1896

The Normal College News, December, 1896

Eastern Michigan University

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THE NORMAL NEWS

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Leave Orders at King & Menzel's.

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Sugar Cured Hams and Bacon a Specialty.

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Latest Styles from New York weekly.

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Prices to suit the times.

A bunch of kindlings given away free with each cord of wood sold.

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Staple and Fancy Groceries,
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CLOTHIERS,

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and we are glad to welcome the Students back. Thanking our many friends among you for the liberal patronage extended

THE FRUIT HOUSE

last year, and assuring you that with better facilities than ever before to take care of your orders, we expect to largely increase our trade, and welcome many new among the old friends.
THE NORMAL NEWS.

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Assets, December 31st, 1895, $29,376,434.47
Liabilities, 25,706,800.12
Surplus to Policy Holders, $3,679,633.05
Insurance in force, 8,018,822,534.00

Has $1.15 of Assets for every $1.00 of Liability.

There is no other form of investment, for young men and women, or any one earning a salary, which will yield a better rate of interest upon the investment, and at the same time combine so many advantages, as an Endowment Insurance Policy; this is the testimony of the best and most conservative business men.

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123 Congress St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

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Students’

Oil Stoves and

Oil Heaters

Hardware, Stoves and House Furnishings.

A FULL LINE OF

GARLAND STOVES.
PARIS RANGES.
GARLAND STEEL RANGES.

It will pay you to call and see what inducements I have to offer.
THE NORMAL NEWS.

VOL. XVI. YPSILANTI, MICH., DEC., 1896. NO. 4

THE NORMAL NEWS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

ELOISE S. BRADSHAW, '97, Editor-in-Chief.
IRVING CROSS, '97, Business Manager.

STAFF :

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.
W. G. COWELL .......................................................... Adelphic
HERBERT LULL .......................................................... Olympic
HELEN A. ELGIE ...................................................... S. C. A.
R. M. COOK ............................................................... Athenaeum
LILLIAN DOWNEY ...................................................... Crescent
A. D. GLASPIE ......................................................... Athletic Association

EXCHANGES
NATHAN BOWEN ......................................................... Mock Congress

Subscription Price, 50 cents per year; Single Copies, 10 cts.

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Upon business matters address IRVING CROSS, 21 Summit St.

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Editorial.

"Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's sublimest strains,
Where wild Judaea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains."

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago the shepherds listened to those strains whose burden was, "Peace upon earth, good will to men." Since that event, what names, then great, have been forgotten; what empires, at whose power the world trembled, have fallen into decay! But the birth of our Saviour never had so great an interest as now, for now, by the light shed from the past we see more clearly its full significance. His name was never more powerful or more widely known than now. The kingdom then established has gone on increasing until nations then unknown, unheard-of, greet the One whose coming thé angels then heralded as their God and Saviour.

How little do we know the meaning of passing events! Of the multitude gathered there to be registered as subjects of the great Cæsar, how few recognized the rising of a kingdom which should spread its rule where Roman eagles never flew. From the neighboring fields came the shepherds, roused in their watching by the celestial choir, to greet this Prince of Peace: but to far the greater portion the event meant nothing. Later, from the land beyond the Euphrates, came the Magi, the Wise Men of the East. The great study of learned men in those Eastern countries was astrology. They sought to read the future in the stars, and when a new and brilliant star arose they deemed it foretold the fulfillment of an expectation traditional among them, that a King should arise out of the land of Judæa.

Following its guiding beams, they came to Bethlehem, and finding the child, they worshiped, offering their gold, frankincense and myrrh. And here modern science comes to the aid and support of biblical history. Upon the ruins of astrology grew up the science of astronomy, and from calculations made by our great astronomer,
Kepler, it is proved that there was visible in the heavens at that time a brilliant temporary star.

That star was but temporary, but the Star it symbolized still sheds its light as a guide to the weary traveler, and illuminates the dark places of the earth—bringing the light of hope to those "who sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

The early churches celebrated the Christmas festival sometimes in April or May, and sometimes in January, but many things conspired to fix these festivities in December. The ancient Celts and Germans were in the habit of celebrating the winter solstice, regarding it as the most important part of the year, because the sun, turning again towards them, gave the promise of returning spring and resurrection from the death of winter, and our Christmas commemorates a springtime of joy, and our hope of resurrection from spiritual death.

In the Edda, the sacred book of the Norsemen, the sun is spoken of as "the fair and shining wheel." From this word, meaning wheel, is derived the word yule, the old name for Christmas-time. Yule was also the name of the winter solstice, either from that name being applied to the sun, or else from its turning, or wheeling in the heavens at that time. They hailed the time with rejoicing, and we, in the light of Christianity, commemorate with joy the time when the Sun of Righteousness first shone upon us.

This should be a time of joy and peace and reconciliation. Every heart should be able to sing, "Joy to the world the Lord has come."

"Sound o'er all waters, reach out from all lands, The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands; Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn, Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born! Sing the bridal of nations with chorals of love, Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove; Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord, And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord! With glad jubilations Bring hope to the nations! The dark night is ending and dawn has begun; Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun, All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one."

* The present number of The News contains the address delivered by Prof. Putnam at the memorial exercises conducted at the Michigan Agricultural College in honor of Dr. Willits. As a member of the faculty when Dr. Willits was principal of the Normal, Prof. Putnam fittingly represented our school on the occasion.

* Thanks are due to Mrs. Loomis and Mrs. Kinne for assistance rendered in acting as judges of the prize Christmas stories and poems.

* We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the management of the M. A. C. Record for the cut of Dr. Willits found in this number of The News.

Locals and Personalities.

Faculty Notes.

Miss Putnam attended the annual meeting of the Detroit Branch of the Collegiate Alumnae, held at the Russell House, Nov. 26. After the business meeting in the morning, about thirty members lunched together. In the afternoon, Dr. Eliza M. Mosher, dean of the women's department of the University, addressed the society and its guests. Among the latter were Miss Anna M. Cutcheon, a former teacher in the Normal, and Miss Minnie Pattison of the class of '93.

Miss Bacon spent her Thanksgiving vacation at Pontiac.

Miss Plunkett received a visit from her father recently.

Mrs. Burton assisted in conducting a teachers' institute at Niles during the month.

Miss Eloise Whitney has been compelled to give up her work, at least for a time.

Prof. Hoyt addressed the S. C. A., Sunday, Nov. 20.

Miss Emma Ackerman visited Charlotte during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Dr. Boone attended the exercises in memory of Dr. Willits at the Agricultural College.

Miss Jackson, of Owosso, has been appointed critic teacher in the second grade in place of Miss Caffee.

Dec. 11, Dr. Smith spoke to the critic and practice teachers concerning the teaching of arithmetic.
Prof. D'Ooge has an article in the Educational Review for November, on "Old and New Methods of Teaching Elementary Latin."

Dec. 11, Dr. Boone started on a trip which will last throughout the holiday vacation. On the route he will lecture at the following places: Youngstown and Greensburgh, O., Harrisburgh, Pa., New York City, Newton, Mass. He will deliver an address before the State Teachers' Convention at Ocala, Fla., and during the return trip will lecture at Atlanta and Nashville. Before his return he will visit his father's old home in North Carolina.

Prof. Putnam represented the Normal at the memorial exercises held at the Agricultural College in remembrance of Mr. Willits.

Dec. 10 and 11, Miss Harris and Prof. McFarlane attended a teachers' institute held at Calumet.

One of the pleasant events of the year occurred at the residence of Miss Schryver in Ann Arbor, Nov. 28th, when about fifty jolly, light-hearted young naturalists of the Normal School gathered there in response to a cordial invitation, and were entertained in a way that proved Miss Schryver a capital hostess. The company was first introduced to the mysteries of an art gallery, after solving which they retired to the dining-room. This was prettily decorated with honey-suckle and smilax, and four blooming Hebes served the repast. After having done ample justice to the refreshments, all returned to the parlors, where some roasted chestnuts and told stories, while others amused themselves tripping the light fantastic toe. Eleven o'clock came all too soon, and with many acknowledgements of a pleasant evening they bade their hostess good-night and wended their way to the car, where they were obliged to solve the problem of how fifty-five people can ride in an already well-filled car.

Miss Effie Sands, '96, spent her Thanksgiving vacation in Ypsilanti and attended the meetings of the Kindergarten Association.

Hon. J. W. Simmons has visited the Normal during the month and given the students some valuable suggestions in regard to their future work.

The sale which was to take place in the grade rooms of the training school last month, was postponed until Dec. 8. It was very successful, netting about $40.

Ida Agnes Smith, '92, was granted a life certificate in Washington, at the close of two years' successful teaching in that state, upon presenting her Michigan State Normal diploma to the State Board of Education.

Miss Zella Starks entertained the practice teachers of the third grade Saturday evening, Nov. 21, at her rooms, 417 Ellis street.

Bertha Blair, '96, is teaching 6th grade at Republic.

Etta Goss, '96, is now attending Albion College.

Miss Tiffany, '96, is teaching 4th grade at Jackson.

Mr. Lincoln, '96, visited the Normal Dec. 10. We understand that he is soon to remove to Florida.

Dr. Fellows visited the Normal December 8, with a view to arranging for the admission of Normal School graduates to the University of Chicago. He speaks highly of the character of the work being done here, and ranks the Michigan Normal among the best of its kind.

Benjamin Gregor, '96, is reported doing excellent work as principal of the Newaygo schools.

A. A. Snowden, '96, reports favorably from Ishpeming. He says Ishpeming is the Indian word for "heaven," and that it is a neighboring city that the aboriginals called "hell."

George Coverdale, '96, varies his pedagogical duties by taking an occasional rabbit or deer hunt. He says Champion is not half bad.

Isabella M. Becker, '96, is teaching at White Cloud.

E. L. Sisson has been traveling in the interests of the Merchants' Union, but will return to the Normal to finish with the class of '97.

Mr. Edwin Benson has been absent attending the funeral of his cousin, a brother of Arthur Benson, '96.
SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. Melloncap, a former president of the Crescent society, gave us a pleasant call, Friday evening, Dec. 11.

The Crescent representatives who wrote the story and poem for the Christmas number of the Normal News, won first and second honors, Miss Mann being awarded first on story, and Miss Soultz second on poem.

The Society paper, "The Crescent Observatory," furnished a pleasant change, and proved beyond a doubt the ability of the editor-in-chief and his staff.

The Atheneum, like its fellow societies, has met but twice during the past four weeks. Both evenings, however, were enjoyable and profitable to those who attended. On the first a roll-call program was given, and the second was devoted exclusively to the subject of humor.

While the Atheneums feel that their society is fully up to the present standard of the Normal Lyceum, yet there is a strong determination on the part of many, if not all of them, to push a little nearer their ideal. It is desired that the membership shall receive a permanent and lasting influence for good from each evening's meeting, and, to this end, good, stiff literary work is being more and more sought after. Superficial, hasty, and trashy productions are discounted, and constant effort is made for greater originality, deeper thought, and more positive work. Happily, this effort is meeting with a hearty cooperation for the most part, and we are sure that next June will see disbanded a lot of Atheneums made much stronger and better through having associated together.

MOCK CONGRESS.

The Twelfth Mock Congress of the M. S. N. S. opened its session on Saturday, Dec. 5th, with ex-Speaker Phillips in the chair. After the usual formalities, reading of the President's message and swearing in of the new officers, the House considered the Merrill resolution for the election of President, Vice-President and U. S. Senators by popular vote. The measure was discussed by several of the old members of the House, but was left over without action.

On Dec. 12th, the vacancy of the two clerkships was filled by the election of Reps. Boutelle and LaBounty. The Merrill resolution was then further discussed by various members, and on the final vote the division was fourteen in favor to eight against.

The interest displayed by new members has been particularly gratifying, and a very lively and profitable session is anticipated. It is hoped that the old members will not allow their interest to die down, but will attend the meetings in large numbers.

While it has never been the policy of Congress to admit ladies to its membership, it should be remembered that they, and all others, are most heartily invited to attend its meetings and obtain whatever entertainment and actual benefit they may. The increased prestige and experience of the whole House and the able leadership of Speaker Mast insure continued success during the semester and year.

THE FOOT BALL TEAM.

The record made by our foot ball team this year is one of which we may all well be proud. The team has made a record unequalled in the history of Normal foot ball. No team, excepting the University of Michigan, has been able to score against them, and to-day they stand the intercollegiate champions of Michigan.

The following are the games played, together with the scores:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hillsdale</th>
<th>Normal</th>
<th>18</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>U. of M.</td>
<td>Normal</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann Arbor H. S.</td>
<td>Normal</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albion</td>
<td>Normal</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. A. C.</td>
<td>Normal</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals: 18110

Games with Olivet, Hillsdale and the U. of M. Reserves were canceled by those teams, owing, in all probability, to their inability to cope with the Normals.

The line up of the team was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name.</th>
<th>Weight.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fred Broesamle, centre</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louis C. Warner, r. guard</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. H. Murdock, l. guard</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. C. Potter, r. tackle</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ebin Wilson, full back</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. C. Tooker, left half</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. J. Gorton, left end</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. E. Richmond, right end</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. H. Pearce, right half</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
G. O. Doxtader, r. guard .............................. 155
H. E. Gibbs, r. tackle .................................. 148
B. J Watters, quarter ..................................... 144
Don Lawrence, r. tackle ................................. 220
W. N. Phillips, Manager.

Our manager, Phillips, deserves credit for his efforts in the team's behalf. He is an old player of the '94 and '95 teams, thoroughly acquainted with the game and the requirements for good ball.

Capt. Watters is another factor in the team's success. He has played Quarter Back on Normal teams for three consecutive years, and to his efforts the boys owe much of their brilliant achievements.

The outlook for next year's team is not discouraging. Wilson, Gorton Warner, Doxtader, and Gibbs will be back, and there is a likelihood that Broesamle and Pearce will, also, although they announce, at present, that they will not.

At a meeting Saturday, Ebin Wilson was unanimously elected Captain for next year. Mr. Wilson, is not a novice in football, and with the helm in his hands, we predict a continuance of the Normal victories in 1897.

Alumni

Ward Tower, '96, is superintendent of schools at North Muskegon.

Geo. Cooley, '96, principal of a ward school at Jackson.

Lucy A. Bartlett, '94, teaches in a ward school at Jackson.

Hubert Bell, '96, teaching school near Union City.

Edith Holmes, '96, is preceptress at Sand Beach.


Ila Pierce, '96, has been compelled to give up her situation as preceptress at Lowell on account of poor health and over work.

Carrie L. Hall, '96, assistant at Otsego.

Helen Woodlin, '96, preceptress at Otsego.

Edwin Armstrong, '92, principal at Elmira.

Mary Stout, '92, preceptress at Lexington.

Frank Romine, '93, principal at Romulus.


Charles E. S. John, '76, Instructor in Physics at the U. of M.

Perry F. Trowbridge, '89, Instructor in Chemistry at the U. of M.

Nora Miller, '96, is teaching school near Stockbridge.

Carrie McClaske, '93, spent Sunday, Dec. 13, with Normal friends. She retains her position as preceptress at Chelsea.

In the Medical Department of the University are the following former Normal students: Daniel G. Castell, '92, James R. Kingsley, '90, Theron S. Langford, '93, Sara T. Chase, '91, Jos. Sill, W. S. Durand, S. D. Peters.


In the Law department: Rupert Holland, '94, Ransom G. George, '90, Fred W. Green, '93.


Obituary

ERNEST G. LODEMAN.

It is difficult even yet to realize the force of the shock which the school and the community received on learning of the death of Ernest G. Lodeman. So long and so intimate have been relations of the family to the school, that to every one the loss seemed personal. Not only have the years of service of Professor Lodeman contributed to these relations, but the ever-manifest interest of Mrs. Lodeman in all that pertains to the welfare of the students, and the fact the names of Dr. Frank Lodeman, and the deceased, and Miss Lodeman are all upon our roll of graduates, and the connection of Miss Lodeman with the art department, have bound the life of the family to the life of the school throughout all of the noteworthy years of our history.

Ernest Lodeman was still in his thirtieth year, an age at which men are wont to think of what they may some day accomplish. He, on the
contrary, had already made a national reputation in his line of work, and had done more than most men do, even in his station, after a period of service twice as extended.

Born in Switzerland, where his parents were temporarily residing, he was brought to this country in his infancy, and received his education in the schools of Michigan. For a time he lived in Florida on an estate which his father owned, and this experience may have influenced his subsequent tastes for scientific agriculture. Returning to the North, he was graduated at the Michigan State Normal School at the age of nineteen. After teaching for a couple of years, he went to the Agricultural College where he took his bachelor's degree in 1889. The next year he was called to Cornell University to assist Professor Bailey in building up the department of horticulture, a work into which he entered with great zeal and to the well-known success of which he largely contributed.

Mr. Lodeman had been six years at Cornell when he laid down his labors. What had he accomplished? Rather as a companion than as a subordinate, he joined with Professor Bailey in building up the strongest department of the kind in America. The two had almost revolutionized, at least they had awakened from torpor, the science of horticulture in its broadest sense in New York State. Mr. Lodeman was sought far and wide as a lecturer before associations of progressive farmers. His word was scientific law, in all matters pertaining to the cultivation of fruit, in one of the best fruit belts of the country. So vital was the necessity for preserving the orchards and vineyards of Central New York, that he began, soon after going to Ithaca, a series of experiments and an extensive research which culminated in his work on the Spraying of Trees, published early in 1896. His familiarity with the leading European languages and his indefatigable powers of research combined to give this work a stamp of scholarship unique in such works in this country. It is, therefore, not to be wondered that this treatise and the University Bulletins which he prepared were at once recognized as authorities both at home and abroad.

But Mr. Lodeman was not content with his attainments. He had already secured his master's degree on examination, and next June he would have received the doctorate. He was then to have been advanced to an assistant professorship and was to go abroad to study bacteriology in the German universities. Had he lived to carry out these plans he would, at thirty-five, have been invaluable to the government as an authority on plant diseases, even as he was already invaluable to the university.

Ernest Lodeman was one of the most companionable of men. He saw the humorous, the pleasant, the bright side of things. But he never rested from work. If his vacation was spent at Cornell he was either conducting experiments and preparing monographs, or he was responding to numerous calls to lecture throughout the state. If he was on the ocean he had a pile of manuscript and was writing while others lounged on deck. If in Europe, he was visiting scientific colleges while others were enjoying the gaieties of the capitals. And this indefatigable attention to work accounts for the storehouse of learning which he had already laid up and from which he was intending to draw in the future.

Of course the ever recurring question at such a time, why Pallida Mors must knock at this gate instead of another, can never be answered except in "the world which sets this world right." This is no place for such speculations, nor for expressions of sympathy, nor for the consolations of philosophy. But all have realized in these recent days how the great heart of the school has beat in unison with those on which the burden and the sorrow and the mourning fall so heavily.

MARTHA ALBAN.

On Monday, Nov. 30, occurred at Willis the death of Martha Alban, aged twenty-one years. The deceased was a senior in the Conservatory. Her scholarship was exceptionally high and the uprightness and purity of her character won for her the love and respect of classmates and teachers.

Of her home life we cannot say enough. Affectionate and kind to all, she was the center around which many bright hopes had been built. In her home and in her community, we feel that
her place can never be filled, but must remain vacant, hallowed forever by her memory.

Her funeral occurred at her mother's home in Willis Dec. 3, after which she was laid to rest in the Highland Cemetery of this city, by the side of her father whom she had survived but six weeks.

Gleanings.

THE NATIVITY.

“What means this glory round our feet,”
The Magi mused, “more bright than morn?”
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born.”

“What means that star,” the shepherds said,
That brightens through the rocky glen?”
And angels answering overhead
Sang “Peace on earth, good will to men.”

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angels’ song,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born.”

—James Russell Lowell.


Eaton college was founded by Henry VI, about 1443.—Aldred the Great established Oxford University in 879.—Lawrence Sheriff founded the famous Rugby School in 1567.—Ex.

There are eleven daily newspapers in China, nine printed in Chinese, one in English and one in French.—Ex.

The school books say the shortest days of the year are just before Christmas, but the pocket­books know they come just after.

The average of sunshine observed at Greenwich for fourteen years is only three hours a day.

The twinkling of the fixed stars may actually be caused by the flaming of the tremendous confi­gurations possibly taking place on these far­away and distant suns.

Fifty-two new islands have appeared (by aid of volcanic action) during the present century, and nineteen have disappeared—have been submerged. This makes a net gain to the Earth of thirty-three islands.

MATHEMATICS.

The mathematical society has held two meet­ings since the last report was given. At the first meeting, Miss Martin presented the subject, Reciprocity or Duality; its use in stating theorems, and in simplifying concepts. The proof of Brianchon’s theorem was given, introducing anti­parallels. At the second meeting, Miss Brown discussed Symmetry and its value in plane geometry.

A class in trigonometry has again been organ­ized for the second quarter, much larger than the one for the first. Since there will be a number of pupils ready to take up Analytical Geometry and Calculus, it is probable that there will be a class formed in those subjects the second semes­ter.

Dr. Smith has added one more to the list of reviews he has been writing. This month it is a review of Conant’s Number Concept, a book of recent issue published by MacMillan & Co. The review is printed in the November number of the Educational Review.

Professors Beman and Smith, authors of the new geometry, have placed in the hands of the printer a translation of Klein’s Vorträge iiber ausgewählte Fragen der Elementargeometrie.

To those who expect to attend the meeting of the State Teachers’ Association at Lansing, and are interested in mathematics, it will be welcome news to learn that Dr. Smith will read a paper before the Mathematical Section on “Studies in Mathematical Education.” We may all expect a valuable article on an important subject.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PEDAGOGY.

The work in this department has been of the usual character during this semester, but the classes in Psychology have been subdivided into five sections, averaging between forty and fifty each. This number of sections has made it possible to make the work more individual and consequently more satisfactory both to teachers and students. Professor Hoyt, the new head of the training school, has at present three sections. This number will hereafter be reduced to two, or
if need be, to one, in order that he may have sufficient time for his duties in the training department. The class in Applied Psychology, although too large for the most profitable work, could not conveniently be divided into sections, for lack of time on the part of the teacher. The class is just ready to enter upon the discussion of the subjects of school organization, government, law, etc. Occasionally members of the class are assigned topics for teaching, and their work, in this direction, has been excellent in character. If found advantageous the plan will be introduced more systematically. The class in the History and Science of Education, under the instruction of Principal Boone, has nearly completed the regular class work, and will devote some of the remaining time to the investigation of assigned topics, upon which essays or theses are to be prepared.

A small class is doing special work in Psychology, mainly by the method of reading and reporting twice a week the results of their work. The topics are allowed a pretty wide range, and no effort is made to confine the discussions within the limits of any preconceived theory.

No works of especial importance or value have appeared, during the last few months, treating of the subjects discussed in this department. In the direction of "child-study" a good deal of matter is being published, some of which will be helpful to students, who know how to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to make a wise use of the few grains when they have been found. The matter of "syllabi" and reporting has evidently been somewhat overdone, and no loss will be felt if a little rest shall be had from labor of this sort. It may be said, with entire safety, that teachers need most of all, to learn how to study and understand the individual children with whom they have to deal; and this study should begin with an investigation of the home influences and the home surroundings. No child can be thoroughly understood and wisely managed without an acquaintance with these. But such information should be obtained, if possible, without the knowledge of the child. No child shows his real self when he is aware of what is going on. The "still hunt" is the only successful one when you are pursuing game of this sort.

In the December number of the Review of Re-views is an article on Sunday Schools, their shortcomings etc., by President Hervey of the Teachers' college in New York city. The article is written from the point of view of a man engaged in secular teaching, and is well worth reading. The writer is slightly dogmatical at times, and evidently does not fully appreciate all the difficulties and limitations of Sunday school work; but, in the main, the essay can be commended to the very careful consideration of all who have to do with Sunday school work. The criticism of the "blackboard nuisance" is especially good, and the reference to "pitchers" and "woolly lambs' should be read and heeded by the whole army of hobby riders, both in and out of the Sunday School.

THE KINDERGARTEN CONVENTION.

Owing to the kindness of Miss Stowe, under whose supervision the following report was prepared for the Ypsilanti Commercial, we are enabled to give our readers an account of the meeting of the Michigan Kindergartners' Association, held Nov. 27 and 28, in the Chapel of the Normal School:

The stage was rendered homelike for the occasion by a tasteful use of palms, chrysanthemums, and draperies. A goodly attendance of teachers and students at the School, and of citizens as well, testified to Ypsilanti's growing interest in this department of education. As for the kindergartners, they were present from all over the state. The guest of honor was Amalie Hoffer, of Chicago, editor of the Kindergarten Magazine, and well-known in educational circles throughout the West.

The meeting opened Friday morning with the president, Mrs. Lucretia Willard Treat, in the chair. The president's address embodied a plea for the kindergarten as a preventive of the sources of the crimes and misery of modern times, and concluded with an appropriate reading from Kate Douglas Wiggins.

The address of welcome given by Dr. Boone, of the Normal, was the event of the occasion, and received the appreciation it merited. After a cordial recognition of the value of the kindergarten factor in education, he urged upon kindergartners the necessity for a high ideal of culture and intellectual attainment, as well as for the so-called "kindergarten spirit." He made a most forcible claim for a catholic spirit in education, for a readiness to accept new truth and to adopt the old to new relations. Dr.
Boone’s address was followed by a somewhat conservative paper from Mrs. Mary Plum, of Alma, who besought her hearers not to desert the Froebelian point of view for the modern fad of child study. The morning closed with a discussion of the latter subject, led by Prof. Hoyt of the Training School.

The afternoon program was enlivened by music from a quartet directed by Prof. Pease, the latter receiving many compliments for his felicitous choice of songs, as well as for their excellent rendering. “He must be a kindergartner, too,” said one delighted visitor.

A paper by Miss Miller, of Detroit, following in the line of Dr. Boone’s address, presented the child’s need of soul-culture through an intimacy with the beautiful in art and nature. This was followed by an interesting address upon “The Influence of the Kindergarten in the Home,” by Miss Nina Warner, of Alpena.

Miss Mingins gave a stirring talk on “Right Thinking,” which embodied much good sense and keen observation as to the peculiar workings of the child mind.

At the evening session, Miss Goodman, of Saginaw, with a manner that won her hearers, presented the advantages of organization within kindergarten circles, and also with other educational bodies.

The address of the evening was given by Miss Hofer on “The Child Heir of Twenty Centuries.” It is safe to say that if all advocates of kindergarten work had Miss Hofer’s beautiful presence and intellectual power, the cause of kindergarten would not knock long in vain at any door. She was enthusiastically received, and justified her reception. Mrs. Irma Jones, of Lansing, followed with a paper on “Kindergarten from the Club Woman’s Point of View,” placing the club movement and the kindergarten movement side by side in their influence upon the happiness of the child and the home.

A large part of Saturday morning was devoted to an interesting and practical discussion of “Kindergarten in the Sunday School,” led by Miss Clara Wheeler. The question of “Mother’s Meetings” also aroused great interest.

Mrs. Gertrude Lamson, of Battle Creek, then presented a paper entitled “A Solemn Appeal to Kindergartners.”

The election of officers was held, with the following result: Miss Sarah Goodman, Saginaw, president, Miss Clara Wheeler, Grand Rapids, vice-president; Miss Warner, Alpena, secretary and treasurer. Mrs. Maud Reid Page, of Detroit, then voiced the sense of the meeting in a speech of thanks to the members of the Normal and to the citizens of the town for their hospitality, and after a “Chautauqua salute” to Dr. Boone and his coadjutors, the meeting adjourned to the gymnasium for a final exercise, consisting of songs and games, led by Miss Stowe.

Throughout the meetings the technical side of the kindergarten was conspicuous by its absence. The general trend of papers and discussions was towards a better mutual understanding and closer union with the school and the home. A practical manifestation of this feeling was given in the ready acceptance of an invitation to join the Michigan State Teachers’ Association, which holds its next meeting at Lansing during the holidays, of which the Kindergarten Association now becomes a part.

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**Biography.**

EDWIN WILLITS.

Those better fitted for the task and with better resources at hand have given us extended biographies of Dr. Willits. From many sources we learn the high estimate in which he was held by those who were closely associated with him in the varied relations of life.

The M. A. C. Record of Nov. 24, gives a full account of the memorial exercises held in the College Chapel Nov. 19. The addresses of President Wells of the Board of Agriculture, of Dr. Kedzie, Gov. Rich, and Prof. Putnam, who represented our Normal School, are given in full. In speaking of these exercises, it says: “At his bier we gathered in common sorrow the student, the scientist, the man of affairs, the lawyer, and the statesman, and in our memorial exercises each of these classes found a fitting representative, and each presented the character as he saw it. It is a uniform testimony that they bear to the intense energy, the steady, cool, self-possession, the ready sympathy, the contagious hopefulness, the study courage, and the resourcefulness of the man they all loved.”

From this memorial number of the Record we copy the following resume of dates in the life of Dr. Willits: “Edwin Willits was born in Otto, Cattaraugus Co., New York, on April 24, 1830. He came to Michigan with his parents in 1837. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1855, and for ten years thereafter he was editor of the Monroe Commercial. In 1856 he began the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1858. In 1860 he became prosecuting attorney of his county. For twelve years from 1862...”
he was a member of the State Board of Education. From 1863 to 1866 he was postmaster of Monroe. He was a member of the constitutional commission of 1873, and from 1876 to 1886 was a member of congress. In 1883 he was made Principal of the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, and he remained in that position until called in 1885 to the presidency of the Agricultural College of Michigan. In 1889 he was called from the college to the position of first assistant secretary of agriculture at Washington. In 1894 he was removed from this position by Secretary Morton, whereupon he opened a law office in Washington. He died there Oct. 23, 1896."

Here we have the outline of his life, which has been filled in by loving and appreciative friends, showing that in all these positions he attained an excellence which makes the record of his life a precious legacy to the work.

EDWIN WILLITS AND THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

PROF. DANIEL PUTNAM.

The faculty of the State Normal School desire through me, as their representative, to unite in this public and appropriate recognition of the valuable and faithful services rendered to our State by the Hon. Edwin Willits. In the natural division of duties in these memorial exercises, it properly falls to me to speak only of his relations to the Normal School and of his services in connection with that institution.

The school, as you know, is under the immediate control of the State Board of Education. In fact this Board was originally created mainly for the purpose of locating the institution and managing its affairs. Gradually its functions have been enlarged, but for several of the early years of its existence it hardly did more than to guard the interests and provide for the welfare of the school. In a board limited to the small number of four, each individual counts for more than in a body of larger membership. The personality of the members comes to be better understood by the faculty, and the influence of such personality makes itself felt in the direction of affairs more readily and more obviously. Mr. Willits became a member of the Board of Education at the opening of the year 1861, and served continuously for twelve years. At the commencement of his term of office the school had been in operation but eight years, and was still in a formative condition. Associated with such men as Witter J. Baxter, John M. Gregory and Oranil Hosford, Mr. Willits exercised a strong influence in giving direction to the internal organization of the institution, and in the selection of members of the board of instruction. His period of service on the board covered the last years of the administration of Principal Welch, the whole of the administration of Principal Mayhew and the first years of the administration of Principal Estabrook. During these years the character of the school became established; its reputation steadily increased; and its influence upon the educational interests of the State grew more and more potent. Mr. Willits contributed his full share of energy and effort toward the production of these results. He had the confidence of the school and of the faculty, of the people and of the successive legislatures upon whose appropriations and good will the institution depended for its means of support and progress. The teachers, who remained for any length of time, in the school came to know him, not only as an official of the governing body, but also as a personal friend and a wise and valued adviser. Without exception they regretted that other duties compelled him to decline a third election and six years of additional service on the board.

After the severance of his official relations with the institution, and while a member of the national House of Representatives, he still retained and manifested a warm interest in its prosperity, and remembered it in the distribution of valuable public documents and in other substantial ways.

At the close of his two terms of service in Congress, and ten years after his retirement from the Board of Education, he was elected by that board to the principalship of the Normal School, and was inaugurated in June, 1883. The considerations which influenced the board in inviting Mr. Willits to take executive charge of the institution are thus stated in their report:

"In appointing to so important a position as the principalship of the Normal School one whose life work had been in other callings than the profession
of teaching, one who had not through experience and study a systematic course of pedagogy behind him, the board were mindful that they were departing from the ordinary course of procedure; but they desired especially to emphasize that clause in the legislative action of this State, which, in instituting a Normal School for the preparation of teachers, required that the State Board of Education should also provide for the instruction of its pupils 'in the fundamental laws of the United States, and in what regards the rights and duties of citizens.' With this in view, no one seemed to the board to combine as Mr. Willits does, so many of the requisites necessary to lead the Normal School on to that great future which its founders confidently expected for it. For full twenty years he was a leading member of the local board of education of Monroe; for twelve years (from June 1, 1861, to Dec. 31, 1872) he served as a member of the State Board of Education, in which position he became familiar with the affairs of the State Normal School; in the State Constitutional Commission of 1873 he served as chairman of the committee on education. His scholarship and scholarly tastes, his large experience, his acquaintance with men and affairs, coupled with his thorough knowledge of the subjects assigned to him to teach, justify, in the opinion of the Board, their going outside of the profession of teaching in selecting a man for the responsible position of principal of the State Normal School."

In entering upon his duties in the school Mr. Willits kept in mind the department of labor which the board, in effect, had marked out for him. He gave instruction in civil government, in constitutional law, in the forms of congressional procedure, and in other subjects which touched upon social relations and upon the rights, duties, and obligations of citizens. He brought into the institution somewhat more of the tone and spirit of practical and political life than had been in it before. He emphasized the fact that the teacher is also a citizen, and in common with his fellow citizens, should be concerned in the management of public affairs,—should be, in the highest and best sense of the word, a politician and a "man of affairs." There was some room and some occasion for affirming that one does not forfeit his rights as a freeman and a citizen when he enters the school room as a teacher: that freedom of speech and freedom of political action still remain to him; and that with this freedom there remain also the responsibilities which rest upon men in other positions and in other employments. These responsibilities the teacher is not at liberty to refuse or evade. His manhood is concerned in cheerfully assuming them and conscientiously discharging them.

While thus emphasizing the political and social aspect of education Mr. Willits recognized fully the transcendental importance of the moral element in the curriculum and instruction of the school.

In his inaugural address he said:

"The time is coming when we must choose between the policeman and the moral sense. In all ages the best policeman has been a well-regulated conscience—and this implies intelligence combined with moral sense. It is cheaper in the long run for men to govern themselves. In a republic, its citizens must govern themselves, must be their own restraint; if not, it ceases to be. How then is this self-reliance, this self-restraint, this well-regulated conscience to be secured? Manifestly the pathway to it lies through our education. And of what shall this education consist? An education that includes only intelligence may foster crime, may sharpen its tools. Lieber appreciated the distinction fully when he declared that, 'A widespread and sound education is indispensable to liberty. But it is not liberty itself, nor does it necessarily lend to it. ** Education is almost like the alphabet it teaches. It depends upon what we use it for. Many despotic governments have found it their interest to promote popular education, and the schoolmaster alone can not establish or maintain liberty, although he will ever be acknowledged as an indispensable assistant in the cause of modern freedom. Liberty stands in need of character.'

"Let me," said Mr. Willits, "repeat it: Liberty stands in need of character. Let us write words on the walls of our school-room, Liberty stands in need of character. Let us write words on the door-posts of our habitations. What we want is character; what we must have is character. And what is character? It is that something so subtle that laws cannot define it, nor constitutions evolve it. It exists above them both and behind them both. They exist themselves only because of character, and manhood and right. It is this intangible something that stands by the side of the pulsations of our hearts, and construes all law, and obeys justice, and right, and truth; that is so sacred that in the end it will stand in the presence of Divinity, in his likeness."

"Now, how is this character to be developed? The education Lieber refers to includes only the intellect. The education we want must include moral sentiments as well. ** The generation now on the threshold, and the generations to follow, should be taught morality as affirmatively as arithmetic—not negatively, but affirmatively, that sin is sin; that drunkenness and lust, and profanity and lying, and
theft and murder, are all wrong, and lead to a bad end; and that good order, respect for law, and temperance, frugality, honesty, purity, and reverence for the good and true, are all elements of a perfect manhood and womanhood."

I have quoted this language of the Board of Education to show as clearly as possible what was expected of Mr. Willits in his position at the head of the Normal School; I have quoted from his own words, when entering upon his duties, to show the spirit of the man, and his conception of the nature and quality of the education needed by the young men and young women who go out to fashion the minds and inspire the hearts of the children of our State. He believed that the best preparation of the teacher for his work was intelligence permeated by moral principle. He did not undervalue the technical utterance of the science of education or of the art of teaching, but he recognized the great truth that these, unless animated by a living soul, were of little worth.

The connection of Mr. Willits with the Normal School was too brief to allow him to establish any new policy for its management, or to seek to change, in any radical way, the character of its instruction or the curriculum of its studies. He labored honestly and earnestly to advance its interests, to enlarge its sphere of usefulness, to give greater efficiency to its work, and to give it a stronger hold upon the confidence and good will of the people of the State. In these directions his administration was eminently successful. The school prospered under his direction, increasing in numbers, in general character, and in the extent of its professional instruction.

He commanded the respect and confidence of his associates in the institution, and carried with him, when he resigned the principalship, their affection and kindly remembrances.

The faculty of the school and the students who knew him gladly unite in these services in his honor, testifying in this way to his nobility as a man, to his integrity and uprightness as a citizen and public officer, and to his worth and worthiness as an associate and as a friend.

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**FOUR CHRISTMAS EVEs.**

First Prize Christmas Story.

MARY IDA MANN, CRESCENT.

Father Perrot stood at the door of his lodge looking across the field of ice at his feet; away it stretched before him to right and left.

He had stood there so long that the chief grew impatient. "Father", said he, "the corn is prepared and the venison ready for eating."

They turned to the neighboring lodge, the great chief and the kindly Jesuit, side by side. The feathers adorning the head of the one made his stature seem great, and the necklace of bear's claws made his appearance seem fierce, while his firm step and haughty tread made him seem what he was, chief of the tribe and the bravest warrior of all the wilds surrounding Michilimackinac. The Jesuit was the shorter. His black gown escaped the fur robe which kept the clear air from his bent shoulders. As a young man, he had walked the Latin Quarter in Paris after the studies of the clay were over, and thought of the heathen whose precious souls were perishing. He would go; he would lift the cross in that far away land.

The long voyage in the French ship, the more perilous voyage with Father Lalemant in canoes paddled by swarthy savages, the autumnal glory of Michilimackinac as it first rose in view, and the timid welcome of the dusky beings who came flocking to the beach, seemed all a dream. Many infants and sick had been baptized in the following years, the holy water had snatched some souls from purgatory. Father Lalemant, ill with the poor tare, a twelve month ago had crossed his hands over his devoted breast for the last time. And now, of his own free will, on the anniversary of the birth of the little Christ, the great chief was to be baptized, he and all his household.

Busy with his thoughts the Father finished his frugal meal and drawing the furs around him went back to his lodge. The chief followed with the braves and women of his family. After these came the warriors of the tribe until the lodge was filled. At the farther end stood Father.
Perrot, his robes swept the floor, the crucifix was clasped in his hands, his grey hair seemed a fitting halo to the peaceful but determined face. Behind on the altar burned the candles in their long sticks, while the Virgin and St. John looked down with their sad eyes. During the long journey through the Wilderness, when the burdens grew so heavy that the necessities of life had to be abandoned, the statues, the crucifix, the candles and church service had been carried and now grace the triumphant occasion. The dusky converts kneeled; the saving drops washed in little rivulets over the fierce painted features of the braves, and raven locks of the maidens; the prayers were said; the Te Deum sung, and over the multitude Father Perrot spread his hands in blessing.

Silently one by one the natives left the lodge. The old priest fell to his knees in an ecstasy of joy with praises to the Virgin on his lips.

Late that night Father Perrot lay down on his couch of rugs. The pines on the bluff above, swayed by the rising wind, soothed him until he heard once more the organ roll through the arches and columns of Sainte Genevieve.

So closed the day, anniversary of the birth of him, who was heralded by angels singing above Judean hills, whom Father Perrot was proclaiming as Saviour to the red-men of the forest.

Nearly a century has rolled away. The low descending Christmas sun looks down on Mackinac as well as on old England far across wilderness and ocean wave. A fort crowns the bluff. Within are a band of the flower of King George's army. The devoted Fathers, the kind-spirited French are no more. The harshness of English rule is over all, a rule which never questions whether Indians have souls to save.

The bugle sounded some time ago from the parapet over there near the block house. The drill of the day is over, the gates bolted and guards set, and the great fireplace is filled with the giant logs which crackle and blaze and send long tongues of flame far up the throat of the chimney. In the corners on either side are stacked the shining muskets and bayonets which never flinch in their deadly fire when the Indian varmints step too near the paw of the British lion. The light plays over the brilliant red uniforms of the soldiers standing near, or casts dancing shadows on those gathered farther away.

"To-night, boys," says the captain, "let us forget that Detroit is a hundred miles away, that Ticonderoga is farther, that Old Albion's hills are on the other side of the globe. We were in Dover or Chester, to-day, my lads. We ate plum pudding and drank our port with our grandsires, we danced with our buxom cousins and brought them under the mistletoe. So here's to an English Christmas on a western shore" and he tossed off a flagon of ale. The fire burns brighter, song and jest go round the room, bal-lad upon ballad rings up among the rafters, ale and hilarity are unrestrained and unrebuked. But joy can not last forever even on Christmas night. one by one they pull their blankets round them and lie down to dream of friends and lovers whose memories bring smiles to sleeping faces.

Of all the number, Harold, the drummer boy, lies close to the fire, while tears dim his eyes. He wishes he could have heard the boys sing "While shepherds watched their flocks by night" in the cathedral on King street, and could hear Annie prattling in her childish way,

"Apple pie and cinnamon beer,
Christmas comes but once a year."

She is no doubt, even now asking for stories about her soldier brother. His mother's kindly face comes before him and the sobs grow less frequent. The Christmas peace is for just such as he.

The shadows grow blacker and blacker; the heavy breathing of the men alone sounds in the stillness; a stick breaks sending a little puff of sparks up the chimney and the cold stars outside twinkle on with a still colder glow.

More than two score of years are gone. The redcoats with their haughty and arrogant ways no more drill on the parade ground inside the stockade. A company of the Nation's own men have marched under the iron gate and taken possession of the barracks. Every officer has patrician blood in his veins and their wives were New York or Boston Belles, who know far better how to dance the minuet with dashing uniformed soldiers, than to plan pleasures to while away the long, cold, ice-bound winter "on this island
at the ends of the earth," as blonde Mrs. Colonel calls it.

It is again the blessed Christmas day. Up at the fort Mrs. Colonel gave a dinner as nearly as possible like the one she would have graced had they "been at home with mamma in New York." She wished they were there, too: "but then if one must be a soldier's wife she might just as well resign herself;" and her blonde curls danced most indignantly. After the dinner there were toasts and some Christmas carols, while Mrs. Surgeon accompanied them on her guitar. "Of course a guitar is not just the thing for Christmas carols, it is more suggestive of lattice work and serenades," said she of the blonde curls, "but you have to do just the best you can when you are living outside the pale of civilization."

It was now five o'clock. The light had gone with sudden change and almost immediately the night had fallen, just as the night always falls after the strait ices over.

The townspeople were to give a grand ball, and despite their patrician ancestry, the whole party saluted forth. "We of course will not dance, and no one 'below' need ever know," and chattering they hastened by the battlements down the hill.

The two streets of the little village were astir with people wrapped in furs; lights in the houses were trying their best to come through the thick frost on the panes and see what all the noise was about. The great pulleys and hoisting apparatus, drawn up to the gables of the storehouses, creaked and snapped in the crisp air, as the merry party from the fort hastened by.

The lower floor of the largest warehouse had been cleared, and from the huge rafters hung garlands of evergreen, while everywhere twinkled the candles, dozens and dozens of them. These Christmas eves on Mackinac during her palmy days, when money was free and the vaults full of furs, lacked no labor or expense.

Mrs. Colonel marshalled her party to the fireplace where the superintendent of the Great American Fur Company stood with his wife and daughters, and the clerks and other resident officials with their wives and families, gathered round,—a sort of retaining background.

At the other end of the room a platform, draped with American flags, held the musicians, old fiddlers who had played many times in France while merry feet kept time.

The shrill notes of the violins began one of the airs of the day, and the dancers came gliding down the room, now in the shadow, now in the dim light of the candles, now in the glare of the fire. It was a gay scene but no more gay than old Mackinac often saw in those prosperous times of the Fur Company. French fishermen, Scotch and English clerks, soldiers in uniform went whirling by with the pretty sparkling French girls or daughters of the officials.

A song of light love and hardy daring, like the ballads heard in the summer when a Mackinac barge was entering the harbor, rang through the street outside, growing louder until the door flung back and a party of voyageurs filed in. Their bright shirts, leather jackets and tasseled caps soon become mixed with the dancers.

Conventional laws could restrain no longer. The fort aristocrats and the superintendent (after pulling out a ponderous gold watch to note the hour) forgot their dignity and went swaying clown the room in time with the music, leaving some stolid old braves and squaws, and the black robed priest, the only spectators of the scene.

The Christmas stars look in through the window, the fire crackles and roars, the violins grow louder, forgetting their native wail, the voyageurs song goes on, the gay crowd seems to have forgotten that the world is down "below," and to remember that they are the gayest port of the lakes.

Nearly three quarters of a century have passed. Louise pulled aside the heavy curtains and looked out. The closed cottages of Chicago's magnates looked desolate and bleak, the hotels on the road beyond seemed longing for summer days and pocket books, the fort rose above, its white walls reminders of the days long fled, while the old mission stood stanch and prim, symbol of the New England energy that reared it.

Louise's father kept the Post Office. In the summer mail bags were jammed full, and men of leisure, who always want others to hurry, came demanding their letters. Yesterday had brought a typical winter bag, only a half dozen of the letters and a few papers. She could see no one, there was not much of anyone she could expect
to see, so she closed the curtains tightly, turned back, put her feet on the fender and went on with "Sweet Bells Out Of Tune."

The other islanders hugged close to to their stoves, were reading or dozing, and by nine o'clock the lights were out, and Kris Kringle had the best chance which the whole world could afford, as regards snow and ice and an opportunity to fill the good children's stockings.

In peace and darkness we leave you, Gibraltar of the Straits! The same Christmas moon shines down upon the black line of the cliffs and the ice fields that encircle you, as long ago she shone on them with their changing scene of human faith, or haughty martial rule, or wealth and gayety! The Lilies of the Bourbons, the Cross of St. George are unfurled no longer in your frosty air, but the Stars and Stripes seem to join with the stars of heaven in the carol "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to men."

WHERE BESS FOUND SANTA.
Second Prize Christmas Story.

“Good night, Dearie.” Bess did not answer. She just pressed her dainty fists up hard against her eyes, to try and keep back the tears. The little mother looked at her a minute, then turned and walked wearily away. Bess heard her light step pass through the hall, then the door was closed and it was dark. Dark not only in the chilly room, but dark in her desolate baby heart.

Things were so strange and disagreeable now, and it was Christmas eve too. She could remember a time when it was lovely to live, but now,—how the tears did come, so many of them! The pillow was quite damp!

Her papa was dead. The trouble began when he died. She remembered how still the house had been; the new black gown; the ride through the beautiful park to the cemetery. She remembered how sad mamma had been. Everything was sad. Brother Tom, who was always so jolly, was home from college. He came the day papa went to Heaven. But Tom was not the same. He sat quietly by the window hours at a time, with his head bowed up on his hand, or walked slowly out into the woods. There was something so terrible about his quietness that it had silenced her merry outbursts, and she had walked sad and troubled beside him.

Then the big, loud-voiced man, whom they called the auctioneer, had come, and mamma, Tom and she went away for a few days to a friend's. When they came back, all the pretty things were gone. The soft carpets and curtains and the pretty chairs were not there. Mamma had cried more then, and said to Tom, "We must go away as soon as we can, Tom. I can never stay here another day." Then they went upstairs, and Jane, the maid, and Joseph, the man of all work, helped them to put the things that were left in boxes. After that, Tom and she

CHRISTMAS HYMN.
First Prize Christmas Poem.

Grace A. Foote, Olymzpc.

Across the icy air is borne
    The sound of Christmas bells,
While within his holy temple
    The chorus grandly swells;
And the glad, triumphant music
    Sets the listener's heart aglow,
As when angels sang their anthems
    For the shepherds long ago.

Offer humble thanks and praises
    For the gift of matchless worth!
God's giving showed his loving
    When He sent His Son to earth.
Then a light shone in the darkness
    While the passing ages prove
The power to vanquish evil
    Is the passing power of love.

Let us follow in His footsteps,
    May His Holy Spirit lead,
As we help each other onward
    Both by kindly word and deed.
To our work as faithful servants
    He is calling us again,
For the harvest waits the reapers
    Even as it waited then.

Feed the hungry! Clothe the naked!
    Overcome the blight of sin!
Banish self from heart and conscience!
    Let the Christ Child enter in!
Sympathize with those in sorrow!
    Lift life's burdens! Now, as then,
Let the anthems soaring upward
    Mean on earth good will to men.
had gone sadly through the empty rooms. Tom said to her, that, “Now they were going to live a long way away.” Then they came here and Tom was sick a long time. To day he had said, “to-morrow is Christmas!” Bess was so glad, she began to wonder what Santa would bring her. Then Tom had said that “Santa did not bring presents to poor people!” She could not believe it. She said it over and over to herself in the dark. It was the most terrible of all the terrible things that had happened. It was so bad to be poor. Wouldn’t he come? She would ask Christ to send Santa. She clasped her tiny hands above her head and asked in a tearful voice for what she wanted: “Dear Christ, tell Santa to come and bring us our presents, please,—we is so lonesomes. I would like a doll ’cause I’m five to-morrow, and Tom wants two hundred dollars so he can go back to school and study. He likes to. Send papa back’ to mamma, and bless the heathen. Amen.”

Then a bright thought came into her curly little head. She slipped out of bed; felt around in the dark, found her clothes, and someway put them on; then stole slowly and quietly out into the hall, through a door into a bare room, across this room to the outside door: pushing back the iron bolt, she stood in the cold, clear moonlight.

Bess was a timid child, and she hesitated a moment before she dare go on. But it was her last chance. She drew her little shawl tightly about her, and then her small feet just flew over the frozen crust to the big house on the hill.

It was very quiet in the large house on the hill. The master dozed in his spacious library. He was alone. A gust of wind came moaning through the pines that surrounded the house. The old man, for he was an old man, roused, shook himself as if he would shake off the dreary memories that would crowd around and suffocate him.

“Christmas,” he mused, and his eyes turned instinctively to the pictures hanging over the fireplace. There were two of them. One of a lady, with an expression so sad and sweet that her dark eyes seemed to gaze with a pitying tenderness upon the lonely old man. The other of a child, not more than five years old, a regular little cherub, with round rosy cheeks and bright eyes.

How the relentless hand of the Past played upon his heartstrings. An intense longing filled his aching heart, then his strong frame shook with rebellious thoughts as he lived again the time when the Angel of Death had taken his only child, little Edith. How he had loved her! How terrible to see her slipping from his grasp, day by day. How he had vowed in his passionate, resolute heart that it should not be! Was she not his? He must and would keep her! He would defy the specter Death. But on that Christmas eve long ago he had learned that although his strong hand tightly clasped the fragile little one, his leaping pulse could not impart one vigorous bound to the feeble, fluttering one. So far in life, few things had withstood his powerful will, but here was something he could not control. It was hopelessly beyond him. The little spirit wavered, then fled. Dazed and stunned, he had had to accept the inevitable, and give her up, although she was dearer to him than all his hoarded wealth.

Then the mother had died, and his cold heart had turned colder, and people said he was the most cruel and wicked of men. His servants feared him; his debtors feared him more. As he sat there alone that Christmas eve, there was not a soul in the world who cared for him—there was not one he cared for!

Bess had reached the kitchen door of the big house. She gave a tiny knock, but the cook heard it and came to the door. Bess was quite out of breath, but she managed to say, “Good evening. Please may I see the judge?” “Howly Mother an’ the saints! See the masther,—and what fur?” He’d kill the loikes of yez wid one glance! He’s awful to-night.” “Please,” faltered Bess, with trembling lips; “it’s so ’portant I should.” “The darlint,” sighed good hearted Norah; “yez ’ud titch the heart of a stone; but you won’t get nuthin’ from him, but yez kin troy.” Thinking the little one wanted to beg, she took her in her arms and carried her to the library door, then left her there.

Carefully, very carefully, Bess turned the knob of the door and pushed the big door open. At first she thought there was no one in the room.
She could not see, for there was no light there, except the fire in the grate. She stood uncertain just inside the room. Gradually things assumed definite outlines. She saw the old man in the big chair. He seemed to be asleep. He was not, however. The sensation that some one else was with him in the room had entered into his reverie; he had turned, and, as in a dream, he beheld the child. He was spell-bound. Was it Edith come from the land of the blessed? Oh, delicious dream! He felt it was a dream, but how real it seemed! Would the little figure steal up to him as Edith used to, or would it melt away as in all the other dreams, and leave him lonelier than before? His heart seemed to stand still. Nearer and nearer the little figure came. Would she step into the fire-light, or vanish when she reached the light stretch upon the carpet? How his heart beat now! She had glided into the uncertain light—he could have touched her. All at once the tense excitement relaxed. He breathed easily. He knew now it was not Edith; but who was it?

Bess did not feel at all frightened. She put her little hand upon the arm of the chair, and looking straight into the eyes, shaded with shaggy eyebrows, of the old man, she said, "Have you any little girls and boys?" The judge started from his chair, but he only put his big hand down on the dainty one as if he would satisfy himself that it were really flesh and blood, then settled back again. Bess continued: "Tom, he's my brother, is sick. And Tom said that Santa would probably come here to-night to bring you presents, 'cause you are rich. We were rich last year and he came and gave us so many beautiful things; but now we're poor, and," with a little sob, "Tom says he don't bring things to poor people! So I thought I would come up here to-night to bring you presents, 'cause you are rich. We were rich last year and he came and gave us so many beautiful things; but now we're poor, and," he added, "Tom says he don't bring things to poor people! So I thought I would come up here to-night to bring you presents, 'cause you are rich."

The judge looked at her a minute thoughtfully, then let fall these startling words: "I saw Santa to-day!" Bess gasped, "You have—you have really seen him?" "Yes, and he said that if I saw you, to give you a little package he left for you!" "Oh, I'm so glad; I knew he would not forget us!"

The judge got up, went to a secretary, unlocked it, and came back. "Here it is." Bess took it eagerly and danced over to the grate. It was a roll of bills. Her face was radiant. She clasped the precious money close against her breast with her two dimpled hands and bounded toward the door. She stopped, turned, and the sweet face clouded for an instant. "There—there was nothing for me?" The face of the judge was really a puzzle. He almost smiled. I believe he did smile; but a smile on his face was so out of its element that it fled immediately. "No," he said, shortly. Then he wrote something on a scrap of paper and said, "Wrap this around the money."

Bess did so, and started again, and again she turned, and came back to where the tall man stood very still watching her. "I am so glad you saw Santa. I don't care very much if he didn't send anything to me, 'cause I know Tom will be happy now to have his present, and he will laugh loud, and he can roar like a lion when he wants to—good bye."

She pursed up her rosy lips and stood on tip-toes. The big, ugly man seemed to know just what she wanted, for he caught her up, and as Bess, a little surprised, gave him a hasty kiss, she felt his cheek was damp! She wiped the wet away with her dainty hand and said, "You squeeze me so tight, it makes my eyes cry and yours too! Good bye."

"Don't forget the paper," he said excitedly. Then Bess went—down the wide hall stairs and out the big front door, then home as fast as her
legs would carry her.
She could not think of waiting till morning to
tell them, but pounded merrily at the door of
the room where they sat. Then what a time!
How surprised and incredulous mother and
Tom were! But there was the money and there
was Bess. It was all too good to be true.
It was very late. Bess sat curled up in her
mamma's lap still answering questions, very
sleepy, very sweet, fully realizing her importance
until at last the brown eyes closed and she was
tucked snugly in bed by her mother.
When Mrs. Heath came back she found Tom
with the scrap of paper in his hand and the old
tired look had settled again upon his pale face.
Without a word he handed her the paper and
dreading, she scarcely knew what, she read it:
"Mr. H.: Your sister says you want money.
I want her. You may have the money if I may
have her for a year. Let me know to-morrow.
J. S. Stone."
"Dear, sweet little Bess; I don't wonder he
wants her; but we want her, too! Don't we,
Tom? We need the money, but we need her
more. We couldn't give her up, could we?"
"No, No. I'll take the money back to-mor-
row."
"We mustn't let her know," added Mrs. Heath.
Next morning, Tom made his visit to the big
house on the hill, but he never saw the judge.
God in his infinite love had taken the old man
home to his loved ones. His last words had
been, "Let the boy keep the money—I have
Edith." When Norah heard them from his dying
lips, she thought he did not know what he said,
but Tom's story explained all.
Bess is a young lady now; but when the Christ-
mas tide rolls in, she likes to hear the story of
of how she got the money for Tom; and although
she knows now that Santa did not send it, she
also knows that from that time they were happy
again.

LOST AND FOUND.
Second Prize Christmas Poem.
HATTIE M. SOUTHS, CRESCENT.
"Tis evening in Avilion, and the twinkling stars look
down,
With bright and radiant glances, on the quaint, old-
Fashioned town.

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The Bazarette.
The moon, in all her majesty, sheds forth such glowing light,
That earth's great snowy mantle flashes like a jewel bright.
The winds that blew so bitterly throughout the hours of day
Have folded up their pinions, stealing quietly away.
And, now and then, from heaven a white snowflake flutters low,
Like a sweet messenger of peace, to mortals here below.
The Christmas bells are pealing forth in rich and joyous strain,
That old familiar melody, that loving, sweet refrain,
Which sung by angels years ago, we hear now once again:
"Hosanna in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men."
Great crowds are passing in the streets, on Christmas joys intent,
But some with noble purpose are on mercy's errands bent.
A Christmas spirit hovers over tenements, and halls
Where luxury and wealth prevail, where culture ever calls;
And rich and poor feel happy, as the Wise Men who obeyed
The angels and the guiding star that led to where Christ laid.
Among the poor and wretched ones, where there is want and woe,
So many sins and sorrows come, few pleasures do they know.
So tempted, tried, and buffeted, on earth noshel'ring love,
No one to do or care for them, but He who dwells above.
In through a narrow window, comes a ray of soft moonlight,
And falls upon two children there, in floods of radiance bright.
The girl, a child with sweet blue eyes, and hair of ruddy gold;
The boy, a handsome lad, blest with a spirit brave and bold.
Hand clasped in hand, they stand there, viewing all the heavens fair,
As if in search of something that was thought they could find there.
When suddenly the little girl, in sweet astonished tone,
Cries, "Paul, I see our star up there, all by itself alone.
It seems as if it wanted us, let's follow it and find
The Christ-child mother told us of, who is so good and kind.
And maybe he will give us something that is good to eat,
If we but ask him for it, and then act both nice and sweet."
Their mother oft had told them of the Wise Men and the star;
How they had followed it along, a distance great and far;
And then they found it led to Christ, the Christ so good and kind,
Who while on earth was doing acts of mercy to mankind.
Out of the room the children crept, and down the tottering stair,
Then out into the moonlight, and the cold, crisp wintry air;
And keeping the bright star in view, they followed where it led,
Through streets before unknown to them, paths they had never tread.
They thought not of the winter's cold, nor of the weary way—
Their thoughts were on the Christ-child, and of what he'd do and say.
And as they wandered on and on, each person they passed by
Would look at them so curiously, as if they wondered why
Two little children such as they were on the street so late;
But none were curious enough to care what was their fate.
And straying on what seemed to be a distance long and far,
Their eyes, as ever, steadfastly fixed upon that brilliant star,
Their steps grew slower, and they shivered in the winter's cold,
Yet kept straight on their journey with a spirit brave and bold,
Until the boy looks up, and then with an astonished cry,
Says, "Evelyn, oh look, our star has fallen from the sky!
Whatever shall we do now for the Christ-child we can't find?"
The little girl, with hopeful voice, says, "Paul, dear, never mind,
I think it soon will come again, if we but wait to see:
Let's watch here just a minute, and 'twill come again—maybe.'"
So, close together, hand in hand, they stand and moments fly,
But not yet does their star appear in the expanse of sky.
And while they stand there watching, they so cold and weary grow,
To rest their limbs they seat themselves down in the frozen snow.
They sit there long and patiently, their bodies cold and numb.
Their eyes with sleep so heavy grow, while they with efforts dumb
Try hard to keep them open, just until their star appear,
While silently and slowly, Death's pale messenger draws near.

*Tis Christmas morn; the deep-toned bells ring out in accents clear,
As if all earth were happy, and no pain nor sorrow near.
As king ascending to his throne, the sun comes into view,
And flushes all the eastern sky in rosy-tinted hue;
It rises higher, higher still, until it casts around
Great golden rays of sunshine on two figures on the ground.
A handsome lad is one of them, there in the snow so deep,
The other is a blue-eyed girl—both seem to be asleep.
They are but sleeping, yet it is death's sleep so deep and long.

But listen just a moment, for methinks I hear a song
The angels up in heaven now are chanting, sweet and low—
No sweeter music ever heard on this our earth below.
They are rejoicing that two souls have come to their last home,
And Christ the Saviour of the world now claims them as His own.
Yes, they have found the Christ-child; ne'er again the weary way
Will travel, but will always dwell in regions bright as day.

In joyful tones the angel voices sing this sweet refrain,
The bells, in tones melodious, peal out in joyous strain,
“All glory, majesty and praise to Him who dwells above,
To God, and to the Prince of Peace who is the Lord of Love.”
And in one, grand sweet chord, all unite and sing again,
“Hosanna in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men.”

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