1904

Normal College News, January 30, 1904

Eastern Michigan University

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Normal College News

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

JANUARY NUMBER
Good Shoes
Prices Right
EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF
Ladies’, Men’s and Childrens’ Shoes
Felt Boots, Knit Socks and Rubbers,
Over-Shoes and Leggins, Fancy Slippers
Also A Side Line of Fine Jewelry For The Holidays
GIVE US A CALL
A. A. HOMES SHOE STORE
Cor. Congress and Huron Sts.

Detroit, Ypsilanti,
Ann Arbor and
Jackson Railway
First car leaves Ypsilanti for Detroit at 6:16 a.m.
Every half hour thereafter until 8:16 p.m. Then
at 9:15 and 11:45 p.m.
First car leaves Detroit for Ann Arbor at 8:30 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.

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 REPAIRED HERE

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
ADVERTISEMENTS

Sullivan-Cook Co.
Clothiers and
Furnishers

YPSILANTI, MICH.

Don't
Use Your Eyes a Moment
If they cause you any
trouble whatever,
FREE EXAMINATION

OPTICAL REPAIRING WATCH REPAIRING
COLLEGE Pins ENGRAVING

BRABB, 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

EACH INVOICE
SENT OUT BY
Fred Coe, The Printer

is accompanied by this paragraph
I have tried to do this as you wanted it, and have
charged an honest price. If it is not entirely
satisfactory please let me know. You surely cannot be more anxious than I am to have it suit
you. He is always not willing but anxious to
make any misunderstanding or error which
dmay occur good.
25 Washington Street, QUIRK BLDG.

Students
I can please you

Medal awarded at State and
National Conventions, for
posing, lighting and group-
ing. I sell Amateurs' Sup-
plies, Finishing for the trade

WATERMAN
Photographer
Normal Conservatory of Music
Frederic H. Pease, Director

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PIANO
Miss Marie Gareissen  Mr. Arthur Bostick
Mrs. Jessie Pease  Mr. F. L. York
Miss Ruth Putnam
Mr. Minor White

VIOLIN
Miss Abba Owen

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

ORGAN
Mr. Howard Brown
Mr. York

Mr. Frederic Pease

VIOLONCELLO
Mr. H. W. Samson

ITALIAN
Miss Marie Gareissen

For circulars concerning terms and tuition apply to MARIE GAREISSEN, Secretary
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
# Normal College News

**JANUARY 30, 1904**

## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ—FRONTISPIECE</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PLAYS AND GAMES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAITH</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MY FRIEND, THE DHOBY</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AFTER THE MANNER OF YOUTH</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE LIBRARY</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDITORIAL</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALUMNI</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOCALS AND PERSONALS</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SORORITIES AND FRATERNITIES</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOKS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## DIRECTORY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Literary Societies</th>
<th>Nellie Woodward</th>
<th>Jessie Hare</th>
<th>Howard Prime</th>
<th>Ethel Fox</th>
<th>Nellie Holmes</th>
<th>J. Maca Andress</th>
<th>Angie Sandon</th>
<th>Alice Prentiss</th>
<th>Roy Herald</th>
<th>J. Maca Andress</th>
<th>Eber Burke</th>
<th>F. B. McKay</th>
<th>J. W. Bolander</th>
<th>J. W. Musselman</th>
<th>Kate McKenzie</th>
<th>Thora Paulsen</th>
<th>Pearl Benedict</th>
<th>Edith Hoyle</th>
<th>Katherine Closz</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

| President          | Ray E. Allen | Wilbur M. Morris |
| Secretary          |             |                 |
| Treasurer          |             |                 |
| Editor             |             |                 |
| Football Manager   |             |                 |
| Baseball Manager   |             |                 |
| Basketball Manager |             |                 |
| Truck Team Manager |             |                 |
| Members of Council |             |                 |

## Churches of Ypsilanti

- **Catholic**—Corner Cross and Hamilton Sts., Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.
- **Congregational**—Corner Adams and Emmet Sts., Rev. Arthur Beach, pastor.
- **Episcopal**—Huron St., Rev. William Gard, rector.
- **Methodist**—Corner Washington and Hild Sts., Rev. Charles Allen, pastor.
The Prayer of Agassiz

On the Isle of Penikese,
Ringed by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes, salt and cool,
Stood the master with his school.
* * * Said the master to the youth,
"We have come in search of truth—
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer."
Then the master in his place
Bowed his head in little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred;
Lapse of wave and cry of bird,
Left the solemn bush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish on earth unsaid,
Rose to Heaven interpreted.
PLAYS AND GAMES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

DURING the last few years plays and games have gradually been gaining recognition as educational forces. Twenty years ago the school recess was being abolished; today it is not only restored to its former place, but to a certain extent, systematic gymnastics are being replaced by supervised play.

This movement, which began in the schools of a few of our great cities, has gradually spread to the smaller cities and towns. At the same time the athletic games of college students have gradually been brought under supervision and instruction. The progress of the movement has been due to two influences; a theoretical interest in play, on the part of the leading educators, and a practical interest in it, on the part of the general public.

THE INTEREST OF THE PEOPLE IN PLAY

The typical Anglo-Saxon delights in play above all else in the world, and the typical American is growing more like him. The American is the hardest worker in the world, and has become convinced that the best antidote for too much work is to be found in play. He puts into his play the same spirit that has made bis work famous. Whether it is baseball, billiards, bowling, golf, or tennis, whether hunting, fishing, yachting, mountain climbing or sea bathing, the American goes at it with a dash that somewhat shocks his leisurely English cousin. Next to playing himself he likes to see others play, and so he spends his money to support athletics and leaves business and other pleasure to witness athletic games. When he cannot go he buys a paper and reads all about it, to find out who starred, who won, and the score.

Young America is not lacking in fondness for play. From the days spent in his cradle, at the beginning of his education, to those spent in the University, at its end, his best efforts and his greatest ambitions are devoted to his play. Subjects of study skillfully taught may arouse and hold his attention for a time, but games and plays go on forever,—a perpetual volcano of enthusiasm.

PLAY AS A SUBJECT OF INSTRUCTION

And now it is proposed (and actually carried into effect in certain quarters) that play shall be taught in the schools. This is indeed a startling innovation. However, in spite of condemnation, satire, and faint praise, the use of plays and games as forces in public school education has moved steadily forward. Strange as it may seem, New York, the metropolis of the continent, one of the supposed strongholds of conservatism, seems at present to lead in this movement. It may be interesting to inquire somewhat as to the grounds for believing in the efficiency of play as a factor in education. Such an inquiry naturally begins with the origin and nature of play.
THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF PLAY

Hebert Spencer believes that the origin of play can be sufficiently explained as a question of physiology. The rapid growth of the young is necessarily accompanied by rapid chemical changes in the growing tissues. These rapid chemical changes set free a vast amount of energy. Muscular movement is the natural way of using this energy, and therefore the child plays.

From another point of view the tendency to play is looked upon as an instinct, possessed in common by the child and the young of certain higher animals. According to Groos this instinct has been a prominent factor in evolution, since it impels the young to the self-activity most conducive to a high stage of development. Fundamentally, play may be a way of using surplus energy, but evolution has made it Dame Nature’s school,—it is the type of self-activity through which intelligence has been evolved. If this is true our usual idea of the significance of youth is wrong. Youth is not in reality a time of play because the child is not yet able to do profitable work, but rather a time of exemption from work that he may play, and thus develop into the highest type.

From the standpoint of sociology play is a natural reaction of the individual against the restrictions of the prevailing social system. Society supplies each individual with the necessities of life, and in return he is expected to serve society by some form of work. The work is done in obedience to the demand of society, and then the individual satisfies his desire for free self-activity in play. As civilization has advanced and the social machinery has increased in complexity the work required of individuals has become more narrow. A comparatively small number of people can still find lines of work, which like play, are powerfully educative. A large and increasing number have work that is mere drudgery,—simple mechanical tasks, that might be performed by a machine. For these individuals the lack of educative self-activity results in arrested development, unless the lack is compensated by play.

The work demanded by the public school differs fundamentally from that lower form of work demanded by society in being progressive. Every lesson is a distinct advance on the preceding,—showing truth in a new light, permitting new insight, discovering new beauty,—and yet it is like the work of the industrial world in that each subject of study is an isolated fragment of life. Life is dismembered, that the child may study its separate interests piecemeal.

In a recent number of the News Professor Strong says, “School is interesting but life, with its activity, its reality, its novelty and its wealth of expectation is far more interesting.” This is why the children find their natural rest and inspiration in play—for play is life; not a dead fragment of a dissected organism, but the organism itself. The life of the child in play is not, to be sure, so fully rounded and complete as the life of the mature and fully developed man, but it is real life, full of free activity and novelty, and hence full of joy and enthusiasm and great in possibilities. Weary of working for remotely distant ends in an isolated department of life, the child and the man find the most perfect recreation in play, which is life itself, cast in a smaller mould.

PLAYS AND GAMES AS A MEANS OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

Teachers of physical training use play to a much greater extent now than in the past, partly because they have made a
study of plays and games and hence are able to use them more successfully, and partly because the views of the teachers have changed as to what things in physical education are most essential.

A dozen years ago emphasis in physical culture was placed upon symmetry. The ideal physique was pictured as one in which the two sides of the body are equally large and strong and equally skillful, with a certain exact balance between the relative development of different muscle groups. Not only was this ideal held up, but the work was planned with the view of bringing every individual nearer to the ideal. With such a purpose as the determining factor, tennis is not a good term of exercise, for it develops the right arm much more than the left; running is deficient, for it exercises the lower part of the body while leaving the upper part unused. Almost all forms of specialization in athletic or gymnastic lines were considered as objectionable for the same reason. Systematic gymnastics, under direction of the teacher, is the only road to such an ideal development.

As a result of the experience of years less emphasis is now laid on symmetry and more on vitality. Vitality is almost synonymous with health; symmetry and health are less closely related than has been supposed. Now if one has strong and well trained muscles, sound and capacious lungs, a normal and vigorous heart, and well nourished tissues, we are not apt to bother ourselves about the relative girths of his ankles or forearms. As President Gulick, of the American Physical Education Society, has recently pointed out, the following of special lines, either in athletic and gymnastic exercise, or in filling one's place in the prevailing social system is detrimental to health only when it interferes with the nutritive functions of the body. To quote his own words, "Where the specialization does not come in to interfere with respiration, circulation, digestion, nor the control of the organic life through the nervous system, we believe specialization to be not only harmless, but eminently desirable."

The specialized occupations of children in school and of adults in the various lines of work in the world interfere with health to a marked degree,—so much so that many well informed persons predict race deterioration and even race suicide. After all, the great problem of physical education is not so much to find an ideal form of exercise as to get people to exercise at all, to teach forms of exercise which the persons taught will practice not only during the brief moments of teaching, but which they will be inclined to repeat of their own accord during later years.

It is right here that plays and games are superior to all other forms of physical exercise,—because they are beyond compasion the most interesting and pleasurable to the average individual. And this is not all. The greater interest in play is also conducive to better results because the exercise is taken with more vim than is usual in more systematic exercises. Moreover, there is in the element of pleasure itself a power for health, for it seems to promote the healthful action of the vital organs and the nutrition of the tissues in some way not explained. Finally there is acquired in play a general control of the body which is very important as a preparation for the emergencies met in every day life. It is clear therefore that more extensive use of plays and games in the physical training of school children is not only justifiable but imperative. The school exerts many influen-
Mental Training in Plays and Games

Although many games are valuable for physical training, the universal significance of play lies in the mental training involved. The mental training received in play differs from that received in the general line of school work in being less an exercise of memory and quiet thinking and more rapid practice in decision and judgment. There is less of expression in words and more in actions. While the work of the school equips the child with the greater number of facts, it is in play that he meets his fellows as he will meet them in life and uses his mind as he will most often use it in life. One of the most serious objections raised against the school in the past has been its alleged failure to fit the child for what he has to do when he leaves school. Here play can supplement the work of the class and the study period, training in methods of thinking that will be used by the common member of society in his everyday life as well as by the professional man in his. The practice given in play in the meeting of certain emergencies is one thing in which the schools have been seriously lacking. Such training should go far to prevent panics at times of fires and other accidents.

Another quality cultivated by play may be called the habit of enthusiasm. To numberless people life is little more than drudgery, simply because they never put any spirit into their work. They often fill a mediocre place in a mediocre way when they might easily do twice as much and do it twice as well. The trouble is that they live on a low plane, never rising above the level of the mechanical work of their hands, counting the cost of every move and taking care not to expend an ounce of energy for which they cannot plainly foresee an immediate return. To such a one a real taste of the spirit of play is like a baptism of fire,—it has an insight into a new world. It is not easy to implant a new spirit into such soil, but enthusiasm is contagious and every attack renders the patient more liable to another. In this way the spirit of play, which is the true spirit of work, may be acquired by some who are wholly immune to the influences usually employed by teachers.

Moral Training in Plays and Games

It has recently been charged that the American public schools afford no training in morals; that they are turning out criminals and anarchists. Nothing could be farther from the truth, yet play and games are of great value in rounding out the moral training of the school. The school is a limited despotism; a game is a limited democracy. In the school the child submits to the authority of the teacher and is trained in habits of order, obedience, promptness, accuracy, and industry. In the game he is one of a community of individuals having equal rights, and here he learns the lessons of civilized society; cooperation, honesty, fairness, forbearance, self-control, courtesy. The laws in force here are the rules of the game; the pupils can readily be led to see that these are for the best interests of all, and thus they come to obey them willingly and intelligently. They should be encouraged to suggest desirable changes in the rules, and to modify them when a majority favor it.
This is legislation. The moral quality of any act is determined by the spirit in which it is done; here is the opportunity of a lifetime to cultivate the right spirit. The idea can be developed that the best playing always wins; any other way of winning is only a sham; and that the greatest good for each is always to be obtained when all are treated justly.

Under the old-fashioned recess the whole school, large and small, was dismissed to the playground without help or supervision by the teachers. The result was often only moderately bad, because of the good spirit and habits of the pupils. Sometimes anarchy reigned supreme, might was right; each one for himself. No wonder that in large cities recess was abolished as a moral blot on the public school system. With the present system of recesses by separate grades, with the play directed, the forces may be utilized for good.

PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS AND VACATION SCHOOLS

The most recent phase of the movement for plays and games is in the direction of the establishment of public playgrounds. In several large cities large and well equipped playgrounds have been provided near the centers of densest population, and during the vacation season teachers are employed to take charge of the children who come for play. Although attendance is voluntary, large numbers of children who formerly ran the streets now go to the playgrounds,—showing that even those accustomed to free activity prefer to play under direction when it is of the right kind. The police report a remarkable falling off in the number of offenses charged to children since the opening of the grounds. Sometimes the grounds are placed close to school buildings, and then the pupils profit by them during the terms of school as well as in vacations.

Although still in its infancy, the movement for the employment of play as a factor in education has already accomplished enough to justify itself. The instruction of college students in athletic games and the freeing of these games from their worst features by competent supervision is one great gain. The school recess by separate grades and the teaching and rational supervision of play is accomplishing good results in many places. The vacation schools have proved a priceless boon to the children of the great cities. Teachers are acquiring the true spirit of play and the true art of directing it. Mistakes are being made, and in some instances enthusiasm has been misdirected; but on the whole the advance already made is highly gratifying. The future promises a steady advance in knowledge of how to use this educational factor to the best advantage, and this after all is the greatest gain possible; for the work of today will determine what shall be the education of future generations.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

—Emerson
FAITH

We know not what will come, dear,
In this brief life of ours,
Whether dree will be our pathway,
Or whether strewn with flowers;
We do not know how long the way,
Nor where its course will tend,
Whether darkness will envelop,
Or brightest rays descend.

We know not what awaits, dear,
To welcome or to fear,
Whether with smiles we'll journey,
Or whether with a tear;
We do not know what tasks are ours,
Nor whether short or long,
Whether we'll labor sorrowing,
Or toll with gayest song.

We know not whom we'll meet, dear,
In our journey day by day,
Whether our lives will be shadowed
By those who pass our way;
We do not know if friends will come
In whom we may believe
Or if unaided and alone
Our web of life we'll weave,

We know not if we'll rise, dear,
To honored places high,
Or whether in the valley
We'll quietly live and die;
We do not know what awaits us,
Whether of ill— or good,
We do not know, and cannot,
And would not if we could.

But this one thing we know, dear,
No power can break the bond
That binds our lives forever
To the Infinite— beyond;
A Spirit of love surrounds us,
A Spirit ever near.
So come what may of weal or woe,
We do not— cannot fear.

HELEN PAULINE ADRIAS.
NEVER knew his name; he was a Hindoo washerman, so I named him "Dhoby" after his calling. Now, to be a Singapore washerman is to be born under a curse of toil that knows no end, unless it be the grave. A dhoby is always a dhoby, just as his father and grandfather before him were dhobies, just as his children after him will be dhobies; it is his destiny, his caste.

The dhobies, my dhoby among them, had their washhouse on Orchard Road, and one day I stepped in as I was going by.

"Dhoby," said I, "come this afternoon at four o'clock for the clothes."

He raised his right hand to his forehead in a profound salam, and murmured, "Yes, Tuan," at the same time pulling his ragged coat together over his bony breast and looking around uneasily as if embarrassed. He was glad when I left him.

At four o'clock he came. I was sitting at my desk writing when I heard some one say, "Tuan, Tuan," in a plaintive voice behind me, and as I looked around a head disappeared behind a projecting corner. I knew it was the dhoby—he was always as shy as a child and as stealthy as a shadow,—and I called out with affected auger, "Come in, Dhoby, you rascal, what are you spooking there for?"

At this summons which he had been waiting for, he came up smiling blandly in a way that puckered his lips away from two rows of glistening white teeth, and holding his hand reverently to his forehead he rolled his eyes in a worshipful way and said "Tabe, Tuan."

He was dressed in a new muslin cloth draped about his legs, and had on a coat that was spotlessly clean, a shining example of his handicraft.

"Is that the Tuan Governor's coat?" I asked in mock seriousness, for the standing joke in the city was that the dhobies wore their patrons' clothes as much as possible between washing and ironing.

The dhoby grinned as he began to count out my duck trousers. "Tuan is pleased to be humorous," he said in a mysterious whisper. Just then I heard another movement on the veranda, and as I looked around another head ducked out of sight.

"Dhoby, who is that? Some hantu spirit?"

"My brother, Tuan, a worthless imp; shall I flay him alive here in the master's presence?"

"Oh no, not so bad as that; call him in if you wish."

The dhoby gurgled something in Kling and the apparition came out from behind the corner noiseless and shamefaced.

"You will condescendingly not mind the brat," continued the dhoby apologetically as he went on sorting the clothes, "being low-born and young, he has never seen the inside of a great man's house, and he wanted to feast his eyes on Tuan's carved furniture and pictures of gold."

"Have you told him any such nonsense as that?"

"Forgive me for a base-born washer of clothes, but I have to amuse the imp some way,—he gets lonesome working with me all day long by the stream."

"All right, tell him to look 'round."
Some more gurgling in Kling followed and then the boy began to wander about the room with a gliding, halting motion as if afraid to breathe or take a noisy step. At my desk he paused long and intently, gazing as in a dream at the objects lying scattered over it: he clasped his hands to his heart in rapture, but said not a word.

Finally the dhoby had his bundle made up and was ready to go. The boy left my desk and followed him out to the porch, and after shutting one or two drawers I turned again to my work. As I glanced over my papers and table utensils, looking for my favorite pen, I noticed that my knife was gone. I was on my feet in a moment, ready to act on the impulse that flashed through my mind.

"Stop, Dhoby," I called, "Bring that boy back; he's stolen my knife."

The washerman put down his load slowly and turned around with a look of injured innocence.

"It cannot be, Tuan, the dhobies do not steal."

But I was furious; my knife was a gift to me and valuable. "Bring him here!" I cried. "Tell him to produce it or I'll search him, and if I find it on him I'll hand him over to the Tuaau Jail-keeper. Quick!"

The dhoby had turned to the boy and was talking excitedly and volubly; but the youngster only shook his head.

"Drag him in here, Dhoby," I said severely, "I'll search him if I have to send for the syce to hold him."

The boy did not hesitate,—he saw that I was in earnest,—and so quickly took off his bajru and handed it to me. I went through all the pockets but did not find the knife; I threw down the garment and looked at him. "Well!" I said significantly.

He next began to strip off his leg-cloth, but though I examined it carefully I found nothing.

"You see the base-born wretch has not got it," remarked the dhoby calmly.

"Tuaau has unjustly accused the worthless one."

I confess to being chagrined. "Put on your clothes," I said with a show of temper; "doubtless you took it, though I don't see where you put it."

"Tuan is pleased to joke," whispered the dhoby in an awe-struck voice, "but I speak the truth—we do not steal. The base-born fear the wrath of Googa Din, the god of the washing place."

Just then my elbow hit against the table and jostled a pile of pictures and books off onto the floor. I put out my hand quickly to avert the calamity and almost touched my knife which had been covered up out of sight.

It was my turn now to be embarrassed, for the faces of the two before me looked unspeakable contempt.

"Tuan makes sport with us of the ghauts," said the dhoby picking up his bundle.

"Here is a dollar," said I turning to the boy, "take it with my apologies," but he only touched his forehead without looking at the money and followed his brother.

Regularly every week the dhoby came for my clothes as if nothing had happened. Sometimes he brought his brother with him, and on such occasions I was unusually gracious and did all I could to amuse the lad. We never referred to the episode of the knife and I hoped that my conciliatory efforts would in time work full abolution for me.

One afternoon, I think it was the next day after getting my washing, the dhoby came up to my veranda bringing the boy..."
with him. They did not seem quite so shy as formerly, and appeared to have lost their servility. The dhoby touched his forehead. "Tuan, this base-born brother of mine found this in the pocket of Tuan's salwar last night when sorting clothes."

He handed me a five dollar note of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. I had not missed the money and was naturally surprised, but I determined to be generous for the sake of the pocket-knife.

"He is certainly an honest lad," I said smiling kindly and patting him on the head, "Let him keep the money."

The boy understood what I said, for he bowed meekly and murmured, "Torrima kasili—thank you," and took the money and put it in his pocket. Then they both saluted obsequiously and withdrew.

A few weeks after this, just as I was getting ready to go up the coast I lost my watch. It was very strange. I had it and then I did not have it—the thing simply disappeared. I was quite upset, for it had cost me a pretty penny in London and I could not afford to lose it. I had always guarded it jealously and never left it where the servants could find it, for a watch is a serious temptation to the average native in the Straits; sometimes I kept it lying on my writing desk when at work, but I never left it there.

I missed it in the afternoon, and yet, as I recollected, I had been at my desk constantly since tiffin. And when I reached for the watch it was gone! I called Chuey, the Chinaman who cared for my room, and asked him if any one had called, but he said no one except the Dhoby and I remembered him. However, I knew he had not taken it. In my despair I sent for a police officer and put the matter in his hands, but though I delayed my trip a week nothing came to light, and at last I had to swallow my annoyance and leave.

Ten days later I was back home again, settled down at work as before, with the loss of my watch almost gone from my mind when it was called up again very unexpectedly. One day a servant brought me a note which Joe Curtis, a bachelor friend, bad just sent over by his syce. It was only a line but startling: "Found your watch—come over at once."

I put on my hat and was off in an instant, as luck would have it, finding a rickshaw at the end of the lane. Out of breath I rushed up to Joe's veranda, and then stopped abruptly. In the middle of the floor lay a pile of dirty clothes; beyond by the open window reclined Joe in a long cane chair, smoking dreamily; farther away still, on a chair in the corner, sat my dhoby, with the Malay kabun holding him by the collar.

"What's this?" I cried in amazement.

"Glad you came so soon," drawled Joe, not deigning to answer my question, "the kabun's arms must ache by this time. I held him ten minutes myself, and he was wriggling then."

"But my watch?" I said, pulling out the note.

"On the table there. Sit down and I'll tell you about it."

I sat down.

"It's that 'base-born washer of clothes,' as he kindly calls himself, who stole your watch, anyway I infer as much, for it came out of his pocket."

"Incredible!" I repeated in astonishment.

"He came up to get my washing and was bending over sorting the things when the watch slipped out of his pocket and fell almost at my very feet. I picked it up—you know one doesn't like to see a watch drop—and I saw your name on the
case. In a moment I remembered you had lost a watch and so I fell upon the orang jahat and yelled for the kabun. He's been fertile in explanations, but I think now his heart has failed him."

I looked over at the dhoby, but he dropped his eyes and avoided my gaze.

"Ono, Dhoby," I said, walking over to where I could look at him, "Ono, it can't be—the dhobies do not steal—they are an honest lot and fear the wrath of Googa Din, god of the washing place!"

The man did not look up, though a shadow of a smile drew his lips apart over his shining teeth.

"Tuan is pleased to joke with the base-born,"—he began, but we cut him short with laughter.

As I have thought about it since I have wondered whom the five dollars belonged to.

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**AFTER THE MANNER OF YOUTH**

**Gertrude Worden, '04**

"Edward," began Mr. White, in his drawling, hesitating manner, "I saw Professor Williams to town yesterday and he asked 'bout you. He wanted to know if you was goin' to college."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Edward, "if you only would let me go!"

"Well, edication spites some good ditch-diggers, but you've got a tol'ly stiddy head," returned Mr. White, "and I be half a mind to let you try it. Mother 'n I'll have to scrimp a little but I guess we're willin'."

A few weeks later Edward said good-bye to the farm and entered upon his college course, carrying with him the parting injunction from his father: "Now 'tend to your business and don't git to fooliu' round." Then as an afterthought, "Mebbe your mother or me will be out to see you sometimes."

Several months later, Edward sat in his room planning to have a good time with his two friends, Frank Hall and Howard Bradley, when Bradley, who was sitting by the window, glanced toward a man in the street and exclaimed: "Shades of ancient history! Whom have we here?"

"Rip Van Winkle, I should say," replied Hall, stepping to the window. "Long-grizzled beard, Rip's style of coat and an old rusty satchel."

"He has a good face, though," returned Bradley, "some common sense there, but he's funny-looking, too."

Edward now caught sight of the figure and recognized his father. There was a short, sharp battle in his mind and false pride won.

"I can't let the boys know," he thought. "What shall I do?" Then as Mr. White approached the house, Edward spoke with evident embarrassment: "He's an old fellow from down our way, and I believe he is coming here. I hate to ask it, boys—but really, I would—that is—he is very fond of me, and if you wouldn't mind—"

"Certainly," said Hall, "we can slip out the back way before he gets up the stairs," and the boys hastily departed, wondering not a little at Edward's confusion.

The meeting between father and son was warm; each was genuinely glad to see the other. Edward ordered supper to be brought to his room, saying, "you are
tired, father, and I'd rather have you to myself, anyway.''

The evening passed pleasantly, though the boy was disturbed by the question of what he would do with his father during the remainder of his visit.

In the morning Edward took his guest down town to breakfast, when few students were abroad. As the time for classes drew near, Mr. White expressed his interest by saying:

"Guess I'll go with you this mornin'. I'd like to see somethin' of how this new fangled learnin' works."

The boy had anticipated such a desire. Acquaintance at the club would have been bad enough, but this was worse. He felt very uncomfortable, but his pride kept his resolution firm. He answered with a remorse laugh: "I am sorry, father, but I don't see how you can. These professors are such a cranky set, they never want a stranger around during classes."

The father was dissatisfied, but did not press the matter. Since he had come to see the town and visit the college, he determined to make the most of his opportunity. So that afternoon while Edward was studying in his room, Mr. White took a stroll about the college grounds. As he drew near the main walk, he observed two young men approaching and determined to ask them about the various things of interest.

Hall and Bradley, for they were no others, had seen and recognized him. "Say, Bradley," said Hall, "there is Rip Van Winkle now. Let's speak to him and find out who he is; it would be a lark to show the old fellow over the campus."

"All right," answered Bradley, "it's a go."

The farmer turned as they came up, and Hall began: "You seem very interested, stranger aren't you?"

"Yes, I be a stranger," returned he, "never been in these parts afore'. These buildings' an' yards are mighty fine, now, ain't they? I was just wonderin' if you wouldn't tell me what they're used for.''

This gave the boys their opportunity, and with him they started on a tour of the campus. As they passed the observatory Mr. White said:—

"I'd like to see how the big telescopes work; my son has told me 'bout 'im. But I don't s'pose they 'low any one to go into classes, do they?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bradley, "any one can visit classes any time they choose."

"But my son said—"

"Did you say you had a son in college here?" interrupted Hall.

"Well, no; I guess I didn't say so, but I have; 'Edward White,' do you know him?"

"Edward White! Is that so!" exclaimed both young men. "Yes, we know him. He's a fine student too, one of the first in all his classes."

"Yes, I guess he is," responded Mr. White with a chuckle; and this bit of praise so filled his mind that he forgot for the time being the contradiction to his son's statement concerning visitors to classes.

Taking advantage of a short cut to the other side of the campus, they followed a walk laid near the edge of a terrace with a row of flower beds below. Hall explained that this walk was new and the railing for the edges of the terrace had not yet been raised. A turn brought them to the gymnasium, in front of which two men, one of them very distinguished looking, were talking.

"The tall one is the President of the college," said Bradley to the farmer. "Shall we go in here? It is rather late, but I think some of the boys will be practicing
yet.'" As they passed up the steps, Mr. White wondered, "Where have I seen that man before?"

The apparatus and the feats of a few boys who were still at practice occupied his whole attention. His thoughts were carried back to his own childhood and youth and he told his companions some of his exploits.

"I remember once when I was a boy, I went to a circus and was particularly interested in the trapeze performance. When we got home, me and Norman—he was a boy who lived with us—we put up a contraption in the barn toppo'm on, and got so we could do a number of tricks. One day when I was tryin' somethin' new, one rope broke. I had hold on the other. The trapeze hung quite close to the wall an' I tried to swing to a projection, but my clothes caught on some ha'ness pegs that stuck out below, an' there I hung. I couldn' git up ner down, an' No'man stood there laughin.' As soon's as he could stop long enough he ran and fetched a step-ladder and unfastened my clothes. I didn't try to po'min no more. I'd like to see No'man Moreland," he added thoughtfully. "He lived with us till he was past eighteen and then went off to school somewhere. He came back once, twenty odd year ago, and I hain't heerd nothin' of 'im sence."

"Norman Moreland is the name of our President," remarked Bradley.

"I wonder if he is the same boy who lived with us, but I don't 'spose 'tis," and Mr. White shook his head thoughtfully.

Hall and Bradley who had taken the stranger in just for fun were conscious of a change of feeling toward him. His interest of things in general and his hearty appreciation of their explanations warmed their hearts, and his good humor amused them. When they parted for the day, the boys offered to take him to classes the next morning if he would meet them at nine o'clock.

"Ed White is a little fool!" ejaculated Hall on their way to the club. "Ashamed of his father! The attention he has received from certain professors has puffed him up until his is a bad case of swelled head. The old man is all right."

An hour later, Mr. White was returning from supper, thinking of the two clever young men, his son's strange behavior and lastly of Norman Moreland. As he turned a corner of the street he met the President face to face, and fancied he saw a resemblance between the man before him and his childhood friend. The inclination to speak was so strong that he turned and followed him to the door of a store into which the President entered. Mr. White, standing outside, heard him speak to a clerk and the farmer's heart gave a great thump.

"That settles it! I'd know that voice in Hal'fax! Norman always did have a funny voice and made queer squeaky sounds when he first spoke." Then the President stepped out into the street.

"Say, is your name Norman Moreland?"

"It is," answered the man, a little surprised.

"Used to live down near Mundy when you was a boy 'long with a family by the name o White?" continued the questioner.

"Yes, I lived there during my childhood and youth."

"I thought you was the one," assented Mr. White, nodding his head complacently. "I don't suppose you remember Henry, the boy you used to play with, do you!"

"Are you Henry White?"

"Yes, I be."

"Well, I am surprised, and very glad to
see you, too," grasping the farmer’s hand with warm feeling.

The talk a few minutes longer, and the conversation ended with an invitation to Mr. White to meet his old friend at his office the next day and go to dinner with him.

Mr. White returned to his son’s rooms. His mood of pleasant retrospection was soon interrupted by Edward, hastily entering and searching for a book.

“I had to attend a meeting of the Athletic committee, father, and we did not get through till late, or I should have been home sooner. Have you been lonesome?”

“Don’t worry about me. I had a very good time, met two nice young chaps and they—”

“Where is that book? Oh! here it is. Professor Gunn wants several of us boys to study at his house tonight, and I’ve got to go right away. Good-by!” He slammed the door and was out on the street in a short time.

“I’m glad I got off so easily,” thought he. “Gee, I hated to lie to the old man, but I didn’t want him to know that I was going out with the boys, and I could not disappoint them. Blame the whole business, anyway. That’s a fellow to do, I’d like to know.”

Mr. White intended to surprise his son with the news that he had found an old friend in the President, but he hardly knew how to tell him. His mind worked slowly and his actions corresponded with his thoughts. Consequently much time had elapsed in the morning before he at last began: “I had a first rate good time yesterday, and I’m goin’ to visit the President today,” chuckling softly.

Edward, whose conscience was troubling him not a little, felt very irritable, and this intention expressed by his father added fuel to the smouldering fire. No, his father should not go. Quick as thought he answered: “You must not go; the President is dangerously sick.” In a frenzy of wounded pride, anger, and disgust, he snatched up his cap and bolted from the room in a state of mind more easily imagined than described.

The farmer understood at last. Edward, his boy, had told him a lie—two lies, maybe more. He had gone away angry. Something in the boy’s tone and look implied a grievance against him. “Can it be—he is—ashamed of me—ashamed of his father?” He felt sick and faint; the room was stifling; he must get out into the air; he would feel better there. This was a strange, a bitter experience. What should he say to Edward? Blinded by tears and overcome with grief he wandered aimlessly along, neither knowing or caring whither he went. Unconsciously he followed the walk he had traversed the day before. He did not perceive that he was nearing the turn on the terrace. A few feet farther and off he stepped, falling in such a manner that his head struck against one of the stones in the border of a flower bed.

Several students, among them Hall and Bradley, witnessed the accident and came running to the spot where the poor old man lay motionless.

“It’s Mr. White,” said Hall, astonishment and pain in his voice.

While they were getting him in a better position and trying to restore him to consciousness, Bradley ran to Edward’s room, and hurried back, saying, “Ed isn’t in. He can’t take care of him there.”

“He must be taken care of some way,” said another. “What had we better do with him?”

“I’ll run and ask the President,” declared Hall.
In a few minutes more that gentleman was bending over his old friend. "He is badly stunned; I hope his injury is not so serious as we think. He shall be taken to my own house."

Meanwhile, where was Edward? As he started from his room he felt that the fates were against him; everything had gone wrong. He hated everybody, he blamed everybody. He knew his own conduct was at the bottom of the whole trouble, yet would not acknowledge it to himself. By the time he had walked a mile or two into the country, his passion had cooled somewhat and he began to review the events of the past two days. A sense of his cowardice and deceit impressed itself upon him more and more, until, after a severe struggle with his pride, he determined to confess all to his father and humbly beg his forgiveness. With this in mind he hastened back to his room, only to find it unoccupied. He sat down, thinking his father would come in soon, and wondering how to address him.

A few moments passed when a heavy step was heard on the stairs, and the door was thrown open and Bradley entered. The evidence of Edward’s struggle and the concern Bradley felt were discernible to each other, and rendered both speechless for an instant. Bradley spoke first.

"I've found you this time, White. I've bad news for you. That old fellow from down your way met with an accident an hour or so ago, and the President had him taken home with him."

"What!" gasped Edward, in an agony of remorse and fear, and stung by the repetition of his own words, "My father hurt? Does he live? Tell me, quick!"

"He has just recovered consciousness, I believe," said Bradley, and added an account of the accident. Edward's suffering was almost unbearable. "What a contemptible coward I have been! Father is hurt, may not recover, and it is all my fault."

Soon they were in the President's house, where Edward was kindly received.

"My boy," said Mr. Moreland, "your father has sustained a serious injury. The surgeon has dressed the wound on his temple and says with good nursing recovery is quite certain. He must be very quiet for a time."

"You wish to know why he is here," continued Mr. Moreland. "I will answer by telling you a little of my life. At the age of nine, I was left an orphan with no near relatives. Your grandfather White gave me a home in his family. Your father and I were the same age, and, the other children being older, were left to ourselves much of the time. We grew very fond of each other and became almost inseparable. When we were old enough your grandfather offered to help one of us through college. Your father declared he did not desire to go, and the opportunity was mine. I have always suspected he cared more than he would say, and made the sacrifice for my sake. Time passed; I went from college into active life; my benefactor died and the family was broken up. I lost all trace of them, and, though I searched long, I haven't seen or heard of your father for twenty years, until last evening when we met on the street. I invited him here today that we might enjoy a good visit. When I learned of the accident I had him brought here."

Edward had lived years in the last few hours, and when at last the nurse led him to his father's bedside, the glad, penitent cry of "Father!" and the feeble, grief-filled greeting, "My sou," mingled into the perfect harmony of reconciliation.
THE cataloguing of books in a library implies systematizing their contents and thus, bringing together in the catalogue, books and chapters of books, which treat of the same subject. In other words, it classifies the material at our disposal, and makes available the resources of many hundred or many thousand books, as an index serves to make available the contents of one book or one set of books.

When cataloguing a book, look carefully at the title page, and put so much on the card as may be necessary to define the scope of the book. Often the sub-title is absolutely essential. For example: MacDonald's Select documents, needs the qualification of its sub-title—Illustrative of the history of the United States 1776-1861. If found under the subject-heading U. S.—Original documents, we would know from this sub-title, that we would find in it neither the Colonial charters, nor the last Treaty with Spain. Next a careful examination of the preface, and table of contents is necessary to decide just what material in the book will be of absolute service and under what head or title it will most apt to be called for. Shall we write a specific card for the Articles of Confederation, and for the Ordinance of 1787, or shall we trust to their being found under U. S. Original documents. In many cases, in the school, there is a certain periodicity about the references. Each semester certain references are wanted, and it is well to note these, and enrich the catalogue from all good sources.

Decide on subject headings with extreme care that they be clear, explicit and exact. If several entries have been made under U. S.—History-Colonies, do not forget and make an entry under some new form, as U. S.—Colouies. If the word Bank has been decided on, do not enter a book under National banks, but rather put a card for National banks see Banks, and keep the several references on banking together. If uncertain about a heading consult your catalogue to be certain you have already decided on one.

It is well to leave the cards in the books catalogued on one day, to be read and verified the next day. If a book is uncut, write the word cut on a slip of paper and place it in the book, that it may not reach the shelf uncut. Having carefully re-read the cards, divide them into two lots, one the author cards, the other the title and subject cards. The word author card is used technically to stand for main card, that is, the card which contains certain specific information usually of importance chiefly to the catalogue. For example: the accession number, or a note to state that one volume out of a set is lost, or that two volumes only of a set are as yet published, etc., etc.

Periodicals, encyclopedias, atlases, year books of schools and certain reference books which are known almost exclusively by title are catalogued with the title for the main card, and a regular title card is also written to go with the title and subjects. For example, The Educational Review, Universal cyclopedia, Rand, McNally's atlas, Century dictionary of names, and the Statesman's year book—the five most essential reference books after Webster's Inter-
national dictionary—each should have as a main or author card, the title of the work, with the name of the editor entered on it, if necessary, and also a title card, that it may be found in whichever place it is looked for. Further, these main-title cards are treated alphabetically as proper names. The main card for a periodical would be written as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Educational Review</th>
<th>1900-date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>vol 20-date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ed. by Butler, Nicholas Murray</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The card shows exactly what years and what volumes are in the library. The word-date signifying—to the present time.

In the case of a periodical, or of any work which is published at intervals (generally called, Continuations,) it is well to write the word "over" at the bottom of the card, and put the accession numbers on the back, opposite the vol. E. g.:

Vol. 10. 247.
Vol. 11. 293.
Vol. 12. 344.

The same rule would apply to such books as the Normal College Year book, The School laws of Michigan, Report of the Supt. of Public instruction, Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education. The cards would be written and alphabetized as follows with the author cards already in the catalogue. The word date is also entered on these cards, and care should be taken that they are kept up to date.

Austin, Jane. Standish of Standish: A story of the Pilgrims.
Century dictionary of names.
Educational review. 1900 — date. Etc.
Hart. A. B. American history as told by contemporaries. 4 vol.
Michigan—State Normal College. Year books. 1895 — date. 9 vol.
Universal Cyclopaedia. 12 vol.
Wilson, Woodrow. Division and reunion. Maps.

In the same way the duplicate title card for each would be alphabetized into the catalogue of titles and subjects. When a new volume of a periodical is bound, or a new year book or other "continuation" received, it is accessioned, and the number of the volume and the accession number is added to the card already written.

Do not attempt to make a catalogue without some books on library methods. For any one who has had little or no experience, the simpler and briefer these helps the better. The best book I know is Hints to Small libraries, by Miss Plummer, librarian of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., and most easily obtained direct from the author, price 50c.

The best help one can have is to visit other libraries and study their catalogues, and ask questions of the librarians. Keep a list of questions and be ready to seize any opportunity which offers to have them answered.
The Normal College News

Published Weekly
STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

MULLIN MCDONINLLY, Editor-in-Chief
CHAR. N. IROKIAA, Business Manager
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

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GOV SMITH, 1906

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PAULINE ADAMS - Chief Stude
PEARL LILLY - 0 + Locals
ELLAINE BARRINGTON - W + Debaratants
FLOYD MCNITY - W + Socials
MISS ESTHER K. NOBLE - 0 + Exchanges
VIOLA MARSHALL. 0 + Alumni
ROBERT P. HOLLAND - 0 + Athletics

Read Our Exchange News

Our exchange magazines are now found in the case in the reading room of the library where all are invited to read them carefully. You will not only be interested in knowing what our sister Colleges are doing but also in comparing their papers with our own. You will be surprised to find that while their monthlies sell for a dollar or more, our own weekly with its monthly magazine number is sent out for fifty cents. You can readily see how strong must be the support given by the students and alumni of our College if the News is to be not only the cheapest but the best paper of its kind.

Who Publish The News?

Students and members of the alumni, do you realize that you are the publishers of the News? The editors and managers are only your servants and it depends on you what kind of a paper shall stand for the college of which you are a part.

Your Help Is Needed

Your individual help is needed. Send us your subscriptions at once. Submit stories, poems, bright, interesting articles; fill the News box full of newsy items and jokes; and let us all believe that the News can be made the best of all college organs and time will prove this true.

Do Your Part

It is a remarkable fact that out of the nine hundred and fifty students in our College some are not active in the work of the school. They seem to have the false idea that when they joined the classes they joined the College, and they have yet to learn that until they do something for their school itself will they feel themselves or really be, a part of this great whole.

The college organizations furnish a channel through which the students may act. Great and varied are the things to be done: Just now one must win the Oratorical contest at Adrian, others must win the honors of the debate with M. A. C.; some must represent the College in basketball, others will do so in the meet.

You are invited to be actors. The work is to be done and every student should connect himself with some body of workers and then go ahead and do his best.

Social Functions

For December 16, there is a call made for an "All Albion social function." Albion is not the only school that needs some all-college affairs. The opportunities here for all students to come together socially have thus far this year been very few indeed.

This same need has been felt in the past and various college organizations have at different times met it by entertaining the school as a whole in the gymnasium. Again the question of management presents itself and it is to be hoped that some of the many departments of social life in the College will respond to the call by planning an evening in which the warmth of true college fellowship will be strongly felt.
Mr. Ernest E. Knight is teaching in the Caro high school for the remainder of the year.

Miss Jessie Hammond '03 has resigned her work at Houghton and has accepted a position in the schools at Ironwood.

Mr. O. A. Wordley '86, is superintendent of the schools at Glenridge, N. J. Michigan was sorry to lose so capable a man.

At the meeting of the South Dakota S. E. A. which met at Aberdeen, Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1903, one of the best papers was presented by L. G. Avery, superintendent of schools at Madison.

Mr. L. A. McDiarmid '95 is a resident of Owosso.

Mr. N. C. Knooihuyzen '91, is school commissioner of Livingston county. He has held this position for several years and the result of his good work may be seen throughout the county.

Mr. L. A. Butler '00, an alumnus of the Phi Delta Pi fraternity, is superintendent of schools at Central Lake.

Mr. W. L. McDiarmid '96 teaches physics in the Owosso high school.

Mr. M. Everett Dick, '00, is a very successful teacher of science in the Holland schools. He is an alumnus of the Phi Delta Pi fraternity.

Mr. R. W. Broecker '02, teaches at Standish, Mich. He is having good success in his work.

Miss Margaret Minty is teaching at Deckerville, but she expects to return to the Normal next year. She writes she enjoys the News very much.

Miss Matilda Mutschel '90, is a member of the corps of teachers of the Central high school Detroit.

Mr. J. G. Burridge '91, is at home at 328 Adams street, Chicago. He is employed by the School Book Co. and reports business good.

Miss Bessie I. Wrisley '03, teaches in Utica, Mich.

Mr. C. H. Naylor '87, is located at Imlay City.

Mr. H. A. Severance '91 and '94, is assistant librarian in the University library at Ann Arbor.

Mr. C. H. Carrick '91, is superintendent of schools at Constantine.

Miss Minnie Pattison of the class of '93, teaches in Detroit.

Miss Georgia L. M. Covert '98, may be addressed at 517 S. Division street Ann Arbor, in which city she is teaching.

The Harbor Beach schools are in a prosperous condition. Mr. F. E. Ellsworth has done most excellent work as superintendent there for the last six years.

Mr. M. R. Parmelee '89, superintendent of the Charlotte schools, was among the large number of Normal alumni who attended the M. T. A. at Ann Arbor.

Mr. C. L. Kniffen '01, is teaching at Addison.

Mr. Irving Hunter '94, is principal of the high school at West Bay City.

Miss Ada B. Smith '95, is teaching in Niles.

Miss Minnie Hall '94, may be addressed at Ann Arbor, 325 E. Liberty street. She is a student at the University.

Miss Ida M. Covert '91 and '00, teaches in Jackson.

Miss May Hurd, '03, of Helena, Mont., spent her Christmas vacation with Miss Cora Paine, '03, at Missoula, Mont.
Mrs. Nora Lickly Jones has a beautiful home in Troy, Ohio. Her husband is a prominent dentist at that place.

M. Dot Brewster is teaching in the city schools at Detroit.

Mr. E. E. Ellsworth is superintendent of schools at Harbor Beach.

Mr. E. N. Rhodes is principal of a ward school in Bay City.

Miss Louise Leonard is living in Chicago.

Miss Florence Dwyer is teaching in Eden, Ohio.

Mr. Nelson J. Drooyor is superintendent of schools at Algonac.

Miss Nellie M. Westland is teaching in California.

Delmar Traphagen is working in Alaska.

John Holmes is superintendent of schools in Wahoo, Nebraska.

Miss Aura M. Gross is teaching in Traverse City.

Mrs. Lydia Carnaham Pinkham has three beautiful children and a pleasant home in Belding. Her husband is one of the most prominent physicians of that place.

Miss Florence Bishop, of the ’03 conservatory class, Normal College, has been appointed supervisor of music and drawing at Antigo, Wis.

Many Normalites will be pleased to know of Professor Maybee’s excellent work in the conservatory of music at the Central Normal School. Professor Maybee is meeting with marked success in his line of work.

Mrs. Grace Houghton Cobb is living in Birmingham.

Miss Elizabeth Bird, ’01, Miss Lucy Fogg, ’02, and Miss Lovisa Fisher, ’99, are teaching in the Industrial Home at Adrian. ‘The ‘Home’ has recently met with a great loss in the death of the assistant superintendent, S. Helen King.

Miss Ruth D. Searle, ’01, is teacher of English and History in the Williamston high school.

Miss Julia Ball of Hamburg, an alumna of the M. N. C., is secretary of the State Association of Farmers’ Clubs.

Miss Myrtle L’Ardi and Miss Ida Mitchell are teaching in Houghton.

Mrs. Angie Ransom Spencer, ’98, is very pleasantly situated in Jonesville. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer are justly very proud of their young son, Master Warren.

Miss Mary Louise Smith, ’98, a former teacher in the South Haven high school, is this year attending the U. of M.

Miss Winifred Wright, ’97, is teaching in the Lincoln school, at St. Joseph.

The following Normal College alumni are teaching in the Hillsdale schools: S. J. Gier, superintendent; C. P. Steimle, principal; Gertrude Mitchell, Latin instructor; Miss Eddythe Silk, Miss Hinkle, Miss Grace Mead, and Miss Loas Campbell, in the grades.

Mrs. C. W. Greene (née Bertha Blair ’96,) is a student in the Normal College and Mr. Greene ’95, is attending the University of Michigan.

Miss Katherine W. Harris ’93, may be addressed at Port Huron, in which city she is teaching.

Mr. O. A. Waterman ’99, is a very successful superintendent of the Utica schools.

Mr. G. A. McGee ’96, is one of the many good superintendents who have been trained at the Normal College. Mr. McGee is located at Hudson where his work is highly appreciated.

Mr. O. M. Gass ’00, teaches at Flat Rock. He is remembered by many as the Normal baseball captain.
LOCALS AND PERSONALS

Miss Kyle entertained her cousins, Miss Boyd and Miss Ball, of Britton over Sunday.

The Conservatory male quartet, Messrs. Brown, White, Ellis, and Cook, are doing excellent work and as a result have made several concert engagements. They are able to offer a varied program, as Mr. Brown is an organist of ability, Mr. White a brilliant pianist, and Messrs. Ellis and Cook are vocal soloists. They go to Orion Feb. 5, and to Williamston, Feb. 11, to fill lecture course engagements.

Miss Pearl Benedict will go to Allegan, Feb. 6 and 7, to sing at a meeting of the Treble Clef, a musical society of that place.

The Aurora board wish to have designs for the cover of the Aurora, submitted to them. They will give an Aurora book to the one whose design they accept.

Miss Florence Marsh of Detroit, spent Sunday with Miss Daisy Lonyo.

Miss Pauline Kueumerle spent Sunday in Durand.

Mrs. McNamara (née Alta Bradley) has been visiting in Ypsilanti.

The ninth grade of the Training school accompanied by Messrs. Tuttle, Thomas, Worden and Mrs. Compton enjoyed a sleigh-ride to Cherry hill, Friday evening, Jan. 22.

Miss Madge Miller entertained her cousin, Mrs. A. B. Witham of Detroit over Sunday.

Miss Grace Sage entertained a number of friends very pleasantly last Friday evening.

Miss Mabel Miller spent Sunday in Ann Arbor.

Miss Agnes Withey of Marquette, has been visiting her sister, Miss Enid Withey.

The conservatory recital last Wednesday afternoon was very enjoyable.

Mrs. W. H. Sherzer and son, are spending two weeks in Saginaw.

Miss Margaret Blessing was ill the first of the week.

Mr. Crawford says that he is much pleased with the Aurora board.

Miss Eva June was absent from school the first of the week on account of illness.

Miss Bessie Hubbard, a student of the drawing department is seriously ill and will be taken to her home as soon as it is advisable.

Miss Mollie Hartley entertained her sister, Miss Deborah Hartley of Lansing last week.

Miss Mayme Horner of Detroit, spent Sunday with Normal friends.

Miss Emme Sullivan of Detroit, spent Sunday with her sister, Miss Harriett Sullivan.

Perhaps some noticed the unusual quiet that prevailed in Ypsilanti last Sunday owing to the fact that the electric cars were not running between Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. Many were disappointed in not being able to attend the Y. W. C. A. convention in Ann Arbor that day.

A faculty recital will be given March 9, in which Miss Riblet, Mr. Brown and Mr. Bostick will take part. This will be a rare musical treat.

Miss Helen Sterling and Lettie Scott spent Sunday in Detroit, the guests of Miss Irene PEMLOTT.

Miss Minnie Sundburg spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.
The advance announcement of the summer school has just been issued by President Jones. The term will open June 27, and close August 5. Stronger courses than those of previous years will be offered.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McKay entertained their uncle, Mr. T. E. Pound, of London, Ont., a few days last week.

Mr. J. W. Betteys of Oxford, spent Sunday with his daughter, Miss Mildred. Mr. Betteys was a student at the Normal in '64, when it consisted of but one building, and he also attended the Academy under Prof. Estabrook. This was his first visit to Ypsilanti since then and he found but few familiar places.

SORORITIES AND FRATERNITIES

PHI DELTA PI

Messrs. Reinbold and Prime have recently been initiated into the mysteries of Phi Delta Pi.

ALPHA SIGMA TAU

Miss Grace Towdley of the U. of M. spent Sunday with her sorority friends in the city.

Saturday evening, the Alpha Sigma Tau entertained with a winter-picnic. The members met at the rooms of Miss Silk and proceeded to the rooms of Miss Harding, where games were played in true picnic style and a rustic lunch was served.

Miss Alberta Sharf has been ill at her home in Ann Arbor.

HARMONIOUS MYSTICS

The sorority of "Harmonious Mystics" was delightfully entertained at a thimble party, given by Miss Ruth Putnam, at her home Saturday afternoon last, in honor of Miss Edith Jones. Several of the members heard Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night" last week.

Miss Majorie Alexander spent Saturday and Sunday with her aunt in Ann Arbor.

KAPPA PSI

The society will meet with Miss Louise Stellwagen at Wayne, Saturday evening, Jan. 30.

ATHENAEM

The Athenaeum society held its first meeting of the quarter, Friday evening, Jan. 15. The following interesting program was rendered:—

President's inaugural address, Mr. Andrus Talk—"A Tramp thro' Tyrol," Prof. Ford Vocal solo — Miss Reynolds Recitation — Miss Prentiss Select reading — Miss Holbrook Violin solo — Miss Manderfield Recitation — Miss Landon

The society was especially delighted with Professor Ford's account of his journey on foot through the mountains of Switzerland and Austria. Professor Ford's spicy descriptions never fail to captivate an audience. The next meeting of the Athenaeum will be held Feb. 5, at which time the program will be in charge of Mr. C. B. Jordan.

LINCOLN CLUB

The club debate this morning was:—Resolved, "That the American republic is likely to endure." Mr. Kruse led the affirmative and Mr. Andrus the negative. Next week the army canteen question is to be discussed.

Y.W.C.A.

The leap year party given by the Y. W. C. A. on Friday evening, was a most decided success. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, a number found their way to Starkweather Hall.

A Normal class has been organized for the purpose of training leaders for the Bible study classes for the coming college year. Miss Mary Putnam will serve as leader. Studies in Luke, by Robert Speer will be used as text.
PROFESSOR JEFFERSON WILL LECTURE AT THE N. T. A

Professor Jefferson has been invited to lecture at the National Teachers' Association to be held at St. Louis during July. He will show the educational value of the Louisiana Purchase. To prepare for this he will go to St. Louis in June. Teachers will be aided by his lectures in their appreciation of the geographical value of the exhibit.

NEW BOOK

Dr. Richard Clyde Ford, of the department of Modern Languages in the Normal College, is the author of a little book, "Elementary German for Sight Translation." The text is planned for the first two years of high school and college work, to be used as soon as classes are able to take up easy reading.

PRIZES IN DEBATE

The Oratorical Association has recently placed on exhibition in the corridor the prizes for the annual debate, which is to occur February 12.

The first prize is a beautiful set of ten volumes of the World's Best Orations edited by the famous jurist, Justice Brewer, of the U. S. Supreme Court.

This work covers the whole field of oratory from Demosthenes and Cicero down to our own generation, and is a mine of valuable information and delightful reading. It is edited with rare good taste and judgment and constitutes not only a choice collection of literary masterpieces but is as well one of the most valuable reference works in history that has ever been published.

It would make a splendid addition to any school or private library, and every student should have a good look at it whether he hopes to win it or not. The books will be on exhibition until the evening of the contest.

The second and third prizes are also of great value. The second being 13 volumes of the American Statesman series and the third, a copy of the reference edition of the International Dictionary.

EXCHANGE

The editors of The Wabash are to be highly congratulated on their splendid athletic number. From the scholarly and practical article by Hou. Thos. R. Marscall to the last page, there is a spirit "of go" in it which is contagious.

When you're foolin' in the library,
An' havin' lots of fun,
A-laughing' an a-gibberin',
As if yr' time had come,
You'd better watch your corners
An' keep kinder lookin' out,
Er the librarian'll get you——
Ef you don't watch out.—Ex.

Some of our exchanges are weak in that they publish so few poems. Is it because of the scarcity of poets or do the editors fear they themselves may grow too sentimental?

Women were created before mirrors, and they have been before mirrors ever since.
—Ex.

One of the most welcome exchanges which we receive is the "St. Mary's Chimes" from St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. The magazine is published by the students and it speaks well for their deep appreciation of literature.

The numbers are always rich in poems, many of which are beautiful.

"I long to be an angel,"
A freshman boy once cried;
He lined up 'gaiust the first team;
His wish was gratified.
—Ex.
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ANN ARBOR
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Choice
Cut
Flowers

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.

NORTON'S GREENHOUSES
Lowell St.
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C. F. ENDERS' ART STORE
See my stock of Frames, Matting and Mounting Boards, Racks, Penny Pictures for School work,
Charcoal Paper and Charcoal, WaterColor 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 safe. 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.
C. S. Wortley & Co.

Students' Headquarters for reliable up-to-date

CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

ALSO CAN SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS IN

ATHLETIC AND GYMNASIUM GOODS

C. S. Wortley & Co.

Fountain Pens

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Waterman’s Ideal</th>
<th>$2.50 to $5.00</th>
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<tr>
<td>Parker’s New Jointless</td>
<td>2.00 to 4.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sterling Center Joint</td>
<td>1.50 to 5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ypsilanti and Others</td>
<td>1.00</td>
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ALL GUARANTEED

Books

Drugs

Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.

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29 Huron St.

NORMAL NEWS

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. Zweigel