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Eastern Michigan University

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Detroit
First car leaves Ypsilanti for Detroit at 6:15 a.m. Every half hour thereafter until
Ypsilanti
9:15 p.m. Then at 10:15 and 11:45 p.m.
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6:30 a.m. Every half hour thereafter until
9:00 p.m. Then at 10:00 and 11:15 p.m.
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* * *

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MR. F. L. YORK
MR. MINOR WHITE

Organ

MR. HOWARD BROWN
MR. YORK

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MISS ABBA OWEN

VIOLONECCELO

MR. H. W. SAMSON

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MISS CARRIE TOWNER

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dence, 613 Chicago Ave.

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that it is a reliable place to buy

DRY GOODS

We should like to have all students prove the
fact for themselves.

Davis & Kishlar
THE American student attending a German university is sure to be impressed with many things which are not as they are at home. In fact he will be so busy getting impressions, learning the ropes, and adapting himself to his new environment, that he won't have time for much else during the first weeks of his stay. The most convincing proof that he is far away from home, and indeed in a foreign land, is the strange language which follows him wherever he goes, and surrounds him on every hand. He is in fact immersed in German, and may consider himself fortunate if he knows enough of it to keep himself afloat. He is sure to discover, too, that to read German fairly well at home, and to speak it as the Germans speak it, are two quite different things. Most German students have some knowledge of English, and are anxious to learn to speak it, so that it is easy to find some one with whom to exchange lessons in English for lessons in German. Those trying this plan are quite sure to find that Germans know German much more thoroughly than we know English. The same spirit of thoroughness marks their attempts at English also, and though their idioms are often at fault, and their pronunciation very bad, it will be the exception if they do not surprise you with the general accuracy of their knowledge. They will quote rules and exceptions that you never heard of before and will ask you many questions that you can't answer. The weakness you discover in your knowledge of your own language is not apt to increase your confidence in your ability to learn another. But by degrees your German becomes intelligible, though you may have to resort to the expedient of a friend of mine, who uses nouns in the same gender and in the same declension.

Matriculation is naturally one of the first things to be attended to. A diploma from a good American university and a passport of citizenship are usually enough to admit one to the lectures. The papers are first presented to the Decan, or Dean of the faculty in which you intend to elect work. The knowledge which most of the German professors have of our universities is very small. Most of them have heard of Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Yale and Columbia. All the others are to them equally bad or good.

After the Decan has approved of the papers, the student writes his name in the "Universität's Album," or register, and receives a small book in which he is to write a list of the lectures he wishes to take, and an "Erkennungskarte." The latter is a card on which is written the student's name and birthplace, and the fact that he belongs to the university. It is signed by the Rector Magnificus, or President. Students always carry these cards with them, and, by virtue of holding them, are amenable only to the laws and regulations of the university. The authorities of the town have no jurisdiction over them, and the town police may not arrest them. In case of such an arrest, the student has only to show his card to obtain his freedom. The university
has its own officers, or beadles, who make a
more or less successful attempt to keep order;
it also has a judge and a prison in which
students not infrequently languish when under
discipline. Imprisonment is threatened for
various offenses. For example, students re-
turning to school late after vacation are fined
from five to twenty marks, but if the offense
is unusually grave they are put in the univer-
sity dungeon. The promptness with which
students return from their vacations is notice-
able. The little election book mentioned
above, known as the "Anmeldungs-Buch," and the "Erkennungs-Karte," must not be
lost. A fine of twenty marks ($5.00) must be
paid before another will be given.

After a student has made out a list of his
lectures, he takes it to the university treas-
urer, known as the quaestor, and pays his
fees. The matriculation fee is not high,
being 18 marks ($4.50) at Bonn, and the
same, I think, at all other German universities.
The fee for lectures is about 20 marks ($5.00)
for each four hour course. Besides these fees
each student pays a small sum each semester
to the "Krankenkasse" which is a fund to
defray the expense of treatment when students
are ill; for they receive medical attendance,
whenever it is needed, free of charge. The
total fees, therefore, for each semester will
not average over twenty or twenty-five dol-
lars.

In the election of studies there is practically
no restriction excepting such as arises from
natural laws of sequence. An advanced
course cannot be taken before an elementary
course leading to it. Otherwise one may
take anything he chooses, and as much or as
little; the only law being that at least one
lecture course must be elected. I quote the
following from the University calendar, 1899-
1900: "Any student who has not regularly and
within the appointed time elected at least one
lecture course may be stricken from the roll
of students, or as a punishment for his lazi-
ness receive no credit for attendance during
the semester, and if the offense be repeated,
banished from the institution.''

There is no course of study, as we under-
stand it. Each student follows his own bent
with absolute freedom and is accountable to
no one but himself. The only university de-
gree is that of Doctor of Philosophy. Stu-
dents who are aiming for this will naturally
elect work along the line of their specialities
to prepare for the rigid Doctor examination.
If they are not aiming for a degree,—and the
majority of students do not take one—they
take what they please, do what they please,
remain in college as long or as short a time
as they please, are bothered with no exami-
nations, and when they leave the institution,
receive from it merely a certificate of honor-
able dismissal which states that "Herr—
has attended —— University, for —— semes-
ters and heard lectures in —— subjects."

One may matriculate any time within four
weeks of the opening of the term. After he
has made out his list of lectures in his
"Anmeldungs-Buch" and paid his fees, he
must present his book for signature to each of
the professors whom he wishes to hear. This
act admits him to the class. Now he is ready
for business and takes his place in the lecture
room. The instruction is entirely by lecture.
There are never any quizzes and there is no
examination. No record is kept of attend-
ance and absence, students come or not as
they feel inclined. It is by no means easy to
take notes from the average lecturer. He
makes no attempt whatever at a good de-
' livery, but speaks very fast, usually from man-
uscript which he holds close under his nose.
Each day he begins exactly where he broke
off on the day before, often in the middle of a
paragraph or sentence, without a word of in-
troduction to explain the connection of
thought. The most valuable part of the lec-
tures consists in the numerous citations and
bibliographies, but these are read off so fast
that it is almost impossible to get them.
The lecturer never repeats anything and
never waits for the slow ones to "catch up."
The lecture periods are one hour in length;
but if you are a new comer and appear on the
scene punctually at the beginning of the hour,
you will find an empty room. You have not taken into account the "Akademische Viertelstunde" or academic quarter of an hour, which is a recognized institution in all German universities, and simply means that students and professors have a quarter of an hour leeway after the advertised time of the lecture. Gradually the students straggle in, often walking upon the benches to their places, and by a quarter past the seats will be filled. At the last moment or even at twenty or twenty-five minutes past, the professor bursts in from a private door near his desk or cathedra which rises several steps from the floor like a pulpit. Often he begins to talk before he gets to his place, and if you are not on the qui vive and have your pen and paper ready for instant use, you will make a poor start and never catch him again during the hour. Students that reach the lecture room after the professor has begun rarely venture to come in. If they do, they are met with such a demonstration of disapproval from their fellows that they are careful not to try it again. There is shouting, stamping of feet, and general pandemonium, and all work stops until the unfortunate ones have found their seats. After the interruption is over, the professor proceeds as if nothing had occurred to disturb the serenity of the atmosphere. If he becomes so engrossed in his lecture that he does not hear the bell at the close of the hour, he is gently reminded of his whereabouts by the scraping of feet and loud closing of watches. Then he breaks off suddenly and disappears from sight until the following day.

Any time within two weeks of the close of a lecture course, the student may go to the professor and again secure his signature in his "Anmeldungs-Buch." This second signature is the official sign that a student has heard the lectures and entitles him to credit for the course. Naturally it often happens that a lazy student hears but two lectures; the first one, when the professor admits him to the class, and the last when the professor certifies to his having been an attendant. In amusing contrast with our own efforts to hold students to the end of a course is this incident. In a certain lecture course which I attended, on a Friday two weeks before the close of the semester, the professor inquired how many of the class were expecting to leave the following week. Finding that many were going, he said, "Well, I think I'll go, too," and that was the last we saw of him.

When one considers that students may come four weeks late and go two weeks early, and, further, that no check is placed over them during the time that they are there, he might infer that they would take advantage of these conditions and do little or nothing. That is true only of a small minority. The great majority are very earnest and faithful workers, and the average attendance on lectures is surprisingly good. The great majority never miss a day. I could not help contrasting our own forced methods of securing similar results, to our own disadvantage. Given the same personal freedom, what would be the effect on the American student? Would it completely demoralize him and lead him to desert his duties and his privileges, or would it arouse in him the same worthy independence and the same earnest zeal for scholarship. There is one term which is sacred to professor and student alike, and which lies at the heart of all the apparent looseness in organization and class-room work, and that is what they call "Die akademische Freiheit," which we may freely translate, "The freedom of the scholar." It dignifies the humblest searcher for truth, and bars the striving of the intellect with no petty rules and regulations. It has created the scholars of Germany, and is to-day the inspiration of its youthful thousands.

The nearest approach to what we call a recitation is found in the seminaries, and so-called "Uebungen." Only specializing students are admitted to the seminar courses, and only a limited number at that. The members of the seminary are often chosen by a competitive examination. The chosen few are therefore the best men in their field in the university.
The seminary meets once or twice a week for a two hour session. All sit about a huge table with the professor at the head. The student that is to present the work for the day sits at the professor's left, and is expected to occupy the time with what he has prepared. The other members and the professor listen, criticize unmercifully and ask questions. It is not an easy place, and a man often spends many weeks in preparation for the ordeal. The seminaries in Greek and in Latin are conducted in the Latin language, which does not add anything to the comfort of the situation. "Uebungen" or exercises are of a less formal and formidable character. They are open to all, and all take a more or less active part in the work, the professor in charge being the inspiring genius. Among my pleasantest recollections are the Uebungen in Archaeology which I had with Dr. Loeschcke, of Bonn, and in Latin inscriptions, with Dr. Buecheler of the same institution. In Archaeology the professor would place some fragment of ancient art before the class, sometimes a broken bit of statuary or a small piece of a painted vase, and attempt to draw out from individuals what they thought of it, what it was, where it was made, who made it, etc. This line of inquiry always led to disagreements, and much fruitful discussion. One especially refreshing feature was the freedom with which students would disagree with the professor, and the strength with which they would defend their position against him. The Uebungen in Latin inscriptions were conducted informally in the museum of inscriptions. Members of the class were called on to read the inscriptions about them. Many comparisons in age, style, language, etc., were made, and one went away feeling that he had learned a great deal and had been inspired by a real touch with antiquity.

The distance between professor and student is, I think, much greater in Germany than in America. The fact that instruction is given almost entirely by lecture, and that there is no intercourse between teacher and pupil in the class-room, save in the seminaries and Uebungen, is no doubt largely responsible for this. Professors do not usually come to know their students personally, and students have no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the professors. There is also a much greater respect given to rank than with us. Students stand in awe of their instructors, and never indulge in an attempt at familiarity. With the maturer students who are pursuing special work looking to the doctorate, the case is different. They are on a more intimate footing with the professors, who assist and guide their efforts.

I shall always remember with gratitude the cordial reception accorded me by the professors at Bonn. Men they are who are justly famous the world over for the highest scholarship; yet they met me in the simplest and most cordial manner, and made me feel that I was their friend and honored guest. They were always more than ready with counsel and assistance. Of Dr. Loeschcke, than whom no more distinguished archaeologist lives, it is truly said that his best work appears in the work put out by his special students, so eager and anxious is he to work for them and with them, and give them the best that is in him.

HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1901.

HUGENK C. KITTELL.

FANCY that I can realize to-day the feeling which animated Bacoucroft as he penned the annals of his loved country. Would that some spark of the ability of that master might come to enable me to do justice to this task, for I approach it with fear and trembling.

If you are to know truly the history of this class, you must enter the homes here represented. You must be introduced to many
family circles, not only in Michigan, but in many of our neighboring states. As this is clearly impossible, a single scene from one of these must suffice for present purposes, and form the rather narrow basis of your judgment.

The traveler, going out a few miles from one of our inland towns, may see, in the distance, a snug white cottage perched half-way up a steep hillside. It is on the south slope, where the returning summer sun will shed its first welcome rays, and where the rugged hill will act as a protection from the icy blast of winter. Two generations of children have played beneath that massive oak, and have fashioned dishes for the doll table from the acorns with which it has strewn the dooryard each summer. They have utilized the winter's snow for coasting on the hill, and have skated on the glassy surface of the lake in the valley below. Daily they have hastened with dinner-pail and book to the little school house just around the bend, and thus in happy succession of childhood's sports and sorrows have passed the days of youth.

Could we have driven along this road in the early autumn four short years ago, we might have seen the farm wagon with its patient team standing before the cottage door. A second glance would have revealed a trunk in the wagon. It was not a mere market day journey. Near by stood a woman whose hair was just beginning to show traces of gray, while at her side was a younger and more sprightly form. The sounds of play were hushed, for the younger brother and sister were standing in awed silence. Even the old watch dog seemed to realize that something was amiss and hung his head dejectedly. The father, holding the reins, awaited sadly the conclusion of the final farewells. But further description is useless, for I already read in the faces before me that you have been actors in some such scene.

It is thus that our college has claimed its students, and, as we have gathered here from the various sections of our land, we have come from scenes as diversified as the imagination could picture. From the mountainous east, from the forests of the north, and from the boundless western prairies we have come; some from the hurry and bustle of city life; others from the quiet of rural scenes; some from the lap of luxury, but many more from homes which have been blessed with only a moderate abundance of this world's goods; and some few from the abodes of poverty. These, after a long struggle against heavy odds, find themselves here to-day as the result of their own unaided efforts. But, in the midst of all these differences in culture, in former environment, and natural tendencies, there has still been one thought in common—one purpose which has animated us and united us in friendships which, we trust, may be as lasting as they have been pleasant.

In our college life we early gave evidence that we were no ordinary class. No one could look at the freshman of '98 without being impressed by his verdure. We were loyal sons and daughters, and believed in the display of our college colors on every occasion; so, throughout the year, we represented perfectly the darker shade.

The next year we returned with added dignity and self-possession to act our part as sophomores. So energetically did we perform the duties of that responsible position, that an occasional junior, and once in a great while a senior, would pat us on the head with an encouraging "That's right, Johnny, you'll be a man yet before your mother!" Thus stimulated, we continued in the good work, and when the oratorical contest came round, both juniors and seniors stood back and watched the sophomore representative carry off the medal. We did other things too, that year, until at its close, both our elder classes had changed the pat on the head to a cordial handshake, though there were some who fancied there was just a trace of envy in it.

The next year, when we returned as juniors, it was with the determination to attend strictly to business. We had an excellent class organization and were well officered, but we never acted on the offensive, as we had come
for other purposes than mere fun. Because of this disinclination to meddle with other people’s affairs, the last year’s senior class gained the idea that we lacked courage and stability. It was a strange error, and the illusion was quickly dispelled. One night in late November we held a class meeting to select a fitting yell and some colors for our organization. The seniors also held a meeting just across the hall, and when we adjourned they disputed our right to leave the room. We had previously selected as our motto the Latin phrase, “Fit via vi.” They had evidently not heard the translation, so that right in the “Battle of the Corridors” we gave such a clear demonstration that they learned for a certainty that “energy does win the way,” especially when that energy is applied by the “Class 1901.”

Our next clash occurred a few weeks later in chapel, on the occasion of our first appearance in public. We were again called upon to defend ourselves against the elder class, and did so so successfully that the senior forces were utterly routed, and all that remained to them was the bill for damages, with the faculty’s urgent request for settlement.

Throughout the year we were invincible. It was a junior who headed the normal debating team. It was the junior girls who captured the Showerman cup. It was juniors who led everywhere.

Concerning the events of the year which has just closed there is little need to speak. They are familiar to us all. A few words may not be inappropriate, however, just to show that with advancing years we have not allowed our strength to be enervated or our energy diminished.

We have not been as ashamed of ourselves as a certain other class who, when it made its appearance upon the streets of Ypsilanti, did so under cover of a blanket, and wearing the colors of the organization which was the object of its envy. We have always been ready to let the world know who we were; least of all would we ever be guilty of appropriating the yellow and blue to conceal our identity.

When the juniors challenged us to a contest upon the gridiron we accepted, although we had in no way invited the challenge. Eleven of our brave and true men were chosen to represent us, which they did most nobly. Far above the scene of struggle floated the senior red and white, a harbinger of victory to our forces, while below was suspended a belated junior, a sure indication of the coming defeat of his classmates. Our belief in signs was strengthened that day, for the game showed an easy victory for our forces. Up yonder hangs that senior emblem as proudly as it floated that day above the field of battle, while here is a junior standard which was also in that struggle. Truly, “We met the enemy and they were ours.”

There have been other times this year when we have met in contest and have won the day. Still fresh in our minds is the memory of the Showerman contest, when our girls again showed their superiority to all contestants and won the beautiful cup, leaving to the disappointed juniors whatever satisfaction they could derive from the fact that there is to be another contest next year and they can try again.

But we have stood for something more than sports. When a team was chosen to represent our college in the debate with Kalamazoo it was deemed proper to make two-thirds of that team seniors. When the Normal selected a man to represent her in the oratorical contest with the other colleges of the state, she chose one who was not entirely a senior, to be sure, but we call attention to the fact today that we claim half of him, and if half a senior could do so well, what might we not have expected had he belonged wholly to our ranks?

These are some of the deeds of the Class of 1901. A few words concerning the doers may not be inappropriate. We number today 189 women and 36 men—a total of 225. Our youngest is a lady of 19 summers, while the entrance papers which two of our lady members handed in at the office state that they first saw light in the year 18, thus making them 1,883 years of age, by which time they
should certainly be well prepared for their life work. One midget, a young lady who can tip the scales at $22\frac{1}{2}$, after a hearty boarding-house dinner, rejoices in the fact that the most precious things in this life come in small packages. It is rumored that one other thinks so, too. Our number also includes one puny gentleman who weighs 229, and who, we are confident, will be a weighty man in educational circles. Thus we are, like our nation, a conglomerate composed of the best of all classes.

We have spoken thus lightly of a few of the incidents of one phase of our Normal life. During our stay here there has been much aside from frivolity which has entered into our experience. There has been the steady grind of study, the hurry and worry of examinations, and all the trials incident to student life. There have come, also, the influences of our instructors, seeking to stimulate us to aspirations high and holy—having for their purpose the true aim of all education which is character-building. For these things we are truly grateful, and trust that they may not have been without effect.

In these last days we have been realizing more and more the influences and benefits from which we are so soon to be severed. For this reason the occasion is tempered with sadness. There is also another cause for emotions of sorrow today. At this time, when we should all be together, we remember that there are two vacant places. We are carried back to that bright Sunday last October when we stood upon the bank of yonder river and gazed into its placid waters, seeking vainly for some clue to the dreadful tragedy which had been enacted there. Juniors and seniors mourned together the loss each of a faithful classmate and of two true friends. The other was removed from our midst by the grim hand of disease. But three short months before our commencement she was called to the commencement of that other life to which this is but a preparation. No eulogy is needed for these members. They themselves have erected their monuments and no man needs grander, for on them the simple inscription, "Truth and fidelity," has been written by a hundred acts of daily life. We believe that, through our acquaintance with these young people as friends and classmates, we are able to realize something of the irreparable loss to the families where they were known as sister and brother, and as daughter and son, and to those homes we extend our deepest sympathy today.

I have told you as briefly as possible a few of the incidents in our class career. Our experiences have not been all pleasant ones, but neither have we had more than our share of sorrow, for "Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary." It has not been an easy task to narrate the history of our class, for we are at the commencement and not the end of life, and the majority of our real trials and successes are yet to come; but if, by earnest zeal and constant labor, we have been able to win the esteem and approval of our instructors and fellow-students, we are satisfied for the present, and shall go forth in the hope that the future will make the first class of the century something more than a memory.
HAD just been installed in convenient quarters on the Puerta del Sol in the heart of Madrid. I had distributed my few belongings about the room in artistic confusion and was making the acquaintance of some new-fangled Spanish *picadillo* in the window alcove of a café across the square, when a colonel of the Royal Guards entered with two cronies whom I afterward found were nobles recently returned from the Paris Exposition. They took seats at the opposite end of the window. This proceeding was prefaced by a polite 'permets-vous, M. nsieur, s'il vous plait' from the colonel to me which suggested that in this Yankee-hating monarchy I might pass for a Frenchman—if I chose. The gentlemen now resumed their conversation and I caught this glowing remark from the colonel: 'he is the greatest man in Spain today,' to which the rest gave emphatic and enthusiastic assent.

'And is the dear old fellow's condition so critical, think you?' asked one. 'I fear it is, Count,' replied the officer, 'and by the Sacred Virgin it's a pity! He is a marvel! He is Achilles, Caesar, and the Cid Campeador rolled into one! Every edition of the dailies now brings a new bulletin, but they show no improvement in his condition. It will be a sad blow to Spain when Lagartijo passes!' 'Lagartijo!'—At the word I cudgeled my brain for knowledge of a Lagartijo who would in any degree answer the description of these enthusiasts. To be sure I knew of one whose fame had reached America, but it could hardly be he. I feigned total ignorance of such a person, and turning to the colonel I gravely begged his pardon and asked who this Lagartijo was whose name I had heard spoken in every knot of men I had passed on the streets. The colonel vouchsafed no direct reply, but turned upon me with a quizzical smile and the observation that 'every Frenchman ought to know who Lagartijo is.'

'I am no Frenchman,' I quietly replied, 'and have just come to the city.'

The colonel looked as if scarce yet inclined to trust one of such prodigious ignorance, and instead of answering my question, commenced to pry out the secret of my nationality. 'You are a German, then,' he ventured. I shook my head and left him to guess. 'An Englishman?—Italian?—Russian?—Swede?'—running through his catalogue of possibilities, and ending with, 'from Hades, Mars, or the moon?'

For answer I handed him my passport with the seal of the American Embassy at Paris and the undecipherable signature of Gen. Horace Porter. At sight of this he made a convulsive grasp at his pistol pocket, but recovered himself with the remark that 'the passport explained it all; 'You Americans are too busy making money to take an interest in the higher things of life,'' he said. 'But you know about Napoleon?' 'Yes.' 'Lagartijo is more brilliant. You have an English Shakespeare?' I nodded. 'Lagartijo is his equal in dramatic power. And he—the matchless—the superb—is dying today at Cordova in his adored Andalusia! For a quarter of a century his achievements have dazzled Spain and her South American sisters. None has been more skilful and daring than he in the exploitation of our national drama and beloved sport—the bull fight!' With this peroration and a polite 'Adios,' the trio left me to digest my new information. Lagartijo was dying—and the illness and death of a Lincoln, a Gladstone, or a Victoria would not have furnished more interest to the American people, and more copy for the American newspapers than the illness and
death of Lagartijo did for the Spanish people and press. These are startling facts. They show how intensely the Spaniard is interested in that distinctively national sport. I resolved to investigate this matter, to see a bull fight with my own eyes, and find out something of the nature of that which has such a firm hold on the Spanish people. A glance at the papers showed that the renowned Machaquito would act as espada, or swordsman, at the next fight, and that Lagartijo would assist—a famous cousin of the doubly famous old man who was then at death's door, and the one whom Lagartijo, senior, had chosen to let his mantle fall upon, or his red cloak, if you prefer.

In Madrid, bull fights are conducted on the grandest scale on Wednesday and Sunday. Sunday is the greatest day of all, but I drew the line here and chose Wednesday. The day selected, I followed the jostling crowds to the ticket offices on Alcalá Plaza. For days before the event the offices here are besieged by impetuous crowds of people anxious to get the best seat their means will afford. Speculators in great numbers throng the entrances, trying to head off ticket seekers with cries of: ’’Here you are!’’ ’’Senor Caballero!’’ ’’Best seats in the arena!’’ ’’Sun and shade! Sun and shade!’’ Should a buyer unwarily stop to speak to one of these fellows, there is a rush for him, and a dozen voices clamor the advantages of different seats, in noisy confusion, while a half dozen pairs of hands shake bundles of long blue tickets under his very nose! If a novice, he may be caught, for twenty distinct names for different locations are exceedingly bothersome to one who is accustomed to a choice between grand-stand and bleachers in America or England.

With tickets secured the buyer goes home assured that he, at any rate, is not going to be deprived of his pleasure in this most delectable event. If a Spaniard, his gratification will be in reverse ratio to the size of his pocketbook, for although grandees will be much in evidence, those most keenly delighted with the performance will be Juanito, who earned his ticket crying agua on the street corners at the paltry price of cinco centimos per glass (equivalent to an American cent), and Manuel, the carter, who drives six mules tandem, hitched to a mammoth two-wheeled dray cart, and gets the magnificent sum of seventeen cents per day for his labor! But the Spaniard will have his ticket to the bull fight, no matter how difficult to earn the cash. The fight will even take precedence of a ticket in the National Lottery, which has semi-monthly drawings—and that is no small deprivation for Manuel.

His ticket secure, if the buyer be an aficionado verdadero, or in plain English, if he likes a jolly good bull fight, he will go home, to read once more the description of the beasts to be fought, to study the engravings, to note the size, color, and horns of the various animals, and to remark with pleasurable anticipation that ’’They are from the accredited stock raising estate of some honorable and noted Señor Vallejalulas of San Valdosia.’’ This bit of news will so gladden his heart that in the evening he may open up his purse strings, as I myself have seen, to the dirty ragamuffin who turns somersaults in his path to earn money for his ’’seven little sisters and a sick mother’’ at home, or to the old woman on the street corner who rushes at him piteously imploring and begging money for bread ’’for the love of God, señor!’’ He will generously donate to these, and will feel happy, and will find both at the show tomorrow enjoying the fight as well as any one!

The day before the fight the true sports-loving Spaniard will make a trip to the stables where the ferocious animals are kept to get an opinion of their relative merits to guide him in placing wagers, for he is insatiably devoted to gambling.

At about three o’clock on the afternoon of the contest, we find the principal promenade of Madrid, the Prado, crowded with carriages whose occupants are taking a preliminary outing. With most of them it will be merely an after-breakfast drive, for the Spanish
señoritas dearly love to attend the operas given under royal patronage in the beautiful gardens of the Buen Retiro, and since the concert commences at 11:00 P. M., and with the entr'actes intermissions, which permit a stroll about the brilliantly lighted gardens, lasts until about 3:00 A. M., these dark-eyed damsels sleep away the hot forenoons and do not appear out until evening unless it is a bull fight day—a bully day in fact!

Under the eight rows of mammoth shade trees which for two miles strive to lend shade and solace to the sun-baked pavements of the Prado, thousands of less wealthy Spaniards sit and chat and divide their time discussing bull fights and love matters and even business affairs.

Here and there we see a swarthy, uniformed hombre dodging about to collect the two cents which one pays for the use of a wicker chair in a public park or boulevard of Madrid.

Hundreds are promenading, among whom we notice a large sprinkling of army officers—neat, dandyish fellows, with swords polished scrupulously bright, and dainty, waxed mostachos—but who impress you as quite too weak and effeminate to officer great army movements. But in a game of hearts?—that's different! Competition is fierce and fast, though, for soldiers in Europe are as numerous as office seekers in America, and every other one is an officer. When competition is too fierce these cigarette virtuosos easily find an occasion sufficiently provoking to send a challenge to the offender. If the latter is a crack shot—a rare thing among Spaniards, by the way—he will choose pistols, and in some lonely mountain glen near by, the dawning of the Spaniard's busy day—tomorrow—will witness the possible death of one of the hated rivals. A wiser opponent will choose cutlasses, in whose manipulation the Spaniard excels, and so may satisfy his own honor by imparting a tickling sensation to his rival's tobacco-tester, or may himself receive some slight abrasion of the cuticle which will mean glory and the girl—for the other fellow!

Although the bull fight does not begin until five o'clock, already at three the infrequent and uncertain cars are crowded to the bulging point with passengers bound for the Plaza del Toros. Except on the Prado and Alcalá, where electric cars predominate, these will be drawn by a team of fly-tortured Spanish mules, gaunt and warped by pangs of hunger (or the heat from the stone pavements) and goaded into a slow walk by fierce lashings of a bull-whip swung by a dirty, unshaved and uncouth Spaniard, with no higher aim in life than to see an occasional bull fight, and receive his regular potion—a sop of bread, a sup of wine, and a brimming beaker of absinthe.

A dense stream of pedestrians, perhaps unable to afford a carriage or even to go shares' in a cabriolet, pours its eager throngs into the square from two o'clock until the hour of the contest. We find the arena an immense circular structure built of stone and marble. It reminds us of the Coliseum at Rome. In the interior is a ring about 150 feet in diameter, then comes a stout circular barrier about seven feet high. Next is a circular path four feet wide, next an eight-foot barrier, then the circular seats—steps of solid marble rising tier upon tier until we come to the canopied seats and the boxes for royalty, officials, and the wealthy, at the top.

We are a trifle early, and are able to note the varied and shifting scenes which occur before the real fun begins. First comes an army of some hundred uniformed ushers with silver numbers on their breasts, who busy themselves dusting and arranging piles of leathern cushions for hire.

Yonder, far across to the right, in the canopied box which will be occupied by the mammoth hospital military band, the librarian is arranging his music. Down on the smooth-raked sands of the arena, several lazy-limbed attendants spray fine jets of water from rubber hose, to allay the dust. Gradually the spectators arrive. Here and there vendors, boys and men, are climbing over the marble steps with yellow programs, huge fans, sunshades, peanuts, and long sweet wafers called
azucarillas for sale. Three priests of funereal visage, clad in black skirts and low-crowned, black felt sombreros, walk slowly in Indian file through an entrance on the right and around the outer corridor to the bullfighter's chapel, where they will sample the President's good wine, will hear confessions and grant absolution to those about to take part in the dangerous proceedings.

The incoming crowds are more dense now and fairly pour into the arena through twenty-nine great doors. Everywhere men in bright sashes and sombreros may be seen, and quite as many women, languid, black-haired senoritas in creamy creations de Paris, who can put a fan through the alphabet in a way to cause heart trouble, and stately senoras in bewitching opera costumes—lovers of the drama, you know, in the Spanish way, with the strong armed espada as hero, and a bull for the villain—and the heroine?—O, she will occupy a box and will divide her time between the play and an army lieutenant!

A vast multitude of fifteen thousand people now fills the arena almost to its full capacity. Everywhere is the rustle of fans multicolored, the hum of conversation, the cry of the vendador. It is now within one minute of five, but one does not expect promptness in Spain. An engagement for 8:30 usually means 9:00, or 10:00, or the next day, "tomorrow," or some time. A dinner order which will be "ready in a minute, caballero," may turn up within a half hour, if fortune favors and the tip is large enough—but with a bull fight—that's "another story"! It will not do to procrastinate here. A half minute before the clock shows the hour the President of the Plaza, present as the governmental representative, is seen in his box with his friends. Promptly at five, the official bugler who sits just above the entrance to the bull cage, blows his trumpet, the military band strikes up a lively tune for a curtain-raiser, the gates of the ring open, and we have a procession of the bull fighters, the espadas, or swordsmen, ahead, the banderilleros, or dartmen next, then the chulos, who tease the bull with red cloaks, the picadors, or lancemen, together with two well-fed, caparisoned ex-Missouri mule teams of three each, and other assistants of the ring. These march in review before the President. The mule teams are then whipped out in a trice. The men doff their hats to the President and take their places in the arena. The trumpet sounds and an officer called the alguacil mayor gallops to the President's box on a fiery, gold-blanketed steed and catches the key to the bull cage in his hat—if he can. This is the legal sanction for the fight. In former days the alguacil mayor was a very unpopular personage, who was greeted with hisses and cat-calls if he failed to catch the key, and was guyed by street urchins as the villain of melodrama is in our time, but nowadays he is allowed to perform his function in respectful silence. With key in hand he now gallops back across the sands, the bull cage is unlocked, and the first of six savage bulls to be fought dashes into the ring ready to charge at any living thing. The first act in the drama is now enacted. The chief performers are the six chulos, or young men in circus costumes with red cloaks with which they tease the bull, the picadors, or lancemen, and the bull—yes, the bull is in the play, too.

The chulos are in no danger, for a bull will never charge a man when there is a red coat to be charged. The cloak is held at the man's side, the bull charges it and passes him, only to be confronted by another cloak, until he is tortured into a frenzy, and in his rage roars, and bellows, and paws the sand of the arena into the barreras.

The picadors, two in number, with long lances, are mounted on old nags whose right eye is covered, because that is the side turned toward the bull in the so-called fighting, a process intensely delightful to the spectators, but mere slaughter so far as the blinded horse is concerned.

The trembling horse is led up to the bull, keeping him always on the blind side. When near enough the bull will charge. The horse cannot see him and so is not able to escape until the cruel horns have lacerated his flesh
or have disemboweled him, to the extreme
delight of the spectators. The horse will
probably be thrown over onto his back. The
picador waits until the bull charges, and then
heroically (?) thrusts his spear about four
inches into the bull’s shoulder, with no intent
to inflict a mortal wound and as heroically
escapes by slipping from his horse on the
other side, while a chulo with a red cloak gets
the bull’s attention!

I, in my place of observation, grow sick and
disgusted as the full cruelty of the process
becomes evident, and cling to my seat in des­
peration for fear of giving way to the sicken­
ing feeling that steals over me. My sympa­
thy is not with the men, however, for they
are in little danger. And the bull, though
cruelly tortured, at least meets his death
fairly, with courage, and in glory. I had
always thought that the horses were kept out
of the bull’s way if possible and were hurt by
accident only, when unable to escape; but
now I plainly saw that the poor brutes had not
the slightest chance to escape. To see thou­
sands of Spaniards shrieking in uncontrollable
delight when a horse has been successfully
gored, reminds one of pictures from the In­
ferno, and forcibly explains the present low
state of Spanish civilization.

The spearing continues now and the audi­
ence warms to the sport until two or three
quivering nags are ruined, and the bull has
received two or three cruel gashes from which
the crimson fluid streams down his muscular
shoulders and leaves dark spots on the sands
of the arena. Six bulls are fought at each
event, so it takes a great many old horses to
supply the demand. In one way that was a
tame fight which I witnessed, I am told, for
only eight horses were killed outright! The
next Sunday seventeen were slaughtered, and
the editor of Spain’s greatest daily wrote in
his next edition, ‘‘Those were splendid bulls,
Duke. We hope soon to see more like them
from Your Grace’s ranch.”

Now the first act is finished. At a signal
from the President the bugler calls forth the
banderilleros, men who stick the darts called
banderillas into the bull’s shoulder. This is
considered the most artistic feature of the
drama. The banderilla is a stick about two
feet long, wrapped in colored paper, and
barbed with iron at one end. The banderil­
ero now proceeds to the center of the ring
with a banderilla in each outstretched hand.
He waves them in the air, and in this way
challenges the bull. Just as the animal has
charged near him he steps aside and adroitly
fastens the banderillas into the bull’s shoulder
in the most artistic manner possible. This
process is repeated until the beast has taken
five or six banderillas of various colors. Then
at a blast from the bugle, the espada, or
swordman, the greatest and highest salaried
hero, comes out to give the bull his quietus
with the sword. But first he salutes the
President, and in a marked Andalusian accent
delivers the stereotyped expression: ‘‘To the
Queen, to Your Excellency, to your friends,
and to the whole populace of Madrid.” The
audience grows supremely enthusiastic now.
The excitement is intense! ‘‘How charming
Machaquito is this evening,” mmrurr the
señoritas! And how they drink in every move
of this majestic personage! Over yonder in
the press seats, the reporters are kept busy
minutely describing every pass made by the
espada for the next issue of the daily papers,
and the penny-a-line poets gather pointers
for gushing metrical effusions. Finally the
espada succeeds in getting the bull into the
right position, with feet together and shoulder
blades separated so he may thrust his sword
through to the lungs. Now the excitement is
at fever heat. The espada gracefully throws
his three-corned hat to the ground behind
him. The vast crowd rises silently from the
seats and watches the matador, alert, intense,
breathless, every nerve strained, as he draws
his long Toledo sword in front, shuts one eye,
sights the intended spot along his gleaming
blade, and then, as the bull charges—amid
the cruel imitative gurglings of the spectators
—plunges it to the hilt. The crowd now wild
with enthusiasm sends a shower of hats, fans,
cigars, oranges, leathern wine-bottles—any-
thing at hand—down on the successful *espada* who is bowing his way around the ring. Most of the articles are now returned to their owners, while the band plays, and the *puntillero* comes out and gives the prostrate animal a final blow with a short dagger. This fellow is scarcely noticed amid the excitement, but if too slow in the performance of his duty, the crowd rises and counts in unison, "One! two! three! four! five!"—and so on, like disgusted rooters at a poor ball game in America.

Now the mule teams are whipped in, hitched to a dead horse, or the bull, lashed into a gallop and out again, the bugle blows and another victim rushes out. He is as skillfully avoided as the first, as heroically tortured, and permitted to inflict his wrath upon blinded horses, and meets his death in the same way. So it is with the next. But bull Number Four, known in the bills as "Pepe, variegated in color, *cornialto*" (which means with high horns), Pepe furnishes a surprise. Pepe will not fight. He grows restless. So does the crowd. A trembling nag is led in his direction, but Pepe bolts and leaps the first barrier. He is quickly turned back, but bolts again.

By this time a howling mob of men and boys are on their feet shouting to the President to put him out. But no! the President knows another device to arouse the bull's fighting blood. He signals the second act and the *banderillero* this time sticks *banderillas* with rocket attachment, which when placed explode balls of livid fire under his very flesh! This cruel treatment makes him reckless to all danger and he charges the horses with such fury that he overturns the first completely, and kills three of them in less than sixty seconds! The *picador* mounted on the first horse catches his greaves in the saddle as the horse goes over and narrowly escapes death, but frees himself by almost superhuman effort and receives only a sprained knee. The blood-thirsty crowd is again on its feet, yelling with wild, fiendish glee at the thrilling succession of risk as the bull charges madly about the ring. But his predominance is short and soon he, too, is laid low in the dust. Two more victims are sacrificed and the performance is over. It has lasted less than one and one-half hours. Dozens of presents are now thrown to the *espada* by departing admirers, several hundred leather cushions are shied in the same direction, and the crowd begins the rush for hacks, cars, carriages, tallyhos, or whatever vehicle can be found. Thousands are obliged to walk. The sidewalks are insufficient, so the roadways are pre-empted. About half way to our hotel we meet with one of those strange exceptions to the general condition of sluggishness which prevails in Spain. We buy here a daily with a full account of the fight—written today, too. I enter my hotel, and after dinner take my customary stroll. We find the streets nearly deserted now. The crowd at the opera is small tonight for a double reason. The average Spaniard will be so sated by the experiences of what he calls a "glorious bull fight" and so overcome by the unwonted exertion that he will not venture out tonight.

After the opera, at 3:00 A.M., I wander back to the Puerto del Sol, and seek the tireless night watchman who carries the only night keys to all the hotels on this street. When I have roughly aroused this vigilant sleuth from his sleep in a neighboring doorway, I am permitted to enter my hotel, and am soon asleep.
IN the pretty city of Cambridge, which lies just across the river from Boston, in the centre of country which for miles around fairly teems with history — historic fields, historic rocks, and even whereon stand historic trees, is Harvard College.

The first view of this famous college suggests a penitentiary or asylum, for all about the "yard" (campus) is a wrought iron fence ten or twelve feet high, and inside this for some distance is dense shrubbery, which shuts out all view; but at frequent intervals, there occurs to dispel this illusion, for they are swung wide on their hinges, lofty gates some twenty feet high, which are beautifully set in solid masonry. This "wall," as it is called, is just being completed at a cost of many thousand dollars, the gates being the gifts of different classes.

Once inside, the yard and its buildings comes into full view. Many paths run all about, which make most attractive walks, for they are beautifully shaded by elms, those stately trees with their graceful, drooping branches, of which New England is so justly proud.

The buildings, about twenty in number, are mostly built of brick, and nearly all are severely plain, with no attempt at architectural effect, while a few testify plainly their great age. The severity is softened greatly by the quantities of Boston ivy which covers some of them even to the eaves. No sooner is a building completed, seemingly, than the beautiful vine is planted all about.

The oldest building in the yard is Wadsworth House, built in 1726, though the University was founded many years prior to this. Holden Chapel (now used for recitations) was next, in 1744.

Other buildings are: University Hall, where the offices are situated, Seres Hall, the main recitation hall, the Fogg Museum of Art, Appleton Chapel, the Library, containing 600,000 volumes, a co-operative store, and other halls devoted to class and laboratory work. Four or five of the large buildings are dormitories. Across Cambridge street lie the Gymnasium, the Law School, and the two mammoth dining halls, Memorial and Randall.

A new building finished some two years ago, is dedicated to Bishop Phillips Brooks, and is devoted to receptions and religious meetings of all denominations.

During the college year these buildings are filled and used by the thousands of young men, from all parts of the country, who come to find what the college which educated Lowell, Longfellow and Emerson has for them.

Save in the summer session, no fair co-ed may enter the sacred precincts except one corner of the library, which is carefully railed off, where at certain hours she may browse in the rich pastures, secure from molestation.

A few squares away, at Radcliffe, this same co-ed is cared for, and taught all that her feeble (?) brain can grasp.

The question, so often asked, "Will Harvard ever become co-educational?" is negatively answered in her own territory.

Harvard degrees are granted to Radcliffe students up to the Doctor's degree, and though Harvard refuses to grant this herself, she would be glad to have Radcliffe grant it in her own name; but this Radcliffe will not do, for she wishes it to come from Harvard, so there it stands. Authorities state, however, that of an evening, or a Sunday, Harvard and Radcliffe are cosily co-educational.

The summer session at Harvard brings together rather a different class of students than attend at other times. They are older, many of them coming back to "brush up," and the majority are teachers. A feature of the attendance the past two summers has been the
cuban delegation. a year ago the hundreds who came at harvard's invitation owned cambridge. there were those who came to learn, but many came for a good time, and they had it. they were feted and feasted in a manner quite incomprehensible, and not all proved desirable guests. a small fund still remaining, a few hundreds came this summer, and they were a better class. they were conspicuous about the buildings with their spanish chattering. many of them are fine looking, but some resemble strongly the heavy-featured african. the women dress very showily, wear much jewelry, very high-heeled boots, and paint and powder to an inconceivable degree. they fall quite easily into american customs, the only thing which they seem absolutely unable to accept being the women's gymnasium suits. they seem quite interested in their college work, but their specialties are dancing and love-making.

the courses offered in the summer school are good. many of the best lecturers are on duty, and in each department a good course is offered. students are advised to take but one course, and that is warranted to keep one busy. two or three evenings each week there are free lectures in fogg museum hall.

each saturday, and sometimes oftener, a "personally conducted" excursion visits some point of interest near by, going by trolley, boat or barge. these trips are made to lexington and concord, plymouth, marblehead, old boston (with its paul revere church), bunker hill, whittier's home at amesbury, and other interesting places.

the very air one breathes at harvard is historical and full of wisdom. while there one somehow has a delightful feeling of exalted superiority, and a feeling of compassion for those who, never having been there, must know so little.

the harvard professor is not unlike other representatives of the species in many respects. he is characterized by brains, baldness and bags. the second is doubtless due to over-development of the first, but the third is—well, it is green, presumably billiard cloth, about a yard long and half as wide, with a double "puckering string" in the top. behold him as he enters the room and drops his precious burden on the table, pulls the strings, and disappears to the shoulder in its depths, suggesting the grab-bag of our church fairs, and produces the books and learned documents from which your portion of learning is to be gathered and dealt out to you.

these good men stand high in their profession, and one gets in all departments the best that men of sound mind and judgment can offer.

michigan had the honor this summer of having the course of study of one of her high schools held up to the class in education as a model one.

we love and respect harvard for what she has done in the past, and for the full, strong life of the present. long live harvard!

vacation notes.

miss mary putnam.

as is paris to all frenchmen, so to some degree is boston to americans of new england descent. sooner or later they all find their way there, and having once gone they go again. we westerners do, it is true, often object to the self-satisfaction of our eastern friends who in their remarks are sometimes like the boston small boy visiting up in new hampshire. during a violent thunder storm he seemed not so much frightened, as surprised, and at last he cried out: "well! that is pretty loud thunder to have in so small a place and so far from boston."

admitting all the excellencies of the west, yet the true new englander is honestly sorry for us that we do not live in new england; and possibly some of us are at heart almost sorry, too. certainly there is no pleasanter place
to spend a summer vacation, even if the West
does give better returns for labor of various
kinds. A New Hampshire farm may yield
more pleasure to the tourist than food for the
farmer, unless the latter turns his attention
to summer boarders.

As a school woman I could not devote my­
self entirely to New Hampshire mountains and
Massachusetts seashore, but must visit a
college or two, yielding for the first time to the
summer school tendency. Of course Harvard is
far from its normal condition during the sum­
er school. Women appeared in consider­
able numbers in class rooms and library,
while during the regular sessions Radcliff
women have separate and secluded quarters,
and are requested not to cross the college
yard unless it is absolutely necessary. In
the American History room in the library, I
noticed one table in a small place separated
by a railing from the rest of the reading room.
To this secluded spot, I learned, women are
confined except in summer. The wall of
separation was not solid, and one could see
over it. To a woman educated entirely in
co-educational schools and colleges, the great
advantages of Harvard would not compensate
for the feeling of always hanging on the
ragged edge of things. In the summer classes,
however, the women are in a majority, and
are most courteously received in library and
class rooms. Many teachers were at Har­
vard because it was required either definitely
or implied by their superintendents or school
boards that they study somewhere during the
summer. Women, tired from ten months of
teaching, were straining every nerve for a
summer school certificate in one or more
studies. To secure this they worked, almost
without rest, for the six weeks, and must go
back to their schools too tired to make good
use of the added learning. I take it as a
proof of the endurance of school teachers,
that the work was passing too much into the
hands of comparatively inexperienced teach­
ers, and there were animated discussions as
to the relative value of the courses offered at
Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, etc. Among
the Cubans some dissatisfaction was said to
exist because of less social attention than had
been bestowed the previous summer. Cer­
tainly the enthusiasm for the Cubans that
had been shown in 1900 had quite disap­
peared by 1901. As seen about the yard, on
the steps of the buildings, or on the grass
under the beautiful old trees, they seemed to
be having very good times among themselves,
and helped to make a picture for the rest of
us to remember. I liked the prominence
given to the college seal on the gates of the
new fence about the yard, and indeed in
many places. Veritas, and Christo et Eccle­
siae are good words to have often before one,
and to bring back in memory from one’s
vacation visit to Harvard.

At Dartmouth also I did not see the regu­
lar college life, since I was there during the
Webster centennial celebration on September
24 and 25. The beautiful little town of
Hanover among the New Hampshire hills
seems an ideal place for a school. The col­
lege is nearly the proprietor of the town,
owning not only dormitories for the stu­
dents, but even the one hotel. I heard one
guest wishing that the trustees had to sleep
at the hotel till their aching bones convinced
them that softer beds were necessary. We
were ourselves fortunate enough to be enter­
tained in the hospitable home of one of the
professors. Many fine buildings are evi­
dences of the loyalty of wealthy alumni.
The fact that their Alma Mater is to some
extent dependent on them for support may be
one reason for the great interest and devo­
tion shown by them. It certainly surpassed
what one sees in state institutions.

The morning before the celebration began,
I attended the regular chapel exercises held
daily at eight o’clock and attended by
all students. The beautiful little stone
chapel is nearly filled by the eight hundred
students. When the president of the college appeared on the rostrum at the time for the services to begin, all students rose and remained standing until he was seated. This did not seem a mere formal show of respect, but the real expression of the sincere veneration and love of all for Dr. Tucker. I was told that he was never nicknamed by the boys, not even given the time-honored title of Prex or Prexie. During the celebration, no one of the distinguished speakers, including the Chief Justice of the United States, several senators, governors, and judges, was received more heartily by students and alumni than President Tucker. In the chapel the students sat by classes, the seniors passing out first, while the others remained seated.

The Webster celebration has been so fully described in the papers that I will say but a word of it. All the exercises passed off very smoothly, and with great dignity and propriety, except the one evening given up to the students for Dartmouth night, so-called. The special feature of this was a torch-light procession, including the faculty in black gowns and mortar-boards, the undergraduates in gowns and caps of white, blue, yellow or red, by classes, and the alumni in a Websterian costume of blue coat with brass buttons, buff trousers and waistcoat and tall hat. When, after the marching, some hundreds of men thus gorgeously attired sat on the ground in front of the speakers' stand, with electric lights shining through Chinese lanterns on them, the scene was wonderfully picturesque. Fireworks and an immense bonfire closed the evening's exercises. During the entire celebration the weather was all that could be desired and leisure moments were spent walking under the fine old elms which add so much to the beauty of Hanover. Indeed, I found these stately trees one of the most attractive features in all the New England towns I visited. On my trip home I passed very near Smith and Mount Holyoke colleges, and was sorry that time did not allow visits to these typical women's colleges. A ride out to Wellesley from Boston on the electrics was planned, but for some reason not taken. We did take many delightful trolley rides on hot afternoons and evenings going to Watertown, the Newtons, Milton, or even as far as Lexington and Concord. If there had been electrics along the road to Concord in 1775, the Red-coats might have fared better, although probably the motormen would have been rebels. It seemed hardly right to go over these historic roads in such a commonplace and modern way. It would seem more suitable to make pilgrimages on foot. When one remembers that ten years ago horse cars were still a common means of getting from point to point in many cities, present methods of rapid transit seem truly marvelous and not at all commonplace. Boston, which a few years ago opened its subway, became this summer the possessor of an electric elevated road, running from the Dudley street transfer station to Sullivan Square in Charlestown. If one's only object is speed, he should certainly take the elevated; but for pleasure it cannot be recommended, being especially unpleasant when in the subway. It seems rather contradictory to talk of the elevated in the subway, but after being whirled along up in the air for a time, one goes into the subway for a passage under a part of the city. On the other hand, some so-called "surface cars" run up into the elevated stations to connect for the suburbs. One of the Harvard "summer-schoolers" concluded she had discovered why the people of Boston were so much brighter than those of other parts of our country. The stupid ones had all died early as a result of their attempts to understand the Boston street car system. My experience was that even mature Bostonians sometimes found the system more than they could master; still the American desire to get somewhere and to lose no time, fills the cars, especially in what are called rush hours. Among the numerous printed or spoken directions for passengers, the most prominent is "Move quickly, please." Stops on the elevated are for a short time, with no waiting for any one to get on or off. One man is said to
have made the entire circuit six times on the opening day before he succeeded in getting out at his station. The doors had always closed before he made his way through the crowd.

The surface cars that enter the subway, returning, leave it near the Public Gardens, and one much enjoys the change from the darkness, noise and confusion of the underground passage to the air, light, flowers and trees of the Gardens. Boston is very fortunate in having many open spaces like the Common, the Public Gardens or the Back Bay Fens right in the heart of the city. There have been several attempts to run a street across the Common, and even to lay car tracks there; but so far it has been prevented by the efforts of the citizens. I was interested in the public playgrounds under the charge of the Park Commissioners. These contain ball grounds for the large boys, and sand-piles, swings, teeter-boards, etc., for the small children. Some of the churches maintained playgrounds under the charge of kindergartners. One of the most popular private charities this summer was the floating hospital, a boat on which sick babies were taken for a day or longer under the charge of nurses and physicians. On pleasant days it was towed out in the harbor, and on stormy days it remained at the dock. The expenses were all met by private contribution, sometimes the guests of a particular hotel paying for one day, which was named for the hotel. Other days were named in memory of dead children, whose parents paid the sum about $300.00 necessary for the expenses of one day.

Another beautiful and lasting memorial found in many New England towns is a library building, often well endowed. Picture galleries and historical museums are sometimes added. One of the finest buildings of the kind is the Nevins memorial library at Methuen, Massachusetts. There are but two towns in Massachusetts without a free library. In many of these there are special children's rooms under the charge of a librarian qualified to look after the wants of the little ones. I believe the Boston public library was the first to start this line of work, which it carries on successfully, as it does so many others, for "all sorts and conditions of men."

I was pleased one day to see a grey-haired old gentleman in charge of the catalogue room helping two little urchins to find titles and numbers in the card catalogue. Copley Square, where are the library, the Art Museum, Trinity church, and the New Old South, one of the most attractive spots in Boston, is certainly a good place to close this rambling account of some experiences of a vacation spent mostly at the Hub.

**LIBRARY.**

Among the recent accessions to the Library, are some works of reference which are well worth particular mention.

The Universal Cyclopedia, in twelve volumes, gives us a cyclopaedia up to date. It is a new edition of Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia, which was thoroughly revised in 1892-1895, and has again been subjected to careful revision under the editorship of Charles K. Adams and a large corps of assistants. It is now published by the Appleton's, a veteran firm in American cyclopedic work, with the simpler title of The Universal Cyclopedia, and bears the imprint of 1900. A glance at the preface, in the first volume, will explain the plan of the work.

The Dictionary of National Biography, a truly monumental work in sixty-three volumes, is publishing a supplement in three volumes, of which the first two are received. Based upon the usual conservation lines of English works of similar character, the Dictionary excluded all names of living people, but in the fifteen years during which it was in course of publication many men and women of eminence have died. The date of the death of Queen Victoria, Jan. 22, 1901, is
decided upon as closing the list, the names of Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone, Bright and many more at once come to mind as being chronicled in these supplemental volumes.

The American Catalogue has published a new volume, cumulating American publications of the five years 1895-1900.

Among Government publications a most valuable public document is a Compilation of Treaties in Force in 1898.

An Index to St. Nicholas Magazine will be of particular value in the Training School.

The great difficulty of getting information regarding current writers and other notable people who have recently come into prominence is somewhat overcome in two or three places. The annual editions of Who's Who, and of Who's Who in America, answer many questions, and the North American Review and The Forum have adopted the happy solution of printing two or three pages in each number, giving brief biographical sketches of all contributors.

THE ATHLETIC MASS MEETING.

The mass meeting of the Athletic Association was held in Normal hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 10. Mrs. Burton's request that all the young ladies who possibly could should come, was numerously lived up to. Mr. Peat was right in saying that it was nearly a "hen convention," but they did pretty good in "shelling out," for about $130 was raised by subscription. This amount will be increased when all have bought season tickets.

The subscription list was started with $25.00 from the Scharf Tag, Label & Box Co. This company has always taken great interest in the Normal, and especially has it been instrumental in a financial way in supporting the athletic association. Following this came "Dad" Zwergel with his usual $10.00, the A. of H. fraternity $10.00, the T. K. O. fraternity $10.00, Phi Deta Pi $8.00, Pi Kaupa Sigma sorority $5.00, Showerman $10.00, Davis & Kishlar $10.00, also many other liberal subscriptions from different members of the faculty and students.

The first on the program was an opening speech by Prin. Lyman. His story illustrating the point that we are curiously and wonderfully made started the ball of fun rolling.

Enthusiasm ran high. This was manifested by the frequent college yells and applause from the hopeless minority in the dress circle.

Captain "Phil" Dennis was called upon to make the first football speech. He was slightly embarrassed by the hearty applause given him by the gridiron fellows. Although he said that he would be more at home on the football field, yet he gave the boys a good straight common sense talk. Coach Teetzl spoke of the need of funds to buy suits for the men. Later he explained briefly some of the principal points in the game.

The musical part of the program must not be overlooked. Mr. Winton's organ solo, Mr. Ellis' baritone solo and Donna Riblets' soprano solo added life and enthusiasm to the meeting.

LYCEUM

On Tuesday evening, October 8, a meeting of the officers of the three literary societies was held at the rooms of Mr. Partch, president of the Olympic Society.

The object of the meeting was the discussion of plans for the operation of the societies during the current school year. Mr. Gill, president of the Oratorical Association, was chosen chairman. The failures and successes of last year were critically reviewed, and acting on the lessons gained from past experience it was decided that a friendly spirit of rivalry between the societies should be fostered, and that a more tangible aim should be given to the work of the societies by asking them to assist in defraying the expenses of the Oratorical Association.

It was decided that meetings should be held every Friday evening beginning at 7:30 standard time, as formerly. The presidents of the three organizations are to act as executive committee of the Lyceum till different arrangement can be made.

All agreed that the Constitution and Bylaws of the Lyceum should be more strictly adhered to than formerly.

Prof. Lathers was chosen to announce in chapel Wednesday morning the first meeting of the societies for Friday evening, October 11.
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EDITORIAL.

To all readers of The Normal News, greeting! Since our last issue with its columns full of happenings at the Normal, class day articles, facts and jokes, three months have passed, months of pleasure and rest to most of us. Now we come once more to Ypsilanti and the "dear old Normal," with new vigor and stronger purpose than when we left in the early summer.

We extend greetings to all our subscribers, especially to the class of 1901, who so gladly placed their names upon our subscription list before leaving the school last year, also to those who fully intended doing so, but who in the great anxiety over sheepskins and positions, had no thought for the coming year. Now that our friends have obtained their desire, their thoughts turn again to their Alma Mater.

We feel that the News should be in closer touch with the Alumni. That it has not been so is not the fault of the editors. We would gladly receive news items and contributions from any one interested in the College and its welfare. May we hope for your help and encouragement?

We meet all former students with a hearty handshake, "A hello and How d'ye do, and How's the world a usin' you?" We proudly call to your attention the fact that while you have rested, others have worked, and the results of their labor are seen in the Normal buildings and grounds, the tinted walls, the well-lighted corridors, the hard wood floors, and perhaps most grateful of all, the enlarged heating plant. Old students know by experience that it pays, and pays well, to begin with the determination to do good, systematic, sensible work from the opening of the year, and thus get into the right humor for work through all the year, and they will soon settle down to earnest labor. But let us not forget that no man can live unto himself alone, the new student is with us, our ways perhaps are not his ways, and so we will extend to him a cordial welcome, remembering that "it is the first term in college that tries the student and shows the stuff he is made of." As his success goes hand in hand with our college's success, let us help him to make his first year a successful one. It is now that studies seem hardest, courses longest, friends fewest, and home farthest away. Let him not meet discouragement, but a helping hand and kindly greeting, which will help him through some of the listless, dreary days we all have known.

New students, we welcome you because of the inspiration that your presence brings to us. Welcome to the pleasures of college life as well as to its duties. Do not get the mistaken idea that a student of a Normal School can get the most good out of his life by a steady course of grind. Our college is not an institution organized for the sole purpose of pouring out instruction. It has many phases,
and the wisest student will avail himself of just as many of these as he can successfully.

The boarding club affords the opportunity of genial companionship, and the pleasant chat and merry laugh at the dinner hour, which we all know embodies sound physiological principles.

The literary societies are peculiarly college institutions. Every new student should take advantage of one of these, and thus be able to participate in our literary and social programs. The expense is slight, the return in friendship and culture is great.

Become identified with athletics; consult our advertising columns for suits, and appear in the gymnasium or on the field with the intention of physical as well as mental growth. The literary societies, the Christian Association and athletic teams will cordially welcome accessions into their ranks.

Last, but by no means least, keep in touch with the college, its work and its aims, through the college paper. Do not read your neighbor’s. Subscribe for it. Pay for it. Make it your paper.

In a word, new students all, get in touch with your associates; open your faculties and receive in good measure the overflowing opportunities and benefits of Normal College life.

OUR PAPER.

Charles Dudley Warner once said that he had found plenty of people who were not able to subscribe for a newspaper, but never had he seen the person who was not perfectly able—in his own estimation—to edit one. This bit of sarcasm may be true, but in assuming the duties of office, the present management feel keenly the responsibility placed upon them, and would unwillingly begin the task were it not for the assurance of the most loyal support of faculty, students and alumni.

We have no radical change to propose. The present form of the NEWS is most practical. The former managers, by arduous labor, have brought the paper to its present high standing, and assured its stability. Our aim is to be progressive, at least to maintain the present standard, to strengthen each department of the work, to impress upon the student body the fact that this is their paper, and to come more closely in touch with the alumni of the college.

We realize the greatness of the work before us. We cannot do this alone. The NEWS is distinctly a student's paper. It needs, and always has had the students' earnest support. We appeal to the faculty, alumni, present student body, our friends and readers wherever they may be, for a continuance of their support, encouragement, and hearty co-operation. Let our paper reflect the character of the institution; in fact, the school is often judged by it, hence the importance of making the NEWS a success.

You can help first by your contributions in the way of news items and articles. If you have an item of interest do not be afraid to hand or send it in. All articles pertaining to school life or professional work will be gladly received. Room will always be made for good, breezy letters from an alumnumus.

Second. Subscribe for the paper yourself; do not borrow your friend's, thereby you may lose your friend, and we will lose your co-operation and help. The price is reasonable. After reading it, if you do not care to put it on file, send it home to your friends, that they may know what you and your college are doing.

Third. When you have purchases to make, consult our advertising columns. Our advertisers are among the leading business men of Ypsilanti. They will treat you fairly. Go and see them. Let us patronize those who patronize us. It is simply a principle of reciprocity. Tell them that you saw their "ad" in the NEWS. By doing so you will help us materially, for then when our manager visits them they can not say, "We never get anything from your people." Stand up for your college, your class, your paper, and you will be the gainer. Let us all work together, and make the NEWS in fact, what it is in name.
Many letters are received from our alumni every year by the faculty of the Normal asking for advise and suggestions along their particular line of work. One teacher asks the drawing superintendent for ideas of pretty and seasonable calendars, for hints with regard to designs, initial letters, etc. Another asks regarding apparatus for teaching nature work, Physics, and Chemistry. Questions come regarding library work suitable for the various grades, etc.

These questions are courteously met and cheerfully answered always, but it is thought that the same may be more fully and easily met through the columns of our college paper. Thus a great many will be benefited by material heretofore received by the few. It is our purpose to make this page one of the most interesting as well as instructive pages in the NEWS.

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE

A quantity of material is being purchased by the department in view of making the equipment more complete, especially in Physics 1, 2 and 3, both upon the demonstrative and laboratory side. The aim is to provide enough apparatus of each kind to enable the students to work in sets of ten upon the same exercise. A full set of D'Arsenval galvanometers and Wheatstone slide bridges have been constructed during the summer and some pieces of acoustical apparatus are well under way. Other branches in the department are also receiving valuable additions to their stock of material and an effort will be made to provide the very best equipment for the future science building for use in teaching Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy and Meteorology. Both building and equipment are being designed with special regard to giving the students of the Physical Sciences the best practice attainable in the use of standard apparatus.

Numerous requests have come to the department for a list of the apparatus that a high school laboratory should contain for use in teaching the subject of Physics. On this account advantage will be taken of the columns of the NORMAL NEWS to furnish such information as may be found useful to instructors in Elementary Physics throughout the state. This list of materials will appear in succeeding numbers and, although it may be in itself adequate enough, it is thought advisable to introduce a few necessary precautions to be observed in making a wise selection.

The first apparatus to be procured is that for use in demonstrating the most important laws of Physics. At the outset expensive pieces will probably have to be omitted, but it will often be found that cheaper forms will serve the same purpose almost equally well. Since many pieces of apparatus are accessory to others, they should be selected with special reference to their adaptability. All demonstrative apparatus should be durable and as simple as possible. It should be capable of easy manipulation before a class and give satisfactory results. It should show very clearly fundamental laws and not a complication of principles.

A greater difficulty is experienced in the choice of apparatus for students' use. As it is almost universally conceded that this part of the work should be of a quantitative nature, measuring instruments of a variety of kinds are required. The instructor must decide upon the experimental problems the students are to work, the materials needed for each and the number of pupils to be supplied at a time. This decision should not be made without consulting some of the laboratory manuals in general use which embody many of the ideas of the best educators upon the subject. It will be found unwise to procure enough cheap material to work all the exercises in any one book as some have recommended. Accuracy and durability would surely be sacrificed. A few good pieces purchased each year will in a short time equip a laboratory in a most satisfactory manner. Every piece should be selected with regard to the conditions under which it is to work, the
limits of its measurements and the accuracy of its indications.

Laboratories are so frequently found stocked with useless and inefficient apparatus that the exercise of the greatest care cannot be too strongly urged. Mere models are often seen taking the place of working apparatus while many pieces simply excite curiosity without illustrating simple principles. Among devices of this kind may be mentioned electrical machines, magic lanterns, tellurians and the like. Unless a good equipment is provided most of these will be almost worthless. This faulty selection may be traced possibly to the undue exaggeration of the possibilities of these instruments by agents and catalogs. The limitations of a piece can be judged best from experience. There is little help for the inexperienced. Special precautions would need to be given for every detail. We believe that if more deliberation in the selection of apparatus were practiced in every high school, the appropriations for material would everywhere be more liberal and every laboratory finely equipped.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

During the summer and early fall many improvements have been added in the training school building. All of the halls and school rooms have been neatly tinted in shades of green. The offices have been decorated in red with green ceilings and friezes. A teachers' rest room has been fitted up with comfortable chairs, a couch and library table. This room will fill a long felt want. The entire building has been equipped for lighting with both electricity and gas. Attractive brass chandeliers are found in all the main rooms and corridors. All the furnaces in the basement have been removed and have given way to the blower system of forced heating and ventilation. This insures one of the best ventilated school buildings in the state.

The important improvement in the course of study is the addition of manual training throughout the grades. The work in the first, second and third grades is to consist of clay modeling, basket weaving with rattan, paper cutting and cardboard construction; in the fourth, and fifth grades, Venetian iron bent work and knife work will predominate; and in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth grades bench work will be the main feature.

The large room in the east basement will be fitted out with eighteen Chandlers and Barber benches and the best equipment of wood working tools that can obtained. It is expected that cookery and sewing will be added as soon as the finances will permit.

The corps of instructors for the year is as follows:

Dimon H. Roberts, Superintendent.
Hester P. Stowe, Kindergartner.
Margaret E. Wise, First Grade.
Adella Jackson, Second Grade.
Abigail Lynch, Third Grade.
Nettie A. Sawyer, Fourth Grade.
Mary M. Steagail, Fifth Grade.
Abbie Roe, Sixth Grade.
Anna W. Blackmer, Seventh Grade.
Edna Hope Barr, Eighth and Ninth Grades.
Clyde E. Foster, Special Supervisor and teacher of music.

Bertha Goodison, Special Teacher and supervisor of drawing.
Alice I. Boardman, Special teacher and supervisor of Manual Training.

Mary Ida Mann, Special Teacher and supervisor of Physical Training.

With the exception of Misses Boardman, Sawyer and Blackmer, the corps is the same as last year.

Miss Boardman is a graduate from Mount Holyoke College, and the Larsson Normal Training School of Boston. Her experience of eight years has been in the Hampton Institute, at Hampton, Va. In addition to the above training Miss Boardman's preparation has been enriched by a year's travel and study abroad.

Miss Blackmer, who takes charge of the Seventh grade is a graduate from the normal school at Cortland, N. Y. and from Wellesley College. Her experience has been in the
Miss Sawyer is a graduate from Iowa College at Grinnell, Iowa and a post graduate from the School of Education of Chicago University. Her experience has been in the public schools and institutes of her native state.

Taken all together, the outlook for the present year is very encouraging and the idea is gaining ground that first of all the Normal Training School should be a model school.

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**Local and Personal**

Supt. R. G. Boone, former principal of the Normal college, is the new editor of the *Education*.

L. E. Richter, principal of the high school in Lapeer, writes: "We find the work in Lapeer very pleasant and expect to have a thoroughly enjoyable year. We have four Normal graduates in the high school, and two in the grades, and all report things moving smoothly. Please send the Normal News for the coming year."

The entire Gymnasium has been fitted up with electric lights the past summer. Mrs. Burton assures the girls that if they take work there they may learn to 'march, dance, run, play basket ball, swing clubs and do everything but play foot-ball and base-ball. This must be left to a few specimens of the 'genus homo' whom we have imported into this 'female seminary' to amuse us.''

Catherine Maxwell, the justly popular preceptress of the Cadillac high school, receives the degree of M. Pd. from M. S. N. C.

Miss Helen Elgie, who has spent the past four years at the Normal, and was a prominent member of the Student's Christian Association, has gone as missionary to Ning Po, China.

Among the former Normal students who are attending the U. of M. this year, are: Edwin Murray, Dan Kimball, Hugh Agnew, Paul Agnew, A. E. Wilber, Una Palmer, Clara Allison, Winifred Childs, Maude Allen, Claudia Agnew and Kate Thompson, literary course; U. S. Lister, law dept., and Leon Stebbins, dental dept.

Several members of the Star basket ball team of the Normal have returned and the prospects for a strong team the coming year are good.

The following Normal college students have been given the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy: Emma Holbrook, Ypsilanti; Mary E. Thompson, Cadillac; Florence Shultes, Ypsilanti; Alice Eddy Snowden, Ypsilanti; Ora J. Travis, Whitehall.

Prof. D'Ooge's Sunday school class will study the life of St. Paul. All those who have been invited to join are requested to be present every Sunday.

Hand your subscription for THE NEWS to the manager or editor. New's Office Hours, 3-5.

The Normal choir sang for the first time this year, at chapel Wednesday morning, Oct. 9, rendering a hymn and a German folk song under the direction of Prof. F. H. Pease.

The long-needed Teachers' rest room, at the Training school, is being cosily and daintily furnished with a reading table, leather couch, rockers, beautiful curtains, etc.

The school board of Moline, Ill., have granted Miss Flora Wilbur a year's leave of absence. Miss Wilbur was formerly a critic teacher at the Normal. She spent a few days in Ypsilanti before sailing for Germany.

The prospect before the Normal Christian Association for the coming year is very bright. The Y. M. C. A., under its president, J. E. VanAlsberg, and the Y. W. C. A., under the general secretary, Miss Bertha Bellows, and the president, Miss Emma Parmeter, are both active and earnest in their plans for the future.

The Conservatory reception given by the Conservatory faculty to their students on Friday evening, Oct 4, was declared a great success.
The people of Ypsilanti and the students who were here in '96 remember with pleasure Theodore Roosevelt's visit to the Normal. President Roosevelt came here under the auspices of the Gold-democratic club. The hall was filled, and the new President certainly won the hearty admiration of all who heard his masterly address on the money question.

The Normal choir will give Spohr's oratorio, "The Last Judgment," and a cantata, "The Pilgrims," at this year's concert.

Chapel will be held on Wednesday mornings, at 10 a.m., instead of Friday, for a time.

Prof. Julia King will give an account of her recent visit at Bacone University, Indian Territory, at the annual meeting of the Woman's Mission circle of the Baptist church on Friday, at 3:30 p.m.

Horace Boutell, principal of the St. Clair high school, spent Sunday in the city.

Armstrong, the former well-known Normal foot-ball player, is attending Adrian college this year, and is working for a place on the college team.

Those wishing student help this winter will please apply to Miss Emma Parmeter, 516 Florence st., or at Starkweather Hall.

A large amount of new supplementary reading material as well as books pertaining to the other departments have been ordered for the use of the children in the Training school.

W. N. Isbell, superintendent at Fowlerville, visited the Normal last Friday. The schools there are in excellent condition, and the year bids fair to be a most successful one.

The Portia debating club, with thirteen members present, organized Thursday, Oct. 10. Miss Inez Clark was chosen president.

Miss Walton will give weekly lectures on library work to the student assistants.

Miss Elizabeth Yost, formerly assistant in history at the Normal, has been elected assistant teacher of German in the Grand Rapids high school. Miss Yost is a graduate of Hillsdale College, and studied for two years in Berlin and one year in Marbury University, in Germany.

Not 16 to 1, but 4 to 1, is the ratio of the boys to the girls in Trig. class. However there are not many beardless youth's among the boys.

Joseph Gill was suddenly called home by the death of his sister Wednesday, Oct. 9.

Leon Stebbins, ex-manager of the Normal base ball team, was calling on friends in town over Sunday. He is taking a Dental course at Ann Arbor.

Hugh W. Conklin, the hustling District Agent for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, was a visitor at the Normal opening day, Oct. 1.

Edwin S. Murray, former editor of the News, came over from the Varsity to see the new students.

The most variable class in numbers in this institution is secondary nature study. Last quarter the enrollment was seventy-two, this quarter it is twelve.

J. E. Van Allsburg, President of the Y. M. C. A., who has been seriously sick with blood poisoning in his foot, is able to be about on crutches.

The S. C. A. reception, held Saturday evening, Oct. 5th, was a great success. Starkweather Hall was crowded, and many "unknowns became known." It was amusing to see some of the little women, wives of the faculty, looking up the "big sixfooter" and "200-pounder" foot-ball men. Nevertheless that is the right kind of spirit, and we are sure that more of the same enthusiasm needs to be cultivated in Normal society.

Marriages

Miss Alice J. Heron, of the Normal class of '95, who has since been teaching at St. Louis, Mich., and at Boise City, Idaho, was married at San Francisco, Cal., to Prof. Charles H. Covill, U. of M. '95, formerly su-
The superintendent of the St. Louis schools, and one of the teachers recently appointed to the Philippines. Prof. and Mrs. Covill sailed for Manila on the transport Thomas.

Miss Stella May Marble, a former Normal student, '93, was married July 13, to Dr. Fred M. Reuch, of LaPorte, Ind.

Word has been received of the recent marriage of Miss Nellie Marsh, a former Normalite, to Chas. Hemper, a lawyer of Owosso. Their future home will be at Owosso.

Mr. J. E. Clark, '94, and Miss Sue J. Knight, were married at the home of the bride's parents at Milan, Mich., July 24, 1901. Mr. Clark will be remembered as a toastmaster in '93 and '94, and also as president of his class, '94. At present Mr. Clark has charge of the schools at Frankfort, Mich.

**N. C. A. A.**

At all Universities and Colleges athletics is a prominent feature in the life of the student and is looked upon at the present time as necessarily forming a part of his course. The Athletic Association is an organization which is constantly growing in significance and gaining the hearty support of students and instructors.

Ypsilanti Normal College is one of the six colleges forming the M. I. A. A. Its association arranges for games of football, basketball and baseball with the other colleges during the year. A number of other games are played at home and on other grounds.

Great enthusiasm is manifested this year by both students and faculty, and with their hearty support athletics is bound to be a success. The football season is on, and the outlook for a good team is very encouraging. The boys and Coach Teetzel are feeling good over the prospects. The latter's untiring work is beginning to show up in the work of the men.

The Normals played the first game of the season with the All Freshmen Team at Ann Arbor, Saturday, Oct. 5. The score was Normals 0, All Freshmen 28. This defeat looks bad for the first game, but when we stop to think that some of the Normal men had never played a game before, and were green at the business, and that the All Freshmen team is the strongest in the state excepting the Varsity, it is not so bad. Coach Teetzel was pleased with the boys, and says that the team is stronger now at this early date than it was at any time last season. There is quite an effort being made to organize a second team. The man who is looking after this is "Babe" Rogner, the wrestler. The line up for the game Oct. 5 was:

- Right end—Faucher.
- " tackle—Green.
- " guard—Kruse.
- Center—Ormand.
- Left guard—Taylor and Gilmore
- " tackle—Crandall.
- End—McClelland.
- Quarter—Frazier and Steimle.
- Right half—Dennis (Capt.)
- Left half—Chapman.
- Full back—Steimle and Carolton.

The first football meeting of the year occurred in the gymnasium Monday night, Oct. 7. Coach Teetzel explained some new plays to the men, which will without doubt prove successful ground gainers. He also pointed out the weak points in the line during Saturday's game. His talk was earnest, instructive, and full of enthusiasm.

The following old men are out for practice:
- Taylor, Chapman, Green, McClelland, Dennis (Capt.), Steimle, Faucher, Bellinger, Rogner, Reucke, Melody, Webber, Miller, Salisbury, Ormund, Gilmore.
- The new men are Taylor, Crandall, Ballard and, last but by no means least, Frank Kruse a former football player. He was right guard on the star team of '95 '96. His 6 feet, 4 inches and 205 lbs. bids fair to guard us from defeat.

Manager Scovil gives the following schedule from date:

- Oct. 19—Kalamazoo at Kalamazoo.
- 25—All Freshmen at Ypsilanti.
- Nov. 2—Hillsdale at Ypsilanti.
- 9—Kalamazoo at Ypsilanti.
Nov. 16—Albion at Ypsilanti.
23—Albion at Ypsilanti.

He is also corresponding with Flint D. and D. for a game here at Thanksgiving. Another game is to be arranged with Hillsdale.

All students should come out and watch the boys practice. Buy a season ticket, encourage the team, they need your support.

We regret very much the loss of one of our patronesses, Mrs. Charles McFarlane, who has gone to Brockport, N. Y.

We are occupying Prof. Hoyt's house this year, at 328 Congress. The members in the house are Misses Mann, Miller, Blanchard, Dansard, Wolvin, Paton and Paquette.

All are rejoicing over the return of Mrs. Sherzer, who is to be with us again this year.

Miss Tibbits of Detroit is with us this year as our chaperone.

The fraternity closed a successful year by giving a farewell spread to George Gannon and Henry Evert on July 23. The occasion was characterized by the large number of old members who were present to say a parting word to their brother members before they started on their long journey to the Philippines.

The new year has begun auspiciously, with eight of the old members at home, at 413 Cross St., and three new members pledged. Those recently elected to membership are Caspar Cannon, George Crandall and James Fraser.

On Sept. 3 occurred the marriage of one of our old members, Mr. Don Lawrence, to Miss Mabel Oliff of Clio. The fraternity joins with their many friends in wishing them a happy future.

The Zeta Phi Sorority has had one formal and one informal meeting, noteworthy only in the pleasure of entertaining absent members—Miss Ballou, Miss Van Buren and Miss Maier being the guests.

There was an unusually large number of members of Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority in school during the summer quarter.

At a meeting held the first week in August, pledging Miss Edith Garrison, the evening was made very enjoyable by a pleasant moonlight drive, after which they returned to Miss Lena Knapp's, where dainty refreshments were served.
"CAMP YPSI."
"A time honored occasion leaves a lasting impression."

There are events in an individual's life that whenever recalled bring to mind and soul a flood of pleasant and never-to-be-forgotten memories. Such occasions are to the individual what noted anniversaries are to nations, and which placed on record serve as a reference for future and greater occasions of similar nature.

The Phi Delta Pi camp (Camp Ypsi.) of 1901 will long be remembered by the boys. The Camp was located at Harbor Beach. It is a beautiful spot on the shores of Lake Huron in plain sight of all lake going steamers and also of the government light house piers and great break-water. The harbor is a magnificent piece of engineering, and is said to be the largest and most costly inland harbor in the world. Looking landward, a beautiful grove of birch and beech trees form a background for the long row of cottages along the water's edge, which is studded with private piers.

The boys own a complete Camping outfit and every effort possible was made for comfort and recreation. No small part of the success of the Camp was due to F. E. Ellsworth, who is the hustling superintendent of the Harbor Beach school's. The citizens and resorters were most kind and courteous. The well-kept athletic grounds were placed at our disposal by the citizens and a number of highly interesting ball games were played between the Camp nine and the city team. The games were all good especially the one that decided the championship, score 2 to 3 favor Campers. Our success was the result of the wonderful coaching of captain Stump. The other sports indulged in were rowing, bathing, fishing, wrestling, and long distance throwing. Special programs were prepared (most of them impromptu) to take place in the assembly room of the Camp and consisted of chorus singing, reading, extemporaneous speaking, reminiscences, and arguments over the leading questions of the day. One part of the program, which proved highly practical to all the boys, was the exchange of the experiences in teaching. Schoolmen were present from all parts of the state, and so a wide field of experiences was covered.

A number of special expeditions were planned and executed. Some of the most important were fishing trips and pleasure parties. Perhaps one of the most entertaining and interesting of these excursions was the private one planned by two of our men with their lady friends. It was to be an overland trip to a neighboring town, but due to unseen obstacles it never took place. Another excursion will bear mentioning. One of our prominent and well informed members had made the discovery that fish by the hundred could be caught at a wreck a number of miles up the lake. This was a wonderful piece of information; a council of war was quickly summoned and action taken to sail to the spot the next day, the start to be made at sunrise. The genial colored cook was instructed to prepare an early breakfast and to put up a dinner in shape to be transported; because the battle must continue all day. The day proved a rough one on the water and as the shades of night were approaching a shipload of fish could be seen moving toward "Camp Ypsi." Most of them were suckers and one or two were too sick to classify. If the fish actually caught could talk, they would have repeated the words of the little maid in Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "Master, We Are Seven."

Our stay at 'Camp Ypsi' was limited and the time was drawing near when the best of friends must part. The roll was called and a goodly number responded. The following officers were elected for the coming year: H. C. Partch, president; C. C. Stump, secretary and treasurer, and F. E. Ellsworth, chairman of executive committee. It was decided to grant membership tickets to all active and honorary members of the fraternity. The memorable camp of 1901 came to an end, the boys leaving for home on the D. & C. steamer satisfied that "a time honored occasion leaves a lasting impression."
The former policy of the News will be carried out in the matter of exchanges. We welcome all exchange publications, and hope to find something in each one from time to time that will be worthy of mention in our exchange column. We ask our readers to bear in mind that what occurs in these columns is not original in any sense. Perhaps it may be a gleaning from some college paper or other educational publication, a passing joke or witty saying. Whatever it is, we trust it will help to make a strong paper, with suggestions well worth your consideration, and just enough of the humorous to make life worth living.

The Teachers’ World for September contains many suggestions for the September blackboards. Although too late for this year, they will never grow old in eleven months.

The Chicago University is arranging to establish in Europe a number of schools for preparing students for the university, so that Americans residing in Europe may have the same opportunities for preparation as those at home. The first of these will be started in Paris and Berlin.—Primary Educator.

I met a goat and said to him,

"The question, pray, excuse,
Why do you always wag your chin?"

Quoth he, "Because I chews."—Life.

The philosophers are wondering whether the elderly gentleman who pays attention to a grass-widow is any descendant of a lawn-mower.

Among our exchanges the High School Chat is one that seems to have the interest of the whole school at heart, and the contents signify that the whole school takes an interest in the paper. If a circumlocution of this kind existed in every school the college publication would be more interesting to all.

Among the best of the high school publications already received is the Critic, from Port Huron.

Mrs. R.—Some morning you will wake up and find this country ruled by women.
Mr. R.—Then that morning I hope to oversleep.

Lives of students oft remind us,
We can ride a pony lean,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints few and far between.
Footprints that perhaps another,
Slowly walking by our side,
Some poor plodding, laboring brother
Seeing may catch on and ride.—Ex.

Columbia University has introduced a chair of Chinese.

A green little student in a green little way,
A green little melon downed one day,
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
On the green little student’s green little grave.—Ex.

We wonder if a fraternity who uses the personal pronoun she in explanation will ever deteriorate into a sorority.

We wonder if the girls that tried to go by freight to Ann Arbor could have in any way expressed themselves a few minutes later.

It would be less confusing to some of the Normal girls if the new professors would wear a pink ribbon for a mouth or two, indicating that there is no Mrs. Professor.

C. T. McParlane, head and front of the department of geography and drawing in the Michigan State Normal College, resigns to accept the principalship of the State Normal School in Brockport, N. Y. We all know him as "Mac." Not only is he a genial, whole-souled, big-hearted, clean-minded gentleman, but he is a tip-top teacher, a magnificently equipped man in his chosen subject, and an all-round, up-to-date, on-earth-to-day citizen of America. He came to our State and Normal a lad fresh from school, but he has won the respect, admiration and love of every one with whom he has worked. He has kept growing and maturing; he has kept others growing. He has done more in this
state toward putting drawing and geography on a sound basis, and making them popular in all grades of schools, than has any other factor in Michigan. A more popular institute worker can't be named in our list. Well, good-by, 'Mac.' Here's to you. You may find a broader and richer field, but never truer hearts nor warmer friends.—

_Michigan Moderator._

NORMAL LECTURE AND MUSIC COURSE.

The citizens of Ypsilanti are to be favored this season with an unusually strong and attractive course of entertainments at the Normal. When the regular course had been already determined upon, an opportunity presented itself of securing a concert from Leonora Jackson, who is unquestionably the most famous and gifted woman violinist in the world. Though still very young, Miss Jackson has won distinction from the greatest musicians of Europe, and appeared there on programs with Patti, Paderewski, Melba and other celebrities. Rather than lose so great an attraction the Normal committee decided to add it to the course as an extra. Leonora Jackson, together with a strong company, will play at Normal Hall next Thursday evening, October 17th, at 7:30, standard. The admission will be 50 cents, and purchasers of tickets will be credited to that amount on the price of season tickets to the regular Normal course. Tickets will be on sale at Rogers' store on the day of the concert and at the Normal in the evening, but there will be no reserved seats to this entertainment. Sale of season tickets to the Normal course will take place at a date to be announced later. Keep Jackson tickets to present then. The course includes the following entertainments, which will be more fully noticed hereafter:

1. The Flowers-Eggelston Combination; impersonators and prestidigitators—Nov. 7.
2. Slayton Grand Concert Co. This company is justly celebrated—Nov. 25.
3. May Wright Sewall, president of the Woman's Federation of Clubs; lecture—Dec. 4.
4. Lorado Taft, the eminent sculptor; lecture—Jan. 10.
5. The famous Hungarian Orchestra—Feb. 6.
6. Elbert Hubbard; lecture; the Work of the Roycrofters, a famous social and economic experiment—Feb. 17.
7. The Sammis-Jackson Concert Co. Mr. Jackson is the leading tenor of New York city, and Miss Sammis one of the few great American sopranos—April 10.
8. The Normal Choir Concert, conducted by Prof. Pease—Date to be announced.

_HULLO._

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
How's the world a-usin' you?
Slap the fellow on the back;
Bring your hand down with a whack.
Walk right up, and don't go slow;
Grin an' shake, an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, sho;
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll,
Jest fer wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale and hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailin' his own log,
For a port behind the fog.
Let your speakin'-trumpet blow;
Lift your horn and cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay
Wanderin' in the far away;
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, and say "Hullo!"

—S. H'. Foss.
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Elmer A. Lyman, Principal,
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1902—Summer Quarter—1902

The summer quarter will begin early in July and will be entirely in charge of members of the College faculty. The work done will be credited towards a degree.
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