1902

Normal College News, May, 1902

Eastern Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.emich.edu/student_news

Recommended Citation
http://commons.emich.edu/student_news/7

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at DigitalCommons@EMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in EMU Student Newspaper by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@EMU. For more information, please contact lib-ir@emich.edu.
Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor & Jackson Railway

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

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

First car Ann Arbor to Jackson at 7:30 a.m., and hourly until 11:30 p.m.

First car Jackson to Ann Arbor at 8 a.m., and hourly until 10 p.m.

Fountain Pens One Dollar

And every other School Supply a little cheaper and better than anywhere else, always to be found at

FRANK SMITH'S
104 Congress St.

PLEASE CALL

MRS. F. D. McKEAND
Designer
Artistic Embroidery and all kinds of Art Needle Work.
Monograms a Specialty. Lessons Given.

Students
Sell Your Cast-off Clothing and Shoes at
RUMMAGE STORE
9 E. Congress St.

The Norfolk

Some of you will remember wearing the Norfolk Coat's years ago; it's coming into popular favor again; better made and more stylish than ever in its former reign. Hart, Schanffer & Marx know how to do such things right; when so many are doing them wrong. These Norfolks have the unmistakable H. S. & M. touch to them; a very becoming coat for some men.

We have plenty of other good styles in suits to show you, and all sorts of other men's wear.

C. S. WORTLEY & CO.
CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS, YPSILANTI, MICH.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

IN OFFICIAL OUTFITTERS TO
THE LEADING COLLEGES,
SCHOOLS AND CLUBS OF THE COUNTRY

Spalding’s Official Athletic Goods
are standard of quality and are recognized as
such by all the leading organizations controlling
sports, which invariably adopt Spalding’s Goods
as the best.

THE SPALDING Official League Baseball, Official Inter­
collegiate Football, Official Gaelic and Association Footballs
Official Indoor Base Ball, Official Polo Ball, Official Athletic Implements, Official Boxing Gloves.

Insist on getting Spalding’s goods and refuse to accept any
thing that is offered as “Just as good as Spalding’s.”

Handsomely illustrated catalogue of
athletic goods mailed free to any address.


A WORD

TO NORMAL COLLEGE GRADUATES

The Commencement season is rapidly ap­
proaching and you will want that white
dress for the occasion.

A large number of the finest costumes that
appeared on the stage last Commencement
were made at our store. We have this season

A Larger and Finer Line of

WHITE GOODS or
FINE WOOL GOODS

in white, cream, or evening tints than last
year.

Mrs. Neil Carrazzi is manager and de­
signer of our Dress Making Department and
is an acknowledged artist in the line of Fine
Dress Making.

We solicit an order and suggest that you
engage your time ahead, before the rush
comes.

Respectfully,

W. H. SWEET & SON

WATCH YOUR WATCH

If it is out of order, take it, and all
broken jewelry, to

BRABB
The Jeweler

COOPER
THE STUDENTS’ PHOTOGRAPHER

WILL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU CALL AND INSPECT HIS ARTISTIC WORK

PRICES AND WORK ARRANGED TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF THE STUDENTS

HOLIDAY AND COMMENCEMENT PHOTOS A SPECIALTY
Dress Suits To Rent

Sullivan-Cook Company
114 Congress Street

Clothiers and Men's Furnishers

MATT DUFFY

Boots and Shoes Repaired
Cor. Washington and Pearl

GOOD WORK DONE

FINE DRY GOODS
WOOLTEX CLOAKS

BERT H. COMSTOCK
128 Congress St.

Granger's School of Dancing
SECOND SEMESTER

RATES, $2.00

McKay Club
404 Ballard Street

A. C. CLUFF, Steward

D. SPALSBURY, D.D.S.
Dentist

Office Cor. Congress and Washington Sts.
Over Horner Bros.' Shoe Store

Local Anaesthetic for Painless Extraction

Granger's School of Dancing

SECOND SEMESTER

Term of twelve weeks from time you start. BEGINNERS—Gentlemen, $5; Ladies, $3. ADVANCED PRACTICE CLASS—Gentlemen, $3, with privilege of lady company. Lady members of the school admitted to all practice classes without extra charge.

GRANGER'S ACADEMY

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
NORMAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Frederic H. Pease, Director

Faculty
Piano
MISS ALICE LOWDEN
MISS MYRA L. BIRD
MRS. JESSIE P. SCRIMGER
MR. F. L. YORK
MR. MINOR WHITE

Organ
MR. HOWARD BROWN
MR. YORK
MR. FREDERIC PEASE

Violin
MISS ABBA OWEN
MR. H. W. SAMSON

Violoncello
MR. MARSHALL PAGE

Voice Culture and Singing
MISS BIRD
MISS CARRIE TOWNER
MISS ELLEN C. WORTLEY
MR. and MRS. FREDERIC PEASE

Italian
MR. MARSHALL PEASE

For circulars concerning terms and tuition, apply to the Director.

G. W. DENSMORE'S

Cor. Washington and Congress Sts.

Is headquarters for everything in the line of:

Gents' Clothing and Furnishings

We also carry a large line of Holiday Gifts and Telescopes. Students are especially invited to inspect our stock.

J. H. WORTLEY

Fire Insurance
Real Estate Bought and Sold
Homes Rented
Money Loaned

No. 109 Pearl Street

STUDENTS

Make this your necessity store. We've so many articles which are in constant use in the homes and rooms as well as a full table supply. Every article is guaranteed and our prices are always correct.

DAVIS & CO.

ON THE CORNER

B. W. Ferguson

P. J. Snyder

Ferguson & Snyder

DEALERS IN

Groceries and Provisions

123 Congress St. Phone No. 70

Our aim is to furnish good goods at honest prices. May we serve you in any way?

HORNER BROTHERS

The Most Reliable Shoe Dealers

Cordially invite all students to make their headquarters at their store, No. 109 Congress Street

"SOROSIS"

JENNESS MILLER and ULTRA SPECIALTIES

A nice line of Patent Leather Shoes and Party Slippers. The only Regulation GYMNASIUM SHOES.

Rubbers Neatly Fitted. Watch our windows for

The Latest
Normal College News
MAY, 1902

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE
A SUNRISE
ETHICS AND ART
A SKY LARK
TRIFELS CASTLE AND THE LOSING OF JOHNNY BULL JR.
ROBIN HOOD
DEPARTMENTAL--FIFE AND DRUM
MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
SILAS MARNER
SOHRAB AND RUSTUM
LIBRARY
EDITORIAL
PHILIPPINE LETTER
ATHLETICS
LOCALS
S. C. A.
FRATERNITIES

DEPARTMENTAL--FIFE AND DRUM
MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
SILAS MARNER
SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

DIRECTORY

WEBSTER CLUB
President, John Vliet
Vice-President, Fred Smith
Secretary, John Craig

LINCOLN CLUB
President, Wm. C. Eldred
Vice-President, Frank Kruse
Secretary, R. Washburn

PORTIA CLUB
President, Emma Parmeter
Vice-President, Margaret McGillivray
Secretary, Franc Bliss

CURRENT TOPIC CLUB
President, Louise Pettit
Secretary, Mollie Comstock

Y. M. C. A.

Baptist—Cor. Cross and Washington Sts., Rev. Mr. James Brown, pastor.
Catholic—Cor. Cross and Hamilton Sts., Rev. Father Frank Kennedy, pastor.
Congregational—Cor. Adams and Emmet Sts., Rev. Mr. Arthur Beach, pastor.
Episcopal—Huron St., Rev. Mr. William Gardam, rector.
Methodist—Cor. Washington and Ellis Sts., Rev. Mr. Charles Allen, pastor.
A SUNRISE

MINNIE HUNTER

A maiden stepped from eastern door
To be the first to greet the king.
About the palace doors she heard
The birds their morning carols sing,
And saw the climbing roses’ sweet pale petals pink,
Softly among the purple heather sink.

Then o’er the threshold stole a maze
Of misty, yellow light,
And forth the monarch came
Majestic, gracious in his might.
His dazzling smile’s bright gleam
The maiden wove into her dream.
The life of a people is a connected whole of evolved power, as a result of organic matur- ing and mutual support and conflict. Out of this struggle progress is born and great charac- ters, with broad and comprehensive views of life, come into prominence. These views are such as, coming into the life of every individual, by means of all the impressions of art and culture, find an expression in an activity that further acts as a subsequent stimulus upon other beings for all time. This life view or the way in which he regards the world—past and present—is the feeling of the man that has come into his life. It is the spiritual. It is not alone a knowledge of facts of science or history, but it is a development of all the finer elements of his nature, until they stand forth in a beautiful harmony. There is a perfect relation existing between the inner and outer life. Reason transforms the world without into a world within, and directs the activities into new channels of the good and the beautiful—a new ethic and a new art. The great thinkers of the world have been men who have possessed such an education. They have not always been the great inventors, artists, scholars or statesmen; but they have been the men who, by their contact with the thought and culture of the outer world, have built a new inner world and have reached a point in their development approaching the spiritual model of Christ.

There are great turning points in the history of thought, and great minds stand at the summit. These thinkers discover and determine and explain the great and profound movements, and other men are profited thereby. In that most brilliant period the fifth century B.C., the Greeks, with their independence of thought, love of the true and the beautiful, and their still more wonderful way of living, produced poets and artists that have been models of the world ever since. They conceived an ideal world, made it a real one in their life, and expressed the same by means of their art. Truth and beauty were the fundamentals of conduct; art and science were the means of expression of the same. This was their life and this made their thinkers.

The last four hundred years of the world's history have been concerned with the establish- ment of new standards of conduct, and with the attempt to find a means for realization of these new ideals. The scene of life has shifted from that of a little peninsula to the great world ball. While man's relations of necessity to Nature remain the same, his relations to his fellow-man have changed. The exact determination of these two relations constitutes the most tremendous question in the philosophy of life. What are man's relations to God, to Nature, to his fellow-man and to himself? There is a region of beauty and form that marks the highest development of a people, and the efforts of the thinkers of the modern age have been directed toward the realization of this in the life of a nation, to apply it to the life of a free individual, and then to bring about the expression of this life in a new art.

Ethics and art have a common origin in the spiritual being of the individual, and are repre- sented by his conduct, on the one hand, and by the expression of ideals in a beautiful way, on the other. Each belongs to the individual and is typical of his inner life, and each exerts a reciprocal influence. The art of a people, regarded from its general standpoint, may be safely taken as an expression of its ethics and contribute to the determination of a new moral. The ethical standard will always find an expression in its art. If the question of ethics as concerned with conduct, and the question of art as an expression of an inner harmony, are to be closely related to each other, what is the origin of these great ques-
tions? How shall we harmonize these two tremendous forces by individual and social life? These appear to be questions demanding the attention of the student as bearing on different phases of the world's development.

It is evident that there has been a culture development in religion, in philosophy and in society. It is equally evident that here is to be found the true beginnings for a successful study of ethical questions out of which shall be produced a means for the artistic representation of the same, as seen in the intelligent regulation of society, as it reacts on the individual. Society reacting on man imparts to him a new ethical content. Through his art he influences society, and thus generates a new power. This is a life process—a process of progressive development and the regulation of a world order and a spiritual harmony. This implies an individual ethic that is within one's self, and is the sum of all personal content; the forces of which go out from the individual to the mass, with all of the implications of activity and free expression; a content of mind, in addition to natural activities, resulting from an exercise of reason, and a corresponding idea of duty and obligation.

Whoever observes the development of the processes of thought and life in the world order must note (1) the different expressions of religion and science in great masterpieces, originating in the past, and constituting present life; (2) the individual intellectual content resulting thereby, which makes the man what he is and gives him his world view, and (3) the degree that is afforded to him in acting these new impulses—this new life—in an expression of the inner harmonious blending of old and new forces. The life of each man thus becomes a mirror reflecting an outer world, and the problem of the individual as related to society, past and present, becomes a four-fold one: (1) Of knowing, reason and intelligence; (2) of culture through activity; (3) of the consciousness of acquired power, and (4) of freedom of thought and expression.

The history of the development of thought shows that, at different times, there have been three distinct standards or ethical norms: the religious, as embodied in the organized church; the philosophical as an expression of the system of one man or group of thinkers; and finally the social or more modern idea, growing out of the conditions of man in organized intercourse. From these alone, or in relation to each other, have grown the various complicated systems of ethics that constitute the present complex and intricate problem. What are these ethical questions? Do they take their origin in a religious, in a metaphysical, or in a social basis? Has ethics a single, a double or a triple source? and how are ethics and art related? We shall see that man at different times has determined and conditioned his acts by the world conditions under which he lived. Here we will find a solution of our problem and arrive at the conviction that at the dawn of the twentieth century we are living in a new world.

The dawn of the sixteenth century saw the awakening of the world from a restless slumber of a thousand years. There had been years of simple and speculative thought, with little knowledge, no science and much art. The church was the principal institution, and the individual was subordinate to and obedient to its laws; because he believed in the church as the means for the revelation of the will of God, and that an obedience to church law was an obedience to God. This constituted his moral code. All of his powers were dedicated to the service of the church, and in later years were transferred to the service of the state. His art and his labor were for the institution. He found an expression of this inner life in grand cathedrals, beautiful paintings, and sublime music; enduring monuments testifying to the faithful devotion of an individual to an institution created for and not by himself. He was free to express and yet he was a slave bound by the traditions of centuries. Nature could have no charms for him, his fellow-man could excite no interest, and he felt no rights or obligations beyond those prescribed by the church. At last reason dawns upon the clouded intellect and
exerts her majestic sway over the minds of men. They come to observe Nature, they investigate, they think, they doubt, and a new world is born. A Copernicus and a Galileo observe Nature and formulate her laws. A Giordano Bruno sees God in this Nature and unifies the two, and a Martin Luther directs man’s attention from the outer world of constraint to the inner world of freedom. The problem is now one of inner, personal, spiritual development and the expression of this harmony in the art of living. While Columbus had discovered a new world beyond the sea, Luther had found a world in the heart of man. Time has witnessed the transformation of the energies of the one in the spirit of the other.

The new forces born in the past found rich fields for maturing and not a few champions in the seventeenth century. The great problem of the time was to discover the relation of matter to mind—of the outer world of extension to the inner world of thought, to harmonize the two ideas in one idea of God; and by so doing to establish and fix man’s relation to God, to mankind and to himself. A tremendous problem. France had stated it and proposed a solution. This, joined to the influences of free English thought, terminates on the one hand in a practical study of man as a child of Nature and determined his life relations to state and society; on the other hand, on German soil, man is led into the regions of the ideal and afterward falls back into a mystical and dogmatic slumber. Each system of ethics from Descartes to Locke, and from Spinoza to Leibnitz, had a distinct philosophical setting and ended in disputation and partisan feeling, contributing nothing to real life or art. It was distinctly a period of beginnings, in which the thought was fast taking root in the minds of men that in the life of a child are to be found all the possibilities of the race. Comenius strikes the keynote in his demands for an education according to Nature. The century ends in confusion, but great gains have been made. Men had been thinking and a sphere of reason dominated a blind tradition and belief. The century had set the problem of the coming years.

The eighteenth century dawns in the midst of the various complications. Men begin to harmonize the opposing elements, to clear up the contradictions and to enlighten humanity. A grand view of life is given. All are inspired to act boldly in the creation of a new conduct and a new beauty of form. Rousseau taught his new doctrine of Nature. His Emile roused Kant from his condition of dogmatic speculation, and he gave the world a new view of life and a new ethic. Each individual, he taught, must build his own realm of reality out of himself. It is not of so much importance how society affects the man, as how the man acts upon the organization of which he is a member. Goethe, that intuitive and artistic genius, supplemented this teaching and pointed the way to a true art and a realistic life in Nature. The tangled threads of the past were united in these two characters, and out of their thought there has been spun a cable of truth and beauty. Pestalozzi, the grand old Swiss philanthropist, in the practical yet intuitive application of this new spirit, reached down and took hold of the hearts of little children and taught the doctrine of a sound ethics. Herbart and Fröbel learned his lesson and taught the world how to apply it in the true spirit of the artist.

We have seen the development of the human soul in its advance toward freedom. Here, has been a moral based on a religious dogma; there, a philosophical code. A still greater problem confronts us. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw the culmination in revolution and conflict. Kant had brought about a revolution in methods of thought. Napoleon had made a new map of Europe. It was an age of idealism, which, as nations and men recover from the shock of conquest and feel the success of victory, quickly develops into a realism of work and of art. This realism of labor with its fixed aim, in its general meaning, has set the new moral problem. The activities of mankind in the centuries have made the conditions. The innumerable inventions
and discoveries, the perfection of machinery, the organization and division of labor, the development of resources and the reciprocal extension of trade and commerce are elements entering into our new life, that once were thought impossible. They have made a new society and a new ethic necessary. The church or the state as institutions can not alone solve the problem. No philosopher, under the existing conditions, can be produced, who can formulate a system adequate to the needs. In the heart of every child there is a power to be developed out of itself. America, as the new world power, has shown the old world powers the true spirit of progress and development. It now remains for her homes and her schools—by the mothers and the teachers—to bring these new forces to bear upon the children by teaching the true life—how to live in an active world. Let us teach an ethic of the good, the beautiful and the true. The eyes of the world are on America, and her power in the future as in the past is rooted in her homes and her schools. There are needed teachers of character, teachers of culture, and teachers of heart, teachers who have gained broad and comprehensive views of life. Let training, which gives method to all of this, be added and then, reinforced by the great inheritance of the past, they will solve the question of a new ethic and a new art. They will point out the way and provide the conditions, that will enable every child to form such a character, then will be formed in him a true ethical standard, and in his living there will be the expression of a perfect art. Heaven will be above him, a moral law within him, and about him a beautiful world which he has created.

A Sky Lark

When Sirius was the Dog-star, 'twas a very gay affair
That took place not on earth at all, but way up in the air;
The ball-room was well-lighted with electric Northern Lights,
Which thus enabled all to see most truly wondrous sights.
The music for the dancing was the sort one seldom hears,
And was rendered very sweetly—'twas the music of the Spheres.
Old Father Time said, with a sigh: "I think I'll go to sleep;
My hour-glass is not needed, for the Stars their Watches keep.
The company arrived by scores. The Sleet was hailed with joy;
The Fogs all came in Clouds, of course, and acted strangely coy;
And those who came on Trade-winds were the ones that bought and sold,
But higher classes came in state, and e'en the Thunder Rolled.
The Frost came on his Icicle—a chainless bevel-gear;
Said Mr. Ice: "I see you ride, but Paddle nothing here."
Before they danced, there came a sound of "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
At which each one exclaimed: "I know that that is Saturn's ring!"

Now at all balls, it is a fact, some Wall-flowers there must be;
The Wall-flowers here were old Fixed Stars, as lonely as could be.
And Satellites, they sat till lights began to fade and wane,
But not a partner asked them out; their waiting was in vain.
When heated with the dancing, guests would pair off hand in hand
Where the Great, Big Dipper and the Small were always in demand;
While those who wished to take Ice-cream strolled down the Milky Way,
And with their cream were served Snowflakes—nor were they asked to pay.

At last old Father Time awoke as rested as could be.
A little Meteor cried out: "Oh, look! Time's up!" said he.
And so the guests all had to go. The Shooting Stars went first,
And in their haste to get ahead, a number of them burst.
Orion's Belt Line Train appeared, and to it he was led.
"Go home at once, you Fogs!" called he. "You're surely Missed," he said.
And so the dance was ended, and the Comets took their flights,
The Pleiades remaining to turn out the Northern Lights.
Though Sirius was the Dog-star, that ball was gay you see.
I'd like to see a Planet Plan it better than did he.
—Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in Century.
TRIFELS, in the German Pfalz, is a castle ruin renowned as a former center of knightly splendor and power. In the "days of old, when knights were bold, and barons held their sway," this was the banner stronghold of feudal supremacy and the home of successive German emperors. The finding of Richard the First of England (Cœur de Lion)—imprisoned for a year in a dungeon of Trifels—if not an ancient story, is at least mediaeval history to a great many people. Faithful Blondel, the Minnesinger, had played and sung with the English king in the crusades. Now that his king was a captive, he had traveled throughout all Germany in quest of him. Under many a castle window he had plucked his plaintive harp and had recited verses known only to himself and to Richard. At last he heard the answering voice of his master from Trifels' dungeon, and was enabled to effect the monarch's release. That is a tale of the twelfth century discovery of a Britisher. What I shall relate happened at the same place in the twentieth century, and is concerned with the losing of an Englishman. Moreover, it is a true story. And the relation to the former event will be obvious since the Lion-hearted king was altogether responsible for our visit to Trifels.

I first met this particular Johnny Bull, Jr., at Strassburg. He was in trouble. He had been rash and unthinking enough to risk his imperfect Eton school German in conversation with a native. Naturally, he was soon stranded high and dry among constructions as massive and mysterious as the old cathedral itself in which we stood. I answered his distress signal and appeal, and did what I could to free him from the entanglement. Thereupon, he must needs attach himself to me, and out of sheer gratitude, perhaps, gave me the benefit of his Rhine experiences. From respect for the English in general, I must say that this man proved to be an unusual freak. He was "doing" the Rhine, of course, "because it was the pwooper thing, doncher-know, although he didn't care a tuppence for the blawsted scenery, wherever it was.'" The famous Strassburg clock, seen through his monocle, was "'a cwuel fake, doncherknow,—like many other things in the cathedwal it was doubtless antique and somewhat clevah, but it needed some paint, ye know, to make the bloomin' thing look wespectable." It always rained on the Rhine—such a disagreeable wetness, too! These bloomin' towns were all alike.'" Thus he continued in unceasing strain to berate everything under the German sky. Weary by such monotony of complaint, I soon invented an excuse for leaving him, and thought myself luckily rid of a nuisance. But he was not to be so easily shaken, for when I had concluded my itinerary here and was purchasing a ticket to Annweiler for Trifels, who should appear but my Englishman, who suavely stated that he would "havail" himself of my company and make Trifels, too. "It was doocedly slow going alone," he said, and he had waited for me at the depot café. "Now you're strictly in for it," thought I. "With that talkative chap for a traveling companion, adieu to scenic revery, and farewell to my notebook!'" There was nothing to do, though, but to listen to his innocuous chatter as we sped along. The express rolled us swiftly through Alsatian meadows (whence the greatest contingent of our German immigration come), to the border Pfalz—the land of mediaeval supremacy—and to Annweiler.

Annweiler is a small town, old-fashioned and slow. This, by way of contrast with the former glory of this region. Where once you
might see from this spot a score of splendid castles dotting the wooded hills about, now you will behold the sluggish life of an out-of-the-way country town. Children, ducks, and dogs, on apparently equal and familiar social terms, squawl and squawk and yelp on the unswept cobble in a sort of happy wretchedness. But were it not for Trifels, the existence of Annweiler would be unknown, even to most Germans.

We left the train, the Englishman and I, and asked the distance to Trifels, whose ruins we had seen from the car window. The answer was characteristically German: "Three quarters of an hour to make the summit, and a half hour to return." This system of counting distances by hours instead of by kilometers or miles, strikes a foreigner peculiarly at first. But however exasperating to an American it is infinitely better than the "right smart, I reckon" of a Kentuckian, or the "three looks and a throw" of a Virginian.

We struck out for the castle through the narrow streets, and whatever populace the place possessed, it seemed, halted from their labors or gossip and stared at us as a tenement babe might view an imported jumping-jack. At the edge of town a ruddy-faced, buxom, barefoot lass of eighteen or twenty answered our request for a drink of water by a timid jerk of the hand toward the house pump, a stammered "da," and a curtsey of true Maud Muller simplicity. We worked the giant lever for a beverage drunk upon provocation in Germany and passed on.

Historic Trifels stands on a very high circular hill which is o'ergrown and imbedded in a dense virgin forest. To reach the top there is a good climb by a path which from a few rods outside the town plunges into the heavy wood and circles the hill twice before it lands you at the ruin. The town is hard to find and the castle hard to attain, and so it is that few travelers visit Trifels. On this inspiring height our reveries and enjoyment of the wonderful panorama may often be experienced in solitude. They bear no relation to the gate receipts, either, for no keeper dwells here and even the lessee of refreshment privileges most often spends his time in town, where customers are more frequent, if less thirsty.

When we began the ascent the sun was still several hours high, though the deep shadow of the hill and the heavy foliage weaving above the path combined to make a twilight suggestive of early nightfall. The breeze was still. The woods gave out no sound save now and again a distant bird-call or the faint dull echoes of a rockblast at far-away Karlsruhe. My companion's motor apparatus seemed to weary easily, so he hung back and amused himself by starting small rocks adrift, which rumbled and bumped down the steep hillside—rudely re-echoing through the primordial stillness—a disturbance strangely out of place. "That is forbidden," I said. "Don't you see this board?" pointing to a roughly daubed sign nailed to a tree. "It quotes a penalty for rolling stones or boulders down the hillside, or for cutting or marring the young trees." "Oh, does the stuff say that?" he rejoined. "Why don't they write it in the King's Hinglish? Just as if 't would spoil their bloomin' jungle?" he added. I said nothing. We went on. We had rounded the hill once and were again in the densest shade. The somber trees seemed to lock their branches more solidly above our path. The hill shadows were growing deeper. Whether it was the hard climb, or the loneliness of the place took effect, my friend became more reticent. As we proceeded he even started up queerly once or twice, and cast quick, furtive glances into the thicket. His ruddy countenance showed increasing apprehension. "What if some bloomin' Dutch footpads should be hiding in there," he said, with a strange admixture of American slang. I smiled, but I admit the suggestion was a bit uncanny, the more since we had neither stick nor gun with which to make resistance. I agreed that it was an appropriate spot for a holdup, but suggested that the possibility was too remote to entertain seriously. "So there's no occasion for alarm," I ventured, assuringly. "Oh, I am not afraid," he said,
with mock bravado and with an evident effort to treat the matter pleasantly. "Why, I'd give them one of these, ye know," and with a spring to the edge of the path, he loosened a huge rock and sent it bowling down the slope. A noise behind us startled me and I turned in time to see the most villainous looking mortal eyes ever met, in coarse dun doublet and slouch hat, emerge from a tangled bypath and pounce violently upon my companion, who was watching the ricochetting stone his ill-timed prank had freed. I saw the stranger jerk him back and shake him with an energy that made his heels crack and his hair stand out six ways for pompadour. My immediate impulse was to lose myself and I was headed for the brush when the first tirade of words from our unwelcome visitor and the warning click of a pistol halted me short. "You will come with me to the lodge," he said, fiercely, with a generous emphasis of expletives that do not translate well. "We shall see about this rock-throwing, gentlemen." It was then I recognized at the edge of his coat the small brass badge of a royal forester—the official keeper of the woods. "What does he say?" stammered my friend, in terror. "We must go to his cave," I said, scenting some fun—which fact I took care not to reveal. "Heaven knows what he'll do with us!" A few words with the forester as we proceeded explained matters, and brought two of us, at least, into a satisfactory understanding. With Münchhausen-like veracity, I assured the Englishman that our captor belonged to a band of desperadoes that dwelt in a nearby cave, and that our finish was at hand unless something were done. "We shall soon find a bypath leading more directly to the castle. It is steep, but a good short cut," said the forester. "I must leave you there, as I live in the ruins on the next hill." "We shall soon strike the bypath leading to the bandit's den," I translated to my terrified companion, "and there we must try to escape. When I shout, we will both plunge over the bank into the trees, and one or both of us will get away. It's our only chance." We were soon at the spot, and with a yell to which the woodsman added a Comanche-like whoop, we had taken adieu of our Englishman, who crashed down the steep incline in wild and uncouth haste, shaking the young saplings as he went like a runaway steer charging prairie mesquite, while the staid German threw himself on the ground and laughed until he had to hitch his belt to hold his sides in place.

Two hours later, when I returned to the town, inquiry developed that a wild, shaggy, ragged, bedraggled, and bleeding foreigner had been seen rushing through the streets towards the depot, where he had just managed to swing aboard the outgoing south-bound express. The only cue to his destination was the muttered word "Strassburg," caught by the depot master as the stranger dashed across the platform.

And that was the last of the Englishman.

---

**Robin Hood**

LOUISE KILBOURNE '02

All of us are familiar with the Robin Hood of Ivanhoe, his skill at the tournament his meeting with King Richard and the manner in which he and his men assist in the overthrow of Front de Boeuf's castle. Many of us have seen the opera which bears his name, and followed his varying fortunes thro' the play to its happy conclusion, but perhaps not all of us know the real history of the hero, nor why he has lived so long in the memory of the English people.

When William the Norman had conquered England, one of his first acts was to set aside great tracts of forest land for his own hunting grounds. He even destroyed villages and laid waste farms in order that the land might be planted with trees. These forests were divided into several parts called walks, each
under the supervision of a gamekeeper or forester. The laws governing them were among the strictest of the realm, and as much respect was demanded by the Royal Foresters as by any court official. They went their rounds at certain times on the lookout for offenders against the laws which were so numerous and so severe that it was well-nigh impossible to follow or even remember them. For instance, all persons found walking in the forest followed by dogs, unless the dogs were held in leash, were subject to arrest, as well as any one wearing a cloak, since concealed weapons might be carried under it. The laws were enforced by William's successors, until the peasants were reduced to beggary and were at warfare with the foresters all the time. It came to be looked upon as a meritorious act to steal into the forest and kill game, which would then be conveyed home at night, where a merry company would assemble to feast, and laugh at the tale of the poaching.

To escape the vigilance of the law, men took refuge in the deep woods, at first for a short time only, but gradually staying longer, until the refugees at last formed themselves into bands, having hiding places known only to their friends. In time, these companies became very large and very formidable. They were called highwaymen and robbers by the Normans, but the Saxons called them Merry Men of the Greenwood. The people were proud of having a kinsman in one of these bands and protected them in every possible way from the vigilance of the law.

Among the boldest of these outlaws was Robin Hood. There are various stories relating to his life, and from these I have selected two versions, both of which are credited as being authentic.

"Robin Hood was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry II., or about 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name Robert Fitzooth, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into Robin Hood. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been, Earl of Huntingdon, a title to which, in the latter part of his life at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, insomuch that, his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the woods and forests. Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale in Yorkshire, Sherwood in Nottinghamshire, and according to some, Plompton Park in Cumberland. Here he either found or was afterward joined by a number of persons in similar circumstances, who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief and leader.

"Having for a long series of years maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published, offering a considerable reward for him, dead or alive: which seems to have been no more successful than former attempts. At length, as the infirmities of old age and ill health increased, he desired to be bled, and applied for that purpose to a relative who was prioress in a nunnery at Kirkley. In those times women were well skilled in surgery. She treacherously suffered him to bleed to death. This was Nov. 18, 1247, in the thirty-first year of Henry III., if the date assigned to his birth be correct, in the 87th year of his age. It is said that when he found he was dying, he wound three feeble blasts on his bugle, and Little John who was waiting near, bursting down the locked door, hastened to his side. Little John wished to burn the nunnery, but Robin Hood said 'Never in my life did I hurt woman, or man in woman's company, nor shall it be done when I die.' He then bade Little John give him his bow and arrow, and raising himself he shot the arrow thro' the window, asking to be buried where it fell. This was done, and a stone was placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.'"
Henry VIII for many extravagances and outrages he had committed, he did draw together a company of such bold and licentious persons as himself, who lived for the most part on robberies committed in or near Sherwood Forest. He had these persons always ready at his command, so that if need did require, he at the winding of his horn would have fifty or more of them in readiness to assist him. He would have in his company none except those with whom he himself had fought. Often he was hurt in these encounters, but this served only to make him like his opponent better.

Many petitions were referred to the king for a pardon for him, but the king would listen to none of them. At last, by the mediation of Queen Katherine, his pardon was sealed, and he spent his old age at a house of his own not far from Nottingham, generally loved and respected by all.

One seldom hears of Robin Hood without hearing also of jolly Friar Tuck, and I have thought it might be interesting to hear the story of Robin Hood's meeting with him. Robin had heard of the skill of the Curtal Friar, as he was called, in shooting, and he determined to visit him to see for himself what manner of man he was. So taking Little John, one of his favorite men, and fifty of his best archers with him, he prepared for the journey. When they reached the dale where the Curtal Friar lived, Robin left his men hidden and went on alone, and found the Friar walking by the water side. Robin ordered him to carry him across the water. The Friar complied, and then turning to Robin, he asked to be carried back. So Robin carried him back, and when he had landed him safely, he demanded that the Friar should carry him across once more. Taking Robin upon his back the Friar carried him to the middle of the stream where he shook him off and told him to choose whether he would sink or swim. Each one struck out for shore, and after reaching it commenced to fight with swords. After five hours of fighting, Robin asked leave to blow his horn, and upon his doing so, his fifty men rushed out. The Friar then begged permission to whistle, and as he did so, fifty dogs rushed forth and set upon the men. The men killed some of them, and the others fled howling, whereupon the Friar, seeing himself worsted, agreed with Robin to abandon Fountain Dale and Abbey and to live with Robin not far from Nottingham, where for saying mass he should receive a noble every Sunday, and for mass on Holy Day, a new change of garment. After this he was a member of the band, but he was the only one of the clergy with whom Robin Hood had any dealings.

Numerous other stories are told of Robin Hood and his band, among which is one of his meeting with king Richard. The king having heard of Robin's brave deeds, longed to see for himself. So taking a dozen of his lords, he rode to Nottingham and there, all putting on friar's gowns, they rode into the forest. They were met by Robin Hood, who thought from the king's stature that he was the abbot. Seizing his horse by the bridle, he bade him stand. "For," said he, "it is against such knaves as you that I make war."

The supposed abbot replied that they were messengers from the king. Upon hearing this, Robin's manner changed. He avowed loyalty to the king, and declared further that he had never injured an honest man, husbandman or huntsman, but only those who made their living by stealing from others. He then invited the pretended abbot to taste his greenwood cheer, and led him with his followers to his tent. Taking up his bugle he blew a blast, and his men, "five score and ten," came marching forth from the wood, each one of whom bent his knee to Robin—a sight which made the disguised king wish his servants were as humble.

The feast was spread, and at its close Robin proposed the health of King Richard, which all drank with a will. Then Richard said, "If I could get thee a pardon from king Richard, would thou serve the king well in everything?" Upon Robin's declaring firmly that he would, the king threw off his dis-
guise. Robin and his men fell on their knees but the king raised and pardoned them, and took them into his service.

Like all of our folk stories, these tales of Robin Hood were at first told among the people, then carried by the minstrels from one part of the country to the other, living on thus from generation to generation.

The earliest mention we have of the stories is in Piers Plowman, in the fourteenth century, where Sloth remarks that he "knows tales of Robin Hood but none of our Saviour or our dear Lady."

You remember that Caxton introduced the art of printing in London about 1477. After Caxton's death, his assistant, Wynke de Worde, carried on the business till his own death in 1534. It was he who produced the story of Robin Hood in ballad form, and a "Lytell Geste of Robin Aode" was printed by him in London. Later on, it was reproduced in Edinburgh, and if any of you care to do so, by looking in the Robin Hood ballads by Henry Morley you may read the story in rhyme, just as our ancestors did at the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century.

There are authors who say that the Robin Hood stories were simply myths, "personifications of the spirit of liberty in arms against the cruel forest laws and against all tyrannies of the strong in church and state."

Whether Robin Hood really lived or whether the stories are merely legends, is a thing that need concern us very little. The most important point for us to note is that the songs and ballads relating to him have an important place in English literature. They give us a true picture of the life of the time when the Normans were attempting to force their customs, manners and laws upon the Saxon people—and were finding it very hard work, too—when kings and peasants lived in so different a way that they hardly seem to belong to one race. Robin Hood stands for a type of a class that represents the Saxon during the time of Norman power, and as such he is of the greatest value.

The Robin Hood stories bear about the same relation to literature as do the King Arthur legends, and you will notice as you read them that Robin Hood and his Merry Men had many of the attributes ascribed to the Knights of the Round Table. To relieve the needy, unfortunate or distressed was ever the duty of the Merry Men of the Greenwood, and they would have scorned waging war on the weak or defenseless. The people believed that Robin Hood led a highwayman's life from a sense of duty, and as a protest against unjust laws.

We see in Robin Hood a mixture of rough and tender elements of nature, and thro' all the poems concerning him, there is felt a spirit of rustic delight which charms and attracts us. Perhaps it is a dim stirring in our hearts of some misty remembrance of times long past, when our old Germanic ancestors lived under the open sky, and found their pleasure in hunting and in other rustic sports.

It was long the custom in England to celebrate Robin Hood's Day in the springtime with games and dances, and there are localities where you may still be shown his chair, his bed, and various other relics of the hero.
FIFE AND DRUM
The fife and drum make music sweet
That thrills me thro' and thro'
The soldiers are coming adown the street
Marching by two and two.
The bayonets flash in the laughing light
The step is even and true;
They are ready to die in the cause of right,
These gallant boys in blue.
The fife is a child's shrill piping voice
But it plays a wonderful strain;
And the drum that wakes the echoes deep
Is a gleaming crystal pane.
The bayonets flash in the laughing light
The captain's bright eye gleams;
He marshals his men for a noble fight
In the land of boyish dreams.

Minnie Hunter.

MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
The teaching of music in the public schools has long since ceased to be one of the so-called fads and today, in this age of specializing, the successful supervisor of music must be a pedagogue, as well as a musician. The educational value of music, shown by its correlation with other subjects in the school curriculum, is recognized by all prominent educators. Music has been taught in the public schools for many years, but, from an artistic standpoint, little has been accomplished. Too much stress has been placed upon this system or that method, failing to recognize that the teacher is the method, with the result of mechanical teaching and little, if any, soul culture.

There is a general awakening throughout the country over public school music-teaching, which is bound to result in much good. Interest in the subject has been greatly stimulated, among the grade teachers of the central west, by the passing of a law requiring vocal music to be taught in all of the public schools of Iowa. Since the training in our schools is largely done by the grade teacher, it should be her pleasure, as well as her duty, to prepare herself to properly present this subject.

Music must be presented with the same broad-mindedness and enthusiasm, which are necessary to the successful presentation of any other subject. The teacher, whether special or grade, must be heart and soul in sympathy with childhood and eager to give the best of thought, life and very self to the work.

The spirit with which the teacher works is the dominant note of success, or failure. Nikola Tesla, the noted electrician, says that "succeeding under Mr. Edison was not the result of what one learns of the inventor, so much as it was absorbing the spirit with which Edison works." So in the music lesson, the class but reflects the attitude of the teacher. The enthusiasm that comes from a new spirit in teaching should be persistently cultivated. The success of the music lessons may be judged by the pleasure given to both teacher and pupils. This does not necessarily mean that the period must be one of recreation merely, for, as Stevenson says, "I know what pleasure is for I have done good work."

To be able to sympathetically arouse power in the child, to awaken musical life and fill him with the joy of song is to bring to him a message of the spirit, whose uplifting and refining influence cannot be measured. In this inspirational teaching, is not our ideal more nearly reached?

The subject of music may be treated under three general heads, the Physical, the Aesthetic and the Intellectual.

The voice, both in speaking and singing, and the bodily development are considered under the Physical.

The active, vital condition of body, necessary for good tone production is obtained through relaxing exercises and suggestive breathing exercises given to the younger children in a spirit of play.

The first aim is the protection and development of the child-voice. In the training of children's voices, beauty of tone, purity, not power, is most essential. The singing should be soft and clear, preserving the child-like quality.
Flexibility and lightness of tone may be cultivated by using simple voice exercises in descending form, pitched in the upper register; such as the scale, pitched the fourth line of staff, going up by half steps through g, the first space above staff. These are to be vocalized by using close vowels (to focus tone) prefixed by different consonants, viz., loo, no, na, etc. The use of the "hum" is most valuable for reducing quantity and improving quality of tone.

One who has been privileged to listen to that great teacher and eminent lecturer, W. L. Tomlins, can but be deeply impressed with his peculiar enthusiasm and fervent earnestness; it is the soul culture of which he speaks so eloquently. Through his great and noble work in the slums of Chicago, sunshine has been brought into the lives of many children and the possibilities of music teaching, from the art side, have been ideally illustrated.

The love for music is best stimulated through the artistic singing of beautiful songs. Of the effect of song upon man it has been said, "Unconsciously he is gentler, he is less earthly, and, in being nearer to heaven, he is stronger for earth." Who can estimate the power of song?

Much could be said upon children’s songs that limited space, at this time, forbids. A strong plea should be made, however, for the use of only good songs in the school room. It is encouraging to note that some of the best American composers, such as Chadwick, Nevin, Neidlinger, Mrs. Gaynor, and others, have written songs for children. With this material in the hands of the intelligent teacher, the days of the "rhyme and the jingle" are past.

Songs for children should be upon themes of interest to child-life, the best as to literature and musical setting. They should be carefully studied as to correct pitch (transposing if too low), the style of singing, phrasing and expression, then sung with light, sweet voices. A selected sequence of song, relating to the seasons and correlating with language and nature study, should be taught. The finger plays (action songs), greetings, good byes and, at this time of year, the bird songs and those bearing upon the glad awakening of spring* are very attractive to the children.

The educational value of music is not fully realized without considering the child's development along the intellectual side of the subject; his power to do in music. The study of what to think, how to think and how to express this music thought is well worth the while.

Independent sight reading requires the highest state of mental activity. Reading music is thinking sound; ear-training is the basis of this work. In analyzing an initial phrase of a simple song, as to rhythm, pitch, etc.—finally representing upon the staff what has been heard—the most effective ear-training work is done.

In the experience of the writer, much pleasure is given the child in developing the power that enables him to solve his own problems in music.

Daily music lessons are given in the Training School, from Kindergarten to tenth grade, along the line of work suggested in this paper. The pleasant half hour spent each Friday morning in the chapel exercise is a source of pleasure to all. The simple, devotional program is followed by recitations and the assembly and grade singing of secular and patriotic songs.

The visitor is impressed with the wholesome spirit that pervades the quiet morning hour, as he listens to the voices of three hundred children chanting The Lord's Prayer and singing that effective little German song, "Morning Prayer" by Rheinberger. Closing with a song for country, after saluting the flag, we can but echo the words of Martin Luther:

"Music is a fair and glorious gift of God. I would not for the world forego my humble share of it." —CLYDE E. FOSTER.

*The following books of song are especially good:
"Songs of the Child World,"—Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor. (John Church & Co., Chicago.)
"Songs in Season,"—Marian L. George. (A. Flanagan, Chicago.)
"Primer of Modern Music Series—Smith. (Silver, Burdette & Co., Chicago.)
SIXTH GRADE—SILAS MARNER

The story of Silas Marner was told to the B Language Class for reproduction. As the children have done but little composition work a few corrections in construction and sentence structure were necessary, but the thoughts were theirs.

About fifty years ago in the northern part of England, when the spinning wheels hummed busily in the farm houses and the shepherds herded their flocks among the hills and valleys of England, there lived in the little town of Raveloe, a class of people called weavers. Such a linen weaver, Silas Marner, worked in a little old house near a stone pit.

The sound of Marner's loom had a half fearful attraction for the boys of Raveloe. They would stop on their way home from school and look in at the window until Marner came down from his high stool toward the door, then they would take to their heels.

A great many stories were told about Silas Marner. People said they had gone by his house in the night and had heard him moan and cry out. A man named Jem Rodney said that one night he saw Marner standing by a stile with his heavy sack on his back. Jem Rodney said, "Why do you not put your sack down? It will be easier for you." Marner did not answer. Then Rodney went up to him and shook him but he seemed to be lifeless, he felt of his hands, they were cold, he shook him again, Marner started, turned around and said, "Good night," then walked off. Some people said he had fits. He seemed to have a great burden on his mind which he was trying to forget.

Marner's life before he had come to Raveloe had been filled with pleasure and happiness. He was highly thought of in his old home which was called Lantern Yard. Among the church members there was one young man named William Dane with whom Marner formed a close friendship. They worked together at their looms side by side for nine years. One day the deacon of the church was taken sick. Marner used to care for him until two o'clock in the morning, then William would come. One night as Marner was sitting by the sick man's bed, he thought he did not hear him breathing. The candle was burning low, he could not see plainly but he felt the man's hands, they were cold, Marner listened, he did not breathe, then he knew the man was dead. The clock struck four and Marner wondered why William did not come. He ran to one of the neighbors and asked them to stay with the man. Then he went to his work hoping to meet William on the way, but he did not. About ten o'clock he heard footsteps and in came William and the minister. "You are wanted at the church," said the minister. "What for?" asked Marner. "You will hear," said William. So they hurried to the church. All the people of Lantern Yard were there waiting. When they had gone in and closed the door, the minister took a knife from his pocket and said to Marner, "Do you know where you left this knife?" "In my pocket," said Marner. "Well," the minister said, "this knife was found in the bureau drawer by the dead man's bedside. The bags that were there that held the church money are gone. Who else could have taken this money if it was not the one whose knife was in the bureau? You had better confess the sin." Marner, astonished, said, "I did not take the money. You may search me and search my house if you do not believe me." "We will search," said the minister. They went to Marner's house and searched, they were just about to give up when William cried out that he had found the bags, empty. Then Marner went up to William and said, "You stole the money and you want to accuse me of it. I remember using my knife last when I gave it to you to cut a strap." William said nothing but he left the house. Silas Marner stayed at home in despair. He could not eat or sleep, he decided to leave Lantern Yard and go away to a distant part of the country where he would never see William Dane again.

GERTRUDE LEONARD

After Silas Marner left Lantern Yard, he went to Raveloe. This was a beautiful place, surrounded by trees and orchards. Silas did
not lead a happy life here though, when the shepherds passed him they would shake their heads, when the children saw him they would run, even the shepherd dogs barked at him.

When the ladies found out Silas was a weaver, they had a great deal of work for him to do. Once he wove a table spread for a lady. When he took it to her she gave him some gold. All the way home Silas kept taking out his gold and looking at it. Each time he looked, it seemed more beautiful. He soon came to love it. Silas made a hole in the ground, put his money in an old kettle down in the hole and covered it up with bricks.

One foggy night when he was coming from the village with a sack on his back, and a lantern in his hand, he was thinking about some pork which a lady who lived in the village had given him. He was going to have it for supper, because this was his best meal, for after supper each night he counted his gold.

When he returned to his house, everything seemed just as it was when he went away. He thought it would take the meat so long to cook that he would count his money over. He brushed the sand off the bricks and put his hand down in the hole, but the money was gone. He searched all through his cottage but it could not be found. He thought some robber had taken it, so he went to the tavern where the officers were. As soon as Silas stood in the door everything was silent. Soon the officers said to him, "What have you come here for?" Silas answered, "I have been robbed." They said, "Come in and tell us the story." He soon related the story to them. Then Marner said, "If any of you have it, give it to me and I will give you a guinea." These men did not have it although they felt sorry for Marner.

Silas and the officers started in search of the robbers but they could not find any trace of them. After this Silas did not wish for supper time to come because he did not have any gold to count now.

Brownie Miller

It was New Year's night. Marner opened the door and looked out, but he did not see a woman with a baby in her arms coming toward the house. She was tired and felt like lying down in the soft snow but she thought if she did, her baby and herself would freeze.

She walked a few steps more and fell down in the snow, the baby woke up and called, "Mammy, mammy." Her mother did not answer, and so she turned around and saw the light from the door of Silas's house. She went in and sat down by the fire on some bags that Silas had laid to dry and pretty soon she went to sleep, her soft, golden curls resting on her little face.

When Silas shut the door he felt cold and went to the fire to warm himself. He saw something that looked like his gold, he put his hand down and touched not cold, hard coins, but soft, warm curls.

He named this little girl Eppy after his sister that died when he was a baby. One day she did something wrong, so Silas said, "I am going to put you in the coal hole, Eppie." When she was fastened in she cried out, "Let Eppy out the coal hole, I be good girl," so Silas let her out, washed her and dressed her cleanly and went back to his weaving. Soon he heard Eppy say, "Eppy in the coal hole," and she peeped out at him, black as a little coal herself. Another time he found her by the creek making buckets out of her shoes.

When she got older she helped Marner so much that he forgot all about the care she had been.

One day the old pit went dry. A man was found caught between two stones and holding fast Silas's money. Marner and Eppy went for a visit to Lantern Yard, but when they reached the place everything was changed, Marner not knowing where to find his old home, or even the church. So they went back to Raveloe where they lived very happily in their little home by the old stone pit.

George Schmidt
SIXTH GRADE—SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

These are portions of Matthew Arnold's story, "Sohrab and Rustum," written by the A Language class of this grade. The story was told to the children in class and reproduced by them in their composition work.

Hundreds of years ago, when all of the known world bordered on the three great inland seas, Mediterranean, Black and Caspian, and Persia was much larger and more powerful than it is now, Prince Sahm ruled over one of her provinces.

Now Prince Sahm was very rich, but he was not happy. The wish of his life was to have a son to inherit his province and wealth. After many years of waiting, a son was born to him. He had white hair and blue eyes, which was thought to be a bad omen with the Persians, and at first no one dared to tell Prince Sahm. After a few days a nurse was obtained who plucked up courage and, entering the room where the prince was, she said, "May the years of Sahm, the hero, be happy, and may the hearts of his enemies be rent asunder, for you have a son." With great joy he followed her to the women's apartments.

When he saw the child lying in his beautiful cradle, and saw it had white hair and blue eyes, he was angry, for he thought that it was a very bad omen from the gods. He ordered that the baby should be taken to the Elborz mountains and left to perish.

Instead of the babe dying, as the father intended, it was seen by an eagle named Simurgh, who took pity on the child and taking him to its nest, fed him on venison until he became a man. In the meantime, Prince Sahm had a dream which he asked the wise men to interpret for him. They said that it meant that his son was still alive on the Elborz mountains and left to perish.

The prince and his army went in search of his son. Looking up, they saw in an eagle's nest on a very high and smooth rock, the young man for whom they were looking. The prince was overjoyed to see how unusually handsome and strong his son was. He ordered his soldiers to climb the rock and bring his son down; but they tried in vain for the rock was too steep, and the prince was in despair. Then the eagle Simurgh saw Sahm and knowing what he wanted, said, "It is time you went back to your father, and take this feather from my breast, and if you are ever in great trouble, burn it and I will come to your assistance." The youth had become very fond of Simurgh in all these years, and regretted leaving him, but the eagle said he had better go to his father. So with sorrow Simurgh lifted the youth and placed him across his wings and flew with him to his father and left him. Prince Sahm's joy could not be told. He had him clothed in magnificent garments, and called him Zal, which means the aged. He gave him a white war horse and many rich gifts.

After many years a war broke out between the Persians and Tartars. The king sent for his warriors among whom was Prince Zal. Prince Zal felt too old to go to war again so he sent Rustum. Rustum, of course, was delighted to hear he was going to war. The army which Rustum was at the head of was sent to regain the Persian city of Sipend, which had been taken by the Tartars. This city was situated on a very high and steep hill, and was thought to be impregnable. After several attempts were made to climb the hill, which resulted only in the loss of men on the side of the Persians, Rustum thought of a way to capture the city by strategy.

Having heard from his scouts that the city of Sipend was in great need of salt, he hired a number of camels, and put a soldier in each of the large bags which were used for salt; then he put two of these bags on each camel. Dressed as a camel-driver he went up the narrow path to the city. When he came within speaking distance of the gate the guard asked him what he had in those bags, and Rustum said he had salt. Of course the guard gladly let him through the gate. About midnight Rustum released his men from the bags. Some went to the main gate, dispatched
the sentinel so no alarm would be given, and opened the gate wide so the main body of the army could enter. Then a fierce fight ensued in the streets. After fighting until morning the Tartars surrendered, and the city of Sipend again belonged to Persia. When the news of the victory reached the palace of the king he gave the herald a red robe and many presents. And when Rustum returned his mother fell upon his neck and blessed him.

Soon after the return of Rustum, the good king died. He was succeeded by a bad and cruel king. Of course the people were discontented and soon rebelled.

The king of Turan hearing from his spies that the people of Persia were discontented, thought that he would invade the country, overthrow the king, and take the crown himself. Then he prepared an army for this purpose. The king of Persia became very much alarmed at this news of the king of Turan's intentions, so he sent to Zal for advice. The nobles, hearing that the king had sent to Zal, went out to meet him. They begged him to kill the king and put the crown on his own head, but he was too loyal to his country. Zal gave some advice to the king and nobles, which they heeded for some time. Instead of leading the army himself, he sent Rustum, his son, who had already shown himself a hero. The two hosts met on the plains of the Oxus, where they fought three days and nights, at which time the Tartars were overpowered and peace was again declared between Persia and Turan.

Rustum stayed in the North some time after the victory. One day when he had nothing to do he filled his quiver with arrows and went out on the plains to hunt. He soon became tired of the sport, as it was a warm day. Lying down under a large tree he soon fell asleep, leaving his favorite horse Ruksh to wander about at will, knowing he would not go far from his master. As he was sleeping two Turanian soldiers passed by and seeing a fine horse, they took it away with them. When Rustum awoke and missed Ruksh he was greatly troubled, for he loved the horse that had carried him safely through so many battles. Rustum followed the footprints of the three horses, which led him to the Turanian city of Samengon. The king of Samengon and his nobles seeing the great hero coming went out to meet him. When the king asked Rustum what had brought him there, he told him of the loss of his favorite horse. The king said he would send messengers in search of the animal, and invited
Rustum to stay at the palace until the horse was found.

The king of Samengon had a very beautiful daughter whose name was Tahmina, and all who knew her loved her, for she was as good as she was beautiful.

Now Tahmina had heard of the hero Rustum, and loved him more than any one else in the world. And when Rustum saw her he fell in love with her. According to the custom of the time he sent a priest to ask her father for her hand. The king was glad to have such a hero as Rustum marry his daughter. The wedding took place and was celebrated with great joy and splendor. There was only one thing that marred the happiness of Rustum and Tahmina. They had to keep their marriage a secret because Iran and Turan were still bitter enemies.

Rustum had to go south after some time. As a parting gift, he gave Tahmina the bracelet which he wore on his arm. In the center there was a very valuable onyx, with the seal of the house of Zal carved on it. He told her to keep it until they had a child, if heaven permitted, and, if the child should be a boy, he should wear it on his arm, as he had done; but if it were a girl, she should wear it in her hair.

Then they parted with sorrow. The days passed by and, after a time, a baby boy was born to Tahmina. The baby was so happy and joyful that she named it Sohrab, which, in the Turanian language, means "The Joyful."

Tahmina would have been better pleased if the child had been a girl, for boys were, at that time, considered of more consequence than girls, and she thought if Rustum knew the child to be a boy, he would send for him, so as to educate him in the arts of war. It seemed as if she could not part with Sohrab, so she sent a message to Rustum that they had a girl. Sohrab was a wonderful child, for when he was but a month old he looked like a hero, and when he was five years old he knew all the arts of war.

War again broke out between the Persians and Tartars. Rustum at once went to war. He greatly wished to go and see Tahmina, but he knew it would result in the death of both. So he sent many presents to his daughter, as he thought. Among them was a beautiful bracelet set with brilliant emeralds and rubies.

When Tahmina received these presents she hid them so Sohrab would not know who sent them. She kept the secret so well that he did not even know his father's name, for she was afraid he would go in search of him and leave her. He would ask many questions about his father but his mother would tell him nothing. But one day when he had become a young man, he proudly went before his mother and demanded his father's name. Tahmina at last gave way and bringing all the presents to him she told him that his father Rustum had sent them. She also begged him not to go in search of his father, but to stay with her. He answered her, saying, "This is a secret that cannot be kept. The whole world rings of the mighty deeds of Rustum."

HERBERT CONNELL

II.

Sohrab was not happy until he commenced his search for his father. He longed to know him and his heart was filled with pride when he thought of the great Persian hero who was his father. The Turanians and Persians were still bitter enemies, so there was only one way in which Sohrab could ever hope to meet his father. That would be to lead an army into Persia and fight his way until Rustum would be sent against him. Then he would make himself known to the great chieftain and together they would make an alliance to rule the whole country.

Sohrab told his grandfather of his plans, and together they made ready a large army to go in search of his father. The nobles and warriors crowded around him only too anxious to go with him. The Turanian king sent his messengers out to find a horse suitable for Sohrab to ride to war. All of those in the kings' stables were not strong enough for his
use. The messengers found one at last which looked like Ruksh, Rustum's horse, and this pleased Sohrab very much.

One day before Sohrab had started the king called two of his trusted servants, Peran Wisa and Haman, to him and said: 'I know that Sohrab is the son of Rustum the Persian, but Rustum must never find this out. Perhaps Rustum and Sohrab may both be killed in this battle then Persia will be at my mercy. You must not let Sohrab know his father Rustum if they should meet in battle.

At last everything was ready and Sohrab went to bid his mother farewell. Poor Tahmina was nearly crazed with grief. It made Sohrab feel very sad to leave his mother but he tried to comfort her by saying that he would find his father. Then together they would come back and make her queen of Persia.

The two armies started at once into Persia destroying everything as they marched. Soon they came to White Castle, the strongest fort in the northern part of Persia and key to the heart of Iran. An old warrior by the name of Guzdaheem commanded the castle but he had a young captain, Hedjir, to lead his forces. Little suspecting what a great champion was at the head of the Turanian army, Hedjir went boldly forth to put an end to Sohrab. He was quite surprised though when Sohrab at once unseated him from his horse with one blow and made him his prisoner.

Gurdafrid soon gained her liberty by telling Sohrab that both armies would laugh at him when they found he had been fighting a girl. She promised to surrender White Castle the next day if he would let her go. So Sohrab let her go. But when she got back inside the gates of White Castle she mounted the battlements and mocked Sohrab who then saw that she had deceived him. He was very angry and vowed vengeance in the morning. He said he would tear down the walls of the castle and slay young and old without mercy. Gurdafrid only laughed at him and told him to beware of Rustum who when he arose in his might would sweep Sohrab and his army from the face of the earth.

The next morning when Sohrab's army scaled the walls of the castle they found it empty. Guzdaheem, his daughter, and all their servants had fled by an underground passage.

III.

During the night all was stillness in the camps of the two enemies. Nothing could be seen in either camp but the gleaming camp-fires and shining weapons. When the early morning dawned, and the fog rose from the Oxus river the men were still plunged in sleep. Sohrab alone slept now. All night he had tossed to and fro on his bed thinking of the coming battle. Silently he dressed and now slipping quietly out of his tent, he walked through the cold, wet fog to Peran Wisa's tent.
Entering the doorway he found the old man asleep upon his bed of felts and rugs. He slept lightly, as old men sleep, and so awoke at the sound of Sohrab’s footsteps. Quickly raising himself on his elbow, he said, "Who art thou, it is not yet daylight? Speak! Is there any news or night alarm?"

Coming to the old man’s bedside Sohrab said, "Thou knowest me, Peran-Wisa, it is I. The sun has not yet risen and the hosts are still asleep. I come to you for the king said I should come to you for advice before the battle, and obey it just as if I were your son. You know I have always served my country well and I come to ask of you one favor. I seek one man, one man alone, Rustum my father. Grant me my wish. Let the two armies rest today, then I will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords to meet me man to man in single fight. If I win, Rustum will surely hear of it, and if I fall, so let it be.

Peran-Wisa sighed and took Sohrab’s hand within his own and said, "O Sohrab, you have an unrestful heart. Be content to fight in common battle with us who love you. Why do you wish to so risk your life for a father you have never known. You will have to go far to find Rustum, for he is not here. He sits at home with his father Zal."

But when Sohrab insisted on having his wish Peran-Wisa at last consented to make the challenge to the Persians.

Peran-Wisa then arose from his bed and the warm rugs whereon he lay, put on his woolen robe and tied his sandals on his feet. Taking in his hand his ruler’s staff, he called his herald to his side and went abroad. The sun had not yet risen to clear the fog from the broad Oxus and the glittering sands. Out from their tents came the great hosts of the two armies. There were warriors with their horses from Bokhara, the king’s guard. Men on shaggy ponies from Pamir. Next the fierce Turks from the south and the Caspian sands. All these and thousands more came out upon the plain getting ready for the great battle.

Threading his way through the gathering squadrons Peran-Wisa came to the front of the mighty army. When Ferood, the Persian king, saw him he came to the front of his army also and checked them where they stood. Peran-Wisa then said in a loud voice, "All ye Persian and Turanian hosts, hear! Let the armies rest today. Find a champion to fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."

"As in the country on a morn in June, when the dew glistens on the pearled ears, a shiver runs through the deep corn for joy——"

So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said, a thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran, of pride and hope for Sohrab whom they loved.

A great hush fell over the Persian host and they held their breaths in fear. At last a number of their chiefs gathered together for counsel. They said, "We have no one to fight for us, and if we do not fight they will think we are cowards. Rustum is here but he has pitched his tents away from ours and is sullen. We will seek him, perhaps he will take up this young man’s challenge."

Then Ferood, the king, stood forth in front of his army and cried, "Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said. Let Sohrab arm and we will find our man."

Edna Mills
CHILDREN'S reading and school libraries seem to engage the greatest share of attention in library work at the present time. Both theoretically and practically these problems are being attacked in library associations, library schools and library journals. Publishing houses are responding to the demand, and one almost feels that each librarian is beginning to constitute himself a specialist in this department. Possibly because of his immediate opportunities he in some instances is the best judge in general selection, but under ideal conditions, the question, "Who may best select a child's reading, the parent, the teacher, or the librarian?" must always be answered in the order named.

Among the particular lists that have recently been issued we would emphasize a few. The Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, provides the largest, the most expensive (60c), and in one particular at least the best, as a note of annotation gives a hint of the specific value and scope of each book. The work covers nine grades.

The Buffalo public library strikes the keynote of the situation in the title to its list, "Class-room libraries for schools." A fair sized pamphlet of one hundred pages, it is arranged for the first nine grades "suggestively and approximately," with a double index, Author-title, and Subject-author, stress being laid in the latter on American history and historical personages, while a peculiarly well-selected list of reference works for school use supplements this most excellent little catalogue (price 30c).

The Evanston public library sends a "graded and annotated list of the five hundred books in the school libraries." This covers the first six grades only, but is supplemented by admirable lists of good stories of adventure for boys, good stories for girls from twelve to eighteen, and stories of Indians and Cow-boys. (10c)

One other list, incomparably the best of its kind, comes from the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, entitled "Suggestive list of books (about 1200) for a small library." (Free on application.) The classification is by subject (children's books by themselves, but not divided by grades) and would serve equally well as the basis of a high school library, as of a public library. The publisher and price is given in the last two lists.

In our own Training school, the School room libraries have grown this year, some two hundred volumes having been added. The books are kept in their own several grades, and are drawn and taken home by the children. In making up the lists, broadly speaking, one half of the funds allotted to each grade was devoted to literature—pure and undefiled, stories, tales, poetry; the other half to supplementary helps in history, geography and nature study (text books and teachers' helps were rigorously excluded). This arrangement seems to have been satisfactory alike to critic teachers, student teachers and children, and undoubtedly to this accelerated interest in the best children's literature in the grades, it is due that a much larger and more intelligent use is being made of all that is available in this line in the general library, until The Hole in the wall, Jackanapes, Little lame prince, The Rose and the ring, and such delightful classics are now rarely on the shelves.

**RECENT ACCESSIONS**

Appleton & Co. Annual Cyclopedia, 1901.
Foster, J. W. Century of American diplomacy.
King, C. R. ed. Life and correspondence of Rufus King. 6 v.
Burgess, J. W. Reconstruction and the constitution.
Birkhaenser, J. T. History of the church.
Harnack, A. History of dogma.
Kittridge and Arnold. Mother tongue, 2 v.
Howells, W. D. Literary friends and acquaintances.
Brandes, G. William Shakespeare, a critical study.
Rhys, J. Celtic folk lore 2 v.
The life of an editor, though not all sunshine, has some very bright gleams. The letters of appreciation and approval received occasionally from our readers go far toward keeping one from meditating on being an editor." Many such letters have been received in the past weeks. Such messages as: "I don't know what I would have done without my News this year," "It has been a fine sheet," "The illustrations and arrangement of the Normal News for '02 are a credit to the college, the staff, and the house that does the printing," and the short, terse, right to the point message from an alumnus "It's a dandy," cause us to feel that the efforts we have put forth to make it a representative college paper have not been wholly in vain.

The time has now come when the financial affairs of THE NEWS must be attended to so that we can settle accounts and get ready to start over again. There are a large number of our subscribers to whom we have sent the paper this year, who are still indebted to us for the small sum of one dollar. This matter must be attended to without further delay. On May 30 all names on our mailing list with unpaid subscriptions, will be taken to the office for further investigation.

The Following Letter is from George Gannon, Class of '01, who is now teaching in the Philippines

WHENEVER the United States government has taken any great national step or movement it has been the custom for the people to discuss the probability of its being right or wrong, the advisability of the action, etc. I believe the United States government always does right, and I have not received any other impressions since coming here. I am not going to tell the conditions as they really are, but as I interpret from my seeing and hearing. To tell of the American occupation it will be necessary to go back to the year 1892, for that is where the trouble began. In the year 1892 an organization was formed for the moral and intellectual uplifting of the lower classes of Filipino people. The organization was known as the Kaputian, and had two very noble purposes. It received the support of many good Filipinos. It grew very rapidly, and numbered several thousand in a short time. It came to be a secret order, and all members were bound by oath to even take life if so decreed by the order. In less than three years it ceased to have any other object than the opposition of the Spanish authorities. Aguinaldo, after causing the murder of the founder of the Kaputian, put himself at the head, and in the year 1896 there was a general outbreak against the Spanish government. Aguinaldo was very influential with his people, and was induced by the Spanish government to leave the Islands. The trouble then ceased, but either previously or shortly after Dewey's victory Aguinaldo returned to
the Islands. When Spain relinquished her claim to the Philippine Islands the Kaputian with Aguinaldo as leader was the government. He asked for liberty and self-government, but he had not sense enough to know that self-government was the only kind the United States dealt with. It is my opinion that Aguinaldo wished to become ruler of the Philippine Islands. He is a man of tact, no character, and little education. He was feared by his people rather than loved. Would he have made a good king? When the American occupation began he declared all Filipinos to be members of the Kaputian, and not to be a Kaputian, from the nature of their oath, made life rather uncertain. A great many people here were ignorant of the power of the United States. Aguinaldo circulated the most ridiculous literature concerning the United States. They were given every inducement to save life and property before war was begun. It was necessary for them to learn the lesson of blood and fire before they could be good. They have learned it in many places, and are enjoying, in such places, freedom and protection they never dreamed of. They are still learning, and the people of the United States should not be impatient. Civil government has been established in a large portion of the archipelago, and the people are well satisfied with the justice of American laws. There are many well educated people here, and the country has a great future. The country has advanced more in two years than it has in any previous fifty years. There is in process of construction a system of macadamized roads throughout the Islands that would be an educational factor to any country. The wharf at Manila when completed will be of unlimited commercial value. Manila is bound to become the trading center of the East.

The country is naturally beautiful and very productive. I am within six miles of the mountains, which lie in the shape of a crescent back of the city. The mountain sides are covered with magnificent trees, many of them over two hundred feet in height. There are beautiful mountain streams coming down the mountain sides, falling over rocks and stones. Rice is the great product in this vicinity, and for miles and miles on either side of the city are great fields of growing grain as far as the eye can see.

To tell about the people would be as difficult as to tell about the American people. The rich are well educated, live in nice houses, and have everything to make life pleasant. The poor live in small houses and have little enjoyment. They often live in filth. The rich have horses and carriages, pianos and other musical instruments.

Schools are being established in all towns as soon as civil government makes it possible. Spanish was taught previously, but the school buildings were poor, and in many towns they were destroyed as well as the town itself. In many places now the school is maintained in a private house. All work is primary, but many children understood Spanish, and after three of four months' work in English are able to do eighth grade work. The children are naturally bright, and learn rapidly. They excel in drawing and penmanship. There are many amusing incidents. For example, the Spanish "j" has the sound of "h," so when John reads he says, "I hump at home and I hump at school." One teacher said to a child, "Come here." The child replied in Spanish, "No intende," which means I do not understand. The teacher thought the boy had said "I don't intend to." A rattan cane is used in such cases.

The city of San Miguel, where I am located, has a population of between fifteen and twenty thousand. It is nearly eight hundred feet above the sea level, and is one of the largest places outside of Manila. It stretches along the banks of a river for nearly three miles. The river is small but flows swiftly, and is not affected by the tides like many rivers near the coast or rivers in lower land.

The country is naturally healthful, and from November to March the climate is cool both day and night. In many places the climate
is cool both day and night. In many places the climate is temperate the whole year. Now in December we are having weather much like September and October in Michigan. The heat from the sun is not excessive even at noon now. There is always a breeze moving the branches of the trees in the day time. The nights are cool always.

There are many things a person might write of but I feel I have written more than you will have time to read.

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

All athletic interest will center in the baseball team this season as there is practically no track material in college. The men who won the medals last year have all left and no one has appeared to fill their places. Even the wrestlers who were doing such promising work last quarter seem to have given up the ghost and are either playing ball or doing no athletic work at all.

But a ball team we will have, and that they can play ball was very clearly demonstrated at Kalamazoo Saturday, April 19, when a rank decision by the umpire gave the Kalamazoo team an eleven-inning game which the Normals had fairly won. Since the former college has all her last year's team and several new stars, and is considered by good authority to be the strongest in the intercollegiate, the Normalites feel very well satisfied with their showing. Last year's crack team never played a game in which there were so few errors and as many sensational plays. Only one error marred the play of the Normal team up to the time when the umpire's bad judgment called a Kalamazoo runner safe on third and allowed him to tie the score.

The Normals were first to bat and scored one run which their opponents duplicated in their half. After that each side drew goose eggs till the seventh when Tench got to first followed by Dennis and Hyames. With the bases full Latham smashed a two-bagger over the left-field fence scoring Tench and Hyames, while he and Dennis also scored before the side was retired. The score was now 5 to 1 in favor of the home team, but the rooters swarmed on the base lines and the Kazoo players even swung bats in the vicinity of the home plate. Even then they failed to put the Normalites in the air, but a succession of itsh netted them three runs before the side was retired. The pedagogues drew a goose egg in their half of the ninth and then Kazoo got one more man over the plate. In the last half of the eleventh another Kalamazoo player scored on a wild throw to the plate and it was all over.

The Normal players are inclined to be sore at the lack of enthusiasm manifested in the college. It is even stated that when Dad Zwergel offered to furnish the cannon fire-crackers for a celebration when the team returned Saturday night, no one would take the trouble to get up a crowd. However the boys have a warm spot in their hearts for the ex-coed who appeared at the depot at Marshall with a large box of fudge as a reward for their good works.

The girls' basket-ball team had a serious disappointment Friday night when they learned that the game with the Detroit Central High School, which was to have been played on Saturday, April 19, had been called off. The members of the team had been doing hard work in preparation and were naturally anxious to show their skill and add another to the long list of Normal victories.

The annual May party of the Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority will be given in the Gymnasium, Friday evening, May 9.

Hon. Peter White of Marquette donated to Mrs. J. Willard Babbitt for her Normal collection, an old leather fire-bucket upon which are the words: "No. 1. Thomas White. 1791." Mrs. Babbitt has searched a long time for this, as they are now very rare indeed. If any interested in the Normal have old relics of this kind Mrs. Babbitt would gladly hear from them.
Miss Himebaugh goes to St. Johns next year.

Mr. Lathers took the state examination for admission to the bar. He was successful and is now Att’y Lathers.

J. W. Mitchell ’00 has been elected Supt. of the Harbor Springs schools for the coming year and Leslie Bulter ’00 will succeed him at Central Lake.

Howard Brown is the composer of a new two-step. He has it arranged now for the orchestra. Friday night, April 25, Finney played it at the Halcyon with great success.

A certain instructor in the Physical Science Department in talking about the small resistance of copper wire said: “That is the reason why they use copper conductors on electric lines.

Have you bumps on your head? Not football or baseball bumps, but common, ordinary, every-day, natural bumps. If you have or haven’t you had better see the ‘phrenologist’ and he will tell you the reason why.

The Normalites are always looking for a new slang term. The missing link has been supplied in Norak’s ‘‘cinch.’’ This expression is used freely now without quotation marks by town, country, and training school boys and girls.

The Normal choir are feeling pretty big. The manager of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra has written to Prof. Pease to have him take his chorus into Detroit next November, and give the ‘‘Last Judgment.’’ This is the greatest compliment that has ever been given to a Normal chorus. Why shouldn’t they feel big?

Mr. W. L. Lee, a former Normal student, visited Ypsilanti friends for a few days.

The science students have difficulty in understanding ‘‘Normal gas.’’ Take oratory.

Miss Hunter has left the Normal and Miss Gertrude Himebaugh has been elected class poet in her place.

Fifteen student music teachers of the Training School were recently entertained at the home of Miss Foster.

Miss Cora Robertson spent a part of the Easter vacation with friends at the Sigma Nu Phi House.

Miss Rena Oldfield, ’01, who went to the Philippines to teach, was married February 25, to Mr. Chas. S. Salmon from New Jersey, who is a business man in the Philippines.

The following juniors have been elected as class day participants: Geo. Wilson, orator; Ruth Thomas, salutatorian; Frank Hathaway, poet, and Blanche Montieth historian.

The Junior reception is to be held May 23. They have engaged Finney’s orchestra, that together with the social and pleasing disposition of the Juniors, makes us certain of a good time.

Miss Clyde E. Foster entertained a number of the League young ladies, Friday evening, April 18, at her home on Huron street. After the playing of games, dainty refreshments were served.

Miss Louise Petit has been chosen to teach History and English in the Benton Harbor schools. Many others of the Senior class have places in view, all they lack is simply the hiring.
Prof. Hoyt will return the first of July to resume his work at the Normal.

Mrs. Burton very pleasantly entertained a number of the young ladies of the "Girls' Social League" at her home, Saturday afternoon, April 26.

The debate between Mich. Agricultural College and the Normal was won by the Normal Debating Team, Friday night, April 25. Members of the team are Messrs. Vliet, Kellogg, and Munson.

Friday afternoon, April 11, in Normal Hall was given the annual concert. Louis Spohr's Oratorio "The Last Judgment," was rendered by the Normal choir, assisted by the soloists, the Misses Bessie Tudor, soprano, Ellen C. Wortley, contralto; Messrs. Marshall Pease, tenor, and Asa H. Geeding, bass, accompanied by F. Van der Stucken's Cincinnati Orchestra. The soloists were very strong in their parts and the orchestra was fine. It was a great addition to the chorus, which showed excellent training and the best of results from Prof. Pease's efforts. It was in every way a great success, and by far the best concert ever given by the Normal choir.

S. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.

The chairmen of the various committees for the ensuing year have been appointed and the new cabinet is composed of the following officers and committee men: Officers: Pres., C. E. Kellog; Vice Pres., R. C. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, O. B. Winter; Recording Secretary, Harry Rawdon; Treasurer, Arthur Erickson; Chairmen of Committees: Devotional, S. I. Watkins; Bible Study, E. A. Mowry; Missionary, R. C. Smith; Social, John Waldron; Geneva, J. E. Van Allsburg.

One of the meetings was recently devoted to the Y. M. C. A. conference held annually at Lake Geneva, Wis. Very interesting reports of last year's conference were given by J. E. Van Allsburg and W. A. Whitney. Subscriptions for the purpose of sending delegates this year were taken and about six dollars was pledged. It is hoped that every member will feel it his duty to help the association by contributing liberally to this fund, as it is very necessary for the success of the Y. M. C. A. work here that this association be represented at the coming conference.

Y. W. C. A.

The annual business meeting and social of the association was held Saturday afternoon, April 26. The reports of the various committees were read by the chairmen for the preceding year and revealed marked progress over previous years of work. This report will soon be out in pamphlet form for the many friends of the association.

A great effort is being made to clear the associations of the piano debt and this will probably be accomplished by the close of this term, thanks to the loyalty of the members.

At a recent business meeting, Miss Bellows tendered her resignation as general secretary, to take effect the last of June. As yet, there is no one in view to take her place.

Fraternities

SIGMA NU PHI

At the regular meeting Saturday evening, April 12, Miss Pearl Paquette was pledged, after which refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Saturday afternoon, April 19, a thimble party was given at the House.

Miss Edith Miller, of Detroit, is visiting her sister at the House.

PI KAPPA SIGMA

The Gamma Chapter of the Pi Kappa Sigma sorority was organized in the Central Normal School at Mt. Pleasant on Saturday, April 26, by the Misses Lowden, King, Kopp, and Hungerford of the Alpha Chapter. The new chapter begins its life with ten charter members and the promise of a prosperous career. An initiatory banquet was given the new sorority by Prof. and Mrs. Loomis.
**ALPHA SIGMA TAU**

Miss Harriet Marx completed her course at the Normal at the close of the winter quarter, and is now at her home in Port Huron. Miss Marx's absence is regretted by her many friends.

Miss Ruth Johnson was welcomed to our ranks, Saturday, April 26th. An informal luncheon was held in her honor in the evening.

We are sorry that Miss Janette Gray, of Toledo, will not return this quarter.

Miss Pierce is enjoying her vacation this quarter.

**PHI DELTA PI**

At the last regular meeting of the fraternity a new feature was introduced in the form of a chafing-dish supper. Prof. Hoyt sent his greeting to the boys in a very delightful letter thus giving still another proof that fraternity ties are not severed even when seas separate the members. The brothers of the fraternity are all rejoicing over the honor which has been bestowed upon two of its alumni members by their election to positions on the faculty of the Horace Mann School, New York City, which belongs to the Columbia University system. Clifford B. Upton will teach mathematics and A. D. Kennedy will have charge of the art department.

**KAPPA PSI**

Miss Clyde Foster entertained the sorority Thursday evening, April 24, at her home on Huron St.

The newly pledged members, Miss Eva Chase and Miss Emma Elliott, are wearing the Kappa Psi colors.

A most pleasant social evening was recently spent at the home of Miss Belle Strang.

Miss Peckham writes interestingly of her work in Belding, and of a recent promotion as principal of the high school.

Miss Retta Gillespie of Richmond, Ind., is expected soon to visit her friends in Ypsilanti.

**TAU KAPPA THETA**

At our recent social evening given in honor of Mr. Teetzel and Prof. Laird, the following toasts were very ably responded to, J. B. Melody acting as toastmaster. Mr. Teetzel told "How Medals are Won," A. R. Shigley related from his own experience and that of others "What Fraternalism means to a Freshman," Stuart Walser told his troubles with "The Other Fellow." Prof. Laird being sick was unable to be present.

C. A. Sheppard is re-elected Supt. of Quinnesec schools at a salary of $900, an increase of $150 from last year.

Fred Belland and Alex Gillispie are our latest members initiated into the fraternity.

Mr. A. G. Gillispie has passed the competitive examination for West Point and leaves here to enter there Wednesday, April 30.

**ZETA PHI**

The regular meeting occurred April 19. Miss Horner and Miss Briggs entertained. A business session of some length preceded the more festive hours. Miss Flora Baker acted as toastmaster, calling for responses from Miss Hammond, Miss Horner, Miss Patterson and Miss Clark. Music followed, Miss Beardsley and others at the piano, and the evening closed with singing the sorority songs.

After absence during the winter quarter, Miss Horner and Miss Brown are doubly welcome back.

Pleasant word comes that Miss La Rowe goes to Owosso next year (from Hudson) to teach Latin only.

Miss Hull went from Menominee to spend her Easter vacation with Miss Brown, before her return to school from Manistique.

Miss Briggs, who was in Washington during the spring vacation, was pleasantly surprised to have a young lady come to her (looking at her pin) and say "You are from the Michigan Normal? Your pin is like mine. I am Miss Blandford from Grand Rapids."
ADVERTISEMENTS

Students,
A Bargain!

If you want a good eight-volume
Encyclopedia, call at the
NORMAL NEWS OFFICE.

THE TAILOR MADE
Our New Shoe Department

Has many attractive
bargains in up-to-date
Ladies' and Gents' Footwear. Our line of
Queen Quality Shoes
for Ladies will please
you; we also have a
good assortment of
Gym Footwear.

We are headquarters for
Lamps, China and
Bazaar Goods.

C. D. O'Connor & Co.
50 and 10c Store

E. R. BEAL
DRUGGIST
New and Second-Hand
Normal Books
224 Congress Street
Opera House Block

Help One Another

Mr. A. Harnack, one of your
fellow students, is agent for
the White Laundry. Patronize
him and help one of your
number along. He collects
and delivers.

The White Laundry
E. L. Hayden, Prop.

You See

If You wish to make a
Wedding or Birthday
Gift to your friend, we
can supply your wants,
as our stock is now
complete for our Holiday
Trade.

Everything is
FRESH AND NEW

Ask to see our

Ladies' New
POCKET BOOKS

"M. S. N. C. Pins"
"M. S. N. C. Spoons"

We have just added this
line to our regular stock.

FRANK SHOWERMAN
Jeweler 9 Huron t.

James McKee, M. D.
OCULIST

Refraction of the Eye and the Fitting
of Glasses
Office, Postoffice Building, 2nd floor
Hours: 9 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m.
All Examinations FREE

'The Boys' Store'

Is a Dry Goods Store at 102 Congress
and 11 Huron Sts., Ypsilanti. People
call it the Boys' Store and they will tell you
that it is a reliable place to buy:

DRY GOODS

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

Davis & Kishlar
Occidental Hotel

Meal Tickets, 21 meals $5.00
Day board, $4.00 per week
Banquets and Suppers a specialty
Ypsilanti Mineral Bath House in connection
Fresh Water Baths 25c
Mineral Baths 50c
Mineral Bath with Attendant 75c

ALUMNI, ATTENTION!

THE '02 AURORA

It will be an attractive souvenir volume, handsomely bound, and will contain a complete album of faculty and seniors, together with much other matter of interest to alumni in general.
The new features will be worth the price of the book.
All orders should be in before April 15

Price, $1; by Mail, $1.20.

THE AURORA,
416 Bills St.
YPSILANTI, MICH.

Buy your
Baked Goods
from CLARK & GASS
and get the best

119 Congress St.

Woman's Exchange
16 N. Washington Street

The Woman's Exchange is just the place to take your garments when they need repairing.
If you want embroidery, painting, stamping or monogramming done, orders can be left for anything in this line. All kinds of fancy articles and toilet preparations kept on hand.
Home baking is our specialty. Wine cakes, sandwiches, candies, etc., can be had at all times. We are always pleased to have you call.

Mrs. Carrie Brott, Manager.
TELEPHONE 216

STUDENTS

Buy Your Flowers Where You Can Have Them Fresh

I have a good supply at all times.

Charles F. Krzysske
State Phone 26
206 S. Washington St.

1902

Chas. King & Co.

GROCERS

Dealers in Portland and Louisville Cement, Calcined Plaster, and Plastering Hair

101 Congress Street

Chas. E. King John G. Lamb
Flowers....

Choice
Cut
Flowers

Norton's Greenhouse
Lowell Street

C. F. Enders' Art Store
See my stock of Frames, Matting and Mounting Boards, Racks, Penny Pictures for school work, Charcoal Paper and Charcoal, Water Color Paper and Water Colors; all kinds of Artists' Materials, Stationery, Tablets and fine Box Paper. Our 5c Envelopes are extra good.

We would like to sell you a Lucky Curve Fountain Pen. It writes 12,000 words with one filling. If you want pen peace, use a Parker Pen. Warranted perfect or no sale. When you are buying presents, see what you can get at our store.

230 CONGRESS STREET

SHEET MUSIC
PIANOS TO RENT

Bicycle Repairing
ENAMELING, BRAZING, VULCANIZING
Bicycle Sundries

SAMSON'S
509-511 Cross St. Tel. 68 Open Evenings

F. J. Miller
Tailor
Over Jenkins' Shoe Store
Cor. Huron and Congress

Ladies' Skirts Cleaned and Pressed, 50c

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
BERANEK & ARNET
FINE CUSTOM TAILORS
Will be pleased to show you the Largest Line of Domestic and Imported Woolen Goods in the City
Over U. S. Express Office

G. M. GAUDY
MAKER OF THE
Famous "Delicious" and "Bittersweet" Chocolates
Acknowledged by all to be the finest confection on the market. Fresh, Pure. Delicious. Our Ice Cream, Ices and Punch are leaders; making new customers daily.

GAUDY, Confectioner
119 Congress Street, Phone 60, Ypsilanti
Ann Arbor Branch, 609 William St.

Ypsilanti Savings Bank
Cor. Congress and Huron Streets
YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

Students
Don't forget the familiar old store, "The Bazarette," we carry in stock or will order whatever you wish.

The Bazarette

Wright, Kay & Co.
Manufacturers of Fraternity Emblems
Fraternity Jewelry
Fraternity Novelties
Fraternity Stationery

IMPORTERS
JEWELERS
SILVERSMAITHS
140-144 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

First National Bank
Students Welcome
Ypsilanti, Michigan

DeMosh & Son
HACK
LIVERY
and
FEED STABLE
No. 3 Congress St. Phone 84 Ypsilanti, Mich.

E. D. MAYBEE
Normal Drayman
IS ALWAYS READY
ON SHORT NOTICE

Phone 328-2 R. 416 BROWER ST.
Get into Our Scrap Pile

and pick out anything in the paper line you can find there, at

5c per lb.

all scraps nicely padded and ranging in quality from 5c print to 30c linens—just the thing for school scribbling

The Scharf Tag, Label & Box CO.

Good Printing
Don't forget that
ADVERTISEMENTS

If in doubt as to whether
YOUR EYES

Are giving you good service, ask
HEGLUND
The Graduate Optician and Refractionist

J. P. WESTLAKE, Tailor

Over Densmore's Clothing Store

Suits Made to Order up-to-date, and prices are right. Satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—In connection, Miss Lizzie Maegle will make Tailor Suits, make over Coats, Furs, etc.

H. FAIRCCHILD
PROPRIETOR OF
City Meat Market

DEALER IN
Salt, Fresh and Smoked Meats
Poultry, Game and Fish

Special Attention Given to Students' Trade
NO. 14 HURON ST.

Come in, Fellows

We are located opposite the Hawkins House, at the old stand. You are always welcome. Our place has long been the

Headquarters for Students

The Finest Three-Chair Shop in the City. Shampooing and Hair Dressing a Specialty.

KEUSCH & SHEPHARD

STUDENTS

Popular Drug Store for Drugs
Perfumes, Toilet Articles and Stationery

BRING YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS HERE

DUANE SPALSBURY

CENTRAL DRUG STORE
Grieve's Baking Co.

We are headquarters for the best baked goods and home made candies in the city.
At your service at all times.

40 E. CROSS ST.
COR. CONG. and ADAMS

College Students' Headquarters for First-Class Tailoring

BOYCE, The Tailor
Cor. Congress and Washington Sts. Up stairs
Phone 339--3 R.

Call at
WALLACE & CLARKE'S

For All Kinds of FURNITURE

Students you have watched
NOW KNOW THAT

"Bill" Reader

Has the finest Barber Shop in the city. Stylish work a specialty. See our twentieth century fittings.

19 HURON ST.  Opp. Occidental

Prof. Scott:--

Having recently attended the largest convention of dancing teachers ever held in the U. S., at New York, I am now prepared to teach

The Latest in That Line

ESTABLISHED 1886

Palace Meat Market

207 CONGRESS STREET

Normal Faculty, Students and Boarding Houses, you can not get any better, cleaner or more wholesome

MEATS

in the city than you can at the Palace Meat Market. Fish Fridays and Saturdays

Telephone 40

Frank C. Banghart
Michigan State Normal College

FIVE COURSES ARE OFFERED

(1). A Preparatory (Second Grade Certificate) Course—one year.
(2). A Five Year Certificate Course—three years.
(3). A Life Certificate Course—four years.
(4). A Life Certificate Course (for H. S. Graduates)—two years.
(5). A Degree Course (for H. S. Graduates)—four years.

EXPENSES ARE MODERATE

The registration fee is $3.00 per term; $9.00 per year. Board may be had for $1.75 to $3.00 per week. Room Rent for 50c to $1.00 each.

Three Hundred Graduates and Undergraduates go into
the schools of the State annually, as teachers, from the Kindergarten through the High School.

For the Year Book or further information send to
E. L. Lyons, Principal,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

1902—SUMMER QUARTER—1903

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

I Can. Please You

Medal awarded at State and National Convention, '98, for Posing, Lighting and Grouping.
I sell Amateurs' Supplies, Kodaks, Plates, Paper, Cards and all Chemicals. Finishing for the Trade.

WATERMAN
Photographer

C. W. Rogers & Co.
BOOKS DRUGS
118 Congress St.

Normal Book Store

Fountain Pens
Finest Stationery
in the City
Call and Examine

Waterman's Ideal, $2.50 to $5.00.
Parker's New Jointless, $2.00 to $4.00.
Ypsilanti and others, $1.00.
All Guaranteed.