Normal College News

Christmas Number

December 19 1903
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L. H. JONES,
President
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Rise happy morn,
rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful
day from night

O Father, touch
the east, and light
The light
that shone when
Hope was born
Arthur
"Rex quandam rexque futurus."
DR. ALMA BLOUNT

The most wonderful and fascinating in all the great multitude of wonderful and fascinating romances produced in the Middle Ages are those that have for their subject the court and courtiers of King Arthur. I am going to try to tell briefly who King Arthur was, and what a remarkable influence the legends concerning him have had in literature.

The earliest British people of whom we know anything were Celtic tribes. We read of their brave defense of their borders when they were attacked by Julius Caesar; but later, Bede tells us, under Roman dominion they became dependent and effeminate. When the Roman army was withdrawn from the province to protect the Roman peninsula, the Britons found themselves unable to defend their homes from the Picts and Scots, their ancient northern enemies, and they invited the Angles and Saxons from the continent to aid them. The Anglo-Saxons appear to have been actuated by motives not wholly altruistic, for they began to confiscate the lands they had been asked to defend.

During the century and more that the Germans were coming in small bands to the island, the Britons made many efforts, usually quite ineffectual, to drive back the invaders. Their greatest leader, who was for a time successful, was "Arthur, dux bellorum," that is, Arthur, a war captain.

After his death, the Germans overwhelmed the Britons, and finally drove them into the mountains of Wales, to the rocky coast of Cornwall, and even across the channel into the part of France afterward called Brittany for them. It is this Captain Arthur, the last leader of the Britons in the last days of their national life, that became the famous King Arthur, hero of European literature.

Though some historians contend that Arthur never existed, students of the romance cycle believe that there is this much of truth under the mass of legend. It is more difficult to give the hero a local habitation. There is an "Arthur's Seat" in Edinburgh, a great pile of rock that a vivid imagination may be able to transform into a reclining chair. The west coast of Cornwall has a Tintagel, Wales a Cardigan and a Caerlon—names familiar in Arthurian romance. The king is sometimes said to be buried at Glastonbury; and the later romances name Winchester as his capital, perhaps ante-dating the importance which that city attained in Saxon times. Nothing very definite or satisfactory can be said at present about
the home of the hero; perhaps we shall never know anything more about it.

Our earliest account of Arthur is in the work of Nennius, a chronicle of the eighth century. Nennius tells us that in the year 452, "the magnanimous Arthur with all the king and military forces of Britain fought against the Saxons" in twelve great battles. Nennius devotes a single paragraph to the victories of the hero, but we may see even in this brief account that the tongue of legend had been busy with Arthur's name in the three centuries that had elapsed since his death. For we are told that in the eighth battle he bore the image of the Blessed Virgin on his shoulder, and through the power of this invincible symbol "put the Saxons to flight and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter." Also in the twelfth battle on Badon Hill (Bath) he slew nine hundred forty with his own hand, "no one but the Lord affording him assistance." Another part of Nennius' work, on the "Wonders of Britain," mentions the impress of the paw of Arthur's hunting-hound in a solid rock.

For four centuries after Nennius literature is silent concerning Arthur. But we may be certain that his fame was growing steadily among the descendants of the men that fought by his side in the twelve great battles, and that the bards and glee-men frequently made him the subject of their songs. Indeed, not a few proofs of this have been discovered in brief references to Arthur and his knights.

In the latter half of the twelfth century the legend burst into literature. An English chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welshman living on the Welsh marches, wrote in his History of the Britons, a long and glowing account of the birth of Arthur, of his wars against the Saxons and the Romans, and of his death through the treachery of his nephew Modred. The poor little paragraph of Nennius expands to forty or fifty pages in Geoffrey. His legend-chronicle became so popular that other historians grew jealous and dubbed him Galfridus Arturus, or "Geoffrey, the author of those fabulous tales about Arthur." Geoffrey, however, was securely entrenched behind the merits of his work. The chronicle was translated into French by Wace for the benefit of Henry II.'s court; and from French into English by Layamon, for the benefit of the English-speaking population; and its material was thereafter, even down to the beginning of modern times, a part of credible English history. Every new translator or compiler exercised his Mediaeval privilege of adding to and altering to suit his own taste and his public; and so the legend continued to grow.

The twelfth century saw in France another movement more important from a literary standpoint than the one inaugurated by Geoffrey. Chrestien de Troyes put into verse the legends as he had heard them, probably from the Bretons of Brittany, dressing them up in chivalric garb and starting them fairly on their career as chivalric romances. Chrestien made no attempt to reproduce the life of the fifth century; neither did he deal with the historical deeds of Arthur. The king in Chrestien's romances, presided over a court conducted on twelfth century ideals. The occupations and the amusements of the knights were such as Chrestien's audience knew in their own courtly circles. Other poets and prose-writers followed the lead of Chrestien, and in this form the stories found their way into every country of Western Europe for the French set the literary fashions of those days. Versions
of them have been preserved in Icelandic, in Danish, in several dialects of Middle High German, in Low German, in Old French, in Mediaeval Latin, in Italian Spanish, Middle English, and Welsh. There is even one fragment in Mediaeval Greek. One student of the legends has calculated that if all those which are preserved should be printed in one edition the set would be at least as large as the Encyclopedia Britannica. No one can pretend to say how many volumes have perished. It was by far the largest of the mediaeval cycles, and its size bears witness to its unequalled popularity.

These stories are written with the most delightful naïveté. Considerations of time and space did not disturb the authors though philosophers tell us that these are two fundamental categories. The romances are full of feés, giants, dragons, brave men, fair ladies, signs and wonders. They are not hampered by laws of artistic form, but meander aimlessly hither and yon, absorbing one entertaining adventure after another, apparently with no anxiety as to when they should reach a climax and stop. Yet, in spite of all their faults of construction, these romances exercise such an irresistible fascination that no modern student who has once fallen under their spell has been known to escape from it.

Many heroes of independent Mediaeval romances were drawn into the charmed circle about the Table Round. Perhaps the most famous of these was Tristan, whose immortal love-story we all know. The Holy Grail story, also, was originally independent though it was early added to the Arthurian saga, and thoroughly interwoven with it.

Some of the most interesting discoveries made by students of Arthurian romance are those connected with Celtic mythology. The romances are built on a Celtic foundation, and they are full of fragments of myths, most of them greatly obscured because they have been repeated and altered so many times by men who did not comprehend them. Yet the fragments are there and diligent search has unearthed not a few. These, it is hoped, will help Celtic scholars reconstruct the Celtic Pantheon.

The Holy Grail is declared in extant legends to be a Christian symbol. It was the cup out of which Christ drank at the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea asked it of Pilate and used it for the reception of the blood from Christ's wounds when he took Him down from the cross. Joseph was cast into prison by the wicked Jews, and languished there forty years. The Jews had intended that Joseph should starve, but he was fed by the presence of the Holy Dish. And in the following years, when Joseph was leading his band of missionaries into Britain, they were satisfied and nourished in the wilderness by the Grail. Another Christian account declares that the Grail was a stone that fell from the crown of Lucifer when he was expelled from Heaven, and that this stone would yield to the faithful all manner of food and drink. The Christian Grail stories are so inconsistent and in some respects so un-Christian that they fell under suspicion. A careful search has uncovered, in Irish and Welsh folk-lore, cauldrons that "yielded an inexhaustible supply of food to the taste of each partaker," and from which "a company used not ever to go away unsatisfied." It is pretty generally believed now that the Grail was at first only a Pagan emblem, an "old mythic talisman of increase and plenty." Many stages in the process of its Christianization are obscure; perhaps its first connection with Joseph of Arima-
Henry II. would have been very glad to have his subjects believe the English church quite as apostolic as the Roman. In Henry's reign, too, the tomb of Arthur was discovered at Glastonbury. The Welsh were troublesome subjects, and openly talked of the day when their great King should return from Avalon, whither he had gone to be healed of his wounds. The discovery of that King's tomb would discourage the disaffected Welsh, just as the story of Joseph's mission would make the English church independent of the Papal see.

The Round Table itself is an interesting bit of furniture. In Layamon's Brut we have an account of its origin. The knights once quarreled at a feast, over questions of precedence. Arthur settled the quarrel peremptorily, but was glad later to have a carpenter suggest to him and make for him a round table at which he might seat sixteen hundred knights at one time with equal honor. There are other very different accounts of its origin. In some places we are told that it was made in imitation of the table of the Last Supper, and of a table at which Joseph of Arimathea once seated his followers, when he was bringing the Grail from Jerusalem to Britain. This last version was, of course, invented by monkish transcribers, to make the story edifying. Layamon's version is regarded as genuine Welsh tradition. It is well known from many tales and descriptions that the Celts were in the habit of quarreling for precedence at feasts. It is also certain that their tables were usually round—perhaps because the primitive Celtic house was round. In Layamon's chronicle these two circumstances appear together, and one is made to explain the other.

The Mediaeval cycle practically ends with the Morte d'Arthur, a great collection and combination of romances made by Sir Thomas Malory and printed by Caxton on the first English printing press. With the Revival of Learning the legend-building era closed, and folk-lore ceased to be the most important source of literature.

Yet even then the influence of Arthurian romance did not end. An occasional writer turned to it for material. Prince Arthur is Spenser's chief knight. We are told that Milton considered Arthur as a possible hero for his great epic, and Dryden wrote an opera of "King Arthur." Scott and Southey were interested in Malory. The last half of the nineteenth century has brought a considerable revival of the old material. It is hardly necessary to mention Tennyson's Idylls of the King, Swinburne, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, Richard Hovey, and a goodly number of other poets have been inspired from the same source.

Rossetti and several of his artist friends have taken subjects from the old romances. The splendid decorations in the receiving room of the Boston Public Library are from the stories of the Holy Grail. The Throne Room in the Parliament House in London has on its walls allegorical representations of the seven chivalric virtues, employing scenes from these legends for subjects. Some of the pictures founded on Arthurian romance we may see in our own collection. In the general office below the clock is a photograph of Abbey's mural decorations in the Boston Public Library. The new-made knight, Sir Galahad, is led by a nun.
to the Seat Perilous at the Round Table, which he alone can safely occupy; while the "gray king" rises to receive the youth whose spotless presence confers so great honor upon the court. On the right of the office clock hangs Watt's picture of Sir Galahad with his steed beside him; and on the left is Burne-Jones's The Beguiling of Merlin.

But one is not to suppose, when he is reading Tennyson or looking at Abbey's pictures, that he is getting Mediaeval romance. The Modern poets and artists do exactly what the Mediaeval writers did. They read into the old stories the spirit of their own day, however faithfully they may keep to the early text. In Tennyson we have the morals, the mysticism, the ideals of the nineteenth century, not of the fourteenth.

How, then, may one that has little time to spend on this subject gain some acquaintance with the early cycle? Fortunately a fair number of reliable modernizations of the old texts have been made, and the editor of the Normal News has kindly consented to print the names of a few of them in the department of book-reviews. The list may be helpful to those of us that have the pleasure of ordering for school libraries.

By the close of the fifteenth century, the vein of mediaeval romance was worked out, and Western Europe turned with relief to the newly-revived Classics. A century or two later, when the Mediaeval literature might have been read again with pleasure and profit, they had become inaccessible, because the tongues in which they were preserved had become dead languages. So the Middle Ages dropped out of our literary history. A few scholars are now trying to understand and interpret the spirit of that neglected period, and to restore that thousand years to its proper place in the history of human thought. It is too soon, yet, for many of the results of their study to take popular form. But shall we not welcome and support the translations they find time to give us, especially when these help us to comprehend better some of our finest modern art and poetry.

And indeed he seems to me
Sorcer other than my king's ideal knight,
"Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only and clave to her—"
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

—Idyls of the King.
A Road-Song

A road in the sun with the winds for play,
A lift in my heart to the tune of the day,
The blue of the sky and the green of the sea—
Through the roll of the years sing delight to me.

A wood-depth skirting the open way,
The rain-cloud dashing my face with its spray,
The gleam of the sea and the gloom of the sky
Sing the song of the years as they pass me by.

Shadows a-swing at the noon of day,
A shimmer of stars on the darkling way,
The cry of the winds to a leaping sea—
Make the sum of the years voted out to me.

—Mark Lowell, '97
The Trump of the Twentieth Century

IT was the day of Madame Maupassant’s annual reception, which everybody attended but nobody enjoyed; that is to say, everybody that was anybody. And Hildreth was anybody, so she must go. Besides, there she would probably see Somebody—Somebody stern, vexed and unyielding. Ah, she must look her prettiest before those anger-lighted eyes. To be sure, it was a very little thing to quarrel over! The wedding day! A mere trifl! What sensible girl could wish to change those delicious, long-looked-for joys of a first real engagement for the sober, more settled ones of the honeymoon. What! To end daily stores of balls, operas, flowers, and bonbons? Why, the longest engagements are short enough, goodness knows, but married life is monotonously long. He was absurd to expect it of her. Surely she, Hildreth Hoover, was not to blame, but that obstinate Somebody.

And as if his contrariness was not quite enough, everything, animate and inanimate, seemed cherishing some especial grudge against her. Why else, when she was extra solicitous about her appearance, did the curling-tongs (unfeeling articles!) show such mean spite, in most inartistically singeing her prettiest curls. Her foret coiffure looked quite lonesome, indeed! As if this were not quite enough those same malicious tongs suddenly coasted gaily down her forehead, leaving a very perceptible red blister, which no arrangement of her now scanty curls could quite conceal. Then followed a long series of exasperating mishaps and delays—torn laces, broken shoe-strings, rent gloves, sagging bands, and a score of others. Small wonder that she felt like a college athlete after his first set of stubts, when she had finally completed her array. “At last!” she sighed gratefully. But it was not the end. Where was the cab? Then she remembered she had forgotten to order it! Too late, now! The car was just due. She could take that. So hastily gathering up her many flounces, she set out at a brisk pace and arrived at the corner just in time to bow a formal adieu to the speeding trolley. With an air of virtuous resignation she prepared for a long twenty minutes’ wait.

Like a bit of real sunshine, she seemed, her bright, golden curls waving softly beneath the dainty white hat, sweet blushes blooming in her cheeks, and a cluster of beautiful white roses—his roses—at her belt. One delicate white-gloved hand daintily lifted her lacy draperies, the other gracefully supported a much belabourer, bemoiled, white parasol. No one, looking at the wide blue eyes steadily studying the horizon, would have believed such a tumult of impatience was surging within. Nor would they have dreamed of the darkly-gathering clouds in the sunny skies overhead. But suddenly, without a moment’s warning, down came the soaking drops and White Chiffon was obliged to take shelter on the steps of a near-by church. To herself as she waited there, she seemed a very much abused creature, to be sure, and by the time the tardy car arrived she thought that if ever existed a martyr, that martyr was herself. Entering the car she found it, as usual, crowded, so hastily occupied the only
vacant seat visible. So absorbed was she in her anxieties, she scarcely noticed the wee occupant of the other half of the seat. Such a ragged little beggar! Sandy hair, freckled face, and stubby legs that stuck out straight ahead of him like pegs, on which to hang something! His dirty little bands clutched fiercely at a large bundle on his lap, almost as large as himself, which might have been the cause of his falling on the muddy pavement as he hurried for the car. At any rate his clothes were generously spattered with mud. With childish eyes full of admiring wonder, he stared delightedly at Hildreth and timidly edged nearer and nearer. For a long time he sat thus, murmuring happily, mysteriously, to himself. The air in the car was warm and close, and gradually the wide eyes closed and the tousled head sank on the silken, soft sleeve of his neighbor. Hildreth started angrily as she felt the warm weight on her arm.

"What do you mean, boy?" she exclaimed sharply. "Will you be so kind as to take your feet off my dress, you dirty, little wretch?" as she caught sight of the dirty shoes resting complacently against her snowy flounces. The tired eyes opened startledly, sadly.

"Please, ma'am, I didn't go to do it—indeed, I didn't," piped a thin voice, "but," the baby lips quivered, "I was just playing pretend."

"Playing what?" she demanded with asperity.

"Playing pretend. You see, I don't belong to nobody, ma'am, but I always wanted to; so I was pretending I belonged to you. I played you were my mother, and"—with a burst of confidence—"I just couldn't help 'scrooging' up to you. It was so comfortable and happy!" with a sad little sigh.

The words and the sigh took a short cut to Hildreth's heart. All her latent mother-feeling was aroused. Her blue eyes filled with dewy moisture.

"Where is your mother, little one?" she asked in soft subdued tones.

"I have none. Only when I am asleep she comes and watches by me and sometimes," his face shone rapturously, "sometimes she kisses me. You look like her, oh, so, so much. Just like an angel!" His voice ended in a queer little catch and sob.

"Ah!" whispered Hildreth, huskily, "but your father, baby, and your home? Where do you live?"

"Father is dead, too. They are buried together, over there," pointing in the direction of the paupers' cemetery, "and I live with an old shoemaker; that is, I did, but now I am running away. These are my clothes in the bundle. He beat me so this morning because I was hungry," and rolling back his sleeve he showed the baby flesh marked with cruel bruises. "I do have so much troubles!"

The girl's arms fiercely pressed the little one to her side, regardless of the muddy garments against her pure, white dress, and oblivious of the astonished glances of the other passengers.

"You poor, little baby," She could trust herself to say no more.

"I am going to the cemetery to say good-bye to them before I go away," continued the child, amazed more by this new proceeding than by the former. He was used to the first. This other was like his mother, indeed! The childish voice, mechanically repeated, "Sometimes she kisses me."

A teardrop suddenly wet his cheek, but he was not crying.

"Here, baby, take these to put on the
grave," and the cluster of beautiful roses was pressed eagerly in his small hands.

"Oh!" came in long-drawn, rapturous exclamation. It was no longer "pretending" now.

"I must leave you now," reluctantly withdrawing her arm, "but when you leave the cemetery, go to that large brick house, in the block beyond that church on the corner, where the car stopped, you know, for me. Tell them Hildreth sent you, and wait until I return. Here is your fare. Can you remember?"

"Yes, indeed!" gasped the child and then Hildreth had gone.

Meanwhile, what about the sulky lover? Exasperated by the never-ending postponement of their wedding day, he told himself that Hildreth did not care. Nor could she care. Wealth, beauty and brains she possessed, but a heart—never! A charming sweetheart, truly, but a sorry wife. He thought of his dear, old-fashioned mother—not witty, nor beautiful, not even clever, perhaps, but kind and beloved.

"There are none like her, now," he murmured, sadly. "It is their learning that starves their hearts. They are so absorbed in Browning, in Shakespeare, they have no time for common life. But with all their learning, she was queen of them all." And because of memory of her, no woman with any less a heart could become his bride. "I will tell her tonight," he resolved, "tell her that all is past and over. She will not care; she cannot," he added bitterly. But in spite of his iron will, John Cameron's heart was sore and heavy.

On account of his unusual absence from Madam's reception, Hildreth's departure was very early. Besides, the child might be waiting.

The utter loneliness of the child touched her. She, too, was an orphan. She, too, was lonely. She, amid wealth and splendor, yearned for a mother, a father. The other, amid poverty and hunger, dreamed of them. Across the wide chasm their hands had clasped. Their common sorrow was their bond. The helpless child, pleading the care and protection of the maiden, suddenly filled her empty life with love. The mother-heart of the woman was awake at last, and all the world seemed wanting her tenderness and sympathy.

With the child's sleepy head pillowed on her strong young arms, she sat gently rocking and crooning old forgotten lullabies. Though her eyes looked through a mist of tears, yet they glowed with a strange indefinable bliss that had never been there before. She seemed the very picture of motherly love and pride, when John Cameron entered to give her back her freedom. Hildreth lifted her beaming eyes.

"Sh-sh," she warned softly. "Poor little baby, a poor little waif, at last he sleeps!"

Never had she seemed so womanly, so tender, so beautiful.

"Hildreth," he exclaimed, and he knew his resolve was broken. And with glowing eyes and breathless hesitations, she told John all her plans for the child.

"And you will help me, John?" What if he should not approve?

"Hildreth, I want always to help you when you want to do things like that," he answered simply. "Tonight, you are so like my mother." It was his highest praise. And this was the last postponement of the wedding day, when John Cameron found that even in the twentieth century, hearts are trumps.
The Banner of St. George

This composition, soon to be rendered by the Ypsilanti Choral Society in Normal Hall, is a Ballad for Chorus, Solos and Orchestra. The words were written by Shapcott Wensley, and the music composed by the now celebrated composer Edward Elgar. The story upon which the work is founded is an old legend. The Kingdom of Sylene is often visited by a fearful Dragon, who now has doomed the people and the King and his court to destruction, unless a maiden is offered as "a pure white sacrifice" to stay his rage. The ballad opens with the mourning and wailing of the people, "a pure white sacrifice" to stay his rage. The Kingdom of Sylene is often visited by a fearful Dragon, who now has doomed the people and the King and his court to destruction, unless a maiden is offered as "a pure white sacrifice" to stay his rage. The ballad opens with the mourning and wailing of the people, one of whose daughters is to be slain. Sabra, the daughter of the King, through love for her father, and for the kingdom, offers herself as this sacrifice, and the scene closes with the charming chorus, "O Beauteous Love!" Scene II. begins with the sad farewells to Sabra, but these are joyfully interrupted by the arrival of the English soldiers, bearing the Banner of St. George. They come at foaming speed, with ringing hoof of steed, and a Knight so brave meets the strong dragon. After a raging combat the dragon falls with hideous cries, and shouts of joy are heard from the victors. The Finale consists of an Epilogue, the last stanza of which is as follows:

Great race, whose empire of splendor
Has dazzled a wondering world!
May the flag which floats o'er thy wide domains
Be long to all winds unfurled!
Three crosses in concord blended,
The banner of Britain's might!
But the central gem of the ensign fair,
Is the cross of the dauntless Knight!

Unreal and mythical as the story is, it gives fine opportunity to the composer to show his great skill, especially in depicting in music the emotions inspired by grief, parting, sacrifice, battle, redemption, and the joy of victory.

Mr. Elgar, the composer, is at present the greatest of English musicians. It is said by Mr. Theodore Thomas, and by other good judges, that he bids fair to fully equal the old masters, such as Handel, Mozart, etc. This of course remains to be seen, but he has certainly succeeded in impressing his genius upon the musical world, and has given in the Banner of St. George a composition of great merit and rare beauty.

It comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George,
That burns on the field of white!
It speaks of the deathless heroes,
On fame's bright page unscrollled,
And bids great England ne'er forget
The glorious deeds of old!

O'er many a cloud of battle,
The banner has flated wide,
It shone like a star o'er the valiant hearts,
That dashed the Armada's pride!
For ever amid the thunders,
The sailor could door see,
While tongues of flame leaped forth below,
And the banner's strength was high!

O ne'er may the flag be loved,
Unfurled in a strile unblest,
But ever give strength to the righteous arm,
And hope to the hearts oppressed!
It says thro' the passing ages,
"Be brave if your cause be right!
Like the soldier-saint whose cross of red
Still burns on your banner white!"
The catalogue of a library is very like the index of a book, and the statement may be strengthened by adding that a library without a catalogue is deprived of its usefulness even more than a book without an index.

All questions which must be answered in a library fall under three heads:—(1.) Have you a book by a certain author? (2.) Have you a particular book? (3.) What have you on some specific subject? The first requires that all books be catalogued by authors. The second necessitates writing titles of books. The third demands the careful examination of the books, that each may be entered under the general subject class to which it belongs, and still further that the volume be analyzed and special chapters noted, to which neither the title nor the general subject of the book would give any clue. Take for example Wilson's Division and reunion. Our first question would be answered by a card written for the author; our second by one for the title, but the third would not be covered by one under the subject of U. S. History, and an examination of the chapters would at once furnish headings for such subjects treated, as Slavery, Banks, Secession, Reconstruction, etc.

There are two forms of catalogue—the printed catalogue and the card catalogue. The former is the most expensive and the least useful. A printed catalogue is always out of date, and the books which it does not catalogue are always the newest, and often the best on a given subject, in the library. Take a library of five hundred volumes, prepare a printed catalogue, and $5.00 would be a very conservative estimate for the printer's bill. The following year perhaps fifty volumes will be added to the library, a printed supplement would cost perhaps a dollar, and the catalogue would not be in alphabetical or classified order. Each year will add to the expense and to the inconvenience. A card catalogue, on the other hand, has the twofold advantage of economy of expense, and of always being up to date in one alphabet. A card catalogue case, which will hold 2000, 4000, or 6000 cards can be bought (of the Library Bureau, Chicago) for $5.00, $8.00 and $12.00 respectively, and cataloguing cards cost $2.25 per thousand.

The one absolutely essential detail in the mechanical part of the catalogue, is the use of the standard sized card. This is made in various qualities and by several library supply houses, but the card made by the Library Bureau, Chicago, at $2.50 per thousand, is perfectly satisfactory. If it is inexpedient to purchase a catalogue case at once, the box in which the cards are shipped may serve the purpose temporarily—the standard size insuring their fitting into the better case, which may be provided later.

Before a book is ready to catalogue it should have been accessioned, and the accession number (or individual number of the book) entered in the book, and also the name of the library entered in the book. A book should be catalogued from the title page, which often differs from the title printed on the back. The author card should be written first, and should contain the author's name, the
title of the book, and at the lower part of
the card the accession number. If the
book has illustrations the abbreviation
Illus. should be added, and if there are
more volumes than one the fact should be
noted—E. g. 3 vol.
Take for example Fiske’s Critical
period:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fiske, John</th>
<th>Critical period of American history, 1783-1789</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This card answers our first question,
have you “a book by a certain author,”
moreover when it is put into the catalogue,
if there are other books in the library by
John Fiske, they will all be together in
the catalogue.

The next card to write, which would
answer the second question:—“Have you
a particular book?”—is the title card. Here
the order is reversed, Critical period, etc.,
appearing on the top line, and author’s
name (inverted as before) on the second
line.

Our last question remains:—“What
have you on a specific subject?” Of what
then does this volume treat as a whole,
and of what specific subjects? The
main subject would be U. S. History,
(written on the top line of the card,) the
author’s name following. Looking through
the table of contents we find many chap-
ters, among them, one on the Federal con-
vention. For this we write our subject:
Federal Convention—on the top line, the
author’s name follows in the same place,
on the second line, and then the name of
the book. Sec his Critical period of U.
S. History, p. 230-305.

Let me cite one more book, and I have
chosen books that should be in all Public
School libraries—Jane Austin’s Standish
of Standish: a story of the Pilgrims. This
is a historical novel, and the author
card would be written as the Fiske
cards, but this book should be made avail-
able also under U. S.—History—Colonial,
and under Pilgrims for subject headings.
Now let us arrange our cards. Supposing
we have catalogued all the books men-
tioned, we will have in our author cards
as follows:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Austin, Jane</th>
<th>Standish of Standish; A story of the Pilgrims</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fiske, John</td>
<td>Critical Period of American History—1783-1789</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart, A. B.</td>
<td>American History as told by Contemporary., 4 vol.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, Woodrow</td>
<td>Division and reunion. Maps.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If a student comes to look up a topic in
U. S. History, under that subject he will
find:—

U. S.—History. Fiske, John. Critical period, etc.
U. S.—History. Hart, A. B. American history, etc.
U. S.—History. Wilson, Woodrow. Division and
reunion.
U. S.—History. Colonial. Austin, Jane. Stand-
ish of Standish, etc.

If he wants something specially on the
Federal Convention he will find an admir-
able reference, and the same in looking for
Slavery, Banks, Pilgrims, etc.

There is no work in which it is truer
that one must learn in the doing than
cataloguing. The two points to be em-
phasized are: First—Be careful and con-
sistent in deciding on subject headings,
and (2nd.) try to catalogue from the point
of view of the class of students, as a
whole, who will use the catalogue—for in-
estance, do not let the general head U. S.
History cover specific subjects. If “a
spade is a spade,” use Spade for subject
heading, and not Farming implement.
ATHLETICS cost money. The raising and expenditure of this money is the work of the Business Manager. Few institutions are troubled, like Harvard and Yale, to know what to do with the enormous sums received at the gate, and hence it is usually necessary that all the money raised shall be spent economically and judiciously. Furthermore, since athletic funds are public funds, to be administered by the manager as a public trust, the management must be characterized first of all by scrupulous honesty and complete freedom from favoritism.

The students of the Athletic Association, by whom the business manager is commonly elected, are aware of the conditions just stated, and consequently a manager is usually chosen in whose integrity and business ability they have the highest confidence. On account of their lack of experience, however, most students fail to comprehend the difficulty of the work of the manager,—the great number of details to which he must attend, the number of financial problems which he has to solve, the temptation to be partial to the wishes and interests of his own particular friends, the pressure brought to bear upon him to make him adopt methods he does not approve, and the general inefficiency of the traditional methods of management, which he naturally adopts.

As a concrete example, consider for a moment a few of the duties of a manager of a football team. To begin with, he must learn what property his association possesses in the form of balls, suits, and protectors of various kinds, and then must decide, after consultation with the captain, how much material of this kind is actually needed. Then comes the question as to what games it is desirable to arrange with other teams. This requires a study of railway rates and time schedules, hotel rates, etc. After these matters have been fully worked out, he must make a business-like statement of his proposed program for the season, together with a full account of the expense involved, to the Athletic Board or other authority in charge of athletic affairs. It is to be hoped that in this day no school or college where athletic work is carried on is without such an authoritative body as an Athletic Board. The responsibility of deciding how much money shall be spent for a certain team should never be placed upon a student manager or left to the vote of an irresponsible Athletic Association.

A program having been agreed upon, arrangements for the games must be completed. It is customary for the manager to pay the visiting team a certain amount for expenses. The traditional custom, which originated with wealthy sporting clubs, of leaving this matter without definite agreement, is exceedingly bad, and bad feeling, unnecessary expense, and sometimes tricky and underhand practices result from it. A visiting team, traveling under agreement to have its expenses paid, can easily incur twice the expense actually required, and can easily charge more than actual expenses. The method, therefore, is conducive to extravagance on the part of the visitors, and to dishonesty
on the part of their manager. The best plan is to make a contract, signed by both managers, providing that the visiting team shall be paid a specified sum. With a definite cash contract there is a premium on economy, rather than on extravagance and fraud.

Along with the financial agreement there should be in every case, a full understanding as to eligibility of players. Lists of players certified by the proper authorities should be exchanged, because some managers are determined to have their teams win, no matter how it is accomplished, and will pack their teams with men you would not knowingly play against. Such an agreement as suggested above does away with the temptation to which teams and managers are otherwise subject, to use players who are not honest representatives of their schools.

There should also be an agreement to provide for competent and impartial officials. The traditional custom of each team furnishing an official, without specification as to his qualifications or prejudices, has led to the worst of all the practices for which athletic management is responsible. It has led to the practice of choosing as an official one's own coach, or a teacher in the institution, or a former player on the team, which is objectionable because such persons are always suspected of partiality by the opposite side, no matter how competent and how honest they may be. This cultivates among the players the contemptible habit of claiming every decision and of continually wrangling with the officials and the opposing team. The same custom also puts a premium on the selection of officials who are purposely unfair, and the consequent awarding of the game to the side not honestly winning it. Such officials often permit roughness and other violation of rules which leads to serious injury of players. When the managers agree upon able and impartial men who have the confidence of both teams, all of these bad results are avoided at once.

Only a few of the many duties of a manager have been referred to, yet I think I have gone far enough to make it plain that the work includes a vast amount of detail which can best be handled by a bright and energetic student, who is in constant touch with the team and with the student body, and that at the same time it is full of situations demanding wider experience and more mature judgment than is to be expected of any student manager, together with a stability of character which will enable him to adhere firmly to principle in the midst of the most aggressive and vociferous opposition. This applies most of all to high schools, where the students are younger than in college, where better athletic methods have not yet been so well learned, and where the manager is more likely to be influenced by a sporting element whose principles are not always the highest. The Superintendent or Principal of a high school needs of all things to keep in touch with such activities of his students as are involved in athletic work, and if he possesses the tact and business ability his position demands, he can easily oversee the work of the student manager, keep the methods of management and its principles on a high plane, and thus keep continually before the school a fine object lesson in the conduct of business affairs. A memorandum, carefully prepared by the Principal and Manager, at the beginning of the season, and including all the details to be looked after, is a great help in carrying out the work successfully.
Walnut Kisses
One cup of chopped walnut meats, one cup of brown sugar, one egg, a little salt and a very little flour. Drop on well buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

Vassar Fudges
One cup of milk, two cups of sugar, butter the size of an egg, one-fourth cup of chocolate, grated; flavor with vanilla. Boil milk, sugar, and butter, without stirring, until it hairs; then add chocolate, and stir rapidly with pan in cold water, until it thickens, spread on buttered tins and mark in squares.

Maple Sugar Nut Candy
One cup of milk, two cups of maple sugar, butter size of an egg. Boil, add hickory-nut meats; spread on buttered tins.

Mexican Candy
Four cups of brown sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one cup of milk, one tablespoon of salt, two tablespoons of vanilla, and two cups of chopped walnuts. Boil the sugar, milk, salt and butter until it drops hard in cold water. When done pour in the vanilla and walnuts, and stir constantly until well mixed. Pour on buttered tins and cut in squares.

Peanut Brittle
Chop nuts rather fine, and measure after chopping. Allow one-fourth more sugar than nuts. Caramelize sugar, and add nuts. Stir thoroughly and pour on bottom of inverted tin plate.

Cocoanut Cream
One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup milk, two teaspoons butter, one-half cup shredded cocoanut, one-half teaspoon vanilla.

Method: Cook sugar, milk and butter and let boil twelve minutes. Remove, add cocoanut and vanilla. Beat until mixture is creamy. Pour into buttered pan, cool slightly and mark into squares.

Fondant
Test for fine fondant—when rubbed between finger and thumb it will be as smooth as lard and a glossy elasticity.

White.—Two and one-half pounds sugar, one and one-half cups hot water, one-fourth teaspoon cream of tartar. Put ingredients into a smooth agate saucepan. Heat to boiling, stirring occasionally, then boil without stirring until when tried in cold water a soft ball may be formed which will just keep in shape. Pour on clean plate and after cooling work fondant toward center of plate with a wooden spoon until it begins to lump, then knead with hands like a bread dough. A saucepan having a large surface exposed to evaporation, preferred. When pressed with finger and the imprint remains, fondant is ready to work. If worked too soon it will grain. Fondant re-boiled will become dark.

Coffee.—Substitute strong coffee for water.

Maple.—Use one-half maple and one-half white sugar.

Glazed Nuts
Two cups sugar, one cup boiling water, one-eighth teaspoon cream of tartar. Boil until syrup begins to discolor. Dip in nuts, turn, and slip on a plate.
The Normal College News
Published Weekly
STATH Normal College, Ypsilanti, Michigan

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PRESS OF THE BARGEL YAR LABEL AND BOX CO.

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This Number Edited by Miss Nellie McConnell

To all the readers of the NORMAL NEWS we extend a glad and joyous Christmas greeting.

One of the most successful quarters of work in the history of the Normal College is just closing and it is with a feeling of satisfaction and with a desire for the accomplishing of greater things in the future that each student welcomes the vacation.

Many of our students will spend their holidays at their various homes, while others will not be able to do so. Although some will thus be absent from the home circles, yet because Christmas cheer is universal not one heart will be lonely. Each one will be trying to make his neighbor happy and to himself will come the real Yuletide joys.

Professor W. P. Bowen, head of the department of Physical Education, has seen the need of giving some practical suggestions on the business side of athletics, and he has at our request published the same in this issue of the NEWS. We have

also arranged with him to give us in the January magazine number a discussion of "Games and Plays in our Public Schools." Because of the broad culture and wide experience of the writer, this paper promises to be very valuable indeed.

The removal of the Biological Department to the science building has made possible a needed expansion of the department of Geography. Two class rooms, 21 and 18, are now fitted with chairs and tables suitable for map work, accommodating 28 students each. Room 20, between them, has been arranged as a reading room, supplied with cases in which are stored models and instruments for measuring land forms and weather elements with large cases for the indexed storage of maps and pictures, and cases for books in which are being placed all the geographic books that the Librarian deems it prudent to spare from the general library. The books and maps will be entirely open to students save for a prohibition to remove from the room.

A continuously recording barograph and thermograph are visible in the reading room and in the window shelter opening out of room 9, where students may consult them and other standard instruments at all hours. A few large pictures hung on the walls illustrate geographic forms and activities of sufficient importance to be available for considerable study. Some beautiful models have been added, including Howell's superb Southern Appalachians.

Room 17 makes an office for the head of the department and the large room beyond a work room for drawing and experimental work for the course in the Physiography of the Lands. Drawing instruments and tools are here provided. The work of the department is rendered much more comfortable by these changes.
Miss F. Geer, '03, is a teacher in the Kalkaska schools.

Mr. Charles M. Novak is superintendent of schools at Casnovia.

Phy Berry has charge of the grammar department at Reading.

Mr. L. G. Avery is superintendent of schools in Madison, S. D.

Mr. E. A. Reese is principal of the high school in Grand Ledge.

Miss Jayne Mcro, '03, is teacher of the second and third grades at Hartford.

Fred A. Belland is physical instructor in the New York State School for the Blind.

Miss May Moyer sends kind greetings to the Normal College News, from Perry, where she is teaching.

Mr. F. W. Wheaton is superintendent of the schools at Perry, Mich. He has good things to say of the News.

The girls in the Reed City high school are enjoying basketball under the direction of Miss Grace Benjamin, '03.

Among the teachers in the Lapeer faculty are the Misses Lula E. Bryce, '99, Bertha Hough, '00, and May Fuller, '01.

Miss Lillian E. VanHorn, '03, a graduate of the Conservatory, fills the position of musical supervisor and physical culture director in the St. Joseph schools.

Miss Emma Bird is teacher of the fourth grade at Ashland, Wis. She writes that the schools there are strictly up-to-date and she is finding pleasure in her work.

Mr. Frank B. Rood, '03, is a member of the faculty of the Los Angeles schools. He writes: "A fellow never fully appreciates his college paper until he is separated from his Alma Mater. I am proud to receive your paper each week. It is O.K."

Mr. Clarence Vliet is located at Leslie, Michigan.

Miss Elva Nielson teaches at Canonsburg, Mich.

Miss Effie Barden is assistant in the high school at Mendon.

Miss Sadie Dennie, '03, is teaching Latin at Cedar Springs.

Miss Martha Cosier is one of the successful teachers at Roscommon.

Misses Jessie Wagar and Adella Clark are teaching in the Holland schools.

Miss Frances Fallback is a member of the corps of teachers at Idaho Springs, Colorado.

Miss Letitia Thompson, a former member of the Normal faculty, is enjoying a year's rest at home with her mother, near Ionia.

Miss Bertha Austin, a former student at the Normal, is now a teacher of the third and fourth grades in Lowell. She writes she enjoys the News very much and hopes the faculty and students will write often for the paper.

Miss Mabelle Skentelbury is a member of the Yale corps of teachers. She writes she enjoys her English work very much; that the courses in Fiction and Principles of Criticism have been very helpful to her; and more than all else the Normal training has given her the ability to go on.

Miss Helen Stark, '03, the author of the charming story in this number, is well remembered by the faculty and the students of our college. This year Miss Stark is a student in the University of Michigan where she is enjoying the work very much. All are exceedingly grateful for this work from her pen.
Dr. Theron Langford, '93, is located in Jackson.
Miss Grace Clement, '01, is this year in New Jersey.
Miss Emma Parmater, '02, has charge of physical training department in Albion College.
Miss Martha Warner, '95, has been made librarian of the Young Ladies' school at Oxford, Ohio, where she is professor of mathematics.

Mrs. Sarah Greeley, a teacher in the Albion schools for the past seventeen years, went this fall to take charge of the Oakland County Normal School at Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen C. Lawrence have charge of the largest Indian school in the United States at Oraibi, Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence (Mary Fanson) are graduates of the Normal and have been working in Indians schools for three year.

Miss Carrie Barber, '95, U. of M. '02, is principal of the high school at Hudson.

W. D. Riggs, '99, B. Pd. '02, writes from Clare, where he is superintendent of schools: "Am much pleased with the Normal College News. I also wish to commend the M. S. N. C. students for their showing in athletics this fall. I have with me Miss Mary O'Neil, '03, seventh grade, and Miss Josephine M. Smith, '02, Science and English."

A perfect gem of poetry is the beautiful little poem, "A Road-Song," by Miss Mary Lowell, '97, which appears in this issue of the News. Having taken her Master's degree from the University of Michigan in 1903, Miss Lowell is this year instructor in English in Vassar College. A number of her poems have been published in the best magazines and the members of her first Alma Mater will look for her songs with a cordial interest.

Miss Mary Nelson is teaching at Crystal Falls.
Myrta Taylor, '98, is living in Colorado Springs.
Mrs. Myrtle Kellar McLouth, '97, is living in Bay City.
Miss Lena Johnson, '97, is teaching this year in Indiana.
Miss Iva Lickley, '96, is taking a medical course at the U. of M.
A. L. Phillips, B. Pd. '01, is now superintendent at Bronson.

Mr. D. E. Brewster, '97, is taking work in the Chicago College of Dental Surgery.
Miss Edith Holmes, '96, U. of M. '03, is teaching mathematics in the city schools of Troy, Ohio.

A pleasant letter has been received from Martha Hyde, who is superintendent of the primary grades in Leadville, Colorado. She is getting eight hundred forty dollars a year, and says, "I like Colorado."

Miss Julia Bartlett sends the following list of Normal graduates holding positions in Houghton: Eighth grade, Miss Hunter; supervisor of drawing, Elsie Brown; seventh grade, Elizabeth Rawson; sixth grade, Zoe Waldron; fourth grade, Anna Junker; second grade, Hattie Reese; third grade, Jessie Hammond; fourth grade, Katherine Kennedy; first grade, Kate Godfrey.

Miss Bertha Fanson, '98, writes that she is enjoying her work this year very much, and sends the following list of Normalites who are teaching in Albion: Superintendent, W. S. McKone; principal of high school, W. H. Pearce, '97; department of Science, Chas. C. Root, '00; fifth grade, Lulu Hammond; fourth grade, Edna Pugsley, '98; third grade, Carrie Powers; second grade, Mary Barnum, '98; primary grades, Miss Elms and Miss Sprang.
Miss Margaret Jones will spend Christmas at the "Soo."
Miss Julia Kelly will spend Christmas at home in Calumet.
Miss M. Philp will visit friends at Port Huron during vacation.
Mr. Dishong will spend Christmas with friends at Columbus, Ohio.
Miss Carolyn and Ida Lonsby entertained their mother from Mt. Clemens over Sunday.
Misses Emma Brown and Bessie Spaulding go to their homes in Richland for the holidays.
Miss Goddard entertained her botany class last Saturday evening. They spent a very pleasant evening together.

The News office is now supplied with gas. It pays to make your wants known through the columns of the News.

Calls from the most desirable cities have come for grammar grade teachers. There are not enough teachers to supply the demand.

Mrs. Young, of Mt. Clemens, visited her daughter, Miss Lou Young, over Sunday. Miss Young expects to teach the eighth grade at Northville, after Christmas.

The Domestic Art and Manual Training Departments will give an exhibit of their work at the State Teachers' Association. The Drawing Department of both the Normal and Training School will have an exhibit.

The attention of all readers of the News is called to the Modern Eloquence advertisement at the back of this number. Tear off the corner and mail it as it suggests and you will receive in return a booklet which is in every way desirable.

Locals and Personals

Be sure and read the Christmas ads. in this issue.

The office of the Normal College News is now located in room 23, the room to the left as you enter the south entrance of the main building.

Some of those who were graduated at the close of the fall term have accepted the following positions: Mr. Guy Bates, as principal of a ward school at Delray; Mrs. Compton, as eighth grade teacher in the Central school of Ypsilanti; Miss Ila Hall, as teacher of the 5th and 6th grades at Wolverine; Miss Helen Katen, as first grade teacher in Owosso; Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hoyt have accepted positions as Family Instructors in the Chicago Parental School; Mrs. O'Connor, in charge of the grammar grades in Flat Rock; Miss Esca Rogers, in Anderson, N. J., and Miss Edna Graham, teacher of the third grade in Delray.

PRELIMINARY ORATORICAL CONTESTS

The preliminary oratorical contests were held between the literary societies Friday evening and the debating clubs Saturday morning.

Six contestants were entered in the contest Friday evening, two from each society, as follows: Athenaeum: Robert Reinhold, J. Mace; Andress: Crescent: Roy Herald, Miss Eva June; Olympic: F. B. McKay, A. J. Purkiss. After a very strong contest Mr. McKay and Mr. Reinhold were chosen for the final contest.

In the contest between the clubs Saturday morning, the Portia, Lincoln and Webster clubs each entered two contestants. This contest was also a strong one,
and resulted in the choice of Miss Thora Paulsen, from the Portia Club, getting first place and Mr. J. Mace Andress, from the Lincoln Club, getting second place. These will represent the clubs in the final contest.

SORORITIES AND FRATERNITIES

ZETA PHI

The sixth annual initiation of the Zeta Phi sorority occurred Dec. 4, 5 and 6. On Friday evening the annual party was given at the gymnasium. About one hundred guests were present, including several members of the sorority from out of town. Saturday Miss Walton entertained at luncheon, and the initiation and banquet took place at St. Luke’s House, Saturday evening at eight o’clock. Six initiates were received into membership, Miss Lucille Hoyt, and Miss Antoinette Vau Cleve, Ypsilanti; Miss Hazel Clark, and Miss Bessie Brown, Clinton; Miss Loretta Kingsley, Flint, and Miss Mary Carpenter, Jackson.

The honor guests of the evening were: Miss Ballou, and Miss Horner, from Detroit, both charter members of the sorority; Miss Hull, saline; Mrs. Louise Clark Kimball, Clinton; Miss Leland, Dexter; Miss Yonkers, Grand Rapids; Miss Frank, Wayne; Miss Rudd, Ann Arbor.

Word was received at the last moment from Mrs. Lulu Duquette Loomis, Grand Rapids, that she was unavoidably detained. Miss Van Cleve presided, and named Miss Leland toastmaster.

The absent members were remembered both in the sentiments of the responses to the toasts, in the sorority songs, and in notes from many letters received regretting their inability to be present.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Van Cleve entertained at the five o’clock luncheon. The table was decorated in violet and white, and lighted by tapers, and final toasts were for Zeta Phi and the hostess, to the sentiment that from friends “There is no parting.”

KAPPA PHI ALPHA

The members of the fraternity are glad to learn that W. F. Kennedy expects to be able to enter college next quarter.

Tuesday night the fraternity elected the following members officers for Winter Quarter:

George G. Morgan
Frank Pierce
R. O. Crandall
R. E. Allen

Commander
Vice-Commander
Scribe
Treasurer

Mr. Gibbs has been pledged as an active member of the fraternity.

ALPHA SIGMA TAU

Miss Abby Howard, of Vernon, is wearing the emerald and gold.

Misses Nell Silk and Emma Baer, spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit.

The sorority, chaperoned by Miss Pearce and Miss Norton, entertained their pledged members and a few friends, Friday evening at the Country Club. Dancing occupied most of the evening, the music being furnished by Aun Arbor musicians. Late in the evening light refreshments were served.

SIGMA NU PHI

The Sigma Nu Phi held their regular business meeting Dec. 5, after which a very pleasant social evening was passed. Miss Hazel Harris is wearing the Sigma Nu Phi pledge colors.

OLYMPIC SOCIETY

At the meeting on the evening of Dec. 4, Miss Fletcher gave a recitation, after which the society oratorical contest took place. Mr. Purkiss and Mr. McKay were given first places, and represented the
Olympic in the final contest among the societies Dec. 11.

After recess Mr. Travis gave a reading, and then the regular election of officers took place. The following officers were chosen for the next quarter: President, Ara J. Purkiss; vice-president, Nellie Woodard; treasurer, Mrs. McKay; secretary, Jessie Hare; chairman of executive committee, Luella M. Boelio; organist, Bessie Spaulding; yell master, Rex Plowman; kicker, Guy Mowry.

At the first meeting next quarter a play will be given. For the succeeding meetings a course of study has been mapped out as follows: Book "Washington, and Paul Lawrence Dunbar; Rudyard Kipling, James Whitcomb Rile, and Eugene Fields; Will Carleton, Ernest Thompson Seaton, and Thoreau. It has been planned so that every member will have some part, and we predict even a more successful quarter's work than the one just past.

ATHENEUM

The Atheneum closed its quarter's work by an "Evening with Whittier." The characteristic feature of the program was a reading of the fireside scene in "Snow-Bound," by Miss McKenzie, accompanied by a pantomimic representation of the Whittier family, as described. Plans for the ensuing quarter were discussed, and the following officers elected: President, J. Mace Andrews; vice-president, Miss Landon; secretary, Miss Prentiss; treasurer, C. Gay Dishong; chairman of executive committee, Miss McKenzie; chairman of social committee, Miss Holbrook.

The membership list for the winter quarter will be made out and posted next week.

SOME BOOKS ON ARTHURIAN LEGENDS

Malory, since he is the source of most of our nineteenth century Arthurian literature and art, is of special interest to us. There are a number of complete editions; that arranged by Wright is good, and the one published in the Temple Classics series is also attractive. Sidney Lanier has given us a good condensation in The Boy's King Arthur. Howard Pyle, who does beautifully everything he undertakes, has been carrying the Malory story as a serial through this year's St. Nicholas; doubtless the Scribners will publish that in book form. Miss Radford's King Arthur and His Knights (Rand, McNally & Co.), is highly spoken of for younger children, and also France Nimmo Greene's Legends of King Arthur and his Court (Ginn & Co.), drawn from Tennyson's Idylls.

Mr. Alfred Nutt, of London, who is an authority among Arthurian scholars, as well as a publisher, offers a series of charming little volumes called "Arthurian Romances not in Malory," at present comprising seven volumes and constantly increasing the number. Among these one finds a sympathetic translation of the fine Middle High German Tristan and Isolde (two volumes), the lais of Marie de France (two volumes); Morten, a selection from a long Middle Low German romance; and that "glory of Middle English Literature," Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight. Mr. Nutt publishes also, in one pretty little volume, the Mabinogian (Welsh tales), translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. These are full of mystery and magic, and are most delightful reading. He has also a translation in two volumes of the Middle High German Parsival, on which Wagner's opera Parsival is based. Mr. Nutt's books may be obtained in this country through the New Amsterdam Book Co., of New York.
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