1904

Normal College News, June 18, 1904

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Normal College News
Commencement Number

FIFTIETH ANNUAL
COMMENCEMENT

Volume One Number Twenty-seven
June Eighteenth, Nineteen Hundred Four
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10 and 11:15 p.m.
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"The Niagara Falls Route."

Time Table Taking Effect Nov. 15, 1903.

<table>
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HE more completely the idealizing power relates itself to common daily life, the stronger is its influence in lifting this common daily life into the pure atmosphere of sane living. Jesus Christ was the greatest idealist that ever lived. In his teaching he made constant reference to the common objects in nature and to the common actions of the common people; but these references never ended with the facts themselves. The lily was not merely beautiful, but it was an evidence of God’s care over the myriad objects of this world. The return of the prodigal son was recorded not merely as a family affair, but as an incident of the universe. Every fact under his idealizing mind lost its limitations of time and space, and assumed a world-wide perspective. Each daily act of kindly sympathy among his followers, was instantly used as a sign of the coming of the kingdom of heaven. And so his mode of teaching was largely to stim-ulate and direct the imagination of his disciples so that they might be able to picture the kingdom as possible by using the scanty material of their own daily experience, well knowing that one glimpse of heaven would draw them upward in thought, and feeling, and action.

—From Baccalaureate Address by President Jones
Normal College News

Vol. I  Saturday, June 18, 1904  No. 27

SALUTATORY

FLORA MACKENZIE

I come with the pleasant duty of welcoming the friends and patrons of this, our Alma Mater, to the graduating exercise of the class of 1904.

We have just completed our training in the Normal College and find that we leave this our Alma Mater only to enter a second Training School. As yet we have not thought much about this new school, but now it looms up before us in gigantic proportions. Its halls seem to be crowded, yet there is room for all. Some of the students look weary and tired; some buoyant and happy; while others are eagerly striving for self-advancement.

This second Training School is called the great school of experience. What do we mean by experience? Skill and wisdom gained by actual contact with the real; the standard by which we truly measure a man's life; for we measure not by years and months, not by the figure on a dial, but rather by the sum of his experiences. We "learn to do by doing," we are told; hence nothing is knowledge until it becomes action. This school of experience is a school of action; a school where the greatest things are accomplished.

All inventions, discoveries, national achievements are products of this second training school. They are the results of centuries of experience. Why are we as a nation able to cope with the intricate problems of today? Because all our great men have been students in this school. All moral reforms, wrought out by hard struggle, all higher standards of living, are the results of the school of experience.

We have been through a book school, but this school upon which we are entering is vastly different. Our success or our failure will depend on the character of the person entering. Hammer an egg-shell. You break it. Hammer clay, and you can mold it into a form of beauty. The vital difference lies in the character of the substance acted upon.

We shall learn many lessons in this new school, many that will be very difficult—more difficult than any lesson in Latin, or Greek, or Calculus. Many of these lessons will cost tears, many will require Herculean strength and iron will. The titles of some of these lessons will be, "The Superficial can Never Satisfy," and "True Happiness depends upon Character." The time has come when we are ready to enter this school. Let us do it with courage and hope.
HISTORY in its great epochs is the story of heroic lives who have become inspired by some great truth and have fought for its acceptance among men. Around their wonderful personalities centers all that is substantial and permanent in the age to which they belong. The ideas for which they stood enlarging the circle of their influence with the years form the most cherished treasure in the civilization of today. I have chosen to speak to you of one whose whole life is a thrilling story of adherence to a worthy principle, whose career satisfies every standard of true greatness, the hero of the Middle Ages—the great German Reformer, Martin Luther. Whether measured by what he did, or what he was, or by the effect of his work upon the history of mankind, in every aspect he is entitled to the place he holds among the chiefest of his race.

Born in the last quarter of the 15th century, his name is inseparably connected with that decisive period of the 16th, known as the Reformation. This era was the logical outcome of conditions that had been slowly developing since the Teutonic invaders plundered Rome and carried away as their richest booty her laws, language, thought, religion to be woven into their germinating national life. The loss of her political power at the hands of these ruthless adventurers was more than counterbalanced during the Dark Ages by the spiritual dignity and prestige to which she attained, culminating at its close in no less a conception than that of a world empire with the papal see as its head.

With vast accessions of power and wealth came vast responsibilities, and likewise temptations. The church faltered in her great mission to men, and History, with reluctant and painful hand, records that she used these accumulations of centuries to blind and overawe her faithful subjects and extort their servile obedience, while her high officials revelled in luxuries wrung from the toil of the peasant and the estates of the nobility. The status of the church was but a setting, however, to the social, political, and economic aspects of Germany at the dawn of the Reformation period.

That stage of civilization had not yet been reached when the individual man might with safety assert his opinions concerning existing customs, laws, and theories. The unfortunate peasant was the "pariah" of medieval society whom all might spoil and whom all oppressed. The ever-increasing burden of taxation and tyranny under which he groaned at last scourged him into revolt. The opening of a sea-passage to India led to combinations of wealthy merchants who broke up the business of the Town Corporations and provoked a war of classes—the poor against the rich, peasants against nobles, and nobles against towns and princes. A spark only would have kindled these seething discontents into a social conflagration.

But the night is always darkest before the morn. The revival of learning, like a great orb of light ascending the Alps from the south was flooding Germany, France, and England with its beneficent rays, dispelling the darkness of medieval supersti-
tion, awakening Europe from her sleep of centuries, and putting in shape the ground for the seeds of truth and liberty to be sown.

Gunpowder just invented wrote the death sentence of feudal war and changed the picturesque array of chivalry into the standing army of modern times. While the soldier mastered his firearm, the seaman rejoiced in the mariner's compass, and ventured across unknown waters, dispelling the mysteries of the ancients and opening boundless expanses for future commerce. The printing press, the most puissant agency that ever gave wings to thought or transformed ideas into forces became a realization. Columbus enriched the Old World with New, while Copernican astronomy swept the face of the heavens and unveiled the stars. A new age had dawned and the wheels of progress long delayed began to move. To vitalize, unify, and educate the social and religious thought of Europe that her people might take their place in the mighty procession as it moved forward was a task, whose need was so imperative and whose difficulties so great as to demand the genius of a born leader and statesman. A crisis had come. The opportune moment had arrived for a master mind to appear upon the scene.

Fancy pictures him in a palace surrounded by luxury and reared with courtly grace; but Providence upon such momentous occasions chooses to honor the humble cottage, and thus Martin Luther was born poor, that he might teach poverty to be rich; humble, that the secret of success is humility; nursed by necessity and equipped by stern circumstance, that they might teach him how to climb life's rugged paths. Nature's boon companion, that she might fill his heart with a love of liberty; acquainted with realities that he might step forth prepared to bring the whole world back to reality.

The hidden springs of his power are revealed in his strenuous, earnest life during the first quarter of the 16th century. When its first dawn lighted up the east he stood in the full vigor of young manhood facing the future and its possibilities. His commanding presence, thorough knowledge, and fine voice; his flow of rhetoric and eloquent delivery, were the pride of his university.

Endowed with an intensely devotional nature, his early years were characterized by an impassioned struggle between religious and worldly ambitions, whose outcome suddenly landed him in a monastery, there to save his soul within the quiet of cloister walls. Day after day, week after week, his heart was rent with agonized gropings and groanings of the spirit for light. Yea, the Reformation transacted itself in the soul of Luther before it emerged in history. The coming struggle witnessed the growth of that strange fire which first kindled his own being into the brightest, warmest, and loveliest glow of spiritual life, until becoming volcanic in its power shook the whole world of civilization with its heavings. Though still a faithful son of the medieval church, he applied himself with new aims and increased zeal to scriptural study and interpretation.

In recognition of his keen business ability he was sent on a mission to the papal capital—an event full of significance. The traditional conception of Rome which for more than a thousand years had reigned—the religious queen of the world—had not yet been shaken from the mind of Luther, and as her sunlit towers rose to
view upon the distant horizon, he fell to the ground and in accents of reverential ecstasy hailed the sacred city. Though intoxicated with pious superstition yet the true Luther was still there. His simple German piety was shocked beyond measure by the irreverence, the formality, the skepticism, the depravity that lurked beneath the very shadow of Pontifical holiness; and when he went once more out at the gate and turned northward toward Germany and home, he carried with him impressions of luxurious corruption, bold and strong as the Jupiter of Michael Angelo. No one in that mighty city dreamed that in the near future this plain despised friar would inaugurate such a revolution as should stir the heart of Christendom and materially change the history of coming time.

The deeper he investigated the religious problem the more strongly was he convinced that radical reform was the only remedy. To remain passive under such a strain was not possible to a man of Luther's stamp. It was but a question of time and convenient opportunity when the truth must be declared, though it bring down upon his head the anathemas of an indignant church.

The last act in the dismal array of causes leading to the final issue was rounded out when it was declared that the payment of specified sums would secure to the purchasers the expiation of sius past, present, and future. The words burst their way into his honest soul and kindled his flaming tongue.

The Reformation began with Luther's ninety-five propositions reverberating like a long peal of heaven's own thunder from the Elbe to the Tiber. The effect was magical. What thousands had thought in secret had been proclaimed with bold fiery enunciation. Never did a huge, half-disciplined horde of Teutonic invaders descend upon Italy with more impetuous fury than this torrent of vehement language upon the amazed and panisterichen janissaries of Rome. The church mustered her legions but the car of Juggernaut rolled on.

His examination before the ecclesiastical court having come to naught, Luther was summoned before the Diet of Worms—the culminating event of his life. His course was no longer that of one man, but of all Germany. Crowds thronged the streets eager to witness his entrance and to hear his decision.

Before the imposing court of the mightiest monarch of his time, our hero stood to answer for his faith. On the one hand was pomp and power; on the other, one man, a veritable "Athanasius against the world" with the future of civilization trembling in the balance.

"What! Shall one monk scarce known beyond his cell,  
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts and scorn her crown?  
Brave Luther answered Yes; that thunder's swell  
Rocks, Europe and discharmed the triple crown."  

By the glare of the torches we can see the beads of sweat upon his brow. In a two hours' defense of his doctrines Luther's manner became that of a man transported by his theme. Conquering his passion he rose to the loftiest heights of eloquence, and concluded with the memorable words: "Your Imperial Majesty, I have no guide but the Bible and the Word of God. I cannot and will not retract unless convinced by the testimony of scripture and clear argument. Here I stand, so help me, God; I can do no other."
Carlyle calls this the greatest moment in the modern history of men. English Puritanism, England and her Parliaments, The Americas, the French Revolution, Europe and her work everywhere at present might all have been different had Luther done other. Tell me if this was not a victory that vies with Austerlitz or Waterloo. That unflinching stand broke the chains of Christendom, started the magnificent procession of the Protestant nations and introduced a new era of mental activity, industrial energy, political expansion, and universal progress.

Few men in all time have such a record of achievement. Still fewer can show at the end of a career so crowded with high deeds and memorable victories, a life so free from spot, a character so unselfish and so pure, a fame so void of doubtful points as it was his to possess.

Not the fact that he led a religious movement, not that he broke away from the Catholic church, No! but rather his fearless manhood. his marvelous tact, his magnetic influence, his simple faith, reveal the secret of his greatness and justify the honored place accorded his name and fame upon the Scroll of History.

In the eloquent words of Thomas Carlyle, "I will call Martin Luther a true, great man; great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity; a right spiritual hero and prophet; a true son of nature and fact, for whom these centuries and many yet to come will be thankful to Heaven."

---

TO THE ORIOLE

"How falls it, Oriole, that thou hast come to fly
In southern splendor through our northern sky?
In blithe moment was it nature's choice
to dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange lily flecked with black
In a forgotten garden ages back,
Yearned to heaven until its wish was heard
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?"

—Edgar Fawcett.
CLASS HISTORY

THORA A. PAULSON

HISTORY may be defined as a record of progress. Such indeed is the history of the class of Nineteen Hundred Four. We have appreciated that this is an age of advancement and have fully realized that "To succeed in life, there must be no coward's cry of exhaustion; no selfish prayer for mercy from competition; no resignation to an easier lot." Step by step we have gone forward, striving always to keep abreast of the times, and to make each year's history a record of unparalleled progress. But what motive has prompted this rapid advancement? Ah! it is that inherent desire which has ever characterized our class and been so evident in all our conduct—the desire to rise above the trivial aims of life to a higher standard of living and larger service to mankind.

It was in the fall of nineteen hundred that we first entrusted ourselves to the care of our Alma Mater, and no sooner had we entered her classic halls than faculty and students alike were impressed with our rare ability and the spirit of progress which seemed to pervade our ranks. Especially was this true of the class of nineteen hundred three, who were at that time sophomores. So thoroughly did they recognize our worth that they eagerly besought us to become a part of their class organization. Did we refuse as the usual flippant freshman might have done? No. Though our members were few we were confident that it lay within our power to wield a mighty influence over those sophomores which might prove for their lasting benefit and, ever mindful of our one great purpose in life—to be of service to our fellowmen—we seized this as our first opportunity toward the realization of this aim. Thus it came to pass that, as freshmen, we were a part of the same organization with the sophomores. Little did they dream of what future years were to bring to them as a result of that one year's companionship with our illustrious class. You may have heard of the wisdom and dignity of the class of Nineteen Hundred Three, of their wonderful feats in athletics, oratory and debate, and lastly of their grand success as pedagogues. Would you know the true cause for all these successes, trace it back to the childhood of their college days—their sophomore year—where first the germ of wisdom was instilled into their souls and their young lives were being moulded into permanent patterns under the ennobling influence of the class of Nineteen Hundred Four.

And so our freshman year, with its pleasures as well as its trials and duties, glided by, and another year opened before us. Early in the fall of nineteen hundred one we organized independently as the sophomore class and chose as our emblem the "purple and white," which for three long years was to wave o'er our ranks, never to be lowered in inglorious defeat. During this year we plied ourselves to our tasks with a will, and succeed in making our teachers realize that we were the important element in sustaining the reputation of the college, for good solid work. In fact every phase of the college life was infused with our progressive spirit. We won great renown in our ventures on the athletic field, and this very hall resounded with our eloquence. Though not always victorious in our efforts, our defeats were ever filled with glory.
Whether on the diamond, the gridiron, or the platform, our champions were cheered as lustily in time of failure as in time of triumph. Never for one moment did our courage abate, for ours was the art of "wringing victory from defeat," and the failures which might have daunted weaker natures proved for us but stepping-stones to higher things.

With the close of our sophomore year came the realization that we were soon to assume the responsibilities of juniors, and, indeed, we had no misgivings as to our ability to cope with them successfully. But added strength was to be given by a reinforcement of students from the best high schools of Michigan, as well as many other states of the Union. In the autumn of nineteen hundred two we returned to our work to find our ranks swelled by a host of these eager enthusiasts. The outlook was one of success. With the smoothness and tranquility characteristic of all our class-meetings we were reorganized as juniors and, after due deliberation, chose as our president one who for two years bas skillfully led us through all difficulties, and has proven himself worthy of the esteem and confidence of every member of the class.

As juniors we never assumed an aggressive attitude, yet our rights and liberties were ever carefully guarded, and woe to those who trespassed upon them or offered insult to the noble "purple and white." The supremacy of our flag was ever a source of pride, and we deemed it proper that on all important occasions it should be seen waving over our institution. At times, however, its place was usurped by other colors, but immediately upon discovery they were hauled down. Saturday, December 5, was one of these occasions, when a strange piece of something was seen suspended from the flagstaff of the main building, waving languidly in the autumn breeze. It was of a very pale yellowish hue (indicative of weakness), draped with sombre black. Though the sun shone brightly and all nature seemed to join in making perfect that famous December afternoon, the sickly banner cast a shadow over all and filled the air with sad forebodings. To the happy juniors this was distasteful, especially as, on the morrow, we were to meet the seniors in battle array. Climbing to the roof of the building our boys hastily lowered the dark ensign and tore it into shreds. While thus engaged a faint suspicion came upon them that possibly it was the senior flag that was suffering such disgrace, for dimly they recalled having seen those colors at some previous time. Yet how were they to know positively since the seniors had not dared display their colors more frequently? Even had they known it to be the senior flag, no one could deny that they were justified in freeing the institution from its gloomy influence and placing in its stead, a banner whose colors were ever an inspiration to all who beheld them. And so, when the morning broke that was to usher in the day of the junior-senior football game, it revealed the "royal purple and white" floating triumphantly over the Normal. Yes, that day witnessed the triumph of the junior colors and it might have witnessed even more—the grand defeat of the seniors at football, but "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—'it might have been'"—if our boys had only been given an opportunity to kick goal, the one feat at which they had become so very proficient by virtue of the previous night’s practice.

There came a time, however, when the seniors were destined to meet their Waterloo, for such was the junior-senior indoor meet. Though they strove with might and
main, those haughty seniors were finally forced to acknowledge that they had met their equals, and further to retire gracefully from the field, while the exultant yell of the juniors resounded through the gymnasium. Nor was this their last and only defeat at the hands of the juniors. Another awaited them which was to be of a far grander character. This was in the final oratorical contest, in which four of the contestants were juniors, two of whom received the highest honors and one was chosen to represent the college in the intercollegiate contest.

Thus our class progressed in every phase of the college work until finally we attained the Senior year, which has proven to be the crowning glory of our history. Last fall we returned to our work with added dignity and renewed energy. The entire class was filled with a determination to make this year's Senior Class the most successful that has ever graced the Normal College. We realized that with us rested largely the honor of the institution, and have striven to make our conduct such as would reflect credit upon it. Never before in the history of the Michigan Normal College has there existed a more healthy college spirit, and we feel no lack of modesty in acknowledging that this is due in no small degree to the efforts of the Senior Class.

But in the midst of all our attempts to make the work of the year a success, and to further the interest of the college, it has been impossible to entirely forget the Juniors, although they have timidly held themselves aloof, and viewed our actions with a sort of "awful reverence." Recognizing their timidity and helplessness when first they entered the college, we began to be skeptical as to their ability to organize successfully without the assistance of more experienced persons. At once it became evident that our duty lay in rendering this assistance, for we were again strongly reminded of our one great purpose in life—to be of service to our fellow-men. So, with a little assistance from the Sophomores who, by the way, are wisely following our example in trying to be useful to others, we proceeded with the good work of assisting the Juniors to effect an organization. Their former president, who had called a meeting for the evening, was detained at Starkweather Hall, not out of any malice borne him by the Seniors, but because it was feared that his independent spirit might resent any assistance offered his class, thus doing them injustice. Willingly did the Seniors lend one of their members as a temporary chairman for the evening, gladly did the Sophomores act as tellers, and condescendingly did the Seniors allow another of their number to be nominated and elected president of the Junior Class. Then the meeting was adjourned amid the cheers for the new Junior president. It required a long time for the Juniors to fully realize how much had been done for them by their loftier brothers, and even when that realization dawned upon them, they showed their lack of appreciation by attempting to duck the chairman and president whom we had so considerately lent them, under the fountain.

As Seniors we have had little opportunity to show our superiority over the Juniors in athletics, as they have refrained from issuing any challenges, knowing too well what the result would be. On one occasion, however, an indoor meet was planned through the agency of the Sophomores, in which the Seniors won an easy victory. Occasionally the Juniors have had the audacity to raise their flag above the Normal, while there was no one around to molest or frighten them, but no sooner had they
accomplished their task than their colors were hauled down and replaced by the glorious "purple and white."

It is not in athletic ability alone, however, that we have had such rare success, but in other fields we have proven our ability, and have brought honor and glory to our Alma Mater. Two of our number were members of the debating team that met the Michigan Agricultural College in debate at Lansing; and, and though we were not rendered the decision, we have every reason to be proud of the work of our team. In the realm of oratory our work has never been excelled by any other class in the Normal College. Not only did one of our members win highest honors in the final contest here, but he also carried off the laurels in the intercollegiate contest at Adrian, and today we esteem it a rare privilege to number such an orator among our classday participants.

Such, then, has been the history of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Forty—one steady march of progress. We are proud that our ranks abound in scientists, linguists, mathematicians, orators, and athletes, who have won renown in their respective fields; but prouder by far that our class is made up of noble, upright men and women, whose aim has been to attain the highest development of their powers and possibilities that they might be of greater service to their fellow-men when they go out from college to assume the various duties of life.

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**THE PRINCE'S QUEST**

Gertrude Warden

The autumn day was drawing to a close,
The sinking sun sent shafts of light through trees
Redecked with gorgeous colors gay, and laid
Long shadows on the sward. The sighing breeze
Alone was heard, as with its gentle touch it lightly swayed
The rustling leaves and lighter still did lift
The clustering locks from off the brow of one, a traveler,
Who, pausing for a moment on his way,
Inhaled with deep and grateful breath the fragrance rich
Of ripening fruits. His bronzed cheeks, his staff,
His garments quaint and travel-stained bespoke
Full well his journeying from a foreign strand.
A moment only stood he thus. and then
A happy smile passed o'er his face and on he hastened
Toward the west, musing "neath his breath,
"The king!" and "Almost home!" Yet once again
He slackened his steps, while pensiveness grew his attitude
And changed to one of pain his joyous smile.
"Jewels! Ah me! What jewels do I bring?
Will he, the king, accept my offering?"
Commuting thus with self and swayed by alternate hope
And fear, he passed on 'neath the trodden path
Made soft by fallen leaves.
'Twas many years before that, on a bright May morn,
A youth, he trod the selfsame path. The birds poured forth
Their lays, in jocund measure keeping tune
With his glad heart. So blithe he sang, this youth,  
And the showers of falling apple blossoms,  
That one wee songster on a swaying branch atilt,  
Hushed his wild trill in wonder at the song.  
And all the world was bright that glorious morn;  
For he, a prince of noble blood and name,  
Must hie him hence to gather jewels for the king,  
Ere he could claim his own inheritance.  
And as a tiny thistle down is borne  
Upon the wings of zephyrs, here and yon,  
Or driven fiercely by the blast of western winds,  
Through all the world he went; from northlands cold  
Where feathery snow by morning suns is kissed  
Into myriads of diamonds, pearls and amethysts,  
To southern climes where fabled waters glide  
O'er shining sands of gold; where emerald islands  
Lift their verdant heads from glittering seas;  
'Cross oceans wide; o'er meadows, vales, and hills;  
Through labyrinthine paths of forests old  
Whose silent majesty oppressive grew;  
Oft sleeping on a mossy bank 'neath starry skies,  
His only company the nightingale  
Or mocking bird whose plaintive note did seem  
Only the echo of his melancholy thoughts;  
Then up betimes to meet the dawning day:—  
So searched the prince most faithful to his trust.  
And for reward did pluck him here and there  
A precious gem of earth of lustrous sheen,  
Yet sad at heart was he, a vague unrest,  
A yearning, undefined, intense,—a feeling that  
He had not found the best heir of all his soul  
As with reluctant feet he turned him toward his home.  
One day he came unto a deep and placid stream.  
Upon the bank beneath a stately oak,  
There sat a sage, who read from out a scroll.  
The prince with head bowed low, and motionless,  
Before him stood until the sage looked up and said,  
With voice most sweet and musical, "Come hither, pray."  
The young man forward hasted, an eager question  
Burning on his lips, and to the other said,  
"O, worthy master, canst thou tell me where  
I may find precious jewels for my king?"  
The elder man spoke not a word, but laid  
His hand caressingly upon his scroll.  
And then, "O, noble prince—for such thou art—  
Thou askest but what hundreds like to thee  
Have asked. To all I have replied the same:  
'Most thou seek what enduring is and best?  
Go search the treasure-trove of ancient lore.'"  
The prince, perplexed, looked up and said,  
"O, sir, how can this be?" Then to the prince  
The sage unfolded all the wisdom of the age.  
The eager listener sat as one entranced  
By the magic of the other's strange discourse.
Mr. Thomas A. Conlon, President of the Alumni Association, graduated from the Normal College, in '89, and for several years after graduation held important positions in the schools of the state. In the year 1897 he entered the Law School of the University of Michigan, in 1900 he took his diploma from that institution, and is now a successful lawyer in the city of Detroit. Mr. Conlon is loyal to his Alma Mater, and it is through his efforts that the Alumni Association has had such a successful year.
His pulses leaped with joy as to his view
Wore opened new delights and pleasures rare.
"This must be that for which I've longed," he thought.
Refreshed, inspired, and full of hope once more.
The prince went forth into the world to search
For jewels, a new meaning in the word.
From west to east, from north to south he went
And gathered here a precious bit of truth
And there a thought of beauty most sublime.
So passed the years in study deep until
The learning of the past was all his own.
But still, as once before, his heart was sad.
The aching void remained that nothing satisfied.
"Then is this quest for jewels," queried he
"Naught but the mad pursuance of a dream?
Of vain illusions which must fade away
As misty vapors 'fore the rising sun?
I will betake me to the king and tell him all."
So turned he home again.
And as he journeyed on,
Near eventide great storm clouds gathered dark
And threatening, like the clouds of doubt and fear
That him assailed. He must have shelter from the storm.
A faint light gleamed from the narrow window
Of a cottage, high, and toward its source
He bent his steps. The cottager unbarred
The rough-hewn door and bade him enter in.
Ah! There was welcome, rest, and hearty cheer.
It was a humble home, yet beautiful;
Its chiefest charm its sweet simplicity.
There Love, with all the virtues of her train,
Did tender, gracious service to the prince.
The genial glow of friendship warmed his heart.
And as the moon breaks through huge banks of clouds
And dews the waiting earth with silvery light,
So hope broke through the night of his despair
And filled his doubtful soul with peace and joy.
Full many a day and long he lingered there
Loth to depart. Oft times his thoughts did dwell
Upon his aged king and princely heritage,
Upon the precious jewels he had found.
As he must win the approval of his king,
Once more he started home. The buoyancy
Of youth had passed, the strength of manhood come.
And now the meeting time was nigh at hand.
That salsome autumn day the king, alone,
Walked in his palace garden, walked and mused,
And murmured low, "The crown rests heavy on my head;
Would that the prince were here to claim his own."
E'en as he spoke, the prince with joyous cry,
Advanced and knelt before the king. Surprise
And pleasure, love and welcome warm in greeting
Mingled sweet. And then the prince related to his lord
All he had seen, and known, and felt, and found.
To whom the king replied: "O, noble prince,
I sent thee hence for thy sake, not for mine,
That thou mightst know mankind ere thou shouldst rule.
These jewels thou hast brought are worthless in themselves.
The store of truth and beauty thou hast gleaned
From works of poet and philosopher
Thou mayest believe and feel and make thine own.
But that which satisfied thy hungry soul,
That which most enduring is and best,
What thou didst find in yonder humble cot,
Excelleth all the rest in priceless worth.
"Tis the precious Law of love,—Thou hast done well."
The gentle voice had ceased.
A sense of perfect peace, restful, deep, and sure
Stole quietly into the weary prince's breast.
And as they stood, these twins, with arms entwined,
Their faces lifted to the glorious skies,
The mellow tones of distant vesper chimes,
As clear and pure as sainted maiden's prayer,
Were wafted to them on the evening air;
And the last rays of celestial splendor fell
Upon them there, a heavenly benediction.

PROPHECY FOR CLASS OF 1904
ETHYL M. FOX

It was a hot, sultry afternoon. The car was crowded with passengers of all descriptions, and I tried to while away the time by making stories to fit the faces. On the seat opposite me sat an old lady who exactly met my ideal of a witch. She was looking through an instrument like a tiny telescope, and as she looked she kept chuckling as if at something she saw in that telescope.

My curiosity was aroused. Suddenly she dropped the instrument to the floor. I picked it up and was about to hand it to her when she said: "No, keep it, and see if you have any better luck than I."

"But what is it?" I asked.

"I call it a Harioloscope, for if you say the name of any friend or enemy, and then look into it, you will see what his future will be. Just try it."

Suspecting something was wrong with the poor old lady, or else that there was something new under the sun, I took the Harioloscope. I whispered the words, "M. N. C., Class of '04," and lo! a picture seemed to unfold before me:—the warm sun gilding with golden light the towers and flagstaffs of our dear old college.

In the foreground the main building stood out brightly, with the glory of its lawns enhanced by countless dandelions; to the left the gymnasium.

The picture seemed gradually to change, for now I could see the training school, twice as large as in the days when we wrote lesson-plans and observations and thought we had indeed reached the climax of our existence; there stood Starkweather Chapel and the science building; over on the Athletic field there rose a magnificent new Normal Hall, and near it the conservatory. Far away, back of the science building, I could just catch a glimpse of the new Athletic grounds.

As I gazed, holding my breath for fear the picture would vanish into air, out from
the buildings poured thousands, it seemed to me, of young people, and from thousands of young throats:—

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
M. S. N. C.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
M. S. N. C.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
M. S. N. C.

Ra-a-ah!

and lo! from every tower, from every flagstaff, there floated out triumphantly the Green and the White!

With strange inconsistency I, too, became one of the happy throng, and with others wandered through the dear old Normal. Of course we stopped at the statue, and at the bulletin boards, and this notice printed in red ink, impressed us deeply:—

"Don't fail to hear the lecture at Chapel hour to-day. The subject is, 'Teaching the Young Idea how to Shoot.' The lecturer is one who knows his subject well and needs no recommendation but his name, B. J. Rivett.'"

Somehow all this reminded me of that exciting day when the group of daring Seniors shot down the Junior flag.

But the scene changed. Now I could see a beautiful farm picture.

At the farther end of a field of freshly-mown hay stood a heavily-loaded wagon. A little group of men, women, and children, were watching in open-mouthed wonder a man who was still pitching on great pitchforks of hay. He was a rather small man, dressed very neatly in tailor-made clothes, but with hayseed in his hair, and a suspicion of milk upon his boots. I, too, gazed upon him in open-mouthed wonder, and I recognized Mr. Morgan, the greatest pitcher in the world.

And now I saw another and very different picture; a level place as far as the eye could reach; in the foreground the ruins of an ancient theatre, around which workmen were still making excavations.

Several people were standing before a large, upright stone, with an inscription upon it. I read it also, and this is what it said:—

"The people who shall first look upon me when I am brought to light, shall come from a far away country, from a college where they teach boys and girls to be school-ma'ams. They shall be the members of a Latin class which will graduate in 1904.'"

With renewed interest I looked at the group, and there, to be sure, were:—

Professors Wheeler and Jackson, the Misses Osborne, Smith, and Stapleton; Paxton, Sundberg, and Bailey; Hitchcock, Newell, Lonsby, Armstrong, Mohr, and Maloney; Bates, Simons, McKenzie, and LeRoy; Hecox, Rossa Borchardt, and McCurdy.

At one side of the ruins was Professor Dishong digging up a new stock of wit.

I also saw Miss Marsh and Miss Dennis striving earnestly to "snatch" up a few more treasures from the many curiosities scattered about.

I looked again into the HarioScope. Now I could see a school room, where at the desk a noble-browed schoolmaster was toiling over the next day's work. As I
gazed at him he raised his head, and I recognized our friend, Mr. Graham. This picture faded into another, to which it must have been related in some way. Here was a little dining-room, and seated at a little table, she who of old was called Esther E. Hoare. From the food I saw on the table I judged she was living on Graham bread, and Graham wafers.

In the next scene I must have been transported thousands of miles from this beautiful home, for now I saw a crowd of excited people standing on a village green, and a sky so blue that I decided this must be the Emerald Isle.

The men shouted and threw their caps into the air, and I heard one exclaim: "Begorra, he's our member for Parliament now! Shure an' he can't get away!" Then some one shouted, "What's the matter with Jordan?" and the answer was, "He's all roight!"

And now I saw a large school room filled with teachers, evidently an institute. I could see they were discussing Grammar, from the extremely modified expressions on their faces. One tall, distinguished-looking gentleman arose, and said he would like to have some one analyze the sentence:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'Go home at ten.'"

He said that sentence always bothered him even in his college days. He could never see why people expected the subject to conform to rules in that sentence. The man who asked the question I recognized as Mr. Millichen, and some others who said they could never understand the sentence were Mr. Frank Pierce, Mr. Gaul, and Mr. Glas.

Again the scene changed. Now I saw a western prairie, and slowly advancing toward me a troop of cavalry,—no, it was the girls of Gym 6, armed with bows and arrows. In front of them was a company of roughriders.

Suddenly a stentorian voice ordered, "Halt! Salute! Archers to the front! Fire!"

Never before had that order had such an effect! Never before had the Gym class accomplished such a daring deed; for every arrow flew straight at a roughrider. When the company moved past me they had no more arrows, but were still armed with—beaux. Among those daring girls I recognized the Misses Ross, and Dockeray, Jones, Steere, and Pomeroy, Gutchest, Hubel, and Wilkinson, Balfour, Hess, O'Dwyer, Zoeller, Wheeler, and Merrick, Payne, Chapman, and Davis.

Another picture—the Senate Chamber. I heard the voice of Robert Reinhold, filled with eloquence as of old:

"Friends, then let us do all in our power to help educate those poor people. I tell you, the inhabitants of Reed City need it! They suffer for it! And believe me, any other course than the one I suggest, would be neither 'legally or morally justifiable'"

A company of weary pilgrims resting by the wayside. Each one seemed to have a piece of Historical Material. The conversation was all about Society, and no one seemed to use any sense but the Historic sense. Even as I watched them they rose and began again their journey toward the land of Job, and I recognized those famous History
teachers: The Misses McArdel and Tait, Couley and Glanville, Wilson and Lockwood, York and Higgins, Reis and McKervis, Roberts and Cryderman.

And now I saw a street in a great city teeming with traffic. At one side of the street was a man busily engaged in turning the crank of a big machine which I thought at first was a music box. But no; now I read in big printed letters: "Five cents a grind." And while I wondered what it could mean, several spinsters came up the street accompanied by pet dogs and cats, and stopped before the grinding machine. Each paid five cents and walked into the machine. You can imagine my surprise after a few minutes' grind to see several fresh and beautiful maidens, with brilliant diamonds on their left hands, walk out and away! First came Miss Paulson, then Miss Paton, then Miss Miller, Miss Lilly, and lastly Miss Arnold and her dog.

But the grinder himself seemed to be struck with a sudden idea, for off he ran, returning in a moment with a newsboy, whom he showed how to grind.

Then he himself stepped into the machine. After several contortions of that wonderful contrivance, lo! out upon the ground stepped a young man with a smile upon his face like the Aurora itself, S. E. Crawford.

A noble boat was plowing her way through the waters of Lake Huron. At the helm stood a man whom I knew at once. It was he who, we used to think, would some day make a good (H)elmsman, Mr. Morris.

Another picture came before me. At the desk in a business office sat a man evidently working out a difficult example. Another man bent anxiously over him.

A voice near me said: "This is Jack Hayward, who has been working for five years trying to discover how cheaply two can live if one lives on thirty-five cents per week. Mr. Hamill is also very anxious to know, though he has recently received the title of "Duke of Wellington."

I looked into the Harioloscope for the last time. In a large hall were gathered hundreds of people, and in a reserved space in front sat the noble three hundred of '04. On the platform was the President of the United States, B. F. Kruse.

Some one was speaking. I strained my ears to catch his words. They were beautiful, sublime, and the orator was Fred B. McKay. He spoke of several people who had recently become famous, among them Miss Gertrude Worden, who is now a Red Cross nurse, and Dr. Ray Allen, a specialist in the treatment of communicative diseases, especially smallpox.

Just then the conductor called my station, and I was obliged to give back the Harioloscope to its owner. But even now the last words of that eloquent speaker ring in my ears:

"Then let us remember that we cannot all be Washingtons, Lees, Lincolns; but we can all do our part. We can all be true and steadfast in our life's work, and thus bring honor to our M. N. C."
CLASS VALEDICTORY

ROBERT REINHOLD

For many days we have been looking forward with joy to this commencement time. Pleasant thoughts of the last glad hour have often lightened the strain of long continued study, but now that it has arrived, there also comes the sad thought that we now meet here for the last time and that today we must part. Here together we have lived and striven, linked by friendship's golden chain. Here together we have tasted the sweetest pleasures of knowledge, and learned to long for the boundless realms that are yet beyond us. Today these pleasures here must end, and henceforth we must seek and strive for them alone.

As this is the last time that we meet as a class, it is fitting that we spend these last moments in grateful recognition of the opportunities which have been afforded us. Others have made it possible for us to be here. The people of the state of Michigan have invested much time and money that this college might exist. That we might attain this end, teachers have given long hours of patient toil, and have begrudged us no labor. We must make some return for this kindness and it is but right that we should. We must make return in deeds, not in words; by what we do, not by what we say. We can show our gratitude best by being what we ought to be—strong and beautiful in character, and living lives of true, noble manhood and womanhood.

To live right has been easy here. The College stands for truth, and every environment has been suggestive of truth. Here is an atmosphere of quiet and purity, and freedom from the mad ambitions of the hurrying world. A weak man can resist where there is no temptation, but, O my classmates, it needs strong men and women—men and women with holy ideas and mighty heroism, to live out in the great throbbing world into which we go forth.

To the many friends and fellow-students whom we leave behind, we now say farewell. We trust that your work may be pleasant and profitable, that when your graduation day comes, it may find you fully equipped for an earnest life-work.

To you, too, dear teachers, we say farewell. You have been our instructors and our friends. Your patient help and timely counsel have brightened the pathway of life, and we go from you, feeling that that life has a great meaning, and that you have given us the best that you have.

Classmates, we, too, must part, and as we go let it not be with weakness and regret, but with courage and joy, into the service to which we devote our lives. Our profession is the noblest work that man can do, the building of character and the unfolding of the human soul. May we find it in our hearts to serve faithfully, that when our work is done, it may merit the approval of the great Master Teacher, who first taught the divine principles of love and service.
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PRESS OF THE SHERIFF'S PRINTING OFFICE.

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The articles which have appeared each month by Miss Walton, on various phases of library organization and administration, are to be issued in booklet form early in the summer. The work is limited in its scope to small high school and grade room libraries. Only the elemental principles of cataloging and classification are treated, but nevertheless the book is destined to be of great service to those who have the charge of such school libraries.

Why doesn't some Aurora editor conceive the happy idea of correcting and completing the List of the Alumni from the indispensable '95 Aurora up to the present time. The beginning of a much-needed general cataloging of our alumni might thus be made. The form of Class List given on pp. 41-59 of the above book, is also a very convenient form for reference. Really, can anything be better?

In this the last issue of the News we wish to express our deep appreciation of the kindness and helpfulness shown us by the faculty, students, and alumni members of the college. If the News has in any measure filled the large place which a college organ may and should occupy in the life of a great school, it is due to the inspiration and enthusiasm you have inspired. It is because of this cooperation that our work has been true pleasure.

That the coming year will be one of unparalleled growth and prosperity for the News, we believe, and we trust that the new Board of Editors and Managers may find the blessedness which comes to those who have found their work.

The recent action in the formation of an incorporate body under the Act of 1899, which provides for the organization of a corporation which shall be under the general management of not less than five trustees of the college, is worthy of notice and commendation.

This corporation is now a responsible body, and as such may legally take and receive funds for the benefit of the school as scholarships and loans. The officers of the corporate body are: L. H. Jones, president; B. L. D'Ooge, vice-president; Board of Directors, L. H. Jones, B. L. D'Ooge, E. A. Strong, C. O. Hoyt, and J. A. King.

That the duties and responsibilities of this body will in the future be of considerable importance, is believed by all. A good beginning has been made in the loan fund; it now contains $100 (senior class); $100 (oratorical association); $25 (Girls' athletic association). It is earnestly hoped that friends over the state will see the great value of establishing a large scholarship and loan fund in this great school.
FIELD GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

On Saturday, June 11, the last field trip taken by thirty students of the Physical Geography class was over the Michigan Central to Dexter, and then north to the moraine near Portage Lake. The day was the finest one we have had this year, and the clearness of the air favored the splendid view from the summit of the moraine. The view northeast over the chain of lakes north of the moraine was magnificent. Two of the cottages at Portage Lake were kindly placed at the disposal of the class by Mr. Sweet, of Ypsilanti, and after lunch and a delightful afternoon’s row on the lake, we began the return journey about sunset.

A CHARMING RECITAL

Tuesday evening was the occasion of the last of the series of Senior recitals in Normal hall. The recital was given by Miss Clara A. Brabb, pianist, assisted by Mr. Fred Ellis, baritone.

The program was difficult and varied, being well fitted to display her skill as an artist. Miss Brabb’s touch was delicate and firm. Her interpretation of the more brilliant numbers, especially the Chopin Sonata, was exceptionally pleasing. In the Bach Fugue in F minor, she showed great skill. Miss Brabb has accepted a position as teacher of piano in the Conservatory for the coming year.

Mr. Ellis was at his very best, and sang in his usual artistic manner. The recital was an appropriate climax to the delightful series which it closed.

BRILLIANT GAME

The game of basketball on June 10, between the girls’ star team and the Vicksburg high school, resulted in a score of 21–1 in favor of the Normal girls. The visiting team was composed of large, fine-appearing girls, who played well, but they were unused to so large a room, and finding a stronger team than they had anticipated, they lost confidence and failed to do their accustomed good work. The star team played in a remarkably good manner, both as individuals and as a team, and each player seemed at her very best. The teams adjourned to Mrs. Burton’s home at the close of the game.

NO SENIOR–FACULTY GAME

M. J. Mack Andrews, and
Mr. Frank Pircch.

Committee of Senior Class.

Gentlemen:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of June 10, conveying a challenge of the Senior Class to the Faculty to a game of baseball.

On receipt of your note I began immediately to examine into the condition of my forces, and discovered, to my dismay, that your challenge has found us in a similar condition to that in which the Japs found the Russians,—i. e., totally unprepared. One of our best men is ill with rheumatism; another has a broken arm; still another a sprained knee, and another is troubled with general debility. Others are to be absent giving high school commencement addresses. As yet I have not been able to find a single man who pronounces himself ready.

Under these circumstances, I see nothing to do but to decline the challenge for this time, and to allow you to carry away the pennant on this occasion.

Very cordially yours,

L. H. Jones,
President.

June 13, 1904.

DR. BLOUNT HONORED

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae have awarded to Dr. Alma Blount their annual Fellowship, which gives the one so honored the opportunity to pursue her work abroad. Miss Blount has a year’s leave of absence from the English department here, and after the summer school will sail for London and Paris, where she will continue her research work on the "Arthurian Legends," gathering together.
material for a book on this subject. Miss Blount will be deeply missed from the College, but all rejoice in the honors, which have come to her.

**TEENIIS TOURNAMENT**

The revival of tennis this spring has been a great success, and the tournament which closed Saturday was the best held here in years. Five teams competed in doubles at the first tournament, with the following scores:

J. Thomas and Wilson won from Chapman and Evans, 5-7, 8-6, 6-3.
Jordon and Skentelbury won from Cook and M. Thomas, 6-4, 5-7, 6-1.
Thomas and Wilson won from Walker and Fowman, 6-0, 6-1.
Thomas and Wilson won from Jordan and Skentelbury, 6-4, 6-3, 8-6.

More courts will be needed next year, and plans are being made to put up two or more new ones on the new athletic field, north of the Science building. If the interest continues next fall and spring at the present rate, we will have good material to compete with other colleges another spring. Mr. Bowen will give personal attention to the practice as often as a sufficient number enter.

**FRATERNITIES**

**KAPPA PSI**

Miss Louise Stellwagen entertained the sorority at her home in Wayne, Saturday afternoon, June 11. After a short business meeting a social time was enjoyed, which was followed by a very pretty luncheon. The table decorations were white carnations.

Mrs. J. D. Zageleuier, of Hastings, Miss Stellwagen, of Wayne, and Miss Halo Holden, ’03, of Palmer, are to be guests at the Kappa Psi house during Commencement week.

**ZETA PHI**

Miss Walton entertained the sorority as usual, on Tuesday of Commencement week, at St. Luke’s house. Breakfast was served at high noon, and covers laid for thirty guests. Three charter members were present, Mrs. Ida Maier Conklin, from Kirkville, Mo.; Miss Nettie Clark, Montpelier, Ind., and Miss Pauline Maier, Niles, Mich. Other guests from out of town were: Misses Blandford, Conrad, Potter, Hull, Mrs. Laura Jenness Van Tuyl, Miss Plunkett, Mrs. Louise Clark Kimball, Miss Leland, Mrs. Helen Alberston Wilcox, Misses Elsie Childs, Brown, Jean Gow, Bertha Baker, Jessie Clark, Patterson, and Rudd.

**ALPHA SIGMA TAU**

Miss Abbie Howard is entertaining Miss Nettie Clark, ’99, of Vernon.

The sorority are entertaining as guests the following alumnae members: Misses Harriet Marx, and Helene Rice, charter members of the sorority, Zaidie Dingfelder, Daisy Brodhed, Ruth Johnson, Ruby Hazen, Zoe Waldron, and Mabel Pitts.

Friday evening the Alpha Sigma Tau girls attended the marriage of one of their number, Miss Rose Narcissus Bluebell Goldsmith, to Mr. Algernon Chesterfield Brown, at the home of the bride’s mother, Mrs. Montgomery Gould Goldsmith, at Ann Arbor. After the ceremony a three-course luncheon was served by Misses Grace Townley, and Alberta Sharpe, and the happy couple left for their home in Ypsilanti amid showers of rice.

The second semi-annual initiation of the Alpha Sigma Tau occurred Saturday evening, June 11, at St. Luke’s Church house. After the impressive ceremony which admitted Misses Laura Stendel, of Detroit, Isabel Goodson, of Bay
City, Madge Slattery, of Jackson, and Mary Lamport, of Leslie, into full membership, the sorority adjourned to the banquet hall. The long table was prettily decorated with the yellow daisies, smilax, and ferns, and the sorority flower, the yellow rose. When full justice had been done to the delicious viands, and when candles were lighted, Miss Silk introduced the toastmistress, Miss Case, who called for toasts from Professor Lyman, Misses Abbie Howard, Elion Henley, Alberta Sharpe, and Laura Stendel. The guests at the banquet were Professor Lyman, Miss Jeanette Smith, who is visiting her sister, Miss Lulu Smith, and Miss Daisy Brodhed.

SIGMA NU PHI

The following guests are being entertained at the Sigma Nu Phi house during Commencement week: Mrs. Patterson, Charlotte; Miss Winegar, Lowell; Misses Fortune, and Hobart, Medina, Ohio.

Mrs. Van Hess, of Zeeland, is spending the week with her daughter, Miss Frances Van Hess.

Miss Bertha Goodison delightfully entertained the Sigma Nu Phi Sorority for Miss Marie Gariessen, at a six o'clock course luncheon, Thursday, June 2. Marguerites, the sorority flower, were used as favors. This was one of the most elaborate functions of the year.

The sorority held initiation at the home of Miss Bessie Hubbell, Saturday, June 11, the candidate being Miss Grace Templeton, of Ionia. Later in the afternoon the sorority gave a domestic shower for Miss Marie Gariessen. Miss Hubbell proved herself a charming hostess.

PI KAPPA SIGMA

Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority was entertained at the Country Club, Friday evening, by a number of young men of the city. A pleasant evening was spent in dancing.

A regular meeting of the sorority was held at the Woodman House Saturday evening. After the election of officers a dainty banquet was enjoyed. This was followed by some excellent toasts. Miss Kathryn Winter acted as toastmistress.

Mrs. Lem Marshall and daughter, Kathryn, arrived Sunday evening, and will remain with her daughter, Miss Savannah Marshall, until the close of the school.

Miss Alberta Van Camp, of Benton Harbor, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Conlon, of Detroit, will be guests of the sorority Commencement week.

PHI DELTA PI

On the evening of June 11, Dr. and Mrs. C. O. Hoyt were at home to the members of the Phi Delta Pi fraternity and their friends. A very delightful evening was spent.

WHERE OUR FACULTY SPEND VACATION

Dr. Hoyt, on his farm near western New York.

Dr. Sherzer, surveying glaciers on the Rocky and Selkirk mountains.

Professor Strong, in Switzerland and Holland.

Mr. Peet, on his home farm at Battle Creek.

Mr. Mellenchamp, on a farm at Grass Lake.

Miss Goddard, camping in the Rocky mountains and Yellowstone Park.

Miss Phelps, in the woods.

Miss Fleischer, at Ludington.

Miss Thompson, at Chicago and Bay View.

Miss Norton, at home in Ypsilanti.

Dr. D'Ooge, at Charlevoix.

Dr. Edwards, on Long Island.

Dr. Ford, trout fishing in the Upper Peninsula and Eastern Canada.

Professor Stone, in Indiana, Illinois, and St. Louis.

Miss Punktet, lake trip and Mackinac Island.

Miss Wilson, at Bay View.

Miss Goodison, at home in Ypsilanti.
Miss Wise, at home in Ypsilanti.

Miss Foster, at Mackinac and other summer resorts.

Miss Roe, at Northern Michigan, St. Louis, and Chicago.

Miss Chase, at Chasewille, N. Y.

Miss Martin, in Virginia.

Dr. Putnam, at Charlevoix.

Miss Stowe, at Belmar, on New Jersey coast.

Miss Thomas, at home in Ypsilanti.

Mr. Goodrich, at home in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Burton, in England and Wales.

Miss Stewart, at home in Ypsilanti.

Professor Bowen, at Ypsilanti and St. Louis.

Miss Barnes, at home in Ypsilanti.

Miss Clark, at Belleville and Frankfort.

Miss Eagle, in Indiana.

Miss Lombard, at home in Winona, Minn.

Miss Muir, at home in Erie.

Miss Olmsted expects to attend Chicago University.

Miss Garner, at White Lake.

Miss Lynch, in Adirondack Mountains.

Mr. Bowman, at home in Brown City.

Miss Boardman, at home in Massachusetts.

Miss Downing, at Boston.

Miss Schultes, in New York.

Professor Barbour, at home in Ypsilanti.

Miss King, in England.

Miss Bucill, in the East.

Miss Putnam, in England.

Mr. Bostwick, in California.

Miss Bird, in Bay View.

Professor and Mrs. Pease, in California.

Miss Peace, at Harvard.

Miss Towner, at home in Ypsilanti.

Mr. White, at Vienna.

Mr. Ellis, at Paris.

Mr. Brown, at Paris.

Professor York, at Petitt Côte, Canada.

Miss Owen, at home in Ypsilanti.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

We wish to express our thanks to those who have advertised in the columns of the News during the year. We have deeply appreciated their liberal support, and we trust they have found it highly profitable.

DELIIGHTFUL RECEPTION

Friday evening, June 10, was the occasion of a delightful reception tendered Miss Alma Tuttle, by her pupils of the Training school, assisted by Miss Eleanor Thomas. Starkweather hall was beautifully and artistically decorated. A large number of students called, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

PROFESSOR SHERZER GOES WEST

Professor Sherzer will spend the summer in the Rocky and Selkirk mountains, surveying four glaciers for the Smithsonian Institution.

Boxed lunches prepared at the Women's Exchange, 811 Ellis street, across from gymnasium.

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