Normal College News, June, 1902

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A WORD

TO NORMAL COLLEGE
GRADUATES

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We solicit an order and suggest that you
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comes.

Respectfully,

W. H. SWEET & SON

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WATCH

If it is out of order, take it, and all
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Esse quam bidere
Seniors of '02

GERTRUDE HIMEBAUGH

Class Song

Hail to the colors! the yellow and blue!
The most fitting emblem for old Naughty-Two,
    In work or in jest;
    Our class is the best,
Hail to the colors! the yellow and blue!

CHORUS

Yellow and blue, tried and true,
    Colors the fairest e'er seen,
    Loyal for aye to the white and the green,
    The seniors of Naughty-Two.

Wah hoo! hoo wah! let it ring clear and strong,
The hills shall re-echo our spirit of song,
    At home or abroad
    Our college we'll laud,
Hail to our colors! ye senior throng!

Hail to the colors! the yellow and blue!
Our friendship shall live all the long years thro'.
    Alma mater our home
    Where'er we may roam,
Faithful through all to the yellow and blue.
To the members of the Faculty, to our schoolmates and our friends, the class of 1902 bids welcome.

As members of one great family we now stand upon the threshold of school life, ready and waiting to step over into a world of new duties. In vain we cry with the poet, "O time, suspend thy flight!"—and what days after all would we keep and hold? Not only the happy days but the lost days? The first have left at least a memory behind them, the others nothing but a regret which is almost a remorse.

But much as there is gone of life and its joys, very much remains—very much in earnest, and very much more in hope. Still we see visions, and dream dreams of the times that are to come.

One life to live! How best to live it is the question which confronts us. He who floats with the current, who does not guide himself, who has no ideals, no convictions, such a man is a mere article of the world's furniture—a thing moved instead of a living and moving being—an echo not a voice.

To live with a high ideal is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what one tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for a noble career.

For thence—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me;
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

We have come from far and near and our number has been variable, but our college life has brought to us all in common, the two great opportunities of all college life, comradeship with our fellow classmen and the close contact with the strong body of instructors whom we know as the faculty of the Michigan State Normal College.

To each we owe the tribute of our grateful acknowledgment of cordial good will, and of constant service.

Already in the later hours as the shadow of the parting almost touches us, we are conscious of a deepened tone and meaning in all these relations; a half grasp of the truth our elders have told us of the real meaning in our lives of the "good old College days."

Today we pause a moment to think of the past but turn again more resolutely to the future and

Still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

We have longed for this day but with all our hopes and our anticipations of a joyous time, it has brought a somber tinge mingled with the joy.

Thoughts of separation come to us but it is not mine to speak of this. It is only mine to welcome you and again to say, in the behalf of the class of 1902—we offer you most joyful greetings.
IT IS with reluctance that I begin this task, knowing that my pen cannot do justice to the undertaking. Would that I could bring to your minds, in a few words, the varied experiences of our college life with its rivalries and ambitions, its duties and friendships.

As I look into the faces of my classmates, each glance brings back fresh memories, and I recall the scenes of the last few years. They pass before us like a panorama and fade again like the treasures of a dream. No skill short of the artist’s can give adequate color to the rich experiences at the Normal College, so I shall revive only a few fragments in our history and leave the rest embalmed in your hearts, unmutilated.

We cannot say that our story is bounded by four short years. It reaches down into our childhood and draws its best material from the two hundred and twenty-six homes which we represent. Few of us have been cradled in luxury, most of us know what it is to sacrifice, and it is this fact that makes us appreciate the associations of our college life.

We have gathered here from the best homes of Michigan and her neighboring states. The copper country of the north has contributed its sturdy sons and daughters, the fertile farms of the southern counties have supplied us with their best product, the metropolis has sent its children out of the bustle of commerce, and the peach groves of western Michigan have yielded their choicest fruits to adorn the class of 1902.

When first the walls of our Alma Mater threw their fostering shadows over the beginning of this class we were few in number but earnest in purpose. We were proud of the fact that we were college students and we never lost an opportunity to show our patriotism. The college contests rang with our cheers, and we took special care during our vacations that the folks at home should hear the college yell.

Our sophomore year was characterized by larger numbers and more class spirit. We effected an organization in the fall of ’99, and adopted the “Yellow and Blue.” We had no idea at the time that it would continue to be our emblem, but for three years it has waved in its beauty and dignity over our ranks, and never has it been brought down by the unhallowed fingers of the foe from any place we have chosen to raise it. This alone is a record unparalleled in the history of classes. It was in this year that we ventured on the athletic field and won applause and honors. The platform also resounded with our oratory, and the final debate and contest gave us a place.

In the fall of 1900 we were reinforced by an army of high school students. The class was reorganized, and while we never assumed an offensive attitude, we were careful to see that the senior class did not trespass on our rights. As an evidence of this we find in the records of the first meeting that the delegation of seniors appointed to manage our affairs for us was suddenly ejected from the room.

The morning of December 8, 1900, found a senior flag floating over the Normal and another over the Gymnasium. It is true that we were a little astonished at the audacity which would prompt a senior to throw down such a challenge, especially as that day was to see both classes meet on the gridiron. But those emblems of that haughty senior class were not destined to wave long. The bugle of the junior class sounded a charge and juniors sprang from every quarter to avenge the insult. They swept the campus of all opposition and captured the ladders of both buildings at once. Up they went over roof and railing. They spanned the chasm from the rear building with a bridge of ladders and,
reaching the foot of both flagstaffs at the same instant, they hauled down the red and white before its devotees had time to salute their falling emblem. The ample folds of the 'Yellow and Blue' rippled all day in that December breeze without a rival on the college campus.

It was this spirit that characterized our whole junior year, but we did not confine our efforts to physical feats alone. When the school selected a team to meet Kalamazoo in debate two of the three members were juniors, and when the oratorical contest came off the junior class saw fit to monopolize five out of the seven places in the final contest and send one of their number to the intercollegiate at Lansing.

We came back for our last year's work with added dignity and a determination to excel in our class work. Much of the froth and foam of class strife was left behind and we turned our efforts to making an impression on the faculty as the source of our best counsel and the surest avenue to a good position.

The juniors this year have not been entirely ignored. We have commended their efforts to imitate the senior class, and on a few occasions we have condescended to give them advice, but our suggestions have been like pearls before swine, they have trampled them under their feet, and I regret to say that on one occasion a few seniors were indiscriminately mixed up with the pearls. This, however, has happened but once, and the juniors have been thoroughly humiliated for their rashness. On the day of the class football game they had secretly raised their flag above the Normal while there was no one around to molest or frighten them. But the seniors quickly repeated last year's story and, tearing the junior flag from the staff they replaced the somber orange and black with the glorious 'Yellow and Blue.'

It was in respect to the memory of the junior class that the seniors decided to wear mourning for a few weeks, so they divided the captured flag and each wore a strip of orange and black.

These are a few of the things that the seniors have done. But who are the seniors? You cannot mistake us. We are the cream of the college, the pattern for all undergraduates, the dignity and pride of the institution. What wonder that such great deeds should emanate from this illustrious class!

The senior girls have manufactured ideas for the students through the college paper, the senior boys and girls have contributed to make up the best Aurora ever issued, and the senior class may now say, 'We have fought the good fight, we have finished the course.'

But the greatest act of this class is yet to come, and in speaking of this we wish to lay aside all levity. We shall leave among the treasures of art in this building the likeness of the 'woman of Michigan.' This shall stand to the future as an outward expression of our loyalty to the college. It is beyond our power to honor her, we can simply love her.

Through the last few years, as a class, we have been one, with one great heart throbbing with a single purpose. Tomorrow morning as we file across this platform we shall glide off one by one like the pearls from the fabled necklace into the great ocean of the world.

Our prophet will tell us of the future, let us hope that it may honor the past.
THE history of the class of 1902 has been correctly given, and it is left to my tender mercies to point out the future.

How I became your class prophet I know not. My mind has been disturbed greatly during the past three or four months because of the mysterious action of this the noblest senior class that has been thus far graduated from the Normal College, in choosing for its prophet a person so matter-of-fact, one who had scarcely any imagination, was not versed in cards, knew nothing of the science of astrology, nor chiromancy, and without clairvoyant sight.

When I asked them why it was done, they said, "We take but little stock in predictions and prophecies, anyhow, and thought it as well to hand this part of the work over to you as to give it to one of our bright lights, since an error by him would be considered a calamity, but by you it would pass for what it would bring in the market." I thanked my friends for the compliment, but solemnly promised myself that I would do their predicting in a way never before done, and would verify the old saying, "Children and fools always tell the truth."

Accordingly, I at once began to make preparations for the trying ordeal. I rearranged my office, began a scientific study of cards, learned what I could of palmistry, spent much time prying into the mysteries of astrology, and to clinch the whole matter took a course of astronomy and one of sociology. A smattering of all these sciences put me in shape to begin my practice. But where were my patients? Members of the junior class came forward and kindly offered themselves as martyrs, in order that my experience might be sufficient when the time came for me to deal with the seniors.

At length I felt strong enough in the art to dismiss the unimportant juniors and begin my real work with the noble seniors. It seemed to me that I could handle love, marriage, divorce, illness, speculation and sickness with the utmost impunity.

So I sent out invitations for the entire senior class to call at my headquarters on the afternoon of June 20, determining to close up the whole affair at once. About 2 o'clock on the above named date I saw them coming, headed by the City Band and followed by the police force. I met them at the picket line and escorted them to the waiting room.

The first to break the silence was our friend, Mr. Vliet. He addressed me thus: "Most erudite soothsayer, we appear before you as in days of old, when men sought the oracles. We wish to have you rouse up old personalities and pry into our future, at cut rates. We desire to determine whether you can definitely enlighten us regarding the whenness of the hitherto, and whenceforth on the vast arena of life wend we our ways in the imminent time subsequent to the present."

I motioned the group to be seated, and to Mr. Vliet said: "Sir, if you will follow me into my consultation room, I will examine your head and try to locate your cerebrum, after which I may be able to point out to your dim vision a few of the crooked stakes in your future life. Before I proceed, might I ask which method you prefer?" "Use your star map by all means," said he. "Very well," said I. "In the first place it appears that a comet, which rose near the Ladies' Library, and set somewhere north and west of the Normal Campus, passed over your zenith during the month of January. Since that time you have been wandering in space. At this instant you are in the region of the constellation Cassiopeia, and particularly near the bright star Coph. This is an indication that you are to be one of Michigan's most noted school men, and that after a time you will turn to the law or the ministry in order to earn a living."
At this point Mr. Vliet said he had enough, joined the group, and was followed by Miss Westland. As she entered the room I was still consulting my star map, and when I turned to her, expecting to tell her fortune also by the stars, she blankly refused, saying that nothing but the "hand method" would go with her. This was the first time I had been brought up standing. However, I soon recovered from the shock, and alternately looking at the palm of her right hand and into her deep blue eyes, said, "Fair lady, your hand tells me that you will be successful at whatever you may choose to do. Especially would you be qualified to fill the Chair of Pedagogy in the Normal College, but the trouble is, the marriage line seems to crop out every four or five years." "Well," said she, "I don't care what you may say, I am going to California to teach as soon as I finish here."

The door between the two rooms had been unintentionally left ajar, and when these words were uttered, Miss Himebaugh rushed in and said, "What's that about California? If any one goes to that fair land, it is I. Depend upon it." I informed the two that my mission was not to settle disputes, and that if both would retire I would proceed to examine another candidate.

As they departed Mr. Miller came forward. These were his words, "Would you mind peering into the future for me about a half-dollar's worth. I do not wish to be told that which I already know. It is what I do not know that I desire. Tell me this, I'll detain you but a moment." "Mr. Miller," said I, "I could not guarantee to let a large flood of light into the darkened basement of your be-nighted mind for half a dollar. All indications point to the fact that you are a bluff. You have tried to work the bluff game in at least two ways; particularly when you were standing on the bank of the Huron drawing a profile of a bluff, and when in the field geography class you were trying to bluff regarding your sketch which was not to be seen. I see before you, however, a bright and prosperous future. It is of no account whether you pass through life like a bogus half-dollar or not. But laying dry facts at rest, I discover on examining the contour of your skull that you are destined to be an influential minister of the gospel, though with this preliminary examination I could not definitely state where you would be located the first year. That is all, Mr. Miller. Now, please send in some one of a little stronger caliber.

He retired and Miss Lewis crossed the threshold. "Aye," thought I, "here comes the future leader of Michigan's school workers." She approached me with haughty tread and with defiance in her eye. "Madam," said I, "I am aware of your great mental capacity. I see (on turning the queen of clubs) that it is you who will arrange our school system into one harmonious whole; and that, though many a hesitating pupil will be squeched by your chilling thrusts, yet all will love you because of your profound knowledge."

She was satisfied, departed, and was followed by Miss Lillian Brown. "Lady," said I, "I have not the courage to take your hand. Your fortune must be told by other methods. I'll try the cards. What! the queen of hearts? This I knew before proceeding. However, because of the striking coincidence, I am ready to predict that though you may for a short time teach with marked success, yet eventually you will decide to go into a partnership and think no more of school work. Your marriage line seems to stand for a clergyman."

There had been up to this time much noise in the sitting-room. The disturbance came to an end, though, when impatient Mr. Melody was ushered into my presence. He wished me to tell his fortune for twenty-five cents. I told him I did do the work that cheaply when a person had had other information before in his life, and had some knowledge to begin with; but when I filled up a vacant mind entirely and stored it with facts of all kinds, and stocked it up so that it could do business for itself, I charged a dollar. I told him I
could not thoroughly refit and refresh a
tenement from the ground up, for
twenty-five cents. Further, that I knew him
to be another bluff, one who would also pass
through life like a a paper collar. "But,
Mr. Melody, I do know that you are to be a
very successful teacher and office-holder.
' Rice ' will ever be your motto, young man, it
will pay you to rise.'"

Then in rapid succession came forward a
number of the lady members. The first, Miss
Anna Thomas, would soon tire of school
teaching, and would become the wife of a
future Congressman.

I learned that Miss Dobbins was to become
the wife of a traveling salesman.

It was plain to see that Miss Stevenson
would become an advocate of woman suffrage,
and no matter what her husband might say,
would take the stump for "protection" and
"equal rights."

Miss Pettit's hand told me that she would
for a time be one of Port Huron's model teach­
ers, and then become the wife of the Collector
of that port.

Miss Marx is to be the wife of a successful
doctor, and will spend much of her time
traveling.

Miss O'Keefe is to lead a life of ease. This
she needs after spending many weary hours of
toil at the Normal. Providence is kind.

Miss Waldron will return to her native state
and will become the wife of an Ohio politician.
She will live in Washington, provided things
go democratic.

Miss Aulls is to be the wife of an eastern
editor, and will be of much service to her
husband because of her experience as editor of
the Aurora.

Miss Kohler will soon go upon the stage,
and will become a popular actress in our large
American theaters.

These ladies retired, and a group of the
opposite sex lined up before me. The first to
speak was Aurora (I mean Mr. Roode). He
said he cared nothing about the future, but
did wish to sell me a book. I told him I was
not in the buying business, but would inform
him that within a few years he would be the
traveling agent for J. Q. Roode & Co., dealers
in: "How do you like the Aurora? Have
you had your picture taken? Did you go to
Waterman's? How do you like the proofs?
I sent in my last order yesterday," etc.

Then I read Mr. Steimle's future. I told
him that he was to become the editor of a New
York paper; that he was to be one of the few
who tried to tell the truth; and that though he
would find it uphill business, yet his Grace
would be sufficient.

Mr. McClelland wished to know if he was
to remain a single man. I told him, "No, I
predict an early marriage, with threatening
weather and strong prevailing easterly winds
along the Gulf States; and there is no way of
evading this early marriage unless you put it
off till later in life."

Mr. Chapman asked if it would be proper in
dancing to swing a young person of the
opposite sex twice round, at a select party,
when you are but slightly acquainted, but feel
quite confident that her partner is unarmed. I
told him no harm would come from it, that I
knew he was a great admirer of the opposite
sex; that his married life would be very happy
though his wife would not enjoy herself very
much, and that she would be much happier
during her second marriage.

I learned that Mr. Van Allsburg was to have
a bright and prosperous future. "You will be­
come a famous orator. At no distant day I
can see you on the lecture platform. Large
crowds of people are jostling each other at the
box office (trying to get their money back)."

Mr. Craig also wished to have his future
revealed, but I told him it was impossible. It
could not be done. His horoscope was too
Green for my dim vision.

Mr. Drouyer was the next on my list. How
easy was his future to foretell! I said, "I see
you at the door of the Senate Chamber. You
are counting over your money and looking
sadly at the schedule of prices. Then you
turn sorrowfully away and decide to buy a
seat in the House instead. Many years after
I see you in the Senate. You are there day
after day, attending to your duties. You are there early, before any one else, and I see you pacing back and forth, up and down the aisles, sweeping out the Senate Chamber and dusting the seats. You appear to have seen better days. At one time you prospered in business, but you formed a partnership with a sharper who went through you like an electric shock."

A good many more of the seniors were passed upon that day, and had equally important things prophesied of them; but you have heard some things now that I was forbidden to disclose, while others gave me a stipulated sum of "hush money" to keep mum. Some incredulous ones wanted to wait to see if the prophecies came true first; others for whom matrimony was foretold, said they could not invite the whole class anyhow, and next year's Normal News would announce the happy events in due time.

So if your curiosity as regards some individuals has not been satisfied, the recorder of this prophecy is not to blame. "Just possess your souls with patience," and time will tell the rest.

---

The Life of a Cloud

GERTRUDE HIRBAUGH

Class Poem

One day way up in the heavens' blue dome,  
A film of airy white,  
Slow passing through the field of blue,  
Caught and held my dreamy sight.

'Twas a beautiful, pure white, gauzy sheen,  
With a delicate touch of gold,  
As if when gliding athwart the sun  
It had caught the dust in its hazy fold.

Like a living thing it seemed to me,  
As in changing shape it grew,  
Each shifting part of the dreamy mass  
Looked draped 'gainst the vaulted blue.

As I looked, more definite shape it took,  
An ancient car it seemed,  
Low wheeled and open at the back,  
The front with gold crest gleamed.

Four winged steeds of milk-white  
The car of beauty drew,  
From arched necks in waves of light  
Flowed manes—the same pure hue.

I looked for a human hand to guide  
The beautiful steeds in their flight.  
A form took shape the while I gazed.  
At the reins rose a being bright.

With delicate snow-white hands and arms  
Bare to the shoulders' curve,  
Strength and loveliness blended there  
A power to work and serve.

Slow moved the car, and slower yet,  
Till the prancing steeds were still  
Like casts of marble hewn in white.  
They paused at the spirit's will.

The vision the rebus of white then dropped  
Turned, stepped from the car and viewed  
The lovely things in her azure home;  
Then the earth all radiant hued.

Lovingly, longingly, she looked and lived;  
Days were the minutes—the hours were years,  
As earth and heaven became her own,  
She lived thro' it all—the sunshine—the tears.

Life's stages—she lived through them all;  
Childhood, maiden and matron serene,  
Beautiful the while as a summer day  
The radiance 'round her a lovely sheen.

Of kindness, charity, love and peace.  
We of earth want such in our dreams.  
Our fancy a golden woof doth weave,  
Which never is—but only seems.

It seemed at last she had reached the close,  
Near, coming appeared a cloud  
Black with the blackness of Death,  
Too black for my vision's shroud.

Seeing, she turned to enter the car,  
When lo! it had passed away;  
Unseen by her—unseen by me;  
It was gone like the summer's day.

Leaving only the night to enclose the soul,  
The blackened cloud passed swiftly by,  
It swallowed, enveloped my vision,  
And I turned with a sorrowful sigh.
But no! behind the cloudy black
A light of silver shone,
And I knew my vision lived again,
And was nearer the Father’s throne.

May we, O classmen, live like she,
Whom I saw in the heaven’s blue dome;
Lighting the world with a radiance rare,
As did she her skyey home.

When we’ve lived through the sorrow and tears
of life,
The cloud of Despair drawing near,
Opportunities gone like the golden car,
May we have neither doubt nor fear.

And if so it be the cloud swallows us round,
E’en then may the light shine through,
Telling the world we lived for good,
In the strife for the just and the true.

Valedictory, Class of 1902
KATHERINE V. LEWIS

TODAY marks an added year in the his­
tory of the Michigan Normal College
and the class of 1902 meets to bid adiett to
its Alma Mater. To me has been assigned
this task of saying farewell for the class.

Good-bye is a sad, sweet word. It brings
to us regret at parting, but it also shows
more clearly the bonds of friendship which
bind us to one another and to the school
where we have labored together. For friend­
ship is one of the dearest ties of the human
heart. It unites our interests and when a
separation does come, leaves an influence
which makes life the sweeter by its presence.

And so today when we meet as a class for
the last time, we do not feel that there is to
be a real separation; but we cherish the idea
which lies deeper than any thought of mere
parting,—that there is an unseen bond that
time cannot sever. The delights of college
life have been manifold. Our close friend­
ship has welded together our very lives, and
with the same duties and enjoyments, we
seem to stand as one. But why need we al­
lude to these pleasures? When do they
come crowding to the mind more than in the
days of college life? Never have we appre­
ciated the world in which we have been lab­
oring, the kindness of our fellow-workers,
and the guiding Hand which has shaped our
course, better than now, as we bid adieu to
those who have labored with and for us.

We live in an age of change. We tread in
the footsteps of the many classes that have
already bidden farewell to the Normal. Many
more will follow us, each in its turn feeling as
we do today, that its words of gratitude do not
express its full feelings. Many are the
thoughts we fain would express; many are
the feelings too deep for utterance.

As we leave our Normal, each may feel
that he is to pursue his work alone, but does
not this tie of friendship and our aim in life
form a bond which holds us unwaveringly to
a common purpose? With a single voice we
answer “Yes,” with this one purpose in
mind we will strive, toward the same ideals
we will work. Placing our standards high we
will unalteringly meet all obstacles, hoping
to overcome each, not by our own efforts
merely, but by the aid of Him who sees all
things, and seeing, guides each action.

The time has come when we seem to see
only the past and future. We pause in won­
der. The present is not a seeming reality but
a mere connecting link between college life and
future work, the success of which is now un­
known. The days of opportunity for the du­
ties and friendships of school life are past.
We trust that we have enjoyed each to its
utmost. But a wider field now lies before us;
if there are regrets in our lives as students,
we have now a chance to put forth stronger.
more determined effort, profiting by our for­
er mistakes, “but striving to set an exam­
ple by which others may profit.”

College friends,—you that remain to com­
plete your work here, we bid you good-bye.
With you, too, have we had close friendships.
As each in life is influenced by some friend
we trust that you can profit by our work. Juniors, we welcome you to our place, hoping that your efforts will bear even better fruits than ours.

Members of the faculty—you who have been our close friends and teachers, we must leave you as we go, not only words of farewell, but heart-felt expressions of gratitude. Many hours we have labored together, hours which have been pleasant and profitable. But they are past. We, too, seem to see a separation, but memory still will hold us together, and the inspiration that we have received from you will still influence us. The thought of what you have been to us will inspire us as we shape our ideals; it will elevate our standards; it will give ardor to our every purpose. We feel that our welfare has been uppermost in your thoughts, that your work has been for us, and as we leave with you our parting thanks and farewell, we trust that your thoughts of us will be pleasant ones.

And now, dear classmates, it is between us that the final words of parting must be exchanged. In these last hours of school life we seem to be drawn more closely together. Strong grows the tie of friendship, deeper and deeper the emotions that struggle for expression. The days for which we have hoped are here, but never have we pictured them as they are. Little did we dream, when we entered these college walls, that they would become so dear to us. In the memory will the Normal scenes remain, to be silent friends as we continue our life work.

We are ready and anxious to go, yet some hidden power bids us linger. We hesitate, and it is with this thought of the tie of friendship that links together human lives, that the class of 1902 at last says:

"Farewell, a word that must be and hath been,
A sound that makes us linger, yet—farewell."

Honors for the Dead

Summary of Memorial Address given by S. B. Laird

at Albion

LOVE'S annual pilgrimage to the shrines of liberty has once more been performed. With reverent hands and grateful hearts we have strewn the floral wealth of another springtime on the graves of the nation's saviors. Medieval Europe sought the inspiration of its valor and its virtue in the sacred sepulcher of Jerusalem. The chivalry of Britain, of France, of Germany, and of Spain, alike turned its eyes to Palestine and named it for all time the Holy Land. But each recurring May reminds us that every city in this broad Union of ours has its Holy Lands—the sleeping places of the redeemers of the republic—the Palestines of American patriotism, for evermore.

From time immemorial it has been customary for nations to choose symbols. England chose the rose, the red and the white one, emblem of beauty; France, the white lily, emblem of purity; Scotland, the thistle; Ireland, the shamrock; America, the stars. The rose will drop its petals one by one, and stand out in its nakedness and desolation. The lily will fade, and cease to represent the purity for which it was chosen. The thistle will wither and lose its suggestiveness. The shamrock will lose its beauty, but the stars are eternal, and their background is the blue of the sky into which we look, when in filial devotion we exclaim "Our Father!" The colors, too, are born of the rainbow, and bring with them all the significance which they had for the post-diluvial world—security, permanence.

Old flag, what thinkest thou of the struggle in which thou wast first flung to the breeze? 'Twas a struggle to plant the tree of liberty in the virgin soil of the American wilderness. The heroic souls engaged in the work asked
for and received the help of the God of nations. The time for its planting seemed auspicious. Its roots were thrust deep down into the soil; its trunk began to ascend towards the sunlight; its branches began to extend north, south, east, west; the buds of promise for American institutions began to swell and open, the foliage and promised fruitage were warranted by the blossoms whose fragrance filled the air, and which was wafted across old ocean to the home of tyrant kings. In due time the fruit appeared, but to every lover of his kind there came a sadness as he beheld on the southern branch the dark, forbidding fruit of slavery. For years an honest effort was made to try to be satisfied with the crop, but in time the consciences of men demanded that that unseemly product ought not to hang on liberty's tree. On the other side, it was urged with all the vehemence of hot-headed partisans that 'twas just and right, and in harmony with holy writ. The squalls of stormy legislation followed the Missouri compromise and its repeal, fugitive slave law, squatter sovereignty doctrine, border troubles, and then the black clouds of war burst upon the nation.

Had not the American Moses been our leader what fate might not have befallen us? O Lincoln, immortal Lincoln, thou child of the common people, so true to humanity's interests as thou didst see them, and so true to God that his high behests could be carried out in the plain, common-sense way!

Truly the prophetic instinct was there when at the beginning of the struggle thou didst say, "This country cannot exist half slave and half free, a house divided against itself cannot stand." And when thy friends would stop thy earnest words for fear of political peril, thou, in the majesty of right, didst proclaim that if all utterances were forgotten save one, thou wouldst have remain those words in which seemed to lurk so much of political peril to thyself. And when the billows of war began to surge about the nation's life and the blood of the bravest began to flow, thou didst exclaim, "Fondly do we hope and fervently do we pray that the great scourge of war may soon pass away, and yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsmen's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid for by another drawn by the sword, as was said of God's ancient Israel, 3,000 years ago, still we must exclaim, True and righteous, O Lord, are thy judgments, altogether!"

What fitting tribute, great leader of men, can we offer thee today? What wreath of affection and love can we place upon thy grave, which was made in the springtime, just as the peal of victory resounded throughout our land?

Old flag! For what did the Union soldier fight? He fought to save this union of states; to remove, metaphorically speaking, the placard placed over the temple of liberty by the monarchical governments of the world, bearing the following inscription: "A republican form of government is all right in times of peace and sunshine, but when internal trouble comes and the national sky is overcast with clouds, it will go to pieces like a rope or sand." By sacrifice and toil which words and figures can never express they put up in its place this one: "This government, under God, has proven itself strong enough to put down the greatest insurrection of all history, advance its credit and influence in a marked degree, keep its pledges with its defenders and with its creditors, and enter upon a new and grander lease of life."

Again, our soldiers fought to teach the world that only for the most righteous causes should blood be shed. Oh, the barren wars of history! when thousands perished, when industry was crippled, when mourning filled the lands, and yet no gain, no benefit inured to the race or to civilization. Of the hundreds of battles which color the pages of history with crimson hue, how few contained any reference to the philosophy of man's life, how few furnished a leverage to lift up and ennoble mankind. A blind passion led men and nations on, selfish aggrandizement demanded
victims, and this Moloch of the past was kept busy. Turn to the struggle for the perpetuation of the Union and behold the highest principles of life furnishing a motive for sacrifice. The good of posterity fires the martyr for liberty to do and to die for the right. In the name of a great future for mankind, good men have moved peacefully onward toward death. Mother, child, wife and friends are left behind because a mighty logic presses upon the intellect and dispels all pleasures except one—the service of the country, and makes thorny all paths save one—the path of a redeemed nation.

Again, our soldiers fought to present to the world a high grade of citizenship. No professional soldiers whose trade was blood and whose life stood for the consumption of industry rather than its production, constituted our army. Boys and men from workshops, farms, pulpits and schools, rushed where danger was imminent, and in a few brief months of drill were the equal of veterans, and why? Because they had been nurtured upon the air of liberty and had been taught that the best things of this life always cost much, and that the road to higher conditions for the race was literally corduroyed with volunteer souls offered in sacrifice, and midway in this mighty throng of martyrs for the good of the race lies the "Man of Galilee." The service done in the field was an honor to any history. The war over the boys came marching home, when suddenly across the water is heard the warning—look out for blood shed on the streets of every town and behold the vast increase of crime as the mustered out become civilians—but the libel vanished in thin air, as that gallant host, bronzed under southern skies, stepped off the train at our depots and received the embraces of loved ones not seen for years. Hardly had the kisses been dried upon the cheeks of mother, sister, wife, before with a right-about face they scanned the lines of the arts of peace to find a place where they might labor to exalt the institutions for which they had offered their lives. Such a lesson of patriotic citizen-

ship is not often witnessed on this old earth of ours. Not a ripple on the sea of society was felt save the joy of returned manhood.

Again, the soldiers fought to wipe off from our national escutcheon the disgrace entailed by slavery and to usher in, in fullness of time, Memorial Day, a day that is capable of developing more patriotic fervor and sentiment, than any other day on our national calendar, and one which has done very much to clean up and beautify the restingplaces of our dead.

Our Memorial Day does not come in with a shout such as shook the Coliseum of ancient Rome because someone had triumphed and someone had died, but it comes with a gladness that in every section of this fair land false principles perished and new love and new life came for millions of persons, to continue, we trust, throughout the centuries.

We do not bring flowers to celebrate simply a deed in history in which a Grant gloriously triumphed and a Lee surrendered, but we come to bless the soldiers, living and dead, who made it possible for liberty to touch and kiss all doorsills, and who baptized the scattered and belligerent states into one freedom and one love.

Go with me in imagination to sunny France, enter the cemeteries, ask the attendant "Who lies here?" Answer: "A soldier who fought under the first Napoleon." "Was he brave?" "Yes, one of the Old Guard." "For what cause did he fight?" "Cause! cause! I hardly know, unless it was for the aggrandizement of the emperor." "But was not the effort aimed at the betterment of humanity and the enlargement of individual liberty?" "No; he fought for world-wide empire, over which his leader might reign." Pass to another place. "Who lies here?" "A soldier who fought under Napoleon III." "Was he brave?" "He was so considered." "For what cause did he fight?" "Cause! cause! I suppose insult offered to the emperor. He had been posing with a chip on his shoulder for some time, and William of Germany knocked it off." "But was there no cause which appeals to the judgment by reason of
the result aimed at?'" "None; none at all." These graves are not understood; they are a great mistake, a part of the useless tragedies of the centuries. Cross over to the island, thence back to the continent, and while we would not rob nations or individuals of the real glory which is theirs, the verdict of history must ever be that of all the millions who gave up their lives as soldiers upon European soil, of very few comparatively can it be said, "They fell in a just and noble cause, one well calculated to help the world along toward higher things."

Come back to our own country. Land at New York or Boston, enter a cemetery in which time-stained monuments mark the resting places of the Revolutionary soldiers. Ply the same questions. "Who lies here?" "One of Washington's boys who suffered at Valley Forge, or charged with Mad Anthony at Stony Point, or followed the brave, reckless and unprincipled Arnold at Saratoga. "Were they brave?'" "None braver." "For what cause did they fight?" Instantly the bent form of the old veteran begins to straighten, his eyes to flash fire, and his whole being to respond. In tones rising with his emotion, he says: "They fought to drive tyranny from this land of ours, and make a home for liberty. They fought to emancipate American labor, which was held down and crushed to earth by twenty-nine enactments of the British parliament which forbade the use of streams for machinery; the utilizing of the ore in the mines (Pitt, our friend, exclaiming, "America has no right to make a horse-shoe nail); the using of the timber in the forests for shipbuilding—the king's arrow mark being placed on the best trees. But in the might of heroic souls they rose, snapped the cords of parliamentary enactment asunder, and, lo! phoenix-like, American labor rose to its God-given prominence; and we must not forget to-day that our land has done more to ennoble and dignify labor than any other nation on the globe.

We follow the attendant and stop at the grave of one who fell in the war of 1812. In response to the question he replies: "They fought to prove to the world that they were worthy to be entrusted with the legacy of liberty by showing their ability to defend it on Lake Erie, Lundy's Lane, and New Orleans.'" Come home now to our own cemeteries and stand by the graves of the heroes of '61-65, and hear the zephyr breezes playing among the monuments repeat the reasons already given. Then it will require but little historical imagination to be able to see resting upon these graves the majestic columns which support the superstructure of this government of ours.

These brave boys wrought out a problem which statesmen and jurists could not solve—Is the United States of America a nation or a mere compact of states? Webster, the intellectual giant of Massachusetts, declared that the government at Washington was supreme. Calhoun of South Carolina with equal assurance proclaimed that the state was supreme. Each had a strong following in his own section. So that two answers were frequently returned to the important question. Besides, senators and representatives differed on this question, and, last but not least in authority, members of the supreme bench were not agreed. The problem was transferred to the tribunal of a civil war, and now, thanks to the boys in blue and to the God of battles, all sections acknowledge that the government at Washington is supreme. This is one of the most valuable results of the war.

Old flag, what thinkest thou of the more recent troubles and their outcome? Today our country saved as a nation in 1865, has been playing the part of the good Samaritan in obedience to the truest and holiest humane and Christian sentiment within our borders. If a little child should pass along the street and see a strong man brutally beating a weaker one no responsibility would attach to the child because he has no power to stop the inhumanity to man: but let a stalwart man pass that way and he, like the priest and Levite of the olden story, pass by on the
other side, then a large measure of responsibility would attach in his case. Our country was once this child and Washington, its godfather, advised no entanglements with foreign powers, but rather undivided attention to the developments of our internal resources, to the healing of the wounds caused in the eight years of struggle, to the articulating and harmonizing of the three departments of our government. The advice was good and applicable, but now our country has grown to manhood; it has a strong right arm, a brave heart, and a love for fair play and common justice, and responsibility has attached by reason of her suffering, Cuba, who surely is our neighbor.

**FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN**

Land where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one;
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;
Hark! 'tis the voice of thy children to thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true,—
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle-blast! Lo! at thy sign
Armies all panoplied wheel into line!

Hope of the world! thou hast broken its chains,—
Wear thy bright arms while a truant remains;
Stand for the right till the nations shall own
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptered, uncrowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast,—
Crown her with jewels Queen of the West!
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end!
Oh, how charming, how delightful,  
Came the smiling month of May,  
Following in the wake of April,  
Ever joyful, ever gay.

Sweet with breath that kissed the grasses;  
Thrilled them with a life anew;  
Rocked the tender buds that, sleeping  
In their leafy cradles, grew.

Grew beneath its careful wooing,  
Fed by sun and gentle showers,  
Till the earth, o'er hill and valley,  
Glowed with Nature's purest flowers.

But the silent, frozen Northland  
Loosed her heavy clouds of gray,  
Laden with the restless snowflakes,  
Bade them haste to meet the day.

And, like rogues who fear to venture  
On the fair and pure at play,  
Skulking flakes were seen descending,  
Disappearing on their way.

Soon from darker, misty chambers.  
Out the burly masses shot,  
Heedless of the tender flowers,  
And their slender stems forgot.

Then it seemed the bold intruders  
Burned in hatred for our spring,  
As they constantly kept falling  
On each tiny, sinless thing.

As we watched their bright eyes fading,  
While they calmly met their fate,  
We could feel the pain they suffered  
In that damp and chilly state.

From behind the hills the sunbeams  
Rose and peered with pitying eyes;  
Summoned all their hosts together;  
Shot their darts from out the skies.

Shattered all those sullen snow clouds,  
Freed the blooming world again;  
Sent the bleak intruders hurling  
To the sphere wherefrom they came.
The first problem to be met by many next fall, as they take their places at the teacher’s desk will be—how to do work without a good library. The solution will include two points: first, the enriching of the private library of the teacher, and second, how to increase in size and efficiency the library of the school. Both points presuppose a fair knowledge of—1. What books to buy, and 2. How to buy them. What books to buy, implies not only a list of authors and titles, but also the selection of good, well made editions. How to buy, includes such detail as list and net prices and the use of trade catalogues, etc.

The first books to be added to either library are those already known through personal use to be absolutely essential, and which are books of reference, using the word in its broader and truer sense. To be specific, a teacher in United States history would order the Epoch series, by Thwaites, Hart, and Wilson; the Scribner American history series; and Hart’s American history told by contemporaries, before ordering such works as Lalor’s Cyclopaedia or Larned’s Ready reference. Strictly technical books which would be used by the teacher only, and all books of method, must be in the private library, except in perhaps a half dozen of the larger libraries in the State.

The one absolutely necessary book in the smallest library is the last edition of Webster’s International Dictionary, which was thoroughly revised in 1900, and costs $10. Next to this would come the World Almanac (40c.) for the current year; and when a library has one or two hundred volumes of standard books it is time to consider the purchase of the Universal Cyclopaedia, published in twelve volumes by Appleton at $72. This is a revised edition of Johnson’s Universal cyclopaedia, and is generally conceded to be the best, where there is but one.

The past ten years has been a period of remarkable progress in all kinds of libraries, and in none more than in school libraries. The growing appreciation of school boards of the necessity for books, and their generosity in appropriating money for them, should be met more than half way by the zeal and intelligence of teachers in being able to select the best material for accessory and supplementary work. The Normal library and the departmental libraries in each grade in the Training School offer every facility for the preparation of careful and accurate book lists, and the services of the librarians are always fully at the disposal of the students in this work.

ACCSSIONS

Trevelyan, O. G. American evolution.
Blümner, Carl. Industrial evolution.
Budge, E. A. W., ed. Egyptian book of the dead. 3 v.
Warren, H. C. Buddhism in translation.
Gummer, A. B. Beginnings of poetry.
Courthope, W. J. Life in poetry and law in taste.
Suchier und Hirschfield. Geschichte der französischen litteratur.
Wordsworth, Dorothy. Journals. 2 v.
Pyle, Howard. Robin Hood.
Schuyler, E. Italian influences. Selected essays.
Mitchell, D. G. Leather Stocking to Poe.
Dunbar, Paul. Lyrics of lowly life.
Howells, W. D. Poems.
Morris, R. Historical outlines of English accidence.
Lyte, E. O. Advanced grammar and composition.
Ziegler, T. Geschichte der pädagogik.
Lotti, P. Story of a child.
Mallison, Mrs. F. Early training of children.
Colgrove, F. W. Memory, an inductive study.
Shaler, M. S. The individual.
Darwin, C. Emotional expression in man and the lower animals.
Thwing, C. F. College administration.
Dickinson, J. Greek view of life.
Dresser, H. W. Education and the philosophic ideal.
Daniels, F. H. Teaching of ornament.
Hall, J. With pen and brush.
Denslow, W. W. II. Mother Goose.
Williamson, F. Story of the cotton plant.
Bergen, J. Y. Foundations of botany.
Hodge, C. F. Nature study and life.
Chapman, F. M. Bird life.
Ridgeway, R. Birds of N. and middle America.
(Smithsonian bulletin.)
Keyser, L. S. News from the birds.
Baskett, J. N. Story of the birds.
Editorial

The school year of 1902 has come and gone. Very swiftly has the time passed for us and now comes Commencement and the farewells. Many of us are leaving forever our college home which we have grown to love. The very halls seems dear to us, but much more dear are the friends we have come to know so well, the classmates who have been running the race with us, the underclassmen to whom we have ever meant to be kind and helpful. All these we shall miss in the days that are coming. But more than all shall we wish for the teacher friends, the ones to whom we have gone for help, advice and sympathy. Long will we remember their faces. Long may their lives influence our lives, making us stronger teachers and truer men and women.

It is with regret that we send our last paper to press, that we write our last editorial and lay down the pen. Regret because our editorial experiences have been far from disagreeable. Much of pleasure has come to us, in the way of closer acquaintanceship and of kind commendations from our readers and friends.

Our co-editors have been most loyal and helpful. Our business manager has been prompt and business-like in all his affairs. And to our printers we feel ourselves deeply indebted for the careful work they have done for us. But more than all the work have been the lessons learned in the orderly, business-like office of the Scharf Tag, Label and Box Co., where Mr. Coe and his compositors have so willingly and patiently borne with the "whims of ye woman editor."

Although the staff for the next year have not yet been chosen, we feel confident that they will profit by our mistakes and will succeed in giving you the best Normal News ever read. So, Seniors, leave your addresses in the office and do not forget that you are always indebted to the Old Normal and need its support as much as it needs yours.

Now that the year is over we wish to express our thanks to the business men who have so loyally supported our paper. The fact that over eight hundred students residing in this town for nine months and spending at least two hundred fifty dollars per capita, means that some two hundred dollars should go to the merchants who support the school's interest. The firms represented in our columns are the very best in the city, and we leave this bit of advice to the students of '03—read the News before you do your trading.

The under side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
And so I turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To see the lining.

—James Whitcomb Riley.
Locals

Miss Myra Bird will go to Paris immediately after commencement to continue her musical studies.

Miss Letitia Thompson, who has been instructor in mathematics at the Normal for several years, will teach in the Jackson high school next year.

Mrs. Lodeman and Miss Hilda entertained sixteen of the lady members of the faculty, at their pleasant home on Chicago avenue, Tuesday afternoon, June 18.

Harry C. Dumbrille, a Normalite of last year, now teaching at Traverse City, and Miss Bertha Haynes of Ypsilanti, were married at Traverse City last week.

Principal Theo. Goodfellow, of Belleville, Mich., has been engaged to teach in the high school in that city, at an increase of salary, with a promise of added apparatus for work in science.

Miss Blackmer and Miss Sawyer entertained their League division and student teachers at Starkweather Hall, on Monday afternoon, June 16. All enjoyed the unique games, after which dainty refreshments were served.

Professor S. B. Laird, with his wife and daughter, sails for Europe June 21; they spend the summer in Switzerland. The medicine was prescribed for Mr. Laird by his physician.

It is with regret that the friends of Mr. Fred. W. Coe will learn of his absence from the city for the summer on account of ill health. As superintendent of the printing department at the Scharf Company’s factory, he has been a kind and helpful friend to the News, and during his absence for the past two months we have greatly missed him.

Superintendent W. N. Isbell re-engages in Fowlerville at a fine increase. Assistants ditto.

Professor W. P. Bowen has been appointed instructor in physiology at the U. of M. for next year.

Doctor Duane Stuart has been chosen instructor in Greek and Latin at the U. of M. for the next year.

O. M. Gass, last year’s captain of the Normal baseball nine, has been elected principal of the Flat Rock schools.

Miss Carrie Barber, a Normal and University graduate, has been elected preceptress of the Hudson schools.

Miss Harriet Soult, '91, and Miss Melissa Hull, '90, both of Menominee, were visitors at the Normal, June 17.

Superintendent W. W. Chalmers has been re-engaged superintendent of the Toledo (O.) schools at a salary of $4,000 per year. Another Normalite to land on his feet.

Superintendent C. N. Kendall, of the Indianapolis schools, will give the Commencement address at the Normal this year. Professor Kendall was superintendent of the Jackson and Saginaw schools in this state, and later of the New Haven, Conn., schools. He is also a member of the Indiana state board of education.

Louis W. Keeler, a bright and brainy graduate of the U. of M., class of 1900, has been elected principal of the Michigan City (Ind.) high school, at a salary of $1,000. The superintendent of the school is Paul Cowgill, of the Normal. Together they will work hard to produce the best possible results, and, backed as they are by a generous and level-headed school board, success is assured.
Miss Belle Blanchard visited her sister, Miss Edith Blanchard.

Miss Nellie Westland visited friends in St. Clair over Sunday, May 18.

Mrs. Baird of St. Clair was the guest of her daughter, Miss Ivah Baird, May 30.

Miss Bertha Baker was obliged to leave school because of her mother’s serious illness.

Miss Louise Kilbourne has been absent from her classes for a week on account of illness.

Mrs. Nelson and Miss Elizabeth Schermerhorn were the guests of Miss Mary Nelson for a few days.

Mrs. Laird entertained some of the young ladies of the Girls’ Social League at her home, Saturday evening, May 3.

Miss Steagel very pleasantly entertained her student teachers at Episcopal Church House, Saturday evening, May 3.

Professor Oscar I. Woodley, formerly a prominent Normalite, has been awarded the Earle scholarship in the Teachers’ College of Columbia University.

A very festive occasion was the last meeting of the Shakespeare Club, held at the home of Miss Laird, Saturday evening, June 7. The evening was spent in progressive flinch and other amusements, after which dainty refreshments were served. A short business meeting was held and the following officers elected for the coming year:

President—Vinora Beal.
Vice President—May Hurd.
Secretary and Treasurer—John Waldron.

An exceedingly pretty reception was given by the Training School faculty for the college faculty and friends at the Training School, Friday evening, June 6. The reception rooms were beautifully decorated, the green and white taking a prominent part. Couches, rugs, cozy corners, flowers, and the artistic arrangement of all made the rooms especially attractive. The refreshments also carried out the color idea, with the green and white can-
dies, cakes, etc. One of the extremely entertaining features, and also a source of surprise and wonderment to most of the guests was Madame Z———, revealer of past, present and future. As to her capabilities in that line, several of the prominent members of the faculty can testify that she was well versed in her art. Piano, harp and violin added much to the pleasure of the guests, who counted it one of the most enjoyable social events of the season.

THE AURORA MAN’S FINAL EXAMINATION IN ADV. PHYSICS III

What is light?
Light is vibratory energy, affecting a large mass of matter and producing an Aurora.

What can you say of the velocity of light?
The velocity of light is small compared with the rapid spread of the Aurora on June 13.

What is meant by interference?
Taking my attention from Aurora!!

What is polarized light?
Polarized light is an Aurora whose energy has been “edited.”

If an electric light gives 2,000 candle power, what is the illuminating power of the Aurora?
A dollar and a half.

Name the colors of the Normal spectrum in their order of luminous intensity.
Preps, Freshies, Sophs, Juniors, Seniors and Faculty. For illustrations, see Aurora.

How are the dark lines of the Normal spectrum produced?
By not paying the Aurora man.

If the sun should be extinguished, what would happen?
The Aurora would light the world for 10,000,000 centuries.

What is meant by defraction?
Note—The writer was evidently becoming somewhat nervous, for he answered: By “distraction” is meant the mental condition of the business manager at the time of Aurora’s going to press.

Knock at door. Voice to Professor S.:—“Three people wish to get Au———.” Sudden exit of business manager and close of examination.
Where We Go

Mary Nelson, Grades, Manistique
Clara Gulde, Principal, Flat Rock
Grace Wood, Greek and Latin, Ionia
May Chambers, Civics and History, Sault Ste. Marie
Edith Silk, grades, Oxford
Effie Wheeler, Music, East Chicago, Ind.
Pearl Howie, Grades, Sault Ste. Marie
Florence Holmes, Kindergarten, Coldwater
Gertrude Sherman, First grade, W. Saganaw
Lida Piatt, Second grade, Hamilton, Ind.
Mrs. Mary Christian, First grade, Pontiac
Florence Davis, Second grade, Detroit
Oliver Hinkle, grades, Wayne.
Mary Stevens, First and Second grades, Cedar
Edna Lockwood, Third grade, Coldwater
Carey Ireland, Principal, Soo
Mabel H. King, Fifth grade, Tecumseh
Evelyn Squires, Third and Fourth grades, East Lake

Bessie Edwards, Mathematics, Otsego high school
Mabel McGee, Fourth and Fifth grades, Durand
Grace Townley, Fifth grade, Woodmere
W. C. Eldred, Superintendent, South Lyons
Sibyl Knopf, Seventh grade, Tecumseh
J. F. Reincke, Tecumseh
Gertrude Sharpe, Fourth grade, Soo
Edith Silk, Seventh grade, Oxford
Margaret Preston, Latin and German, Brighton
Margaret O’Leary, Fourth grade, Dollar Bay
Ama Stevenson, Critic, Winona Normal, Minn.
Grace Wiard, Music, Moline, Ill.
Carl McClelland, Principal, Eaton Rapids
Louise Petit, History, Benton Harbor
Gertrude Himebaugh, Fourth Grade, St. Johns
Kathrine Lewis, Mathematics, Cadillac
N. B. Drouyer, Superintendent, Algonac
J. B. Melody, Principal, Marine City
Grace Townley, Fifth Grade, Woodmere
Anna Thomas, Grades, Bloomfield, N. J.
Gertrude Ungers, Fifth Grade, Petoskey
Helen Doty, History, Three Rivers
Mr. Avery, Superintendent Durand
Mary Brewster, Fourth Grade, Woodmere
Lulu Jefferson, Mathematics and Physics, Portland
Grace Hinkle, Grade 2, Woodmere
Elva Hinkle, Grade 1, Hillsdale
J. Q. Roode, Superintendent, Bad Axe
Howard E. Slocum, Superintendent, Vernon
Mary Stewart, Grades 1-2, Cedar
Clemens P. Steimle, Grade 9, Albion
Harriet Smith, Seventh Grade, Albion
Edith Adams, Supervisor of Kindergarten, Pontiac
Lela Eddy, Kindergarten, Belding
Kate Fribley, First grade, Manistique
Eola Gardner, First grade, Oxford
Ella Hayward, First grade, Woodmere
Harriet Marx, Primary grades, Port Huron
Ray Nimmo, Second grade, Cheboygan
Jennie Smith, Second grade, Manistique
Zoe Kimball, music and drawing, Alma
Inez Farnsworth, Primary grades, Woodland
Lillian Moore, First grade, Imlay City
Lena Schaefer, Fourth grade, Ypsilanti
Jennie Smith, Grades, Martinique
Anna Trask, First grade, Alpena
May Webb, Fourth grade, Calumet
Ethel Witte, Music, drawing and penmanship, Frankfort
Florence Davis, Garfield school, Detroit
C. B. Whitmoyer, Principal, New Troy
Mabel Arnot, Fourth and fifth grades, Oxford
Lillian Bignell, Principal, Galesburg
Mabel Cross, Fifth grade, Marcellus
Ruby Hazen, Seventh and Eighth grades, Clinton
Martha Howe, Third and Fourth grades, Harbor Beach
Margaret Jones, Grades, Brimley
J. W. Martindill, High school, Petoskey
Emma Meyer, Grades, Rose City
Minnie Trumbull, Rural school, Pickford
Martha Walton, Sixth and Seventh grades, Republic
Burton A. Barnes, Principal, Delray
Wm. Eldred, Superintendent, South Lyons
Lou Green, Science, Big Rapids
Evangeline Morrisey, Fifth grade, Grand Rapids
Adah McGillivray, Sixth grade, Pontiac
Vida Roper, Seventh and Eighth grades, Dexter
Nellie Treadgold, Grades, Minneapolis
George Van Houten, Superintendent, Elmore
Clarence Vliet, Superintendent, Leslie
L. G. Davis, Private school, Los Angeles
John Craig, Ninth grade, Saginaw
Mary Nelson, Third and Fourth grade, Manistique
Mabel Skentlebury, High School, Yale
Sarah Woodruff, Sixth and Seventh grades
Galesburg
Lillian Brown, Eighth and Ninth grades, Kalamazoo
Lillian Cummings, Eighth grade, Toledo, Ohio
Anna Dobbins, Eighth grade, Saginaw
Edith Fenton, Fourth grade, Escanaba
Florence Hiatt, Fifth and Sixth grades, Elkhart, Ind.
Charlotte Paton, Arithmetic and geography, Soo
Irene Thompson, Eighth grade, Petoskey
Louise Fraser, Fourth grade, Delray
Dorrit Hoppe, Second grade, Trenton
Annie Ross, First grade, Dowagiac
Ida Ray, Second grade, Delray
Ida Raine, Primary grades, Rose City
Lida Crebbin, Fourth grade, Dundee
Emma Du Bard, Third grade, Manistique
Vera Hayden, Second and third grades, Cassopolis
Edith McKay, Fourth and fifth grades, Dexter
Louise Stahlschmidt, Fourth grade, Jackson
Mary Brooks, Third and Fourth grades, Crystal Falls
Gertrude Greeley, Third and Fourth grades, Marcellus
Anna Johnson, Sixth grade, Marshall
Beatrice McArthur, Third and Fourth grades, Tecumseh
Evalyn Squires, Third and Fourth grades, East Lake
Elizabeth Stellwagen, Second grade, Dearborn
Beatrice Udy, Fourth grade, White Pigeon
Bertha Wolvin, Fourth grade, Ironwood

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TONGUE TWISTER

Betty Botter bought some butter;
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter,
It will make the batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will make my batter better.''
So she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter batter,
And made her bitter batter better,
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

— The Moderator.
The athletic season and intercollegiate field day are over and leave little to be proud of and much to be regretted. Interest in track athletics went down to the lowest ebb at the end of the winter quarter and nothing whatever was done for the men who might have won medals if they had had a show. It seemed an accepted fact from the first that the Normal was not to be represented at field day unless the baseball team won a place. At the last moment some of the members of the college faculty were brought to realize the state of affairs and advanced the money to pay the medal tax so the men might enter if they wished. Two Normal students, Whitmire and Fraser, had enough spirit and pride in their college to pay their own expenses and enter, and at least saved the Normal from a shut out. Whitmire, without a particle of training, won third in the broad jump and came within one inch of doing the same in the hop, step and jump against a dozen competitors. In the latter event he cleared 40 ft 8\(\frac{3}{4}\) in. which exceeds last year’s record.

The heavy rain made the bicycle track a quagmire and Fraser was unfortunate in securing a number which forced him to start in a water hole. Under the conditions he could hardly be expected to win, but made a plucky fight to the finish.

Such has been the record of track athletics this season and in baseball we have done no better; still it cannot be laid to lack of material as has been asserted so often. The infield was fast and usually steady. Perhaps what has given the team a bad reputation has been the fact that they played poor ball at home while their games away were all characterized by brilliant work. The fielding was far in advance of the batting, as at the latter the players with one or two exceptions were neither sure nor heavy hitters. Hyames and Shigley, no doubt, were the leaders. Whitmire’s work behind the bat has been excellent when it is considered that he has not played for three years and held one of the most important positions on the team.

Sad, indeed, was the contrast between field day a year ago and now. Then the Normal sent the best ball team in the state, twenty track men, and two hundred rooters to Hillsdale. This year we had no ball team, two track men, and not enough rooters to form a corporal’s guard. When amid the wild howls of the other college factions the standings were announced from time to time, “Ypsilanti, one,” was enough to bring tears to the eyes of any Normalite who had a spark of college spirit in his breast.

The great cry at all times this year has been no money, and cut down expenses. Why is it that there is no money now when there always has been? Three years ago the association left nearly one hundred dollars in the treasury after buying new ball suits and taking a large team to field day.

The boys took time and patience to work up a rattling good basket-ball team during the winter quarter and were shut off with a single game because there was no money to bring teams here. They proved them-
selves equal to the occasion and defeated the strong team from Detroit and at least can boast a percentage of 1000. The baseball men were forced to use poor balls half the time and then asked to cash up for putting the team picture in The Aurora. Such a state of affairs is a disgrace to the athletic management and to the college in general.

Business men have not supported the association, nor can they be blamed when the the new football suits were bought in Ann Arbor.

Another serious falling off has been in the gymnasium exhibitions which used to be so popular and netted goodly sums for the athletics. The only one given during the past two years was by men from the U. of M. After winning the club-swinging cup for three years in succession the Normal was not even represented in the individual club contest.

At present there are only 84 men enrolled at the Normal. Two years ago there were nearly 200. This astonishing decrease in numbers can in a large measure be accounted for by the fact that many who would otherwise come here are going to college where athletics are supported. A petition is now being circulated among the students and the faculty to have one dollar added to the fall entrance fee, and also that each member of the faculty pay a sum equal to one-quarter of one per cent of his or her salary for the support of athletics. At a meeting of the Normal Athletic Association on June 16 the Association put itself on record as favoring the petition.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

President—W. B. Smith.
Vice President—Geo. Wilson.
Secretary—Edward W. Kinsler.
Treasurer—Prof. Dimon H. Roberts.
Football Manager—Richard Smith.
Baseball Manager—Newell Wallace.
Basket Ball Manager—C. R. Jordan.
Track Team Manager—Frank Kruze.
M. I. A. A. Director—Fred Scovel.
Editor—M. W. Morse.

The following men have been elected as captains for next year:

Football—Fred. Belland.
Basket Ball—Robert Smith.
Baseball—Tony Whitmire.

S. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. will be represented at the World’s Conference at Geneva, Switzerland, this summer by Miss Jessie Laird. Misses Jessie Doty, Vinora Beal and Julia Davis will attend the National Conference at Lake Geneva, Wis. We are looking for great inspiration for the coming year’s work as a result of these gatherings.

The annual reception for leaving members of the S. C. A. will be held at Starkweather Hall, Saturday, June 21, at 8 P. M. All students are invited to be present.

The state convention will be entertained by the Normal Y. W. C. A. next November. This will be a great treat for the Christian students of the college.

Since January first of this year, the S. C. A. has paid over one hundred dollars on its piano debt and expects to clear this and all other obligations by the close of the term.

Y. M. C. A.

Dr. Leonard addressed the association at one of the recent meetings. An unusually large number of young men were present and listened with much interest on “How to make the most of College Life.”

C. E. Kellogg and R. C. Smith have been chosen delegates to the Lake Geneva Conference which is to be held from June 20 to 29. The Geneva committee has in charge the work of securing the necessary funds and a canvass of all the young men in the college is being made. As this is the first time during the year that the association has asked for money from any save members, a generous response to their request is expected.

The class in Bible study will this year finish the course of work as planned by the
international committee. The chairman of the Bible study department is already making preparation for next year's work and classes will be organized immediately after the opening of the fall term.

**Fraternities**

**SIGMA NU PHI**

Two new members, Misses Pearl Paquette and Amy Hoag, were taken into the sorority Saturday, May 31. After the initiation ceremony refreshments were served and toasts were given by Misses Anna Blackmer, Pearl Brems, Bertha Wolvin and Coralyn Bass. The guests present were Miss Janette Johnson of Wyandotte, Miss Grace Hammond of Detroit, and Mrs. R. H. Nelson of Hudson.

**TAU KAPPA THETA**

A. G. Gillispie has taken his entrance examination at West Point and will enter there soon.

"Babe" Rogner expects to take up law at the U. of M. next year, and Willard Barbour will pursue his literary studies in the University.

Prof. Laird entertained the members of Tau Kappa Theta fraternity, with their friends, Tuesday evening, June 10. He gave them a general good time, and all agreed that Prof. Laird was an entertainer and could teach ping-pong as well as psychology and pedagogy.

Director C. T. Teetzel takes charge of the physical training at the U. of M. during the summer term there.

C. W. Chapman is to be the assistant in the natural science department of the Normal during the summer term, and expects to assist there next year.

Prof. Laird expects to go abroad and remain for a year to recuperate after a year's hard work, and keep in touch with the educational ideas of European countries.

Most of the Junior members of the fraternity will continue their college course next year. Of these are: A. R. Shipley, Stuart Walser, Milton B. Hueston, Roy Gilmore, Clare Winton and Frank W. Ackerman.

The following senior members of the fraternity have secured positions for next year: C. C. McLelland, principal of Eaton Rapids high school; J. F. Reincke, assistant in Tecumseh high school; James B. Melody, science teacher in Marine City high school; J. W. Martindill, commercial teacher in Petoskey high school; J. G. Gill, superintendent of Carson City schools.

**KAPPA PSI**

At a regular meeting of the sorority, May 29, Eva Chase was welcomed as one of our active members. Refreshments were served after the initiation.

On Wednesday, May 14, we attended a delightful reception at Ann Arbor, given by the Theta Chapter of the Alpha Chi Sorority of the University School of Music.

Miss Fitch, the first of our number to graduate from the conservatory, gave a very successful recital Thursday evening June 4. Miss Fitch expects to make her future home in California.

One of the most enjoyable affairs given by the sorority this year was the dancing party at the gymnasium, Saturday evening, May 24. About 150 guests were present. An innovation in the way of decorating was the initial Greek letters of the sorority formed of incandescent lights.

**ZETA PHI**

The regular May meeting was held with Miss Flora Baker, and was the glad occasion of the pledging to membership of Miss Charlotte King. Miss Yonkers acted as toastmaster, and the responses were strong in kindly words for both our old members and our new.

On the 29th of May a pleasant little party was given at the Country Club by Miss Walton for the Zeta Phi. About fifty were present, all the ladies being members of the sorority, and including, as guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss
Pauline Maier, Northville; Miss Ballou, Dearborn, and Miss Dean, Grand Rapids.

The last meeting of the year was held June 14, with Miss Horner and Miss Briggs.

HARMONIOUS MYSTICS

The Harmonious Mystics Sorority gave a reception and a dance at the Normal Gymnasium, Friday evening, June 13, to some of the faculty members and other friends. Ices were served, and each guest received a carnation. Mrs. Pease and Mrs. Scrimger entertained the Sorority at a theater party in Detroit, May 31, when the opera "Carmen" was given by the Castle Square Opera Company.

We are glad that many of our present active members are to be here next year, including those who were initiated May 1, Misses Elsa Meier, Ethel Crandall and Hazel Harding, and we trust that the coming year will be as happy and prosperous as the one just past.

The announcements for the Normal summer school, which are just out, show that the courses are to be unusually complete this year, although the term has been cut down from twelve to six weeks, for the accommodation of the public school teachers who do not care to devote the entire vacation to study.

Full credit for a twelve weeks’ term may be secured in many of the courses, as arrangements are made on the schedule for holding two recitations daily.

Practically all the so-called professional work will be offered, including as it does psychology, general method, history of education, school supervision and child study; and the following teachers’ courses will be given: Arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, physiology, civics, geometry, and Latin. A considerable proportion of the more strictly academic studies are on the schedule, making the summer school practically as complete as any of the other terms. The training school will be open, but only for observation, as students will have no opportunity to teach and will be given no credit for their work.

The faculty includes six heads of departments: Professors Barbour, English; Jeffer-son, geography; Pease, music; Sherzer, natural sciences; Hoyt, psychology and method; Lodeman, German and French.

EXCHANGES

The college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate
They do it by degrees.—Ex.

Better be able to shovel sand well than be a blundering doctor, a pettifogging lawyer, or an unsuccessful preacher.—The American Boy.

Teacher: You may parse Yucatan.
Bright Student: Yucatan is a verb; indicative mood, active voice, second person, singular. 1st person, Icatan; 2d person, Youcatan; 3d person, Hecatan.
Teacher: Sit down!

No college could live long without college spirit. Every student from the first “prep” to the dignified senior should have the genuine college spirit, and be interested in everything pertaining to the college; just as every man, from the sun-burned laborer to the learned philosopher, should have the spirit of patriotism and be interested in the affairs of his country.—The College Index.

PHILIP’S ANSWER

Grandpa’s head was smooth and shining,
Grandpa felt each draft of air.
Mother spoke of making skullcap,
Such as old men often wear.

Little Philip heard her speaking,
As he wakened from his nap—
"Cap?" he questioned, "for my grandpa?"
"Why, he has a bare-skin cap."

In Teacher’s Grammar. Miss D.—In the following sentence dispose of the and. "Even the servants in the kitchen share in the general prosperity; and somehow, during the stay of Miss MacWhirter’s fat coachman, the beer is grown much stronger.

Miss G.—And connects the "servants in the kitchen" with "the beer."
June Worshippin’

MINNIE HUNTER

D’you ever git up on a Sunday Morn, first o’ June, er near it anyway, An’ feel ez if the world wuz just So clean plum full o’ joy ’at it must Either be let loose er bust? An’ all the birds in all the trees Set a swingin’ in the breeze, Fairly splittin’ their throats ’ith song ’At you’ve hearn trilled yer hull life long.

An’ then you hear the ol’ church bell ‘At rings so wamin’ like ez if to tell You ’at its nigh about Time ’at you wuz gettin’ out Yer hoss’n’ kerridge ’thout Yon mean to stay to hum.

‘Ah then inside yerself you say, ’I vum, I’ll stay to hum today, let come what may, An’ worship God in my own way.’”

Aint no church kin hold the praise ‘An singin’ ’at you mean to raise. ‘An when the other folks is gone You steal out to the woods where you jus’ long To be, among the trees an’ flowers an’ song, An’ then you sort o’ whisper to the trees, ’’Thishereprimevil temple’s good enough fer me.’’ An’ then instead o’ singin’ you kin only press Yer tired head on Mother Nature’s breast, An’ wipe yer tears on her flower-figgered dress An’ laugh an’ sob an’ pray an’ rest.

Miss P.—What is the duty of a United States Minister?
Mr. B.—To preach in Congress.
Miss P.—Well, they need it there.

Blackboard Sketching Class. Miss J., illustrate Whittier’s poem:—
Still sits the schoolhouse by the road, A ragged beggar sunning, Round it still the sumacs grow And blackberry vines are running, putting in the schoolhouse, the sumacs, and blackberry vines.’’

Miss J.—Shall we put in the ragged beggar?

The man without a college education is like unto a boy who goes fishing with a short line. If the pool be shallow or the fish near the surface, he may be as successful as the man with the larger reel. But let the water be deeper, the fish large and difficult to land, then it is the fisherman who can throw out an almost endless line, who makes the catch. So it is the college man with his diversity of knowledge which lends itself easily to change of conditions, suiting itself to any and all professions because he has a foundation for all, who has the advantage. The other with his narrow breadth of learning, who has learned one profession by growing into it, cannot readily adapt himself to circumstances. It is the versatility of the college man that accounts for his success.—U. of M. Daily-News.
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1902—SUMMER QUARTER—1902

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