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It Is Folly!

To think one can select a proper glass by trying on one pair after another until the glass that you see best with happens to strike your fancy. The eye should be properly measured by an experienced optician, and proper glasses should be ground and set in a correct frame and in correct position in front of the eye. Optical science up-to-date is practiced by us. If you have trouble with your eyes, call on

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From The Ypsilantian, July 26, 1900.

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Brothers ....
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Gymnasium Shoes.
Rubbers Neatly Fitted.
Watch our windows for
The Latest.

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The Jeweler
FREDERIC ZEIGEN.

IN EXCELSIS.

The gurgling brook laughs as it glides along,
And sounds the bass notes to the tillark's song;
And mirrors clear the nodding trees above
As though in all the world there was no wrong.

But soon the tillark's song is hushed in death;
The trees are cold and bare in nakedness;
The shivering brook has ceased its melody
And, icebound, waits the springtime's kiss.

* * * *

Book of Hope. From out thy holy pages
Stream forth the prophecies of countless ages;
The loves, the fears, the hopes of new-made man;
The balm of wizards and advice of sages!
The world was young. With all the youthful fire
It filled its days with happy love's desire;
All life was fair: the well of youth flowed high;
Green was the earth, and blue the sunlight sky.

But soon, alas, the bloody spectre, War,
Stalked o'er the land, and heart from heartstrings tore;
And envy crushed into a mangled mass
The dream of peace and love that passed before.
So in the agony of writhing ages
Time brought the psalms, and hope the calm-voiced sages;
And thus from heaven the golden prophet came
Announcing "Peace" here in a Savior's name.
The world is old. Ten millions ages gone
Since first the sun was fashioned by the Eternal One;
And eons before the countless spheres in space,
Like mighty wheels, whirled ceaseless cycles on and on.
And from that ultimate of dawning time
All mystic forces formed a gem sublime:
There in the manger lowly on one wintry morn
Creation's Gem, The Prince of Peace, was born.

All sorrow, vice and crime were brushed away,
All taints of blood had ceased that golden day,
And He, the brother, Savior of mankind,
Then blessed the seed, and glorified for aye.
The valiant prince on proud and gilded throne,
The pauper poor who dies in filth alone;
And all the wondering world, through heart and core
Shall know that love of God forevermore.

* * * *

Then, Ring! Ring! Ring! Ye bells.
Out, your joyous deep-toned knells!
Tell the world your happy story!
Ring of Peace on Earth, and Glory!
How that rhythm, ringing, wells —
Round and round! Their rapture swells!
Ring! Ring! Ring! Ye Bells!
In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slip-shod assistance, foolish inattention, dozily indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task? On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye, and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?
Which encyclopedia?
Where is the encyclopedia?
Was I hired for that?
Don't you mean Bismarck?
What's the matter of Charlie doing it?
Is he dead?
Is there any hurry?
Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

What do you want to know for?
And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no
such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but
according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to
explain to your ‘‘assistant’’ that Correggio is
indexed under the C’s, not in the K’s, but
you will smile sweetly and say, ‘‘Never
mind,’’ and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action,
this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will,
this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold
and lift, are the things that put pure socialism
so far into the future If men will not act for
themselves, what will they do when the ben­
et of their effort is for all? A first mate with
knotted club seems necessary; and the dread
of getting ‘‘the bounce’’ Saturday night holds
many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out
of ten who apply can neither spell nor pun­
tuate—and do not think it necessary to.
Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?
‘‘You see that book-keeper,’’ said the fore­
man to me in a large factory—
‘‘Yes, what about him?’’
‘‘Well, he’s a fine accountant, but if I’d
send him up town on an errand, he might
accomplish the errand all right, and, on the
other hand, might stop at four saloons on the
way, and when he got to Main Street, would
forget what he had been sent for.’’

Can such a man be entrusted to send a mes­
ge to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much
maudlin sympathy expressed for the ‘‘down­
trodden denizen of the sweat-shop,’’ and the
‘‘homeless wanderer searching for honest
employment,’’ and with it all often go many
hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who
 grows old before his time in a vain attempt
to get frowsy ne’er-do-wells to do intelligent
work; and his long patient striving with
‘‘help’’ that does nothing but loaf when his
back is turned. In every store and factory
there is a constant weeding-out process going
on. The employer is constantly sending
away ‘‘help’’ that have shown their incapacity
to further the interests of the business, and
others are being taken on. No matter how
good times are, this sorting continues, only if
times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting
is done finer—but out and forever out, the
incompetent and unworthy go. It is the sur­
vival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every
employer to keep the best—those who can carry
a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts
who has not the ability to manage a business
of his own, and yet who is absolutely worth­
less to anyone else, because he carries with
him constantly the insane suspicion that his
employer is oppressing, or intending to
oppress, him. He cannot give orders, and he
will not receive them. Should a message be
given him to take to Garcia, his answer would
probably be, ‘‘Take it yourself.’’

To-night this man walks the streets look­
ing for work, the wind whistling through his
threadbare coat. No one who knows him
dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand
of discontent. He is impervious to reason,
and the only thing that can impress him is the
toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot.

Of course I know that one so morally
deformed is no less to be pitied than a physi­
cal cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear
too, for the men who are striving to carry on
a great enterprise, whose working hours are
not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is
fast turning white through the struggle to
hold in line dowdy indifference, slip-shod
imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which,
but for their enterprise, would be both hungry
and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Pos­
sibly I have; but when all the world has gone
a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sym­
pathy for the man who succeeds—the man
who, against great odds, has directed the
efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds
there’s nothing in it; nothing but bare board
and clothes.

I have carried a dinner-pail and worked
for day’s wages, and I have also been an
employer of labor, and I know there is some­
ting to be said on both sides. There is no
excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing anything else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

A WORD OF COMMENDATION.

By the courteous permission of Mr. George H. Daniels, we are able to publish without abridgment in this issue of the paper, "A Message To Garcia." Nothing has been written in recent years that is more likely to incite young people to energetic and high endeavor than this little proclamation by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, and it is hard to see how any student can read this homily without being led to put forth more strenuous efforts to make the most of himself in whatever circumstances he may be placed. "A Message To Garcia" contains more sound sense and practical philosophy than any other bit of modern literature, and in the pages of Mr. Hubbard's essay can be found the true philosophy of success in life. The young man who faithfully follows the suggestions in "A Message To Garcia" day after day, week after week, and year after year, will wake up some fine morning to find himself recognized as one of the capable men of his day and generation.

Mr. George H. Daniels, who is the head of the passenger business of the New York Central railroad, was one of the first readers to perceive the far-reaching influence likely to be exerted by "A Message To Garcia," and with his accustomed energy, he undertook at once to bring Mr. Hubbard's essay within the reach of every boy and girl in the land. In undertaking to supply the demand for this essay, Mr. Daniels has found no small task. He has already printed more than a million copies and is now sending out the third half million copies. Mr. Daniels, who is himself a lover of beautiful books, has issued "A Message To Garcia" in an attractive pamphlet of thirty pages, printed on good paper, and illustrated with portraits of Lieutenant-Colonel Rowan, General Garcia, and Mr. Hubbard. No charge whatever is made for this pamphlet, and Mr. Daniels declares that he will print as many copies as may be needed to supply the demand if it takes the twentieth century to do it. A copy will be sent for a one cent stamp to any address. In most of the railroad ticket offices copies may be had for the asking. A special edition, limited in number, has been printed on heavy plate paper, and bound in a gray blue cloth and heavy boards. The pages have a red line around them, and the illustrations are brought out in a manner equal to the best magazines. This edition is intended for libraries and was issued at the request of a large number of libraries which wanted the "Message" in a permanent binding. Copies of this limited edition may be obtained at 50 cents. Address George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, N. Y. C. & H. R. R., Grand Central Station, New York City.

In distributing "A Message To Garcia" among the youth of the United States, Mr. Daniels is showing himself a public benefactor. Many a youth who might have done life's work in a half-hearted and careless way will be led to make the most of himself through the stimulus gained from a reading of "A Message To Garcia."
THE EFFECTS OF ATHLETIC PROFESSIONALISM.

JOHN C. SPRINGMAN.

ATHLETICS today are looked at from two points of view: the amateur and the professional. The amateur athlete is one whose primary object in taking part in the games is pleasure, and from this desire he develops himself physically, morally and socially. He does not spend the greater share of his time in devoting his attention to games, but they hold a secondary place and give him valuable exercise and recreation outside his regular business. As soon, however, as a person receives a compensation for athletic work to aid him in obtaining a livelihood, he becomes what is termed a professional. He may follow the playing of games only during a particular season of the year and then return to his regular business. He acquires greater efficiency in playing than the amateur does and may possess as high an ethical standard. But when a person devotes his entire time and energy to athletic sports his ethical standard usually lowers and as a result his value as a citizen.

It is necessary to make some distinction between amateurs and professionals in order to encourage those who have not taken part in the games and those who are less proficient in them to play and thereby obtain the benefits of vigorous outdoor exercise. They will also know that less is expected of them than from those who have made it a life business and whose only aim in life is victory on the field.

The place where these games can be systematically arranged and the best results derived is in the schools and colleges. It has been the desire of nearly all earnest physical directors for at least the present generation, to encourage amateur athletics. Their work is doing its greatest and best good in the American colleges. Although the present system of college athletics is far from perfect, rapid strides are being made toward its perfection. No theme is of greater importance today to the colleges and universities than the subject of athletics. Every one will admit that young men who study should exercise, and that such exercise, to be beneficial, should be regular and systematic. If we desire to do strong mental work it is necessary that we see to it that the mind has a strong physical body with which to do this work. It is true that weak men have done a great deal of mental work, but this does not argue that they might not have done a great deal more and better work had they had a strong body to do it with.

Before the war of secession there was little athletic work, in fact almost none, in our colleges and the college student of those days would have mistrusted his calling if at any time he had played a game of ball. The indifference toward and the dislike for athletics which then prevailed, was largely due to the religious ideas of the time. Men were told to keep their bodies weak that the spiritual might be strong. It has however been learned that the ideas held a generation or two ago, were absurd and without foundation. After this change in ideas and sentiments it is necessary to get down to a sound, practical basis of much more value to the progress of morality and civilization.

Among the many things resulting from this change of feeling and views two are especially interesting to college men. (1) The general decay of literary societies, debating clubs, etc. (2) The rapid growth of athletics, in which honor is paid the youths because they are strong, enduring and brave. Today the whole community is stirred up by their physical contests and as a result the whole mass of people is invigorated and enlivened.
Athletics differ from gymnastics in that gymnastics are for individual training and development with health mainly in view, while the primary idea in athletics is the pleasure they furnish for those who take part; a secondary idea is competition and contest. In this way college athletics produce strong physical development, and afford amusement for vast numbers all over our land.

Let us look at the present system of college athletics and see what it is doing. During the football and baseball seasons the system furnishes regular systematic outdoor training and exercise for a goodly number of students varying in different colleges. These men form regular habits, become obedient to authority, and learn how to handle other men.

As a result of this training the colleges are sending out a better class of men. They are sending a healthy influence into the schools and so increasing the attention given to physical development. President Eliot says: "It is agreed on all hands that the increased attention given to physical exercise and athletic sports within the last twenty-five years has been, on the whole, of great advantage to the university; that the average physique of the mass of students has been sensibly improved; the discipline of the college has been made easier and more effective; the work of many zealous students done with greater safety; and the ideal student has been transformed from a stooping, weak and sickly youth into one well-formed, robust and healthy.

The system of college athletics has given opportunity for the development of certain qualities of mind and character which are as essential to success in life as scholarship and literary culture; it has a tendency to produce order as it gives those who are physically active a chance to run off their excess of animal spirits; it also furnishes atopic for discussion out of study hours and relieves the monotony of daily lessons; it furnishes the instructors an opportunity of meeting their pupils as men interested in a common good without the reserve of the classroom; by its intercollegiate contests the students are brought into a wider world and better understanding of men than can be found in the limits of their own campus.

The objections to college athletics brought forward by some are that the excitement produced by athletic games detracts from study; that the evils of betting is also attendant on college sports; that there is always more or less disorder consequent upon victories; that only a few are benefited as only the strongest physically are selected and those who need most attention are left to shift for themselves; that hard feelings are often produced against the college resulting from intercollegiate contests; that an excessive amount of time is required by the present system of athletics.

If any persons, however, has enough interest in the present system of college athletics to look into it carefully he will find that the evils have been greatly exaggerated, and that a greater benefit is derived than is commonly supposed. It is certain that the colleges are in a better condition with their system of athletics than they were without. The disorders which occurred then were far worse than those which occur today.

It must be admitted that evils exist in the system; but the system is young and these will be corrected. The college which ignores physical culture will not educate forceful men; it will not be the living power it might be.

The one thing which at present should be of the greatest concern to physical directors, faculties, and managers, is the tendency toward professionalism so prevalent in the middle west. It tends to unfairness in intercollegiate contests. Student-managers are often trying to put in coaches and others who are not eligible to play in what is known as an amateur game.

The professional spirit has entered the colleges to such an extent that we find the athletic associations paying the hour and making up scholarships for certain students for the sake of having them on the teams. This spirit has also brought forward and encouraged the custom of paying the expenses of the visiting teams. Professionalism has a tendency to
discourage the weak and those who are but moderately strong. The coach usually fixes too high a standard of physical perfection and efficiency, that they are discouraged and unable to compete with their more fortunate comrades. The fault of the professional tendency in college athletics lies with the faculties. They should make rules, which would state definitely who are eligible to compete in amateur sports, and see that these rules are enforced. They should see to it that good officials are placed on the field and arrange for uniformity of action with other colleges. The expense for running college athletics should be paid out of the general college fund and so relieve the students from paying admission. Anything that has any tendency to deviate from pure amateur athletics should be done away with for professional athletics are, to an extent, degrading and will in time lower the high standard of all existing amateur athletics.

We have only to look to Greece and Rome to see how professionalism destroyed and discouraged all physical culture and physical training. The Greeks had their periodic games in which only Greek citizens were allowed to compete at first. Honor was paid to the winner and every youth was encouraged to take part and because they were of a religious character, almost every one was willing to compete in the contests. Thus we find the Greeks developing the most wonderful degree of physical perfection ever attained before or since by any race of people. These games had a great variety of sports and are known to every one as the Olympic Games. As time went on we find that the honors bestowed upon the victors, the great numbers of competitors, the great variety of contests, and the desires of the people, made it necessary for those who took part to spend most of their time in training. As a result of this long-continued hard training, we find the Greek athlete approaching physical perfection; making a great many records, providing the masses with excellent games, and furnishing an instrument to bind Greece together.

The result of this constant hard training, however, left only professional athletics to contest in the games in which kings and nobles were once proud to take part; men who were uncultivated and who had no taste for learning or intelligence. The better class of the Greek youths thus withdrew from the contests and went without physical training. The most commendable contests went out of use while the most barbarous took the lead, and gradually the Greek games and her wonderful system of gymnastics which had their birth and death in the Olympic Games, were closed by the Emperor Theodosius.

In Rome we find almost the same conditions, the games which were religious in character at first and aimed at physical and muscular development to enable the youth to withstand the battle and campaigns of war, gradually developed into exhibitions to satisfy the passions of the people. As a consequence of this, fierce combats were introduced into the games and men were actually trained to slaughter each other for the entertainment of the people. The demoralizing influence of these games greatly weakened the Roman people and aided greatly in the downfall of the Roman Empire. The games called for professionals and led Romans to despise the training whose sole object was for warlike games, which were beneath their dignity. Thus slaves and hired gladiators were trained to take part in the games, and physical training died out among the Romans. It has thus been shown that professional athletics are demoralizing and destructive and will in time weaken the entire race of people wherever they are found.

To see that amateur athletics may be uplifting, moral, and tend to raise the social and physical standard of a people we need only to look at the "Age of Chivalry." It is known to all that the all around physical development, the high moral and social standard was due to the training of the knights. Look at them, a splendid example of manliness, and see how they respected others, due only to the training they had gone through.
During this period the aim of physical training was not alone for the purpose of competition or to satisfy the savage desires of the people, but to celebrate games and religious ceremonies, and above all to produce manliness, morality, courtesy, and all around physical development.

It is true they had their tournaments, but not only the knights who were the most skillful took part in these, but all who desired had the privilege of tilting and even the squires and pages were found on the tournament field. All were paid equal respect and none were set up for a standard to which others should desire to approach.

It has been shown that athletics are necessary for the perfect advancement of civilization, that it is necessary that they should be amateur, and of such nature as to encourage all to take part in them. It has also been shown that professional athletics are destructive, unmoval, and retard the progress of civilization. Let us who are interested then in the cause of athletics as a factor necessary for the advancement of the world put forth every effort to see that they are rightly presented to the public, to those who take part in them, and so make athletics the living power which only amateurism can do.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Long, long ago in far off lands,
The bells of Christmas rang,
And mingling with their music sweet,
Brave lads their carols sung.
And these the words that glad and clear,
The morning silence broke:
"A merrie, merrie, merrie Christmas all
Ye goode and honest folke!"

O Christmas of "Ye Olden Time,"
The world will brighter grow;
As o'er the years your music floats,
All hearts with love overflow!
Again we sing, with "right good cheer,"
The song that echoes weke:
"A merrie, merrie, merrie Christmas all,
Ye goode and honest folke!"—Es.
ENGLISH kingship has its origin in the leaders of the Saxon war-bands, which made their first invasion of England in 449, under the war leaders Hengist and Horsa. It was more than a century and a half before these periodic invasions of Saxons and Angles ceased.

The chieftains or leaders of these Germanic tribes were called Ealdormen and Heretoga. These names simply express two different phases of the same office. The civil ruler was called Ealdorman, and the military leader, Heretoga. If the Ealdormen should lead the tribe or a portion of it, upon a military expedition he should then be known by the title of Heretoga.

One important matter to be taken into consideration in regard to the leaders of the war-bands, which invaded England as well as the German tribes on the Continent, is the universal principle of election among them. The war leader was simply one of their own number, chosen by themselves, to lead them upon the expedition, and they were to continue under his authority only so long as expedition lasted. Thus it can be seen that the leadership at this time was not a permanent or stable institution.

As the conquest advanced and the different tribes had possession of some definite territory (some of them brought into subjection and under the authority of another tribe) they began to feel the need of a permanent leader, therefore the ealdorman was advanced to the dignity of king.

Another important factor in the establishment of kingship was the fact that from the time the war-bands first invaded the island until many years and even centuries had elapsed, they were continually at war, either with the native Britians or with other invading tribes. Since it was customary to entrust themselves to the leadership of one of their number, when engaging in an expedition, and to continue under his authority until the expedition was completed, it would be quite a natural result that the position of leader should now become permanent, because of the continual warfare, either offensive or defensive.

Kingship was, however, a sort of combination or union of the leaders' functions as ealdorman, and his functions as heretoga, or in other words, a combination of his powers as civil ruler, and his powers as military leader. Feilden says that "the advantages of the new institution guaranteed its permanency, and it was gradually adapted by all the invading tribes."

The relation of the king to the people was at first only a personal one, and not territorial, as it came to be later. The king was the ruler of the people but not of the land. He represented the unity of the people, of the tribe, by whom he was elected. The land of the nation was considered to belong to the people in common, and the king was not allowed in early times to make grants of it to any person without the consent of the Witan.

The acquisition of greater powers by the king was progressive and gradual. A king having a very strong personality would of course make greater gains in power than would a weak king. The strong-minded king would begin doing things of his own accord which would legally have been done in conjunction with, or by the consent of the Witan. If the Witan did not object to these acts of the king, which they would be very unlikely to do under a strong king, they
would in time come to be considered as rightfully and legally performed by the king.

In regard to the power of the king at first depending upon his personality, I quote the following from Turner: “Much of his power at first depended upon his personal character and talents. Thus Eadbald had less authority in Kent than his father, while Eadwin in Northumbria attained to such authority that he had the banner carried before him, not only in battle, but also in his excursions with his ministers through his kingdom, which seemed to have been an assumption of dignity and state unknown before. So Oswin was so beloved for his amiable conduct that the noblest men of his provinces came from every part to attend and serve him.”

There were however three or four causes of the development of the kingly power during the Saxon period, which were of greater importance than any others. They were:

1. Increase of territory.
2. The comitatus or a nobility of service department upon the crown.
3. The introduction of Christianity and the close alliance between church and state.
4. The policy of aggrandizement and conquest of the heptarchic kingdoms.

One can easily see that as a rule the increase of territory would give the king increased power. It would increase his power directly and indirectly. Indirectly by serving to increase the vague reverence, which is becoming attached to kingship.

If a king of one tribe made war upon another, as they were continually doing, and was successful in conquering it, the successful king would of course succeed to the powers and prerogatives of the conquered king. “A king who reigned over all Wessex was more of a king than a king who reigned only over the Isle of Wight, and a king who reigned over all England was more of a king than a king who ruled only over Wessex.”

Increase of territory will increase the reverence of the people for the king, for he will be less familiar to the mass of the people than he would be in a smaller kingdom. There is an old saying that familiarity breeds reverence. In this case unfamiliarity breeds reverence.

The institution of the comitatus was “the personal relation between a man and his lord, a relation of faithful service on one side, of faithful protection on the other.” It was through this institution that thegnhood grew up in Anglo-Saxon England, and a nobility of service largely absorbed or overshadowed the nobility of blood.

It was considered a great honor among the Anglo-Saxons to be allowed to serve his superior in rank. Those who were in the king’s service became the highest nobility of the land, and the king’s horse-thegns, dish-thegns, etc., all became great dignitaries of the kingdom. The thegns of the king’s thegns would be the next lower rank of nobility, and so on down the scale. This institution, which was at first voluntary, finally made it compulsory on all men to seek a lord for himself. He might choose whom he would have for a lord, but a lord must have to act as his protector and guarantee his good behavior.

The duties of those who were in the comitatus of the king, or of any other lord, was very similar to the feudal tenants of the Norman Period. Thus this territorial relation of the kings to their subjects would greatly increase their power for they are now in honor and duty bound to do them service in any way which they may command. The feudal system did not exist in England prior to the Norman conquest, but all of its principles were, however, embodied in this institution of comitatus. All it lacked to make it the feudal system was definite and limited organization.

The introduction of Christianity in 597 was of great moment in the development of the kingly power. It not only gave them the example of a strong central organization, but it greatly exalted the dignity of his position, both directly and indirectly.

There was a very close alliance between church and state. Freeman says: “The days of our native kings were days of far more
complete identification of the church and
the nation than can be found at any time after
the Norman Conquest. The nation was
intensely religious; the church was inten­sely
national. The same tribunals dealt alike
with temporal and with ecclesiastical affairs,
without the least idea that either power had
intruded upon the province of the other."

This close alliance between church and
state gave to the king many powers, which
he had never before possessed.

The policy of conquest and aggrandizement
of the heptarchic kingdoms was nothing
more than the old policy of securing more
and more territory at the expense of some
other nation. In the first stage of the con­
solidation of heptarchic kingdoms, the king
of one after conquering the king of another,
would simply require that king to receive him
as his overlord. In the second stage this
overlordship has developed into complete sov­
ergie. This was the process of consolidation
going on, and with each conquest of a
kingdom by another, the power of the suc­
cessful king receives a great acceleration.
The final consolidation was accomplished by
the West-Saxon kings of the latter part of
the ninth century and the first part of the
tenth. Eadward was the first king, who
could not fully claim to be king of the English.
The Anglo-Saxon kingly power reached its
culmination in his reign. He was not only
sovereign of what was formerly the Hept­
archic kingdoms, but Scotland and Strath­
clyde accepted him, and paid homage to him
as their overlord. The influence of the
church in the development of the king’s
power can also be seen in this union of the
heptarchic kingdoms. "The union of the
heptarchic churches in the obedience of the
Archbishop of Canterbury, led the way to the
union of the heptarchic kingdoms in the
obedience to the king of Wessex."

With the Norman Conquest came some
new causes for the development of the power
of the crown. When William conquered
England and was declared king, he assumed
all of the privileges and powers of English
kings, and he and his successors continued
adding to these powers until the crown over­
shadowed all other governmental institutions.
The Conqueror claimed the throne of England
as the chosen heir of Edward.

William went through all of the legal forms
of previous kings of England, such as election
by the Archbishop, etc. There were a great
many things, which William and his success­
ors did to strengthen the royal power. One
of the methods used by him was the confisca­
tion of the land, and the organization of the
feudal system. The land was not confiscated,
however, until the English owners rose in
rebellion against the Conqueror, or for some
other act, which would give him the legal
right as king of England, to take their lands
from them on the charge of treason, which
had been definitely defined and laws passed
in regard to, as far back as the reign of Alfred
the Great. By this confiscation of the land,
and regranting it to his followers, or to Eng­
lishmen for a sufficient consideration, his
power was made stronger, because his rela­
tion to his subjects would be not only per­
sonal, but territorial as well.

William’s ambition was to build up a strong
central government. The feudal system, as it
existed in France was incompatible with a
strong central authority. The kings of France
had no power further than that of feudal lords
with tenants under them.

William, in granting the land did not grant
in one immense tract to each baron, but gave
to each baron several tracts, often widely
separated so that it would be more difficult for
the barons to raise an army to use against the
king. Furthermore the king made all of his
chief tenants, and all other free men of the
realm take an oath of allegiance to him, thus
recognizing his superiority.

His power was also strengthened by the
military organization of the feudal system.
All of his vassals were bound by oath to fur­
nish him a certain number of fighting men in
time of war.

This system, even organized as it is under
William still retains many disruptive tenden­
cies, and requires a strong administration.

The feudal landholders, accustomed as they were to the freedom granted the feudal holders of France, were very jealous of the powers, which this system has conferred upon the king in England, and were ready to break out in open rebellion, the moment an opportunity offered itself. It required the hand of an exceedingly strong and diplomatic king to hold them in check.

William's power was also much increased by his regulation of the royal revenue. He received all feudal imposts imposed the Danelagd anew, which bad been abolished by Edward the Confessor, and increased the sum from two to six shillings on every hide of land. He also received a large revenue from the judicial system.

The courts of the hundred and the shire were unchanged by the Normans, and as before the Witan, or Great Council, as it was now called, was the court of highest appeal. He also sold certain new privileges, or exacted payment for the retention of old ones, such as granting special charters to cities. The incomes derived from these various sources were very great.

In his organization of the Church, William showed his usual foresight and statesmanship. There was the same gradual change of administrators in the church that there was in the state. He allowed the clergy to settle their disputes in counsels of their own, and partly separated from the secular government. An independent system of church courts was established with power to punish violators of the canon or church laws.

He, however, made it obligatory to secure his consent for the trying in a church court, anyone holding lands directly from him.

No Pope's legate or letter from the Pope was to be received without his consent, and the clergy could enforce no rules which did not have his approval. Thus this separate church government, being to a great extent subject to his personal will, would strengthen his power, and could be used as a force in opposition to the power of the barons. The fact that all church estates were feudal would of course secure the king in his relations to the church.

After the death of William the Conqueror, William Rufus, in order to secure the crown 'swore to Lanfranc that if he were made king he would preserve justice and equity, and mercy throughout the realm, would defend against all men, the peace, liberties, and securities of the churches and would, in all things and through all things, comply with his precepts and counsels.'

Soon after his coronation the barons revolted, but were put down by the king with the aid of the English common people, who preferred the tyranny of one to the tyranny of many. The common people for a long time remained a strong lever in the hands of the king to use against the barons.

The king, contrary to his most solemn vows, reigned with a tyrannical hand. He asserted his powers especially along the fiscal and judicial lines, more especially the fiscal. His fiscal policy was very tyrannical and exacting. The churches were his especial objects of extortiion, because of their facilities for the carrying out of such a policy.

Upon the death of William Rufus in 1100, Henry I. was elected king by the Great Council. He immediately issued a charter of liberties, stating the general principles by which he intended to govern. The government under Henry I. was strong, but not really tyrannical. He made use of all the sources of power, which were used by his father and brother. Orderic says of him: "After a careful examination of the histories of the ancients, I boldly assert that none of the kings in the English realm was as touching the grandeur of this world, richer or more powerful than Henry's."

With the accession of Stephen began a reign of anarchy and bloodshed, which he was not strong enough alone to quell. If Stephen had been a strong man in his individual character, as even the Norman kings, who preceded him, he would undoubtedly have been able to put down the rebellion.
In 1154, Henry II, the first of the Angevin kings ascended the throne, and in a short time, by his statesmanship and strong individuality turned the chaotic condition of the county into one of comparative law and order. He put his whole time and energy to the strengthening of the royal administration.

Several changes were made in the judicial system. Royal courts were established, and also the practice of visitations of itinerant justices, among the local courts.

The sheriffs were made more closely responsible to the king. The king also assumed the authority of calling cases from the lower courts into the king’s court. In time the local courts were in a great measure absorbed by the royal courts.

By instituting the payment of scutage in commutation of military service, he strengthened his own power, while at the same time, he weakened that of the barons, because they would become unaccustomed to warfare, and would be unarmed. Then also the kings with this money might hire mercenary troops, which might be used against the barons, if necessary, and this was sometimes done.

Another strengthening military measure, was the assize of arms, which required the common freemen to arm themselves according to their individual means. The results of their struggles with the rebellious barons, is in large measure due to the faithfulness, with which the common people served the crown.

The reign of Richard I is only important inasmuch, that the royal power was not suffered to decrease. There was an increase in the methods of securing royal revenues, but on the whole there was no perceptible increase in the royal power. Nearly all of his reign was conducted by ministers, and not by himself.

After the loss of Normandy in King John’s reign, there was a much greater unity of the different classes in England.

John by his high-handed dealing in both church and state, called their wrath down upon him. All of the orders, clergy, nobility, and common people united, and forced him to sign the Magna Charter in 1215. This event marked the beginning of the downfall of the kingly power.

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A SONNET.

Of all the many people whom we meet
How small the number that we really know.
We glance into their faces as we greet,
But never see the heart that throbs below
How oft we pass a friend upon the street
And greet him with a cold, indifferent stare,
And find, too late, that in his bosom beat
A heart of love we never dreamed was there.
God grant that we may learn while pass the years
To know our friends, with sympathetic ties
So bind their hearts to ours, and dry the tears
That gather oft unnoticed in their eyes
O Lord, as Bar-timaeus prayed for light,
We pray that we, too, may receive our sight.

—E. C. Perrow, in Trinity Archive.
WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?

Chapter VII.

T WAS A beautiful morning toward the last of May. All nature decked in her holiday garments, was proclaiming that summer was nearly here. Jo sat in her pretty morning-room, totally unaware of the beauty of nature surrounding her. She was deep in retrospect, reviewing as a whole, her checkered past life. Across her horizon, many clouds had gathered, which nearly obscured the sunlight, but it was very unusual for her to brood over past events, which could not possibly be otherwise.

'Twas only yesterday, however, that her lawyer had informed her of an unwise investment, of whose nature she was almost ignorant, although she was a woman of no small business ability, in which nearly half of her fortune had been lost. Although a woman with half a million at her command, is not penniless, by any means, yet she wished more than ever that she had some one to whom she could turn. This brought back the remembrance of a little note which she had received yesterday. Mr. Everleigh had written to explain to her why he could not keep his appointment to call that morning. His uncle living in Australia had recently died. He had not seen him since he was a mere child. He had been sent for, to come and settle up his uncle's affairs. What he had delicately refrained from revealing to her, was that his uncle had remembered his nephew handsomely, by bequeathing him his entire fortune. It would be hard to say which lay the most heavily on Miss Allerton's mind, the loss of the money, or the absence of her legal adviser and friend.

She regretted the loss of the money, because she would not now, perhaps, have the opportunity to benefit the poor people of Chicago as she had anticipated. Mr. Everleigh would now have great financial affairs of his own, and could, probably, no longer be her legal friend as he had been heretofore.

From her reflections, Jo was brought back to the common occurrences of daily life, by the arrival of Master Frederic for whom she chose to call himself, who cried, "Oh, Auntie, today is our day to visit the sick children, the man brought the flowers an hour ago.

He had his hands in his pockets, jingling five and ten cent pieces, which he had earned from Prof. Stevenson. The five-cent pieces were in the majority, however, for since Miss Allerton knew that he had been bribed, she contrived a means, every time Mr. Everleigh called, whereby Master Frederic was only able to earn five-cent pieces. With a pompos manner, which he assumed on such occasions, he informs his "aunt" that he was "going to start a bank before long."

Today, indeed, was Miss Allerton's day for visiting the Children's Hospital. She always devoted two days in the week to the performance of this duty. With a light heart, she began to make preparations. First she arranged the flowers into little bouquets for each little child, then she carefully unwrapped the little presents which she had purchased—books, toys, or anything which would please the children, and tied them quaintly with ribbon. Meanwhile, Freddie either ran on errands for her or stood close by, watching her, asking as many questions as his childish mind could frame, which was no small number.

Nothing was too trifling for her to remember in this mission of love. Before long Miss Allerton with Freddie seated beside her in the carriage, was on her way to the hospital. How the little sufferers' faces lighted with joy at the sight of her! How many little childish woes were poured into her sympathetic ears, as she paused by each little bed, to hestow the flowers, the little gift, and kind word to each! Freddie's
mischievous, rosy face was also a source of delight to the little folks.

Miss Allerton's numerous responsibilities, the care of the hospital and little Fred, the management of the two being equally arduous, did not entirely engross her mind. She noticed Mr. Everleigh's absence, much more keenly than she would have desired to acknowledge.

While Miss Allerton's kindest thoughts and best wishes were following him, Paul Everleigh in the meantime was travelling to Australia. On his arrival, he found that his uncle had amassed a great amount of valuable property.

The affairs were in such a shape, however, that he would have to remain in Australia much longer time than he had anticipated. He would not be able to return to America for a year at least. When he learned of Miss Allerton's losses, he secretly rejoiced.

He loved Miss Allerton, but had always realized too keenly, their difference, socially. This barrier no longer existed, but what if, after all, she did not love him. He did not care to linger on this subject. He longed to write to her, but could think of no suitable pretext for so doing.

Meanwhile, Harold Stevenson, taking advantage of Paul's absence, called on several occasions at the Allerton mansion. At first, he intended to ingratiate himself with Miss Allerton, and make her feel that she had made a great mistake when she had refused to marry Harold Stevenson, M. A. He prided himself that only a short period of time would elapse, before she would realize the fact, and to her own sorrow, for a time at least.

Miss Allerton was always very polite to him, being a lady in every sense of the word. She pitied him because he took so pessimistic a view of the world, and no one realized more than she, his egotism. She regarded him in much the same manner as her charges in the hospital, his was merely another type of human suffering. She instinctively felt that such a man could have few friends. While she pitied him yet he was very amusing to her at times, and because of her thorough understanding of human nature, she was never offensive to him.

He did not renew the subject he had once opened for discussion. He studiously avoided any allusion to it whatever.

Becoming better acquainted with Miss Allerton, the original purpose, gradually ceased to be important, but this he would not have admitted to even himself.

Miss Allerton's great intellectuality interested him greatly, while her simple, devout manner of living, charmed him irresistibly. One day while she was visiting the hospital she found several beautiful bouquets, which had been sent by Harold Stevenson, a nurse informed her. He openly sometime afterwards manifested an interest in the hospital, and actually helped Miss Allerton to plan some improvements, which she wished to be made.

Harold Stevenson was gradually changing from a cynic to a lover, but he had heretofore been entirely unconscious of the change. He was constantly on the lookout, for any favor which he might do for her, not through selfish motives, but because he really desired to. Thus the summer passed quietly but pleasantly. Miss Allerton, did not care to visit the cottage on Lake Michigan, because of the sad memories associated with it.

One day late in September, as they were discussing the improvements which had been recently made at the hospital, in some way, Mr. Everleigh's name was mentioned. Miss Allerton spoke of him very highly, but rather modestly, too modestly, for a friend, thought Harold. Strange as it may appear, Harold Stevenson in an instant, divined the nature of his feelings toward her. Could it be possible she loved Paul Everleigh? Shortly after this supposed revelation, he took his departure.

But try as he might to forget her, a vision of Miss Allerton living a life of devotion to others would come before him continually. But after long meditation this cynical and bigoted professor acknowledged to himself that he loved the wealthy Miss Allerton. He must learn the truth, whether or not she loved Paul, and that at once. The suspense irritated him beyond endurance.
He accordingly framed a letter in which he confessed the uncharitable views he had always held concerning women, and also that to gain a high position in the world he had once offered her his hand. Becoming better acquainted after her refusal, he at first admired her (an honor which he had never conferred on any woman before), and later to love her, and now he wanted her to be his wife.

Jo was very much surprised, but she did not doubt his sincerity, for she had noticed a slight change in his attitude toward the world, but did not correctly guess the motive.

Ah, Harold Stevenson you have been too long in appreciating that which makes life worth living. You have awakened from the Elysium of egotism too late. Lethargy has held your soul in bondage too long. You have failed to grasp the golden opportunity, for the time has been when Miss Allerton might have given you a favorable answer. The answer must be a judicious and decisive one, thought Josephine. What should she write?

CHAPTER VIII.

There comes a time in every man’s life when the opposing forces of his nature aroused by some deep emotion meet and strive for mastery. This crisis had come to Harold Stevenson. The youthful message in which Jo had gently but firmly told him that she could not be his wife lay before him on the table, where he had dropped it in despair, when he realized that all his hopes for the future were crushed.

At first the truth dazed him, but as he sat with bowed head every scene of his past life came back to him in painful detail. And he felt for the first time the utter emptiness of his selfish existence. It was all too true that he deserved the cruel punishment that fate had decreed for him. For a long time his truer manhood battled with his former self until finally the former conquered and Stevenson rose from the conflict a new man. The hard lines about his face were softened and a new light, the light of high resolve shone in his eyes.

Having regained completely his self control Harold began to think over his plans for the near future. In a few days he would be obliged to resume his work at the university, for vacation was at an end. But first he must bid Miss Allerton good-bye. Yes, he would go at once before he learned to dread it. As he walked down the avenue to Miss Allerton’s house, the golden splendor of the autumn day, softened by the hazy atmosphere, appealed to him as nothing in nature had ever before. The withered leaves that drifted silently through the air, seemed like the dead hopes that had budded and grown for a few short weeks, only to fall in the autumn winds.

The day seemed full of sympathy for him—a sympathy, he had scorned before, but that would now become his only comfort. Arriving in the midst of this reverie, at his destination, he was shown at once to the drawing-room, where Jo presently joined him. Though the greeting was a trying one, she greeted him, with womanly composure. Stevenson rose as she entered and stepping forward, said, “Miss Allerton, I do not wish to prolong an interview, which must be painful to us both. I simply wish to say, that though I cannot have the help and comfort of your beautiful nature through life, yet I wish you to know that the lessons, which you have unconsciously given me, have led me to see life in its true light. You have taught me what it means to live. For this, I thank you,” and with a hand clasp and a bow, he was gone.

The next week found him at his accustomed desk in the class room; but he wore no longer, the stiff, sarcastic, self-satisfied air, that before had won him to the title of the “Great I Am”, for by that name was he known to all the students; but instead, there was a genial smile on his face, as he greeted his classes, and a sympathetic note in his voice, that surprised the old students almost out of believing their senses, and made the new ones wonder at the reports that had come to them of Prof. Stevenson. Surely this was not the man who had so aroused the antagonism of his pupils.

But the change in Harold’s manner grew into a settled reality, and he fast became a favorite among his pupils.
Boys, said a member of a group of students who were discussing the various affairs of college life, one afternoon, boys, what do you suppose has happened to Stevenson? Happened? Well—words wont express it.

"I did think at first that he wasn't built for this world," said one fellow, with a mock serious air, "and I thought I would please the old fellow with a few solid lessons. But goodness, he doesn't seem to be going very fast and if he intends to stay with us, I guess there's no especial call for my spending two hours a day on that Greek. Its wasting energy!"

"Oh, don't worry about that, Ned, we'll trust you for taking care of your own precious self."

"But I say fellows, and no joking either, Stevenson has turned over a new leaf and I, for one, am going to stand by him, while it lasts." "We're with you," cried the others, in a chorus and just then, who should come down the walk, but Stevenson himself! Joining the boys, the learned professor of dead languages was soon engrossed in discussing the prospects of the coming football season.

While the kindly influence of Stevenson's new self, was drawing him closer to the students every day, Josephine was spending her time quietly at home among her books, and her children, as she called her little charges, and besides that, it required not a little of her time and ingenuity, to bring Master Frederic up, in the way he should go, for his fun loving nature was leading him daily into new fields of mischief.

Thus the winter wore on, and almost before she realized it, spring had returned. The charms of awakening life were not to be resisted, and Jo spent many hours each day out of doors. One morning late in April, having a little matter to settle at the hospital, instead of ordering the carriage, as usual, Jo decided to use the opportunity for taking a walk.

As she passed down the avenue with brisk, light steps, every nerve in her body was alive to the beauty and freshness of the morning. The very air seemed full of magic and almost before she knew it she was building air castles.
surmising who it announced, waited at the
drawing room door to receive him.

As she stood there, clad in a simple white
gown, which clung in soft folds to her grace-
ful figure, she seemed truly, "a daughter of
the god's, divinely tall and most divinely
fair." To Paul, she was altogether lovely, and
it was with difficulty that he succeeded in
directing his thoughts to more commonplace
subjects.

However, Jo's unfeigned interest in his
trip, made the way easier than it would other-
wise have been for she knew how to listen,
as well as to converse, and with such eager
attention as an incentive, Paul was soon giv-
ing a graphic account of his travels.

When he paused for a moment in his nar-
ratio, Jo said:

"It must have been delightful to have all
those strange experiences, Mr. Everleigh, and
I am only surprised that you ever thought of
matter-of-fact old Chicago again."

On the contrary, I counted the days till I
might return and may I tell you the reason
why, Miss Allerton?

Something in his voice, seemed to rob Jo
of her usual composure, and though she did
not give the desired permission, neither did
she refuse it, and Paul, gaining courage from
this decision, proceeded to tell her ...........

But what matters it, what he told her? It
was only the old, old story. Let it suffice, to
say, that when Paul Everleigh went home
that night he was the happiest man in all the
city.

Early in autumn, a quiet wedding took
place, and after spending a few weeks at the
lakeside cottage, where they had met, under
such sadly different circumstances, three years
before. Mr. and Mrs. Everleigh returned to
Chicago, there to enjoy the even tenor of a
happy life.

One morning, ten years later, the Ever-
leighs were sitting at the breakfast table, and
Paul was endeavoring to divide his attention
impartially between his coffee and the morn-
ing paper. Suddenly his face beamed with
unusual interest—"Just listen to this, will
you Jo," he exclaimed, and turning to the
paper, he read: "At the meeting of the
Newgate board of regents, yesterday, Prof.
Harold Stevenson was unanimously chosen
to fill the position of College Dean. Prof.
Stevenson is a man fitted most admirably,
both by experience and temperament, for the
place. He is a true friend to the students,
and his influence with them has done much
toward building strong characters."

"Who would have dreamed such things of
Stevenson? He used to be a perfect prig, in
former days and I cannot account for the
change," said Paul.

But Jo, with her woman's insight un-
derstood, and she replied: "I know it seems
strange, Paul. He did have a wrong view of
life once, but that was because he had noth-
ing to make him realize what life really is.
But with the realization, his stronger man-
hood came to the front, and his career since
then has shown how well he learned the les-
son, that a life spent in unselfish service for
others is the only life that is worth while."

FINIS

With this number we conclude the novel
which has been running in the last three
issues. We trust our readers have enjoyed it,
as it is all the more interesting when we con-
sider the 'novel' way in which it was writ-
ten. As has been said before, it was written
by eight young ladies, each one writing a
chapter. We give below the names of the
various authors:

Chapter I.—Marinetta Goodell
Chapter II.—Daisy Searl.
Chapter III.—Elizabeth Arnold.
Chapter IV.—Margaret Sleezer.
Chapter V.—Matilda Bower.
Chapter VI.—Stella Zacharias.
Chapter VII.—Dora Brown.
Chapter VIII.—Edith Thomas.
A TALL straight figure glided back and forth over the smooth shining field of the frozen lake, now sweeping straight on, now turning graceful curves or executing some difficult grapevine twist. Edgar North seemed the very embodiment of grace and ease when he was on his skates, but that was the only time, for ever since he could remember he had been most awkwardly conscious of himself if another human being were near. He had not a handsome face, though it was a strong one, but he had an athletic figure to be proud of—if you saw it at rest. But alas! Edgar was afflicted with that most terrible of all maladies, bashfulness, and every movement seemed designed to be most awkward if he was in the presence of others. Only on his skates he seemed in his element.

On this particular occasion, Edgar's train of thoughts was not the most gratifying. He led a lonely life in the midst of the busy town where dozens of kind hearted people might have made him happy and received happiness from him in so doing. But Edgar was never understood. His early life had been spent “far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife.” His father had gone to the western mines years ago—absolutely penniless, but by a series of lucky chances had become wealthy. There in the lonely mining district Edgar was born and there his mother died, leaving the little boy to the father's care. But old John North had now become too miserly to bring up the little fellow as others would be likely to do. So they lived for years in the lonely little house miles from much of any civilization. But in spite of his many peculiarities John North proved a faithful father, and did not allow his boy to grow up in ignorance of such things as he could teach him. Edgar was naturally a reader and so did not grow up entirely ignorant of books.

When Edgar was fifteen his father sent him to a boy's school where he stood well in his classes, but suffered untold agonies because of his shyness. This he had never quite overcome, try as he would. Naturally, the old life had no attractions for him, so after he had successfully finished a university course, he set about to acquire investments of his father's. Here, as everywhere else, he seemed to live apart from the world around him. It was becoming a habit with him to start off for a good skate when he began to feel especially lonely. On this particular occasion he was feeling rather dissatisfied with himself and the world in general.

Why was it, he wondered, that he should never feel that he was a part of the world around him. He could do as much in every line as the average fellow. But there was always that fearful shyness and the awkwardness resulting from it in the way of the social success he most wanted. Why could he not appear at his ease like many young men he knew—many whom he even felt were intellectually his inferiors? Awkwardness. What cure was there for it? Why, he had heard of people learning to dance for the purpose of making themselves graceful. The idea seemed so funny when he thought of applying it to his own case that he laughed right out; but suddenly he stopped as if thinking more seriously of it. “I have it,” he exclaimed, and he abruptly wheeled about as if to show by his action the sudden change in his decision. He looked thoughtful and yet amused as he took a few long slow strokes forward and then stood still as he said to himself, “I'll do it. There's not one man out of ten who can skate as I can. A fair exchange is no robbery. She can teach me to dance and I can teach her to skate!”
Edgar did not stand long to consider, but
struck out across the lake toward town,
and hastily unfastening his skates set off with his
long ungainly strides for home.

* * * *

When Maude Moulton came into the din-
ing room to breakfast one morning, saying
pleasantly to her chum Alice Ross, who was
spending a week with her, her brother
Clarence already sat at the table deeply absorbed
in the morning paper. All at once he threw
it aside with a laugh and the exclamation,
"Here's some poor fool hard up for an occupa-
tion. Here's a chance for you, Maude." Maude glanced
at the indicated notice. "Well,
did you ever hear or see anything so ridicu-
los?" she said. "Listen to this Alice.
And she read the following notice:

A YOUNG MAN who is an excellent skater wishes
to become acquainted with a young lady, who
will teach him to skate. He will be glad to
receive her to skate. For particulars send to
E. P. N., Box 1002.

"What a joke it would be to answer it," said Alice. "Just for fun, you know." The
novelty of the thing was too much to resist,
and between them the girls wrote for "parti-
culars" that very morning. Great was their glee
when the next day brought a letter containing
the desired "particulars"—an explanation of
a young man, Edgar North by name, who
thought he might overcome his extreme awk-
wardness if he could learn to dance.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Maude.
"We'll answer that and describe some fic-
cious character and make up a name. You
know we didn't sign our names." "Yes,
and we can tell him where to meet her," answered Alice, "and we'll go to see the fun.
Where shall it be?" "Why, let's use," and
after a moment's thought, "How would it do
for you know I know him, and he'll think
it's lots of him." Of course Alice was ready
to agree to the plan, and the reply was sent.

Mr. North was told to appear at Cranmore's
dancing class on Friday evening where he
would find a rather tall young lady with round
face, blue eyes and very light hair. She
would wear a single scarlet carnation and he
was to do the same. Thus they would know
each other.

The girls had really grown quite interested
in their little practical joke, so that Friday
night found them off for Mr. Cranmore's dan-
cing class in the jolliest spirits. Maude ex-
plained the affair to Mr. Cranmore, and she
and Alice went aside to await results. * * *

Imagine their surprise when they soon dis-
covered a tall pretty blonde, the exact
counterpart of the description. They had
scarcely recovered from their astonishment
when they observed a tall ungainly young
fellow forlornly wandering about the hall
scrutinizing everyone present—especially
light-haired ladies.

Maude lost no time in explaining the ap-
parent situation to Mr. Cranmore—especially
the strange coincidence of the young lady
whom they had exactly described without
intending to. Now Mr. Cranmore was a man
who could appreciate a good joke, and this
little affair struck him as especially amusing.
A vase of scarlet carnations stood on the piano
near by. Mr. Cranmore took one and crossed
the hall to Miss Marvin for that was the young
lady's name. Maude saw him stand there
talking to her a few minutes and then hand
her the flower which she fastened on her
dress.

The blonde Miss Marvin and her scarlet
carnation did not long escape the eyes of the
tall young man. His forlorn and dismally
countenance soon lighted up with an expres-
sion of extreme satisfaction, and he departed
with more speed than grace to the dressing
room. He very shortly returned resplendent
with a scarlet carnation on his coat. But
alas! The poor fellow's hope was rather short
lived, for though he haunted Miss Marvin like
a shadow, and paraded conspicuously before
her, she was no more affected by him than as
though he were miles away. Finally, as a
last resort he sought Mr. Cranmore, and
requested him to introduce him to the indi-
cated young lady. Mr. Cranmore’s eyes twinkled, but he kept his countenance when he told the young man he was so very sorry, but it was against the rules unless Miss Marvin requested it first. Poor Edgar’s last hopes were now dashed to the ground. The more he looked at pretty Miss Marvin, the more disappointed he was. So her name was Miss Marvin. The initials at the close of the note were R. M. (Alice and Maude had by chance used the initials of their own surnames). He wondered what her first name was. He finally gave up the cause for he saw it was useless, and the more he stayed among people the more awkward he felt, so after watching the fair object of his wishes for some time from a secluded corner, he retired from the gay scene not knowing whether he felt more crestfallen than bewildered. Poor Edgar pondered over the subject many a day, but could arrive at no satisfactory explanation of the matter. He would always finish up with the conclusion that Miss Marvin must have disliked his appearance so much that she decided not to recognize him. He never saw her and the pretty face became only a dream as the months passed. The winter passed away, the spring came and went and summer was far advanced when Edgar left Wisconsin to spend the remainder of the hot summer back in the old mountain town near his father’s home, for he could never bring himself to go back again to quite the old loneliness of his boyhood.

One hot August day there chanced to come to the little hotel a gentleman and his wife and a young lady. The gentleman had some business in the neighborhood which was to keep him there some time, and his wife was to stay for the benefit of the mountain air. As for the young lady, when Edgar first saw her, he was struck with a strange familiarity about her. Where had he seen that face? Who could it be? He had puzzled his mind with the idea for fully half a day before he could recall it. But here in this little mountain hotel it was no hard matter to get acquainted, and when he learned that her name was Rose Marvin, he blushed up to the roots of his hair as he thought of that foolish night the winter before at Mr. Cranmore’s. Here, however, there were no rules to prevent his making her acquaintance, and Rose soon found the tall young westerner rather original and interesting in spite of his peculiar awkwardness.

* * * *

M——, Wis., Dec. 26, 189—.

Dear Alice:—Do you remember that funny advertisement we answered when you were here last winter? Of course you remember about that Miss Marvin who answered to our description. And that ridiculous fellow, too. Well, what do you think? I saw the most surprising marriage notice—Miss Rose Marvin and Mr. Edgar North were married Christmas Eve. Did you ever hear of such a coincidence? Just think, maybe you and I had a hand in that affair. It was so surprising I just had to write and tell you about it at once. Ever yours,

MAUDE MOULTON.
THE NORMAL COLLEGE NEWS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

STATE NORMAL COLLEGE,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Editor-in-Chief.
EDVIN S. MURRAY, '0o.
Business Manager.
GEORGE W. GANNON, '01.

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JAY SMITH, '91.

Literary Societies
Local
Athletic

SUBSCRIPTION:

College Year.
Single Copies.
$1.00
$.15

Rates for advertising furnished upon application. Address all orders for subscriptions, articles for publication, etc. to THE NORMAL COLLEGE NEWS, Ypsilanti, Mich.

PRESS OF THE SCHENCK TAD, LABEL & BOX CO.
Entered at Second Class Matter at the Post-office at Ypsilanti, Mich.

EDITORIAL.

Christmas is old and yet it is new and so it will be to the end of time. It is the children's day. In all the year there is no day so dear to the child heart. The little feet are led along the bounds of the supernatural; hope is excited. And yet the quickened beat of the child heart, in expectation of gift, is but a part of the universal hope of men through the ages for the things that Christmas promises.

Even in our own later days we go back in fancy to the joyous night when we took such care in hanging the stocking in the chimney corner, and to the early morning that followed when we tip-toed around in the cold morning air to find the gifts Santa Claus had left.

You may say the world is no better, but you do not rightly read the record. Who can cast aside the great work of the dying century? Has it not done wonders toward the betterment of the poor, the wage workers? The laboring man today knows more luxuries than princes of nineteen hundred years ago! What great strides has science made to heal the sick, to relieve pain, to ward off famine!

These and a thousand other mighty changes are brought to us by Christmas. True it must be that the world moves on toward a better day, slowly perhaps but surely. We cannot see far into the future, but we feel assured of the constant increase of knowledge, discovery and growth. So let us keep Christmas in the spirit of it, with faith in our fellowmen, with charity for all and confidence in the ultimate triumph of good.

PRIZE STORY CONTEST.

There has long been felt in the Normal a need for original work in composition. Thus News wishes to foster this as much as possible and has decided to give rewards for original stories. The stories are not to exceed 2500 words and competition is open to all under-graduate students in attendance. All articles must be in the hands of the editor before Jan. 3, and the prize story will appear in the January number. The rewards will be announced later.

"MIGNON."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF COBBE.

BY CLARA CARSON.

Dost know the land wherein the citron blows, in the darkened leaves the golden orange grows, A gentle breeze doth blow from out the sky, Still stands the myrtic and the laurel high? Dost know it well? 'Tis there, 'tis there, Night I with thee, oh, my belov'd repair.

Dost know the house? The pillars rest the roof, Bright gleams the hall, the room-like glistening roof, And marble statues stand and look at me, "My tender child, what have they done to thee?" Dost know it well? 'Tis there, 'tis there, Night I with thee my guardian, oh, repair.

Dost know the mountain and its cloudy bridge? Thru' wisps the male his path seeks on the ridge; In hollows dwells the dragon's ancient brood, Out juts the rock, and over it the flood.

Dost know it well? 'Tis there! 'tis there, Leads on our way! Oh father let's repair.
A Merry Christmas!
O those "exams," do you dread them?
"The Senior Class is a naughty one ('01),
but we must remember that the Junior Class
is naughty too ('02)."

Pres. Leonard gave an address before the
Berrien County Educational Association held
at Buchanan December 7-8.

Prof. Alex Forbes, formerly principal of
the Normal School at Cleveland but now of
Chicago visited the Normal December 3.

A junior is accused of writing the following
postcard to his mother: "Dear Ma: I'm
sending home my summer coat by mail; I
cut the buttons off to make it lighter. You'll
find them in the inside pocket.
Your son, A. J.

One of the pleasantest dancing parties of
the year was given in the gymnasium on the
evening of December 7 by the Zeta Phi Sor-
ority. The floor which was in fine condi-
tion, together with the excellent music
made the evening an ideal one for the large
number of invited guests present.

Mrs. Burton, assisted by the Pi Kappa
Sigma sorority entertained the girls taking
physical training at the gymnasium on the
Friday of Thanksgiving vacation. The gym-
nasium with its neat decorations and the cor-
dial hospitality of the hosts made the after-
noon one of great pleasure to the many co-eds
who spent their vacation away from the
friends at home.

The Sigma Nu Phi Sorority was enter-
tained by Misses Stickney and Scoville at the
Church house, Saturday evening, November
25. Twelve members enjoyed the daintily
served supper. The table was very prettily
decorated with holly, and yellow and white
chrysanthemums, the colors of the sorority.
During the supper music was rendered which
was in harmony with the occasion.

A Happy New Year!
Miss Julia B. Smith was a welcome visitor
at the Normal Thanksgiving vacation.

Rather below average height but above average
intelligence of the Normal junior. Last seen
wandering about town guided by a diminutive
African and wearing senior colors.

The following are the Shakesperian class
mottoes;
Freshman—Much ado about nothing.
Sophomore—A comedy of errors.
Junior—As you like it.
Senior—All is well that ends well.

The closing exercises of the women's gym-
nasium were held on the evening of December
14. The program consisted of a march and
Swedish exercise by the girls from physical
training, IV. a wand exercise by the first year
class and fancy steps, the Irish lilt and the
minuet (in costume) by the third year stu-
dents. The entertainment ended with a fast
game of basket ball between the "stars" and
second team. Altogether it was a most suc-
cessful exhibition and the girls and their
instructors are to be highly complimented for
their work.

Socially the college has been unusually gay
during the past quarter. With the many
informal parties and receptions the life of the
student has had no chance to become one of
dull study. Not the least of these social
functions was the delightful evenings the Arm
of Honor fraternity gave their friends Novem-
ber 24. It was an added pleasure to come
from the storm outside into the Gymnasium
with its pretty decorations, warmth, light and
music. At the door the guests were cordially
welcomed by the hosts and made to feel that
here was the place to have a good time. The
decorations were especially unique and well
arranged. Strains of music were soon heard
from behind a bank of palms and screens, and
dancing was the means of amusement until a
late hour, when the guests departed having
had a truly happy time.
Mr. Hugh W. Conklin of Morrice was a welcome visitor at the Normal December 7.

The chapel exercises which are held only on Fridays at 10 o'clock are fast becoming one of the important meetings of the week. The selections by the choir are always good; and the special music by Conservatory students is especially pleasing. In addition to this and the devotional exercises there are always a number of important announcements made which alone should warrant the attendance of every student if possible.

At the regular semi-monthly Conservatory recital on December 5, an exceptionally interesting program was given. The participants were Misses Bernice Smith, May Benson, Hazel Harding and Ruby Pratt, pianists; Misses Mabel Winnie, Beatrice Smith, Mella Taylor, Ellen C. Wortley, Florence Penniman and Mr. Fred Ellis, vocalists; Mr. Howard Brown, organist, and the Andante from Haydn's Sixth Symphony was played by Misses VanCleve and Owen and Mr. Johnson, violinists, and Miss Lowden, pianist.

The Camera Club began work this year with money in the treasury. The room back of the chapel is used by the club where a dark room has been fitted out for the use of the members. The work of the club is two-fold. The amateur goes out and does the best he can. His attempt is developed and exposed for criticism of the club. By this method the amateur soon learns the principles of photography. At the regular meeting every third week the experiences of various members are related and frequently agents from supply houses are present to show their wares. If you have any desire for this line of work, you will be welcomed as a member.

The matinee entertainment of the Chicago Marine Band on December 4 was probably the best of its kind ever heard in this city. Director Brooke showed himself master of his art and graciously responded to the approval of the audience with several encores. The organization is a "popular band" in the sense that it plays music which pleases the people, as was made clear when the audience gave Brooke a double encore for his "New Century" two-step and single recalls for others of the lighter selections. Light music is not the only artistic pabulum the band furnishes as their program contained several classical compositions which were rendered with skill and feeling.

The Juniors have as usual, been much in evidence and have displayed their customary class spirit. The colors they have chosen are blue and gold. The corps of officers has been completed as follows:

President—Mr. Levett T. Grandy.
Vice-president—Miss Ann Stevenson.
Secretary—Miss Harriet Wood.
Treasurer—Mr. Harry Rice.
Chairman Executive Committee—Mr. C. C. McClelland.
Yell-master—Mr. C. P. Steimle.
Sergeant-at-arms—Mr. G. H. Bellinger.
Kicker—Mr. G. W. Keyhoe.
Reporter—Miss Fera Fleming.

Literary Societies.

OLYMPIC SOCIETY.

November 16. Pres. Goodale called the meeting to order, and after the usual singing and devotional, the following program was rendered: Paper, Mr. Lull; Select Reading, Miss Udy; Recitation, Miss McBain; Original Story, Miss Shaw. Pres. Goodale then introduced an old Olympic, Mr. Kendall, who spoke for a few minutes. Society was then adjourned for recess, after which it was called to order by Mr. Dick, and the following numbers were given: Vocal Solo, Miss Craft; Recitation, Miss Force; Recitation, Mr. Smith; Recitation, Miss Hunter.

November 23, the following interesting program was given: Reading, Miss Wicks; Vocal Solo, Miss Ina Gilray; Recitation, Mr. Perry; Violin Solo, Miss Adams. After recess the following: Talk, Mr. Harry Rice; Instrumental Solo, Miss Lindsay; Short
Talks by Mr. Lull and Mr. Broecker; Vocal Solo, Miss Wasson. The society was invited to meet with the Crescents, November 30, for a social evening.

ATHENEUM SOCIETY.

On Friday evening, November 16, the society listened to an excellent program. One of the interesting numbers was an original story by Miss Rodger. Music for the evening was rendered by Misses Chapman and Wheeler. Following this a short business meeting was held, at which Miss Adams was elected chaplain and new members were admitted.

At the next meeting one of the enjoyable features was a Pronouncing Contest, in which all present took part. The society was very pleasantly entertained by the Crescents on the evening of Nov. 30.

CRESCENT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the Crescent Society, on Nov. 16, was devoted entirely to a faculty program. Miss Bacon gave a very interesting talk on Concord, and Prof. Lathers read some selections from Burn’s poems. Dr. Foster also told the society of his recent trip to Greece.

Hypnotism was the subject chosen for the next meeting. Mr. Chapman, who is an amateur hypnotist, gave a lecture on that subject, which he illustrated by subjects.

The society gave a reception, on the Friday night following Thanksgiving, to the members of the Olympic and Atheneum societies. “Old-fashioned” games formed the chief source of amusement.

WEBSTER CLUB.

At the meeting, December 8, the question for discussion was: Resolved, That all trusts and combinations intended to monopolize industries, should be prohibited. It is evident that the members are gaining in ability to discuss the current subjects, as is manifested by the fact of their representatives winning the cup in the recent debate. We are very grateful to Messrs. Dumbrille and Wilbur for their service to the club. The club now has its full membership and looks forward to a successful second quarter.

Y. W. C. A.

What ought you to purchase before going home for the holidays? A Normal calendar. Why? Because they are unique, witty, and attractive, a suitable gift for that friend at home, and an admirable souvenir of Normal life. Where can you get one? At Zwergel’s, Rogers’, or The Bazarette.

Owing to the fact that some of our girls were unable to spend their Thanksgiving vacation at home, an old-fashioned sewing party, enlivened by no small amount of gossip, was given at Starkweather, Friday afternoon, Nov. 30, and an enjoyable time was reported by all. In the evening, the charitable disposition, for which the Association girls are noted, again conquered their love of pleasure, and they ventured to entertain the home-sick Y. M. C. A. boys and a pleasant and profitable evening was spent.

The week beginning Nov. 11 was observed by all the Young Women’s Christian Associations throughout the world as a week of prayer for the world’s work, and our own Association was especially fortunate in having with us, the greater part of the week, Miss Milam, traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. She not only aided and encouraged us greatly for the work of the week, but through her earnest endeavors the Student Volunteer Band was enlarged and two missionary study classes organized for the purpose of a closer insight into, and greater love for, the work in foreign lands.

Rev. Jones—at Ragtime Willie) “Why don’t you go to church, Willie? It would make you a better man and a good Christian. Besides it costs you nothing.”

Ragtime Willie—“That’s just it, reverend, it makes you good for nothing.”
N. C. A. A.

THE SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.

Special. 10 a.m. Hard luck stories are coming from the Junior camp. It is thought these were sent out to influence the betting. Senior colors made into "trophies" by the Juniors.

12:15 p.m. Senior colors flying higher and are up to stay. Betting favors the Juniors — two weeks' pie for one. Several side bets at even "dough."

1:45. Indications that Juniors have engaged C. B. C. and V. H. S. to root for them. Betting light 10 to 9 on the "Long Green."

1:55. Telegram report from special correspondent on the spot. The "stands" are filled with spectators. The teams are said to be in pink oil condition. Among notables present are Hon. "Jim" J., J. G. Z. Jr., and others. The 02 rooters arrive on the ground accompanied by mascot and brass band. The rival elevens alight from busses and take short signal practice. 02 close formation looks like a winner.

01 right half and left guard appear a little haggard and drawn about the eyes as if over-trained. 01 rooters arrive en masse. Their form is good and betting immediately favors their team at 5 to 4 with no offers and few takers.

At 2:15 the referee's whistle blows and 01 fullback kicks to 02 15-yard line amid loud cheers. End run by 02 left half gained a yard loss, a tackle back play fizzled and an attempted punt is blocked with a 01 on the ball. 01 ball. The "Long Green" is off-side but is unseen by official. 01 gains 145-46 yards on tandem play. 01 rooters enthusiasm. 02 mascot looks down in the mouth. 01 punts.

02 begins again on her 17-yard line. Fails to gain by noted close formation. 02 tandem play — right tackle takes ball, followed by magnificent interference, gains 3 87-88 yards. 02 fumble. 01 makes good gains with two tandem plays but is held in third. 01 right tackle scores touchdown. 02 rooters look sick. 01 right tackle hitches up his trousers. Goal kick blocked. The football shows good form and headgears and pads, seem to be in the game all the time. Time first half. Score 01, 5; 02, 0.

01 goes wild with enthusiasm. Trainers rub mud down. A tally-ho party of two is esped on the south side of gridiron. Second part. 02 kicks off to 01 25-yard line. 01 fullback punts for a loss of 6 yards. 02 right guard asks which side of center he belongs. Spectators agree that 01 left guard will make the "All American" team. 01 left half gains 1001-2465 yards on a cross line buck missing opening through tackle by a yard and a half. 02 mascot looks bad. 02 ball ou tumble. 02 gains 10 yards by grace of referee. 01 ball because of ungentlemanly remarks by 02 halfback. Ball see-saws across the field. 02 enjoy a faint renaissance.

01 right half makes 7 yards through tackle. Spectators faint—02 mascot dies. The Long Green jollics up and actually smiles. Referee Tetznel calls time. Final score 5:0 in favor 01. Attendance, 800.

The line up was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>01</th>
<th>02</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Green</td>
<td>Left End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brecker</td>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gammon</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Goudal</td>
<td>Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magen</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Childers</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherman</td>
<td>Right End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiteman</td>
<td>Left Half</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>Left Half</td>
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<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>Left Half</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook</td>
<td>Quarter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sveall</td>
<td>Sveall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edmunds</td>
<td>Right End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crook</td>
<td>Quarter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fraser</td>
<td>Sveall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans</td>
<td>Quarter</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When the time came for the foot ball team to put away their snits and elect captain for next year, there was no hesitancy as to whom it should belong. To anyone who had seen our right halfback play there could be no question. Mr. Philip Dennis was unanimously chosen, and the Athletic Association wish the new captain the best of success for the coming year.

A thoughtful observer remarks that there are two classes of people whom it is hard to convince against their will—women and men.
The Library.

RECENT ACCESSIONS.
Butler, N. M., ed.—Education in the United States, 2 v.
Dodd, C. L.—Herbartian principles of teaching.
Bosanquet, B. tr.—Education of the young in Plato's Republic.
Dutton, S. T.—Social phases of education.
Thomas, G. P.—Where to educate.
Pater, W.—Miscellaneous studies.
Bates, K. L.—English religious drama.
Allen, C.—Shakespeare-Bacon question.
Bell, M.—Christina Rossetti.
Fiske, T.—Mississippi valley in the civil war.
Earle, A. M.—Home life in colonial days.
Ford, P. L.—The many sided Franklin.
Stukenberg, I. H. W.—Introduction to sociology.
MacFarlane, J.—Library administrations.
Anderson, W. G.—Methods of teaching gymnastics.
Herbertson, A. J.—Introduction to human geography.
Lubeley, J. L.—Mount Vesuvius.
Lister, A.—Monograph of the myctozoa.
Morley, M.—The honey makers.
Thompson, A.—Study of animal life.
Wright, M. O.—Four-footed Americans.

LIBRARY NOTES.
Miss Barnes has been appointed assistant librarian and cataloguer to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Jenness.

Miss Uplegger, Librarian of Mount Clemens public library, and Miss Ganley, cataloguer in the Detroit public library, were recently Miss Walton's guests for the day, visiting the College Library.

THE SCHOOLMASTER’S CLUB.

The Schoolmaster's Club which held its thirty-fifth semi-annual meeting in Ann Arbor on Friday and Saturday, of the Thanksgiving recess, always proves it-elf worthy of the high standard it has attained in the pedagogical interests of the state. It fortunately has not out-grown itself, and still meets as a unit, instead of suffering general dismemberment into sections. It represents the secondary schools, with a strong emphasis always from the University, on requirements for entrance from high schools.

Friday afternoon a paper of especial interest was given by Prin. S. O. Hartwell of Kalamazoo, on "The Equipment of the High School Principal." Mr. Hartwell made an eloquent plea for more thorough scholarship, for a just apportionment of time and interest in the various departments of the High School, and better harmony and fitness in the several teachers. He urged high aim and enthusiasm, stronger influence through personality, in a word a deeper sense of the high and holy vocation to which we are called as teachers.

Other topics were "The Social Side of High School Life," "To what extent should collateral work in the ancient languages be required," "Civil service in the appointment of teachers," and "Physical geography in the high school." Supt. W. M. Gregory of East Tawas (Normal '96), discussed the last paper in a most creditable manner, and was followed by Prof. Russell of the University, who urged teachers to make special study of the immediate country about their towns, making maps and writing papers.

The business session was mostly given to a discussion of the desirability of cutting off one meeting, and of meeting but once in the year. It was urged that meetings demanding attendance, fill every holiday recess, and it was impossible to command the men and material necessary to strong work, in evidence of which it was stated that one quarter of the names on this program had not been responded to when called.

The death of Dr. Hinsdale, which was announced in the club on Friday, was a severe shock to all present. Dr. Hinsdale had always been active and strong in the meetings, where his loss will be deeply felt. President Harris appointed a committee to prepare suitable resolutions of respect to his memory.

As usual a large number of Normal men were present at the meetings of the Schoolmaster's Club.

An appropriate piece of slang when you order a piece of pie is "cheese it."
THE FINAL DEBATE.

The final debate, for the selection of the Normal College team to take part in the intercollegiate contest at Kalamazoo, was held in Normal Hall, Friday evening, December 7th. The question was: "Resolved, that U. S. Senators should be elected by popular vote."
The affirmative was argued by Messrs. E. G. Van Deventer, C. C. Miller and H. Z. Wilber, and the negative was upheld by Messrs. G. D. Whitmoyer, H. R. Dumbirle and E. R. Rice.

The debate was, in the opinion of many present, the best ever held in the Normal. This is a very gratifying tribute, not only to the participants themselves, but to the College as a whole, and the societies giving practice along these lines. Through the efforts of these societies the standard of oratory and debating in the College is being steadily raised higher and higher.

The attendance was fairly good; the junior and sophomore classes were present in bodies, also the Crescents, Olympics, and Webster Club.

Professor George, the Rev. Aldrich, and Miss Downin acted as judges, and their markings awarded Mr. Rice first place, Mr. Dumbirle second and Mr. Miller third. Beside the honor which these gentlemen have won for themselves in having the privilege of representing the Normal in its debate with Kalamazoo, the Oratorical Association gives $30, $10 and $10 as cash prizes.

This debate in connection with the intermediate debates, also decided the winning society, in the contest between the literary societies for the possession of the debating cup, which was won last year by the Olympic society. The judges' markings gave the cup to the Webster Club for the coming year.

It now remains for the gentlemen representing the Normal to meet and defeat the representatives of Kalamazoo College. This debate will occur January 18.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The preliminaries for this contest will be held in the three literary societies; the Webster Club and school-at-large during the month of January. The association offers prizes of a gold medal and $20 to the winner of first place, and $15 to second place. Prospective contestants for preliminaries should leave their names with the president of their respective societies not later than Feb. 1.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DAY PROGRAM.

On the morning of November 28th at the Training School Assembly Hall the parents and friends of the children listened to a well rendered program. It is worthy of note that the exercises consisted largely of music and recitations taken from the regular work of the pupils during the first three months of the school year. The children of the various grades carried out the practical side of the thanksgiving thought by contributing useful things in the line of food and clothing which were distributed among nine needy families. It is unnecessary to state that the gifts from the children were highly appreciated in every case and were received in the spirit of true thankfulness. The following was the program:

PROGRAM.

1. Song of Invocation ..................................... The School
2. Reading of the One Hundredth Psalm.
3. Chant—The Lord's Prayer .................................. The School
4. Reading of Thanksgiving Proclamation
   ................................................................. Irene Clark
5. Chorus—A Child's Thanksgiving ............... The School
6. Thanksgiving Recitations—Seven First Grade Children
7. Recitation—A Boy's Opinion ............................ Alexander Webb
8. Chorus—Harvest Home .................................. The School
9. Recitation—The Magic Vote ............................. Male Shafter
10. Song—Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey
    Seven First Grade Children
11. Drill—Miles Standish and His Band
    ................................................................. Twelve Sixth Grade Boys
12. Recitation—Along Comes Lisa with the Broom
    ................................................................. Eliza Ferguson
13. Song—We Plough the Fields
    Eighty and Ninth Grades
14. Recitation—The Festival Month—Mary Lambie
15. Harvest Song ............................................. Sixth and Seventh Grades
16. Three scenes from "The Courtship of Miles Standish":
    Characters: Priscilla .................................... Nellie Miller
               John Alden ......................................... James Sixton
               Miles Standish .................................... Louis Miller
17. Chorus—Thanksgiving Song ............................. The School
THE NORMAL OF 1905.

AS PROPHESED IN '95 BY AN ALUMNUS.

On a pleasant October morning in the year of 1905,
We journeyed on return trip from the land of setting sun,
And thought 'twould be a jolly thing to stop in "Ypsi" town,
Just to ramble through the Normal and note the changes down.

We struck the town (in a gentle way) at an early morning hour,
And to hustle to the campus, we took the electric car.
Aboard the car, we chanced to meet a Normal friend,
Squire Blay,
(That was his nom de plume — I'm not giving him away),

Said we, "Hello, you're looking fine! How do you make things go?"
"O, sometimes good and mostly not, and altogether slow."
"We're travelling to regain our health (and save our paying rent),
We thought we'd like to see the school where we used to flunk, once more,
And take some observations on the esprit de corps.

My friend's face pale and paler grew, his maxillary fell,
He strove with words he could not form and seemed in haste to tell.
At length he said, "Don't play with fire before you've learned to walk.
Since '86, my dear old friend, time's changed its awful pace;
A pace that's kept the boys at work a hunting for their place.

And now the Normal boys are gone — some to the 'Varsity,
Some to the shores of sunny Africa to practice dentistry.
And some are now in Chili land — till they've dwindled to a trace,
But the Normal girls most certainly are an omnipresent race.

Now, my dear friend, you'll find few boys at the Ypsi Normal School,
For he who runs the gauntlet there is exception to the rule.
Of late years, of the few young men who'd courage enough to last,
When it comes to competitive 'exams,' scarce one has ever passed."

We reached our street and left the car, first turning to our friend,
We firmly said, "'Tis our resolve to see the bitter end."
And think you that we'll stop, because we danger view?
O no, we don't do "biz" that way! S'long, my boy, adieu!
And now we reach the college doors and now we climb the stairs,
And find the people gathered in the chapel room for prayers.
The usher beckoned to us — we were seated in a trice.
Beside one fair Normalite, erect, petite and nice.
She looked us over pretty quick — she seemed to know just how;
And pointing to the wall, she said, "By that motto, sir, we vow."
"'Excelsior of '05.'—'To thine own self be true.'"
The legend bold in letters cold we could but plainly see,
As it echoed our doom like voice of tomb — "The boy, oh where is he?"

The choir soon rose to sing — all breathless waited in suspense,
While sweet sonorous sounds in song sought solemnly the roof,
When a blithesome lass with haughty curl (twas one of modern type),
Stood forth and piped her lay as calmly as a plumber lays his pipe.
The chapel o'er, we sought our friend, the director of the choir.
"The music, sir, was excellent; girls' voices are quite fine."
"O yes, we just let down the bars and never skip a line,
For linked sweetness long drawn out, accentuate and mellow
Is furnished best (by actual test) without a blooming fellow!"
But "'forte passages,' alack! (he heaved a heavy sigh),
They don't expand the volume there, however much they try."
And as he spoke of the choir of old and how they used to "holler,"
A tear drop sprinted down his cheek and rested on his collar.

We left the chapel then intent to find the office and get a ground-floor plan.
We saw upon the doorways of the dear old stuccoed pile
Some legends which would stop the blood and chill the blandest smile,
And such as these we met with often and again —
"Boy wanted! Nit! Young man, go west, we have no use for men!"
Undauntedly we hunted for a place where we might go—
Till finally the campus was suggested, when lo!
No sooner said than done, we went and heard a whispered cry,
"He'd better put his footseps east," and "Don't he think he's fly!"
And as we trotted up the street and passed the new brick "Gym,"
A tall man stood there with gun and epaulets a-trim.
And suddenly out did rush a girl who said, in accents hot,
"If any man dares climb these stairs, sir, shoot him on the spot!"
We holed and when afar we'd run—we made our note-book list.
Then put it back in our haversack and later ground our girl's

The bashful suitor who wrote to his lady love simply:
"John ii. 5."
was delighted when he looked it up in his bible, to get this response:
"Ruth i. 16."

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Vice president, Martha Reed.
Secretary, Edna Skinner.

Olympic Society
President, A. O. Goodale.
Vice-president, Alice M. Huerter.
Secretary, Francis Follmer.

Crescent Society
President, Joseph Gill.
Vice-president, Edith M. Thomas.
Secretary, Kate M. Morse.

Athletic Association
President, T. T. Grandy.
Vice-president, George Edmonds.
Secretary, A. R. Sherman.
Treasurer, Prof. C. T. McFarlane.
Basket Ball Manager, M. Hackett Dick.
Base Ball Manager, Leon A. Stibbins.
M. I. A. A. Director, L. P. Whitecomb.

Y. M. C. A.
President, J. H. Kempster.
Vice-president, H. R. Cornish.
Secretary, A. C. Stitt.

Y. W. C. A.
President, Bertha Van Riper.
Vice-president, Emma Parmater.
General Secretary, Helen Elgie.

Oratorical Association.
President, Charles E. Lefurge.
Vice-president, Alice M. Hunter.
Secretary, A. O. Goodale.

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President, W. Dunwille.
Vice-president, C. W. Lefurge.
Secretary, Harry Rice.

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1901.—Summer Quarter.—1901.

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