1904

Normal College News, April 23, 1904

Eastern Michigan University

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IMPORTANT DECISIONS

The news that the baseball men this year are to receive sweaters has been received with marked approval by all students interested in athletics. Monday night the Athletic Board voted fifty dollars to be used for the purchase of sweaters for the regular baseball team at the close of the present quarter. There has been a strong feeling among men who have been on the several college athletic teams that they should receive something for their work. Not only the college and universities, but the leading high schools give their athletes sweaters or caps. Our college has been handicapped until recently by a lack of funds, but now the plan has been started and it is hoped it will be permanent. It means more men in athletics, harder work and better teams. The Board are to be commended for another decision at their recent meeting. It was decided that the second baseball team should have a schedule of about four games for the season. Previously the second team have given the regular team a little practice at the commencement of the season, but later when the first team was selected, have practically done nothing. Now, they are to play a series of games with teams outside of town. This means that the first team will be given good practice throughout the whole season and that we will have some good material to report in next year.

The game scheduled with the Detroit College of Medicine for last Saturday had to be postponed on account of the bad conditions of the grounds. Today (Apr. (Concluded on page 208)

A VISIT TO YERKES OBSERVATORY

Professor Strong occupied the last half of the chapel hour on Wednesday with an account of a brief visit to Yerkes observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., the main plant of the astronomical department of Chicago University.

He began by comparing the output of the original work at Yerkes with that of other observatories, giving Yerkes a place on a par with, or above, Lick, and only below Harvard and the great national observatories. This view was emphasized by reference to President Harper's account of the research work at Yerkes during the past year, given in his recent Convocation address:—a truly noble record. It should be said, however, that Yerkes is, like Harvard, devoted to pure science rather than to applied or official science. There is no rating of chronometers, no dropping of time-balls, and no work done in the interest of a great navy or of world dominion at Yerkes. Indeed, she is a purely astrophysical observatory. She does not even possess (I think one should say "she") of so fine and so useful a thing as an observatory, a good or even tolerable transit or meridian circle.

There are two great sources of energy at the foundation of observatory work:—a man and a pile of coal. The man is somewhat the more interesting factor in the case, as he can control and direct the expenditure of the energy of the coal pile.

The speaker first followed the energy of the coal through its transformations into light, heat, and power in the great building and its surroundings, giving a brief
account of the boilers, the engines, the dynamos, and the motors by which the lathes and planing machines are run, the object glasses ground, the immense specula shaped, the dome rotated, the floor raised, the presses run, and all the work of a great power plant carried forward.

But, after all, a man is the principal thing about an observatory—if many men, all the better. And so a few words were said about a portion of the staff at Yerkes and others concerned in its establishment.

The entire plant represents an expenditure of half a million dollars, Mr. Charles T. Yerkes being the chief benefactor.

Alvin G. Clark, one of a family which has done more, perhaps, than any other, except, it may be, the Pickering family, to advance astronomy in America, made the great object glass, and set it with his own hands a few days before his death.

George E. Hale, a native of Chicago, inventor of the spectroheliograph, and celebrated for his researches in solar physics, is the Director and Head Professor of Astronomy in Chicago University.

E. B. Barnard, discoverer of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, five times gold-medaled by the great astronomical societies of Europe since 1892, is Astronomer and Professor of Astrophysics.

S. W. Burnham, sometime stenographer and amateur in astronomy, and by far the greatest living discoverer of double stars, and writer upon all phases of this important subject, is Astronomer and Professor of Practical Astronomy.

E. B. Frost is also Professor of Astronomy and co-editor of the Astrophysical Journal. His astronomical preparation was mainly made in Europe, while that of his coadjutors was mainly made at Harvard.

E. S. Ritchey is a popular writer and lecturer, as well as an advanced student of nebulae, and celebrated for his photographs of astronomical subjects.

To give some idea of the work going on in an observatory, the speaker gave an account of a night in one of the smaller domes with Mr. Ritchie, who was photographing one of the fainter nebulae; and another evening with Mr. Burnham, in the great dome, witnessing his work upon double stars.

CUI BONO?

What is Hope? a smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wdiet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder!
Never urchins found it yet.
What is life? a starving ice-boat
On a sea with sunny shore.
Gay we sail, it melts beneath us;
We are sunk, and seen no more.
What is man? a foolish baby
Vainly strives, and suffers, and frets;
Demanding all—deserving nothing.
One small grief is all he gets.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

From his "Miscellaneous," written at Craigenputtock. In one of Mrs. Carlyle's note-books, this answer is found, dated 1830:

Nay, this is Hope: a gentle dove,
That nestles in the gentle breast,
Bringing glad tidings from above
Of joys to come and heavenly rest.
And this is life: ethereal fire,
Striving aloft through smothering clay:
Mounting flaming, higher, higher;
Till lost in immortality.
And man—oh! hate not nor despise
The latest, lordliest work of God!
Think not he made thee good and wise,
Only to sleep beneath the sod.

—JANE WILSH CARLYLE.

LIBRARY ACCESSIONS

Beard, W. R. American college fraternities.
Boole, J. E. Logic of arithmetical operations.
Peet, B. W. Laboratory ventures in chemistry.
Peet, B. W. Laboratory exercises in chemistry.
Myer, J. E. Truths of importance to vocalists.
Matthews, J. Handbook of the organ.
Bradley, H. Making of English.
Forbes, J. D. Travels through the Alps of Savoy.
Webbs, Sidney & Beatrice. Problems of modern industry.
Brown, W. C. Lower South in American history.
Phillips, W. A. Modern Europe, 1815-1899.
Lodge, R. Close of the Middle Ages.
U. S. Civil Service Commission. Twentieth annual report.
The little college was having a holiday. Windows were open, shutters swinging, flags draped at the windows, people everywhere, confusion in the stairways, rushing in the corridors, and, rising above this racket, were the blows of the upholsterer's hammer, driving nails into the hangings on the platform erected in the yard for the distribution of the prizes.

The prizes! The vacation! The idle talk, hummimg, the words bursting forth like the rising sun, filling the air like the perfume of wild flowers. Upstairs in the white sick-ward, the sad little patient raised himself to listen. In the hurried passing outside the door, no one stopped, no one came in. The doctor—hem! hem! had come a short time before, very much in a hurry because of the fête. The nurse who helped pack the trunks in the linen room, appeared every fifteen minutes, showing the tip of her nose, and then closing the door and departing.

It was not she that the little invalid expected, nor the doctor either. Those he expected—but wait—here they are. Three country people—a man in a closely fitting jacket; a short little woman with a white bonnet; and a girl in a long dress too long, with the sleeves reaching to the ends of her fingers. They are the father, the mother and the little sister. They enter; the man very cautiously and a little timidly; the mother without hesitation, arms stretched out till she could clasp them around her dear little boy, smothered against her bosom. The father grasped the hand of the little one, while the girl on her tiptoes bent toward his lips.

And what a rain of questions!

"What is the matter Tienuet? What made you sick little one?"

"Nothing, almost nothing. Something presses here in my forehead."

"Since when?"

"Since I wrote the Latin prose. Oh! It will soon he gone."

"Soon? No, immediately," replied the mother. "Tomorrow is wash-day, and I will make some buns. They are good, eh! Tienuet?"

Thus they talked, while from below, where the platform was in the open air, a noise arose, hurrying steps were heard, and the sound of the guns set down upon the pavement in the yard. The firemen were arriving.

"Father, let us go down," entreated the little sister, "by and by there will not be room for us." And coaxing, she drew the man toward the door.

"You might as well," said the mother, "I will remain if he wishes me," added she, gazing wistfully at Tienuet.

The little sister and the father had gone. The mother had closed the blinds on account of the sun, and in the dim light of the sick-ward, she and the child were dozing.

"Sleep a little, my child, it will cure you."

"Yes, mother," and Tienuet closed his eyes. But how could one sleep in the hubbub made by the distribution of prizes under one's window.

"Mother, please go and see what they are doing."

"Nothing yet. The gentlemen have arrived; the platform is full. I see in the center a gentleman, his hat trimmed with a great plume."

"The Colonel!"

"And another in the front row opposite, all embroidered silver."

"The Prefet—and what else?"

"Goodness! So many prizes! They make three piles at the edge of the platform; and a mountain of wreathes!"

Suddenly a brass band burst forth with all its might. How beautiful the music was! Scholars, parents, even the little sick one applauded.

The silver-embroidered dress-coat stood
up, his speech on a paper rolled in his hand. One could hear nothing but a penetrating, soothing, monotonous mumbling. It sounded like a great humming. The silver-embroidery sat down, and a black-coat arose; a tall, bald man, with a big note book in his hand. This one did not hum, he buzzed like an enormous fly. His phrases were a league long, his sentences lasted an hour. It was a regular sermon.

Suddenly the mother fell asleep.

Tiennet is getting impatient.

Will he, or will he not, win the prize for the Latin translation? It is there in the pile—a beautiful book, with gilt edges, the certificate pasted inside, with the decoration of palm leaves and the flourished signature of the principal. If he could only read the name of the victor! And while he was thinking thus, he, too, fell asleep. He dreamed. What a nightmare! The certificate is in his hands, under his eyes. Alas! Another was the victor. Luke Onzies has received the first prize.

"It is a mistake!" "It is unjust!" objected Tiennet, "my copy was without an error."

"Without an error," sneered the professor, "without an error! And this little unfortunate; what is this?" And following the accusing finger of Monsieur Regulus Bec, on the copy covered with notes, Tiennet saw underlined three times in red ink, this horrible barbarism:

"Hortibus!"

Hortibus! Good-bye prize, good-bye glory! The fatal word haunted him. He could see ten thousand of them dancing before him, written in a round hand, in a running hand, in English, printed in red letters, in blue letters, posted upon the wall in capitals, sketched in comical figures, which becoming animated, stuck out their tongues, and jumped upon his nose. Hortibus!

The sick one grows restless, his lips move.

"They are calling some one," says the mother. "Tiennet! Tiennet!"

Embraced and overwhelmed with caresses, Tiennet opened his eyes.

No more of hortibus! It had vanished into the land of dreams with the irritating face of the Professor Regulus Bec. Bon voyage to them!

But the prize! The wreath?

They are coming, solemnly carried by the father and the little sister. It was a triumphal march!

They enter, lay the volume on the bed, and place the wreath upon his forehead. The father laughs, the mother cries. They all kiss each other. Oh, the joy! the true joy of these honest people.

And while they are laughing with the victor—He! He! Who is this who comes? A figure in a black frock coat. The doctor! "He! He! The child is better. The wreath on his forehead has worked miracles. Fresh air will do the rest. Take exercise, and long walks, but above all, do not Latin prose. He! He!"

The doctor takes two steps toward the door, and saluting the family with his raised fingers in a gesture of friendly menace:

"Remember, no more Latin prose!"

GEOPHraphICAL CONFERENCES

Now that considerable interest is being taken in Chamberlin's Planetesimal Hypothesis, as an alternative to the Nebular Hypothesis, two sessions of the geographical conference will be devoted to the subject. Monday, April 25, Professor Strong will state the general outline and foundations of the Nebular Hypothesis, and Friday, April 29, Professor Jefferson will present the Planetesimal Hypothesis. Both in room 21, 7 to 8 p.m.

"Generally speaking, women are—"

"Yes they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."—Ex.
ON THE DAVENPORT

A sofa is a great thing, really. The News man, as he was fitting about the building, always on business, during the session of the Schoolmasters' Club, happened into the sacred enclosure of Room No. 3, where he had never before penetrated, and there it was that from that big Davenport sofa over in the far corner often as he went, he never failed to get an impression of comfort and life, I almost said comfort and laugh. Not the Davenport by the fireplace! That was filled, too, but by a more transient and less happy company. It was the one over in the far corner, behind the row of chairs, to which one only went intentionally, from which the laugh always came. The News man was not an eavesdropper. In the first place, because he was always on some swift errand which took him away as soon as he arrived, and secondly, because it is impolite to eavesdrop. Nevertheless, some things are heard unavoidably. The first time I passed through the room two merry-faced gentlemen were on the sofa, listening eagerly to a very substantial professor of ours who sat on a chair facing them, his back to the room. To my ears came "swirl in the water and he hauled in"—that was all I caught as I hastened by, but the crash of laughter that followed as I went through the doorway made me feel a regret not to have heard the rest of that fish story. In about ten minutes I went through the room again. This time an enthusiastic young man and a sweet-faced maiden had the sofa. She was listening, and my eye caught his gesticulation as he said "Old tagger jumped onto his hind legs." I heard no more, and in the doorway a friend stopped to ask me why that young man over on the sofa couldn't tickle nine girls at once. I replied, of course, that I didn't know, and was told in answer that it was because he seemed bound to jes' tickle eight.

The last time I stood near the sofa was Saturday morning. It was still the seat of laughter, but I must confess that this time I couldn't see any joke. One bold-looking man was telling a story, evidently about going to church. I heard him say "When it was over he asked the board to remain. I waited and when the minister came down the aisle he asked me what I wanted and I said 'Nothing, what did he want?' and he said 'Nothing, why do you wait?' and I said 'You asked the board to remain.' " Then the men on the sofa laughed and shook their sides, but I haven't seen the point yet.

OBITUARIES

The news of the recent death of Miss Juanita Shores at her home in St. Louis, Mo., comes as a shock to her many friends here. Miss Shores was a young lady of beautiful character and a student of exceptional powers. She was graduated from the Normal at the end of the fall quarter and had returned to the South in order to teach the people of her own race. We extend our tender sympathy to the friends and family in their deep sorrow.

The many friends of Miss Helen Milligan are much grieved to learn of her sudden death at her home in Ludington after a short illness of typhoid fever. She belonged to the class of '05 and during her short stay at the Normal had endeared herself to a large circle.

The death of Miss Juanita Williams, which occurred at her home in Shaftsbury, Mich., early last week, takes another member from the class of '05. Miss Williams had been in poor health for some time, but even to those who knew her best the announcement came as a shock. Much sympathy is expressed for the friends who mourn their loss.

Chicago girl—"He said I was a poem."
Boston girl—"Did he scan your feet?"

—Ex.
The Normal College News
Published Weekly by
THE STATE NORMAL COLLEGE COUNCIL, YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

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An important notice will be sent with The News to some of our readers this week, reminding them that their subscriptions are now due. We believe you will be glad to receive these announcements if you have not already paid. Should you receive one by mistake, kindly let us know about it. Nothing worth anything can run without money. Please hurry up.

The contemplation of radium and its activities leads the great chemist Mendeleev to the conclusion that the luminiferous ether is a definite chemical element, a million times as light as hydrogen. The velocity of its molecular movements is so great that it escapes from the attraction of even the largest bodies in the universe, as hydrogen is supposed to escape from the earth. This substance he proposes to call Newtonium.

The News is glad to commend the recent decisions of the Athletic Board. Never in the history of the college has the outlook along all lines of athletics been brighter. The baseball coach is a number one; there is plenty of good material in the school; the outfits are complete; and all the wants of the team may be supplied.

Although there will be no track meet this spring, provision has been made to hold them during the coming year. Indoor and outdoor meets will be held with colleges. All track athletics are to be encouraged.

Shall we read the magazines? This is a question worthy of careful consideration. Isaac N. Demmon, professor of English at the University of Michigan, in a recently published article on some of the literary aspects of today, says: "Probably the greatest menace to true culture in our day is the desire for miscellaneous information of all imaginable sorts, which the popular magazines and Sunday newspapers are now supplying so abundantly, and in such cheap and attractive form. The Deluge that threatens us most comes from that quarter. Let any one study the net result to himself of an hour's tasting in the solalapodivida thus served up to him, and he will see what I mean. You may spend an entire evening very entertainingly over a single number of almost any one of our current periodicals and what have you in the end? A mass of disjointed information, which in a few hours, or days at most, will pass out of mind and be replaced by more of the same kind. To what purpose? To keep up-to-date, you say, as though it were any man's part in this world to go about as a walking current encyclopaedia. There is no greater delusion than to suppose this a mark of true culture. Knowledge is power, but not this kind of knowledge. And yet I fear that the contrary view has taken strong hold upon the minds of the mass of our people. Teachers frequently foster this craze for miscellaneous and piecemeal reading, instead of directing their pupils to the treasures of pure literature."
WHERE WAS IT? WHERE IS IT?

As the students in the western part of town were going to breakfast Sunday morning and looked up at the water tower, a puzzling sight met their gaze. There, "over the banister," but not exactly "tenderly, sweet, and beguiling," hung something—but what it was is still a question open to discussion. To be sure, it was labelled "Senior," on the same principle, we suppose, that the small boy labels the horse he has drawn, just as though anyone wouldn't know a Senior. Probably some would take the sign as conclusive evidence that it was a Senior, but you see there was other, what might be called, conflicting evidence. Tied 'round the something was a combination affair of "yellow and white," which seemed to mark it as a Junior, for it is a historical fact that Seniors don't wear Junior colors unless it be shreds of a tattered flag. And so all day Sunday the something formed a fruitful topic of conversation as it hung there mum as a dummy, dumb as a mummy—further evidence that it was a Junior.

Monday morning came, and behold the mysterious personage had disappeared. No one knew whence it came or whither it went. However, this public opinion sifted down: If "it" was a Senior, it is safe to suppose that it was translated and is now well and happy, if a Junior—well, that's another question, who can say?

We have no means of judging where it may be—no one knows whether there is a Happy Hunting Ground reserved for Juniors or not, but requiescat in pace.

P. S.

Through some oversight, we have omitted to speak of some queer looking "yellow and white" stuff that floated at half-mast from the top of the tower and received its share of attention. Any information on either of the above subjects will be gratefully received by EVERYONE.
Miss Orma Bailey is ill at her home in Wayne.

Miss Anna Besley has resumed her work at the Normal.

Miss Roper, of Highland Park, Detroit, was a visitor at the Normal last week.

Important coming event! Watch for the date of the Spinsters’ convention.

Messrs. Don Carr and Roy Teaboldt, of Detroit, visited friends in Ypsilanti last Sunday.

The Faculty concert, which was to have been given April 29, is postponed indefinitely.

Mr. James G. Henley of Jackson was the guest of Miss Elion Henley last Tuesday.

Professor E. A. Lyman was in Detroit Tuesday last, attending a meeting of the Presbytery.

If you want to secure a position to teach, write James F. McCullough, 639 Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Mr. F. B. McKay has been elected to the superintendency of the Bad Axe schools for the coming year.

Mrs. Alice Eddy Snowden spent a few days in Harbor Beach last week, attending the funeral of a relative.

Electric lights have been placed in the cabinet of curios near the office. This is a much needed improvement.

Miss Ethel McCormick was called to her home in Portland Tuesday because of the sudden death of her father.

Student looking at the pictures in the geography reading room: "My, ain’t they scrumptious! Ain’t they cute!"

The junior class will give their annual reception to the seniors and faculty May 14, at the gymnasium.

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Hast thou come to say
That spring is here?
And where hast thou been,
Little Hepatica blue?
And what hast thou done
The long winter through?
Didst thou hide away
'Neath the ice and snow,
Or, didst thou then do,
I'd like to know?
The day seems brighter
'Neath the sun and sky;
Wilt thou stay to cheer us
Little Hepatica, dear?

As the News goes to press a large enthusiastic crowd is starting for Lansing. Here's to the Normal Debating team! 
Miss Eulalie Dickiuson spent Friday and Saturday at her home in Pontiac.
The senior class will have class-pins. A committee has been appointed to select the same.
A good variety of home cooked food can be found at the Woman's Exchange, across from the gymnasium.
Misses Kate Thompson and Myra Bird were shopping in Detroit, Friday and Saturday.
The Shakespeare Club met Saturday evening with Miss Hayden. The next meeting will be April 30, at Miss Helm's.
Miss Grace Hammond, '01, now at the Detroit Normal Training School, has been elected assistant in the kindergarten of the Normal for next year.
The Normal Lecture Course committee have secured Jacob A. Riis, the noted New York reformer and philanthropist, for May 4 as an extra in the course.
The following from out of town were guests at the Kappa Phi Alpha party last Saturday: Misses Blanche Bennett, Elizabeth Spanling, Bess Hopkins, Messrs. M. H. Gregg, G. A. Malcomb, Guy Bates.
White's studio of Ann Arbor, offers for the senior class its best cabinet photos for $2.50 per dozen. This work is positively first-class in every respect and special attention will be given each sitting.

(Continued on Page 284)
SPRING FESTIVAL MAY 6-7

The following dates have been decided upon for the spring festival: On the evening of May 6, Jennie Osborne Hannah; on the afternoon of May 7, Hall Festival Orchestra; on the evening of May 7, the Normal choir concert.

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C. J. BARLOW, D. Y., A. A. & J. Depot
Miss Abigail Lynch of the training school faculty will give a series of talks on reading before the Detroit teachers this month. She will illustrate her lecture by demonstrations with actual pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Katz have been elected resident instructors in the Chicago Parental school. They left for their new home Saturday. They will be missed by a large circle of friends.

**SOCIETIES**

Miss Iuez Clark was pledged to the Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority, Wednesday evening, at a meeting held at Mrs. Burton's.

Misses Ina Wickham and Eva Reynier entertained the Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority Saturday afternoon at a Japanese tea.

The Kappa Phi Alpha fraternity gave their first annual party at the gymnasium, Saturday, April 16. The decorations were very pretty, especially the cozy corners. About one hundred guests were present, including members of the faculty, and many visitors from out of town.

**IMPORTANT DECISIONS**

(Concluded from page 252)

23) the team go to Orchard Lake to play the Michigan Military Academy.

Students, don't forget the game with Albion, Friday, Apr. 29. We must win this, the first game on the home grounds. Your help is needed to make this a successful season. Come prepared to show Albion that the students of this college give loyal support to all its interests.

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