1904

Normal College News, April 2, 1904

Eastern Michigan University

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

Recommended Citation
http://commons.emich.edu/student_news/41

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.
A. A. HOMES

Everything in the line of
Ladies’ Men’s and Children’s Shoes, Overshoes, Rubbers, Leggings, Fancy Slippers, etc.

GOOD SHOES
PRICES RIGHT
ALSO A SIDE LINE OF FINE JEWELRY
COR. CONGRESS and HURON STS.

Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor and 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 11:45 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 6 a.m., and hourly until 10 p.m.

LEWIS TEACHERS’ AGENCY
70 Lyman Block
MUSKEGON, MICH

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

The New Store
Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents’ Furnishings
EVERYTHING NEW and UP-TO-DATE
Louis Strauss
13 North Huron St.

STUDENTS!

You should go to
FRANK SMITH’S
For Presents for your friends.
SPECIAL PRICES TO YOU
FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS
on Books, Novelties, Fountain Pens and
1001 OTHER THINGS
PLEASE CALL

JAMES F. McCULLOUGH TEACHERS’ AGENCY
A SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU
FINE ARTS BUILDING
CHICAGO

Now is the time to REGISTER for season 1903-4
Write for registration blank and booklet

CALL AT.....

WALLACE & CLARKE’S

For all Kinds of
FURNITURE

Horner & Lawrence
Outfitters

SHOES and RUBBERS
COLLARS and NECKWEAR

STUDENTS’ HEADQUARTERS
FOR GYMNASIUM GOODS
THE SOROSIS SCHOOL SHOES
AND A FULL LINE OF PARTY SLIPPERS
SHOES MENDED HERE
Michigan State Normal College

Founded in 1851. Best equipment of any institution for the training of teachers in the West.

Admits H. S. graduates to a two years' Life Certificate Course.

Gives degree of B. Pd. for a three years' course for H. S. graduates.

Gives review courses for persons wishing to prepare for county and state examinations.

Expenses are quite moderate. Rooms 75c to $1.00 to each student per week. Table board $2.00 to $3.00 per week. Tuition $3.00 per term of twelve weeks, Summer term of six weeks.

Send for year book,

L. H. JONES,
President
Chemical and
Physical Apparatus

Instruments and Supplies

CHEMICALS, REAGENTS and STAINS

In fact everything to equip

SCIENCE LABORATORIES

Can be obtained of best quality and at reasonable prices from

EBERBACH & SON

Manufacturers and Importers

ANNARBOR, MICH.

Our complete catalogue will be mailed to Science teachers upon request.
Normal Conservatory of Music

Frederic H. Pease, Director

FACULTY

PIANO
Miss Marie Garciessen
Mrs. Jessie Pease
Miss Ruth Putnam
Mr. Minor White

VIOLIN
Miss Abba Owen

VOICE CULTURE AND SINGING
Mr. Fred Ellis
Miss Carrie Towner
Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Pease

ORGAN
Mr. Howard Brown
Mr. F. L. York

Mr. Frederic Pease

VIOLONCELLO
Mr. H. W. Samson

ITALIAN
Miss Marie Garciessen

For circulars concerning terms and tuition apply to MARIE GARCIEN, Secretary
Sullivan-Cook Co.
Clothiers and Furnishers

YPISILANTI, MICH.

Don't Use Your Eyes a Moment
If they cause you any trouble whatever
FREE EXAMINATION
OPTICAL REPAIRING WATCH REPAIRING
COLLEGE PINS ENGRAVING

BRAAB, The Jeweler

Headquarters for NORMAL STUDENTS
FOR...

GYMNASIUM SHOES

P. C. SHERWOOD & CO.
The Shoemen

126 Congress Street. ALL KINDS OF REPAIR WORK

Michigan Central
"The Niagara Falls Route"

Time Table Taking Effect Nov. 15, 1903.

East

2 14* 10* 36* 12 8* 6*

A. M. P. M. A. M. NIGHT P. M.
Chicago Lv. 6:45 3:00 10:30 12:00 10:00

noon P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M. A. M.

Kalamazoo 12:00 6:45 2:08 5:10 7:15 2:42 P. M.
Jackson 2:40 5:40 4:05 6:00 10:05 5:05 2:35


Detroit 5:30 10:30 6:00 10:00 12:25 7:15 4:15

West

11* 5 17* 23* 13 37* 9*

A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. A. M.

Ypsilanti Lv. 5:05 7:48 8:36 1:25 5:45 10:05 2:13


Albion 6:50 11:40 ---- 3:00 7:55 12:25 3:55

Battle Creek 7:25 12:22 10:48 3:50 8:35 1:10 4:26

Kalamazoo 8:00 11:15 11:20 4:28 9:25 1:55 5:05

Chicago 11:50 6:40 3:05 8:55 ---- 7:30 ----

*Daily.

Fred Coe, The Printer

Has moved from 30 Huron St.
to 25 Washington St.—the Quirk Bldg.

He will be associated with the new daily paper,
but his Job Printing business will be conducted
independent of the new enterprise, and with his
larger and better quarters and increased facilities
is better prepared than ever to serve his customers
in a satisfactory manner.

Drop in and see him—he will be glad to show you around

Fred Coe, The Printer

Waterman

makes the

Photographs

For the Aurora
CONTENTS

PROFESSOR FREDERIC H. PEASE
SCHUMANN’S FOREST SCENES
THE TIN VIOLIN
WINDS AT NIGHT
WAGNER OPERA
THE GOLDEN LEGEND
THE SOUL OF A VIOLIN
LISTENING TO MUSIC
LIBRARY ADMINISTRATION
GREAT MUSICIANS
EDITORIAL
ALUMNI
LOCALS
EXCHANGES

DIRECTORY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Literary Societies</th>
<th>OLYMPIC</th>
<th>PRESIDENT</th>
<th>Nellie Woodward</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Jessie Hare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CRESCENT</td>
<td></td>
<td>President</td>
<td>Howard Prime</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Ethel Fox</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Nellie Holmes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ATHENIUM</td>
<td></td>
<td>President</td>
<td>J. Mace Andrews</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Angie Sandon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>General Secretary</td>
<td>Alice Premiss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LINCOLN</td>
<td></td>
<td>President</td>
<td>Roy Herald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>J. Mace Andrews</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Hiber Burke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEBSTER</td>
<td></td>
<td>President</td>
<td>F. B. McKay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>J. W. Bolander</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>J. W. Musselman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PORTIA</td>
<td></td>
<td>President</td>
<td>Kate McKenzie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Thora Paulsen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Lulu Roelio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHAKESPEARE</td>
<td></td>
<td>President</td>
<td>Jessie Laird</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Mary Ballard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>C. B. Jordan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. W. C. A.</td>
<td></td>
<td>President</td>
<td>Pearl Benedict</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Edith Hoyle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Katherine Clous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y. M. C. A.</td>
<td></td>
<td>President</td>
<td>F. B. McKay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Ray E. Allen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Wilbur M. Morris</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President
Secretary
Treasurer
Football Manager
Baseball Manager
Basketball Manager
Track Team Manager

Members of Council:
Professors Roberts, Barbour, Shetzer, Bowen and Mr. Peet and all managers.

Churches of Ypsilanti
Catholic—Corner Cross and Hamilton Sts., Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.
Episcopal—Huron St., Rev. William Gardam, rector.
Professor Frederic H. Pease

Professor F. H. PEASE was born in Ohio, and was educated at Oberlin College, which institution numbered his parents among its founders. Music has always held a prominent place in the curriculum of Oberlin, and the young Frederic sang as a boy soprano in the celebrated old choir, and there later he played the violin. Mr. Pease relates as his earliest sally into the musical world, his earnestness in persuading his father to send him to a singing school that was started near his home. His father finally consented to pay the tuition, but tried the zeal of the boy by making him earn the money to pay for his own singing book. He rode the plow-horse of an old farmer, who drove so close to every tree that the little boy's legs were constantly rubbed against the rough bark—but the plucky little chap held on, and was the proud possessor of the longed-for dollar.

His musical education was continued in Boston. Later he held a series of musical conventions with Professor E. M. Foote of Ypsilanti, and made this town his home. In 1863 he was appointed professor of music in the Normal College, a position which he has held with marked success until the present time. In the early days of his work, he was granted a year's leave of absence to study abroad, in Italy and Germany, visiting also other countries and gathering material for his work everywhere. In later years he has gone frequently to the East, and to Europe, and the constant and steady development of the Conservatory is the best testimony of the results of his unfailing efforts after all that is highest and best in his profession.

Mr. Pease's work has not been confined to his teaching in the Normal and to the establishing of the Conservatory and raising it to its high rank among kindred institutions. For many years he taught in the Detroit Conservatory of Music; for several seasons had charge of the work at Bay View, and was conductor at the National Summer School at Chicago. He is well-known as a composer and a compiler of musical works. Recently, by special request, the chapel hour was devoted to his compositions among which were the favorite cantata, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and many beautiful songs.

It is owing largely to him that Ypsilanti has always had high standards in musical work, and has so many musicians of whom to be justly proud. The Ypsilanti Musical Union, organized in 1870, was long a flourishing society and finally was absorbed in the Normal choir, whose concerts have been the musical event of the college and the town, and which has developed into a spring musical festival, and Mr. Pease is recognized as a king among conductors.
“Who will go to the theatre in May or June when he can go into the woods?” So wrote Schumann to one of his friends, Dr. Haertel. Surely no one would if he could hear the voices in nature that Schumann heard, could find “sermons in stones,” whole music dramas in the rush of the wind among the branches or a tragedy in the wild bird’s mournful cry. Schumann, like many another poet and musician, was filled with a love of nature and it is in these forest scenes that he shows his love by describing for us his impressions of objects in nature. This little set of nine pieces was written only five or six years before Schumann’s death, while he was still in possession of his full powers. Though short and written in a most unpretentious style, they are probably such as no other composer who ever lived could have written. They are a series of pictures showing us woodland scenes as Schumann himself saw them, giving us in music the thoughts and feelings that those scenes awoke in his mind and even describing some incidents. Perhaps we can get a more perfect idea of them by calling them collectively, “A Day in the Woods,” and regarding them as a musical setting of the experiences, both mental and physical, of a party of young German students out for a holiday. Schumann himself could enjoy such an outing as well as any one, and that, too, not only in a grave or poetical mood, but also in a decidedly hilarious way. Witness the fact that once, when riding on a stage-coach, he took the reins from the bands of the driver and drove for miles at a break-neck speed, only stopping at the wayside inns along the route to treat the passengers to beer.

The title of each little piece indicates more or less clearly its musical contents, but one may study them for years, and be constantly finding new meanings and hitherto unnoticed beauties. Although apparently so simple they are in some respects the most complicated piano music I have ever seen. The wealth of musical ideas, of descriptive, of suggestive, of reminiscence is really wonderful.

Let us take up a few of them somewhat in detail and see what we can discover besides what lies on the surface.

Number one is the entrance into the forest, that is, one’s first impressions on entering the forest. How fresh and breezy it is! It is full of woody noises. Notice the figure in the right hand of the first two measures. Could anything be more descriptive of the incessantly shifting play of the sunbeams on the fallen leaves as they sift down through the leafy branches overhead? To be sure, it must be properly played—no baseball-battered fingers will do for these delicate staccato, vanishing phrased notes. After the little introduction of eight measures (repeated) we hear in the distance the windings of a Waldholz’s or huntsman’s horn (measures 9, 10, 11, soprano part). Then we listen a moment while the dancing sunbeams play at our feet. Then, like “horns of elfland faintly blowing,” comes the answering call (in the tenor this time) dying away to silence (measure 17) and again the dancing sunbeams. Another faint call is heard and then the soughing of the wind as a gust arises away off among the trees, gradually coming nearer, and as
it sweeps by it brings to us again the call of the forest horn (measures 32-33, tenor part). Again the shifting light, a sudden rush of the wind like the cry of a startled bird, and the picture is gone.

The next scene that we examine is number three, the Solitary Flower—and a more delicate aquarelle has never been drawn, whether by painter or musician. I may be wrong, but I firmly believe that there are but two flowers and that they are blue—two little blue star-like flowers in some half-lighted forest glade, gently waving to and fro on their graceful blade-like stems as the spring breeze touches them. As we watch them swaying, now towards, now away from each other, we think of the story of Narcissus, of Daphne, of Nymphs and Dryads, and the music becomes an idyl of sylvan love and beauty. Written in the simplest style (as becomes the subject), technically almost in the first grade, this little composition requires the most delicate and artistic handling if its beauty is to be appreciated. I know of but one other piano piece comparable to it—the second of the twelve little preludes by Bach, the one in C minor.

The next one of the set—the Haunted Place—shows us another side of Schumann's character, the side that finally became predominant and caused his life to end so painfully, namely, the gloomy, morbid. This composition could only have been written by a German, one who was full of the gloomy stories of the Black Forest who, at night, saw the Erlking behind each shadowy willow tree, or heard the galloping of the headless horseman in every sound of the midnight wind. Here, too, we have a suggestion of flowers, but as the motto prefixed to the piece tells us, they are not of a heavenly blue but pale as death itself—all, save one, that stands in

the midst a dark clotted crimson. Here they grow in some noisome fen, dank and miry, the scene of a dreadful deed, and the crimson flower has its color from the dark red blood of murdered men. The piece itself is full of sudden starts and shudders and half-suppressed groans.

Towards the end comes two long shivering moans, and at the very end a shriek. Of all wierd, uncanny music this is certainly the most remarkable.

Number six—Wayside Inn—is a jolly, roistering bit, perhaps suggested to Schumann by a reminiscence of that memorable stage-coach ride. Our student party, tired and thirsty, come across one of those little taverns that were so frequent along the German roads, and enter to rest and to procure the indispensable beer. First comes a snatch of a jolly, drinking song, followed by the noise of the glasses tapping on the tables. The fun grows more boisterous until, during a momentary lull, one of the students, a tenor, is heard (measure 25) singing in a most sentimental, love-sick way, presumably to the bar-maid. She, however, refuses to listen to any such nonsense and very promptly cuts him short. The noise increases again, more tapping on the tables for more beer, bits of the song somewhat distorted are heard, then suddenly the bar-maid's laugh is heard, and, after a few rather clumsy attempts at the song, the party starts to go. As they go away they wave the hostess a goodbye and disappear at the turn of the road. Then back, borne on the wind, comes the sound of the students, merrily whistling their drinking song.

Number seven is called the Prophet Bird, a composition that is a favorite with many of our best concert pianists. It most exquisitely represents the dainty
flutter of the feathered songster as he flits from branch to branch, now poising for a moment in the air, now gracefully sliding down his airy path. Six bars of harmony follow, containing the "prophecy," after which the bird begins again its capricious flight and, suddenly, with a dainty shake of its bright wings, is gone.

Number nine, the last and most beautiful of the set, is the "Farewell." The day is past and the tired merrymakers are returning home. In spite of the calm and quiet of the evening, there is an inducement of melancholy, that "feeling akin to pain" that there is in every parting. But the day has left its impression on the members of the party. They recall the solitary blue-eyed flower (measure 17), one student hums to himself the air of the drinking song again (measure 38). Again is heard (measure 39) for an instant—or is it only their fancy?—the note of the forest horn. As the friends part the "Farewell" is twice heard softly uttered as becomes the time and the mood of the speakers, the night wind sighs softly once more "Farewell."

"But," some one says, "this jumbled talk of sunbeams, horns, barmaids, murdered men and prophesying birds is all nonsense; this is something you have read into the music and not something that Schumann put there. Let us have music as music, let us not try to see visions and dream dreams in music, but leave it to its own sphere."

Well, it may be that part of what I have written is fanciful, but surely not all of it. Else why the highly suggestive names of the pieces? Why these peculiarly formed phrases and rhythmic figures? And, above all, why this recurrence in a composition called the "Farewell" of ideas already heard in other pieces of a totally different nature? Schumann certainly meant part of what I have written, if not all of it, and the pianist who ignores the presence of these wonderfully suggestive musical expressions not only loses a great deal of enjoyment, but in his playing he either misrepresents Schumann or fails to interpret him adequately.

The Tin Violin

Lou Marseilles '05

It was a July evening, 1832, and Paganini was to play before the court at the Royal Palace in Naples. The concert was to begin at eight o'clock but before seven carriages began to arrive and the Via de Toledo was full of people.

It was a beautiful evening, in that land which knows no winter. The sun slowly sinking towards the horizon made the bay seem a mass of molten gold; his last rays touched the white sails of a passing vessel, and caressingly lingered on the swan-like prows of gondolas as they glided over the shimmering surface.

As one neared the palace the carriages became more numerous, the crowd of pedestrians denser. Among the latter was a tall thin man, of about fifty, who seemed in a great hurry and persistently elbowed his way through the crowd. But when near the palace his ear caught a faint, peculiar sound. He stopped and listened; it was repeated, and quickly turning he made his way down a narrow street whence the sound proceeded.
A few steps brought him to the object of his interest. An old man was seated on the worn steps of an ancient palace, beside him a little boy with a queer, misshapen hat on his knee. In his hand the old man held what appeared to be a violin, but the notes, which had attracted the stranger's attention were surely different from any ever heard before.

Quickly saluting the old man he asked, "What have you here?"

A proud, astonished look came over the old man's face as he stiffly replied, "A violin."

"Yes, yes!" said the stranger courteously, "but surely it is no ordinary instrument."

So the old man told him how he was dependent on his son for his living, and disliking to be a burden, had wished for a violin that he might, perchance, earn a scant pittance, playing on the streets. They were too poor however to buy one, so his son, who was a tinsmith, had employed his odd moments in making for him a tin violin.

The stranger listened attentively and when the story was ended he put out his hand saying, "May I try your instrument?" The old man handed it to him, and as the stranger quickly tuned it he said, "Ah! You play too, do you not?" An odd smile crossed the stranger's lips, but he only replied, "Yes, a little."

But scarcely had he begun to play when his form seemed to dilate, his eyes glowed, the lines above his mouth deepened, the man stood transformed. A crowd of peasants began to gather around, for all Italians are born musicians; a carriage bearing the crest of a noble family passed, and its fair occupant stopped to see the cause of such a gathering. With amazement she looked at the central figure, and recognized the artist whom she was on her way to the palace to hear. With outstretched arms she uttered one word, "Paganini."

From that moment the crowd deepened, and carriage after carriage stopped as men and women crowded around to hear Paganini, the greatest violinist the world has ever known. But utterly oblivious of his surroundings he played on and on till the quivering air seemed permeated with the magic of his music, subtle and glorious as the incense-laden breezes of the Orient. Now he seemed to improvise from the old man's story, and the violin sobbed and hissed like a lost soul in despair; then, gradually changing, the soft notes whispered of growing hope, and the cadences rose and fell in magnificent harmony till their intensity became almost painful. Motioning the boy to pass his hat, once more he changed the melody, and the soft low music was a prayer, a pleading no one could resist, for never had the great virtuoso played as he did then. Silver and gold were heaped into the hat until the old man had a small fortune.

Abruptly dropping the bow and handing back the instrument to its owner, Paganini turned and as quickly as possible made his way through the crowd, which seemed just wakened from a trance, and their loud applause followed him even to the palace.
Winds at Night

All night I hear the rush of many winds,
That surging down the aisle-ways of the pines,
Fling out disconsolate cryings to the dark,
And mock the scudding moon with harsh disquietude.
I lie and listen to the wind-vested trees
That stammer now with swirling turbulence,
As fitful gusts invade their privacies,
Or, vibrant with the breath of long-forgotten days,
Now hush the impetuous voices of the night
With low antiphonal murmurings of the sea.
My inland heart beats quick,
I seem to hear the cadence of retreating waves,
And through the inarticulate pulsings of the storm,
Sea-syllables from far reverberating shores
Spell out a summons to my landlocked sense,
With the old imperious challenge of the deep.
The world recedes. Upon my face
I feel the cool of ocean spindrift;
Across my half-awakened spirit drifts
The redolence that hints of salten surf;
In my ears, with haunting iterance, sounds
The wash of distant waters—
Till, night and sleep resurgent,
The beat of waves and cry of winds
Die out in echoing intimations,
And mingle with the texture of my dreams.

—Mary Lovett
Wagner Opera

This subject is too great, too deep and too far beyond the scope of a brief magazine article, and, alas! beyond the power of the writer.

However, one may record impressions of things not understood—only felt. The first and deepest feelings aroused by listening to Wagner's music is of wonder at its immensity! One stands in awe before the colossal intellect of the man who, having conceived the ideas of his wonderful musical dramas, had the talent to write his own librettos, and the power to express his ideas in such soul-stirring, heart-searching melody. It is as difficult to convey one's impressions of it, as to describe the feelings aroused by Raphael's celebrated painting—the "Sistine Madonna," or the view of a sunrise on Mont Blanc.

Richard Wagner (born in Leipsic, 1813) was not considered a remarkable boy. Not being strong, he received but little regular education until he entered school in Dresden at the age of nine. Yet we read that, when thirteen years of age, he translated several books of Homer's "Odyssey," and studied English by himself in order to read Shakespeare. When he was overheard, one day, to be playing the bridal chorus from "Der Freischütz," his parents told each other: "Perhaps Richard will some day develop musical ability."

What first awakened him to a realization of the power of music, was listening to the symphonies of Beethoven in the well-known Gewadhaus at Leipsic. The overpowering earnestness of the composer completely fascinated and captivated the boy of fifteen. And what he said of Beethoven's music, we can say now of Wagner's. He felt as if the composer addressed him personally, as if every movement resolved itself into a story, and glowed with life, assuming clear, distinct shape before his mental vision. When seventeen years old, Wagner took piano lessons at Leipsic, of Weinhig who, he says, was his "only real master." Like other boys, he disliked to practice, and rebelled against finger-exercises. He longed to become a composer, but theory seemed such a long and dreary road, he revolted from all prescribed rules of canon, fugue and counter-point. He studied Beethoven constantly, and although they never met, worshipped him from afar. His family called him "Beethoven-mad." He was also a great admirer of his "beloved Weber." The music of Weber appealed to his emotions rather than his reason, but he combined in himself the special gifts of both models: the earnest work of the former, and the idealism of the latter.

His dislike for Mendelssohn dates from 1832, when he essayed to write a grand symphony for orchestra. This, with his usual ambition, he took to Vienna, the city of pleasure and of light Italian music, where it is not surprising that the young and unknown composer was ignored. Later, he carried his symphony to Mendelssohn who was then conductor at the Gewadhaus in Leipsic. For a long time nothing was heard of it, and Wagner, being anxious, applied to Mendelssohn. To his great indignation, he was told that the score had unfortunately been lost. This rankled in his memory so that no amount of amiability afterwards shown him by Mendelssohn could ever efface it.

In 1836, when overwhelmed with debts
and beset by every kind of trouble, he was married to Wilhemina Planer, an actress in Magdeburg. She was so much her husband's inferior in intellect that she never rose to his higher plane of thought, nor was she able to appreciate his genius. Yet she it was who curbed his extravagant expenditures, and who spent her life working for his comfort, and striving to make ends meet. [Her death occurred in 1868.] Wagner was always in debt, because he could never deny himself any luxury which he could obtain by borrowing money. Later, in England, the anti-Wagnerian musical journals said that his "music of the future, which he prophesied, would be all 'promissory notes.'"

After years of struggle for recognition in his fatherland, he determined to go to Paris, the stronghold of European musical criticism. He went, filled with the conviction that he should win success against all odds. They traveled first to London, and after remaining a week there sailed to Boulogne and on to Paris. In their stormy passage across the English channel, he first conceived the idea of his second opera, "The Flying Dutchman." It was finished after two years of weary struggle in Paris.

He told his friend Praeger that he put into it all the pent-up anguish, the homesickness and discouragement that had oppressed him while in exile. It was sent at once to Meyerbeer, in Germany, for publication. Meanwhile, to provide life's necessities, he sold the manuscript of the poem for £20.

Feeling that Paris was the art center of Europe, Wagner tried in vain to write an opera for the Paris world, but the more he attended the grand opera, the greater became his dissatisfaction with the conventionalities of the Paris stage.

The great revolution in his art-work is shown in the latter part of his "Rienzi," as contrasted with the first act, and dates from an evening when he went, in his poverty and discouragement, to a concert in the Conservatory of Music. There he listened to Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," and felt so invigorated by the healthy, refreshing draughts of music, that he went home to his Minna "resolved to make of music an articulate language, understood by all."

Perhaps, had it not been for the violent antagonism excited in him by the Paris opera, and his deep rebellion against its limitations, Wagner would not so soon have come to a knowledge of himself and of his powers.

In speaking of "Rienzi" and of historical opera in general, he said that it demanded "a precise and careful treatment of detail and incident," which was "not in the province of music." He claimed that the tonal art was a medium only for the expression of the feelings, and of the workings of the heart. Legend appealed to him as the best subject for opera; because details of time and place were of no importance. He said: "No matter when the period nor who the people—legends are not hampered by any conditions of nationality or epoch, but treat exclusively of that which is human.

"Lohengrin" is the most popular of his operas—even among his opponents. And why? Wagner said of it: "Music is love; and in "Lohengrin" melody shall stream forth, from end to end."

One never forgets the feelings aroused by first hearing the sweet melodies of the "Lohengrin" prelude. The trembling vibrations of sixty violins in delicate pianissimo, introducing the fascinating "Swan motif," fills the hearer with an indescribable longing "which resembles sadness, as the mist resembles rain."

In the story of "Lohengrin," Wagner hesitated for some time about the final fate of the hero. Many friends and critics urged that he should have him remain on earth as Elsa's husband. But his better
judgment led him to see that it would be more poetical and more artistic to have the Swan re-appear, and carry Lohengrin back to his former state of semi-divinity. After Wagner had returned to Dresden, from Paris, his luxurious soul revelled in the change from poverty to comparative affluence, and he resolved to "enjoy life, and taste fully of its pleasures."

In this mood of feverish excitement the legend of "Taubäuer" attracted him, and he soon finished the poem for that opera. The music simmered in his brain for three years, before he finished it to his satisfaction. The opera was completed in 1845, and performed in Dresden, but with only partial success. The music was unlike anything ever heard before. It was noised abroad that there were passages for the first violins which were unplayable. The critics ridiculed the hundred and forty-two bars of repetition for the violins in the overture, and some admirers who said the first eight bars were "sublime," declared the "remainder was all erratic fiddling," and that the whole composition was "noise and fury."

After the performance of his operas Wagner enjoyed meeting with a few chosen friends to discuss musical matters over their beer. He would often seat himself at the piano and sing the different parts to illustrate some point. When told that his voice sounded like a big Newfoundland dog, he would laugh—but continue his howling with such earnestness as to hold his audience spell-bound. In conducting an orchestra, he would sing a passage through, to show the instruments how he wished it played. During his three months stay in London in 1855, where he conducted the "Philharmonic" concerts, the following account appeared in the Musical Gazette: "The audience at the concert last evening, rose en masse to see the new German conductor, Richard Wagner. Whispers were heard, 'He is a small man, but what a beautiful, intelligent forehead he has!' This German does not conduct in the old-fashioned manner. He leaves off beating time,—then resumes, to lead his orchestra to a climax, or soften them down to a pianissimo, as if a thousand threads tied them to his baton."

When Wagner was in the throes of composition, he would sit at the piano for hours, working at some idea—pounding vigorously as he strove to bring out new thoughts or to evolve a 'motif' which should characterize some phase of the story. He could never play well, on account of his awkward fingering, but often remarked that he played better than Berlioz (his rival in Paris who could not play a note).

The power of Wagner lay, I think, in his indomitable determination to accomplish what would have appalled an ordinary mind.

A friend wrote of him: "His earnestness in art is religious. He looks upon the drama as a pulpit from which the people should be taught; and his views on a combination of the different arts for that purpose, are as new as they are ideal. He feels that he has a mission to fulfill—a new art gospel to preach."

It is pleasant to think that Wagner after having passed through fifty-eight years of struggle against criticism and opposition, found in his last days the heartiest appreciation, both at home and abroad; and that he was enabled to carry out his long-cherished plan for building a theater at Baireuth where his operas could be given to his satisfaction. Since his death (1883) this little German town has been a point of interest to which thousands of his admirers have made pilgrimages. In more recent years, since his operas have been given elsewhere with such perfection of detail, the numbers of Baireuth visitors are greatly diminished.
Sir Arthur Sullivan, the celebrated English composer, while chiefly known among the people as the author of light operas such as "Pinafore," "Patience" and "The Mikado," was also prolific in other works and has written oratorios, "The Prodigal Son," "The Light of the World," and many popular songs. His hymn tunes are known and sung in all churches of whatever denomination, "Onward Christian Soldiers" being especially familiar to everyone.

One of his most beautiful compositions is "The Golden Legend," which has been given at the great English musical festivals and in America as well. The text is adapted from the poem of the same name by Longfellow, the adaptation by Joseph Bennet. The argument is as follows:

"Prince Henry, of Hoheneck, lying sick of body and mind at his Castle of Vautsherg, on the Rhine, has consulted the famous physicians of Salerno, and learned that he can be cured only by the blood of a maiden who shall, of her own free will, consent to die for his sake. Regarding the remedy as impossible, the Prince gives way to despair, when he is visited by Lucifer, disguised as a traveling physician. The Fiend tempts him with alcohol, to the fascination of which he ultimately yields in such a measure as to be deprived of place and power, and driven forth as an outcast.

Prince Henry finds shelter in the cottage of one of his vassals, whose daughter, Elsie, moved by great compassion for his fate, resolves to sacrifice her life that he might be restored. The prayers of her mother, Ursula, are of no avail to turn her from her purpose, and in due time, Prince Henry, Elsie and their attendants set forth for Salerno. On their way they encounter a band of pilgrims, with whom is Lucifer, in the garb of a friar. He is also journeying to Salerno.

On reaching their destination, Prince Henry and Elsie are received by Lucifer, who has assumed the form of Friar Angelo, a doctor of the medical school. Elsie persists in her resolve to die, despite the opposition of the Prince, who now declares that he intended to do no more than test her constancy. Lucifer draws Elsie into an inner chamber, but the Prince and attendants, breaking down the door, rescue her at the last moment.

Miraculously healed, Prince Henry marries the devoted maiden, and is restored to his rightful place.

The six scenes of the Cantata illustrate passages in the foregoing story. In the Prologue, the defeat of Lucifer is foreshadowed by an impotent attempt to wreck the castle of Strasburg. In the Epilogue, the beneficent devotion of Elsie is compared to the course of a mountain brook, which cools and fertilizes the arid plain."

The orchestration is of especial beauty, and a peculiar charm is added by the sound of the bells, which seem to speak the Latin words sung by the chorus. The Cantata closes with these words:

"The deed divine
Is written in characters of gold
That never shall grow old,
But through all ages
Burn and shine."
The gold of autumn was everywhere. The leaves of the trees were flecked with it, the golden-rod by the wayside lifted high its spikes of gold, the air itself was permeated with the soft glow of Indian summer, and a golden sun shone over all. It even brightened up the old conservatory, which every one avowed was the homeliest building on the campus, but sunshine is a wonderful alchemist.

A young man stood on the steps drinking in the beauty of the world around him. Tall, straight and strong, his whole body throbbing with life and action, he presented a good type of the college boy of today. Drawing a long breath of appreciation, with one last glance, he picked up the violin case at his side and entered the building.

The old professor lifted his face with a smile of welcome, as the young man entered the music-room, bringing with him a breath of pure wholesome air which seemed so much his native atmosphere. In spite of the fact that Donald Dean was far from being his best musical student, the heart of the old musician had a very warm place for him, a place which Donald's genial sunny nature never allowed to grow cold.

Many a talk they had had, these two, the old man and the young, concerning Donald's work with his violin. Faultless in execution, mastering the most difficult compositions with greatest ease, yet there was always something missing. The casual listener strove in vain to define the "something," but only the true musician knew it was the lack of soul, without which all music is dead. Not that Donald lacked soul, but it slept—nothing had entered his life to awaken it.

On this day, as he finished Mendelssohn's inimitable "Spring Song," the old man heaved a sigh of disappointment. He took up the instrument and drawing the bow lightly over the strings played the composition through. His spring was far behind him, but because its influence still lingered in his heart, it breathed forth from his violin. The young man listened, he felt and realized, as he always did, the subtle intangible difference, and the keen sense of his own deficiency came anew to him, and with it the stirrings of vague indefinable longings.

"I have been thinking it over," he said, as the last notes of the song, faint as the breath of spring itself, died away in the air "and I know why I fail. It is because my life has been all spring-time—I have never known the summer of a great joy nor the winter of a great grief, and because of this I cannot appreciate the spring nor can I interpret the soul of any music. If I were not so alone in the world, if I had known a mother's love which I could have put into my music, a father's care which I could have voiced in my violin, or the sweet companionship of a brother or sister to make music in my life, it might have been different, as it is"—he ceased with a sigh.

"Have you never tried to play when you felt this aloneness?" asked the old man.

"Never," said Donald, "this is the nearest I have ever come to sorrow, but it is not a positive grief—it is simply the realization of a lack in my life, just as there is a lack in my music."
The old man placed his hand fondly on the boy’s shoulder. “The soul will enter your violin sometime,” he said “May it be through joy, not sorrow that you learn to interpret.”

The golden days of autumn sped into the white days of winter. Day by day the sun crept toward the north. Every night it went down in a lake of crimson, sending its fiery shafts far over the white snow. Then spring came throbbling through the earth, making hearts leap with the thought of her approach.

Donald was living in the spring-land, happy, care-free, his soul still asleep, stirring only when came to him the thought of home and mother-love which he had never known.

Today, as he waited for the old violinist, he was singing in a clear tenor—

“In the time of apple blossoms,
Tender love bloomed in my heart.”

“My boy, ‘tender love’ doesn’t bloom in your heart, or you would never sing about it in that way,” said his teacher as he entered. “When you sing, your voice lacks the same something as does your violin when you play. Perhaps ‘tender love’ would give you the ‘something.'”

“Perhaps,” answered the boy, and a new look came over his face—some of the dreams which he had hidden deep in his heart leaped to his eyes. The master saw and out of his large experience knew that the boy’s awakening would come with the realization of his dreams. For Donald sometimes wandered in dreamland where a bright vision of pure and gentle girlhood, “a dim ideal of slender grace” met him, but as yet it was only a “dim ideal.”

Something of these thoughts entered his music, on this day and he played with more soul than ever before. The old man who had lived his dream-life and the life-of-the-real into which it had merged, looked on him with kind eyes full of sympathy and understanding.

“Come up to chapel with me, this morning” he said. “One of my new pupils is to sing, and I want you to hear her.”

Donald went, and there he first saw Dorothy—yes, and heard Dorothy. The slight girlish figure with its well-poised head, the sweet girlish face with a certain tenderness, so touchingly revealed, seemed to be the embodiment of his dreams. And then she sang—was it a great joy or a great grief that had entered her life, Donald wondered.

When he had met her and looked into her eyes, he felt sure it had been grief. Afterwards he knew—she, like him, was an orphan, but unlike him, she could remember the touch of dear hands on her head. First her mother had gone, and then her father, weary of waiting, had slipped into the silent land to look for the little mother, and Dorothy was left alone. It was this sorrow-burden which had given to her voice the quality which had so touched Donald.

As he looked at her now for the first time, Mrs. Browning’s words came to him—

“Her face is lily clear—
Lily-shaped and drooped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.”

Later, when he learned to know her better, saw her in sweet service to those about her, saw how—

“Men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town,
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown,”

he ceased to think of the face and saw only the white soul shining through.

And the soul was awakening in Donald’s
violin. The old master heard it, rejoiced and waited for its full awakening. He heard its first great out-cry. Donald had been with Dorothy the early part of the evening. Later, his teacher made his way to the boy's room. At the door he stopped and listened, the tears rolling down his cheeks. Donald was playing the "Spring Song." He had caught all its delicate beauty, he was alive with the joy of living and of love, and the voice in the violin was singing a mating-song of the spring-time. Lange's "Flower Song" followed in all its sweet beauty, making the listener think of bridal roses and swinging vines. Then "Traumerei"—and the old man dreamed again the gold dreams of his youth, when he had a Dorothy, "the gift of God." Softly the strains of "O, Promise Me" fell upon the air, and to the old man came a vision of Dorothy's eyes—eyes like the first sweet violets of early spring, as Donald's violin thrilled with the "love unutterable that was to be."

Then came a long pause; the old man waited. Suddenly the notes of the "Miserere" came throbbing to his ears. Donald's joy, a joy so deep as to be almost pain, had taught him to interpret both. But the old man did not know that with Dorothy's love, had come to Donald a fierce, passionate longing for the mother whom he had never known—a longing for the mother-love to which he might confide this new love which had entered his life. The "Miserere" was a cry after her who was away.

When it was finished, the old master crept quietly down the stairs. The soul had entered Donald's violin—some call it "love" but he called it Dorothy.

**Listening to Music**

It is wonderful to think of the time, money and talent spent in the preparation for the production of the great music of the world. The performance of the opera "Parsifal" is the result of the life work of many people and all to the end that it may have an audience. Pianists, singers and all musicians are using their energy in work the success of which depends upon a fickle public. Out of this audience there are various classes of listeners and it is interesting to ask whether each class and individual is getting out of it all that is possible, according to the standpoint of each one.

The largest number are of course those who go to hear music as they would go to see a magician or clown,—to be amused. One usually finds what one looks for and if these people are not properly amused by the performance they talk of other things, disturbing those near. They need not only lessons in music but also in good manners.

A class who have a little deeper comprehension are those who say with some honesty and a little shame; "I don't go to hear a symphony because I cannot appreciate and enjoy it." To such one can reply that of course they do not enjoy such compositions because of their having heard but little and they do not understand it. There is hope for them, for having confessed their ignorance they are on the way
to light. They should go and go often to hear the best performance of good music, listen for the beauty in music and having found it, try to discover the motive for it.

Then there are those whose emotional natures are easily stirred and who feel and understand without knowing why. They are likely to keep still and listen and with attention. They are pleasant listeners and often good critics. But we have not reached the true vocation of music when we consider only the mere pleasure it gives. There is an intellectual and psychological side which for its depth and subtlety is hard to express. So it is only to the born and trained musician that the full joy and appreciation of music can come.

Perhaps it is easier to listen to solo singing than to orchestral or pianoforte music, for the voice alone carries the melody as a rule and it is easier to follow, though often the voice part would be very meager without an accompaniment, especially in modern music. Often the criticism is heard and uttered with some asperity, — "I liked his voice, but I couldn't understand a word he said." There is much discussion about sacrificing the tones for the words and the words for the tones, but here it is sufficient to say that it takes much training in most cases to produce the full flowing tone with clearly spoken words and it is not so simple an operation as some imagine. The writer is convinced that the fault lies with the hearer sometimes, in not understanding the words, for some people will complain of singers on occasions when the words they say are as distinct as speaking. Such people need to hear a twirl to the r and a twang to the n in order to make them understand. However, singers cannot be too painstaking on this point for clearness of enunciation aids tone production and vice versa. But there is another side. In some of the best music, words are really not necessary to expression. There is greater art in expression by tones than by words. An ardent lover of music once refused to look at the libretto of the opera, "Il Trovatore" given in Italian, because she wanted to weave out of her own imagination a story which would fit the music and scene.

The students in the Normal Chorus are receiving the best of training in the art of listening. Brought in contact with good music, hearing and singing their own parts and listening for the other parts; and with the inspiration of our conductor, perceiving the beautiful and good of the composition, they are being fitted to appreciate the best in music.

The mind of a good listener must be alert and in a receptive state. Music is not for an idle or unintelligent audience, but can well engage the philosophical mind, the mind that can appreciate the light and shades of emotion.

— '03
UNDER the heading Administration will fall such details as, regulations for drawing and charging books; use and care of periodicals; selecting and ordering books; and library tools, both mechanical and literary. In some of the smaller schools the teacher best adapted for the work is appointed librarian and given time from regular work, or given extra pay for extra work. It is also expedient to select one or two of the senior class who are usually glad to give their time for the benefit and the honor of having charge of the library during their free class periods. Too often the entire work falls on the superintendent.

The smaller the library the greater the necessity for allowing all kinds of books to be taken from the room, and also the more urgent the requirement that they be taken at such time only as will not interfere with their use as needed in the room, and that they be returned with absolute promptness at the time stated. No book should be taken from the library, even for a few minutes, by either teacher or scholar, without a charge being made. The simplest charging system is the use of slips of paper, cut to uniform size—about 2x4 inches. Write name of author at top, and below, title of book, accession number, and sign with name of person drawing the book. These slips should be kept in alphabetical order, snapped together with a rubber band, convenient for immediate reference when a book is wanted which is not on the shelves. When the book is returned the slip is destroyed. It is well to add date, and sometimes to note length of time the book is to be kept out.

The periodical list should receive early attention. It will be limited by the funds at the disposal of the library, and by the judgment of the individual librarian. About one quarter of the annual fund should be allowed—this might, or might not include binding. No periodical should be subscribed for that would not be of permanent worth. With $100 a year for the library, $25 should be spent for periodicals—with ten on the list, there would be nearly twenty volumes to bind, as most bind two volumes to the year. Binding costs from 50 cents to $1.00 per volume. Allowing $10.00 for binding there would be $15.00 for the subscription list. The following list comprises those periodicals found most often, to have successfully stood the test of usefulness:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Periodical</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Youth's Companion (weekly), illus.</td>
<td>$1.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Nicholas (monthly), illus.</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kindergarten Magazine (monthly), illus.</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scribner's Magazine (monthly), illus.</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cosmopolitan (monthly), illus.</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outlook (weekly), illus.</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Review of Reviews (monthly), illus.</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>World's Work (monthly), illus.</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Educational Review (monthly), illus.</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Public Libraries (monthly).</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Educational review and Public libraries are for the use of the teachers. In a library of less than 1,000 volumes it would be unnecessary to buy any books on methods for the use of the teachers, but all should have access to the Review, which is invaluable and should be catalogued and bound promptly. Public libraries contain a great deal of helpful material, suggestions, reading lists, etc., for school libraries.

There are many articles in the periodicals that should be catalogued. A con-
venient form is Subject, periodical, vol., page, date, E.g.:
All periodicals are arranged on the shelves alphabetically. A discount of about 15
per cent is given by subscription agencies.

A careful record should be kept, of the
date of ordering, agency from which or­
dered, cost, and date of beginning and
ending of subscription. Each number is
to be entered on a check list as received,
and when a volume is complete it should
be bound at once.

The selecting and ordering of books is
the most important part of library work.
The best helps are to be found in looking
over a well selected library, and in the
personal recommendation of books that
have been used successfully by teachers
in whose judgment confidence may be
placed. Keep a memorandum of such
books, noting author, title, and person by
whom recommended, and specific use of
book. Then when money is available,
and book lists are to be made out, there
will be a reliable beginning.

Publishers catalogues are supplied for
the asking, and those of such houses as
Ginn & Co., D. C. Heath, Houghton &
Mifflin, American Book Co., Macmillan,
and Scribner's Sons are indispensable.
There are certain classics that must serve
as the basis and nucleus of every library,
and these firms each supply some of these
in the most convenient and attractive of
cditions, and several of them publish
special catalogues of books adapted to
school libraries and reading, for the young.
To cite one example from these par­
ticular houses, Ginn & Co., publish the
Jane Andrews series of books, containing
Ten boys, Seven little sisters and others.
D. C. Heath's series of Home and School
classics, offer such books as Mrs. Ewing's
Jackanapes, and Miss Mulock's Little
lame prince. Houghton & Mifflin are
richest in American authors, and their
Cambridge edition of the poets is indis­
putably the one to be bought for Long­
fellow, Whittier, and other poets which the
smallest library must have. The Eclectic
series of the American Book Co., is the
most inclusive in its scope, with a range
from children's fairy tales, through famous
stories in literature, geography, history
and the English classics. The Macmil­
lan's publish Hart's American history told
by contemporaries, and Hart's Source
readers of American history. Scribner's
Series of school reading, furnish several
things at a reasonable cost, that are not
published elsewhere in convenient form—
as Thompson-Seton's Animal series, and
Wright's American literature stories.
These catalogues should be kept together,
and in alphabetical order by name of pub­
lishing house.

There are so many good lists to assist
one that a selection is difficult. First and
most easily available is the one printed by
Hou. Delos Fall, Supt. of Public Instruc­
tion, in the State manual of course of
study—last edition. This is sent free
upon application at the Superintendent's
office, Lansing.

An ideal list is published by the Buffalo
Public Library called Class-room libraries
for Public schools, and covering the 1st to
9th grades. The first part is arranged by
grades, the second part is an author and
title index in one alphabet, the third is a
subject index to the graded list. Opening
at random the following occur: Firemen,
Flag day, Japan, Pilgrims and puritans,
Ships and sailors. This catalogue will
be mailed on receipt of 10 cents.

Further lists are found in educational
papers, which with such periodicals as the
World's work, Outlook, and Review of
reviews should be read regularly for notices
of new books.

Finally, present a book list of exactly
what is most wanted, and that exactly
meets the amount of money to be spent.
Do not send in a $30.00 list, when there
are but $10.00 to spend, first because it is
unbusiness like, second because the Board
will unfailingly cut out the particular
books you consider most valuable.
HAYDN'S "CREATION."

An interesting anecdote is told of a great performance of "Creation" which took place at Vienna, in 1808, the composer, Haydn being present, but so old and feeble that he was wheeled into the theatre in a chair. This was the last time he appeared in public and it was an impressive sight to see the aged father of music unable to take part in his own "Creation." His presence roused such intense enthusiasm among the listeners, that it could not be suppressed as the chorus and orchestra burst in full power upon the superb passage, "And there was light." Amid the tumult of the enraptured audience the feeble musician was seen striving to raise himself. Once on his feet, he mustered all his strength and in reply to the applause, he cried as loud as he was able, "No, no, not from me but," pointing to heaven, "from thence comes all!" saying which he fell back exhausted and was wheeled out of the theatre.—S. M. '04.

SCHUBERT, AS A SONG WRITER.

If great genius is characterized by spontaneity and productiveness, then Schubert is one of the greatest that ever lived. Not only is it the quantity, however, but the quality of his work, which places him among the very first of his kind. His music was like the singing of birds, easy, spirited and spontaneous, and there is hardly a human sentiment, whether of joy or sorrow, love or hope which does not find adequate expression in his music, especially in his songs.

In Schubert's songs there are three distinct forms: First, the simple Lied with one unchanged melody. A good illustration of this form is found in the setting of Goethe's poem, "Hedge-roses." Second, in which the different emotions expressed in the woods are successively reflected in the changes of melody, the unity being preserved by the accompaniment. "The Linden Tree," and "The Serenade," two very characteristic songs, are of this kind. Third, the declamatory form, which is the greatest of all lyric music. The part for the voice is a dramatic chart, while the accompaniment, which is very elaborate carries but the idea. The masterpiece which may be cited as an illustration is, "Der Erl-König."

Whatever the merits of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Franz Schubert the master singer of all ages, excels them all. Schumann say, "Schubert has tones for the most delicate shades of feeling, thoughts, and even accidents and occurrences of life. That which his eye sees, his hand touches, becomes transformed to music."—H. C. '05.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

Dense crowds of people were pouring into a great theatre in a far-off foreign city, drawn thither by the magic name, Patti. Those who could not afford seats below were glad of a place even in the highest gallery, and among the latter was a little girl, poorly clad who with big wondering, hungry eyes, listened to the singing of the great artist; and in her breast, that night, the fire of a great ambition was kindled. Such is the story of the early life of Marcella Sembrich, who today stands among the small but august company of the peerless queens of song.

Yet she is delightfully natural and simple; a supreme artist because she knows the way of unceasing toil. Even now before she is to sing a difficult part in opera, she is often nervous and fearful, for she realizes the responsibilities of the true artist.

And sometimes, perchance, she thinks of that night of long ago when she received the divine inspiration, being true to which, she has won success.—E. C. '04.
The Normal College News
Published Weekly by
THE STAFF NORMAL COLLEGE COUNCIL, YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

WILLIAM McCORQuELL, P1. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
CHARLES JORDAN, MUSICAL MANAGER
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS
RAY ALLEN, 1.1. GOY SMITH, V8.
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
PAULINE ADAMS, "CHIEF OF SONG"
PEARL LILLY, "OCCATIONAL"
MILDRED WARDNOUN, M. "DEPARTMENTAL"
HILDA ESKELLY, 1.1. "SOCIAL"
MATTHEW P. MOORE, M. EXCHANGES
VILLA MARGARET, M. ALUMNI
ROBERT RAYMOND, M. ATHLETICS
PROF. J. & LAVIN & ADVISORY COMMITTEE
FROM THE COUNCIL

SUBSCRIPTION
College Year 50 cents
Single Copies 5 cents except atash, number
50 cents

For advertising furnished upon application. Address orders for subscriptions, notices for publication, etc., to
THE NORMAL COLLEGE NEWS, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Entered at the Ypsilanti postoffice as second-class matter.

THE Lord is risen!
He is risen indeed!
Alleluia!

The April festival of music promises to
be the best in the history of the College.

Among the publications compiled by
Professor Pease, are the singing books:
"The Western Bell," "The Musical Lyra,"
"The Crystal," "Pease's Singing-Book
and Instruction Course," in the last named
he was assisted by Mr. W. M. Lawrence
of Chicago.

We learn that the publication of the
musical magazine, Music, was discontinued
with vol. 21. A complete file is on the
shelves of the library, but nothing takes
its place in the Reading room. The mu-
sical library is strong in history, theory,
and hymnology, and contains a few
scores.

A traveler from the East, after a visit to
the Training School recently, remarked to
the Editor that he knew of no place in this
country where the children sang with
sweeter voices. The Editor’s heart swell-
ed with pride, and the matter seemed
worthy of comment. But in thinking the
matter over, we began to question: Is it
anything more than chance that has
brought together just now a company of
children unusual in one particular of
sweetness of voice? When these children
are a few years more grown and their voices
have changed, will there still be any such
distinction left us? The Editor thinks,
yes. Children’s voices are sweet some-
times, by nature, but oh, so readily abused.
It is only by intelligent direction
that they are kept in purity and lightness
of tone, and if our children sing sweetly
together now, the credit is due very much
to their instruction; that is, to the school.
And the next class of children may ex-
pect similar instructions and will yield the
same sweetness of tone.

How far the benefits of such early in-
stuction will reach in these children’s
lives is another question. Voices change
and the alteration is so fundamental, that
even a fond mother could not recognize her
boy’s voice as the same, before and after its
transformation. And yet, even if all his
early voice culture were to become use-
less, there remains from his early singing
something of inestimable value. Not
merely the knowledge of notes or musical
forms; not merely the training of the
child’s nature in harmony and rhythm.
But, best of all, there will remain a fruit
of culture in taste and feeling, which
every form of fine art bears for those who
contemplate it. To the children do not real-
ize it; but to have sought and loved that
purity and sweetness of tone, is to have
pursued a fine art.
Alumni

Miss Ruby Pratt is teaching piano in the Detroit Conservatory.

Mrs. Claribel Straug Gooding is a resident of Ypsilanti, Mich.

Miss Alice Lowden is assistant in music at the Central Normal, Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Grace Mansfield is a teacher of piano at her home in Ypsilanti.

Miss Mildred Fletcher is a teacher of music in La Salle, Ill.

Miss Grace L. Gnerrin is spending the winter in California.

The Misses Nella and Maita Halladay are at home in Ypsilanti, Mich.

Miss Mattie Croft has charge of the music in the Grass Lake schools.

Miss Elsa Meier is at home in Whittaker, where she has a class in piano music.

Miss Florence Egeler teaches music in Wayne, Mich.

Miss Clara Beardsley teaches vocal music in Houghton, Mich.

Mrs. Eleanor Hazard Peacock is at home in Detroit.

Miss Mabel Warner is a well-known singer in Grand Rapids.

Miss Abbie Cook is superintendent of music in the public schools of Petoskey, Mich.

Miss May George, an alumna of the Normal College Conservatory, is studying Domestic Science in Boston.

Miss Blanche Robertson is traveling with the Nellie Peck Saunders' Concert Company.

Miss Zoe Kimball is teacher of music and drawing in the Alma public school, this being her second year there.

Miss Pearl Vroman writes she is enjoying her work at Mt. Pleasant where she is teacher of music and drawing.

Miss Belle Lawton is teaching piano in Toledo.

Miss Ada Miller is studying vocal music in the Detroit Conservatory.

Miss Nellie Miller has been spending the winter traveling in the West.

Mr. Raye McKenna teaches public school music in the Tecumseh schools.

Mrs. J. D. Lawrence, née Mabel Oliff, is at home in Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mrs. Leon Stebbins, née Laura Watters, is the contralto in the Catholic church, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss Belle Beardsley is organist of the First Baptist Church, Ypsilanti, and also teaches piano in the same city.

Mr. Arthur L. Bostwick teaches piano in the Normal College Conservatory and is also superintendent of music in the Ypsilanti public schools.

Miss Marquita Wallin is at home in Northville, where she has charge of the third grade and superintends music in the public schools.

Miss Edna Childs is completing her course in vocal music at the Conservatory.

Miss Myra L. Bird is a member of the Conservatory faculty.

Miss Marie Gareiss is teaches in the Normal College Conservatory, and her sister, Miss Isabella, is doing post-graduate work there this year.

Mrs. C. E. Crook, née Eleanor E. Porter, is home in New Baltimore, Mich.

Miss Margaret Wasson is teaching music at her home in Plainfield, Mich.

Messrs. Fred Ellis and Howard Brown teach music in the Normal Conservatory, and also in the Detroit Conservatory.
Miss Lillian Edus is located in Kalamazoo.

Miss Gertrude Ellis, '01, is now in Houghton.

Miss Mary E. Lovell is principal at Jonesville.

Miss McIntyre, '01, teaches this year in the Saginaw schools.

Miss Theodora Wye, '00, is continuing her studies at Bryn Mawr.

Mrs. Arza McCutcheon (née Adah Stevens) is living in Albion.

Miss Laura Olney, '01, is teaching in Topeka, Ind.

Miss Nellie Howell, '00, teaches sixth grade in Onaway.

Miss Erma Arnold is teaching a fifth grade in Owosso.

Mr. John P. Everett is principal in Pontiac.

Miss Helen French, '95, is principal of the high school at Sparta.

Miss Ina Elliott is preceptress at Stockbridge.

Miss Cora Willsey is teaching in the high school at Vassar.

Miss Florence S. Green is teaching in the School for the Blind.

Mr. Irving B. Hunter is principal of the West Bay City high school.

Miss Julia McCormick is special teacher of Kindergarten at Oscawana.

Mr. W. McDiarmid is principal of the Bryant school in Owosso.

Mr. E. N. Rhodes is principal of the Central school, Saginaw, E. S.

Miss Kate McCormick is principal of the Horace Mann school, Calumet.

Miss C. Bernice Sanford is preceptress of the Northville high school.

Mr. Frank Andrews teaches science in one of the Detroit high schools. His wife is remembered by many as Miss Ada Benedict.

Mr. H. E. King is instructor in the Boys' University at Pekin.

Miss Stella Zacharias, '01, of Ionia, and Mr. WM. H. Beardslee, of Saginaw, were married Dec. 29.

Miss Julia Martiu is critic teacher in the eighth grade at the Central State Normal School.

Misses Helen Berger, Nellie Yarrington and Caroline Haskins are teaching in the Toledo schools.

Mr. Jerome Travis teaches in the Monroe high school, Toledo. His wife, formerly Miss Blanche Cole '93, teaches in the same school.

Miss Minnie Binkley, who attended college in '01, and Mr. Neil Friedly, were married last spring in Portland, the home of the bride. They are now living in Sunfield, Mich.

Miss Margaret Sleezer, '01, is teaching English in the Michigan City high school.

Miss Coralynne Bass, '03, is teaching Latin and German in the high school at Cheboygan. Mr. Gilmore has the science department in the same school.

Miss Eva Ansultz writes that she would not be without the Normal News, that she is delighted with the wonderful progress the Normal College is making in all lines and she also sends heartiest wishes for its continued success. Miss Ansultz's address is, 215 E. Fifth Street, Duluth, Minn.

Delray opened her new $65,000 school building, January 25. It is named the Morley School in honor of R. Morley, president of the Board of Education. Burton A. Barns, '02, has been promoted from the principalship of the Cary school to the principalship of the Morley, receiving a substantial increase in salary. Guy E. Bates, captain of the Normal football team, '04, has the position made vacant by Mr. Barns in the Cary school.
LOCALS

Junior-Senior boys' meet Saturday evening 7:30 p. m.

Professor J. C. Stone is to speak on the 'Teaching of Percentage' before the Washtenaw County Teachers' Institute, April 16 at Ann Arbor.

At a meeting of the seniors, Thursday evening, March 17, the following class-day participants were elected:

Salutatorian—Flora McKenzie.
Historian—Thora Paulson.
Prophet—Ethyl Fox.
Orator—Fred B. McKay.
Poet—Gertrude Worden.
Valedictorian—Robert Reinhold.

On Thursday afternoon, March 17, the boys of the seventh and eight grades of the training school played a matched game of Newcomb. The final score was 34 to 24 in favor of the eighth grade.

All students and friends of Normal College are looking forward with pleasure to the annual spring musical festival which opens here on the evening of April 13 with a song recital by the celebrated Jennie Osborne Hannah. On the afternoon of April 14, Halls' Festival Orchestra will give a concert and on the evening of the same date will occur the Normal Choir Concert at which time Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be given.

The last two days of the winter term were full of excitement for the watchword "On to Lansing" was heard at every corner. At the present time about 150 students have pledged themselves to accompany the Normal debating team to the above city, April 15, and the committee on arrangements are planning for good accommodations and for the pleasure of all. It is expected that a special train will leave here early in the day arriving in Lansing in time for those so desiring to visit the Capitol, the Industrial School, and the beautiful grounds and buildings of the college.

All the Beauty of the Wildwood

Admittedly the finest summer hotel in Northern Michigan. Facing Lake Michigan with a broad, sandy beach a few hundred feet away. Dense woodlands and towering cliffs only a little distance removed. Exquisite scenery; perfect quiet and seclusion. Coolness and comfort all through the summer. Boating, bathing, golfing, trout and bass fishing, and magnificent driving paths. We have a beautiful book which will tell you more about this ideal outing place. Won't you let us send it to you?

J. J. KIRBY, General Passenger Agent, Ann Arbor R. R., TOLEDO, OHIO
EXCHANGES

No girl can be a really true poet. Poets are born not maid.—Ex.

The teacher asked: “What is space?”

The trembling freshman said: “I cannot think at present, but I have it in my head.”

He and she were sitting on the veranda.

Mother (from within)—“It’s getting colder, dear, you must either come in or have something more around you.”

P. S.—He took the hint.—Ex.

Clara—Oh, hum! I wish the Lord had made me a man!

Mother—Perhaps he has, dear, only you haven’t found him yet.—New York Times.

We always laugh at a teacher’s jokes

No matter how bad they may be,

Not because they are really funny folks

But because its policy.—Ex.

Some people cannot make themselves comfortable without sitting down on somebody else.—Ex.

The conscientious Freshmen work

To get their lessons tough,

The Juniors flunk, the Sophomores shirk,

The Seniors?—Oh, they bluff.—Ex.

When a man falls down his temper generally rises before he does.—Ex.

Every exchange is an imitator of the devil. When he sees a good thing he carefully cuts it out.—Ex.

An art student recently painted the picture of a dog under a tree so lifelike that it was impossible to distinguish the bark of the tree from the bark of the dog.

—Ex.

Man is like a kerosene lamp,

He isn’t especially bright.

He’s often turned down; usually smokes;

And frequently goes out at night.—Ex.

She—I wonder where those clouds are going.

He—I think they are going to thunder.

—The Crimson.

He—If we were out in a boat I should kiss you.

She—Take me ashore instantly, sir.
Spalsbury's Drug Store.

A large majority of the city's physicians trade with us. Why shouldn't the students?

112 Congress Street.

A. W. Elliott

...Dealer in...

WOOD, COAL, COKE and CHARCOAL

317 Congress St. Phone 277-2R.

Wood Alcohol

FOR-

Chafing Dishes

BEAL'S DRUG STORE

Opera House Block

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE

WORLD OF OFFICIAL ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

Baseball
Lawn Tennis
Football
Golf
Field Hockey
Basketball
Official Athletic Implements

Plans and Blue Prints of Gymnasium Paraphernalia Furnished upon Request.

Spalding's Catalogue of all Athletic Sports Mailed Free to any Address.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

New York Chicago Denver Kansas City Baltimore Philadelphia Minneapolis Boston Buffalo St. Louis San Francisco
Montreal, Canada, London, England

For the best

CANDY

in the city go to the

YPISILANTI CANDY WORKS

228 Congress Street,

2 Doors W. of Opera House.

For a Perfect Gymnasium Suit
For Sorosis Underskirts
For Beautiful Handkerchiefs
For Serviceable Towels
For Fine Dry Goods
Of Every Description
We'd like to have you come to us—
You'll not regret it.

DAVIS & KISHLAR
102 Congress

Help One Another

Mr. A. Harnak, 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,

W. H. Slaucoo, Prop.
Students

No matter what your wants are in Cloaks or Skirts we can please you.

BEALL, COMSTOCK & CO.
35.37 Huron Street next to Post-Office

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

Westfall Livery Co.
Westfall, Son & White
OPEN DAY and NIGHT
15-17 South Washington
Phone 32

Hawkins House
YPSILANTI, MICH.
Rates $2.00 Per Day.
Cuisine Unsurpassed

Special Rates given to persons taking the
Celebrated Ypsilanti Mineral Baths
H. T. NOWLIN, Propr.

Queen Quality

THE FAMOUS SHOE FOR WOMEN
We have got a fine assortment of new fall styles just arrived. They can't be beat for style, fit and wear.

ROYAL AND SNOW SHOES FOR GENTS
In the new toes and fade. Also a complete line of Goodyear Glove Rubbers

OUR STOCK OF CHINA AND BAZAAR GOODS WILL PLEASE YOU
GIVE US A CALL
C. D. O'CONNOR & CO.
125 Congress Street
We have a very choice line of Waste Paper Baskets and Study Lamps

1840
Chas. King & Co.
GROCERS
Dealers in Portland and Louisville Cement, Calcined Plaster, and Plastering Hair
101 Congress St.
CHAS. E. KING JOHN G. LAMB

JOE. MILLER
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELER
UNION BLOCK
All kinds of repairing solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
Meal Tickets, 21 meals $6.00
Day board $5.00 per week
BANQUETS AND SUPPERS A SPECIALTY

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

Students

Don’t forget the familiar old store, The Bazarette. We carry in stock or will order whatever you wish.

The Bazarette

J. C. DeMOSH    G. B. DeMOSH

DeMOSH & SON

HACK, LIVERY and FEED STABLE

No. 3 Congress St. Phone 84 Ypsilanti

50 Kinds

Home Made Candies Fresh Daily

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER GEO. M. GAUDY

Fine Candies, Ice Creams, and Fancy Baking.

RETAIL STORES:
YPSILANTI, 119 CONGRESS ST.
ANN ARBOR, 205 EAST WASHINGTON FACTORY, 119 CONGRESS ST. YPSILANTI.

D. SPALSBURY, D.D.S.

Dentist

Over Horner Bros. Shoe Store

Local Anaesthetic for Painless Extraction

J. H. Wortley

FIRE INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE

Bought and Sold, Houses Rented, Money Loaned.

109 Pearl Street

Shoes Repaired

On your way to the Postoffice Corner Pearl and Washington

MATT DUFFEY

Wanted—500 Suits of soiled Clothing to be steam or dry cleaned. Ladies’ fine Skirts and Waists made like new. Overcoats and Fall Suits Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired.

STEAM CLEANING WORKS
No. 8 South Washington St. YPSILANTI
Joseph Grieve
BAKER and
CONFECTIONER
ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER
40 East Cross St. Cor. Adams and Congress

City Meat Market
H. FAIRCHILD, Proprietor
DEALER IN
Salt, Fresh and Smoked
Meats, Poultry, Game
and Fish
Special Attention Given to Students' Trade
NO. 14 HURON ST.

Students' Headquarters
FOR
Fruits, Confectionery,
Choice Candies
Choice Box Candies
Oysters in Season
GO TO
JOHN BRICHETTO
15 Huron St. Ypsilanti

Regular Dinner
SHORT ORDERS
HIXSON LUNCH
OPPOSITE
D. Y. A. A. & J. WAITING ROOM
OPEN
ALL NIGHT

ALBAN & AUGUSTUS
Proprietors of
Palace Meat Market
207 CONGRESS ST.
SPECIALTY OF
Home Slaughtered Meats
PHONE 40

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
TAILORING
Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing
Mrs. M. E. Godfrey
Boyce's Old Stand. Cor. Congress and
Washington Sts. UP-STAIRS

Normal Students
We shall endeavor to merit
your patronage as in the past
Do You Want to Rent a Piano?
Are you about to purchase a
Mandolin or Guitar? We have
500 of them on selection.
Monthly payments at no ad-
vance in price
Ann Arbor Music Co.
209-211 E. Washington St. ANN ARBOR
Flowers... Choice Cut Flowers

NORTON'S GREENHOUSES
Lowell St. 205 S. Washington St.

WHO'S YOUR TAILOR?
If you are in need of a good school suit, try

MILLER Over Homes' Shoe Store,
Suits and Overcoats to order $15 to $30
Pants $ 3.75 to $10.
"No Fit No Sale" Our Motto.

Ladies' and Gents' clothing cleaned, pressed and repaired at reasonable prices.

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 on sale. When you are buying presents, see what you can get at our store.

230 Congress St. YPSILANTI, MICH

Statement
We print the Normal College News

Problem
Why?

Solution
Because we do the Best work at the fairest prices.

We would also be glad to do your work in the line of Programs, Menu Cards, Etc.

The Scharf Tag, Label & Box Co.
The Normal Book Store makes a specialty of ordering any kind of Books you want. They also keep on hand all school supplies, also Fountain Pens that give satisfaction or money refunded. Bakery, Confectionery, and lots of things that the student needs.

Call and Ask For What You Want and be Treated Right

F. Geo. Zwergel