1902

Normal College News, March, 1902

Eastern Michigan University

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MARCH

G. E. H.

MONTH of doubt and promise rare,
Memoria of companions gone,
Bold prophet of the younger fair,
Quicken the beat of thy pulses strong.

Fill each dormant bud and leaf
With the bounding joy of life.
We welcome thee and bid thee hasten
Forgiving the rudeness thy promise doth chasten,

Loving not thee but what ye bring—
The beautiful tokens of early spring,
Balmy days when the soft south wind

Touches the bough with caress divine,
The glorious sun doth search and find
On earth a promise—a holy sign.

Life and love cometh back in spring
And the heart is attuned to Nature’s rhyme,
A harmony sublime of which God is the king.

Hasten, O month, let us have sweet spring.
The Limits of Christian or Religious Teaching in Public Schools

DR. DANIEL PUTNAM

The necessary limits of a single paper upon a subject of such importance and such magnitude, compels the use of a dogmatic mode of treatment, not only quite desirable and hardly agreeable where wide diversities of opinion exist. The only apology is, that under present circumstances no other method is practicable. Assertions and affirmations will have to be employed, and, for the time, accepted or rejected without much of argument or evidence.

The course of our discussion may properly begin with a statement of public opinion, or the prevailing and dominant sentiment among us, upon the question of religious instruction in the public schools. This will be made in the language of Bishop Spalding of the Roman Catholic church. He writes, "The civilized world now recognizes the necessity of popular education. In a government of the people, such as our own is, intelligence should be universal. In such a government, to be ignorant is not merely to be weak, it is also to be dangerous to the common welfare; for the ignorant are not only the victims of circumstances, they are the instruments which unscrupulous and designing men make use of to taint the source of political authority and to thwart the will of the people. To protect itself the State is forced to establish schools and to see that all acquire at least the rudiments of letters. This is so plain a case that argument becomes ridiculous. They that doubt the good of knowledge are not to be reasoned with, and in America not to see that it is necessary, is to know nothing of our political, commercial and social life. But the American State can give only a secular education, for it is separate from the church and its citizens profess such various and even conflicting beliefs, that in establishing a school system, it is compelled to eliminate the question of religion. Church and State are separate institutions, and their functions are different and distinct."

The Bishop goes on to say further, "Americans are a Christian people. Religious zeal impelled their ancestors to the New World, and when schools were first established here, they were established by the churches, and religious instruction formed an important part of the education they gave. This was natural, and it was desirable even, in primitive times, when each colony had its own creed and worship, when society was simple and the State as yet imperfectly organized. Here as in the Old World, the school was the daughter of the church, and she has doubtless rendered invaluable service to civilization by fostering a love of knowledge among barbarous races and in struggling communities. But the task of maintaining a school system such as the requirements of a great and progressive nation demand is beyond her strength. This is so, at least, when the church is split into jealous and warring sects." (Bishop Spalding's Means and Ends of Education, pp. 165, 166.)

Two facts are especially recognized in this extract. First, that the common school so called, that is, a school open to the children of all the people without distinction of race, or of social condition, or of material possessions, is the child of the Christian church: that it was conceived in the church, born in the church, nourished and nurtured in the bosom of the church. The well-informed will accept this as historic truth. The world before the advent of the Christ had schools and culture, literature and libraries, philosophy and science. But these were not for the common people or for the children of the common people. In the ideal Republic of Plato, in some respects the greatest philoso-
pher of the ages, the third class, the common people, remained without education, were only "hewers of wood and drawers of water," the submerged foundation upon which an educated aristocracy built its temples and erected its palaces. The song of the angels to the wondering shepherds told of the opening of a new era in the history of humanity.

Compayre says, "By its dogmas, by the conception of the equality of all human creatures, by its spirit of charity, Christianity introduced new elements into the conscience and seemed called to give a powerful impetus to the moral education of mankind. . . . . .

In proclaiming that all men had the same destiny, and that they were all equal in the sight of God, Christianity raised the poor and the disinherited from their condition of misery, and promised them all the same instruction. To the idea of liberty was added that of equality. Equal justice for all and participation in the same rights were contained in germ in the doctrine of Christianity."

(Compayre’s History of Pedagogy, translated by Dr. W. H. Payne, p. 61.)

Whatever else Jesus, the Christ, may have been, he was pre-eminently a teacher. The German historian of Pedagogy, Karl Schmidt, says: "By word and deed, in and with his whole life Christ is the teacher and educator of mankind. Henceforth there is no higher wisdom than that exhibited by Christ, no greater truth than he taught, no diviner duty than this: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul. and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. That is absolute truth, doctrine for all time, in the appropriation and realization of which lies the task of mankind, while in the person of Christ himself the absolute example is given as to whither this truth leads, what it accomplishes, and how it appears in taking form."

(Painter’s History of Education, p. 85.)

Christ is not only the teacher, he is the incarnation of the principles, the truths which he taught.

Early Christian education was imperfect, rudimentary, limited in scope, and, in many respects, superficial. It could not well have been otherwise. Conveniences, appliances did not exist; competent teachers were not to be had; there was no art of printing, no Christian literature, at first, no Christian books. Yet Coleman thus beautifully describes education among the early Christians: He says "The tender solicitude of these early Christians for the religious instruction of their children is one of their most beautiful characteristics. They taught them even at the earliest dawn of intelligence the sacred names of God and the Saviour. They sought to lead the infant minds of their children up to God, by familiar narratives from Scripture, of Joseph, of young Samuel, of Josiah, and of the holy child Jesus. The history of the patriarchs and prophets, apostles and holy men, whose lives are narrated in the sacred volume, were the nursery-tales with which they sought to form the tender minds of their children. As the mind of the child expanded, the parents made it their sacred duty and delightful task daily to exercise him in the recital of select passages of Scripture relating to the doctrines and duties of religion. The Bible was the entertainment of the fireside. It was the first, the last, the only school-book almost, of the child; and sacred psalmody, the only song with which his infant cry was hushed as he was lulled to rest on his mother's arm. The sacred song and the rude melody of its music were, from the earliest periods of Christian antiquity, an important means of impressing the infant heart with sentiments of piety, and of imbuing the susceptible minds of the young with the knowledge and the faith of the Scriptures."

(Painter’s History of Education, p. 89.)

These quotations have been selected to show the nature of the earliest Christian instruction given to the children of the common people. It was, as already intimated, defective, "subordinating and even sacrificing the intellectual to the moral and religious elements of our nature, but the type of character
produced was most admirable. The beauty of this character made its impression upon an age notorious for vice, and extorted unwilling praises from the enemies of Christianity."

It is not within the scope of this paper to trace the progress of Christian education, to describe the various schools which came into existence, and the changes which took place from time to time, in the substance and form of this education. Its early simplicity and beauty disappeared. Its character was determined by the dominant ideas and theories which marked the history of the church in successive ages. It came in many cases to deal largely with dogmas and creeds rather than with morals and conduct. There was always in it much of truth, of beauty, and excellence; but often also much that savored of polemics and of the bitterness of partisan zeal.

When the common schools passed by slow degrees from the control of the Church to the control of the State the subjects of study and instruction were not immediately and radically changed. For considerable time, in the early history of our own country, a real or quasi union of church and state left the studies and instruction of schools still largely under the direction of the clergy and other teachers of the dominant sects. An in­temperate zeal refused to listen to the suggestions of prudence and to the teachings of charity and brotherly kindness. The inevitable result was that the question of religious instruction in the schools came to be, to a large extent, a matter of dispute and contention between rival parties and sects. In the end the once dominant sector party was sure to be defeated by a union of all other sects and parties. The history of the evolution of the school system in the colony, and later in the state, of Massachusetts, affords the most typical illustration of this process and of its natural termination. The controversy, before and in the time of Horace Mann, was not primarily between the friends and enemies of the Bible; it was an unfortunate and angry contest between parties who believed equally in the great truths of the Christian religion and in the authority of the Scriptures. There were then many, as there are still a few, to whom religion consists of the formulated creed and the authorized order of service and worship of their own church or denomination. This was the religion which had been taught, and which they would continue to have taught, in the public schools. No argument is necessary to show that any such position is untenable. The result was inevitable. Religious instruction of this sort, the only sort then supposed possible by at least one of the contending parties, was excluded from the schools. In some cases, though not in many, the Bible itself was excluded by the local authorities, and not merely religious, but also moral instruction was given up.

The controversy between the Protestant denominations did not generally go to the extent of demanding that the Bible should be removed from the schools. This demand, however, was made by the leading prelates of the Roman Catholic church, or by a considerable number of them, in various parts of the country. At the period of which we are now speaking that element in our population which may be designated by the term agnostic had not come into prominence. At the present time this element is the most noisy and demonstrative of all in its demands for the exclusion of the Bible, and of everything else which is supposed to have any savor of religion connected with it. The insistence is that the public school shall be, in its organization, management, substance of instruction and methods of teaching, as purely secular as an establishment for the production of pig iron, or the manufacture of cotton cloth. With a strange obtuseness of intellectual acumen they appear to see no necessary differences between the processes employed to construct a locomotive and those employed to develop and fashion a human soul.

This retrospective view has seemed necessary to a clear understanding of present conditions—conditions which have come about by the natural progress of events, by what
might be called an inevitable process of evolution, and not by a predetermined and prearranged plan or purpose of any sect or party.

The conditions, so far as moral and religious instruction in the public schools is concerned, are essentially these: Most of the States, either by constitutional provisions or by statute laws, forbid the appropriation of public moneys for the support of sectarian schools or of sectarian teaching. Sometimes the words religion and religious are used, but when these terms are employed, they evidently have their popular and restricted meaning; the terms religion and religious are intended to designate the doctrines and practices of particular churches and denominations; and not those higher principles and sentiment which seem to be native to the properly developed and cultured human soul. In a few cases the constitutions and statutes are construed so as to justify or require the exclusion of the Bible from the schools; but this construction is not universal or even general.

In Massachusetts, for instance, the reading of some portion of the Bible, without note or comment, in the schools is required, provision being made that pupils may be excused from joining in such reading if their parents so desire.

The constitution of Michigan declares that "The Legislature shall pass no law to prevent any person from worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of his own conscience; or to compel any person to attend, erect, or support any plan of religious worship, or to pay tithes, taxes, or other rates, for the support of any minister of the gospel, or teacher of religion."

The school law provides that "No school district shall apply any of the moneys received by it from the primary school interest fund or from any and all other sources, for the support and maintenance of any school of a sectarian character, whether the same be under the control of any religious society or made sectarian by the school district board."

It will be noticed that the constitution expressly recognizes the existence of Almighty God and the propriety of worshiping him, and only insists that every man shall be permitted to worship in such manner as he pleases, or not at all, as shall seem good to him. The statute forbids the use of public moneys for the support of sectarian schools. Any one familiar with the history of the evolution of our school system will understand what is meant by sectarian schools. They are schools in which the dogmas and practices of some particular sect or party are included in the curriculum of studies and instruction.

Neither the constitution nor the statutes of Michigan directly forbid the use of the Bible in the public schools, or the offering of prayer. The officers of the various school districts have authority to determine what books shall be used and what exercises shall be had in the schools under their control, and they can without doubt exclude the Bible by virtue of such authority, or they can retain it or introduce it for certain purposes; but not for sectarian or religious purposes in the common acceptation of those terms.

The question before us is, under existing conditions, how far may Christian teaching presume to go in public educational institutions. As already stated, the subject is one which cannot be satisfactorily discussed in a single brief essay. No answer can be made which will command the assent and approval of all parties, or even of all individuals in any one party. It is safe to say that the conviction is very general among the thoughtful and conservative people of the country that intelligence alone does not afford a sure guarantee for right conduct either in private or public life; that intelligence must be supplemented and reenforced by virtue; and that to secure this end moral instruction and training are necessary. It is believed by many that instruction in the principles and practices of morality should, in some way, be included in the work of the schools. Various schemes have been devised and recommended to provide such instruction, but no one of these
has met with general approval. Public sentiment upon this matter is in a chaotic condition, and whatever is attempted at present can be only of a tentative and experimental character. It will be the part of prudence to proceed with deliberation and caution; to consult that wise expediency which seeks to convince rather than to coerce, to conciliate rather than to antagonize, to yield the unessential, even though desirable, rather than to provoke an irritating contest, the result of which cannot be foreseen.

Meanwhile Christian teaching and the Christian teacher, in all public schools and public institutions of an educational or reformatory character, may assume, without giving just cause of criticism or offense, certain things, postulates if one chooses to call them such, without teaching them in any set lessons or seeking to establish them by any reasonings or arguments. Among these postulates is that of the existence of a supreme being, a moral Governor and Ruler, or in the language of our constitution, an Almighty God. The wise Christian teacher will give no formal lessons about God or his attributes or his nature. He will not undertake to prove his existence or to establish by arguments the doctrine of man's accountability to him. He will assume what is assumed in every court of justice when a witness is placed upon the stand and the ordinary oath is administered; what is assumed when the President of the United States enters upon the duties of his high office, or the humblest servant of the city commences his official labors. Why should the idea or name of God be excluded from the schoolroom or eliminated from the vocabulary of the instructor, when both the idea and the name are freely employed in all other departments of public administration?

In the same quiet and unobtrusive manner the Christian teacher may without offense assume that our morality is Christian morality; that our ethics are Christian ethics; that they have their basis in the principles enunciated by the Great Teacher. In this assumption there should ordinarily be no formal quoting of scripture texts; no arguments touching the authority of the Bible; no appeal to creeds or catechisms. It will sometimes certainly be allowable to repeat the golden rule, or the beatitudes, or Paul's sublime description of charity, without indicating the source from which they are borrowed. The sentiments they express are the common property of Christian humanity. They touch and call into activity all that is highest and best in the soul of every man and every child. Were it not for the bitterness and blindness of party zeal it would seem possible to select from the Bible the substance of a code of practical ethics satisfactory to all intelligent and right-minded citizens which might be taught in the schools. Upon this point the opinions of Professor Huxley, a man who will not be accused of religious bigotry or sectarian narrowness, the man who invented the term Agnosticism and accepted the name Agnostic, will be of interest to those who are inquiring for some fair solution of a most difficult and perplexing problem.

In an article upon the subject of English School Boards, "What they can do, and what they may do," Prof. Huxley says, "My belief is, that no human being, and no society of human beings, ever did, or ever will, come to much, unless their conduct is governed and guided by the love of some ethical ideal. . . . And if I were compelled to choose for one of my own children, between a school in which real religious instruction is given, and one without it, I should prefer the former, even though the child had to take a good deal of theology with it. . . . Hence, when the great mass of the English people declare that they want to have the children in the elementary schools taught the Bible. . . . I do not see what reason there is for opposing that wish. Certainly, I, individually, could with no shadow of consistency oppose the teaching of children of other people to do that which my own children are taught to do. And even if the reading of the Bible were not, as I think it is, consonant with political reason and jus-
tice, ... I am disposed to think it might still be well to read that book in the elementary schools.

I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. ... Take the Bible as a whole; make the severest deductions which fair criticisms can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors; eliminate, as a sensible lay-teacher would do, if left to himself, all that is not desirable for children to occupy themselves with; and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. And then consider the great historical fact, that, for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history. ... By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities; ... On the whole, then, I am in favor of reading the Bible, with such grammatical, geographical and historical explanations by a lay-teacher as may be needful, with rigid exclusion of any further theological teaching than that contained in the Bible itself. ... If Bible-reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, as if it were a sacramental operation, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure. At least I know that some of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood are connected with the voluntary study of an ancient Bible which belonged to my grandmother. There were splendid pictures in it, to be sure; but I recollect little or nothing about them save a portrait of the high priest in his vestments. What come vividly back on my mind are remembrances of my delight in the histories of Joseph and David; and of my keen appreciation of the chivalrous kindness of Abraham in his dealing with Lot. Like a sudden flash there returns back upon me my utter scorn of the pettifogging meanness of Jacob, and my sympathetic grief over the heartbreaking lamentation of the cheated Esau. ... I enumerate, as they issue, the childish impressions which come crowding out of the pigeon-holes in my brain, in which they have lain almost undisturbed for forty years. I prize them as an evidence that a child of five or six years old, left to his own devices, may be deeply interested in the Bible, and draw sound moral sustenance from it. And I rejoice that I was left to deal with the Bible alone; for if I had had some theological 'explainer' at my side, he might have tried, as such do, to lessen my indignation against Jacob, and thereby might have warped my moral sense forever." (Huxley's Science and Education, essays pp. 396-402.)

Many a man can testify from his personal experience, to the truth of Professor Huxley's statements. Not alone the stories of the Bible and the ethical lessons they teach remain living in the memory, but its wise proverbs, its beautiful parables, its charming poetry, and its sublime oratory and prophecies. F. W. Faber, a priest of the Roman Catholic church, speaking of the authorized English version of the Bible, and the marvelous beauty of its language, says, "It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert scarcely knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be things other than words. It is a part of the national mind, and the author of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of a man's best moments; all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is
his sacred thing which doubt never dimmed
and controversy never soiled.''

Similar excerpts might be easily multiplied,
selected from such writers as Matthew Arnold,
Lessing, Goethe, Emerson, Theodore Parker
and others, none of whom can be reckoned
among religious bigots or blind fanatics.

What then? In view of all this and much
more that might be said, shall the Christian
teacher demand that the Bible be read and
studied in the public schools? Shall he in­
sist in its use as a text-book of morals, and even
of religion? The lessons taught by the his­
tory of the past, the unfortunate controver­
sies of the present, the chaotic condition of
opinion and sentiment even among the most
earnest friends of morality and religion, com­
pel a negative answer to this question. Where
local sentiment is not adverse and no serious
controversy will be excited, there can be no
more impressive and appropriate introduction
to the work of the school day than the reading
or the repetition of some of the golden words
of the Book of books, accompanied by the
reverent offering of the Lord’s prayer or of
some other brief invocation of like nature and
spirit.

Yet while answering this question with a
qualified negative, one cannot help asking,
with some earnestness, why the student of
history should not be permitted or required to
know something of the historical books of the
Bible as well as to know the writings of Her­
odotus and Livy? Why should the scholar
become acquainted with the lives and deeds of
Alexander and Cæsar and remain ignorant
of the words and acts of Moses and David?
Why should he study Homer, and Virgil,
Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Ben.
Johnson, and not study the sublime utterances
of Isaiah, and the sweet strains of the poets of
Israel? Why should Confucius and Plato be
quoted and admired and Jesus and St. Paul be
ignored and contemned?

''The dense ignorance of sacred history and
of the teachings of the Bible is simply appall­
ing. And this ignorance is not found merely
with the common and unlearned men and
women, but with those who have been trained
in some of our best schools.''

Edward Ev­

erett Hale, in a recent address, described a
class of girls in a public school within his
personal knowledge, nine out of ten of whom
had never heard of Noah’s ark.

In an entrance examination of one of our
colleges, in 1896, twenty-six extracts from
Tennyson were selected in which Bible refer­
cences were made. Such common expressions
as ``Manna in the wilderness,’’ Lot’s wife,’’
''Jacob’s Ladder,’’ ‘‘Jonah’s Gourd,’’ and
‘‘Cain’s Mark’’ occurred. Thirty-four can­
didates were examined, and more than fifty
per cent of the answers were incorrect. I
have myself found some young men and
women who did not know the story of the
‘‘Good Samaritan’’ or of the ‘‘Prodigal Son.’’

Upon this subject of acquaintance with the
literature of the Bible, Charles Dudley Warner
wrote, not long since, in Harper’s Magazine,
``Wholly apart from its religious or from its
ethical value, the Bible is the one book that
no intelligent person who wishes to share the
ideas of the great minds of the Christian era
can afford to be ignorant of. All modern lit­
erature and all art are permeated with it.
There is scarcely a great work in the language
that can be fully understood and enjoyed
without this knowledge, so full is it of allu­
sions and illustrations from the Bible. This
is true of fiction, of poetry, of economic and
philosophic works, and also of the scientific
and even of agnostic treatises. It is not
at all a question of religion, or theology, or
of dogma; it is a question of general intel­
ligence. A boy or girl at college in the
presence of the works set for either to master,
without a fair knowledge of the Bible is an
ignoramus, and is disadvantaged accordingly.
It is in itself almost a liberal education, as
many great masters in literature have testified.
It has so entered into law, literature, thought,
the whole modern life of the Christian
world, that ignorance of it is a most serious
disadvantage to the student.’’

Similar sentiments have been expressed by
many other men of letters as well as by ora-
tors and statesmen like Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, and Mr. Gladstone.

Some most excellent men, in their zeal for right and righteousness, appear to forget, if they have ever learned the truth, that the reading of the Bible is not an end, but only a means to an end. If the desired end can be better secured without such reading, then, by all means let it be omitted. Another class of men, in their zeal for secular education and for freedom of conscience, forget apparently that the reading of the Scriptures is not necessarily a devotional exercise or a religious act. It may be no more devotional than the reading of Shakespeare and no more religious than the reading of Longfellow, or even of Byron. It is the purpose, the temper, the spirit of the reader which determine the character of the act. A school may be both moral and religious, in the highest and best sense of the words, in which the Bible has no recognized and formal place; it may be neither moral nor religious, even though there be much perfunctory Scripture reading.

To recapitulate and sum up very briefly in closing, we conclude that Christian teaching in all institutions of learning may go so far as to assume the existence of Almighty God as a sovereign Ruler and moral Governor; may assume our morality to have its source in the teachings of Jesus Christ, and consequently that the Bible may be regarded as the textbook of ethical instruction, and may be employed as such where local sentiment permits. As to specific devotional and religious exercises in the school, the Christian teacher, in the exercise of a wise discretion, will be governed by the conditions which surround him.

Christian teaching presupposes a Christian teacher. The school will be essentially Christian, and, in the best sense of the word, religious, if the teacher is such in heart and life, in word and conduct.

I quote, with slight alterations, the language of another, No system can give assurance that the school is good, is moral, is religious. To determine this we must know the spirit which lives in it. The intellectual, moral, and religious atmosphere which the child breathes there is of far more importance, from an educational point of view, than any doctrines he may learn by rote, than any acts of worship he may perform. . . . . The deeper tendency of the present age is not to exclude religion from any vital process, but rather to widen the content of the idea of religion until it embrace the whole life of man. The worship of God is not now the worship of infinite wisdom, holiness, and justice alone, but is also the worship of the humane, the beautiful, and the industriously active. Whether we work for knowledge or freedom, or purity or strength, or beauty or health, or aught else that is friendly to completeness of life, we work with God and for God. In the school, as in whatever other place in the boundless universe a man may find himself, he finds himself with God, in him moves, lives and has his being. (Bishop Spalding’s Means and Ends of Education, pp. 179, 180.)
Folks Who Do Things

The following article from the New York Sun written by Lindsay Denison is published in the Roycroft catalog for 1900. This little catalog is in itself a work of art containing sixteen photogravures, on Japan paper, of Roycroft work and East Aurora scenes. This article we feel sure will be of great interest to our readers, especially to those who listened to Mr. Hubbard in Normal Hall, February 19.

In the town of East Aurora, seventeen miles from Buffalo, there is a merry and prosperous community who call themselves Roycrofters. Their object in life is to make beautiful things and to have a good time with the rest of the world. Their leader, Elbert Hubbard, wears his hair long, not because he thinks it is poetic or a badge of genius to do so, but because most people wear their hair short. He has made himself known at a great distance from East Aurora during the last ten years by his writings and his lively and independent little magazine, The Philistine, which is devoted to letting the world know what Elbert Hubbard thinks of it. Hubbard does not take himself so seriously as most social reformers are apt to take themselves and he is not ashamed because his philanthropy is profitable.

It would be risking great inaccuracy to put a finger on any one of a census list of American occupations and say "Elbert Hubbard never did that."

The boss Roycrofter is now forty-two years old. He has an athletic frame and looks somewhat younger than his years. Wearing his hair as he does, he looks not unlike Henry Ward Beecher except that his hair is black. He talks as he writes, in slang when it pleases him, and at another time in discourse saturated with art and letters. Since it became apparent that Hubbard was accomplishing in this country a great many things that William Morris did in England, a great many well-known men and women in this country and abroad have entered into correspondence with him and have tried to do him honor and have sought his company and counsel.

It was Elbert Hubbard's overpowering desire to heap scorn, ridicule and even abuse upon all who seemed to be shams and hypocrites that gave the Roycroft enterprise its beginning. Hubbard visited William Morris in 1892. What he saw on that visit impressed him, he says, more than any other thing had ever done. His head was full of William Morris's ideas after that. He did not see how to put any of them into practice in this country, although he desired very much to do so. In the spring of 1895 he joined one or two friends in Buffalo in a plan to issue two or three pamphlets attacking certain publications and their editors, and other individuals who had roused his whimsical wrath. The plan at first was that the day of the pamphleteer should be revived. The cold, practical business sense with which Hubbard was endowed took note of the fact that it would cost at least one cent each to send pamphlets through the mails; whereas, if the pamphlet was a number of a magazine, the government would distribute it for one cent a pound. The Philistine was started as a magazine with the definite intention on the part of its publishers that they would forget to issue more than two or three numbers. They were very sure they would not issue more than three. These three were printed and it was apparent that the Ishmaelitish war cry of the Philistine had fallen pleasantly on many ears, Hubbard wanted to publish more Philistines. Those associated with him in his original idea said that the joke had gone far enough.

Hubbard shook them off and assumed the whole load. The first numbers had been printed by the "Weekly Blizzard," East Aurora's newspaper. Hubbard bought a hand-press and a lot of type. He put them in his barn and hired a man to help. The two of them set up and printed the Philistine.
The circulation grew by leaps and bounds. Soon two assistants were needed. In the possession of his own printing shop, Hubbard saw an opportunity at last to put the William Morris ideas into practice. He set up "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's" more for his own æsthetic entertainment than with any hope of material gain. He printed it on his hand press, working the great lever arm himself, once for each impression. He used handmade paper and arranged the margins, type and initials as it seemed to him in harmony with the spirit of the song. To his delight the edition, which was quite small, was immediately exhausted. One or two similar experiences convinced the leader of the Philistines that the market for the high priced things is understocked. Since then thirty books have been issued from the Roycroft Press, every one of them with an individuality of its own.

The highest achievement of the Roycrofters has been the preparation of an edition of twelve copies of the sonnets of Shakespeare, printed on real vellum, all bound differently in crushed Levant, hand tooled, and illuminated in different designs. The price of these was set at $100 each. The entire edition has been subscribed for.

With the increasing demand for well-made, beautiful and individual books it was possible to make the work of the shop more and more elaborate. The Roycrofters, as soon as Hubbard had associated two or three workers with himself he insisted that the shop was no longer Elbert Hubbard's, but the Roycrofters—and he shared the profits with them—built a shop, an unpretentious little frame structure. The inside was planned like a simple chapel, with bare rafters above and a great open fireplace built into one side of the room. The printing presses—there were two or three by this time—were put in the basement. A few long tables placed about the main floor sufficed for the binders and illuminators. Fra Elbertus had a desk in one corner and the Bursar's was near by. The little room soon became overcrowded. Additions were made—all of them along simple lines of architecture, but they have not relieved the crowding of the workers.

In the room which is now occupied by the illuminators there is a big open fireplace and chimney built with field stones, "hardheads" Erie county farmers call them. They look all alike in the field—cold, hard, gray. But split and shaped as Hubbard says, "by loving strokes of the sixteen-pound hammer," they disclosed the warmest of undertones from orange to purple, each somehow in harmony with all the others. They were so beautiful in the fireplace that it seemed well to make a whole building of them. Hubbard went abroad among the farmers offering one dollar a load for hardheads delivered on his empty lot near the shop. The farmers tapped their heads significantly, grinned at one another and put in their spare hours hauling stones from their cabbage fields to Hubbard. Fifteen hundred loads came in and then the farmers notified Hubbard that if he wanted any more stones he would have to pay for them. The only hardheads there were within five miles of East Aurora were those piled up in front of the Roycroft shop. The farmers had cleared their own farms, and had been paid for doing it. Hubbard had enough stone to build three buildings. One of them is finished now, and another still larger in process. The Roycrofters build as the painter paints or the poet writes. They rub out and do over that which does not please them. The plans of the building change between every rising of the sun and the going down of the same. Such conduct would drive any other builder to distraction. Roycrofters are their own builders. When the printers are out of copy they go and lug rocks to those who lay the stones in place. The stonemasons themselves are men hired in the village to do that particular work. But Fra Elbertus himself and St. Jerome Roycroft are not unskilled handlers of stone.

There is little monotony about Roycroft labor, though some may think that the elaborate illumination of one initial letter after
another through the whole edition of a book is the most monotonous thing in the world. The shop is like a playhouse, though the architecture must be described as simple, there are queer little windows and cubbyholes in unexpected places. Climbing a stair from one room to another, one finds himself on a landing from which there are glimpses of picturesque corners of the workroom. Every room is light. The walls are hung with deep colored binding skins and with harum-scarum caricatures that have been reproduced in the Philistine, or with richly colored tapestry. In one corner is the life-size bust of Fra Elbertus modeled by St. Jerome Roycroft. On a table between two workers lies a bronze cast of the clasped hands of the Brownings. Play and work and art are indiscriminately thrown together. Hanging inside the glass of the front door of the shop—the great wrought iron hinges of the door and step railings were hammered out by St. Jerome—is a sign illuminated gloriously on a black card, requesting that 'visitors will kindly ask Ali Baba to check their wheels.'

Elbert Hubbard calls himself an anarchist. By way of proving it he spells it 'anarkist.' Government and discipline are quite inconsistent with his theory of life. The Roycrofters have no rules and no foremen. But somehow they all get to work at the same time every morning and take the same hours for luncheon and recreation. Illuminating is confining work, as is bookbinding, and for a quarter hour each morning and afternoon everybody goes out into the yard and plays tag, or engages in other fresh-air relaxation.

No more assorted eccentrics were ever gathered under a roof than the leading spirits of the Roycrofters. Asked how he collected them Hubbard will say: 'Oh, they blew in,' or 'Ali Baba knew of them and advised they be sent for.' Ali Baba is a great man. There is some reason to believe he regards himself, and not without reason perhaps, as the only sane man associated with the Roycrofters. He was Hubbard's hired man in the early days of the stock farm. He is a hard-headed, broad-shouldered, grizzled farmer on whom has grown a great sense of responsibility as he has pondered on the seeming irresponsibility with which he is surrounded. These people are good to him. They seem to regard him highly and he is very fond of them, but as he goes about his multifarious business Ali Baba seems to be looking over his shoulder all the time, as if anticipating a violent outbreak. The Philistine is full of alleged quotations from his philosophy of life and literary views. These things do not worry Ali Baba. He simply eyes the Roycrofters placidly and reserves judgment. It pleases Fra Elbertus to speak of Ali Baba as a most convivial person. When a visitor is asked to have a drink from the Roycroft cask labeled 'Inspiration,' Ali Baba is summoned to lift glasses with him, as Hubbard does not drink. Ali Baba's comments on the world as it goes about him are a great joy to the Roycrofters, and his doings are fully reported at every meal hour. His strongest point is the authority. Ali Baba can not dig a post hole until he has summoned with commanding gestures and 'here, you's' all the workmen in sight to stand around and hold the tools and measuring tapes, while he does the work himself. Ali Baba's name is of uncertain derivation, some of the Roycrofters say that Denslow, the artist, caught Ali Baba's fingers in his tobacco jar and so gave him the name of the plunderer of the forty thieves. But it isn't safe to accept as gospel anything a Roycrofter says about Ali Baba.

Samuel Warner, F. R. S. A.—if you ask a Roycrofter if the initials stands for Fellow of the Royal Society of Artists, he will seem politely surprised and say he never heard of such an organization—came as near blowing in as ever any one did. He came to East Aurora on his way to nowhere. He was in hard luck. He stayed with the Roycrofters for a night and before he knew it he was a Roycrofter himself. It is he who sets the color schemes for the illuminators and designs the title pages and the borders, and the book
plates of the beautiful Roycroft books. He has an art class in the evening, to which all the Roycrofters are welcome, and he teaches them and works with them with the utmost pains. Lately the Roycrofters have taken to designing bookplates to order. "Sammy the Artist" designs them.

The girls, by whom the artists' plans of decoration are carried into effect, are all of them from the village of East Aurora and the county round about. It was made known that there was work for the girls to do at the Roycroft shop and that good wages would be paid. As many as there was room for were employed and set to work. If a girl showed aptitude in lettering or coloring she was encouraged and opportunities given her to develop as much artistic originality as was in her. If she was clumsy and without taste, some other work in the shop was found her. Every girl in the shop has had a chance to find her place. Some of them have developed remarkably. The free hand extra illumination of some of the costliest Roycroft books is now left in the hands of the girls who never saw a water-color box until three years ago. A few of these girls were not much thought of in East Aurora before the days of the Roycroft. Their employment at the shop did not lessen the stony glare of New England suspicion with which the East Aurora clergy regarded Elbert Hubbard from the first. Since they have been doing the Roycroft work, and their minds have been occupied with beautiful things, many remarkable changes have been made in them and in the trend of East Aurora opinion. These are things, however, the visitor must find out for himself. The Roycrofters will not talk about them and they are not before the world as social reformers. From Hubbard, in his black felt hat and blue flannel shirt and corduroy knickerbockers, to the dirtiest helper about the presses there is an unbroken merry good fellowship. Sometimes the joking is a little severe—as when a ragged soleless pair of shoes were hung from the rafters at a level with the visitor's eyes with the label, "These are the shoes that Sammy the Artist wore when he came to the Roycroft shop." "Sammy didn't like that," say Fra Elbertus, "and said they must come down. Sammy is Dutch and has occasional lapses into seriousness. But the shoes stayed, because they tell a better story than has ever been printed in the shop and now Sammy is proud of them."

Much of the creative genius of the shop outside of literature is derived from St. Jerome Roycroft. His impulse for the plastic arts had to struggle through an environment of blacksmithing. St. Jerome is only twenty-four and has a chest like a beer keg and the profile of an American Indian. His black hair is as straight as so much wire and he lets it grow down to his collar and there chops it off short and square. He turned to stoncutting from blacksmithing. It soon became apparent that he could cut stone artistically and just then Hubbard found him. He has never studied in an art school in his life. He models portrait busts and bas-reliefs that are accepted as remarkable work by many competent judges who have seen them. He chisels marble copies of his own clay models. Then there is sober, sedate and quiet Eleanor Douglas, who throws pottery on the wheel and has discovered that East Aurora clay is susceptible of such treatment that it may be brought out of the kiln with a beautiful color unknown to other pottery.

When andirons were wanted for the big fireplace in the shop, Josh went to the village blacksmith shop and hammered them out, with the aid of the blacksmith. A visitor saw and coveted them. They were sold to him at a good big price. Since then the blacksmith's shop has been annexed by the Roycrofters and andirons have become a Roycroft product. The sign of the Roycroft before the bad boys pelted it with apples so it had to be taken down was the hippocampus or sea horse. The Roycroft andirons are generally big sprawling sea horses. The East Aurora carpenter and cabinetmaker spent his life, until lately, tinkering. The Roycrofters went to him and ordered a
table made after the William Morris fashion, circular and some eight feet in diameter, with six or eight great plain legs, and all polished oak. The carpenter doubted, but he took the order and filled it. When he heard that a visitor at the shop had paid $75 for the table after it was made, he grumbled no more. Now when he can be spared from the buildings, he makes tables, chairs and plain oak pedestals for statuary. These things are all taken away by visitors, who did not come there with any idea of buying them.

The Roycrofters, perhaps quite naturally do not mind being exhibited. It is part of the joke to them; perhaps it is the only part in the joke Ali Baba really shares. There is a most gracious young woman whose task is to rise from her illuminating and walk through the shop with each visitor that comes. She points out the great celebrities, and if they are not busy introduces them. It is lots of fun to see Jerome Roycroft clasp his steel paw about that of an over-enthusiast who thinks that because the Roycrofters choose to live in a buckwheat village they can be recklessly jollied. Each guest is asked to register and as a parting gift to accept a catalog of the late Roycroft books. This catalog is just as carefully printed as any other Roycroft book. It is illuminated and printed in colors. But you must go to East Aurora to get it. In going through the shop the visitor will find, tucked under stairways and in odd corners, cots neatly covered with old-fashioned patchwork counterpanes. He is informed that many of the young men sleep in the building. The big fireplace in the first building is the gathering place at night for all the men Roycrofters, sometimes the girls come. It is the counsel fire. Hawthorne, the red headed Bursar, whose work hours in the shop are from six in the morning until midnight, and who eats at Hubbard’s house next door and sleeps in the shop when he is not working; and St. Jerome (at their counsels called St. Geronimo); and Sammy, the artist, and Kinder, the binder who came from Germany, because there were none capable of his work in this country; and Bertie, the oldest Hubbard boy, who is sixteen and is the only engineer and electrician that has ever strung a wire or bolted a shaft in the establishment; and Bertie’s pal who was bound for the reform school when Hubbard took him—all these sit and talk before the fire with the master for hours together. Sometimes they are quiet, and sometimes the roar of their laughter can be heard out on the Main street above the rattle of stray wagons that bump down the corduroy road to the railroad station.

Two Ways

Minnie Hunter, ’02

Mos’ allers I kneel down to pray
But sometimes when it’s cold an’ ma’s away
I jes’ jump into bed an’ say ’em there,
For I know well enough the Lord won’t care;
He can hear what I have to say
Anyway.

But Sis she says it aint no way
To git into bed afore you pray,
An’ she’s so afraid o’ not doin’ right
’At she lays an’ shivers half the night.
Pshaw! The Lord’ud hear what she had to say
Anyway.

Sis is better’n me, I guess,
’Cause when the folks is gone she’s jes’
The same as when they’re here,
But ’bout some things good folks is queer,
An’ I b’lieve the Lord’ll hear a prayer
Anywhere.
The Proving of Joyce

ELVA ELLIOT, '03

This story won second place in the prize contest

The little village of L—— was a study for an artist that beautiful October morning. The trees bordering its quiet streets were aflame with color, whose brilliancy vied with that of the blue sky above. The roadway, paths, and lawns were covered with a carpet of gorgeous leaves, which seemed to harmonize perfectly with the neat and cozy cottages set in the midst.

A young girl walking buoyantly up the village street was fully alive to the beauty of it all, and she felt a joyous thrill within her as she breathed the pure, bracing air, and gathered handfuls of the fallen leaves. As she reached the old village church she turned and looked back at the house from which she had come. It was a little white cottage, surrounded by large oak trees, trees that had stood there for many hundred years. What stories such old trees could tell if they might only speak. At the door of this little cottage stood a gray-haired woman, who was watching with fond tenderness for the final goodbye wave of the band that she knew would be given her as soon as her daughter reached the old church. She was not disappointed, and there was a warm feeling in her heart as she turned from the door to busy herself with household duties.

Joyce was the only child of her old age, and the joy and comfort of her life. She had rightly named her “Joyce”; it exactly fitted the bright, cheery young girl, who carried so much sunshine into the lives of others.

The high-school bell was telling out with slow, certain strokes the few minutes of time yet left for tardy students, and Joyce hurried along, not stopping now to admire the beauty of the morning, or to gather the bright leaves.

There was excitement in the high school, its climax being reached in the senior class, the members of which were the ones directly interested. Shortly after school had opened in September there had been a strange and unprecedented announcement made to the students. A wealthy promoter of education in a neighboring city, a man who was also a friend of the high school principal, had made to the senior class this astounding offer. The student who should graduate at the close of the year with the highest honors; who should prove himself to be sincerely in earnest in his efforts to obtain an education, should be at liberty to choose whatever college or institution of learning he wished to attend; the expenses of such student to be met by the generous patron.

As will be imagined, such an announcement served to rouse even the dullest students to some degree of emulation, and as to those few who were recognized as first in all their classes, their excitement was intense.

Joyce belonged in the latter class. She had always loved her books, had studied hard, and stood high in the regard of her teachers. This offer seemed to her like the opening of a door into another world, the world of her imaginations and dreams. She had no doubt for a moment of the choice that she would make. Had she not all her life longed for music? What exquisite joy she had experienced on occasions when she had been to the city to some musical entertainment. She had returned from these with her heart full of vague longings, and in her wild day dreams she had pictured herself a musician, holding an audience spell-bound with the matchless harmony of sweet sounds. Now her dreams did not seem so foolish. She would stand at the head of her class; she would study harder than ever before; it was the one chance of a lifetime.

The glory of the autumn days had passed into the still whiteness of winter; and the winter days into those of spring. With the reawakening of life in nature came also a re-
awakening in the lives of many people in the little village. For was not the school year nearing its close, and would not the decision on the final day mean something of vast importance to more than one home circle?

Little had been said outwardly during the year about the subject, but every member of the senior class had improved in his work. The majority had given up all hope of standing first; the poor work they had done in the previous years at school was against them now, for how could they possibly recover all they had lost, and at the same time eclipse in one year, those few students who had been faithful always?

Joyce had not been as happy of late as was her wont. It was not that she was dissatisfied with her work, she had no need to be so, for she was doing her best, and to all the members of the school it was now apparent that the question of supremacy lay only between her and one other girl. No, her unhappiness had other cause than that. In her intense excitement at first; in the joy of thinking what a lifetime of happiness might be before her, a lifetime spent with the music that her heart craved, she had entirely lost sight of the fact that she had the life of another to consider as well as her own. She was not long in discovering this, however.

Her mother entered into her plans with the utmost enthusiasm; not a word ever fell from her lips of her own loneliness through all the years that they must be separated, if her daughter should prove to be the fortunate student.

But Joyce was thinking now of her gray haired mother. She imagined her sitting there alone in the old home, no sound to break the dreadful stillness, but the sighing and whispering of the old oaks. No need now for her to gaze eagerly out of the window, she would receive no welcome sign of her child's coming. No need to hurry about having a light, or making the tea; no need to make the little room cozy and bright, for there was no one to come; there would be no happy voice to gladden the old house, no skillful fingers to bring music out of the old piano; there would be nothing but loneliness left for the poor, aged mother.

The picture thus brought to her mind over and over again was almost more than she could bear. It seemed to her as if her mother was more tender than ever to her these days, and several times she had been certain there had been traces of tears on her face. At last there came a day when the final decision was made.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning only a few weeks before the close of the term. Joyce and her mother were on their way to the little church. They were both quieter than usual, each occupied with thoughts of their own. Joyce took her place in the choir, and her clear, sweet soprano led the voices of the congregation in the hymns of praise. Glancing down to the pew where her mother sat, her eyes met a sight that melted the very last vestige of selfishness from her heart. Tears that would not be controlled were streaming down the wrinkled face, while the poor woman tried in vain to hide her grief.

The reverent voice of the pastor now was lifted in prayer, and with a dry sob Joyce bowed her head upon her hand. She did not hear the words of the prayer, but the voice, at first far away and indistinct to her numbed senses, gradually seemed to grow more and more beautiful, nearer at hand, until it seemed to mingle with the music of her own heart, and make a harmony more divinely perfect than any of which she had ever dreamed.

When she raised her head again there was a light in her face that had not been there before. She was to sing a solo that morning, and a wave of expectancy passed over the audience as she rose; for these village people loved the sweet, sympathetic voice of the young singer. But never in all their lives had they heard such a song as they heard that morning. She sang with her soul in every note; she put into the song all the longing and yearning of her heart. People wept, many sobbed aloud, there was not one in all the church whose eyes were dry. At the last
the voice rose joyously, and the face of the singer was beautiful to look upon.

The people of the village talked of that song for years afterwards. They never heard Joyce sing like that again, and few ever heard what a renunciation it had signified.

That Sunday evening as they sat together in the twilight, Joyce told her mother that she was not going away from her, that she cared more for her than for all the music in the world. We will not intrude upon them as they sit there in the darkening room, opening their hearts to one another. It was a scene fit only for the grand old oaks to witness, as they softly rustled their leaves, and whispered joyfully together of what they knew was passing just beyond the open door.

The next day Joyce sought an interview with the principal. Her decision would cause no trouble, in fact it would settle a very difficult problem, because it had become a serious question which was the better student, herself or Ruth Hastings, the girl who had kept pace with her all through the year. Ruth was one of a large family, and this was a chance that she knew could never come into her life again. She could be spared from home, and was eager to enter a university.

It seemed an easy matter to state in a few words her reason for stepping out of the contest, but when Joyce was alone with the principal, and the moment for speaking had come, it was a harder task than she had imagined.

The principal was a kind-hearted man, who had watched with deep interest the progress of the two young girls. He knew what Joyce had aspired to, and had urged her forward in every way. The few words of explanation that she finally uttered in a steady, calm voice, came to him with all their hidden meaning. He understood what a sacrifice had been made. She wished him to give full honor to Ruth, without her name being mentioned on the final day, but that he would not consent to. The two girls had equally high merit in their classes, and he thought it only right that this fact should be given to the school.

Joyce was her old, happy self again now, and when the final day came she would not let thoughts of herself intrude, but found full satisfaction in watching the two faces she had helped to brighten. The one, peaceful and happy, so restful to look upon,—the face of her mother. The other, young, full of joy and hope, eager with expectancy.

To Joyce it seemed as if the little village had never been more beautiful, the people more kind, than on that day. As she passed the church on her way home that night, the bell for evening service began to ring. She stopped a minute to listen to the familiar tones. How dear they were to her! As she listened a new thought came to her mind. Life was music; what a beautiful harmony there was in everything, if one would only have it so. If she could live a life of music in the little village, would that not be better than the plaudits of a world? And her heart answered, yes.
Review of "D'ri and I"

IN "D'ri and I," Mr. Irving Bacheller has told the life and adventures of Captain Ramon Bell, U. S. A., and his faithful friend and follower Darius Olin, in a light, rapid story of the War of 1812. The scene is laid on the frontier between the United States and Canada where the different phases of life are graphically pictured—the French aristocracy, English and American army life with that of the rough, hardy pioneer.

The story is told with such skill that the interest is held fast throughout and we are glad the book is not so long but it may be read at a sitting. We follow the two leading characters through all the scenes of struggle, adventure and romance with unfailing sympathy and interest.

The story opens with the migration of the Bell family to the valley of the St. Lawrence. They travel with an ox team and covered wagon through the unbroken forest, across streams and up and down rough hills, driving with them a flock of forty sheep, the first to be taken into this country. The care of the flock fell to Ramon, then a boy of ten, and D'ri, as he was affectionately called by the family where he was both servant and friend. On this journey the friendship was formed which was to last through life. We find these two together, united by their common love of adventure, in all the exciting scenes of the book.

Among the many vivid descriptions is the one of the trip taken by our two heroes on a raft of logs on its way to Montreal. They were caught in a cyclone and it is in the description of this storm that Mr. Bacheller has shown much skill. The appearance of the sky and water, the roaring of the wind and the piling up of the logs above and around them is an awe-inspiring picture.

Then Perry's fight on Lake Erie is told so that we actually seem to take part in it and we are able to full sympathize with Ramon and D'ri who are left wounded and disconsolate on board the disabled Lawrence when Commodore Perry goes to take command of the Niagara taking with him the only sound men left on his flagship—less than a dozen. Then at the close of the day Perry comes back and receives the surrender of the English on his own shattered ship.

A unique as well as weird scene is pictured in the initiation of Captain Bell in the Temple of Avengers where he is subjected to tests of courage to save his life which he has forfeited as a spy. Among the tests were a jump over stacked bayonets, a duel with swords against several opponents and finally a slide down an elevator shaft into the river.

Of the many interesting characters D'ri appeals most to the reader. He was a typical Yankee pioneer, rugged in character, sparing of speech, who took all hardships as a matter of course and calmly smoked his pipe in the face of the greatest dangers. He is loyalty itself and we learn to love and honor him as we follow him through the book from the time he made his strange prayer at the grave of the grandmother in the forest:—"O God, take care of gran'ma. Help us t' go on careful, an when we're riled, help us to keep er mouths shut. O God, help the ol' cart, an the ex in pertic'lar. An don't be noway hard on us. Amen."—to the day when he jumped from the deck of the crippled Lawrence, when he was wounded and scarcely able to stand, to rescue the flag carelessly dropped overboard.

Mr. Bacheller's style is charmingly light and graceful, by which he puts his ideas before us without any obtrusive flourishes. He is a New York journalist who has written a number of popular books, among them Eben Holden which came out last year. He is at present one of the editors of the New York World.

Louise Petit, '02
A department in Manual Training has been opened in the Training School, for the first time this year. Instruction being given, in some branch of the work, in all grades, from the first to the ninth. The children in the lower grades taking clay modeling, basket-weaving, cardboard construction work, whittling and bent iron. Beginning with the sixth grade the work is entirely bench work.

The equipment required for the younger children is rather simple, and therefore their classes can be conducted in the regular class room; but the older pupils take work in the manual training class room, using benches and a full equipment of tools. The amount of time varies with the different grades. The upper classes devoting two hours each week to the subject, while less time is taken with the younger children, and shorter periods; a first grade class working not longer than twenty minutes consecutively.

The clay is so plastic it offers very little resistance and is therefore very good for early efforts—and is also particularly well adapted to develop powers of observation and concentration. It affords unlimited opportunity for correlation with other subjects in the first, second and third grades, especially in their nature work, and helps to familiarize the children with many of the objects around them. Frequently the model will be a fruit or vegetable, simple in form, which is to be reproduced in clay. Sometimes they will be asked to represent a story they have heard, or to make something they have seen, that has interested them. It often is quite remarkable to see the amount of originality and individuality shown, by quite young children in these lessons.

Paper cutting is also used with the younger children as a means of expression. They are given a piece of paper and scissors, and either from a model or from memory, represent their idea of the object. It is done entirely without guiding lines so is perfectly free work.

The basket weaving is taken up a little later, and this material, particularly the rattan, is well suited to the muscular development of the hands, and at the same time is capable of being made into many pleasing artistic forms.

The cardboard work gives good practical lessons in comparison and measurement, and in the elements of mechanical drawing.

The whittling gives free muscular movements. And the different articles made require constantly new thought, and hold the interest and attention of the child. A working drawing is made for each piece of work, thus very practically applying the previous instruction in cardboard construction.

The bent iron follows the work in whittling and affords an excellent opportunity for designing. The children often working from original designs.

In all this work the child is dealing with substances and not with abstract ideals, and he will therefore continually gain from the fact that he can so quickly see the result of his efforts.
All the subjects taken up, previous to the work of the six grade, furnish a good preparation for the wood work, or perhaps more properly, bench work. And in this, as the possibilities are more varied, the opportunities are greater for the development of accuracy, observation, attention, perseverance, neatness, independence, self-reliance, and physical development.

There is a certain amount of muscular development that must come from the use of tools, but it is the mental power that comes through that use that is the real object of the work, and that gives it a place in the regular school curriculum. And if it is considered as an educational agent, it must have the same aims as other branches of education, that is, the development of power.

An ideal person would be one not only of thought but of action also. And we can do much to gain this development through plans of work that require the systematic and persistent execution of a purpose. Give the child something that is not too difficult, let him have a well-defined purpose, and lead him to succeed. A child acts first from impulse; but when the boy or girl can be taught to think first then the action becomes more effective. Let him get into the habit of succeeding and he will constantly be encouraged to systematically attempt more difficult things. He must be led to feel he has power and then that power will continually increase.

Dr. Henderson says, "The task proposed for Sloyd, or educational manual training, is exceedingly subtle; to engage the interest and spontaneity, and affection of a child, to cultivate the sense of beauty and the finer sense of touch, to increase the general bodily health and poise, and finally, by the directed and purposeful overcoming of the resistance of the material, to give power of brain and skill of hand—and it accomplishes this successfully just in proportion to its fidelity to the practical principle of cause and effect."

"The curse of the world is joyless labor. Art is the expression of man's joy in his work."

The following compositions illustrate different kinds of descriptive writing done by pupils of the eighth grade. During the fall quarter they read Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," and "Christmas Carol." Their individual conceptions of the characters are expressed in the following sketches.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF CALEB PLUMMER.

Caleb Plummer was a feeble, withered-up, little old man; not tall nor large. He was dressed in a shabby but carefully brushed suit of black clothes and a large, shapeless, worn out great-coat of some limp, brown material that looked very much like the brown sacking used for wrapping boxes and barrels. This opinion is verified by the word 'glass' and the initials 'G. and T.' printed boldly on the back in large, staring, black letters. Caleb looked very much as though he needed such a sign as this with 'handle with care' attached to it, not because he was at all apt to break if you touched him but because he looked so small and dependent. His body was in quite good proportion. His shoulders were rounded and his face sharp and thin, with cheeks hollow from the effects of care and worry. His scanty white hair but partially covered his head leaving it bald on his forehead. His eyes were of faded blue with a scared expression that would haunt one always.

He was a kind hearted person and self-sacrificing. His patience, considering the troubles that he had to bear; his love for his blind daughter, Bertha, and all the things that he did to make her lonely life more happy makes his own noble if not more happy. His pitiful attempts at cheerfulness, too, makes us appreciate his true worth more, for, although only a character in a fairy tale, we understand his true value better than if he were a real person.

MR. TACKLETON.

The figure of Mr. Tackleton would attract attention anywhere. He was a medium sized man, and not very sturdy. He had a short but thin neck; big hands; long skinny arms; thin legs and feet like shovels. His features were sharp and thin; his nose long and red, he had large ears which were red from twisting and pulling, a habit he had fallen into; His lips, pressed tightly together, gave his mouth the appearance of a scar, and one eye
was nearly always shut. A large, musty brown overcoat covered him from his head to his knees. Into the capacious pockets of this coat were thrust his hands. A pair of unblackened shoes adorned his feet and an old battered hat was thrust upon his head and was tipped down over his eyes.

Mr. Tackleton was a very hardhearted man, and delighted in hurting others by his ways and words. He was inclined to be lazy and miserly. He never cared for "favors," as he called them. There were no curtains on his windows, no flowers in his house, nor any easy chairs upon his porch. A home was only four walls and a ceiling to him. Nobody liked him, and he could boast of no very intimate friend. He was something like "Scrooge" in "A Christmas Carol." Altogether he was an entirely disagreeable fellow.

EVELYN THOMPSON

The class was required to write a description of some animal without naming it, and this one proved to be a cat.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ANIMAL.

The animal I am about to describe is small and fat and has four legs, and his sole ambition in life seems to be to get hold of some thing to chew. He is black and white and his name is "Sir Rouser." He is very playful and mischievous and will never let slip a chance to grab a piece of meat, when it is handy and no one is looking.

He does not like to be petted and always has business elsewhere and will get angry and bite if not allowed to go when he wants to. He can open a swing door and he gets upon the keyboard of the piano, walks leisurely up and down, and produces a sound that, in his own estimation, I suppose, he thinks quite fine.

He usually sleeps in the woodshed, but these cold winter nights he likes to stay in the house so he goes and hides until the house is shut up and then he has his choice of forbidden places to sleep.

PLATT WOOD

A DESCRIPTION OF A PICTURE.

One bright day in autumn while wandering through an art gallery my attention was attracted by a small, unimportant, historical picture. It was not catalogued nor was the name on it in any place, but it struck me that it was a picture of a room which George Washington occupied in his winter headquarters at Valley Forge.

The scene was situated in a large old fashioned room. To the left of the picture in the foreground was a round table with a candlestick on it. The table was covered with papers, as was likewise the floor.

Back of the table was a chair in front of which stood Washington as if he had just risen. Facing him was a woman dressed in the finery of those days. She wore her hat and cape and appeared to have just entered the room.

In one corner of the room stood an old grandfather's clock. At the back of the room was a window through which could be seen the snow-covered country and in the distance the faint outlines of tents with men clustered here and there among them.

It was a simple picture but the careless scattering of the papers, the look of anxiety on the face of Washington, and the distant view of tents, made it in my mind the best and most real of any picture on exhibit.

ETHEL ALLEN

The Aurora

The publication of the Aurora has been set for the first week in June. The price has been fixed at one dollar and it is the intention of the management to make it the best of the kind yet published.

To achieve this end, all fraternities, sororities, clubs, and other organizations are asked to furnish photographs in the near future in order that the plates may be made. All seniors and officers of societies and associations are requested to do the same.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Cooper and Waterman whereby an unmounted picture will be furnished for the Aurora, provided thirty cents is left for the payment of the cost of engraving. All pictures for individual half-tones and group pictures should be delivered to the business manager.
BOOK-LIST.

Mr. Henry Van Dyke begins his last, and perhaps most charming, book with the devout invocation "Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story," but there are, alas, many stories, stories in even most trivial sense, that have morals too obvious to necessitate the tagging. Such was the narrative of a school girl who went to a public library and asked for "A fool's dictionary, or some such book of reference," and was handed by a discerning attendant, "Poole's Index." No kindly metaphorical implication can make substitution for the sorry truth that many book lists are simply "fool-lists," and this largely because of the hurried and inattentive manner in which they are written down. In our own Library one student called for "The Good Samaritan, by Gospel," and another read a hurried abbreviation to the Popular science monthly, and called for Popskimo vol. 46. (and a student assistant found the book.)

Most of the book lists made in our library are of three kinds:

1. References, copied from dictation in class, or from catalogue, for immediate use.
2. Lists of books for future purchase for school libraries with which one may be associated.
3. Lists of books for our private libraries. The first list is simply that of author and title of book, with volume and page if possible, and the call number from the card catalogue if necessary. When the author alone is called for at the desk it is sometimes bewildering, as "Hart," "Johnson," "Sully," "Baldwin," "Putnam," "Coulter," and "Geikie," each have written many books, and not always on allied subjects.

The second and third lists could easily be made of future service if in addition to the author and title of book, were added the publisher, place and date of publication, and the actual or approximate cost, the latter easily indicated by a question mark.

Mr. Hubbard said well when he said "the useful man is the man who knows where to find things" and it is such simple detail that enables a man to be useful.

RECENT ACCESSIONS.

Pinaloche, M. A. Pestalozzi. (Great educators series)
Hughes, J. L. Dickens as an educator.
Trilly, F. Introduction to ethics.
Paulsen, F. System of ethics.
G. P. Putnams, pub. 19th Century, a review of progress.
Niles, H. Principles and acts of the Revolution.
Harrison, B. This country of ours.
Earle, A. M. Costume in colonial times.
Spahr, C. B. America's working people.
Bourriouet, T. G. Canada (Story of nations.)
Blok, P. J. History of the people of the Netherlands, 3 v.
Beesly, E. S. Elizabeth (12 Eng. statesmen sr.)
Freeman, E. A. William the conqueror (12 Eng. statesmen sr.)
Campbell, J. D. Life of Coleridge.
Baidon, H. B. Robert Louis Stevenson, a life study in criticism.
Corson, H. Introduction to Browning.
Johnson, R. B. ed. Popular British ballads both ancient and modern 4 v.
Smith, G. G. Transition period (Periods of European literature).
Ormond, T. S. The romantic triumph (Periods of European literature).
Champuey, A. C. History of English.
Lewis, P. W. Inductive lessons in rhetoric.
Webster, W. F. English composition and literature.
Boyesen, H. H. Vagabond tales.

"A pitcher of water, a tub, a sponge, a towel and a piece of soap is all one needs for a daily bath, without which the fairest seeming man or woman is but an unclean animal."

"They who believe in our ability do more than stimulate us. They create an atmosphere in which it becomes easier to succeed."

"There is nothing true or good or beautiful which, if contemplated or done in the right spirit, is not also religious."—Bishop Spalding—Aphorisms and reflections.
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Editorial

The senior class have voted to leave as a class gift to the college an oil portrait of Prof. Julia A. King, our much esteemed professor of History, and have given the work to Miss Hilda Lodeman, whose beautiful picture of Dr. Daniel Putnam was left as a memorial by the class of '01.

Dr. B. L. D'Ooge, Miss Pearce and Dr. Mary Blount as judges in the prize contest hand in the following unanimous decision:—Winner of the ten-dollar prize Miss Gertrude Himebaugh '02, who wrote the story "My Lil' Chris' Chile," printed upon request of the staff in our Christmas number. Second best, and deserving honorable mention, is the story "The Proving of Joyce," written by Elva B. Elliot, which we print in this number. The fairy stories were very good. In plot, the story "Crooked Joe" was exceptionally strong. The book review receiving first place was that of "D'ri and I," written by Miss Louise Petit '02, which is also printed this month.

It is not of Elbert Hubbard, bookmaker, author and speaker that we think, after listening to one of his lectures, but of Hubbard the man who knows best how to serve his fellow man by teaching him how to help himself, "how to do something for somebody else, how to be kind." A man of deep sympathies and wide experience, he is still a boy at heart, he has not "gone off by himself and coralled good," but has turned one obscure country village into a place where boys and girls, men and women "who are homesick amid this sad, mad rush for wealth and place and power, may go back to simplicity, and rest their tired heads in the lap of Mother Nature." Here, patiently and cheerfully they learn to do by doing, and here we find today some three hundred people who are reaching out for an all round development through work and right living, "who do their work as well as they can, live one day at a time and try to be kind."

Superintendent John W. Mitchell writes thus cheerily: "The school at Central Lake has grown rapidly, all rooms having enrollments equal to their capacity. The high school work has become so heavy as to necessitate an additional teacher. Miss Florence M. Smith, an Albion graduate, has been elected to the position of principal of high school. A laboratory has been equipped for science work. An elaborate entertainment is being planned, the proceeds to be used in purchasing library books. Interest is at a high pitch. Truancy and tardiness, great evils at beginning of year, have been removed as a result of a lively campaign against them. Parents interested in school work, and a hustling school board help immensely to move things in the right direction, and at the same time is gratifying."—Moderator.
Have you had your picture taken for the Aurora?

Miss Lowden visited at her home over Sunday, February 23.

Hugh Gannon was a guest at the A. of H. house, February 7.

Miss Josephine Dansard of Monroe visited friends in the city.

John Faucher has gone to Sandwich, Canada, to attend school.

Miss Norton was absent from her classes for a week on account of illness.

Prof. Roberts has also succumbed to the inevitable and been kept at home with the mumps.

The Misses Rowe and Sawyer, Dr. Leonard and Prof. Lyman attended the Superintendents' Association at Chicago.

Everyone admits that mumps are a swell affair, for further information address or call on either Prof. Roberts or Miss Lynch.

Among the Phi Delta Pi guests last week were Hoyt Partch and his sister of Romeo, Mr. Miller, delegate from Beta Chapter, and Miss Helen Albertson of the Mt. Pleasant Normal.

Those who took part in the Conservatory Recital, given February 19, were as follows:—The Misses Thorn, Dawson, Youells, Mundwiler, Smith, Wallin, Pratt, Benedict, Rice and Mr. Howard Brown.

Have you noticed the "grind box" in the library corridor? Do you know any good grinds on your fellow students? If so, that is the place to deposit them. Let others laugh over them as well as you.

Dr. D'Ooge spent a week in Boston.

Prof. Roberts thinks that his corps of critic teachers are hard to beat.

Miss Edith Garrison went to Jackson Friday, February 21, to attend the annual military ball.


Prof. MacFarlane of Brockport, N. Y., was a Normal visitor Monday, February 24. He was en route for Chicago to attend the Superintendents' convention.

Say, fellows! have you seen that 7x9 smile on Kellog's genial face? But of course you have. Ask him about it and don't fail to call him papa. A fine baby girl arrived the 19th.

The senior class met Thursday night February 27, and elected all the class day participants, except the class orator. The selection was postponed until after the oratorical contest. Salutatorian, Miss Westland; class poet, Miss Hunter; class historian, Mr. Gill; class prophet, Mr. Slocum; valedictorian, Miss Lewis.

The Aurora Board wants to know:

If you have visited the photograph gallery yet.

If you have handed in your picture, if necessary.

If you have subscribed for an Aurora.

If you have put any good grinds in the "grind box" in the library corridor.

If you have not it is your duty to do so within the next few days.
Miss Howell has been absent from her classes for a week on account of illness.

Misses Stratton, Davis, and Bellows, and Messrs. R. C. Smith and A. C. Cluff went as delegates to the S. C. A. convention held in Toronto this week.

It is with unqualified regret that the students speak of the resignation of Principal Lyman, only tempered by the grateful assurance that in resigning the arduous duties of principal, he retains the chair of mathematics. During the three years which he has held the office, Principal Lyman has always proved himself the strong and sympathetic friend of the students, and has in all ways served the best interests of the students and the college with broad-minded sagacity and zeal.

Do you borrow your neighbor’s Normal News? The following is copied from a Kansas paper but its application is a fitting one to some people who do not live that far away:

A man who was too economical to take his home paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a $4 stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance and failing to notice a barbed wire fence ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a $4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence, got in the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket the wife ran, upset a four-gallon can full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole lot. In the hurry she dropped a $7 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled milk into the parlor and ruined a brand-new $20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.

The sixth grade had charge of the chapel exercises in the training school Friday, February 21. The exercises were in honor of the man whose birthday we celebrate, February 22.

The Alpha Sigma Tau Sorority gave a very pleasant dancing party at the gymnasium Saturday evening, February 15. About a hundred couples were present. Numerous out of town friends enjoyed the “light fantastic.”

Chapel exercises Friday morning, February 28, were conducted by Miss Jackson of the second grade. Hiawatha’s childhood and youth were well dramatized. The exercises were very appropriate as this is Longfellow’s birth-month.

The following is the program of the Conservatory Recital given Wednesday, February 5:

1. Spinning Song, for piano........ Ellmenrich
   Miss Leone Howe.
2. Song—The Spring has Come................... Maude Valerie White
   Miss Anna Paquette.
3. Canyone Serenata, op. 114 for piano.... Miss Lida Sprau.
4. Song—The Lord is mindful of His Own
   .................. Mendelssohn
   (From St. Paul.)
   Mrs. Fannie C. Burton.
5. Etude in B minor, for violin........ Leonard
   Mr. Louis Kilian.
6. Song—The Throstle...................... Maude Valerie White
   Miss Grace Sisson.
7. Valse Arabesque, for piano........ Lack
   Miss Martha Halladay.
8. Song—A Dream.................. Bartlett
   Miss Grace Wiard.
9. Fantasie, No. 1, for piano........ Mozart
   Miss Claribel Strang.
10. Song—Springtime Waltz...... J. H. Hahn
    Miss Donna Riblet.
11. Valse, op. 64, No. 2, for piano.... Chopin
    Miss Edna Fitch.
Mr. C. T. Teetzel returned Tuesday from a few days trip to Chicago. Mr. Fred Bel-land met his classes in the gym while he was gone.

There is a little matter that some of our adverti$er$ and subscriber$ have seemingly forgotten. To u$ it is an important matter. It is neces$sary in our bu$ine$$. We are very modc$ts, and don’t wish to speak about it.—Exchange.

Ypsilanti will be represented in the program of the classical conference at Ann Arbor in March by Drs. B. L. D’Ooge and Duane R. Stuart of the classical department of the Normal, who will read papers respectively, "Classic Sites in Sicily" and "The Opi-graphic Sources of Dion Cassius."

The Sophomore class party, given in the Crescent Society room, February 8, was enjoyed by all who were present. The entertainment committee were unusually successful in carrying out their aim, to make everyone acquainted with everyone else. Mr. Cowan secured a very good snap-shot of the crowd before they disbanded.

The Arm of Honor frat held its annual banquet and dance Friday evening, February 21, at the Hotel Cadillac, Detroit. They went in a special car, and at the banquet four toasts were responded to by F. J. Scovel, C. H. Ireland, A. E. Snowden and G. L. Davis. After several hours of dancing they left Detroit at 1 a. m. for the return to Ypsilanti. The frat had no faculty guests.

Mr. Rood, business manager of the Au- rora for this year, reports that he is meeting with success in his dealings with the business men of Ypsilanti and that the prospects are good for a better Aurora than we have had for some time. Mr. Rood has made and is making a study of the thing so that it shall be a success. He feels interest keenly himself and asks for the support of every member of the senior class and the co-operation of the faculty and school at large in his work.

Each grade of the Training School observed Valentine day with appropriate exercises.

March 20 is the date fixed for the annual oratorical contest. The prizes are the ten volumes of Modern Eloquence, edited by Hon. T. B. Reed, and twelve volumes of John Fiske’s historical works. The participants will be Clarence Vliet, Webster club; Arthur Cluff, Crescent society; E. G. Fuller, Lincoln club; Frank Hathaway, Atheneum society; Mabel Eagle, Olympic society; S. E. Crawford and Sarah Maddock, school-at-large.

The lecture by Elbert Hubbard Friday evening, February 20, gave the Normal lecture course audience a new sensation. No more stimulating and profitable lecture has been heard here in many moons. It was sound doctrine, sane pedagogy, the gospel of hard work, of self-reliance, of doing something for somebody, of directing the “energy plus” of the so-called “bad boy” to channels of use-fufulness, instead of shirking the problem he presents, by expelling him from school and leaving him to drift into crime. And it was a message brought to our people by a man of deep earnestness, who has himself done the impossible, who has proved the value of his theories, who has “done something” not only in making books “better than anyone else,” but in breaking stone and building it into a beautiful library, in gardening, in table-making, or anything else that his hands find to do. And with the work goes the appreciation of beauty, of music and flowers, of “the kindergarten idea applied to the factory,” that makes possible the exquisite products of the Roycroft shops. It was a revelation to many to learn that the workers in this beautiful handicraft are unskilled, every-day boys and girls when they come to him—his one requirement is that they are willing to work. The thought that “art is the expression of man’s joy in his work,” and that one must promote happiness by helping others to do things, was his closing message.
Miss Eva Chase of the Normal Conservatory of Music has been appointed solo soprano of the Unitarian church, Ann Arbor.

Professor W. H. Sherzer has been employed by the state geological survey to make a complete survey of Wayne county.

Miss Mollie Comstock entertained sixteen of her friends yesterday in honor of her guest, Miss Margaret Graves, a teacher in the public schools of Jackson. Miss Graves was a member of the class of '01.

The Training School was quite bereft of critic teachers last week. Professor Roberts and Miss Lynch had the mumps, Miss Foster was quite ill with tonsilitis, Misses Roe and Sawyer were attending the educational meeting in Chicago.

Paul A. Cowgill who went to Michigan City last fall from Lapeer, as superintendent of schools at $1800 has been engaged for two years more at an increase of two hundred dollars. Mr. Cowgill graduated from the Normal in 1893, and is a charter member of the Phi Delta Pi fraternity—which was organized in Mr. Cowgill's room in 1893 as the Washingtonian Toastmasters Club.

The prizes offered by the oratorical association as honors in debate are of an unusually high order. The set of World's Best Otrations edited by Judge Brewer of the United States Supreme Court is the best work published, in the field which it covers. The work is carefully edited by a man of the highest ability and includes all that is best in the world's oratory. The work is beautifully bound and will make a most valuable addition to the library of the fortunate winner of the first prize. The second prize, consisting of fifteen volumes of the statesmen series is also a work which excels in the field that it covers, and the merits of the International Dictionary are too well known to need comment. The copy which is offered in a beautiful one in full morocco binding. The association has been most fortunate in its selection of prizes.

The Normal seniors have elected Miss Jessie Aulls editor-in-chief; J. A. Roode, business manager; J. E. Van Allsburg, Misses Helen Doty and Annie Dobbins, associate editors of the Normal Aurora.

Professor F. A. Barbour addressed the Wayne county teachers' association Saturday at Detroit on "Causes of poor scholarship in grammar," and at their banquet responded to the toast, "The teacher and the truth."

Architect E. W. Arnold of Battle Creek is preparing the plans and specifications for the science hall and manual training department for the State Normal College at Ypsilanti. The building will have a frontage of 110 feet by 80 feet in depth, three stories and basement. The exterior walls will be of Berea, O., sandstone and vitrified paving brick, with slate roof. The heating and ventilation will be by the steam fan system. The cornice will be of galvanized iron. The interior wood finish will be of southern pine. It will be lighted by electricity and be equipped with all modern conveniences. Cost $45,000.—News-Tribune.

The following, clipped from a Grand Rapids paper, will be of interest to Ypsilanti people:

The Kindergarten Training School of Grand Rapids is greatly enjoying a series of musical entertainments given at the school by Miss Florence Marsh, supervisor of Music in the public schools of that city. The course includes a resume of the three operas, representing the English, Italian, and French. The first of the series, "The Bohemian Girl," was given in January, and proved exceedingly interesting. In addition to the sketch of the play and a charming portrayal of its characters, Miss Marsh gave many items of interest regarding the composer. Her skillful rendering of many of the best stanzas of the opera added much to the enjoyment of the evening, as did, also, several vocal solos given by the Misses Bertha Bradford and Grace Foote, Mr. George D. Herrick and Mr. Arthur Benson. The second in the series, "Il Trovatore," occurs in March.
Baseball practice has settled down to steady reality and the work is being done with an earnestness that bids fair to develop a strong team. Throwing, catching, picking up grounders, stealing and sliding bases and batting practice with a dummy, are showing most gratifying results. While we miss the opportunity furnished by having a net such as is used at the U. of M., still very good effects are shown from the work done in our limited quarters.

No catcher has as yet appeared but Captain Dennis can fill the position if called upon and no one doubts his ability to become as much of a star catcher this season as he was a star first baseman last year. Novak has proved himself very handy with a big 10-t and will probably cover first in case Dennis goes behind the bat. There are pitchers to burn and every one of them good. Smith occupied the box in some hard games last year and everyone knows he is capable of doing his share, while as an outfielder he is as good as can be found. Hyames has excellent curves, among them a drop equal to that of Sherman, and speed that is simply terrific, although in both respects, perhaps, he finds his match in Latham who is developing in fine style, while Novak, in addition to being quite supple with a mit, pitches like a veteran and will always give a good account of himself. Salsbury had the misfortune to tear a ligament in his ankle during a basketball game and is still unable to engage in active practice. Shigley, who is trying for second, has done the most steady work for the place and is improving very rapidly. Ireland and Waldron are pulling strings for third base, while short stop and the outfield are practically open to all comers.

Frank Owen of the Detroit League team has been working in the gym and the players all feel indebted to him for his helpful suggestions.

The intercollegiate schedule has just been completed and is as follows:
Kalamazoo at Kalamazoo April 19.
M. A. C. at Lansing April 26.
Kalamazoo at Ypsilanti May 3.
Detroit College at Detroit May 10.
Hillsdale at Hillsdale May 12.
M. A. C. at Ypsilanti May 17.
Hillsdale at Ypsilanti May 31.

The men's basketball team is working hard in prospect of a game with Detroit Y. M. C. A. on the evening of March first. The loss of Faucher was a serious blow to the team but Huston who succeeds him is doing finely and the work goes smoothly on.

On March 7, the U. of M. gym team gave an entertainment in the gymnasium. It consisted of bar and apparatus work and fencing. The latter was a great drawing card as the fencers are famous and gave an exhibition that cannot be excelled. A basketball game between the two normal teams filled part of the program.
It is a lamentable fact that the college athletic association does not receive the financial support it deserves and so the teams are always handicapped by lack of funds. These entertainments are given in the hope of relieving the strain on the treasury and all should do something to help a good cause along.

The Star basketball team is jubilant over the fact that the Albion team has issued a challenge to any team in the state barring the Normal. This is a well deserved compliment to the members of the Star team and they may be justly proud of the fear which their unbroken record of victories inspires. The Monday night practices are becoming quite popular and usually draw a good crowd. For this both girls and boys feel very grateful, for an appreciative audience is half the game.

The advanced classes of the Women's Gymnasium gave an entertainment to invited guests, on the afternoon of February 15. A program was first given, consisting of a dumb-bell exercise and Indian club series, by the classes in Phys. Tr. 5; military marching and fancy dancing, by the class in Phys. Tr. 8; and a basketball game by the Stars and Stripes. Following this an informal reception was held, with gymnasium girls as hostesses. Those who cared to, danced; tea and wafers were served, and the afternoon closed with a grand march and the singing of "Good Night, Ladies." It is planned to give another of these "Open Afternoons" at the close of the quarter.

**S. C. A.**

**Y. W. C. A.**

At a recent Sunday afternoon meeting members of the Y. W. C. A. pledged twenty-five dollars toward the support of Miss Laura Radford in India and twenty dollars for the extension of Association work in Michigan. Miss Laura Radford is doing a noble work among the students of India as their general secretary, and is supported by the Young Women's Christian Associations of the colleges and universities of Kansas, Indiana and Michigan.

Any students desiring rooms, room-mates or employment will generally find it to their advantage to apply to the general secretary at Starkweather Hall, any afternoon after two o'clock.

Friends of Helen Elgie, our first general secretary, will be pleased to know of an effort being made to secure a life-sized picture of her for the office. Any desiring to help may do so by giving their contributions to the general secretary, Miss Bellows, or to the president, Miss Parmater.

**Y. M. C. A.**

The Y. M. C. A. was opened this term by an inspiring address from Professor Laird, on Sunday, January 12, in which he spoke of the various things that religion as a personal possession had done for him. The large attendance at these meetings signifies that the college men are fully realizing the importance of the Christian fellowship one experiences by coming into close relationship with the Y. M. C. A.

The following series of topics will be discussed during the term:

- Jan. 12. Prof. S. B. Laird—What religion as a personal possession has done for me.
- Feb. 2. Missionary Address.
- Feb. 16. Dr. Albert Leonard—How to make the most of College Life.
- Mar. 16. Open.
- Mar. 23. Prof. F. R. Gorton—Does it pay to serve Christ?
The 30th annual state convention of the Y. M. C. A. was held at Battle Creek, February 13-16. These conventions give a great inspiration both to delegates and to the Christian work in the various colleges of the state which these delegates represent. Realizing this fact the Normal College was well represented by Mr. J. Waldron, Mr. Arthur Erickson and Mr. W. A. Whitney.

Fraternities

PHI DELTA PI

On February 21 the Phi Delta Pi Fraternity held its tenth annual banquet and the occasion was in all respects a most happy one. As has been the custom for several years the banquet was held in the gymnasium, which was tastefully decorated with the fraternity colors.

As this banquet marked the closing of the first decade of the fraternity's history, an effort was made to have the program commemorative in its character.

Mr. Smith, the chairman of the committee on arrangements, not only succeeded in this plan but also made the banquet probably the best one that has thus far been held, thus making a forward step in the progress of the fraternity. And the brothers left the banquet hoping that the closing of another ten years would find as earnest and hopeful and progressive spirit in the fraternity as was shown in this, their last annual meeting.

Toasts were responded to by Dr. Leonard, Principal Lyman, and Messrs Partch, Steimle, Agnew, Goodrich, Lawler, Wilcox, and Waldron. J. Stuart Lathers acted as toastmaster.

The guests of the evening were: Dr. and Mrs. Leonard, Principal Lyman, Mr. Partch, Himebaugh, LeGault, McGeorge, Langford, Duquette, Fisher, Woodward, Thomas, Kennedy, Buell, Erickson, Udy, Charlotte King, Richardson, Hinkle, Bennett, Wood, and Grace Hinkle. The brothers from out of town present were: Messrs. Agnew, Upton, Wilcox, Luttonton, and Partch. Messrs. Sheldon and Miller of the Beta Chapter at Mt. Pleasant were also present. The active members present were Messrs. Smith, Bostick, Murray, Parkins, Simmons, Waldrone, Lawler, Erickson, Rhodes, Hogue, Steimle, Goodrich, and Lathers.

PI KAPPA SIGMA

Miss Marion Richardson was initiated into the sorority on February first, at the home of the Misses Lowden and Bird. The pleasure of the occasion was increased by the reading of letters of congratulation from Miss Goodrich and Miss Perkins, who are together at Ironwood.

Pi Kappa Sigma is rejoicing that Miss Agatha Dunnstall is slowly recovering from her severe illness at Mt. Clemens. The return of Miss Bertha Ronan and Miss Nellie Westland is welcomed by the sorority. Miss Clara Southworth writes from Owosso that she is enjoying her work but misses the associations of college life.

HARMONIOUS MYSTICS

The Harmonious Mystics Sorority entertained a few friends at a house party given at Miss Clara Brabb's home on the evening of February 14.

TAU KAPPA THETA

We are pleased to announce that Mr. C. T. Teetzel, director of physical training, has accepted our invitation to become an honorary member of this fraternity.

Our patron, Professor S. B. Laird, having dislocated his shoulder, was unable to attend our reception at the gymnasium Friday evening, February fourteenth, given to the fraternities and sororities of the Normal and to other invited friends.

We are in receipt of a letter from W. E. Smith, stating that he has just arrived in Denver, Col. and has taken charge of the Royal Wardrobe Company's office in that city.

SIGMA NU PHI

The pledging ceremony of the Sigma Nu Phi occurred February 18 at the house. The
pledged members being Misses Mary Nelson, Pearl Howie, and Juanita Clark. Mrs. John Colvan and Miss Edna Brems entertained the sorority at cards February 8, at Mrs. Colvan’s home on Forest Ave., Miss Kilbourne and Dr. Britton winning the prizes. Delicious refreshments were served and everyone went home feeling they had had one of the best times of the winter.

ALPHA SIGMA TAU

One of the most delightful evenings of the season was spent at a formal dance given by the Alpha Sigma Tau to about two hundred of their friends at the Normal gymnasium, Saturday, February fifteenth. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated with the sorority colors, emerald and gold.

The orchestra rendered most excellent music from behind a bank of palms and between dances the guests rested in artistically arranged cozy corners. Punch was served in the office which was adorned with the emblems of Tokio. The young ladies were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Lyman, Miss Pearce, Miss King, and Mrs. Roberts. Owing to illness Miss Norton was not able to be with them.

The out of town guests were Miss Maxim, New York; Miss Giddings, Miss Moore, Jackson; Miss Woodruff and Miss Reynolds, Hillsdale; Miss Sparling, Detroit; Miss McGeorge, Almont; Misses Reynolds and Wilson, Ann Arbor; Mr. Porter, Marine City. The Misses Harding, Grey, Dingfelder, Bess and Louise Nims are now wearing the emerald and gold.

ZETA PHI

The fourth annual initiation of the sorority took place Saturday, February 8. Festivities began with a party at the Gymnasium on Friday night in honor of the old members who returned for the Annual, and who were happy to see old friends.

On Saturday the sorority picture was taken in the morning, Miss Walton gave a small luncheon party, and at night followed the initiation and banquet at St. Luke’s House, after the pleasant custom of other years. Ten initiates were received into full membership.

The guests of honor were Miss Ballou, Dearborn, Miss Woodman, Dearborn, Miss Root, Kalamazoo, Mrs. Van Tuy!, Detroit, Miss Duquette, Mendon, Miss Clark, Clinton.

Each member carried her lighted taper, an emblem of the Zeta Phi, to the banquet table, which was strewn with violets and ferns. Violets too were at each place, the gift of Miss Plunkett, who was detained at the last moment. The menu cards in violets and gold, were the work and offering of Miss Brown—and a most beautiful souvenir of the occasion. Miss Mowrey presented Mrs. Van Tuy! as toastmaster and responses were made as follows:

The sorority and the two years’ college course, —Miss Woodman; The Sorority home,—Miss Beardsley; The relation of the graduate to the active charge,—Miss Ballou; Prospects,—Miss Mowrey; Impromptu, ________

Letters were read from many absent members, and the evening closed with a standing toast to them all.

The regular February meeting of the sorority February 22, met with Miss Beardsley and Miss Mowrey.

Miss Albertson, from Mount Pleasant, (assistant in department of mathematics) and Miss Duquette, from Mendon, were in town over the Saturday holiday of February 22.

The girl who loves to giggle
Irritates the passer-by,
But she's infinitely better
Than the one who loves to cry.

The man who loves to flatter
Often plays a scurvy trick,
But he’s infinitely better
Than the man who loves to kick.

And so throughout existence
This comfort we may nurse,
There’s nothing so unpleasant
But that it might be worse.

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1902—SUMMER QUARTER—1902

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