NORMAL NEWS.

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Directory

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Vice-President: DeWitt Squires
Secretary: Margaret Feeley

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Good teaching is a very personal act. The kingdom of heaven must first be in our own hearts, before we can by divine contagion, develop it in another. The chief reason, as I believe, that so much teaching is purely perfunctory is that it does not engage the whole personality. Many a person feels religious on Sunday morning under the eloquent preaching of his pastor, who does not in the afternoon visit the fatherless or the afflicted to give needed help or comfort. Such a person is like a steam motor, perfect in every part, but without any steam; or a dynamo with the current turned off. It is only on the high ground of a personal belief in the eternal verities—a belief in the existence of a personal God and the immortality of the individual soul—that any science of education worthy of the name is possible. It is this profound belief in the possible greatness and goodness of humanity that makes me have a passion for teaching.

—From Baccalaureate Address by President Jones.
Salutatory

CAROL MARY HOLT

To the members of the faculty, fellow-students and friends—greeting.

The changeful year has circled around and is now beckoning the class of 1903 to leave the threshold of the Normal College and journey out into the vast plains of the Future. Yet we linger for a moment before hastening on, to say, in our feeble way, a few words of appreciation and farewell to you, our teachers and friends, who, by your noble examples and strong personalities have exerted so kindly an influence over us; an influence which we have felt not only here as students, but which will abide with us in all the various labors which Providence may have in store for us.

As we look back over the period of time that we have spent in these halls, we see both sunshine and clouds; and though the shadows have sometimes dimmed the light, we still can say:

"Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy; And which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features that joy used to wear. Long, long be my heart with such memories filled; Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled, You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

In the midst of these pleasant recollections there comes to us the thought that we are soon to be alumni of this great institution, and the problem of our responsibility as such presents itself to us. It is our purpose to be faithful and loyal to our college and to carry with us her spirit of generosity and uprightness which we have learned to know and appreciate.

As a class, we are determined to weave strong and enduring our portion of the great mantle of Honor which enshrouds our Alma Mater.

But others are to tell you of our future as also of our past, and I must speak only of the present—the present which alone is ours. So as a messenger of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Three I come to express to you, who have once been members of this college, our hope that the festivities of this commencement week may be the occasion of a happy reunion, and serve as a pleasant reminder of the days that were; and to all I bring tidings of gladdest welcome.
Class History

JOHN H. WALDRON

To give the history of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Three is no small task. Never before since the founding of the institution has there been a class with a greater history or more varied experience. It is with reluctance that I enter upon the task assigned me, for fear that my pen may fall short of its purpose. It will be impossible in the few minutes allowed me to establish an idea of our many pleasant experiences.

The Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred Three is made up of the best products of our state. Both city and country are represented. The rough hills of the north, the prairies of the south, the sands of the east, and the peach belt of the west have all contributed their best to make up our number. The high schools of the state have sent their strongest students. The rural districts have given us their combined strength of body and mind. The farm, the factory, the office, and all professions have sent their ambitious members to fill our ranks. And our number is not limited to Michigan alone. The reputation of our institution has gone abroad and many other states, South as well as North, are represented.

In the fall of eighteen hundred ninety-nine, when first we entrusted ourselves to the care of our Alma Mater, our numbers were few. But small though it were we had come with a determination to win. A few of us had had the good fortune to attend the training school and the preparatory department before entering upon our regular course. Others less fortunate, were allowed to take the entrance examination in order that the different members of the faculty might form some estimate of our ability.

The first year of our college life was not marked by any unseemly outburst of enthusiasm. At all contests however we were found vigorously waving the "White and Green" and cheering our boys and girls on, joyous, if it be to victory, and hopeful, if to defeat. At ordinary times we contented ourselves with the humbler position assigned us. At these times, however, careful attention was being paid so that when we should take a prominent place in college life, we would be thoroughly qualified to occupy that position. (A very excellent plan for all future classes to follow.) All this while the germ of enthusiasm was constantly growing, only waiting for an opportunity, when it might spring forth in active life.

Nor was it long before our opportunity came. In the fall of our Sophomore year, we effected an organization and, after due deliberation, chose as our colors, orange and black, emblematic of spirit and dignity. Our yells reverberated through the corridors and resounded from all corners of the campus. Even the more dignified Seniors halted in their mad rush to ascertain the source of the enthusiasm. We participated in contests. This very platform witnessed our bursts of eloquence, and we were represented in the finals in both the oratorical and debating contest.

It was in the spring of the year however that we first tried conclusions with the upper classmen. The unwary Juniors accepted our challenge to a baseball game and went down in inglorious defeat. That night saw the "Orange and Black" waving high in the June breezes and the "Yellow and Blue" trailing in the dust. The other classes profited by the experience of the Juniors and refused our challenges. Thus ended the career of one of the strongest and most enthusiastic Sophomore classes that has ever graced the Normal College.

When we returned for our work in the fall of nineteen hundred one, we found that our ranks were greatly reinforced. Our number was increased so that we overshadowed all other classes. A few had dropped out, and although they were greatly missed, their positions were soon taken up by the new members. It is to this influx that we are indebted much for the
reputation that we have established. We effected our reorganization and assumed a peaceable attitude toward all the world. But peace without honor is disgrace. There was a strangely belligerent Senior Class, that needed disciplining. Duty called us on the war path. Previous to the time for our reorganization, the Seniors thought it advisable to appoint the male members of their class as a committee to assist us in transacting our business. Accordingly, when the time arrived, they appeared suitably arrayed for the task which they were about to undertake. But they had been misinformed as to the manner of approach. Their steps were faltering and their manner indicative of malicious designs. It is needless to say that only a "chosen few" got farther than the door and if indications are not misleading, they were very glad to leave when an opportunity was afforded. The reorganization was probably effected fully as well as though it had been left in the hands of the Seniors.

In retaliation for this seeming act of kindness, something of a far different nature was done. 'Tis not brute force that wins in the battle of life, but brain-work combined with strength and vigor. Ideas began to be advanced as a result of this mental activity. When the Seniors assembled in their first regular meeting after their election of officers to enjoy the eloquence of their newly-elected president in his "inaugural address," he failed to appear. It was reported that he was exploring the Huron, but if history is creditable, he was in a remote part of the city enjoying the childish sport of breaking windows. In commendation of the Seniors' attitude, let us say that they submitted gracefully, admitting the superior cunning of the Juniors.

But there were to be contests prompted by a far different spirit—contests involving the use of all faculties on the part of both sides and in which the decision should be rendered justly and intelligently. Such a contest was the annual Senior-Junior football game. For several weeks the Seniors had claimed an easy victory. As the sun arose that chill December morn and set forth its radiant light, all nature seemed to be preparing for the contest which was to take place that day on the gridiron. The crowd assembles, the game is called, the men take their positions and the battle is on. Songs of cheer are heard on both sides. These soon give way to shouts. The players are nerved to their highest tension. For forty-five long minutes the mass of Senior ranks hammered away at the Junior stone wall, but to no avail. They could not cross the line. They had met their match and they were forced to retire from the field, without the long-boasted victory.

It was not in our athletic ability, however, that we prided ourselves. Though it is a desired accomplishment, there is something far nobler, and that the power of intellect. When the time came to make up a team to go to Lansing to meet the Michigan Agricultural College in debate, the judges saw fit to place upon that team two Juniors. It is needless to say that in this contest the Normal was an easy winner. It was also from our class that the one was chosen who should represent our college in the annual intercollegiate oratorical contest. And when in the history of the institution has it been better represented on such an occasion? Thus, the success which marked our Sophomore class was not only duplicated but increased in our Junior year. As it drew toward the close the sense of the responsibility which was soon to be ours, began to settle upon us. When we came back last fall for the crowning year of our work, it was with fresh vigor and added dignity. We took our position with steadfastness and determination. The strive of class life which in previous years had occupied our attention, was forgotten. Our one aim was to impress ourselves upon the faculty and that by hard work. We were closely approaching the threshold of life. A realization of the future was dawning upon us, and it was ours to make the best preparation.

But in the midst of all this sense of responsibility and lofty ideals, it has been impossible to entirely ignore the Juniors. They have been constantly impressing themselves upon us.
This might be expected for the class as a whole has many commendable features. But now all is tranquil. Yet it has taken decisive victories in a football game and indoor meet to convince them that they were ordained for a humbler position. To be sure, on one occasion we became a trifle careless, but with their forgiveness for our seeming neglect of their training, we hope that the inspiration which they received from that occasion may be of benefit to them in their future work.

The whole year has been marked by one steady march to success. Through our representatives we have improved the Normal News so that to-day it stands acknowledged as one of the best college papers in the west. Though last year is credited with having the best Aurora published up to date, by the contributions of our girls and boys in lines of art and literature, the one of this year far surpasses that of last.

For the last four years the Class of Nineteen Hundred Three has had but one heart, and one head, but our labors as a class in the institution are soon to cease. We must now go out to take our respective positions in life. May we all reflect credit upon our Alma Mater which through our four years here has been so gracious and kind to us. Here ends our history.

The next chapter falls to our prophet. May the future in prediction be as noble as the past has been in reality.

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Class Poem

Mae Belle Carroll

As now into this hallowed place we come,
A meeting place to us forever dear,
Whose very stillness seems a sad farewell,
About us surge the thoughts that soon will come
The end, the time to bid farewell to all
We learned to cherish here. About us cast
A lingering glance, these honored walls to print
Upon our minds, and feel e'en while we gaze,
That now our time is spent, no more we'll hear
Our Alma Mater's ever welcome call,
No longer sit beneath her campus trees,
And feel her presence while the fountain plays.
To-day the fountain ripples forth farewell;
The bells count off the hours ere we depart;
The campus trees stretch forth their leafy boughs
As if they fain would shield us from the cares
The future holds; while all we love fast fades
Into the background of the past. But no!
As though 'twere sacrilege to say she fades,—
To crown our meeting with her presence here,
Rises in radiant splendor, towering high,
Our joy, our pride, our Alma Mater dear.
Here in our midst she stands, a vision bright!
O, may her gaze imprint upon our souls
'Her living likeness ne'er to be forgot!
And may her upraised hand e'er guide us on
Till we have realized her heart's fond hopes!
How, confident she looks, like one who knows
That duty nobly done claims its reward
And naught has she to fear; how sweetly plays
The smile upon her lips; what joy and pride
Shine from her eyes as she begins to speak:
"Why then this gloomy aspect, why no joy
Upon your faces do I read? The past
You mourn has many tender memories
Forget it not, it binds you to a life
Of joy, of toil, of sweet companionship,
Of noble aspiration. Cherish it,
But not as something lost, not something dead,
Your future's store house let its teachings be,
Its wisdom rare your future's guiding star.
Then go forth, joyful that the time has come
When duty calls you to a higher sphere,
Rejoicing that to you the boon is given
With standard raised to rally at the call.
To meet the future's opportunities,
Go forth, and strive to join the ranks of those
Whose zeal success has crowned; on you sometimes
Perchance will fortune kinder smile, to you
Will nearer seem the laurel-wreath. Cease not,
Till it is won, and feel that then indeed
My pride is in your triumph. But again
You'll find the heights of victory steep and far,
As often weary grows the constant toil;
Know then that still in you I firmly trust,
That victory then the sweetest triumph is
When it's most dearly earned. And now, farewell,
My parting message this: When clouds of doubt
Your hopes obscure and distant seems the goal,
With steadfast faith still upward press
Till through the scattered mist, a sunburst glows
Whose brilliant rays flash on those hazy peaks,
And thrill your souls in its effulgent light."
As I sat at my work one bright Saturday morning I saw the postman pass the window, and hurrying to the door, I found a letter. I tore it open and read:

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 24, 1913.

DEAR FRIEND:—

Come over and spend Friday with me and we’ll go to the football game. You know the Normal and the Northwestern University play the last game of the season then. Surely, if we’re there to cheer, the Normal boys will win. Your train will reach here at 11:30. I’ll meet you in the waiting-room at 12. Don’t disappoint me.

Sincerely yours,

ALEIDA PIETERS.

I was anxious to see my friend and I knew I would enjoy the outing, but how could I leave my work. After much debating in my own mind, I decided to put everything aside and go. Friday morning came and as I seated myself comfortably in the coach my mind turned to old friends and by-gone days. Ten years had passed quickly by since the class of 1903 had said farewell to the Michigan Normal College and to their college friends. I remembered how they had started out a happy, earnest throng, anxious to know what the future held in store for them, eager to find the magical key which would open the door to success. In the years that had passed we had drifted apart, so I knew little of what my classmates had achieved.

From the Alumni Notes in the NORMAL NEWS I learned that many of the girls had given up their work of teaching for that still-nobler one of home-keeping, and then I heard no more of them.

I had watched with interest the growth and success of the college and was especially delighted with the record of the football team, for so far the team of 1913 had won every game. How often I had wondered where the boys were who had figured so prominently in the old games. Mr. Novak was the only one of whom I knew anything. He went to the Philippines where he has charge of a gymnasium and when he wrote back he said it was the first ‘‘cinch,’’ he’d found since he left the Normal.

I thought of others, but growing tired of asking questions which I could not answer, I looked about and seeing a newspaper on a near-by seat, I picked it up and began to read. There were the sporting notes, the society notes, the Michigan Colleges, and the market reports, all of which I had glanced through more or less carelessly, when my eye fell on the headline, ‘‘Kellogg Grows Eloquent,’’ and then followed a glowing account of a speech made by Senator Kellogg. Farther down was an item about Representative Wilson. It seemed from what I read that Mr. Wilson quite often made speeches in the House and invariably kept up his old habit of quoting scripture to justify everything he said. I wondered to myself if Mr. Wilson ever thought of the old days in the training school, and the people who worked with him there, or of the Senior meetings where he used to make nearly all the motions that were made, and then ‘‘rise to a point of order’’ when any one else tried to say anything. Those good old days are gone and so is Wilson, but somehow or other I like to think about them. Just then we reached the city so I began to pick up my belongings.

As I entered the waiting-room I noticed that a tall, fine-looking man and a woman, evidently his wife, were watching me. I looked again, and as the man smiled and stepped forward, I recognized my friend Mr. Carr. After we had exchanged greetings he introduced the
lady who accompanied him. Something about her face seemed familiar and all at once it flashed over me that she was the girl whom I had overheard remarking years ago in Ypsilanti, "If Carr ever gets his growth I'd like to marry him." In the course of the conversation I learned that he was practicing law in Grand Rapids, and was hurrying home to defend an important case. As we chatted about old times I inquired about Mr. Erickson. "Oh yes," he said, "Erickson had quite a time deciding what to do. First he wanted to be a member of the Normal faculty, then he thought he'd study art, as he had a great liking for Gibson faces, but finally he went to Montana where he is now editor of a magazine. When I found that he had taken as a life-partner the demure maiden who used to be Editor-in-Chief of the Normal News, I knew that his future success was assured.'

"Do you remember Wallace?" he continued. "Well, that work he did on the Aurora was the making of him. He became interested in photography and now has one of the finest studios in Detroit. He married that Miss—no, it wasn't Hawk—but you know who she was, that tall, dark girl with the indescribable, brown eyes. Miss—."

The baggage-man called the Grand Rapids train for the last time, and Mr. and Mrs. Carr hurried away, so I heard no more of Mr. Wallace and his brown-eyed helpmate.

Soon Miss Pieters came and we went to her cozy rooms to rest and talk. She was principal in one of the large schools of the city and her work for the day was ended. She told me how Miss Beal had studied law at the University of Michigan and then started an office in Kansas. She did well—so well in fact, that one of the lawyers out there found it to his interest to ask her to become his assistant, and though he plead his case long and eloquently it was some time before she consented. Helen Campbell she said was still in Cuba where she had gone to teach and where she had recently published a charming story of Cuban life which bids fair to make her famous. I asked about Florence Perkins. "Florence Perkins," she replied, "Didn't you ever hear about her being captured and carried off by a Baer? Well she was." Seeing my look of astonishment, she added: "Oh, don't worry, it was the Baer who used to be captain of the Olivet football team." "But I have a real surprise for you," she continued. "I heard of Mr. Munson in the strangest way the other day. I have a friend who lives in a little town in Washington and she wrote—but here I'll get the letter and let you read it." And this is what I read:—

MY DEAR GIRL:—

You know I've told you before about my "man of the mountains," as I call him, partly because he's so grave and dignified and partly because I sometimes fancy his manner is as cool as the snow-capped peaks about here. But, Aleida, to be real honest about it, he's the nicest man I ever knew. He lives all alone in his little cabin on the mountainside and doesn't have much to do with any one, even when he comes down to the town and stays for weeks, as he often does. Well, we've just found out that he's the man who writes such delightful short stories under the name of John Jameson. There's one in the last Century. His real name is John Munson, and he used to be in Ypsilanti. Was he there when you were? If you know anything about him do write and tell me for there isn't any chance of ever finding out anything from him.

Lovingly,

LUCILE.

So that's where Munson is and she thinks he's rather frigid. I guess he hasn't changed much in ten years after all, I said to myself.

It was nearly time for the game to begin so we started for the athletic field, and after much jostling about in the crowd, we at last reached our seats. As we watched the throngs of people pass to and fro Miss Pieters said, "See that man with the glasses and black mustache
down by that post. Doesn't he look like Mr. Crawford?" Just then he passed near us and Miss Pieters assured that it was he, spoke to him. He chatted for a few minutes, telling us that he was traveling for a New York firm who gave him most of their doubtful bills to collect and that he usually got more than he expected. "There," he said, pointing to the left, "are Mr. and Mrs. Rice. Don't you see them? Rice has a fine position in Big Rapids. He and that brother-in-law of his have done well." "Brother-in-law?" Yes, didn't you know that Ernest Knight was at the head of the science department at the Agricultural College? When I was out in Wyoming last week," he continued, "I called to see R. C. Smith. He's prosecuting attorney in one of the counties out there. We spent the day hunting but didn't get a thing, and when we reached home he told his wife that the only game he ever got that was worth while was the Hare he captured in Ypsilanti."

The game began and Mr. Crawford moved away. We were too interested to do much more talking, but near the end of the game I heard some one behind me say, "Ettoile, dear, you must put on your coat." Something in the voice or perhaps it was the name, caused me to turn and I caught a glimpse of—no, it couldn't be—yes, it surely was, Mr. Belland. I looked around in time to see the Normals make a touchdown, then time was called and the game was over with a score of 29 to 0 in favor of—our boys.

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The Uses of Adversity

CLASS DAY ORATION

L. W. CARR, '03

A nation's leaders in time of trial are men whose lives have been molded by difficulty. There comes a time in the history of every nation when its affairs demand the leadership of a man of more than ordinary ability—of a man whom the force of circumstances acting upon a strong will and inherent capabilities has fitted to be a leader. England has her Cromwell; Germany, her Bismarck; Italy, her Crispi; and Americans point to Washington as their guiding star in the hour of their greatest national peril. Without exception, these leaders were men whose lives had been lives of hardship and toil, and whose characters had been developed by the obstacles which they had overcome.

The pages of history are filled with examples of such men. No one imagined that the gloomy-minded Corsican lad, Napoleon Bonaparte, would ever achieve a fame that would extend beyond the boundaries of his own native island. Under the rough exterior there were slumbering the germs of the greatest military genius that the modern world has known. In an era of peace, the public career of Napoleon would, in all probability, have ended as it had begun, as a discontented, quarrelsome, inferior officer in the army of France. The terrible days of the French Revolution, the hardships and privations endured, the defeats suffered as well as the victories won, served as a preparation for the great work which he was called upon to perform. When France found herself forced to face a united Europe, it was to the humble Corsican that her people turned. The training that he had received and the obstacles which he had overcome in his early military career, were but the preparation for his great afterwork. The star of Napoleon, overwhelmed by the forces arrayed against him, went down
forever at Waterloo; but his name and fame are still held sacred in the hearts of forty millions of Frenchmen.

History offers no more inspiring example than that of Peter the Great, of Russia. If he had been content to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors, the history, not only of Russia, but of all Europe, would be far different. There is something almost sublime in the thought of this young ruler, the chief of a barbarian people, leaving a life of ease and luxury, in which every whim might be gratified, and devoting the best years of his youth in trying to prepare himself for the task of uplifting the condition of his countrymen. In the factories and shipyards of Holland and England, working day after day as a common laborer, he learned those lessons that made him one of the greatest rulers the world has ever known. To him, Russia owes her position in the world at the present time.

In strong contrast to the example of Peter the Great, is that of his contemporary and bitter rival, Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden. This man startled the entire world by his military genius. In the hour of his greatest triumph all northern Europe seemed powerless to check him in his course, but he permitted personal hatred and an overpowering ambition to dictate his policy. Sweden's great hero fell, not because of the forces arrayed against him, but rather because he could not learn the fundamental lesson, that he who would govern others, must first learn to govern himself.

The entire course of history shows that those men whose work has endured, have been the men whom the stern realities of practical life have prepared for their allotted task. Our own cherished government was established by men whose lives had been those of hardship and of toil; who had devoted all their energies to the overcoming of obstacles that lay between them and the liberty which they sought. Many of them were like their immortal leader, who, throughout that long and gloomy Revolution, endured the privations of his men; fought with them on the battlefield, in defeat as well as in victory; and, at length, shared with them the joy of the final triumph. The discontented murmurings of his half-clothed, half-starved comrades; the treachery of men whom he had trusted; the thought that perhaps, the struggle might end in failure, all combined to make his burden well-nigh unbearable. No wonder that the man who had passed through all this was fitted to govern a nation! No wonder that men who had stood at his side throughout that great crisis were fitted to make a nation that for more than a century has stood as a model of representative governments!

The blood of Cromwell's men, that stern Puritan strain, that deemed it a crime to shrink from any duty, however painful that duty might be, flowed in the veins of many of these patriots. It is this characteristic of manfully facing any problem—a characteristic transmitted by the men who made our early national history to succeeding generations of American citizens, that has caused America to be known for more than a century as the friend of the oppressed. We point with pride to the most successful representative government that history has yet produced; and yet the establishment of such a government was made possible only by the stern discipline to which the people of the colonies had been subjected. They had learned to build on a foundation that should endure, not merely for the present, but for all the generations that should succeed. We cannot regard the work of these men with too great a reverence. We cannot overestimate the value of their preparation for that work.

As it has been with the great names of history, so it is with men in the ordinary walks of life. Consciously, or unconsciously, all are receiving a preparation for the great work of their lives. But that which is discipline for one, may not be for another. It may be lack of fortune, it may be lack of friends; it may be the downfall of the cherished hopes of years, or it may be only the everyday cares and trials that strengthen and purify the character. It may be
acquired on the battlefield, in the political arena, or in the daily toil. It matters not where it be gained. The only consideration is that it be sufficient.

The lad who is forced to spend his youth on the farm may feel discontented with his lot; yet, all unconsciously he is laying a far better foundation than is the boy whose early years are passed in the confinement of the city. He learns to think and to act for himself. From his close communion with nature, he learns those great fundamental truths without which no life can be complete. The early discipline acquired upon the farm is all-important in the after-life. It is this discipline that makes the farmer the anchor of the republic. It is this that has made it possible for the country life to produce so many of our leading men.

It has been said that "The only true culture is self-culture." It is equally true that the most enduring form of discipline is self-discipline, self-preparation. Self-discipline implies the conscious exercise of will power, and to the extent that the will is called into action in earnest endeavor. Just to that extent will the individual have advanced up the ladder of progress. The hand of an all-wise Creator has bestowed upon every one certain possibilities of character. The task of developing these possibilities is left to the individual. His success, or his failure, will depend on how well he performs his task.

The fate of our nation in the future will rest in the hands of men and women who are now being fitted for the work. As the great problems of the past have been solved by men whom the trials of adversity had strengthened, so the questions of the present and of the future can be dealt with adequately only by those whom the power, gained from earnest endeavor and resolute overcoming of obstacles, has prepared for their allotted work. Upon this preparation depends the future history of our country. As American citizens we shall be called upon to perform our part. We can do this in no better way than to meet resolutely the obstacles of our lives, to build our characters on a foundation strong and true, to learn to do that which lies before us. Then can we say in truth that we have done our duty as men and women, and as American citizens.
Valedictory

C. H. KELLOGG

The time has come when the Class of 1903 must say farewell. Our thoughts turn to the past with its pleasant memories, they reach out toward the future with its untried realities. We think of the time that brought us from all parts of our own and neighboring states to this our Alma Mater, and then of the unknown future that shall scatter us far and wide. We remember that then we were strangers, but we rejoice to-day that from henceforth we are friends.

These very walls that then seemed cold and meaningless are to-day filled with suggestions of happy hours. These corridors that once seemed almost hopelessly confused have echoed and re-echoed our joy and silently witnessed our sorrow until we have come to love them.

Once we looked forward to this day as a day of triumphant joy, of welcome liberation, but as we stand here our thoughts are not of the victorious conclusion of college days, but rather of the parting from those we have learned to love. We have suddenly come to realize that this is not the beginning of freedom, but of service; that our work is not now finished, but scarcely yet begun.

Yes, we must say farewell. Fellow-students, whom we leave behind, with you rests the welfare of the college for another year. Your ideals will be her ideals. And may our parting message be,—take up the banner of the white and green, and with a purpose that knows not defeat, carry it higher and still higher, until the noblest ideals are realized in the great work for which our college stands.

Dear teachers, it is now that we begin to realize our indebtedness to you. How often have we intruded upon your time only to find you patient and forbearing! How many times when we were discouraged have your kindly words dispelled the gloom! You have guided us by your counsel; you have inspired us by your lives. As we go forth from your presence we carry with us the impress of your influence that shall, we trust, bear fruit in ennobling the character and enriching the lives of the boys and the girls with whom we labor.

Classmates, as we leave these friends we leave one another. Life with its perplexing duties is urging us to action. The college will live on after we have gone, but the great opportunities of life will, many of them, pass unimproved unless we hasten to the call. Ours is a great work. Never in history has the teacher been such a potent factor in the affairs of men and nations as now. In this age of industrial and intellectual progress, he who moulds the character of the rising generation, he who gives to the world of to-morrow its men and its women, may well take time to consider the great life for which he prepares them and to inquire into his own fitness for the task.

My dear classmates, this is the work that we so soon undertake. To this end has our preparation been made, and as we go forth may it not be lamenting that we must part but rejoicing that we have met, and through these years of association become better equipped for the duties of our chosen profession.
One would naturally think that Seniorship is a craft of some kind. There is some truth in it. There are traces of green put on the hull during the first year, before there was anything substantial to cleave to; some traces of the weighty balance of the second year; something, too, left of the rigging which helped it to wind the third year. It takes three years plus to make a Seniorship. It seems so at first thought. But seniorship is strictly a condition of mind—a peculiar condition of mind. That is all. We are all moving on from somewhere to somewhere, and in Seniorship we tarry and make faces for a while. It is a serious time, and confronts all with the same problem:—

Can I stand it to get through?
What will I stand when I get through?
Will I stand any show after I get through?

Theoretically we are a band that have been called to teach—to go out into this broad land and show fathers and mothers how to bring up children. The time we spend in seniorship is for gaining insight into this business. It is hard work, this preparation is. We are supposed to have the substantial material in hand, and the task now is to polish and sandpaper here and there. We are to broaden out with what we have, and see how things work together to make one stupendous whole. That is it. And when the broadening process continues, and the rolling pin has come down hard, and the wrinkles are taken out, and here and there a chunk of inconsistency picked out and thrown at you—then your crust gets as transparent as a sieve, full of stupendous holes. But we take our medicine, not because we like it or because we see the reason why. The doctor knows best. Some day we may have to prescribe for others. Yes, "I am going to take that because I will have to teach it."

I guess so.

That is where the satisfaction comes in. We can take young buds and unfold them, and raise them from darkness to light. We have learned how to take them through the culture epochs at excursion rates. There is a secret satisfaction in rescuing a child from the ignorance of the polished stone age and develop him to the level of our own unpolished shoe age. (Juniors may get further particulars concerning the latter, by applying at the Training School in due time.) Child study is interesting when you get it down pat, and it is necessary, too. Still, I am afraid it is losing ground lately. It used to be the rage with pedagogues, but now, as far as I can determine, the pendulum is swinging back, and the school-ma'ams, at least, are unanimous in the opinion that the proper study of mankind is man. There is nothing new about it. Diogenes walked up and down Main St. with a lantern in broad daylight, looking for a man. History does not say that he looked for a woman. Still, we have reason to believe that he did. Perhaps he didn't go in the daytime. Perhaps he didn't light his lantern when he did go. But that is not to the point now. I am safe in saying that there is not a Senior that would not study man, woman, or child, if it would make things right at the end of the term. Honest Indian. Yes.

I'd like an E,
I'll take a G,
Or marks intermediate;
And if below,
I'll have to go
M plus? I'll consider it.

But in a pinch,
An M will cinch;
Never, never, flunk me.
Although I know
You know I know
It's mighty, mighty punky.

Yes, sir.
"Are you located for next year?"

Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, listen: Don't ask a Senior that question. When you see a Senior walking along with downcast countenance, don't ask him that question. When you see a Senior thoughtful, as if he were outlining some foreign policy of the nation, don't ask him that question. Some day you will understand. You may be a Senior some day. Nothing but death or imprisonment can then save you from being a monomaniac for a greater or less time. You will want a job. Every time you are asked that question your prospects decline twenty-five per cent—in your mind. So be a little kind now. Follow these suggestions and be saved some pangs.

You want a job? Well, there are several thousand in the state, and a few outside of the state.

Apply for all positions in the state, and as many outside as you can afford.

Tell what church you "belong to" the first thing, but first find out to what church the influential members of the board belong.

Tell whether you are a Republican, Democrat, Populist, or Carriengationist, but first find out to what party the influential members of the board belong.

If you have had much experience, and have taught in a different place each year, tell that. It shows that you are popular.

Learn to teach a Bible class and to coach a football team. It will fill in idle moments between Friday and Monday.

Tell that you are good at two-step and hop-skip-and-jump. They may want to encourage athletics.

Tell that you will send your picture if requested. You will surely be requested.

Write your letters on cute little sheets, with your initial and a bunch of posies in one corner.

Fold the letter any way. If it don't fit the envelope, fold it over again, or turn it in around the edges.

Put plenty of perfume on it, and enclose a lock of your hair.

Daub a chunk of wax on the back of the envelope, and then mail it.

Fold your arms and wait for developments. If you don't land something you will know some one has it in for you.

That man you saw on the Campus is not here to present a library building to the institution. He wants to offer you a job at $28.75 per month; $32.50 if you will get married. Think it over. Then think it over some more.

* * *

Seniorship is no joke, mind that. Many of us were prone to think that it was to be a preparation for life. That was where we were mistaken. It is life. It is living many years in one. Our friends, the Juniors, have helped us to realize that it is life, real and earnest. And they have found us alive every time. Our habitual repose is merely due to conscious strength. But we will not count the score now. No. Nor will we repeat that period in the history of the M. N. C. known as "'Under Two Flags, or Who Shinned the Pole?'' a farce in two acts. "'Our flag was still there.'" Eh? Plenty of work and fun to go with it, and that is right.

It is over now. To most it will be remembered as a period of expansion. To others, a period of domestic tranquility. To a few, let us hope very few, a year of babbleonian captivity. We are going to separate now, to be useful here and there. We are going to work to make ourselves unnecessary, so philosophers tell us. We are not philosophers (yet), however. A philosopher is a man that thinks he knows more than any one else, and that all will know
less to-morrow than they do to-day. He is a man that sends goats and hornets to folks in a
land of milk and honey. We will just try to attend to business, and be good a day at a time.

Some will hit safe every time. The crowd will cheer. Others may get to first on an
error, but they are slow on bases and never reach home. The crowd says it is too bad, because
the runs were needed. Others strike out. The crowd says they ought to be put on the bench. They are.

But we will all try to land safe.
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Editorial

Commencement Time

When this number of the News appears, we will have passed through another toilsome round of examinations. To about one-fourth of us there will be no more examinations, except for those who are to enter higher institutions of learning. In the Harper's Weekly for the week ending June 6, is a timely editorial on Commencement, from which we make the following extracts:—"The world examines all of us as we make our way through it, and those real examinations that are not academic, or formally set down for us, but are the practical tests applied to our achievements, are the most terrible, at least the most trying and effective, and at the same time are the justest of all. Whether we are academicians or not, whether we enter the professions or go into business, we must all pass the world's examinations, we must all satisfy the world's tests if we are to go up among the happy, successful ones.

Commencement Day is the happy name given to the last day of a college course, for it is the commencement of a real life both for those who have striven and for those who have idled through the four preceding years. It is a very different day from the Commencement Day of thirty years ago. In the elder day commencement was nearer akin to the Scotch and New England Sabbath. It was an all-day affair. All the senior class who stood in the first half of the class, followed one another on the stage in a procession of oratory, the salutatorian leading the way in Latin, and the valedictorian bringing up the rear in tears that were as genuine as his youth.

What they were leaving was worth the heartache, and what the girls and boys—for we must now count the girl graduates as very real—will leave this month is worth a heartache; for if the graduates have only lived healthy lives in the college atmosphere they have enjoyed an experience so sweet that hereafter, in the life of effort and accomplishment nothing sweet will come to them which will not be compared with what they have enjoyed in the four years now coming to an end amid the toils of examinations."

A Parting Word

This number of the News is full of matter of more interest than any words of farewell we can offer. Still, as a staff we do wish to express our sincere thanks for the aid given us by the alumni, the members of the faculty, and students. We feel that to them, and to our printers, is largely due whatever measure of success we may have enjoyed. To our successors—who are not yet chosen—we can only say, "May you be as happy in your work as we have been in ours, may you come nearer the ideal you set for yourselves than we have done, and may you be united in your efforts to make the Normal News of 1903-04, the best of all the years."
Our Advertisers

We are especially grateful to the business men for their loyal support this year. It shows their appreciation of having located in Ypsilanti one of the greatest Normals in the country. The presence of nine hundred students certainly means much to all our firms. Those for whom we advertise are the best in the city, and it is to the interest of every student to consult the News before doing any trading.

The New Science Building

A building which the Normal has needed for a number of years, is now nearing completion. This is the new science building. As the science departments have been increasing the scope of their work each year, their present quarters have become very inconvenient as to the room and necessary conditions for carrying on the advanced work.

The structure is situated just north of Starkweather hall, and northwest from the main building. It is on high ground, and the drainage is nearly perfect. There is plenty of land in front of the building to be used for a lawn. Just west of the building is a fair-sized tract of land, which will be used for garden purposes. Here will be grown the material necessary for the different departments. At the northwest corner of the grounds is a level piece of land which could very conveniently be used for an athletic field.

But the main point of interest is in the building itself. There will be no steps leading up to the front door. The walk will slope gradually up from the street to the door, the first or basement floor being nearly on a level with the surface of the ground. One might consider the basement, which is all above ground, as the first story, and the subbasement as the basement. The building is to be ventilated by the fan system, and the temperature arranged automatically. All the rooms are to have dark curtains for the windows, so the rooms can be darkened for stereopticon pictures or anything requiring darkness.

The basement floor will be entered through two sets of double doors, having plate glass windows. On going in one enters first a tiled floor vestibule, and then on passing through another set of doors, enters the main hall. The biological science rooms are all on the west side and the physical sciences on the east side. At each end of the halls are two smaller rooms, except on the first floor, where there are only two at the north end. On the west side of the first floor are three rooms, two large and one small. This arrangement of rooms is the same for each story. The south room is large, and will have the seating arranged in the amphitheatre style. The instructor’s desk is to be on the north side. On the walls of this side will be hung, for lantern views, a curtain which can be raised and lowered at will. In the middle of the south part will be a lantern which can use either sunlight or artificial light. This is the only room of this style, and will seat about one hundred people. It is to be used as a lecture room for geology, mineralogy, etc. The north room is for a mineralogical and geological laboratory. It is about thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. Between these two is a smaller room to be used for collections.

On the west half of the second floor the south room is the lecture room for botany, the middle room for advanced botany, and the north room for a laboratory for elementary botany. One of the rooms at the south end of the hall is the office of the head of the biological department. He will have a private stairway leading down into his lecture room. The west room at the north end of the hall is for the offices of the instructors in botany and zoölogy.

On the third floor, west side, the south room is for zoölogy, nature study, and physiology. The middle room is the laboratory for advanced zoölogy, and the north room a laboratory for elementary classes in zoölogy. The west room at the south end of the hall will be used as a vivarium, and the one at the north end as a work shop. Opening into the rooms at the north end of the hall there is a
hand elevator from the basement up, by which means material from one floor can be lifted or lowered.

The east side is devoted to the physical sciences. On the first floor are four rooms. The south room is a lecture room for advanced physics, astronomy, and manual training. On the east side of this is another room in which the apparatus will be kept. The middle room on this side is for advanced physics practice. The north corner is a general work room for physics and manual training. In it there will be a dynamo, a motor, a large storage battery, switch board, and one or two turning lathes.

On the second floor the elementary physical lectures will be held in the south room, the laboratory in the north room. The middle room is an apparatus room, and has two floors in it for convenience in storing.

The third floor is devoted to chemistry. As in the preceding, the south room is for lecture purposes, the north room for laboratory, and the middle room for advanced chemistry. The office of the head of the chemistry branch is the east room at the south end of the hall. This room will also be used as a library, and the delicate balances will be used there.

Above the third floor is a large attic, which will be finished nicely and used as a general store room. On the top of the building is a large flat place for an open air observatory for astronomy. There will also be a room here for calculations after observations have been taken, and a room for an equatorial. There is the foundation of a dome, which will be built when a satisfactory telescope can be obtained.

A written description is a very inadequate means of letting one know of all that this building will have for the convenience of every department. One must go through it to understand its advantages. The regret of the class going out from school this year is that they have not had the advantages for work which any scientific course in this new building will offer.

A Visit to Parke, Davis & Co.'s Factory

Such an eager, happy, anticipative crowd of young people as gathered at the waiting room of the D., A. A., Y. & J. railway, on the early morning of Saturday, June 6. Had you been in their company for but a few moments, you would have learned that these one hundred forty-two people were bound for the Parke, Davis & Co.'s manufacturing plant in Detroit. A delightful ride of an hour and a half brought them within a few blocks of the goal.

When the long line reached the main stairway of the factory, there was an array of guides who took charge of the visitors, in small groups. Up stairs and down long, narrow halls for two full hours they showed us the mysteries of their immense establishment. And mysteries they were to our receptive minds.

We saw the herbs as they come there, packed in large barrels, or piled ceiling high in large sacks. Then the immense vats into which the herbs are placed with water or alcohol, which seeps through the herbs taking out of them their medicinal qualities in the form of an extract. On the other hand we saw the mills where other herbs are ground to a powder.

A little farther on the powder is automatically poured into a machine and by the application of strong pressure, comes out in the form of the round tablets that we see on the market. Then we found out how they deceive us in making the outside so palatable, for some of the tablets are placed in large revolving cylinders and a small quantity of chocolate, sugar preparation, or coloring is added, and soon they are completely covered.

More interesting than the tablets is the manufacture of pills. As the immense masses of pill dough are mixed, we wonder that any one either could be benefited by such a mixture, or would be willing to take it. But watch a little longer, as you see the operator with deft fingers put little pieces of it in the rollers of her machine, and from a little open-

Alger Abel
ing in the side they come out, small, oval pills. ‘Ready for the market?’ you say. Not yet. They are so soft that they cannot be handled, so are left in boxes of absorbent powder, and stored in a large, warm room. After a few days drying they pass through the same process of coating as did the pills.

Then we looked for a moment in the packing rooms, and saw the long lines of girls, some pouring fluid medicines into bottles, others packing dry forms, still others, wrapping and labeling, and as we went down into the basement we saw the rows of shelves, full of goods, packed, ready to ship. Then there was the storing room, full of vats, each one containing eighteen hundred pints of some kind of medicine, the whole room containing not less than half a million pints.

But there were some things more interesting than all these. We eagerly watched two men at work, while the guide explained to us that they were encasing pills in sandalwood oil with a tough cover of gelatine. The oval form being made by heavy pressure. Another interesting process was the bottling, in tiny glass flasks, of a powerful heart stimulant. The bottle being sealed by melting the small neck of the flask. We also saw a machine that could remove the top of a gelatine capsule, fill it with powder, and replace the top, and do this ten times as quickly and accurately as a person could.

Leaving this building we were taken to the stables, where are kept the horses and cattle, from which are obtained the antitoxin and vaccine.

We were immediately impressed with the cleanliness shown here. Cleanliness and unquestioned health are probably the two greatest requisites in the work of this department. No animal is used for inoculation unless it has been perfectly well for two weeks, and, in fact, no sickly animal is kept at all. In the second floor of this building are found the Guinea pigs of which the company own between three and five thousand. These are used only for standardizing the antitoxin. Rabbits, roosters, and dogs, are also kept for standardizing various medicines, for experimental purposes.

The guide then took us to another building, in which we saw the chemical department, where experiments are continually being made for the purpose of discovering new cures, and perfecting those already known.

We had now rapidly gone through the establishment, had seen the most important and interesting parts, and were then invited to take seats in the large quadrangle, while our guides turned waiters, and served us with delicious refreshments. A delightful close to a thoroughly enjoyable and instructive morning.

Parke, Davis & Co., won many friends by that morning’s hospitality, and the gratitude of the Normal students was expressed by the nine rah’s for Parke, Davis & Co.

We are also especially grateful to Mr. Magers, who not only planned the trip, but successfully executed the plan, so that besides the interesting morning, we spent a delightful afternoon at Belle Isle. It was the universal opinion when we returned in the evening, ‘It was the best day I ever spent.’

ALEIDA PIETERS.

Hymn to Seniors
BY A JUNIOR

The following poem will be doubly appreciated by all those who have had the privilege and honor of creating the original hymn to Mount Blanc in the Teachers’ Reading Class. —Author.

Have you a charm to gain the highest step
In your steep course?—so well you seem to pass
All difficulties by, 0 Seniors dear!
The Sophomores and Juniors at their books
Work ceaselessly; but you, most fortunate.
Do rise from forth your credits to the crest.
How easily! Before your swift advance
Vague is the path, and hard to follow right.
Most difficult! methinks you can but fail
As others do. But, when I look again
The difficulty’s past, the goal is gained;
And you are masters of the training school.
O great and mighty class! We tried your strength
Till you, still present in a bodily sense,
Did rush us from the field; o’erwhelmed by force,
We now leave the invincible alone.
Yet, like some great majestic champions,
Still held by duty, or devotion’s grasp,
You, in time to come, will guide the young.

—E. RUTHERFORD.
Alumni

"We fragments of volcanic stone,
Tossed out by Alma Mater,
Drop back into her walls once more
To see the dear old crater."

C. H. Ireland remains at the Soo next year.

Miss Edna Skinner will teach in Minneapolis next year.

Clayton C. Miller will superintend the school at Pinckney, Mich., next year.

Miss Mae Creech, '99, will teach Latin and French, in Union City, the coming year.

The following clipping from The Press Wallace, Idaho, will interest friends of H. Moreland Cook, '94:—"Professor H. M. Cook, superintendent of the Wallace city public schools, is not an ordinary school man, but an educator of unusual merit. Progressive and energetic, he maintains in himself the student attitude so essential to successful teaching and keeps abreast of current educational thought and movements. Mr. Cook believes that a school can be run on a sound business basis, the same as any other business and in his present position has demonstrated his strong administrative ability. He has accomplished better results than we ever had before, bringing every department of our school system to a higher degree of efficiency and establishing a higher grade of school work. Mr. Cook was unanimously re-elected in March for next year, but has recently resigned, as he desired an increase of salary, which the board did not feel able to pay. He leaves with strong testimonials from the board of education and to the regret of his many friends who wish him success wherever he may go. Mr. Cook has been elected superintendent of Colfax, Wash., city schools and after spending his summer vacation at Harvard University, will take up his work there in September."

The Colfax schools to which Mr. Cook goes, enrolls 700 pupils and has eighteen teachers.

Miss Bertha Wolvin will teach in Duluth the coming year.

Miss Sybil Knopf, '02, will teach in Redlands, Calif., next year.

Miss Belle Taylor, '96, will teach a third grade in Minneapolis, next year.

H. W. Markham will superintend the schools of Marine City next year.

Lulu M. Jefferson, '02, has been offered her position at Portland for another year.

Miss Mabelle Skentlebury will remain at Yale another year with an increase in salary.

L. P. Whitcomb will return to Upper Alton, Ill., next year, instead of going to Washington.

Clemens P. Steimle will remain in the Albion high school for 1903-04, with an increased salary.

Mr. J.E. VanAllsburg,'02,of Grand Rapids, has been elected principal of the central ward school of Saginaw, known as the John Moore school. He will also have charge of the teachers' training class in the high school of that city.

The class of '02 is evidently a favored class in Saginaw. The teachers' registry now reads thus:—"Miss Sherman in the grades; Miss Dobbins, English, the high school; John A. Craig, mathematics; J. E. VanAllsburg, principal of John Moore school.

J. W. Martindill, Petoskey, writes:—"My work here has been pleasant, and I have been re-elected at an increase of $50. Miss Gertrude A. Angers, and Miss Irene Thompson are both doing good work in the sixth and seventh grades, and they will remain another year with an increase in salary. Nearly all the teachers here are Normal graduates. Miss Edna Nash, '01, has the fifth grade, and Miss Edith Chattaway, '01, the sixth."
Eugenie Newhouse, Benton Harbor.
Donna Stratton, Latin and English, Richmond.
Zaidee L. Dingfelder, sixth grade, Sturgis.
Grace Allen, second grade, Lansing.
Ethel Crandall, music and drawing, Mason.
Clara Wehner, seventh grade, St. Louis.
Vera Brandenburg, sixth grade, Evart.
Nettie Yonkers, Grand Rapids.
Bessie Smith, Grand Rapids.
Jean G. Gow, first grade, Bessemer.
Lydia Koenig, Latin and German, Oxford.
Flora E. Baker, first grade, St. Louis.
Addie Ashley, Pontiac.
Mae Belle Carroll, fourth grade, Negaunee.
Mabel Parsons, Plainwell.
Mary Rossman, Munising.
Lillian VanHorn, high school, St. Joseph.
Lucy Pessel, grades, Saline.
Louanna Bellow, high school, Cass City.
Fredrika Deming, high school, Fremont.
Louise Pearson, grades, Oxford.
Margaret Monroe, grades, Ionia.
Nellie K. Price, grades, Holland.
Elizabeth Sparling, grades, Albion.
Iva Zimmer, grades, Fowlerville.
Eva Luxford, grades, Pontiac.
Frank Lomprey, principal, River Rouge.
Mayme Young, high school, Frankfort.
Edith Bray, grades, Victoria.
Harriet Nason, grades, Leslie.
Harriet Glascoff, grades, Coldwater.
Zelle Moody, grades, Chesaning.
Mary L. McCormick, grades, Gaylord.
Edna Knapp, Ionia.
Joanna McIntyre, grades, Lexington.
Sara Rowland, grades, Holland.
Franc Harris, grades, Benton Harbor.
Abby Springer, music and drawing, Union City.
Mae Beardsley, primary, Cass City.
Cyrus Tremper, principal, S. Frankfort.
Winifred Woodman, high school, Bad Axe.
J. M. Munson, superintendent, Clarkston.
H. E. Rice, instructor in science, Ferris Institute.
Frank Ackerman, science, Coldwater.
Jessie Clark, grades, Bessemer.
Clara Mullenhagen, German and English, Mason.
Helene Anderson, Palmer.
Winifred Linderman, eighth grade, Evart.
Frank B. Rood, Yale Preparatory School, Los Angeles, Cal.
Amy Hoag, third grade, Evart.
Shirley Patterson, third grade, Bessemer.
Margaret Dundass, first grade, Bessemer.
Emily Robinson, Duluth.
Katherine Kelly, grades, Minneapolis.
Laura Harmon, eighth grade, Union City.
Carol Holt, Grand Rapids.
Bessie Nims, Coldwater.
Helma Larsen, Sanilac Center.
Elizabeth Lilley, Detroit.
Another year has come to a close with much improvement in the line of athletics. Last year only one game of basketball with an outside team was played, while this year we had four outside games and four at home. At the games at home the gymnasium was always filled.

During the year athletics has been put on a firm financial basis and owing to this we have a much better baseball team than we otherwise would have had. The team started out by winning from Albion, Olivet, and Adrian, but after defeating Adrian here by a score of 37 to 7 with our substitutes in the game, we were surprised on Adrian's grounds by a score of 5 to 2 in their favor. We did not play Adrian College team, for it was a team made up for the occasion of picked men from Adrian and vicinity. On Decoration Day our team won easily from Detroit College by a record of 10 to 2. A large crowd turned out to see the game with the Michigan Military Academy, but it was seen the soldiers were playing out of their class. Score M. N. C.

Several indoor meets were held during the winter quarter. Director Teetzel has had a large class in track athletics. Saturday, the 13th, a track meet was held on the fair grounds at which 1st and 2d prizes were awarded to the winners. Owing to the generosity of Brabb, the jeweler, we were able to obtain the medals for prizes at cost. Besides the usual events there was a relay race between the Juniors and Seniors, 10 men on a side and a five dollar pennant for the winning team.
Evelyn Rosso, second grade, Mt. Clemens
Julia Stowe, Greeley, Colo.
Sadie Dennie, high school, Cedar Springs.
Elva Neilsen, Cannonsburg.
Edith Eldred, principal, Belding.
Martha Boulger, grades, Sault Ste. Marie; 
Ethel Bray, Victoria.
Mary F. Wood, Spring Lake.
Lea Fiske, Ludington.
Florence Geer, Kalkaska.
Carolyn H. Keltie, Benton Harbor.
Joanna Niemeyer, Lexington.
Alta Snyder, Coldwater.
Gertrude Chapman, grades, Chelsea.
Mae Creech, French and Latin, Union City.
Lucy Brown, second and third grades, 
Woodmere.
Mabel Carleton, drawing, Milford.
Edna Flarida, music and drawing, St. Johns.
Donna Riblet, Normal Conservatory.
Mabel Wilson, high school, Ithaca.
John Waldron, superintendent, Carson City.
Vee Fisher, grades, Carson City.

Byron Odle, superintendent, Hersey.
Clinton Kellogg, superintendent, Yale.
Jean McKay, high school, Marlette.
Jennie Patterson, science, Ypsilanti.
Harry Rawdon, principal, Marlette.
O. B. Winter, science, Tecumseh.
Enid Withey, seventh grade, Ypsilanti.
Mabel Howe, eighth grade, Dexter.
Ella Haynes, Sanilac Center.
Margaret Clement, Coldwater.
Mae Hurd, third grade, Aspen, Colo.
Grace Comstock, high school, Flat Rock.
Edith M. Mead, first grade, Detroit.
Arthur Shigley, superintendent, Woodland.
Lucy Galloway, high school, Lexington.
Cora M. Payne, Missoula, Mont.
Helen Campbell, grades, Woodland.
Linda Landberg, grades, Buchanan.
Winifred Ellis, primary, Kalkaska.
Lillian Bailey, grades, Frankfort.
Ethel McDonald, Sault Ste. Marie.
Ida Hischke, grades, Delray.
Lettie Whitcomb, grades, Frankfort.
Edith Cunningham, grades, Marlette.
Miss Amy Cooper, of Fowlerville, visited friends Wednesday, June 3.
Miss Robertson is entertaining her mother and sister from East Jordan.
Miss James, of Detroit, was the guest of Miss Leila Cryderman, May 27-29.
Miss Susie Davis, of Lansing, was the guest of her sister Miss Ethel Davis, May 31.
It is expected that some of the summer school classes will be held in the new science building.
The tennis players are very enthusiastic over the new court that has been laid out on the campus back of the library.
Overheard at an Aurora board meeting—"I asked a young man to-day to take my name and he wouldn't do it."
Mr. Alfred Hare recently spent a few days with his sister, Miss Jessie Hare. Mr. Hare was on his way east from Oklahoma Territory.
Announcements have been received of the marriage of Miss Marion E. Anderson to Dr. Graham E. Henson, of St. Clair, on June 3, 1903.
Professor D'Ooge has been invited to address the classical conference of the National Educational Association, which meets in Boston the first week in July.
Miss Pearce has again been invited to accept a position in New York City, with a very fine salary. It is sincerely hoped by her many friends here that she will not accept it.
The Normal students as well as the teachers all over the state, appreciate the efforts of President Jones in aiding the college to obtain the course which will give them the B. A. degree.
Miss Daisy Lonyo spent Sunday, June 7, in Plymouth.
Mr. Colby, has been the guest of his sister, Miss Grace Colby.
Miss Hazel Harding recently entertained her father and mother.
A great many of the normal students attended grand opera in Detroit.
It is a pleasure to see Miss Smith again in the library after her long illness.
Miss Winnifred Ellis spent the first week in June at her home in Camden.
Mrs. Emmerhein, of Denton, was the guest of Miss Margaret Mints, June 5.
Miss Lettie Scott, of Marine City, has been the guest of Miss Mary L. Roberts.
Miss Dora Lounsbury entertained her sister, of Reed City, a few days this month.
Miss Margaret Graves, of Jackson, was the guest of Miss Margaret Dundass, Sunday, May 31.
Dr. G. A. Cryderman, of Detroit, spent Sunday, May 31, with his daughter, Miss Leila Cryderman.
One young lady of the Senior class is so fearful of not getting through her examinations in June, that she has engaged rooms for the summer quarter.
The Junior class proved themselves royal entertainers at the reception tendered the Seniors and the Faculty, Friday evening, May 29. The gymnasiums were artistically decorated in palms and the colors of the two classes. Punch and wafers were served throughout the evening, and music was furnished by Finney's orchestra, of Detroit. Dancing was enjoyed until eleven when the guests reluctantly departed.
Miss May Fleming has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rice.

Misses May Roberts and Leila Cryderman spent Sunday, June 7, in Detroit.

Miss Martha Warner has returned to Ypsilanti after a year’s teaching in Oxford, O.

Miss Louise Pessel, of Quincy, was called home June 6, by the sudden death of her father. Her many friends here sympathize with her in her loss.

Dr. R. G. Boone has been elected dean of the Normal College of Miami University at Oxford, O. It was this university that gave Dr. Boone the degree of Ph.D.

Four very delightful recitals have been given the past month by the Misses Halladay, Riblet, Robertson, and Mr. Winton. The conservatory recitals this year have been thoroughly enjoyed.

The Commencement season always brings to us a number of alumni. Among the earliest arrivals are Miss Ama C. Stevenson, ‘02, Miss Elsie Brown, ‘02, Miss Edith Todd, ’98, Miss Sybil Knopf, ’02, and Miss Strang.

The girls of the Social League entertained the ladies of the Faculty at a tea, Saturday afternoon, June 6. After the social part of the afternoon the following officers for the coming year were elected: President, Miss Jeannette Kotvis; vice-president, Miss Margaret Lockwood; secretary, Miss Gertrude Loomis: members of the executive board, Miss Boardman, Miss Pearl Lilly, and Miss Gertrude Payne.

At a meeting of the State Board of Education at Albion, Friday, May 29, the following new appointments were made at the Normal College: Professor Wilbur P. Bowen, professor of physical culture; Frank J. Mellen, a Normal and U. of M. graduate, instructor in physics during Professor Gorton’s absence; Isaiah Bowman, instructor in geography; Francis L. D. Goodrich returns from U. of M. to his duties as assistant librarian.

Miss Blount will spend her summer vacation traveling in England and Scotland.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage on June 2 of Miss Harriet E. Smith to Charles F. Keyser, D.D.S. Mr. and Mrs. Keyser will make their future home in Boulder, Colo.

Friends of Miss Grace Mansfield of the Normal Conservatory class of 1896, will be glad to learn that she gives a graduating recital Friday evening, June 19, 1903, in Schwankovsky’s Music Hall, Detroit. The recital will be a musical treat as Miss Mansfield is a pianist of rare artistic ability.

The party given by the class of 1903 was held at the gymnasium on the evening of June 6. In spite of the rain, a large number of the faculty and friends of the class were present. The rooms were tastefully decorated with a predominance of orange and black, the senior colors. After a pleasant reception hour, dancing was begun on one side, while on the other ping-pong and flinch attracted a goodly number.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Sunday, June 21, Baccalaureate Address, President L. H. Jones, 7:30 p. m.; Monday, June 22, Junior Class Day exercises, 2:30 p. m.; Choir Concert, 7:30 p. m.; Tuesday, June 23, Conservatory Commencement, 9:30 a. m.; Senior Class Day exercises, 2 p. m.; reunion of former classes, 4 p. m.; alumni meeting (open to public) 7 p. m.; address by Hon. N. C. Schaeffer, State Supt. Public Instruction, Pennsylvania; presentation of portrait of Professor Lodeman by the senior class, J. M. Munson; presentation of portrait of Miss Rodgers; presentation of diplomas.

The closing exercises of the training school will occur in the assembly room of the training school at 10:30 a. m., June 19. Annual farewell services of the Students’ Christian Association in Starkweather Hall, Sunday, June 21, at 2:30 p. m.
THE N ORMAL COLLEGE NEWS

S. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.

The meeting of the young men addressed by Professor Barbour, June 7, was one of our best missionary meetings. Professor Barbour's talk was very inspiring, and especially adapted to senior students.

The association is planning to send four men to the summer conference to be held at Lake Side, Ohio.

The plans for next year bespeak a most successful year in our work.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Florence Simms, State Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, of Michigan, was a warmly-welcomed guest of the association in May. A special meeting for college women was addressed by her on the subject, "The Spirit of the College Woman." At the close of the service over sixty dollars were subscribed toward the salary of the general secretary for next year.

For the first time in the history of the association the general secretary has been called to give full time to its work. Miss Katherine B. Closz, the present secretary, will return to her work before the opening of the fall quarter.

The association will continue its work during the summer school. Miss Aleida Pieters will have the work in charge. Committees will be organized to meet the requirements of the work. The regular Wednesday evening prayer service will continue, being held at the usual hour, 6:15.

The evangelistic services for the month of May and June were well attended and made a deeply abiding impression on those present. Miss Simms took as her subject, "Remember Jesus Christ," Dr. Ninde speaking on "One Thing Lacking." Both subjects were most helpfully treated, bringing before the young women their personal relations to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Fraternities

SIGMA NU PHI

The annual party of the sorority was given April 25. Among the guests were three members from out of town, Miss Una Palmer of Ann Arbor, Miss Jeanette Johnson of Detroit, and Miss Pearl Braems.

On May 5, Misses Irene Mogford and Bess O'Dwyer entertained the sorority at the home of Miss Mogford. After the regular business meeting, music and "modeling" were the amusements for the evening. Delicious refreshments were served and prizes given to the lucky "modelers."

Misses Marie Garieisen, Anne Cullinine, Lina Bostwick, Bertha Goodison, Irene Mogford and Alice Boardman represented the sorority at a reception on May 14, given by the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority of Ann Arbor.

Miss Grace Guerrin entertained on Saturday evening, May 30, for Miss Pearl Braems, Miss Jeannette Johnson, and Miss Eleanor Porter.

On Monday evening, June 1, Miss Goodison charmingly entertained the sorority at her home on Huron street.

Mrs. Mabel Falcouer is to teach English and History in the Charlotte high school next year.

Miss Hoag has accepted the position as teacher in the fourth grade at Evart, Mich.

PI KAPPA SIGMA

The Sorority met Friday evening, May 22, at the home of Mrs. Lena Mellencamp, when Miss Jessie Wallace was initiated into the mysteries of Pi Kappa Sigma. After the initiation a spread and delightful social hour was enjoyed.

Saturday, May 23, the Sorority, chaperoned by the patroness, Mrs. Fannie Cheever Burton, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Conlon, in Detroit. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Conlon entertained the Sorority with a theater party. The delightful day was happily ended with a six o'clock dinner at Mr. and Mrs.
Conlon's pretty home. At its close, Miss Thompson, acting as toastmaster, called for responses from several of the members. The party from Ypsilanti were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Seeley, of Ann Arbor, and the Misses Ellsworth and Baker, of Detroit.

Friday evening, June 5, the Sorority entertained a small number of friends with a dancing party at the Country Club. This enjoyable gathering of the sisters and their friends closed the season’s festivities, and a most prosperous year for the Sorority.

Miss Ama Stevenson, who has held the position of sixth grade critic teacher in the Winona State Normal, of Minnesota, is visiting friends here for a few days.

Miss Edith Todd is spending a short time in town visiting old friends.

HARMONIOUS MYSTICS

The Sorority of Harmonious Mystics was most delightfully entertained by the Misses Wallin at Northville, Saturday, June 6.

The regular spring initiation was held and Miss Rachel Fletcher and Miss Tila Wilkinson were received into the sorority.

After an elaborate banquet, Miss Alice Wallin, acting as toastmaster, the following toasts were responded to: "Music and Morals," Miss Robertson; "The Sorority Spirit," Mrs. Pease; "The Music Stool," Miss Fletcher; Summer Days," Miss George; "Dates," Miss Brabb.

TAU KAPPA THITA

A pleasant social evening was spent at the Church House, Monday, May 25, in honor of our patron Professor Barbour. Mr. Histon acted as toastmaster. Professors Barbour and Teetzel responded to toasts with interesting and instructive talks, also Messrs. Price, Walser, and Gilmore.

Carl C. McCelland, '02, principal of the Eaton Rapids high school, came down for a short time last week and attended the senior reception while here. We are glad to note that he has secured a position in Benton Harbor at a substantial increase of salary. Phil Dennis, '02, will fill the vacancy at Eaton Rapids. James B. Melody, '02, J. W. Martindill, '02, J. T. Reincke, '02, and C. G. McWhinney, '01, retain their old positions for the coming year. Joseph Gill, '02, will study law at the University of Michigan.

Mr. R. M. Reinhold, '04, and Mr. V. M. Wood, '04, were recently initiated into the fraternity.

Professor Teetzel will take charge of athletics at the University of Michigan during the summer school, after which he and family will return to their home in Chicago.

The fraternity is in the most prosperous condition since its organization, and with Messrs. Price, Reinhold, Winton, Wood, Barbour, and White at the helm for next year, its continued success is assured.

ALPHA SIGMA TAU

Saturday, May 16, the Sorority with lunch baskets and hammocks spent a delightful day up the river.

May 21, the Misses Nims informally entertained the members at their rooms on Ballard St.

The patronesses and the old members of the Alpha Sigma Tau, were pleasantly entertained by the new members at the rooms of Miss Henley, Friday evening, June 5. The sorority colors, emerald and gold, and the sorority flower, the yellow rose, were prominent features of the decorations. The evening passed quickly in games and conversation. At a late hour refreshments were served.

Miss Zaidee Dingfelder will teach the sixth grade at Sturgis, next year, and Miss Elizabeth Nims, the seventh grade at Coldwater.

Miss Hazelle G. Hill, of Decatur, was the guest of Miss Daisy Brodhed, Sunday, May 24.

Mrs. W. G. Waudley, of Jackson, was a guest of Miss Ellon Henley, Saturday, June 6.

Miss Charlotte Kinyon, of Hillsdale, visited Miss Emma Baer, June 5 and 6.

The Sorority gave a party at the Country Club, Tuesday, June 9. The patronesses chaperoned.
Clubs

PORTIA CLUB

At the last few meetings of the Portia Club, the members have felt a prevailing atmosphere of sadness. Our work has been found so pleasant and instructive that the thought that it must cease so soon cannot help but bring to all a deep regret.

On the evening of May 28, the members indulged in a few impromptu speeches. They proved to be very interesting and many new and startling facts were put before the minds of all who listened.

An open meeting was held June 4. Each member contributed her share to the evening’s entertainment of the many present. Miss Paine very aptly clothed her thoughts in an original poem.

June 11, our last meeting was held. The club assembled at the home of Miss Mereness to enjoy a sumptuous banquet. The following fitting toasts were well given: Our Portia Club, Miss Luxford; 1904, Miss Wilson; Our Critical Member, Miss Perkins; Lights and Shadows of College Life, Miss Whitcomb; Last Moments, Miss Paton.

The Seniors who leave the club cannot but remember with pleasure the many delightful evenings spent together, and they feel assured that the members who are left will hold high the standard and ever be true to Portia of Belmont. Long live our club!

WEBSTER CLUB

Friday night meetings are not a great success.

Much improvement has been made by those who have stayed with the club the whole year. The new members will form a strong club for next season. We regret the fact that our old war horse, Mr. Munson, will not be with us. The calm eloquence of R. C. Smith and Harry Rice will also be conspicuous by their absence.

Next year’s question for debate with M.A.C., “The Disfranchisement of the Negro in Mississippi,” was discussed by the club this month.

LINCOLN CLUB

The work of the Lincoln Club during the year of 1903 has been the most successful of any year’s work in the club’s history. The year’s close finds us in possession of the Showerman silver cup for the second year, which speaks well for our success in the debating work.

We look forward to next year’s contest with a great deal of confidence for nearly all of the present members remain in the club for another year, and have already begun to prepare for next year’s debate.

A strong corps of officers have been elected for the fall term, and everything looks favorable for another profitable year’s work.

Several new by-laws have been passed during the year, but those pertaining to membership are the most stringent, and it is now considered a mark of honor to become a member of the Lincoln Club.

PHI DELTA PI

The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of the fraternity. From a membership of eight in October, it has grown until now it numbers sixteen. Nine of these finish their work at the Normal this spring.

May 22, the Beta chapter of Mt. Pleasant gave their annual banquet. Mr. Waldron represented the Alpha chapter and was royally entertained; hospitality was unlimited. He returned with his head in his suit-case.

Saturday, June 13, a banquet was held as the annual spring function of the fraternity, the ladies of the Congregational church catering. Covers were laid for forty. Cyrus Tremper acted as toastmaster.

We close the records hoping that next year will be even more prosperous than the past one has been.
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