
Mattie O. Shaffer
Clarence E. Shoup
Anna Kahle Sigworth
Daisy Smith
Sophia Frances Snyder
Anna M. Stahlman
Eleanor Stiles
Blanche A. Stone
Anna Blanche Summerville
William Royd Summerville
Iva M. Terwilliger
Ellen Marie Thompson
Mary Margaret Thompson
Eva May Timlin
J. Rodman Tompkins
W. Lester Updegraff
Maud Weaver
Helen Clara Whitmer
Pearlie Zell



Class Song.

We stand for the last time together,
Hand in hand, face to face, heart to heart,
A day may divide us forever,
We'll sing one more song ere we part;
As friends, when our school days are ending,
Stand closer to give one last cheer,
So today, let our voices all blending
Ring out our last song, loud and clear.

Each rose is a vanishing pleasure
Which memory holds in its fold,
And lives in our hearts as a treasure
More precious than jewels or gold;
Long after its freshness has perished,
Long after its color has flown,
The rose for its fragrance is cherished
To tell of the days that are gone.

Here's a health to the hours departed;
Farewell to our glad Normal years;
Here's a health to the future light-hearted,
We greet it with hope, not with fears.
Once more, 'tis the last ere we sever,
Every voice in the chorus ring free,
Old Normal, we'll love you forever;
Here's a health, Alma Mater, to thee.



Farewell

Commencement has come round again
And sorry yet glad we stand,
For we are the great class of nineteen-ten,
And we've been a happy band.
Time was when these bright stars were Juniors green
And we studied hard as we could;
And that was the time when the Faculty said
That we were bright and good.

Last year we were Middlers, one and all,
We had no swelled heads like these do;
Our cheery laugh rang through room and hall
And we were ever good and true;
And while we were Middlers we carved a name
That always will shine and glow,
And that was the time when the Faculty said
"No other class has done so."

Sadly we say good-bye to the teachers,
So patient and kind they've been,
Often we've been trying creatures,
We're sorry now for every sin;
And when into the world we get an introduction,
And walk in the great unknown
We will remember their faithful instruction
As the classes that before us have flown.

Now we leave forever this school so dear,
And sadly we do it, too,
For associations have grown so near,
And here's where our knowledge grew;
And we'll wonder as, working the long years through,
Each at his own different task,
What has become of our classmates true
Since we parted with them at the last.

—H. W.





Senior Class History.

On September 10, 1907, an event occurred at C. S. N. S., on account of which all persons connected with that institution have ever rejoiced. For on that day a band of distinguished-looking strangers, which the Seniors and Middlers soon discovered was the Class of 1910, first graced these noble halls of learning.

After the usual amount of red tape had been unwound, we were enrolled in that Normal School about which we had heard so much.

In a few days a meeting of the strangers was called and we organized as the Junior Class of 1907. Class officers were elected, and it was decided that black and gold should be the colors under which we would conquer all things. Our first splendid triumph was at the Gymnasium Exhibition, where we reflected credit both on ourselves and the institution.

Then in the spring of 1908 came a great event, long anticipated and long remembered—nineteen-ten's reception. It was a grand success and proved that the Juniors could entertain with the best.

At last State Board came. Oh! If the members of that Board could have looked beyond the bold faces we had assumed and read our thoughts, they would probably have looked twice in a mirror to see what made them-

selves so fierce.

At last the day arrived on which the sentence was to be pronounced upon us. As we sat in the Chapel, our hearts beating madly between hope and fear, the "Jury" with slow and solemn steps marched to the stage. Then the spokesman arose and told us that all had passed! At this announcement our joy was unbounded and the applause that followed surprised even us. This marked the end of our first triumphant year at Clarion.

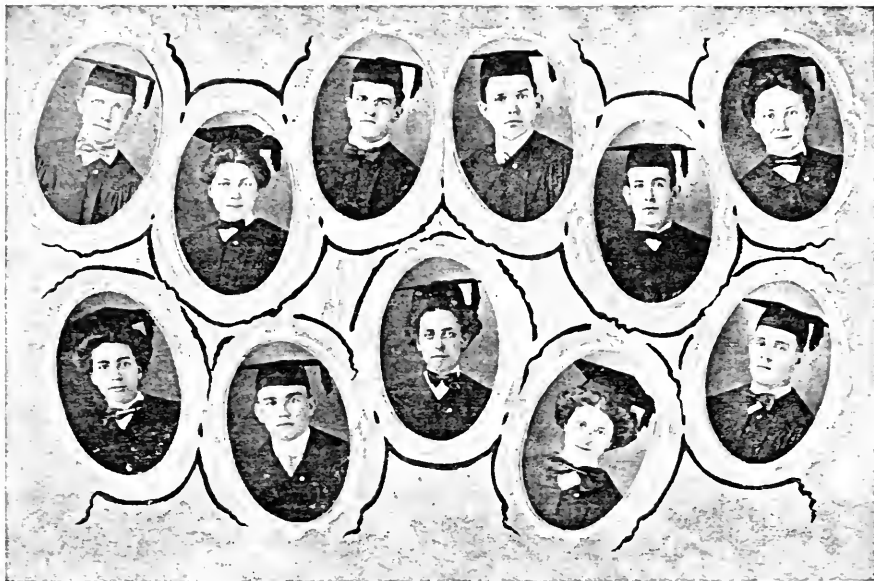
On September 10, 1908, after a delightful vacation, we came back to continue the work at the Normal.

The class was re-organized as the Middle Year Class and the following officers elected: President, Harry Corbett; Vice President, William Mayes; Treasurer, Mark Milnor; Corresponding Secretary, Maude Weaver; Recording Secretary, Ellen Thompson.

During the winter term the class basket ball games were played and the Class of 1910 was not found wanting. We defeated the Juniors in both the girls' and the boys' games. In the games with the Seniors our girls were the victors but our boys lost.

Then came the Middle Year reception which was another triumph for the class.

The year passed quickly and again the State Board



put an end to all our fears by telling us that we had passed; and, as we filed out of the Chapel, the dear old Black and Gold were the first colors to greet us from the tower of Seminary Hall.

Vacation over once more, we came back September 14, 1909, to take up our duties as dignified Seniors. The class was reorganized and the following officers were elected: President, William Mayes; Vice President, William Best; Treasurer, Taylor Brown; Secretaries, Ellen Thompson and Dee Jones.

On November 25, 1909, the annual Senior Play was given. "A Doll's House," by the "Senior Star Troupe," was a decided success.

In the class basket ball games this year the Senior

boys carried off the honors, but the Senior girls lost to the Middlers.

And now the Class of 1910, with mingled feelings of regret and joy, must say farewell. With joy, because we feel our work has been well done, for the Class of 1910 has maintained a higher record in every department of the school than any former class. With regret because of those we leave behind to struggle along without us; for the other classes have succeeded in catching the spirit of the Class of 1910, and have bettered themselves in many ways. Then, too, the improvement in the faculty during nineteen-ten's sojourn here is quite remarkable. But, "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," we must leave them all now, and they must stand alone.









In After Years.

You ask if I know how my friends and former classmates are faring these days. Indeed I do; and being in a reminiscent mood, I shall tell you about some of them.

You see, after ten years of patient waiting—ever since I left the dear old Norand and went West to live—I have at last secured a permanent position with the "Clarion Vaudeville and Stock Company." I have to say, "Monsieur, the automobile waits;" but I feel certain it is the first step toward success—I always knew I was destined for the stage!

There are several of our friends in this company. It is staged and managed by Mr. J. Burton Beck; Iva Terwilliger is the "leading lady" and the way she glares at the leading man (Newton Goble) is just grand. Mr. Boyer and Mr. Bender have a very clever song and dance specialty; Blanche Summerville and Viva Knappenberger make charming little dancing girls, although we had always hoped they would be missionaries.

When I learned that I had secured the position, I hurried across the country from Oklahoma to Clarion. As our train stopped at one of the little western stations I saw a girl and a man come dashing up on horseback. The girl called to the station agent, "Is there any mail for us to-day?" At once I recognized my old friend, Kate Humphreys. She, whose dark Spanish beauty might

have enhanced the gorgeous drawing room of some rich, influential man, had gone back to the plains, to the life she loved and to the boy who had waited so long.

We stopped for seven hours at St. Louis and some one suggested that we attend the great Ringling Brothers' Circus. I gladly assented; so five of our party went to the show. Prior to the actual performance there was a parade around the ring, and to my astonishment and delight I noticed several familiar faces.

My friend, Bill Mayes, led the band playing his cornet, and Harold Cooper, who never outgrew his enjoyment of a circus, was beating the drum. I was very much surprised to see Daisy Crooks and Anna Kyle, both of whom were quiet, studious girls at school, sitting in a chariot dressed in fluffy pink skirts and spangles. In the wagon which contained many venomous serpents sat little Dora Boddorf with two of the deadly snakes coiled about her—and she, perhaps, had been the most unobtrusive of our class.

Later, as we emerged from the main tent, we noticed a side tent which bore the sign, "Hurry up! See the wonderful living skeleton! Only ten cents!" We thought we would like to see this great prodigy, so we were about to buy tickets when I heard a familiar voice, and there on the platform, shouting with all his might and



main, was Mr. Summerville—the had contemplated being a minister, so he made quite an excellent “barker.”)

He shook hands with me and we chatted awhile and then I went into the tent—and lo! the “wonderful living skeleton” was our slender friend, Mr. Shoup. After I had talked to him for a few minutes I left the tent and met Bill Mayes outside. He said that he and Elvira had been with the show for several seasons and that they spent their winters in a charming little flat in the city. He also told me that Elvira’s friend, Eleanor Stiles, had charge of a large kindergarten in St. Louis, and that she was loved by all the little ones there, as she had been while teaching in the Model School at the Normal. So Eleanor had attained the highest honor, that of being loved by little children!

When I alighted from the train at Pittsburg, I saw a familiar-looking, golden-haired girl and soon discovered that it was my dear old chum, “Cad” Cochran. When she saw me, she gave that grand old giggle of hers and then we did have a jolly talk. She was Mrs. Merle Haskell now and she accompanied her husband, who was now playing base ball on the Pittsburg team, on all his trips—she who “simply detested” the sport when we were at the Normal. She told me that they spent their “between-seasons” in Clarion, and I afterwards learned that their little home was the most beautifully furnished

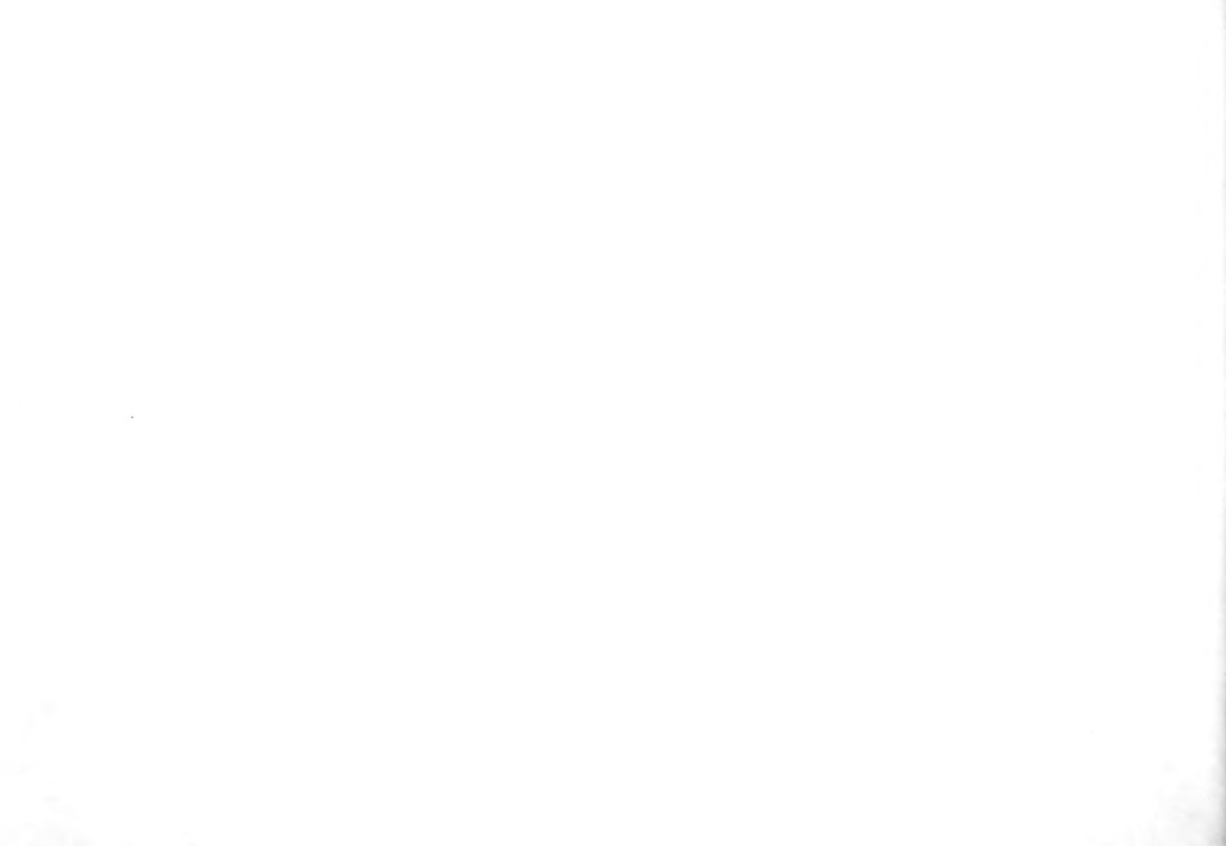
house in town. You see, Le was also in the furniture business.

I also learned from “Cad” that Ellen and Dr. “Bob” were very happily situated in Pittsburg. Gene Metz, a prominent young lawyer, was a frequent visitor at the Richards home. Of course, as always, Ellen considered him “only a friend” but Gene has never given up hope.

On the P. S. & C. electric express running between Summerville and Clarion, I was delighted to meet “Tommy” Tompkins, who was now the millionaire president of the road. He told me that his old friend, George Miller, was now the Reverend Mr. Miller and that gentle Mrs. Miller, who had once been Jess George, was a very zealous missionary worker. Also, that Lorena Port had just published a book of poems entitled “School Days” and that it had taken first prize that year at the Chicago Fair.

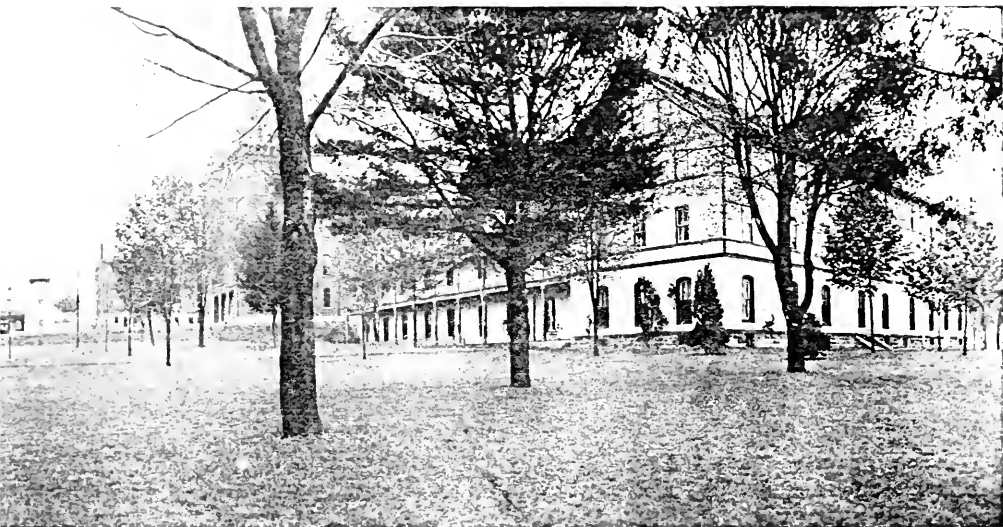
Looking out of the window I saw a large, comfortable-looking mansion in front of which was a huge placard, “Bachelor Girls’ Home.” Tommy said several of our classmates were spending a very happy life there.

Just then the train stopped at Strattonville and I saw a large crowd collected in a corner of the depot. I asked the president of the road what it meant and he said, “Oh, that is Miss Anna Stahlman, the noted ‘Clarion County Suffragette,’ and some of her followers.” As









the train pulled out I heard Miss Stahlman shrieking "Votes, votes, votes for women!" and I noticed Miss Price, Miss Stone, Miss Daisy Smith, Miss Shaffer, Miss Noble, Miss Pike and Miss Hazen in the group around her.

"Tommy" bought a "Clarion Bugle" from a newsboy passing thru the train and he told me that Miss Anna Lynam, who proved so efficient on the editorial staff of the Senior's number of the Enterprise in 1910, was the editor-in-chief of this widely circulating paper.

Just before we reached the station we passed a large building which my friend said was a new dancing academy conducted by Mr. Orville Gates. I smiled at that, for I remembered a certain party at which Mr. Gates was the only one who did not dance.

"Tommy" then said that just the day before, the President of the United States had passed through Clarion on his wedding tour. Long ago, I had been a friend of President Mark Milnor and was about to ask whom he married, when the train stopped at the Clarion depot and I hurried to get off. Just then a charming young woman came toward us and I recognized Mildred Cook. She looked at "Tommy" sternly, saying: "Oh, do hurry, Rodman, you know we're dining out tonight and you're late now!"—and then I knew she was Mildred Cook no longer.

A handsome automobile was just passing and Mildred said that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shirley were return-

ing from the Opera House where Mrs. Shirley, (whose first name was Maude) had sung in "Il Trovatore."

"Oh, here's the porter from the Normal!" exclaimed Mildred, and turning around I saw Bill Best in the purple livery of the Normal. Bill had accepted the position just to be near Hattie. So I left Mildred and "Tommy" and went up to the Normal.

First I went to that former haunt of mine, the Principal's office, where I found Mr. James Hughes and his wife, Jennie, busy with some school papers. I was having a nice talk with them when the Steward came in and I learned that Taylor Brown had been Steward and his wife, Jessie, matron for several years. After Taylor withdrew Mrs. Hughes told me, confidentially, that for a long time they had noticed a shortage in their supplies and they were afraid that Mr. Brown was implicated in some way. "That's right," I thought, "Taylor always did have a pretty good appetite."

Another surprise awaited me at Navarre Hall for there in Miss Givan's sitting room sat Dee Jones, looking over a hymn book. She arose and welcomed me in a dignified manner—the old happy, irrepressible Dee was gone and this new, reserved, stern-looking woman had taken her place. In a deep, solemn voice Miss Jones told me that her friend, Pearl Zell, had just been married the day before, for the fourth time.

After I left Miss Jones, I met a gay young girl in the hall who asked me if I knew whether Miss Jones ever did have a real romance. I replied that I did not know, but ah, I can never forget that romance of Dee's. Just at the last moment when she thought she had Karl for sure, he eloped with an actress and she never really got over the shock. Poor Miss Jones!

Across the street from the Normal I saw a small, unpretentious building on the door of which I saw the word "Chaperons." That sounded pretty interesting so I went in and there found Emma Guthrie and Helen

Whitmer. They told me that they chaperoned crowds of the Normal students on their moonlight picnics and marshmallow toasts and such things. I sighed as I thought how happy we would have been could we have procured such persons when we went to school. We wouldn't have been "encamped" or "suspended" or "expelled" so many times if we had.

Just then I heard the old town clock strike the hour so I knew it must be time to go down to the theatre where soon I would inspire the vast audience with my noble sentence, "Monsieur, the car waits!"



2020



Class Athletics.

The Class of 1910 has been a large factor in the athletics of the Clarion State Normal ever since the class has been in existence. Especially this last year 1909-10, the class has been practically the making of the foot ball and basket ball teams, and the present base ball team has in its number, three of the Class of 1910.

The illustrious basket ball team of C. S. N. S. this year contained four Seniors, namely: Mack, who was captain, Mayes, Metz and Cooper. Mayes captained the football team, besides having seven other Seniors on the Varsity: Hughes, Glenn, Miller, Summerville, Metz, Mack, Brown and Best.

Let us now turn to the athletics of the year by the Seniors alone. We did not put a football team in the field, but came out strongly with a basket ball team. Mack, as captain, led us to a grand victory over the Juniors by an overwhelming score of 46 to 15. The other members of the team were, Mayes and Cooper forwards, Metz center, Brown and Gourley guards. The above game was surely a great struggle. The Juniors, exulting in their victory over the Middlers, were in the prime of condition for the struggle and the Seniors knew it. Nevertheless, we waded right in and emerged victors with the above score. It started like a whirlwind with Mack and Cooper as forwards, Metz center, and Mayes and Brown in guard positions. From the toss up and the

sound of the referee's whistle, we were on the alert for every opportunity and snatched the ball from the boys of 1912 in such a way that the crowd seemed to appreciate the team work and the fast work of our men.

The Senior girls also did good work during the basket ball season. The season opened with a game on Thanksgiving Day between the Normal team and the Alumni. This was a successful day for the Normal team, the score being 31-6 in favor of the Normal. The line-up was as follows: Misses Mortland and Kribbs forwards, Terwilliger center, Curtis and Sanders guards. In this team Misses Mortland, Terwilliger, Curtis and Sanders were members of the Class of 1910.

No more public games were played until the class games in which the girls of 1910 showed skill by their excellent playing. The girls on the team were Misses Everhart and Mortland forwards, Terwilliger center, Curtis, captain, and Sanders guard, and the subs were Misses Keck forward, Guthrie center and Shaffer guard.

We are represented in base ball by three members of the Senior class. They are Mayes, Hughes and Brown. "Bill" Mayes is playing a sensational game in left field and is batting with a vengeance. "Shorty" Hughes is filling up the center field position in a creditable manner and his batting is a very valuable asset to the team, especially with men on bases. Brown is playing third





base and holds the position of captain of the varsity. This is his third year as a member of the team.

The Class of 1919 can truly be proud of the great interest taken in athletics by its members, and of the spirit in which they enter into the contests, and we are sure

ly justified in saying that our class has done as much, if not more, than any class in the history of C. S. N. S. to uplift the athletic standard and promote the work for the glory of the school.

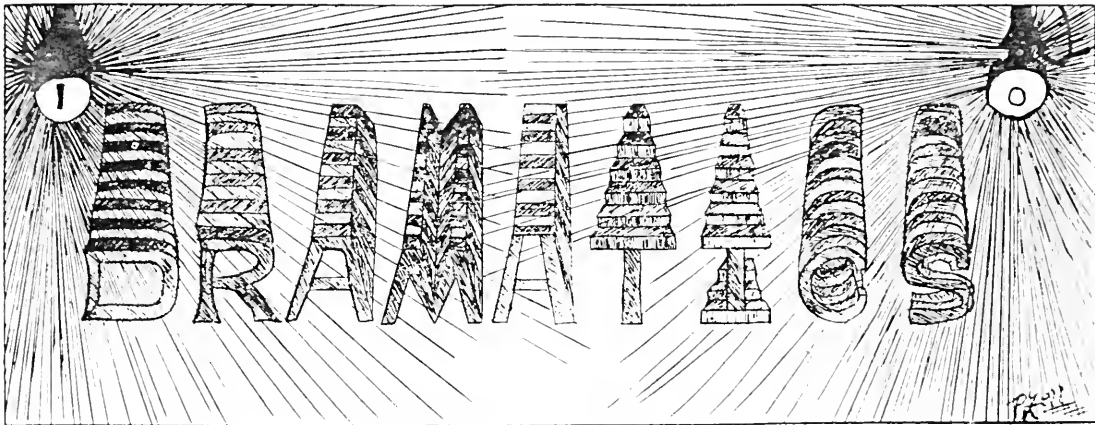
Basket Ball Team.

Manager, R. M. Steele.

Team	Position	Points Scored.
Howard Mack, Captain	forward	15
William H. Mayes	forward	72
Eugene Metz,	center	39
Turner Beatty	guard	14
Guy Carson	guard	12
Harold Cooper	forward and guard	11

SCHEDULE.

C. S. N. S.	48	Alumni	28
C. S. N. S.	22	Kingsville A. A.	9
C. S. N. S.	11	Sligo A. A.	21
C. S. N. S.	31	Knox A. A.	19
C. S. N. S.	17	Brookville High	26
C. S. N. S.	23	Slippery Rock Normal ..	21
C. S. N. S.	21	Slippery Rock Normal ..	19
C. S. N. S.	22	New Bethlehem High ...	34
C. S. N. S.	45	Ford City High	27
C. S. N. S.	20	New Pethlehem High ...	18
C. S. N. S.	31	Yanigans	
Total	291	Total	226





Senior Class Play.

One of the most important events of the Senior year, next to Commencement, is the Thanksgiving Play, which has come to be regarded as one of the most attractive features of the school year.

The number of visiting Alumni and friends this year was much larger than ever before, and the informal reunions of classes and students were occasions of more than ordinary delight.

The play of this year was "The Doll's House," one of Ibsen's Society Plays. Following the lighter forms of the drama presented in previous years, this play required a very skillful and artistic rendering in order to hold the attention of the audience. The effective presentation of the play was manifest by the intense interest of the crowded house throughout the evening.

As a prelude Miss Mona Corlett played a piano solo, and Miss Helen Whitmer gave an excellent rendition of "The Petted Puppy." Between the first and second acts the Senior Quartet, Messrs. Mayes, Brown, Hughes and Miller, sang "Until the Dawn", and between the second and third acts Miss Maude Weaver sang "Pierrot" in her pleasing manner.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

Characters.

Torvald Helmer—an ambitious business man,

Eugene Metz.

Nora Helmer—his wife, the doll, Letta Reid
Dr. Rank—an intimate friend of the Helmers.

Newton Goble
Mrs. Linden—a school friend of Nora's Ellen Thompson
Nils Krogstad—a rival of Helmer's in the bank

Mark Milnor.
Anna—child's nurse, Dee Jones
Ellen—maid, Catherine Cochran
Ivor, Emmy and Bob—Helmers' children.

Meredith Langham, Clarence Von der Heyde
Stage Setting.—Scene, Helmer's sitting room. Time
Present day, Christmastide.

ACT I.—Synopsis.

Nora returns from shopping—her husband chides her mildly for being a spendthrift—a friend of Nora's, Mrs. Linden, arrives in town searching for work—Helmer promises her a position in the bank—Krogstad, a cruel, hard-hearted man from whom Nora thoughtlessly borrowed money without consulting her husband, arrives and discloses to Mrs Helmer some startling technicalities in law—Nora's plans for a joyous Christmas are blighted by the thought of what might happen should Krogstad reveal her secret to her husband or to the world.

ACT II.—Synopsis.

Nora, with great trepidation, continues her preparation for Christmas and the ball—she tries to persuade



Torvald to allow Krogstad to retain his position in the bank that he may keep her secret—Dr. Rank, a frequent visitor at the Helmer's home, reveals to Nora his love for her—Krogstad informs Nora of his determination to tell her husband all—Nora's nerves give way—She and Mrs. Linden plan to thwart Krogstad's evil purpose—Nora becomes half-crazed in her efforts to prevent Torvald from opening the letter box which contains the letter revealing her secret

ACT III.—Synopsis.

Mrs. Linden marries Krogstad so that she may induce him to save Nora's reputation—Torvald and Nora return from the ball—Nora is wild with anxiety, she resolves to take her own life—Dr. Rank takes his last leave of Helmer's home—As Nora is about to depart from her home forever she is prevented by Torvald who demands an explanation of the whole affair—He is cold and unsympathetic; she, for the first time, sees his real character—a letter arrives telling the Helmer's they are freed from the debt—Helmer wishes Nora to forget all and live as before—She cannot forget his selfish heartlessness and resolves to work out for herself a plan of conduct in keeping with her newly awakened ideas.

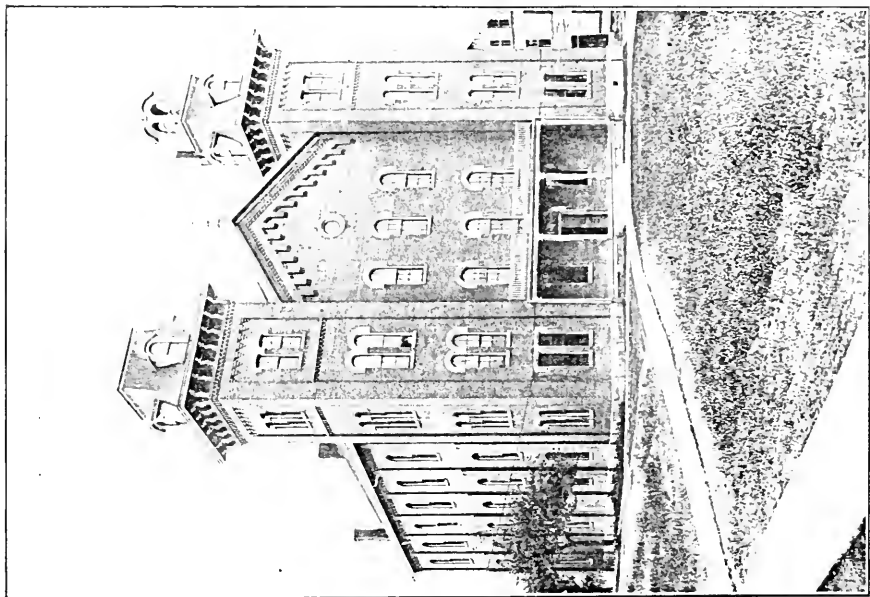
Every part of the play was well sustained. The highest praise was accorded to Miss Letta Reid who, as Nora Helmer, played the leading part. Miss Reid dis-

played unusual dramatic power and great versatility in her portrayal of a most difficult role. Her manner was pleasing and graceful, one almost forgot that it was not a reality, so thoroughly did she adapt herself to the changing conditions.

Mr. Eugene Metz very successfully carried the part of Torvald Helmer. He was apt in his interpretation and sustained himself admirably throughout the play in all its critical and climactic situations.

Miss Ellen Thompson as Mrs. Linden was a most excellent impersonation. The part of Nils Krogstad, the hard-hearted business man, by Mark Milnor, and of Dr. Rank, the consumptive, by Mr. Newton Goble, were both effectively given. Miss Dee Jones as Anna, the nurse, and Miss Catherine Cochran, as Ellen, the maid, were well taken, both entering into the spirit of the play. The scene of the children, Ivor, Emmy and Bob, represented by Meredith Langham and Clarence Von der Heyde, in their play with Nora, called forth the most spontaneous applause.

The stage setting, the costumes and all the accessories were well appointed and gave added interest to the presentation. The class owes much to Miss Stoner, the director. To her great credit is due for the high character of the presentation.

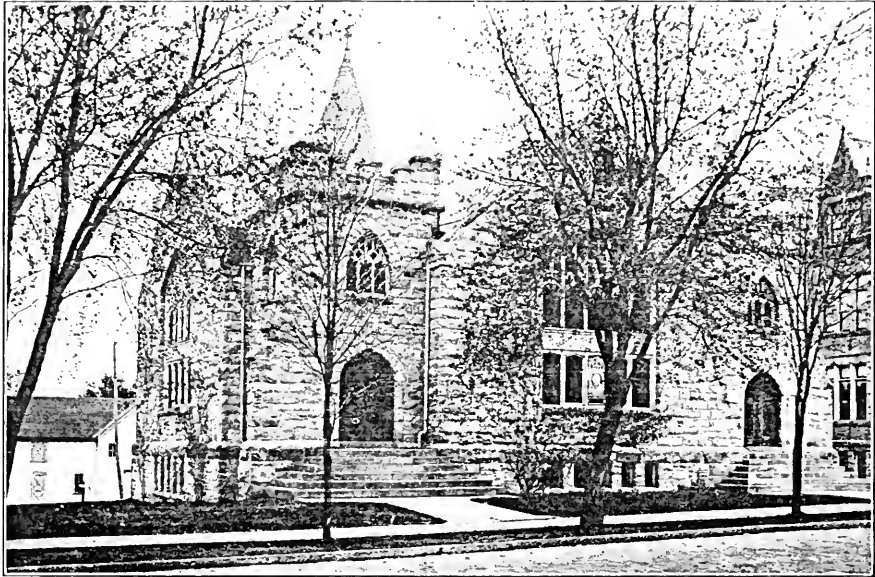


In Memoriam.

Isabelle Mortland—Died April 10, 1910.

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.”





Class Characteristics.

Eida Altemus "I would this were over, I am tired."

Mary Beatty "A smooth and happy mind, gentle thoughts and calm desires."

Ernestine Bodenborn—"The stillness and gravity of thy youth the world hath noted."

Twila Bowman "A maiden with a pleasant face, and ever of a comely grace."

Jennie Braden—"One never bold in spirit but faithful to duty."

Iva Buzard—"Sweetest nut sometimes has sourest rind."

Dora Roddorf "A gem of purest ray serene."

William Best—"In character, in manners, in style, in all things simplicity."

Franklin Boyer—"Much study is a great weariness to the flesh."

Taylor Brown—"Who doth ambition shun, and loves to live in the sun."

Burton Beck—"A very gentle man, and Faith, of a good conscience."

Williard Bender—"Marry, he trots hard with a maid."

Catherine Cochran—"One with a smiling face, and a heart not wholly proof 'gainst Cupid's darts."

Mildred Cook—"From whence does that gracefulness come?"

Daisy Crooks—"Through perseverance she wins the

goal."

Chloe Cummings Often heard to sing "The Homeland, Oh, the Homeland, the land of the FREE born"

Myra Curtis—"A strong and virtuous girl, loved by all."

Chalmer Curtis—"I had such a strange dream in Ethics class."

Harold Cooper—"Little, yet mighty—in basket ball"

Sara Everhart—"She is a girl, whom we recall

As one of the leaders of basket ball,

She played not for glory,

She played not for fame,

But just to enhance

The Class' good name."

Bertha Fitzgerald—"Dark haired and dark eyed,

One in whom we may confide,"

Estella Fitzsimmons—"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Newton Goble—"I am he that is so love-shaken"

Orville Gates—"Neatness is next to godliness."

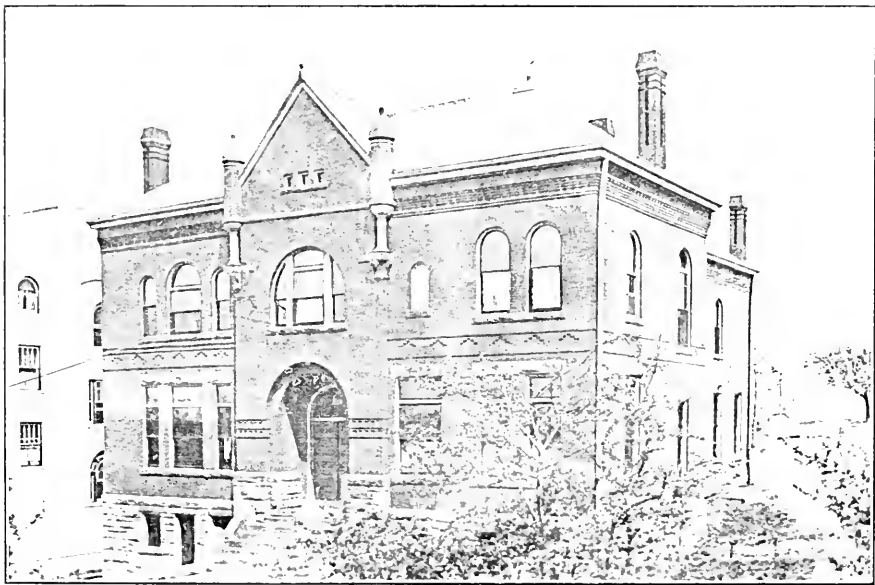
A. R. Gourley—"A voice ever gentle, soft and low,"

Frank A. Glenn—"My vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped itself, and fallen at the feet of another."

Jessie George—"Mirth personified."

Emma Guthrie—"Full of frolicsome mirth and fun."

Kate Humphreys—"Don't cry, little girl, don't cry."



Hazel Heller—"A quiet and modest little maid."

James Hughes—"Perhaps he'll grow."

Dee Jones—"Tell me not in mournful numbers,

Love is but an empty dream."

Anna Kyle—"In truth, she keepeth well the rules."

Viva Knappenberger—"She stoops to conquer."

Dora Kable—"The silent member of our class."

Jennie Keck—"Ready to do with her might what her hands find to do."

Frank Irey—"Still our wonder grew, whence all this knowledge came."

Elvira Johnston—"Thine eyes are depths of thought where glints of sunlight start and gleam."

Ina Hazen—"Her work has been noble—the teaching of children."

Anna C. Lynam—"O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into everlasting dew."

Kittie Mowery—"Thou living ray of intellectual fire."

Mark T. Milnor—"I love not two, I love not three, I love but one, and that is me."

William Mayes—"The football line he goes right thru,

He's always happy, 'tis confessed,

Even in Welch's Physics test—

His tenor voice exceeds the rest."

Eugene Metz—"A generous man, with a rambling tongue."

George B. Miller—"Learning's gilded crown sitteth

heavily upon me."

Howard Mack—"Our man of basket ball fame."

Elizabeth Noble—"Her mind is one of keenness;

Her actions those of thought.

Her life is one of beauty

For it shone where'er she taught."

Lorena Port—"The poetic genius of the class."

Earl Park—"For every 'why' he had a 'wherefore.'"

Edith Price—"Her voice is but the shadow of a sound."

Letta Reid—"Though she is not tall or stately, yet she's an attractive maid."

Leonore Rhoades—"Our sincere and trustworthy friend.

Charles Richards—"Slow and steady wins the race."

Lura Reed—"And she lived happy ever after."

Anna Stahlman—"A noble girl, nobly planned, born to comfort and command."

Freda Seigworth—"Our living?"

Blanche Summerville—"Her cheeks are like the roses newly born; the blushes come and go and thus adorn."

W. R. Summerville—"Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength."

Blanche Stone—"A modest little maid with eyes so dark and bright."

Anna Sigworth—"Impulsive, aggressive, always ready to meet the stranger."

Helen Whinner "Fat and fair, and ever smiling,
A picture that is most beguiling."
Pearl Z. F. "At my heart would but stand still,
I could ripple as a rill."

Rubs and Grinds.

Association of Buffers.

President—Freda Seigworth.
Vice President—Eugene Metz.
Secretary—Ora Sanders.
Treasurer—Mark Milnor.

Good Advice.

One day the weary Seniors
Dragged slowly into class,
They didn't have their lessons,
They meant to get thru by brass.
But Professor Steele, he noted
Every single lad and lass,
And read by guilty countenances
That some charge must come to pass.
They blundered thru their Dutch
Til he said it was too much:
He wrung his hands in agony for a while
Till his face was lighted with a smile.
"I've got an inspiration," he said,
"That's very good,
I'd put into effect just now,
If I only could.

But in your rooms this evening
Before you study Dutch,
Just take a little Gingers,
It will help you very much."
Eleanor Siles "Her hair is like the sun,
And when she walks at night—
The little birds come out to sing—
For they think it is daylight."
Ora Sanders "Oh, those tell-tale eyes."
Daisy Smith "Late has tried to conceal her by nam-
ing her Smith."
Iva Terwilliger—"There is a pleasure in the pathless
woods; there is society where none intrudes."
May Timlin—"She was the sweet marjoram of the
salad, or rather, the herb of grace."
Mary Thompson—"The one worth while is the one
that can smile when everything goes dead wrong."
Ellen Thompson—"O, for the touch of a vanished
hand."
Redman Tompkins—"In peace there's nothing so be-
coming a man as modest stillness and humility."
Lester Updegraff—"Would that my tongue could ut-
ter the thoughts that arise in me."
Maude Weaver—"Whenever we think of Normal
Our thoughts are linked with thee;
Again we hear the songs you sang
So full of melody."

Clarence Shoup—"The spirit of melancholy sits brooding on his pale thin features."

Mattie Shaffer—"I was a wandering child; I did not love my room."

Frances Snyder—"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Prof Ballentine (in Virgil)—"Mildred Cook, what does "pelle" mean?"

Mildred:—"Dry up!"

One day Mildred Kribbs looked over the Gates and saw a Heeter.

S. T. Brown, in discussing the Reynoldsville-Clarion foot ball game said: "Gee, I had a dandy chance to make a touchdown on e, but someone got in my way."

Bill Mayes, translating Virgil:—"And they climbed upon the horse and all rode."

The Navarre Hall foot ball team made good last fall, winning every game they played.

There was a member of the class of nine
Who stood quite high in a Middler's mind.
There grew a feeling between these two
Entirely foregen to most of you.
The days of the term approached an end;
Each seemed to each as an only friend,
And the parting one, I here would state,
Had left his heart with a would-be mate.
But when she came back in ten to dwell
She found another whom she loved well;

Yet she quite often is heard to sigh
"Ich leibe einander, must I decide?"
"I have loved you long, I loved you last,
And you are a member of my class;
The time is here and we soon must part,
To which of these shall I give my heart?"

Elizabeth Noble:—

You are late at morning, noon and night,
For excuse you have nothing to say;
So take our advice and hurry a mite,
Lest you be late on Judgment Day.

Eleanor Stiles (translating German:—Hedwig to Tell)
—"I perceive you falling from the precipice into a living death."

Professor Welch (in Physics):—"Miss Keck, why do you sometimes cast a long shadow and sometimes a short one?"

History of Ed. Student:—"Philanthropin was a popular educator of the 17th century."

Dr. Becht:—"That will do. Let us have another chapter on Mr. Philanthropin."

Normal School Beatitudes.

Blessed is the bell for it saves many an honest soul from flunking.

Blessed is the ginger, for a dose insures a good German lesson.

Blessed are the bluffers, for they shall surely become honor students!

Blessed are the ponies, for without them we couldn't read Latin.

Overwork.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
We look in vain for brighter things
That, maybe, will us cheer.
We have to study day and night
Without an intermission;
We act as if we really had
To work off some ambition.
We're getting thin and nervous like,
We cannot sleep at night;
And when the moon is beaming bright,
And everything looks gay and light,
'Tis then at Physics we must work,
For "Daddy" says to never shirk.
It seems our troubles all come in one,
We never have a bit of fun,
Unless it is a pillow fight
Without Miss Givan getting sight.
O, yes we are a wretched lot!
Never was knowledge more dearly bought.
But maybe when our spirits are down
They'll think of us lying all alone.

And throw some leaves upon our grave
Saying, "Rest in Peace, O, Senior Slave."

Mary Thompson says the most sensible movement she ever heard of is the one on foot at the present time concerning the preservation of "Forest."

Dr. Becht:—"Mr. Mack, do you not like going to school?"

Howard:—"No sir; but, oh, you Cummingses!"

A Song of the Heart.

(Tune—"Boston Burglars.")

There are girls at Clarion Normal,
Girls that we love well;
And if ever we get back again
Along with them we'll dwell.
If ever we get back again
All skipping we will shun;
Adieu to all marshmallows,
For we do not care for some.
Come, all you fools on campus,
Pray keep your tempers sweet!
And if ever you go skipping,
Don't go skipping down South Street;
For if you do, you're sure to rue,
And in time you'll come like we
A-serving many lonesome days
Away from Doctor B—.

—Sung by Mutt and Jeff.

Marching Thru Virgil.

Bring the good old pony boys,

We'll trot another line;

We are our teachers' only joys,

And we are doing fine.

Tomorrow we will gallop and surprise him some,

And he'll think after all we are not so dumb.

But alas! when the morrow came,

And each read off his horse,

Prof. Ballentine said some scathing words,

That filled them with remorse.

"In the Physical Training Exhibition, the Senior Class Song was the most entertaining and amusing feature of the evening."—Clarion Democrat.

We owe much of the success of our publication to the excellent design work of our class artist, Miss Pearle Zell. The designing of the book is her original work in which she has displayed unusual talent. We take this means of thanking Miss Zell for her contributions to the "Clarion."

C. S. N. S. 1910.

Now think of all the classes
Which before us have fled;
But in the march of numbers
There's none with us can tread.
We're the flower of the present
And the jewel of the past
And stars of lustre will arise
From this same Senior Class.
We are standing at the present
Where the other classes stood,
But none of all the other "grads"
Have ever been so good.
In Junior we were troubled
O'er many a little care;
But in Middle we grew strong—
Learned to endure and to bear.
As Seniors we have learned
To succeed as we go,

And made the greatest progress
The school can ever know.
We passed through the Junior
As a bird in the air
And worried through Middle
With greater despair.
But now in the Senior
The year has seemed long,
And the difficult tasks
Have made us grow strong.
Now at the wide threshold
Of this Normal we stand
Just ready to step out
Into all parts of the land.
So here in our parting
We will now bid adieu
To our kind Alma Mater,
So helpful and true.

—L. P.



THE
END



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