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Normal College News, January, 1902

Eastern Michigan University

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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

FOR all the joy and happiness
    To us this past year given,
For all the love and blessedness,
    For all good gifts from heaven,
For all the cares and sadness, too,
    And hearts by sorrow riven,
As well as for all gladness true—
    Our highest thanks be given.

"Life passes—passes" like a dream—
    And yet we, looking back,
See many a golden, sunny gleam
    Upon the old year's track;
And looking forward, can we doubt
    That there shall yet be gleams
Of sunshine o'er us, and about
    Us many radiant beams?

Then welcome, welcome, glad New Year!
    Dawn brightly on us all,
And bring us hope our hearts to cheer,
    Whatever may befall!
Bring patience, comfort, gladness, rest,
    Bring blessings from above!
Bring happiness—the highest, best,
    To us and those we love.
Most tourists who visit California are impressed with

"The solitude of vast extent untouched
By hand of art. * * * *
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills,
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round."

At San Francisco you look out through the Golden Gate onto the wide Pacific, laving the shores of our far eastern possessions, and you wonder to yourself whether the United States is very greatly enhanced by her island kingdoms. It is not of them I am to tell, but of some of the interesting features of California, my California. Just at the entrance of the Golden Gate are rocks jutting out of the ocean, rough, ragged and bare. They are the home of hundreds of seals or sea lions, who squirm and wriggle around over them like giant slugs. Their incessant barking fills you with an uncanny, creepy sensation of shipwrecks and ocean disaster. The colony was under the premiership of "Ben Butler," famous for size and age. "The oldest inhabitant" can't tell you when Ben began to rule his rocky domain. He would tolerate no rivals, and woe betide the ambitious seal who attempted to pre-empt any of Ben's possessions. However the time came, not so very long ago, when the old fellow had to "shuffle off this mortal coil" in a conflict with a younger seal. It was never known how many rounds they fought, but Ben's huge, battle-scarred body is now mounted in state at the Academy of Science.

Across the bay from the city is Mount Tamalpais, upon whose summit is a tavern. The railway zigzags up the mountain side, and you get glimpses of ocean and far-away mountains as you emerge from the canyons. At the top you look out to the Farralone islands, thirty miles off, where, if it is evening, you see the great revolving light glint and glimmer. The islands are bare rocks, several hundred feet above the ocean level, and they are the home of thousands of sea birds, gulls, puffins and penguins.

The scenery south of San Francisco is not the heroic of the High Sierra or Shasta. The Santa Cruz mountains range in altitude from 1500 to 3500 feet. Their contour is harmonious, belted by forests and ribboned by silvery streams, with their entangling canyons, among which are an infinite variety of wildwood dells. The air is pure and tonic, the nights are cool, and the days—well, just like all California days, clear and bright and charming. Near here is peerless Del Monte, Pacific Grove and the beautiful Monterey beach. Winter or summer they are always attractive.

There is the famous seventeen-mile drive along the ocean beach, past Cypress point, a bare rocky promontory standing out into the sea, and on its summit grows a cypress, with no apparent soil or water to live upon, yet it thrives and flourishes. Not far off is the cypress grove, trees the like of which grow nowhere else in the world except Palestine. They are so weird and unearthly in their grotesque forms, that you are constantly reminded of Dante's unhappy ghosts, who have assumed the forms of trees and gnarled branches.

You visit the historic sites and ruins of Monterey. The old Carmel mission, on Carmel Bay, founded by Junipera Sera, in 1792. It is built in the Moorish style of architecture with arches and quadrangles. In one of the niches is a wooden statue of St. Peter, with what looks like an up-to-date wooden butter bowl overturned on his head. The mission is surrounded by the ruins of the adobe houses occupied a century ago by the Indians, of
whom Helen Hunt Jackson tells in her delightful story, "Ramona."

Monterey Bay is the great fishing ground of California. It was when driving on the beach not far from Monterey that I saw a mother seal teaching her baby to swim. A baby seal can no more swim than can a human baby. The mother took the little creature on her flippers and plunged off the rocks into the sea. Poor little thing! how it did flounder and cry, but the mother was near, and when she thought the lesson was long enough she lifted it onto her flippers and took it back to its home on the rocks, and coddled and petted it till it recovered from its fright. The process is gone through frequently till the baby can swim alone.

From San Jose, a near-by city, you go up Mt. Hamilton to Lick Observatory. The road is like a boulevard, but you constantly climb skyward. The last six miles overhang deep canyons and steep precipices, and you trust that the driver and six horses are sober and steady. Looking through the big telescope makes you feel quite neighborly with the moon, and you fancy the rings of Saturn would make lovely hammocks. The waterways of Mars look inviting, as if a boat ride wouldn't be amiss. But you finally conclude that mother earth is good enough for you.

From San Jose to Santa Clara extends the Alameda, a broad avenue three miles long. It was said to be broader and finer than any other street in the world when it was in its glory. It was laid out by the Padres in early days, and had three rows of great oak shade trees, one in the middle and one on either side. Because the ground was holy and consecrated by the Pope, the Padres walked with uncovered heads down this shady avenue from Mission Santa Clara to Mission San Jose. But ten years ago the march of human progress and electricity demanded that the middle row of trees be cut down to accommodate the street railway. So now the Padres take the trolley-car to go from one mission to the other.

The Yosemite Valley is the Mecca of all travelers in California. To see the big trees and the wonderful mountain peaks has an amazing effect upon the sightseer. Before exploring the valley you want to explore "The Calaveras Grove of Big Trees." You will not expect me to use the marvelous language about the trees that the lecturer and newspaper correspondent have developed, a style as much larger than that of ordinary conversation, as the trees are larger than rosebushes. They are called Sequoia after an Indian of the Cherokee tribe, who invented an alphabet of eighty-six characters for his people.

A celebrated French botanist named DeCaisne proved that the redwood of California and the big trees are of the same genus, and so they are called Sequoia Gigantea DeCaisne. Prof. Whitney observes that "it is to the happy accident of the generic agreement of the big trees with the redwood, that we owe it that we are not now obliged to call the largest and most interesting tree of America after an English military hero." The age of the trees is disputed, and certain statements have been exploded. They are something like 1300 years old. This would be a great age for a man, and really quite respectable for a nation, but the man who said that "when Nebuchadnezzar was on his throne, and Solomon built his temple, and Caesar crossed the Rubicon, these trees were in their glory," has no authority for his statement.

When our party reached the entrance, or rather the descent into the valley, we found three English noblemen traveling as privately as possible, and more modest, unassuming gentlemen we never met. We remained at the hotel all night, and we had beds which were "as it were" or "so to speak." At two in the morning we were roused and told that the stage would start in half an hour. At every glimpse of beauty, magnificence or grandeur one of our Englishmen would say, "That's a rum view," or if anything unusual happened, "That's a rum thing."

At about eleven o'clock we reached the base of the mountain on the summit of which lies the clearing where the stage route ceases and
horseback riding begins. At the point where we take the horses we are some thousands of feet higher than the level of the Yosemite. It is easy to see why we must ascend several thousand feet above the valley in order to get into it. It is so deep, and has such steep sides, that it cannot be entered from below, but must be approached from above and on the side.

Through the valley flows the Merced river, seventy feet in width. It is simple truth to say that, every portion of the Yosemite wall is sublime. Over these "precipitous, black, jagged rocks, forever shattered, and forever the same," the grandest waterfalls and cataracts in the world dash and foam. In the lower part of the valley is El Capitan, an immense block of granite projecting squarely out into the valley and presenting an almost vertical, sharp edge 3,300 feet in elevation. Opposite is the Bridal Veil Fall, which leaps at first 630 feet in the clear, and then plunges in cascades 300 feet more. The Virgin Tear's Fall is over 1,000 feet high. Then beyond is Cathedral rock, whose summit is 2,660 feet above the valley. Standing on the walls of the valley are the "spires," isolated columns of granite 500 feet high. On the other side are the Three Brothers, which rise one behind the other, the highest 3,830 feet in elevation.

The Yosemite is more sublime than any cathedral, and the voices of its many waters more musical than the most magnificent orchestra.

At Port Los Angeles is the longest ocean pier in the world. At San Pedro you take the funny glass-bottom boats for Catalina Island, "The Isle of Summer." The waters are very clear and one of the unique amusements is the study of marine life through the bottom of the boat, which reveals the mysteries of the deep with surprising distinctness. You see the pretty goldfish, with fins that are like wings, the Medusa, that changes color with every motion, and the jellyfish floating about with their umbrellas up.

North of San Francisco about 300 miles is Mt. Shasta, that magnificent snow-crowned ex-volcano, which dominates the landscape of Northern California. It has been pronounced one of the most picturesque of the high mountains of the world. It is 14,400 feet in height, and its long sweeping profile lines and seeming isolation from other high peaks, give it a peculiarly majestic appearance. Shasta is a crowning achievement for the enthusiastic mountain-climber.

Castle Crags are peaks of the Trinity range that rise abruptly in towers and pinnacles, splintered and riven in all manner of fantastic shapes. With every change in the position of the beholder they seem to march and countermarch, advance and recede, until one is ready to believe them movable. The lights and shadows which play around their granite summits, the clouds that float and weave about the lofty spires are but accessories to the grand panorama of the mountain. It is the Brocken scene of California.

The flora of the state is remarkably beautiful, luxuriant and abundant. The eschscholtzia—California poppy—is the state flower. It is bright orange, the most exquisite shade imaginable. No artist has ever been able to catch the satiny sheen as it glows and shimmers in the sunshine. It is indigenous to the soil, and in the early summer, the hillsides and valleys are covered as with a cloth of gold. The mustard grows as it does in Palestine, so high that the birds of the air build their nests in the branches. I have seen mustard plants ten feet high. The small, yellow, feathery flower is very beautiful, and is much used for decoration. The nemophila—baby blue eye—grows all over the hills. Nothing could be daintier. The foliage is close to the ground, and it makes a green carpet out of which peep the dear little blue eyes. On the high slopes grows the Calichortas—Mariposa lily. Out of the ground shoots a stem which grows a foot high, without a green leaf. On the top of it is a wonderful blossom, cup shaped, exquisitely colored and spotted. Some are crimson, some are yellow, and some creamy white. They are a dream of beauty. It is the same lily that grows so abundantly
round about Jerusalem, and the same to which Christ refers in the parable.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Perhaps I can best sum up the greatness of that western "wonderland" by giving you a fragment of a conversation between a Californian and a New Yorker.

Said the Californian, "We have the largest number of clear days in a year of any of these United States, the largest battery of dynamite guns in the world, the oldest kindergarten school, the largest smelter refinery in the country, the biggest rotary boiler on this continent, the greatest grain ranch on this earth, the biggest ferryboat this side of the Styx, the largest trees in the solar system as far as they're measured, the largest hop farm this side of the first meridian either way, the largest mint since the time of King Solomon, the highest settlement in the country, the longest wharf that touches salt water, the largest concrete dam—with the exception of General Weyler's remarks upon hearing from Admiral Dewey—the greatest harvester barring Father Time only, and the largest fig orchard since the time of the Garden of Eden. We have the only quicksilver mines, the only ostrich farms, the only raisin vineyards in the country. We produce more lemons, oranges and other citrus fruits, more deciduous fruits, more beet sugar, more barley, more wine, more wool, and probably more gold than any other state in the Union."
CHAPTER I

THERE was once a king, Nala by name, mighty son of Virasena, endowed with excellent virtues, handsome, skilled in guiding horses. He stood at the head of the kings of the earth, like the father of the gods; above, above all, like the sun-god, glorious; a Brahman, well versed in the Vedas, noble, a mighty lord among the Nishadans, fond of gaming with dice, a truth-speaker, a mighty general; good, having his passions under control; best of bowmen; in his appearance like Manu, the wise son of Brahma.

There was also among the Vidarbhans, King Bhima, terrible in strength, noble, endowed with all the virtues. He was childless, but he desired children exceedingly, and often sacrificed to the gods for that boon. One day there came to him a priestly seer, Damana by name, and Bhima, with his wife, treated that glorious one with perfect hospitality. To them he gave their wish—a jewel daughter, Damayanti, and three noble sons; excellent ones, endowed with all virtues, strong and brave.

Damayanti, for her beauty, grace, and loveliness, was celebrated among all peoples, the fair-waisted one. Now, being grown to womanhood, she was surrounded by a hundred of women-slaves and an adorned hundred of damsels, who sat about her as they do about Cachi, queen of the gods. There the daughter of Bhima ruled, adorned with all her jewels, having an adorable form, like the cloud-born lightning, endowed with excellent beauty, like the long-eyed goddess Chri. Not among gods nor spirits, nor among mortals, was such a beautiful one ever before seen or heard of anywhere: this maiden, disturbing even the hearts of the gods, the lovely one.

And Nala, the man-tiger, celebrated among all peoples on earth, was like Kandarpa, god of love, in beauty. In her presence they praised Nala continually; and in the presence of the Nishadhan they praised Damayanti again and again. Love for each other, though unseen, sprang up in their hearts, for they both heard about the virtues of the other constantly; and this love grew. Nala, unable to control the desire in his heart, went out alone and stayed in a wood near his palace. There he saw swans, adorned with golden plumage. He seized one bird of those flying about in the forest. Then the sky-dweller addressed Nala with a human voice, thus:

"I shall not be slain by thee, O king, but I will do thee a favor. In the presence of Damayanti I will speak of thee, O Nishadhan, so that she will not prefer to thee any man at all."

Thus addressed, the mighty lord let go the swan. The birds, having flown up together, went then to Vidarbhan land.

Having reached the Vidarbhan capital, in the presence of Damayanti the winged creatures lit. She saw the flock; and, surrounded by her friend-company, having seen the beautiful creatures, being pleased, she stepped forward to catch the sky-dwellers. Then the swans scattered in every direction through the pleasure gardens. The swan that Damayanti overtook, having assumed a human voice, addressed her:

"O Damayanti, there is a mighty lord among the Nishadans, Nala by name, in his beauty like the Ashvina, twin gods of dawn. There is no other man like him. If only thou wouldst be his wife, O sweet-faced maid, thy noble birth and beauty would be put to good account, O fair-waisted one! We have seen
gods, spirits, men, serpents, and demons, but never before has such an one been seen by us. Thou art the jewel among women, and Nala the choice among men; ye should be united."

Thus addressed by the swan, Damayanti answered: "Speak thou this to Nala, too."

The egg-born one, having said "yes" to the Vidarbhan maiden, again departed to the Nishadhan country, and told all to Nala.

Thus the first chapter of the Nala story.

CHAPTER II

Damayanti, having heard the voice of the swan, was no longer herself as far as Nala was concerned. She was melancholy, thin, pale, sad; often sighing, looking upward, buried in thought. She was of a frantic appearance, growing pale on a sudden, having love as the chief thing in her heart. Neither in sitting, in lying, nor in eating did she find any pleasure at all. Night and day she cried out "Alas! Alas!" again and again.

Her friends told her lordly father that she was ill. King Bhima was then admonished that he had a duty to perform for his daughter, and determined to make her swayamvara (husband-choice). He sent messages to the lords of the earth, saying: "Let this swayamvara now be attended to." All the kings, having heard it, came together at the palace of Bhima, filling the earth with the noise of chariots and horses and elephants, and with their troops adorned with variegated garlands.

The strong-armed Bhima did suitable honor to these earth lords, and gave them lodgings over night.

At that very time the two best messengers of the gods, Narada and Darvata, great-souled ones, having wandered over the earth, went up to the Indra heaven, and entered the dwelling of the king of gods. Indra asked after their welfare and health.

Narada said: "We are well, O lord; and in the whole world, O great god, the princes are prosperous, O mighty one."

Having heard the voice of Narada, Indra, slayer of Vala and Vritra (demons of drought), asked: "Where are these wise earth kings, fearless fighters, who go to death at the pointed time with unaverted faces—these heroes, warriors? I do not see them here, coming with their prayers and as my beloved guests."

Narada, thus addressed by the mighty one, replied: "Hear me, O mighty lord, why the rulers of earth are not seen here. There is a daughter of the Vidarbhan king, Damayanti by name, excelling in beauty all the other women on earth. Her swayamvara (husband-choice) is to be held very soon; there, the kings and the princes are assembling. The earth-rulers, longing for this jewel of the world, are eagerly suing, O thou slayer of Vala and Vrita."

While this was being said, the gods, protectors of earth, the highest of the immortals, with Agni at their head, came into the presence of Indra, king of the gods. They had all heard the speech of Narada, and having heard, being pleased, they said: "We, too, are going." Then all of them, with their troops and chariots, went to Vidarbha, where all the kings of the earth were gathered.

King Nala, too, having heard of the assemblage of kings, came eagerly, being devoted to Damayanti. The gods met him on the way. When they beheld him standing on the earth, in his appearance like the god of Love, by reason of his beauty, having seen him shining like the sun, they stood still, forgetting their purpose, astounded by his glory. The sky-dwellers, come down from cloud regions, stopped their chariots in the air and said to the Nishadhan: "Ho, ho! Nishadhan, good King Nala, thou man with a vow, do thou service for us as a messenger, thou best of kings."

Thus the second chapter in the Nala story.

CHAPTER III

Nala, having promised them "I will do it," and having come forward and made a bow, asked: "Who are ye, and who is this one whose messenger I am desired to be? What is to be done for you by me? Tell about it."

The great god Indra, thus addressed by the Nishadhan, replied: "Know us for immortal gods, come here on account of Damayanti. I
am Indra; this is Agni, god of fire; that is Varuna, god of waters; and that one is Yama, destroyer of the bodies of men. O king, announce thou to Damayanti our arrival. Say: 'The guardians of the earth, with Indra at their head, are come, desiring to see thee; the gods desire to possess thee—the most powerful—and Agni and Varuna and Yama. Choose thou one god of these in marriage.'

Thus addressed by the mighty ones, Nala, having made a bow, said: 'Ye have no right to choose me, who have come here on the same errand. How can a man in love say such things to the woman for another? Pardon me this, O great gods.'

The gods replied: 'Having promised us before 'I will do it,' why wilt thou not do it, O Nishadhan? Go at once.'

Thus addressed by the gods, the Nishadhan again said: 'How can I enter well-protected houses?'

'Thou shalt enter,' the great god said to him again.

So Nala said 'Yes,' and went to the house of Damayanti.

There he saw the Vidarbhan maiden surrounded by her damsels, resplendent in love-line and beauty, having a fine complexion and delicate limbs, slender waisted, with lovely eyes, putting to shame by her radiance even the glory of the moon. When he saw her, sweetly smiling, his love increased; but, desiring to keep his promise, he restrained his affection.

The damsels, perceiving Nala, agitated, rose from their chairs, overwhelmed by his beauty. Pleased, filled with amazement, they praised Nala. They did not speak to him, but they honored him in their minds. O, the beauty! O, the splendor! O, the majesty of the great-hearted one! Who is this? It must be a god, or a spirit, or an angel.'

They were unable to address him at all, being overcome by his beauty, bewildered—these damsels.

Then, with a blush, addressing him, bashful Damayanti, astounded, spoke to the hero Nala: 'Who art thou, O man, faultless in form, stirring up my love? Thou hast come like a god, O hero; I desire to become acquainted with thee, O faultless one! And how art thou here, and undiscovered? My house is well protected, and the king, my father, has strict government.'

Thus addressed by the Vidarbhan maiden, Nala answered her: 'Know me for Nala, come here as a messenger of the gods. The gods desire to have thee—the great god, Agni, Varuna, and Yama. Choose thou one god of these as thy husband, O lovely maid. By their power I have entered undetected, and no one at all saw or hindered me entering. For this purpose, O fair-faced one, I am sent ahead by the greatest of the gods. Having heard this, O lovely lady, decide as thou desirest.'

So the third chapter of the Nala story.

CHAPTER IV

Damayanti, having made a bow in honor of the gods, smiled and addressed Nala: 'Express thy desire, O king. What shall I do for thee? Both I and whatever I possess—all that is thine. Express thy wish freely, O prince. The voice of the swan burns me, O king. For thy sake, O hero, the kings have been gathered together by me. O dear man, if thou reject me, loving, I will resort to poison—fire—water—the rope—for thy sake!'

Thus addressed by the maiden, Nala answered: 'When the gods stand by, how canst thou choose a man? I am not equal to the dust under the feet of those earth-creating, great-souled princes. To them let thy mind turn. A mortal who offers insult to the gods comes to death; save me from this, O lady, faultless in form! Choose the high gods. Having espoused one of them, thou wilt enjoy dustless garments, heavenly variegated garlands, fine ornaments. Who would not choose for a husband him who, having crushed the whole earth, devours it; who has sacrifices for his food; a chief among the gods—Agni, god of fire? Who would not choose for a husband him from the fear of whose rod all nations of men practice righteousness—Yama, god of death? Who would not choose
for a husband him who possesses a noble soul, a great heart, the slayer of the demons Daitya and Danana, the great king of all the gods—Indra? Let a choice be made in thy mind at once, if it seemeth thee good, a choice of the earth-protectors. Hear these words of a friend.'

Thus addressed by the Nishadhan, Damayanti spoke a speech, her eyes filled with grief-born water: "With all respect to the gods, I choose thee as a husband, O earth-king! This is a truth I speak to thee.'

The king, trembling, having made her a bow, said: "When I had come with a message, dear lady, how could I press my own suit? Especially, having promised the gods and undertaken an effort for others, how could I carry on my own affair? Is this right? If later my cause shall come up, then I will attend to it. So let it be, sweet lady.'

Then, with a voice agitated by tears, Damayanti, brightly smiling, speaking gently, addressed King Nala: "I have this excellent plan, O prince of men, by which the fault will not be thine at all. Thou, best of men, and all the great gods, with Indra at their head, must come before me at my swayamvara. Then, in the presence of the earth-protectors, I will choose thee, O man-tiger. Thus there will be no blame to thee.'

Thus, dismissed by the Vidarbhan maiden, Nala returned to the place where the gods were assembled. The earth-protectors, mighty lords, saw him coming; and, having seen him, asked him the whole story.

"Was Damayanti, brightly smiling, seen by thee, O king? And what did she say to all of us? Speak, thou faultless earth-lord.'

Nala said: "I, directed by you to the dwelling of Damayanti, entered the great hall protected by stalwart warriors; and, by your power, no person saw me entering except the king's daughter and her damsels, seen by me. They were all astonished, O great gods; and while ye were being described by me, the fair-faced maiden, her senses for a moment gone, chose me, O greatest gods. The girl said to me: 'Let the gods, assembled together by thee, O man-tiger, come here to my swayamvara; in their presence I will choose thee, O Nishadhan, so that the blame will not be thine, O strong-armed man.' Thus far, mighty gods, the affair is related by me. For the rest, ye are in power.

So the fourth chapter of the Nala story.

CHAPTER V

The happy time having arrived, the auspicious day and hour, when King Bhima had summoned the kings to the swayamvara, all the earth-protectors presented themselves in haste, love-sick, desiring to obtain Damayanti. As great lions enter a mountain, so the kings entered the amphitheater, adorned with an arch and shining with golden columns. There all the earth-rulers sat on various seats, wearing fragrant garlands and bright-gemmed ear-rings. Their brawny arms seemed like iron bars; well formed, very smooth, like five-headed serpents. The fair-locked, pleasant countenances of the kings, with their fine noses, eyes, and brows, shone as the stars in heaven. Damayanti, the lovely one, entered the amphitheater, stealing by her beauty the hearts and minds of the kings. To whatever part of her body their glances were directed, there they were riveted, and they could not be removed.

While the names of the kings were being announced, Damayanti observed five men who looked exactly alike. She could not recognize King Nala, because whichever one she looked at, that one seemed to be Nala. The lovely lady began reflecting in her mind, much troubled:

"How can I know the gods? How can I recognize Nala? I do not see in any of these before me the divine characteristics I have learned from sages.'

Having pondered it a long time, and considered it again and again, she thought the proper time had come for an appeal to the gods. Having worshipped with her voice and mind, and made a bow in honor of the gods, she said, trembling:

"As the Nishadhan is chosen in marriage by me, who have heard the voice of swans,
by this truth let the gods show him to me. As I have never trespassed in word nor thought, by this truth let the mighty ones show him to me. As the Nisbadhan prince was ordained by the gods to be my husband, by this truth let them show him to me. As this ceremony was undertaken by me for the winning of Nala, by this truth let the gods show him to me. And so let the earth-rulers, mighty gods, assume their own majesty, that I may recognize the famous human prince."

The gods, having heard the mournful appeal of Damayanti, exerted their power to assume their characteristic marks. Then she saw the four gods free from sweat, with unwinking eyes and dustless, unwithered garlands, standing without touching the earth. And the Nishadhan was recognizable by his winking, standing on the ground, having a shadow, wearing a withered garland, and being covered with dust and sweat. The daughter of Bhima, having distinguished the gods and the human prince, chose Nala for her husband, as was right. Embarrassed, the large-eyed maid took hold of his garment, threw upon his shoulder a very beautiful garland, and so chose him in wedlock.

Now the cry "Ah! Ah!" was suddenly uttered by the princes; then "Bravo! Bravo!" by the gods—those great, wise ones, astonished, praising King Nala. And with a joyful spirit Prince Nala comforted Damayanti, the maid with beautiful hips.

"Fair lady, since thou hast chosen a husband in the presence of the gods, know me, that husband, well pleased with thy words. As long as breath supports my body, so long will I remain with thee, O brightly-smiling one. I promise thee this truth."

And he bowed, having joyfully greeted Damayanti with his words. Then these two, pleased with each other, perceived that the gods had been very good to them.

All the gods, with gracious mind, granted eight wishes to Nala. The ability to see spirits in worship, and a fine gait in walking, mighty Indra, god of help, gave the Nishadhan. Agni, god of fire, who has sacrifices for his food, granted him the power of calling fire into existence whenever he chose, and gave him places of special glory in heaven. Yama, god of death, granted him a subtle taste for food and complete devotion to justice. And the god of waters, Varuna, gave him power to call water into existence at his will. All together gave garlands rich with sweet odors, and the promise of two children. Having granted these wishes, the gods departed to the third heaven. And the earthly kings, astonished and glad, returned as they had come.

Bhima, well pleased, made a wedding for Nala and Damayanti. Nala remained there as long as he wished, best of men, and then went to his own town. He was very happy, shining like the sun, and he made his people glad, protecting them with justice. He sacrificed with a horse-offering, as did Yayati, son of Nahusa, and with many other things and suitable sacrifices, the wise man. And often, in the pleasant forests and groves, Nala, with Damayanti, wandered about like a god. Nala had by Damayanti a son, Indrasena, and a daughter, Indrásena. So he, sacrificing and wandering about, ruled his treasure-filled land, this prince of the earth.

So the fifth chapter of the Nala story.
“Keep Sweet and Keep Movin’.”

Homely phrase of our southland bright—
Keep steady step to the flam of the drum;
Touch to the left—eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul though the lips be dumb.
Hard to be good when the wind’s in the east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is down;
When ‘they that trouble you are increased,’”
When you look for a smile and see a frown.
But
‘Keep sweet and keep movin’.’

Sorrow will shade the blue sky gray—
Gray is the color our brothers wore;
Sunshine will scatter the clouds away,
Azure will gleam in the skies once more,
Colors of Patience and Hope are they—
Always at even in one they blend;
Tinting the journey by night and day,
Over our hearts to the journey’s end.
Just
‘Keep sweet and keep movin’.’

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense.
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offense
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
‘Keep to the right,’” in the city’s throng;
‘Divide the road’ on the broad highway;
There’s one way right when everything’s wrong;
‘Easy and fair goes far in a day.’
Just
‘Keep sweet and keep movin’.’

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a “help” is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
A kind hand clinched makes an ugly fist.
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish a fear with a smile serene—
Just
‘Keep sweet and keep movin’.’

—Robert Burdette in Los Angeles Times.
Some Thoughts of Poe and Bryant on Poetry

Written as a class exercise

Edith Fenton

It is not within the scope of this article to compare Bryant and Poe as men or even as poets, but rather to discover, if possible, the differing views they themselves entertained regarding the purpose, composition, and excuse for poetry.

There is small difficulty in obtaining the views of Poe on this subject, as he was frequently at pains to express them in most forcible and unequivocal terms. With Bryant we must proceed differently and deduct what we may from his poems themselves as well as from his more sparingly expressed thoughts on the subject.

Bryant and Poe agreed that long poems were impossible, but based this belief upon somewhat differing grounds. Poe looked at the effect of the poem upon the public, believing that one which could not be perused at a single sitting would lose the interest and attention of the reader and therefore be of little value. Bryant felt that a long poem was impossible, because a long ecstasy was impossible.

Poe was of the opinion that a poem, aside from being brief, should have in view a single artistic effect; and he did not hesitate to affirm that any peculiarities of meter and odd or grotesque effects were entirely permissible, were in fact virtues.

Bryant, on the other hand, condemned obscure verses as not deserving the name of poetry. One author says of him that "he would as soon have evoked the aid of a brass band to secure an audience as to lend himself to any meretricious devices for extorting admiration. Such he regarded all surprising novelties of expression and all subtleties of thought which the common appreciation does not readily accept."

Each of these men knew thoroughly the technique of his art, but it was in the application of this knowledge that they differed.

Poe declared his belief that the poet's highest mission was to give pleasure, and that poetry had no concern whatever with truth or duty except "as they may serve in elucidation or aid the general effect, as do discords in music,—by contrast." Even then he thought they should be so concealed by beauty, which in his familiar words, "is the sole legitimate province of the poem," that they would become secondary and unobtrusive considerations. He gives us some very clever expressions of this view, as for instance, this one, "Music when combined with a pleasurable idea is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness." Poe says also that truth demands an exactness of expression and a "homeliness" which is opposed to beauty. From this it is not difficult to conceive his thought that poetry had no direct connection with ethical truth or high moral thought.

Turning to Bryant to see if his study of the technique of verse leads him to similar conclusions, we quote the following from his "Introduction to a Library of Poetry and Song": "The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart and the relations of man to man. He who can present them in combinations and lights which at once affect the mind with a deep sense of their truth and beauty, is the poet for his own age and the ages that succeed him."

We do not infer that Bryant intended to lessen in any way the importance of beauty in poetry; but from the perusal of his poems, as well as the few words he has uttered upon this subject, it seems natural to conclude that
noble thoughts, generous impulses, and great truths were with him legitimate and necessary subjects of poetry.

In "The Poet," the most direct allusion he has made to his views, he says that phrases, however beautiful and artfully arranged, can never move the heart or cause the eyes to overflow; that one must feel what he would have his reader feel; must write in an ecstasy of fervor, with the inspiration of impassioned thought, in order to convey that same mood to another. Of his own method, he says in one of his retrospective poems:

The thoughts that awoke in that rapture of feeling,
Were formed into verse as they rose to my tongue.

Almost as a comment upon this, Poe in the "Philosophy of Composition," sarcastically remarks that writers, and poets especially, like to be regarded as having composed in a "species of fine frenzy," and that they would shrink from allowing the public ever to know the truth. He, therefore, proceeds to give his own methods and his belief that a poem should be written as one would solve a problem, step by step. Speaking of his best known poem, "The Raven," he says, "Throughout the construction I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work universally appreciable."

Thus we have two great poets, who, according to their own testimony, used methods as widely separate as possible, whose aims did not approach each other, and whose standards vary so greatly that they are hardly to be compared.
NOTES FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES—METEOROLOGICAL

Below are given some data for the first twenty-seven days of the current month. As we never know what a day or an hour may bring forth in relation to the weather, this limitation should be borne in mind in making comparisons with past years.

During the time indicated above the total precipitation (rain and melted snow) has been 3.25 inches, as against a precipitation in December, 1900, of only .42 inches, and an average annual December precipitation of 2.44 inches. Last December was the driest on record, and 1895 the wettest, with a rainfall of 4.92 inches.

The mean temperature for the month has been 21.6 degrees; the highest, on the first, was 52 degrees, and the lowest, on the morning of the 20th, was 11 degrees below zero. Last year the December mean was 29.8 degrees, and the average December temperature for the past 22 years has been 27.9 degrees.

ASTRONOMICAL

Mercury is now near the sun and invisible. Venus is still a brilliant object in the southwest and is now approaching inferior conjunction. As seen with a telescope, this planet is now a crescent nearly four times as long as broad. Mars passed by Saturn on December 14, and by Jupiter on December 17, all three planets being dimly visible for a little time after sunset, low down in the southwest. Neptune is a telescopic object in Gemini, and was in admirable position for observation late in the evening in the last half of the month.

GENERAL

The department is making increased use of the rods and clamps to be used as supports, bases, etc., which have been developed by various Chicago houses during the past few years. They ought to be known in every laboratory.

The general optical bench and diffraction bench received from the Societe Genevoise, last autumn, proves to be not only an elegant but an excellent instrument. This house, so justly celebrated for careful workmanship, has recently put out an edition of its catalogue in English, and seems to be extending its sales in this country.

E. A. STRONG.

Normal Laboratories, December 27, 1901.

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE

Electricity

Glass rod.
Hard rubber rod.
Cat's fur.
Silk.
Gold leaf.
Brass chain.
Electrophorous.
Leyden jar.
Dilute sulphuric acid.
Zinc plates.
Copper plates.
Suspended magnet.
Bar magnets.
Block galvanoscope.
Tangent galvanometer.
D’Arsonval galvanometer.
Resistance box.
3 Daniell or gravity cells.
2 LeClanché cells.
2 Grenet cells.
Electro magnet.
Small motor.
Coils of wire of known length, size, and material.
Fine iron wire, Nos. 28-32.
Copper wire, insulated, Nos. 28-32.
Copper wire, insulated, No. 18.
Electric bell.
Telegraph sounder and key.
Wheatstone’s slide wire bridge.
Copper voltameter.
Induction coil, removable secondary.
Hand dynamo.
Small incandescent lamp.

Training School Drawing

Where boxes of water colors are provided for all the pupils, they can easily be interested in lessons typical of the month or the season. If there are no water colors, the primary children will enjoy picturing winter scenes and sports, using white chalk, pencil and manila practice paper.

If this is to be their first work in landscape composition, show them several pictures of landscapes, with trees, or with figures. Have them find the part of the picture that is sky, the part that is ground; notice the placing of figures, trees or buildings; where the lower part comes, where the upper part; how the sky is seen through the branches of a tree, and how distance changes the size of objects. Several oblongs drawn on the blackboard could be used to teach concerning the horizon line. Some child is asked to step to the board and draw a line in the oblong, dividing the space so that more ground or less ground than sky is represented. In another oblong the line may be drawn so that level ground is shown, in another, a hill.

With this preparation the children can begin to work on paper; first, covering all the space to be represented as ground with chalk, leaving the remaining space for the sky. With the pencil they can put in the trees or houses, dark, in contrast to the snow, with children snowballing, or coasting, etc.

Hiawatha’s home in winter could be illustrated in the same way, making a sketch of the wigwam, and the pine trees rising dark behind it. In the fourth or fifth grades use white paper.

Have the sky put in with a light gray tone, moving the pencil for this horizontally over the paper; have the wigwam in outline or shaded and the pine trees in a much darker tone.

This lesson gives, aside from work in space relations, an opportunity to talk about the tones of color as seen in nature, the slight contrast between snow and sky, and the greater contrast between the dark green pine and the lighter blue or gray sky.

For Washington’s Birthday work the primary children like to picture other incidents in George Washington’s childhood besides the famous cherry tree affair.

Have a number of pictures in the room to give them some idea of the costumes of that time. By means of free hand paper-cutting, the class could co-operate to make a picture, illustrating, perhaps, the story of George and his first pony.

Have one or two cut out George on his pony; others, houses, barns, trees, fences, or anything else that could be used. After these cuttings are collected, select the best ones for the picture. Place a large gray or brown cardboard up before the class, on which is drawn the inevitable horizon line.

On this card paste the different cuttings to form a picture, acting upon suggestions from the children as to the placing. Get them to see that if a house or tree is smaller than a cutting of the pony it can still be used by placing it in the distance. This will be a help to them in realizing the parts of a picture that represent distance or foreground.

In March, have pictures drawn illustrating a windy day; hats blowing off, kites sailing, or clothes on a line. If the last is to be the
subject of a lesson, two poles with a line stretched between might be drawn; imagine the wind as coming from a certain side, making the clothes hanging on the line blow toward the opposite side.

For example, tell the pupils to think how a towel would look if there were no wind, the outlines having vertical or horizontal directions and being straight or nearly so.

With the wind blowing these lines would change, becoming curved and slanting toward one side. Then they should think how something would look if twisted or blown up above the line, and of the difference in appearance between something blowing off a line or something dropping from it.—BERTHA GOODISON.

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Library

The Library is endeavoring to supplement in all ways possible the work in the Training School, and note may be made of three particular efforts in this direction. First, in making more available through the catalogue, much material that is of service in teaching; second, in enlarging the Grade-room libraries (of which a more detailed account will be given in a later issue); and third, by placing on the library shelves standard text-books, for use and examination, both in view of senior-teaching in the Training school, and also in anticipation of work in teaching in the public schools, where opportunity offers to exchange out-of-date for up-to-date text-books in the several branches taught. Moreover these new text-books are constantly examined by our old students who are returning to visit the college and to find help in exactly this line, "new text-books in our school."

Through the courtesy of the publishers we have a very representative collection of school readers, each possessing individual points of excellency.

The Scribner series of readers look most like books, and least like the average text-books, being in handsome covers and each volume devoted to a single author, and each edited by a specialist, e. g., The Eugene Field book, The Frank Stockton book, or Lobo, Rag and Vixon, by Thompson.

Heath's Home and School classics, while similar in character to the Scribner series in presenting literature instead of selections, drill work, and adapted lessons, is even broader in its scope and much greater in number of titles, with several for the primary grades, not scorning even dear old Mother Goose, and ranging through such classics as Mrs. Barbourld's Waste not, want not, Mrs. Ewing's Jackanapes and Mrs. Craik's Little lame prince, up to Shakespeare, in good, large, readable type.

The Cyr readers (Ginn & Co.) are edited by a teacher who knows children and also knows grade-work and loves literature. To make a third grade reader which, through interesting stories that appeal to the child's experiences, stories of the lives of authors like Lowell, Whittier and Holmes, prepare the children to read with pleasure and intelligence the simpler poems of these men—the ability to make such a reader, and Miss Cyr possesses it, is certainly a gift from the gods.

Stepping stones to literature (Silver, Burdett) fairly rivals the Cyr books, though through the medium of such material as fairy stories, and other children's literature which in itself directly appeals to the child; while the Baldwin series (American Book Co.) hold the interest, because as we all know, Baldwin himself is a prince of story-tellers to children, and knows how to apply his wonderful art, even to a school reader.

One other little book just received from Ginn & Co., A Thought reader, has a special interest because of the recent demonstration of the Speer method in the Training School. Miss Maud Summers claims for her Thought reader a similarity of method in the reading process, to the Speer method in number work.
Editorial

To all students and readers of The News, a happy and successful new year.

Now that the Christmas shopping time is past, just at the beginning of the new year—a good time for new resolutions and the paying of old scores—we will ask our subscribers to send at an early date their one dollar, which to each individual will be but the "widow's mite," but to us the collection of dollars will keep the ball rolling and will help us to keep the paper up to its present standard at least, and to make if possible each paper a little better than the preceding one. Subscriptions may be paid to the manager or sent to The Normal News office.

The new organization for college women mentioned in our last number is now well under way. A general meeting will be held soon after the holiday vacation and further plans will be perfected. Girls of the Normal as a band of girls, take hold of hands and help each other and the college. You can do a glorious work if you will, remembering ever that our watchwords are—greater hospitality, a more fraternal spirit.

We wish to heartily thank our advertisers for the kindness shown our manager during the first quarterly collection. Your prompt recognition of our bills and kind remarks have made that collection a pleasurable one. To know you are pleased with our efforts is a reward in itself and gives us great encouragement. Again we thank you and wish you all possible success in this New Year of 1902.

The Misses Madge and Mala Rodger, of Marshall, are the guests of Miss Percy Daniels.

Miss Lena Knapp, '01, came from Ludington where she is teaching, to spend the holidays with her mother and sister in Ann Arbor.

Professor Julia King entertained a number of the young lady students Saturday afternoon, December 14, at her pleasant home on Pearl street. Dainty refreshments were served and each guest had a most enjoyable time.

Miss Grace Gates, who has held the position of soprano in the Division Street Methodist church most acceptably during the last three years, has resigned and moved to Chicago. Miss Gates came here immediately upon graduation from the State Normal Conservatory at Ypsilanti. She came with the unqualified endorsement of her vocal instructor, Mrs. F. R. Pease of that institution, and she has fully met every expectation induced by Mrs. Pease's recommendations. The entire membership of the church are deeply grieved at her departure. Miss Gates has frequently sung before the St. Cecilia society, the Ladies' Literary club and other organizations, and has always been received with the utmost cordiality. She occupied a position in the front rank of Grand Rapids sopranos.—Grand Rapids Herald.
Harry Rice of DeWitt, spent the holidays in Ypsilanti.

Professor and Mrs. Pease are now settled in their beautiful new home on Summit street.

Saturday, December 14, Miss Goodison entertained the Sorority at cards from 3 to 6.

Miss Paton entertained the eighth and ninth grade student teachers at the Sigma Nu Phi House, Thursday evening, December 19.

Professor F. A. Barbour has been invited to address the Detroit Principals' Association and the Detroit City Federation of Women's Clubs.

The marriage of Miss Olive Benedict, '98, to Ray Burlingame, of Dowagiac, took place at the bride's home in Ypsilanti, January 2. Miss Benedict has been teaching at Dowagiac for several years.

Arrangements have been made for a series of annual debates between M. S. N. C. and the Michigan Agricultural College. The first debate will be held at Lansing in April. The question to be debated is:—"Resolved, That the policy of our country should be to hold the Philippines as a permanent part of the territory of the United States." The debating clubs in the Normal have awakened great interest in debate, and it is hoped that a strong team may be chosen to represent our school. Valuable prizes have been offered for those who win places upon the team. These debaters will be chosen by preliminary debates, which will be held shortly after the holidays. The question in the preliminaries will be the same as that in the debate with M. A. C. Those wishing to enter should see Professor Lathers or Mr. Gill at once.

Ivan Chapman was down from the "Soo" for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Teetzel spent the holidays in Chicago.

The marriage of Miss Bessie M. Sutherland, cons. '99, to Fred G. Everett, of Ypsilanti, took place on Christmas day.

L. P. Whitcomb, instructor in physical training and mathematics in the Western Military Academy at Upper Alton, Ill., spent the holidays in the city.

Professor Harper C. Maybee and family were in the city to spend Christmas with friends. He is now professor of music in the State Normal school at Mt. Pleasant.

A sketching club, called the Black and White club, has been organized to meet at Miss Lodeman's studio Tuesday evenings at 7 o'clock. The board of control is made up of Mrs. Gardam, Mrs. Ella Spencer, Misses Goodison, Gilbert and Lodeman.

The State Board of Education have decided to reduce the summer term at the three normals to six weeks. The 12 and 8 weeks' sessions have proved impracticable. Provision will be made whereby students by taking only two subjects and reciting twice a day in both, can secure 12 weeks' credit.

The Normal choir made a hit at the last chapel exercises before Christmas, in a short holiday greeting, composed by Professor F. H. Pease, in the course of which the girls rose and waved their handkerchiefs with a "Merry Christmas" and the men followed with a "Happy New Year." The Conservatory ladies' quartet sang "Kentucky Babe" earlier in the program.
Miss Abigail Lynch spent the vacation at Herkimer, N. Y.

Miss Ruth Putnam, from Liberty College, Glasgo, Kentucky, spent the holidays at her home.

Mrs. Albert Leonard gave a very helpful talk to the Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon, December 22.

Mrs. Tom Conlon, née Lou Loughray, of Detroit, visited friends at the Normal Wednesday, December 18.

Miss Boardman, teacher of manual training at the Normal, spent the holiday vacation at her home in Pittsfield, Mass.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Bertha Hull to Mr. Warren of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The wedding took place in Chicago, Saturday, January 4, 1902.

Saturday evening, December 14, at the Normal Hall, Dr. D'Ooge gave a lecture on Rome, the city of the Caesars, showing many fine stereopticon views, which almost made those looking on feel that they were walking on the streets of that ancient city.

During the last few months we have received numerous inquiries as to the whereabouts of A. O. Goodale, '01. As reported he did miss the first transport to the Philippines, but secured passage very soon after. He is now teaching in Laoag, Ilocos Norte Province, Luzon.

The Christmas exercises of the Training School were given Friday morning at 10 a. m. The third, fourth, fifth, eighth and ninth grades entertained, and both pupils and teachers are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. The dramatization of "Bob Cratchit's Christmas Dinner," taken from Dickens' Christmas Carol, given by eighth and ninth grades; the representation of the Olympian games and "Father Christmas Reception," given by the third grade, were especially good. After a few announcements and many wishes for a happy Christmas time, school closed until the morning of January 7.

Miss Bertha Hull visited Ypsilanti friends over Sunday, December 15.

Miss Daisy Wren of Morgan Park, Ill., spent the holidays in Ypsilanti with her sister Cora.

At chapel, December 17, the music furnished by the choir was especially fine, and "Kentucky Babe," rendered by the Conservatory quartette, was as pleasing as anything given this year.

Miss Mann has returned to New Haven, Conn., where she will complete her work in the Anderson School of Physical Training. She will resume her work in the Normal College at the opening of the Summer School.

Dr. Charles E. St. John, professor of physical science at Oberlin College, visited relatives in Ypsilanti during vacation. Dr. St. John is a Normal graduate, and was formerly assistant in Professor Strong's department.

The following alumni spent Christmas in Ypsilanti: Lettie Augustine, Manistee; Mary and Ella Gardner, Saline; Georgia Cheshire Meyers, Chicago, formerly teacher in Conservatory; Marion Holmes, Saginaw; Belle Kennedy, Boyd, Wis.; Hattie Culver, Bowling Green, O.; Edward Mills, Mason; Frank C. Smith (cons.), Toronto, Ont.; Harry Rice, Dewitt; Leah Spencer and Fannie Kief, Detroit; Genevieve Cross, Holland; Superintendent George Dennison, Dundee.

Alumni

The following is an extract from a letter written by Rena Oldfield, who is now teaching near Iloilo, Panay, Philippine Islands, dated October 4:

"The most striking thing to me, and I think to most of those who came to these islands of the tropics, is their size. I will not attempt to tell you the actual size, as you can readily get that from your books; but with me coming here it was something like the Englishman going to New York and thinking Chicago was only a suburb. I supposed Iloilo was a suburb of Manila and only a few miles distant. I questioned whether any of
the islands excepting Luzon were inhabited except by uncivilized natives where white men dare not go. But on the contrary, I find Iloilo a large city, one of the most important ports of the islands, and two days or over four hundred miles from Manila, the fare from that city to Iloilo is forty dollars. The number of the islands—but look that up too. We Americans ought to get interested in these new possessions of ours for they are not to be sneezed at, to use a homely expression. They are rich in natural resources and have many inhabitants who are open to civilization and its refining influences. The wealthier classes own everything and loll in wealth and idleness, while the poorer natives are made to look up to them as gods almost. But I cannot explain this thing to you rightly—one must see it to know. For instance the president of Molo, where I teach, is worth about seven million dollars, has fifty or more servants in his household and over four thousand on his sugar plantations. Many of these natives never receive a cent for their service, are practically slaves, with nothing but their handful of rice to eat and a place large enough to lie upon at night, a place where we would not put a dog, a filthy, dirty hole with nothing but the hard floor to lie upon. Here families are raised and the children serve as their fathers and mothers did before them. Do you think it would be right for America to withdraw and leave these things as they are? I say no, most emphatically no. While many of the people are well educated and civilized they do not wish to make a government for the people, but an oligarchy in which wealth will be the only aim.

"As I stated previously the better classes do not pretend to work, or do anything in fact. If they drop their handkerchief a muchacho will pick it up. If they wish a drink of water they call for it. They never walk out of doors, but always drive. Some of the more industrious do fancy needlework, but many are too lazy for even that, they simply loll their life away. To be sure their prayers occupy a good deal of their time and they are very devout. The Catholic is the established religion of these islands; you know that has always been Spain's first care and her only one, seemingly. There are many, many festas and then all take a holiday. Pages could be written upon the religious life alone. I live just a little way from the cathedral at Molo and the ringing of the bells at first set me almost crazy, but I am growing accustomed to that as well as many other things and do not mind it particularly now, save on the great festas when they ring all the time, that is, they only cease long enough so that you are quite painfully aware of the fact that they have started again. The first Sunday that I was in Molo, I was awakened before sunrise with the band playing and the bells ringing and such a clatter and noise. I looked out from my window and saw the people wending their way churchward. It was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. The air was balmy and fragrant, the sky was tinted in the west by the last receding glows of the setting moon, and in the east the sun was rising in a haze of golden glory. The scenery I cannot describe so that you could picture it, for it was tropical and very beautiful—glorious Royal palms and tropical vines and foliage. Then the grand old cathedral, one of the largest and finest in the islands, with its mossy and time-worn walls; and a procession of women, black skirts, white waist (mostly sleeves) and lace mantillas, slowly wending their way through the doors. When they go to church it is not in pairs but a solid procession. Molo has fifteen thousand population, so you see it is no small place. It is only one and one half miles from Iloilo and is really a part of the city itself. I am the only white girl in town and there is only one other white woman, the wife of the American man teacher. Of course I am quite an object of curiosity. The people are exceedingly kind to me and I have only to express a wish to have it gratified. I enjoy the life here very much, and think that if the advantages for communication, etc., were better, I would be glad to remain here. However one simply cannot hustle here and live.
That is one of the things we Americans have got to learn. We are not starved here by any means. To be sure the cooking is not American, but I have a very good boarding place. They set a special table for me and I have four or five courses for luncheon and seven or nine for dinner. Rice is the great article of diet among the natives, but they do not inflict it upon me very much. It is not hot here. I am in one of the coolest places in the islands and it is cool enough so that I need a large army blanket at night. We do not pretend to do anything during the heat of the day. Our hours of work are from 8 to 11 and from 2:30 to 5. We take our siesta between. I am becoming quite accustomed to the ways of the country and take my afternoon siesta with the rest."

The following is a partial list of those who have secured positions from the class of 1901.

May Benson, Leslie.
Alice Howard, Mendon.
Maude Bennett, Lake Odessa.
Edith Hurd, Traverse City.
Tillie Oakes, Wayne.
Katherine Sullivan, Negaunee.
Helen Allmendinger, Music and Drawing, Negaunee.
Lettie Wackenhut, Grades, Wayne.
Ada Elgin, North Branch.
May Fuller, Lapeer.

Elizabeth Bird, Schoolcraft.
Lizzie Monk, Mancelona.
Edna Ballard, Drawing, "Soo."
Jessie Huber, 3rd Grade, Jackson.
Lillian Hawken, Imlay City.
Edna Skinner, 7th Grade, Ypsilanti.
Grace Clement, 1st Grade, Pontiac.
Eva Anschutz, 4th Grade, Duluth, Minn.
Joseph Kempster, 8th Grade, Bronson.
A. O. Goodale, Philippines.
E. S. Murray, Lit. Dept., U. of M.
A. L. Phillips, Principal, Bronson.
Lulu Dukette, 8th Grade, Mendon.
Hazel Hale, Grades, Sturgis.
W. N. Isbell, Principal, Fowlerville.
E. VanDeventer, Principal, Ithaca.
Anna Mead, Dannsville, Ill.
A. J. Stevens, Prin. of Ward, "Soo."
F. E. Wilcox, Prin. of Ward, Saginaw.
Maybelle Treadgold, First Primary, Pontiac.

Helen Temple, 3rd Grade, Houghton.
Erma Arnold, Grade Teacher, "Soo."
Lila Best, 6th Grade, Jackson.
Ethel Brown, 1st Grade, Houghton.
Louise Planette, Imlay City.
Florence Cole, Houghton.
Alice Hunter, Math., H. S., Three Rivers.
Lyla Clark, Cheboygan.
Minnie Perkins, Decatur.

Marriages

The engagement of Miss Mae Wilson of Jackson, to Dr. Sloat of Constantine, is announced. Miss Wilson was in the Normal and would have finished this year. She left for home last term to prepare for the coming nuptials. Dr. Sloat is a graduate of U. of M. from the Medical Department. He is now practicing in Constantine. The many friends of Miss Wilson offer congratulations and wish them success and much happiness.

The wedding of Miss Florence Reasoner and Dr. J. M. Miller of Leavenworth, Kansas, was solemnized Friday at 6 o'clock P. M., at the residence of M. G. Wood, on Normal street, Rev. Arthur Beach officiating. The affair was quiet and informal, and only a few Normal students and teachers were present.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Frances Kinckley, formerly of the Normal and of the University, to Mr. Frank Moore of Battle Creek, which took place at the bride's home at Benton Harbor, December 16. Mrs. Frank Moore is a relative of Geo. Brown of this city.

D. W. Kelly, '99, and Miss Theresa Judd, were married on Christmas morning.
The football season closed Saturday, December 5, with the usual Junior-Senior game. Early in the day the Senior flag was seen flying from the Normal flagstaff, and soon most of the Junior class was assembled for the purpose of pulling it down. This purpose was accomplished after a long time and was celebrated by the Junior cheers, long and loud.

But their joy was short lived, for while they were howling below, a few seniors were quietly putting up flag No. 2, and a mighty roar from their classmates below soon announced that they had succeeded. The attempts of the Juniors to capture the banner were ineffectual and one of the janitors finally took pity on them and hauled down the offending piece of bunting.

Long before the time set for the contest the members of the Junior class, reinforced by as many preps and freshmen as they could muster, began to gather in the south corridor of the main building. Like most people of small experience they 'went early to avoid the rush.' With excited whispers of 'Get in step,' 'Hang to your colors,' etc., they proceeded to the campus, where they yelled to empty space until the Seniors arrived and the game started in dead earnest.

The Juniors kicked off and soon held the Seniors for downs. After a few line rushes and end runs they were in turn held, and the ball was steadily worked back toward their goal. On their five-yard line they took a last stand, and the Seniors found "They were up against the real thing" now. After two vain attempts on the line, Belland punted and the goal was safe for the time. Operations were repeated and with the same result. Repeated again; result likewise. Time called. Score 0 to 0.

The second half was simply a repetition of the first. The Seniors kept the ball near the Junior goal but could not force it over the line.

The class of '02 undoubtedly had the better team for they kept the ball in Junior territory all the time and the latter were repeatedly forced to save themselves by punting, but the class of '03 deserves great praise for the way in which they defended their goal. Belland for the Juniors and Dennis and Steimle for the Seniors did the star playing of the game.

The preliminary games of the basket-ball series have been played, and the finals will occur soon after the holidays. The scores for the three games played are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Captain</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Novak's</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katz's</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gannon's</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salsbury's</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simmons's</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belland's</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These games have developed many excellent
players, and will furnish a fine lot to pick the college team from in January. Among those who have shown up especially well are: Erricson, Hogue, Katz, Latham, Belland, Novak, Morse and Gannon.

As soon as possible after the opening of the winter quarter, baseball practice will commence in the gymnasium. Of last year's team only three men will be here for the coming season, Captain Dennis, last year's first baseman, Ireland, who played third, and Smith alternate right fielder and pitcher. This leaves six positions open to competition and will no doubt be the cause of a lively scramble.

There are many new players with good records and if they can show up in actual work as well as in the past we shall have a team which will do credit to the college.

The bad results of our short college course, which gives us about one-half to two-thirds new men every year, is partially offset by the fact that we have the best gymnasium of any college in the state. The work in the gym consists in throwing, catching, picking up "grounders," sliding bases, and touching out men attempting to slide, and, later, when the infielders are practically selected, learning infield signals. By no means the least important effect is the getting the men into condition to guard against sore arms by too hard practice before they are accustomed to the work. Lectures are also given where new plays are learned and where every man has a chance to teach and be taught. A regular record of attendance is kept and a player's faithfulness to duty is thus determined.

Visitors are always welcome at the indoor practice, and a word of encouragement or praise will often be of as much benefit to a player as a week's training.

We sincerely hope that every Normalite will take enough interest in his college and pride in his team to give it his hearty support in every way.

**Senior-Junior Football Game**

The annual football contest between the seniors and juniors on Saturday, December 7, proved to be the most exciting game of the season. The junior class occupied the north side of the grounds while the seniors grouped themselves along the south line.

The junior eleven set the ball rolling by a vigorous kick-off, and for some time they bid fair to be the victors. This success was heralded by such a hilarious din from the north side that it fairly made the air dizzy, at least it was so where the seniors stood. To balance things, about this time Steimle made a spirited dash through, past, between, among, over and finally under the junior line. This sudden turn of affairs gave the juniors a chance to take breath and to look sober. Yellmaster Vliet then took up the refrain and so inspired the senior eleven that they worked the ball up to the three-yard line where they lost on downs. From now on to the end of the first half the lines surged promiscuously back and forth, neither side making a score.

The seniors opened the last half by a kick-off and held the juniors for downs. The seniors now pushed the ball to the three-yard line but the courage of the juniors rose with the danger and they began to play desperately. During the next few minutes a few brilliant plays by the juniors seemed to betoken success for their side, and under the leadership of Yellmaster Waldron the class of '03 danced around in fiendish glee and yelled till they were hoarse and black in the face. At this juncture the senior backs began to get in some long and desperate lunges and succeeded in forcing the ball to the one-yard line when time was called. They lacked but one more play to make a score.

The junior and senior elevens each have a wholesome respect for the other and the game revealed much good material on either side.

**Ethical Value of Football**

In the November number of the North American Review, President Charles F. Thwing, of the Western Reserve University, discusses the "Ethical Functions of Football." He says: "In the building of character the negative has some, but slight, value. It represents the more elementary conditions of the
ethical process. The Old Testament says 'thou shalt not,' and this is well; the New Testament says 'thou shalt,' and this is better. It is well to adopt as one's ethical rule that what is not expressly allowed is denied; it is better to adopt as one's ethical rule that whatever is not expressly denied is allowed. Life is to be interpreted as sound, wholesome, righteous, unless there be evidence to the contrary, and never is corrupting, base, wrong, unless there be evidence to the contrary. Such an interpretation creates the highest qualities of health and healthfulness. Be it said football embodies and enforces such an interpretation. It emphasizes the aggressive, the forth-putting, the direct, the positive. It embodies actuality. It stands for the perpendicular. It teaches one to do. Its commands are condensed into the command 'forward.' It bucks, it pushes, it breaks, it runs, it goes; it goes through the line, it goes round the ends, but it goes.'"

Belland Was Elected Captain.

The Normal football team have elected as captain for next year, Fred Belland of Champion, Mich., the vote being eight for Belland, seven for John Faucher of Saginaw, and one for Kruse, the tall left tackle.

Belland was this year's fullback and was one of the best men on the team, being particularly valuable as a ground gainer. He has not paid particular attention to kicking this season, but will coach up with a view of looking after this feature of the game next year.

The team is already assured of considerable first-class material, while Smith, the Ypsilanti high school 190-pound tackle, will enter in the fall, and Belland expects to have in line several husky men from his neighborhood in the upper peninsula.

State Teachers' Association

Probably the most successful meeting of the State Teachers' Association in its history occurred at Grand Rapids, December 26, 27, and 28. From a professional point of view there has never been such an array of talent from abroad. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Institute, gave one of his evening lectures, taking for his subject 'Industrial Education in the South.' Mr. Washington, next to Fred Douglass, has done more toward the solution of the race problem in the South than any other man. His lecture held the attention of the large audience for nearly two hours. What he had to say appealed to the good judgment and common sense of every one present. The solution of the race problem, according to Washington, lies in teaching the negro to till the soil intelligently, to build his own home, to own his own farm, and last but not least of all, to possess himself of a bank account. In other words he must be able to enter into open competition with his white brother.

The second evening lecture was given by Graham Taylor of the Chicago Commons on "The Social Extension of the Public School."

He took the ground that the public school should be the social center of a community and that all the people should feel a common ownership. He advocates the use of the school as a family resort—a place to get acquainted and strengthen the natural brotherhood of man. Further, he would make it a civic center—a place to discuss government and the interests of the community and state at large. He suggests as a final use of the schools that they become an ethical center, asserting that there is no unity in life's purpose unless it is ethical. People can unite on what is the common acceptation of right and wrong and thus form the stepping stone to a true study of religion; in other words, Mr. Taylor would make our schools stand for everything which is for the public betterment.

One of the speakers from abroad, whom everyone enjoyed hearing, was Inspector James L. Hughes, of Toronto. He gave two addresses in the general meetings; one on "Dickens as an Educator," and a second one on "Child Study." Inasmuch as Mr. Hughes is such an ardent admirer of Dickens himself, he gave to the teachers present an insight of this author which few had ever before realized. His address should stimulate a study
of Dickens from a pedagogical standpoint, inasmuch as he has described in his various works over twenty different schools and more than a dozen types of punishment. He has no peer in knowledge of child life among all writers, ancient and modern.

The general meetings of the program were further enriched with an address by Principal Wilbur F. Gordy of the Normal school at Hartford, Conn., on "Methods in History," and another very able talk by Mrs. Anna B. Comstock of the department of Nature Study at Cornell University on "Nature Study as an Aid to the Grade Teacher."

From the standpoint of members the association was also very fortunate, having the largest paid membership in its history. Instead of going away from Grand Rapids in debt, the association closed up its accounts with a nice surplus of $600 in the treasury.

In a social way, the meeting was an unqualified success. In addition to the large number of personal friendships which were renewed, on Friday evening the alumni of the University of Michigan were banqueted at the Plaza Hotel, the Normal College alumni and the faculties of the Normal Schools were given a reception by the Grand Rapids Normalites in the parlors of the Warwick, the Agricultural College representatives were banqueted at the Park Congregational church, and the Hillsdale College alumni held a reunion and banquet at the Y. M. C. A. building. Of all these reunions, probably the most largely attended was the one at the Warwick. Over three hundred Normal alumni and their friends were present, and a general feeling of good will and loyalty to their Alma Mater was everywhere felt.

The Normal College was represented on the program by Prof. S. B. Laird, who took part in the "Symposium on Present Problems in Education" by discussing the problems in "Instruction," and by Superintendent D. H. Roberts of the Training School, who had a paper before the primary section on "Subjects now Employed in Primary Work and their Value in Securing the Aims of Primary Education."

The College received further honors for the ensuing year in the election of Superintendent C. L. Bemis of Ionia, a former graduate, as president of the general association; and in the election of Superintendent Roberts as president of the primary section.

Lyceum

During the past quarter the students seem to have fully realized the great value of the literary societies. Good programs have been given every Friday evening since the school opened. On the evening after Thanksgiving a very pleasant joint meeting was held for the students who remained in town and again the the last Friday evening before examinations the societies united in a joint meeting. At both of these meetings short programs were given and the rest of the evening was devoted to entertainments of a social nature.

The success of the societies this year has been very largely due to the earnest efforts of a few students who met at the beginning of the year and decided to let nothing stand in the way of the society work. Perhaps no one deserves more credit in this connection than Mr. Partch who finishes his course and leaves the school this quarter. His earnest and faithful work will be greatly missed, not only by the Atheneum society of which he was president, but by the other societies as well.

All of the societies are planning to make the next quarter still more prosperous and profitable than the past, and there is every reason to believe that they will succeed. Each society now has the full limit of forty members with applicants waiting for an opportunity to join. The present members appreciate the great value which may come from the literary society if the proper work is put into it and are ready to take an active part in making the work successful. With this spirit among the members and with past experience to guide us we are looking for a prosperous new year.

Clubs

PORTIA CLUB

The work of the Portia Club for the past month has been in every way worthy of the
aim of the club. The subject under discussion for December 12 was "Resolved: That wealth gives a person greater power than education." The discussion on both sides, carried on with great earnestness, well illustrates the enthusiasm of the girls in their work. The Portia Club expects to make yet greater progress before the year closes.

WEBSTER CLUB

At the regular meeting of the Club, December 14, no question was debated, but the time was devoted to parliamentary drill and to the election of officers for the coming quarter.

Preparation for the preliminary debates in the coming contest with M. A. C. was strongly emphasized by the new president, Mr. Drouyer, and as sharply and earnestly reiterated by the other newly elected officers. For the first time this school year, the membership of the club is complete and everything points to a campaign of hard work on the part of both old and new members.

In the preliminary debate in this club, speeches are limited to ten minutes. Members may choose either side since the Oratorical Association has not yet made a choice as to which side of the question M. S. N. C. will take, contestants in the preliminary work will be judged on general merit of style in thought and delivery. This preliminary debate will be held January 11, and a full attendance is desired.

Fraternities

ZETA PHI

Saturday, December 14, was the date for the regular meeting of the Sorority. The members, including those newly pledged, were entertained by Miss Walton, who received them in her study and the evening was passed pleasantly in looking at interesting editions of books, and a collection of autographs, including the very familiar names of Louise Alcott, Henry VanDyke, Miss Guerber, Ruben Goldthwaites, Hamilton Mabie, and Dr. Poole, the editor of Poole's Index—and a cup of chocolate served as a social pledge of hospitality.

Miss Ida Maier called on Sorority friends last week, and Miss Melissa Hull spent a day at the college.

The members of the Sorority who were at State Association at Grand Rapids enjoyed most thoroughly the reunion, and dined together at the Morton House, Friday evening. Those present were Miss Blandford, Miss Potter, Miss Dean, Miss Woodman, Miss Root, Miss Duquette, and Miss Walton.

PHI DELTA PI

The second annual meeting and banquet of the alumni of the Phi Delta Pi Fraternity was held in Grand Rapids during the State Teachers' Association. At the meeting the following officers were elected: Chas. H. Norton of Ann Arbor, president, and Fred M. Churchill secretary and treasurer. Mr. Norton in a few well chosen words outlined the purpose of the fraternity, and gave a brief history of its growth and influence from the organization to the present day. The remainder of the time was spent in relating the teacher's experiences during the past year, a "picking from Puck," by Mr. Churchill.


ARM OF HONOR

On Saturday, December 14, occurred the last spread before the holidays, the occasion being the initiation of Prof. Dimon H. Roberts as honorary member. After the ceremonies were completed, the company enjoyed a bountiful supper and the following toasts were assigned by C. H. Ireland, as toastmaster:

Recollections of Old Fellowship.—A. H. Wood.
The Banquet of '02.—F. J. Scovel.
Keeping Ice in the Refrigerator.—G. H. Bellinger.
Amherst.—Prof. Roberts.
More than half of all the educators of this state are farmers' sons and daughters; their views on rural school questions should be sympathetic and discriminating.—Ex.

FOR MEN ONLY.

Exchanges.

If she had to stand on her head,
We know she'd get up somehow,
That this poem's (or) she's already read.
We are willing to bet dollars to doughnuts
If she war a shade ol a show.
And we bet she'll find it out somehow.
Better than that which she outhered to know.

There's nothing a girl would not like to and

If people would, while passing along the different walks of life, survey their surroundings with a more observing eye, they would learn a great deal more about the earth, its nature and inhabitants. They would be able to understand the poet, the sculptor and the painter better; they would see not only the dark side of things, as some seem inclined to do, but they would also see that this earth, this temporal home of ours, is not altogether what some people term it, "A vale of sorrow, a land of strife;" but that it still bears some of its original charms, and that the vandalism of sin has not entirely destroyed His fingers' art who pronounced all things good.—Exchange.

A receipt for marriage.—Take a man in love and a girl not quite convinced. Place together on a secluded piazza with two chairs and stir slowly. Add a slight breeze from the south and a dash of courage and a heaping tablespoonful of persuasiveness. Sprinkle with afternoon's sunshine sifted through June foliage, and keep away until wanted.—Exchange.

Education involves two wills: An individual will and an institutional will.—Hon. W. T. Harris, Washington.

Attorney General Douglas of Minnesota rules that under the provisions of the State Constitution, the Lord's prayer cannot be used in the public schools. It would seem that the Coestitution needs praying for.—Exchange.

Our business manager gives no Grace.

There is a collection of birds in the museum of Indiana University, that were caught, mounted and labeled by President Roosevelt. The collection was formerly in the National Museum, at Washington, and was sent to Indiana, in 1888, after fire had destroyed the University Museum.—Exchange.

One of our exchanges seems to have overlooked the complete heading of this page. It is not for exchanges alone, but both exchanges and jokes. Then a few exchanges and many jokes or vice versa does not seem to be out of keeping with the heading of the page. If the paper was fishing for a compliment, as it seemed to be, we require better bait these cold days.
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E. R. BEAL
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