



INE



PHOTOGRAPHS

ARTISTIC LIGHTING.
POSING A STUDY.



Grade of Work the Best.

The latest styles will be found at my studio
at all times.

FANCY WORK IF DESIRED.

I wish to thank you for past favors and
solicit your work in the future.

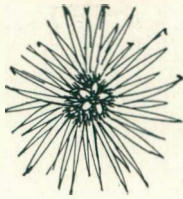
M. OTIS STRAIGHT,

109 Congress Street, YPSILANTI, MICH.

Here's Facts for you!

OUR LEADER LEADS ALL
OTHER LEADERS

— THE —



HALLET & DAVIS
PIANO 

THE LEADING PIANO OF THE WORLD. —



LEADS in Quality of Tone,
LEADS in Design of Cases,
LEADS in Excellence of Finish,
LEADS in Wearing Qualities,

Will outwear any other piano in the world.

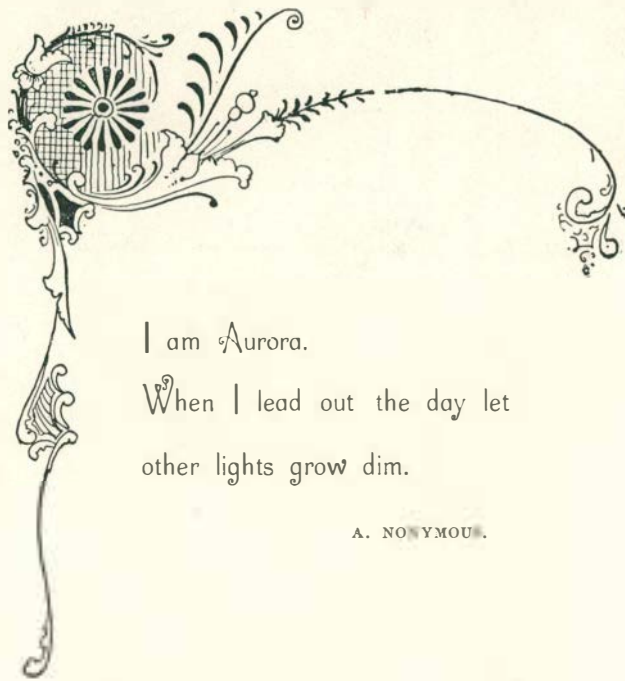
LEADS in Mechanical Construction,

Will stand in tune longer than any other piano in the world.

LEADS in the Estimation of the Best Musicians of the World,
LEADS because it has stood the test of nearly sixty years and is used
in more Schools, Colleges and Public Institutions than any other
Piano in the World,

C. J. WHITNEY & CO.,
STATE AGENTS,

141, 143, 145 Woodward Avenue.



I am Aurora.

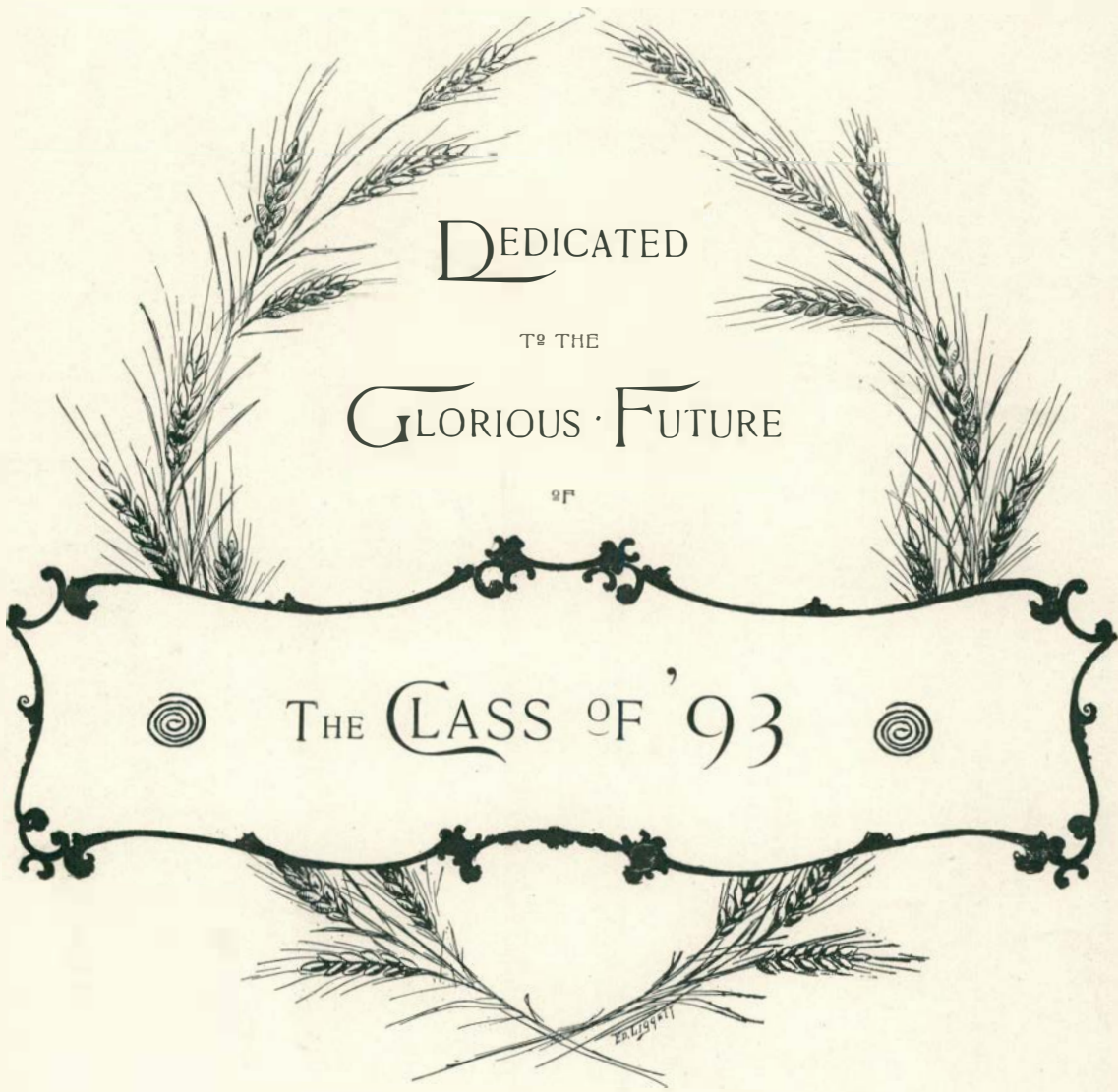
When I lead out the day let
other lights grow dim.

A. NONYMOUS.

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS,
YEAR OF THE M. S. N. S., XL.
ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXCIII.



MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, YPSILANTI.



DEDICATED

TO THE

GLORIOUS · FUTURE

OF



THE CLASS OF '93



1893



GEANT GORDON, Mock Congress.

PAUL H. SAVAGE, N. A. A.

MANAGING EDITORS,
 J. STUART LATHERS, D. M. STEGENGA.

HELEN A. NORTON, S. C. A.
 WILLIS H. WILCOX, Crescent.

ANGEL NE SHERWOOD, Atheneum.
 MILO J. SWEET, Olympic.

MINNIE BEAL, Aephic.

Class Colors.

CREAM, NILE GREEN, AND SHRIMP PINK.

Class Officers.

D. M. STEGENGA,	PREIDENT.
MATIE McFETRIDGE,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
T. LETITIA THOMPSON,	SECRETARY.
F. E. CREASEY,	- TREASURER.
E. H. RYDER,	
MAUDE HATHAWAY, }	EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
MINNIE BEAL,	

Class Day Participants.

NETTIE BRIGGS,	SALUTATORIAN.
WILLIS H. WILCOX,	- ORATOR.
NELLIE O'CONNELL,	POET.
MAMIE ULRICH,	- ESSAYIST.
T. W. PATON,	PROPHET.
F. J. HARRINGTON,	- HISTORIAN.
INEZ P. SHAW,	VALEDICTORIAN.
MATIE McFETRIDGE,	
CORNELIA ZIMMERMAN, }	- CLASS SONG.

Commencement Participants.

ANGELINE SHERWOOD,	WM. D. CRAMER,
BERTHA G. BUELL,	MYRON J. WITHINGTON,
GRACE GEORGE,	BURTON E. SMITH,
MINNIE HARSHBARGER,	D. M. STEGENGA.

THE CLASS OF '93.

A MEMBER.



THE YEAR 1893 will stand in the history of America as one filled with momentous events. In former times, only years of bloodshed and battle were historic; but in our times men begin to learn that there are years of peace in which the gathered forces of the age seem thrilled with a mighty impulse to crown their efforts with one swift series of achievements.

This is exhibition year for our country and each institution in the land, straining every nerve to excel, puts forth the best possible specimen of its work. The Normal School has felt this impulse, and lo! the Class of '93. With all modesty they bow and smile, and claim to be the greatest class ever sent from the school.

They have been an opinion-moulding class. Is it not significant that, as soon as they began to make their influence felt, a spirit in athletics developed, which in their senior year has secured to the school a gymnasium. Can anyone fail to note that, at the same time, they began to create a spirit in favor of a new Students' Christian Association building? In this effort also, in their senior year, nothing daunted by difficulties, they have started a fund, and nearly one thousand dollars has been subscribed by the members of this class alone. This year they launch the "AURORA" on its light-giving voyage.

Then, too, this class has spread its name and fame far and wide. Last year the Fighting Juniors were the life of conversation. Perhaps they deserved the epithet, but at any rate their meetings were never noted for dullness. They knew that they had a great work to perform. Work is energy in motion; motion produces heat; let this explain why at times the members got *hot*. Harrington was president then; how he calmed the turbulent factions with his well-worn "Each and every one of you" Green led the opposition, and strenuously objected to the rulings of the chair. Harris, known to the Africans as the "*man with a loose mouth,*" was prophetic then.

Stegenga was once a farmer; step by step he has advanced, until to-day he is president of the Class of '93. Surely here's another Lincoln. Note how, with voice like a buzz-saw, he says: "This will be the ruling of the chair, didn't it?"

This year their history is again a live one. Every meeting is filled with life and energetic action.

Last year following the motto, "Ever pressing higher," they reached the highest pinnacle of fame ever attained by a Normal School class. This year they have followed the motto, "*Vivite fortes*," which, freely translated, means, "Live there, ye brave ones," and so they have stayed at the top.

Their achievements are of themselves a history that is beyond the power of our pen. Their work as students in the Normal School is finished. The one hundred and eighty members were gathered from all directions, and have spent happy years together. Strong ties have drawn together close circles of friends. These must now be broken and scattered wide and far. This month sees the class entire for the last time. But the class spirit will live. It will revive at meetings of the alumni, and as the history of the class lengthens and interweaves itself with the history of the country, as one after another of its number rises to positions of honor and trust, as the class moves out and continues its opinion-moulding work in broader fields, the whole class, though scattered, shall still be united, and as a unit they will feel a thrill of pride when honors come to the Class of '93.





PROF. JOHN M. B. SILL.

JOHN M. B. SILL.

DANIEL PUTNAM, M. A.



JOHN M. B. SILL, was born October 23, 1831, at Black Rock, in Western New York. Black Rock was then a little town, a rival of Buffalo; but for many years it has been a part of that city, having been absorbed by the natural growth of its more fortunate rival. He is of English descent, tracing his lineage through six generations to John Sill, an Englishman who settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the year 1637. His father, Joseph Sill, removed with his family, including the subject of this sketch, to Oberlin, Ohio, in the year 1834. Two years later, in 1836, he removed from Oberlin to the vicinity of Jonesville, Michigan, and settled on a farm about a mile north of that village.

For six years he lived here with his father, helping about the farm and attending the district school a few months of each year. In the month of September, 1842, his father and mother both died within thirty-six hours, and were buried in the same grave. During the next two years he remained on the farm homestead with his eldest brother and attended the village school in Jonesville a portion of each year.

Leaving the old homestead in 1844, he supported himself by labor on neighboring farms in the autumn and in the harvest field in the summer. He managed to keep himself at school during the larger part of each year, though wages were low and the amount of earnings received by him was not more than thirty or forty dollars per year. While actually at school he worked for his board for some citizen needing such service. His affairs went on in this way for five or six years.

In 1847 Jonesville established a Union School, one of the earliest opened in the State. The first Principal of this school was A. S. Welch, afterwards the first Principal of the State Normal School, and one of the most eminent educators of the west. Upon the opening of this school Mr. Sill began preparations for entering the State University under the instruction of Professor Welch, still maintaining himself by his own labor. In the winter of 1849-50 he taught his first district school in the township of Scipio, Hillsdale county, receiving sixty dollars for his winter's work. After completing this term of teaching he spent one year in the then village of Kalamazoo, earning means to enable him to go on with his education. At Kalamazoo he studied dentistry, as the art was then taught, and subsequently made his skill in this art serve a good purpose in securing means of support while pursuing his studies.

Returning to Jonesville he went on with his academic work considerably beyond the point of preparation for entering the University—indeed well into

the course presented by that institution at that time. While thus studying at Jonesville he employed a portion of the school year 1851-52 in teaching, as assistant in the Union School. From that date to the present, a period of more than forty years, Mr. Sill has been continuously engaged in school work, sometimes as instructor, sometimes as principal, and sometimes as superintendent. It is only the truth to say that in all these positions he has been eminently successful.

The first building of the Normal School was dedicated October 5, 1852. Immediately after the dedication a Teachers' Institute was held in the new building, in which some of the most distinguished teachers of Michigan and other States were engaged. Mr. Sill, who had come from Jonesville with Principal Welch, was employed as an assistant in this institute. During the following winter he taught Latin and English in the Ypsilanti Union School, and at the actual opening of the Normal, in the spring of 1853, he entered the school, pursuing advanced studies and teaching one-half of each day until the spring of 1854, when he was graduated from the full course, being one of the three comprising the first graduating class of this institution. Soon after graduation, on March 24, 1854, he was married to Miss Sally Beaumont, of Jonesville, a lady who understands the art of making a home attractive, and domestic life beautiful. Four children have been born to them, two dying in infancy and two surviving, one a daughter, Alice, now Mrs. Cram, of Detroit, and a son, Joseph, now engaged in pursuing his studies in the Normal School.

Before graduation Mr. Sill had been appointed by the State Board of Education a regular instructor in the Normal, being made director of the Model School and Professor in the Department of English Language and Literature. He remained in this position from 1854 to 1863. The estimation in which he was held by the Board of Education and by his associates is shown by the fact that he was made acting principal of the school during the school year 1858-59, while Principal Welch was absent in Europe on account of ill-health. This year was rendered memorable in the history of the school by a fire which destroyed the building and rendered the school, for a time, homeless. The energy and executive ability of Professor Sill were taxed to the uttermost at this crisis, but he proved himself equal to the demands of the occasion. By the generous help of his co-laborers and of the citizens of the town, he carried the school safely through these trying circumstances without loss of membership or scholastic work.

In 1863 he was unanimously elected first Superintendent of the Public Schools of Detroit. The position was one of great responsibility, of much perplexity, and of much hard labor. The school work of the city was to be unified, and the various parts of the complicated system were to be brought into harmonious relations. His efforts in these directions were successful in a marked degree, but they nearly exhausted his strength. For this reason, at the end of two years, he resigned the superintendency, much against the wishes of the School Board and of the citizens, and took the Principalship of the Detroit

Female Seminary. He continued in the management of this institution from 1865 to 1875, during which time it became, from a small beginning, one of the largest and most successful schools of its kind in the northwest.

In 1867 Professor Sill was appointed, without his own knowledge, by Governor Henry Crapo to fill a vacancy in the Board of Regents of the University, caused by the death of Regent Knight. He served in this position until January 1, 1870. This appointment was peculiarly complimentary to his recognized ability and high standing in the State, when it is remembered that he is a democrat in politics, though never an active partisan, and the Governor was an out-and-out republican. In 1871 he received from the University the well merited degree of Master of Arts.

In 1875 he was again unanimously elected by the Detroit Board of Education to the superintendency of the schools of that city, and continued in that position, by successive and practically unanimous reëlections, until the summer of 1886, when he was unanimously chosen Principal of the Michigan State Normal School by the State Board of Education.

In August of that year, after serving one year of the three years' term to which he had been reëlected with but a single dissenting vote, he formally resigned the superintendency of the Detroit schools. On that occasion Inspector the Hon. Charles I. Waller, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the Detroit Board of Education:

"In accepting the resignation of Professor J. M. B. Sill as Superintendent of the Public Schools of Detroit, tendered in consequence of his promotion to the important and honorable position of Principal of the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, the Board desire to express thus their high appreciation of the invaluable services rendered to the cause of education by his zealous and indefatigable labor as such Superintendent for the space of nearly fifteen years.

"We desire especially to express our admiration of the rare union of so many qualities essential to the highest success in such a position, his general and broad culture; his intimate familiarity with the best educational methods of the day; his untiring industry; his executive ability in administration; the details of a complicated system, and his courteous address that enabled him to perform his duties with little friction."

Resolutions expressive of great respect and confidence were adopted by the teachers of the Detroit High School, and also the teachers of all the schools united in an extended memorial, of which the following resolutions are the closing passages:

"Resolved, That we, the teachers in the public schools of Detroit, deplore the recent resignation of Professor J. M. B. Sill, whom we have known for years as our accomplished and beloved Superintendent of Schools. We have learned to know him as a clear-headed organizer, an efficient manager, a master of details, an untiring worker, a ripe scholar, a progressive student of educational problems, a wise and tender-hearted counsellor and a loyal friend. While we rejoice with him in knowing that his new work will be free from annoyance and

care, we lament our own loss. Officially, we have lost an executive officer whose strength has been shown through many years of successful service; personally, we have lost a kind and trusty friend. As he leaves us we wish to send with him an assurance of our gratitude for his services, our loyal devotion to his memory, and our earnest desire to preserve intact the great legacy that he has left us.

Resolved, That this expression of our gratitude and esteem be published in each of our city papers and in the Michigan School Moderator."

This memorial was accompanied by a kindly personal note from Principal Lawrence C. Hull, then Principal of the Detroit High School and chairman of the committee appointed to draft the papers.

The position of Principal of the Normal School he still holds and fills with great acceptance and with his usual energy and efficiency. Under his administration the prosperity of the school has been marked. The number of students has constantly increased, and important improvements have been made in various directions. The institution has been brought into closer relations with the schools of the State, and the professional work has been largely increased both in amount and general character.

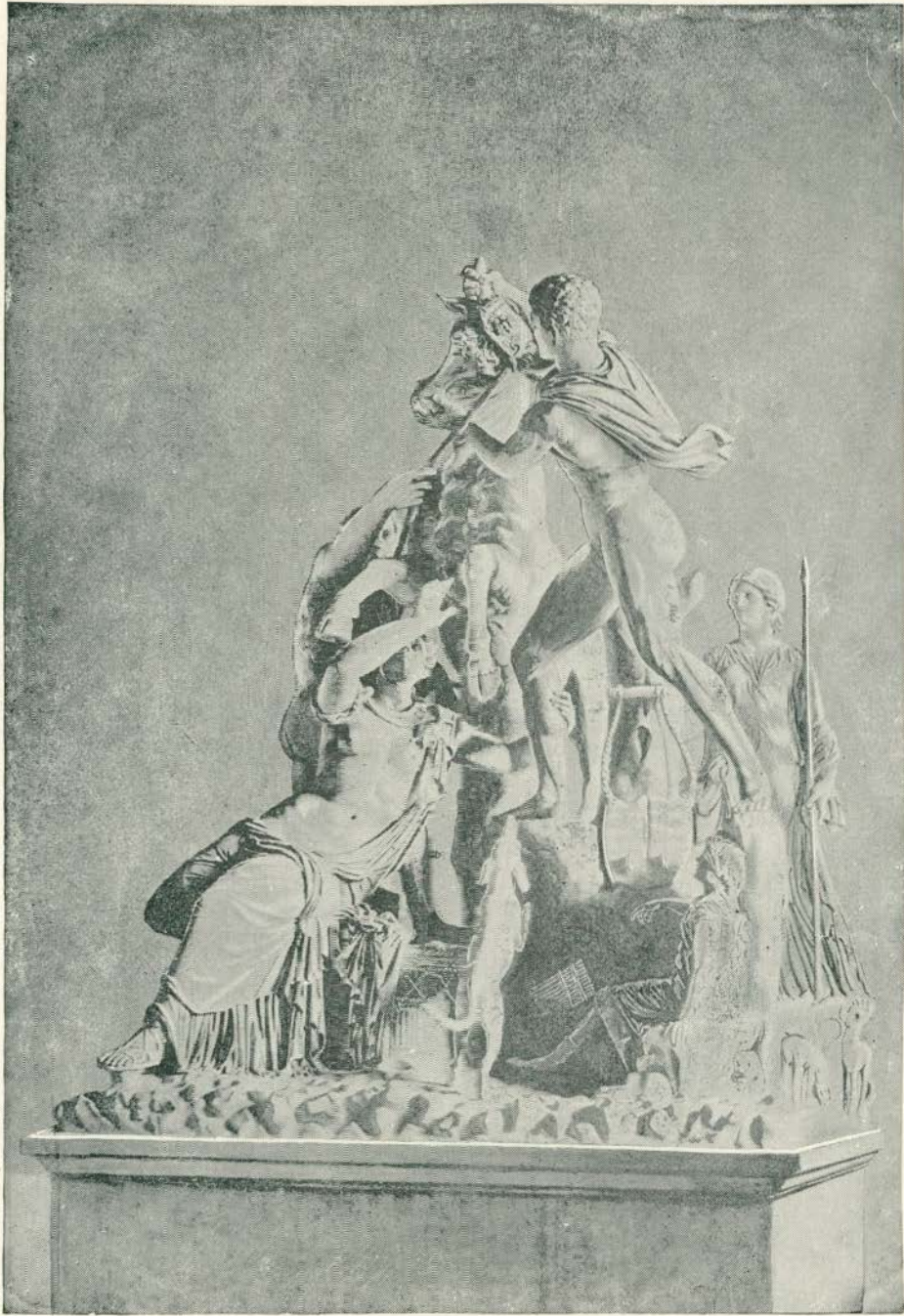
In 1890 he received from the authorities of the Normal School the degree of Master of Pedagogics. He has been closely connected with the State Teachers' Association from its organization in 1853, was its first secretary, and its president in 1861-2.

In addition to his work as a teacher Professor Sill prepared and published in 1856 an elementary work on English, entitled "Synthesis of the English Sentence." In 1879 he published a larger work on English grammar, called "Lessons in English." These works were prepared on a common-sense plan and greatly simplified the study of our language.

Professor Sill was ordained a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church in April, 1890, and interests himself as far as his other duties allow in missionary work in the city of Ypsilanti and its vicinity. He is loyal to the church of his choice, but catholic in his feelings and cordial in his good-will toward all denominations and organizations of Christians.

Principal Sill is a man of a naturally strong and vigorous physical and mental constitution. From the very beginning he has been a hard worker, sometimes going beyond proper limits in his devotion to his duties.





Prize Poem.

A Day of Sunshine.

ONA THORNTON, ATHENEUM.

'Tis morn, - the sky o'erhead of deepest blue,
The air all laden is with perfumes sweet,
Wafted from flowers bedecked with sparkling dew,—
And nature's richest carpet 'neath our feet.

Look to the East—O, beauteous scene sublime!
'Twould touch a heart with pride or care grown cold;
Incomparable the wealth of richest mines
To this, this wondrous mass of burnished gold.

List to the birds! how gently fall those strains
Of sweet, seraphic music on mine ear;
O'erflowed with love and joy is each refrain,
For sunshine maketh all on earth more dear.

You laborer walks with joyous step, and light;
To him sweet peace and happiness belong:
E'en in his heart are rays of sunshine bright,
And from his lips come fragments of old songs.

And when at noon he greets each winsome face,
He thanks his God for this bright love and cheer
Now in his humble home—and asks that grace
May fill the hearts of those loved ones, so dear.

'Tis eve,—all crimson now the western sky,
The earth is wrapped in robes of calm content;
While all in nature praises sound on high,
For sunshine which from heaven to earth is sent.



D. PUTNAM.	A. LODEMAN.	D. E. SMITH.	E. A. STRONG.	
F. H. PEASE.	J. M. B. SILL.	J. A. KING.	C. T. MCFARLANE.	A. GEORGE.
L. L. JACKSON.	W. H. SHERZER.	L. A. OSBAND.	B. F. D'OUGE.	W. F. LEWIS.
	A. A. PATON.	L. A. MCMAHON.	A. PEARCE.	H. W. MILLER.
F. R. GORTON.	M. B. PUTNAM.	E. C. ACKERMAN.	P. F. TROWBRIDGE.	

THE M. S. N. S.—PAST AND PRESENT.

MYRON J. WITHINGTON.



WHEN Superintendent John D. Pierce, the "father" of the Michigan school system, formulated the educational policy of the new State, he made provision for the preparation of teachers in the branches of the University. With the abandonment of these institutions there remained no schools under the control of the State to prepare teachers for their work. Accordingly an act was approved March 28, 1849, providing for the establishment of a State Normal School, "for the instruction of persons in the art of teaching, and in the various branches that pertain to a good common school education."

This school was to be under the control of a State Board of Education. Propositions for the location of the school were received from several towns and villages. Health, accessibility and locality, together with the liberal donation offered and the interest in education evinced by that offer, determined the location of the school at Ypsilanti.

The Board did not enter too hastily on the formation of their plans, but sought to avail themselves of the experience of similar institutions both in this country and in Europe. Especially did they rely upon the personal knowledge of the Hon. Henry Barnard, of Connecticut, who had already devoted some ten years to an examination and study of the organization and methods employed in schools of like character on both sides of the Atlantic. At that time the utility of normal schools in this country had not been proven, and the work before the Board was one of extreme difficulty. In 1850 State Superintendent Shearman, speaking of the establishment of this school, said: "Normal schools in this country may be as yet considered an experiment. The theory of such institutions, not yet reduced to certainty by successful practice in this country, is, however, recognized as being based upon principles which will ultimately insure the benefit anticipated." The Normal School of Michigan has been an important factor in the realization of the hopes so modestly stated.

In 1852 a building fifty-five by one hundred feet—the central portion of the present edifice—was completed and dedication exercises were held October 5. The following lines are from the dedication hymn by D. Bethune Duffield:

“Hail! spirit of immortal Truth,
Bright emanation from on high,
Now o'er our nation's glowing youth
Extend thy wings of purity.
To thy great purpose now we raise
These noble walls, this song of praise.
Here have we built a holy shrine,
Where thy true worshipers may kneel,
And seek to know the art divine
Of teaching what thy laws reveal.”

“A Perfect School System” was the subject of the dedicatory address by Hon. John D. Pierce. After the address the building was dedicated “To the people of the State of Michigan, to promote the great cause of Education—the cause of man—the cause of God.” His commission of office was formally delivered to Prof. A. S. Welch, the Principal of the institution. Thus was inaugurated the Normal School of Michigan, having for its avowed purpose the cultivation, development and training of the future teachers of our growing commonwealth.

A Teachers' Institute followed, at which 250 teachers were in attendance. Among the subjects of discussion may be noted “vulgar fractions,” “circulating decimals,” and the “rule of three.” By means of such institutes it was then hoped to extend the influence of the school throughout the State.

The first regular session of the school opened March 28, 1853. The school year was to consist of two terms of twenty-three and seventeen weeks respectively, one beginning in October the other in March. The first announcement offers a course in Spanish and one in “husbandry(?) and agricultural chemistry.” The ostensible and legitimate object of the school—the preparation of teachers—was attended with many difficulties during the first few years.

The first building erected for the Normal School bore but slight resemblance to the beautiful edifice that now crowns Normal Hill. It was rectangular in form, three stories high, with plain brick walls and very little external ornamentation. This building was partially destroyed by fire in 1859, but was again ready for students in September, 1860. This original building has since been enlarged on all sides until scarcely a trace of it remains in view. The conservatory building was completed in 1869. In 1878 the new front, eighty-five by eighty six feet, was erected; in 1882 the west wing, and in 1888 the north and the south wings, with the corridors, were added.

Prof. A. S. Welch, the first Principal, remained in charge till 1865. He was a man of scholarship and energy, and laid well the foundation for the subsequent success of the school. He was succeeded by Prof. D. P. Mayhew, who held the position five years. In 1871 Prof. Joseph Estabrook, so well known among the educators of our State, became Principal, retaining the position till 1880. Then Prof Malcolm McVicar was at the head of the school one year. The two succeeding years Prof. Daniel Putnam was acting Principal. In 1883 the Hon. Edwin Willits became Principal. He introduced practical business

principles in his conduct of the school, and helped to start the school on the career of prosperity it has since enjoyed. In 1886 Prof. J. M. B. Sill became Principal. The steady and continued growth of the school under his administration is the best evidence of the efficiency of his work.

In 1878 the attempt was made to confine the work of the Normal School more closely within professional lines. The "School of Observation and Practice" was constituted a graded school, and, in its higher grades, was to do the academic work before done in the Normal. This scheme, however plausible in theory, was found unsatisfactory in practice, and after a trial of two years was abandoned. It was found impracticable to divorce the academic from the purely professional studies, as the element of training gained from a model teacher in regular academic classes was lost. Since that time the academic and professional studies have been pursued side by side in the Normal.

In 1881 might be noted as indicating the growth of the school the first publication of *The Normal News*, the organ of the students, which has become a permanent institution of the Normal. The different literary societies have also been of value to the school, and have been well supported by the students.

The attendance in 1871 had only reached 231, but had increased to 449 in 1876. Then there was a gradual falling off till 1880, when the attendance was 298. In 1886 it reached 628, and in 1892 1,002. During the ten years previous to 1875 the number of graduates was 178, or about the number in the single Class of '92. For the years 1870-79 inclusive the graduates numbered 241; while in the years 1880-89 the number exceeded 900. Since that time, including the present class, nearly 600 have completed courses at the Normal.

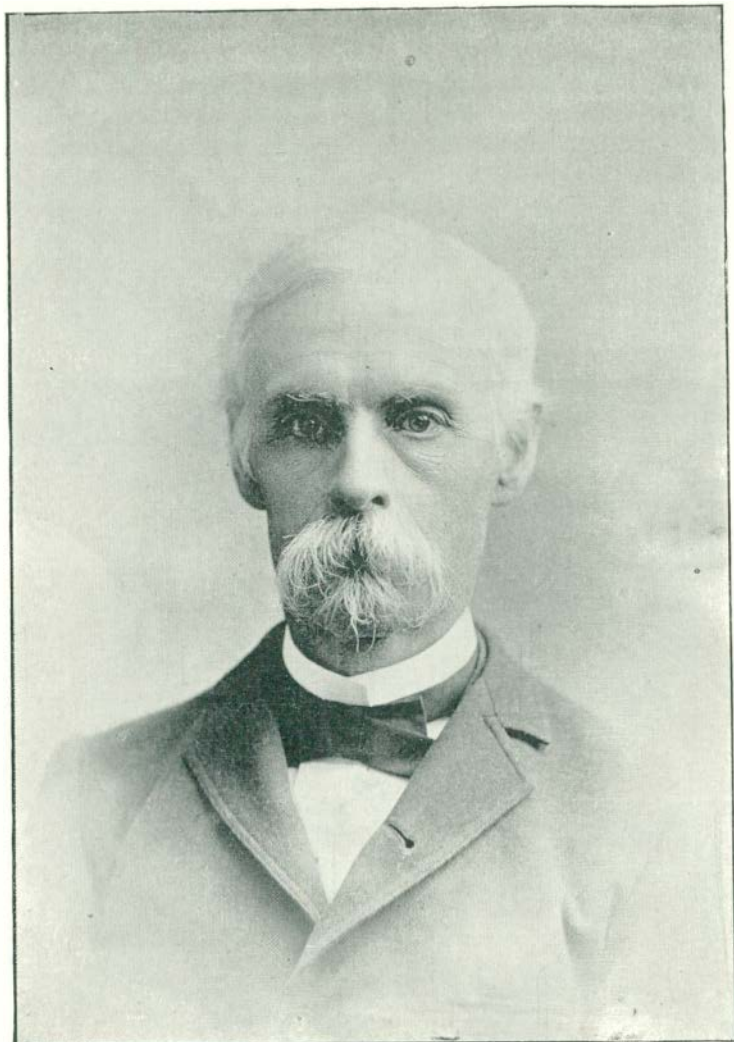
Thus are traced, though inadequately and imperfectly, some of the leading facts in the history of the Michigan Normal School. From these may, perhaps, be gained some idea of the organization of the school and its adaptation to the end designed. From an ideal point of view that organization seems nearly perfect, and in practice it is successful and satisfactory. In its plan of work, the science of education and the art of teaching are studied simultaneously. Theory is combined with and illustrated by practice. In perfection of organization and in completeness of detail it is scarcely excelled on this continent.

This proud position has not been gained in a day or a year. The Normal School is a growth—an evolution. Having its beginning while yet the science of education was in its infancy, much of its work has been tentative and experimental. But in this way only is progress possible in any new field of effort. Under wise direction the school has done its share in helping to solve the educational problems of centuries. An influence has gone out from its halls for the elevation of the teacher's to its proper place among the professions. Upon the schools of our own State has its influence been especially salutary. This power has been exerted not alone by the two thousand graduates, but as well by that vastly larger number who, having imbibed the spirit of the school, have returned to their chosen work stronger in mind, richer in heart, and more fertile in methods for the execution of that work.

The Normal School of to-day is the result of nearly a half-century of experience and effort. During these years the school has engaged the energies of some of the most prominent educators in the State. Its Faculty, while cautious and conservative, have ever kept in line with the progress of pedagogical science. The results of the experience of other schools and of the great educators of this country and of Europe have been made to contribute to its success. Here the conservative pedagogical thought of the nineteenth century is taught and exemplified. Here is brought together the equipment necessary to a great Normal School, under the direction of a Faculty who bring to their work the rich fruitage of years of study and experience.

These are the priceless endowments of our *Alma Mater*, and the Class of '93 feel the value of the advantages that have been theirs. We think we have improved these privileges. We feel that as much is given, so will much be required. To the Normal School and the State we owe a debt that can only be paid by earnest, zealous, and faithful effort in our chosen work. Of us the State has a right to expect much. We go out from our *Alma Mater* with strong hands and willing hearts to prove ourselves worthy of our privileges and the grand old Normal School of Michigan.





JOHN GOODISON.

JOHN GOODISON.

In Memoriam.

AUSTIN GEORGE, M. A.



PROFESSOR JOHN GOODISON, late head of the department of geography and drawing in the Michigan State Normal School, was born in Sheffield, England, October 25, 1834, and died in Ypsilanti, Michigan, October 19, 1892. He was the eldest of three children. His parents moved to London in 1838, and resided there until their removal to this country.

His education was both extended and varied; in science, literature, and art, time was taken for growth and development. When very young he was sent to a boarding-school at Banbury, Essex, and afterwards attended Markham Hall, Edmonton, the place made famous as the home of Charles Lamb. Later he attended the Philological School at London, Doctor Abbott head master. His family still have in their possession a book presented to him by the Governors of this school at the annual examination, June 18, 1847, "as a reward for his diligence, assiduity and general good conduct." At this time he was thirteen years old.

He was always very fond of books, and it was his habit to haunt the old London book-stalls, until he knew the backs of the books by heart. He saved up the money given him for luncheon until he could buy some book he particularly wanted, and he would loiter along reading it, and frequently finish the book before reaching home.

His art instruction began at a very tender age, under his father, and was continued at various schools from time to time. When quite a small boy he accompanied his father on a sketching tour through Scotland, and at the age of sixteen assisted him as decorator on the interior of the British Museum.

About this time he had a great fondness for chemistry, and was a member of a scientific society which had regular lectures at the Polytechnic Institute, where he occasionally heard Faraday, and at times had the privilege of speaking with him personally. He had a room fitted up as a laboratory, where he spent every minute of his spare time investigating and making experiments. His sister says that although she and her brother Harry often saved up their weekly allowance to buy some special book he wanted, or glass tubes for his experiments, he never allowed them to enter the room lest they should interrupt his studies and derange his work.

His parents came to this country in 1851, but he remained behind, being employed in his uncle's counting-house in Mincing Lane. He came over alone in the fall of 1852. From that time until he entered the Michigan State Normal School, in 1856, he had a variety of occupations, such as glass-staining, teaching district school, etc.

He was a student in the Normal School for four years. He taught geography and drawing during his senior year and graduated in March, 1860, according to the plan of the school at that time. He was employed as a regular teacher in the Normal for the next year in the subjects of geography and drawing, and also taught classes in arithmetic.

He was married August 28, 1861, to Miss Harriet H. Hawkins, of Ypsilanti, and removed to Eaton Rapids, where he was Principal of the public schools for one year. He was reëngaged for the next year, but gave up his position at the urgent solicitation of Professor A. S. Welch, then Principal of the Normal, who secured his appointment as instructor in the Normal in his specialties of geography and drawing; besides these classes he had a class in Virgil and one beginning Greek.

In 1869, Professor Goodison was employed by D. Appleton & Co. as their Michigan agent for the introduction of their publications into the schools of the State. This position he held till 1883, when he became manager of the educational department of the publishing house of Thorndyke, Nourse & Co., of Detroit. In 1885, he was again appointed to the department of geography and drawing in the Normal School, which position he filled with distinguished success until his death.

In June, 1891, he received from the State Board of Education the Honorary Normal Degree of Master of Pedagogics, and on the same day learned that he had been made a member of the Herbart-Verein, a German society of scientific pedagogy. For the last three years of his life he was also a member of the National Geographical Society, whose headquarters are at Washington, D. C.

In the foregoing sketch, are presented a few of the open and salient facts of a busy and useful life extending through a period of fifty-eight years. These facts do indeed, by inference, tell much even to the casual reader; but something further may well be added, as setting forth special traits that endeared him to his friends and made his life successful. Long acquaintance and frequent association caused me to know him well, and it is therefore fitting that I should portray to those whose acquaintance was briefer and whose knowledge of him is less some of these elements of his character.

It was my great good fortune to know Professor Goodison for more than thirty-three years—a full third of a century. During this time, he was my friend and I was his. No harsh or unkind word or act occurred during all these years to mar our friendship or disturb our pleasant relations, and so I thankfully avail myself of the opportunity that is given me to testify in this public way to his manly worth, and to add my tribute of affectionate regard.

The specific qualities that most strongly impressed me as characteristic of him were his high moral and intellectual integrity, and, next to these, there stand out clearly before me the great virtues of industry, perseverance, and patience. Whenever he undertook anything he was not satisfied until he could finish it thoroughly and well. To half do a thing was contrary to his method, and to claim to know or even to appear to understand what he had not fully mastered was utterly foreign to his nature. It often happened that his friends and associates who had known him long and intimately would be surprised at his depth of knowledge along some line in which they were not aware that he was especially interested. While he was a thorough student, he was always extremely modest in putting forward his views, and in differing with others was backward almost to diffidence.

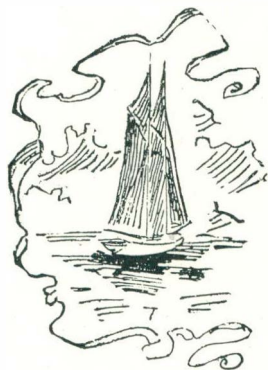
His industry was limited only by the time at command and his powers of endurance. Nearly all of the charts and illustrative appliances used in his teaching work were devised by him and prepared by his own hand. Holidays and vacations were, alas! too often, workdays; but they were cheerfully surrendered if he deemed he could thereby advance his department.

His perseverance was so marked as of itself to suggest his nationality. When he had decided on a course he persistently pursued it. Delays did not daunt him, failure did not crush him. He accepted defeats and reverses as temporary, and would quietly renew his efforts, feeling how great an element is time in real success. But perseverance was with him more than an instinct or quality of mind that comes by inheritance; it was rational, as was shown by the fact that it was not blind and dogged and irritable, but was tempered and sweetened by patience.

Patience he possessed to a remarkable degree. His lot was never an easy one. He once told me in a pleasant way of his rough experiences as a boy in the English schools, and of the hardships of his early career in England. His labors in his student and teaching work in this country were personally known to me; and although his trials and difficulties, and discouragements and vexations, were many—sometimes well-nigh appalling—he did not repine or complain, but cheerfully kept at his work, and no one might know from him that circumstances were grievous. When it seemed necessary that he should learn the German language that he might read German publications on geography and drawing, he quietly took up the subject and in the seclusion of his home, without a teacher, holding his little child upon his knee, he patiently mastered the grammar and vocabulary to such an extent that he came to read fluently and profoundly not only German texts on geography and drawing, but on philosophy and pedagogy as well. In his work as teacher his patience was well-nigh boundless. Let him once feel that a student was making an effort to advance, and progress might be never so little or never so slow, he had for such student only words of cheer and encouragement. But not as friend, nor as student and teacher, was this virtue of patience most strikingly exemplified by him. There came to him, as comes to all men, a decay of physical powers and

a decline of physical vigor. Disease fastened itself upon him; pain and distress were his; but patiently, for months, he continued his daily duties, and no impatient word or look escaped him. Last summer I worked with him in an institute; the waning of his strength was plainly visible, but his cheerfulness never failed. When the Normal School opened in the fall, it was obvious to his friends that his condition was exceedingly precarious, but no word came from him until the end was near. The last forenoon that he was at the school, we walked together slowly down the corridor; on the steps he tottered, and would have fallen had I not taken him by the arm. He then turned, and looking me full in the face, said: "I am getting weaker, weaker, every day." This was spoken quietly and gently, and apparently to let me understand that, although he did not talk of his trouble, he fully realized his condition.

Thus Professor Goodison lived, and labored, and died—a worthy example in many more ways than I have indicated; but in none brighter and sweeter than in the heroic virtues of perseverance and patience.



AN EXPERIENCE.

HUGH NOBLE, ATHENEUM.



“IX days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work,” was sacred to father, as was also, “Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,” to grandfather. Between these two moralists and moral laws, George and I were kept busy at work for six days in the week and pious on the seventh. We longed in vain for some opportunity to join in the sports of the other boys, and especially to learn to swim in the river which ran near by. “If we ever accomplish anything we must make our own opportunities,” said the philosophic George one Saturday evening after we had gone to bed. “Yes,” said I, “but we can’t evade father’s watchful eye, and you may as well try to fool ‘Old Nick’ as grandfather.” “I think,” replied George, “if we could manage to be a little ill in the morning and work on mother’s feelings, we might get out of going to church to-morrow, and that would give us a good chance to go to the river.” “Splendid!” cried I, “we’ll have a headache in the morning and be rather poorly.” “We don’t want to be too sick,” said George, “for mother will remain at home with us and that would spoil the whole thing.” “All right,” said I, “we’ll have the headache, and by rubbing our faces we’ll look feverish. Good night.”

The sun rose bright and clear the next morning, and the prospects were favorable for the accomplishment of our scheme. Mother had come up to awaken us, but a little grunting and the rubbing had the desired effect and we were left to sleep off our headache and fever. Preparations for going to church were soon completed by the rest of the family and all were in the carriage except us. “Where are those boys?” shouted grandfather. “They’re not feeling very well,” said mother, “and as it is going to be hot to-day, I think the little fellows should be allowed to remain in the house.” “All right,” replied grandfather, “but I’ll warrant they’re up to something.” After these remarks the carriage was heard rumbling down the road.

“Glory!” exclaimed George as he bounded out of bed, “What a glorious swim we’ll have!” We were down stairs in a moment, and after swallowing a bit of bread, flew back of the barn and across the fields to the river. Headaches were gone and we were soon at the “swimming hole,” over which a large elm tree flung its branches. Putting on our bathing suits, which had been made for us the previous season for a contemplated visit to the seaside, we began climbing

among the branches of the tree before taking "our swim" This was great fun. Finally a limb broke and George was politely precipitated head first into the river. At the moment of his disappearance under the water a small round log floated directly over him. Coming to the surface again he found his head on one side of the log and his toes sticking up on the other. Then came a struggle for supremacy. The greater his exertions to gain the top of the log, the more rapidly it turned, thus keeping him underneath it. The splashing, as his head and toes came alternately out of the water, would have done credit to the paddle-wheels of an ocean steamer. "Pull me up, or I'll drown!" he shouted as his head went under and his heels cut a circle under my nose. Instinctively obeying his command I seized him by the feet and attempted to raise him up; but owing to my position on the limb, I could not lift his head above the surface. Holding him in that position or letting him go seemed alike disastrous. What was I to do? My hair began to rise and terror seized me. Still I held fast to him like grim death while he struggled.

In a short time he seemed to become reconciled to his position and remained quiet. I then worked my way along the limb until I reached the bank, where, with a mighty effort, I landed him upon the grass in an apparently drowned condition. I dared not run to any of the neighbors for fear that father and grandfather would find out that we had been violating their sacred rules. Remembering, however, that I had five dollars of small savings, and that good old Dr. Todd could keep a secret as well as the grave, I thought I could summon him and nobody would be the wiser; but everything must be done quickly if George and I were to get home before the people arrived from church.

Luckily, some horses were feeding in a pasture near by and an opportunity for haste presented itself. I ran over to them and caught the best looking one by the mane and sprang upon his back.

Now, the owner of this horse had a son, who was deeply in love with one of the doctor's daughters, and continued his flirtations much against his father's wishes. He was accustomed, nevertheless, to go to the pasture field, mount this horse, ride through the woods, and, coming out on the other road, go joyously on to the object of his affections, unknown to his parental ancestor.

The moment I alighted on the horse's back, he knowingly took the well-beaten path through the woods, going faster and faster until, emerging on the opposite side, he broke into a fierce gallop and I flew down the road toward the village like the wind.

It was not long before I met a wagon-load of youths and maidens, presumably in search of pleasure, who seemed much pleased at my appearance. As I passed by at a lightning pace I heard them shout: "Are you not afraid of getting tanned?"

Glancing at myself I discovered that in my hurry and excitement I had started upon my life-saving mission clad only in the bathing-suit, a very limited piece of wearing apparel. Merciful goodness! Would I have to continue my journey!

The horse seemed to take in the situation and increased his speed. For me to leap off that horse meant instant death, as I had never been a circus performer or a railroad conductor. I tried to stop him, but having no bridle it was in vain. I cuffed his ears and pulled his foretop, but this only increased his speed. I was in a worse plight than John Gilpin. On, on, I must go. Thundering down through the village street, attracting no little attention, I was brought at last to my destination at the doctor's front door.

I placed all I could of myself on the leeward side of the horse and shouted for the doctor, hoping in my inmost soul that he would appear in person. The daughter, however, thinking that her lover had come hastened to the door to greet him, but was unhappily surprised.

Gathering all my courage I again yelled for the doctor. "He'll be out in a moment," came the reply from within. "George is drowned, and I want him to hurry up," cried I at the top of my voice, growing uneasy in my uncomfortable position. He soon appeared at the door, and after I explained the matter to him he pulled off his coat and threw it to me. Then mounting his horse we took up the journey for the river—the doctor in his shirtsleeves and I in his coat. Considering the fact that the coat was buttonless, the speed of the horse made it of little value but to increase my attractiveness. At every window several rows of glistening ivory might have been seen. To add interest to the scene, the congregation was dismissed from the village church just as we passed by and nearly everybody—grandfather and all—became aware that the doctor and I were out. But neither looking to the right nor to the left we hastened onward to rescue George from death.

Arriving at the river bank together and dismounting, we repaired to the place where I had left him. But no George was to be seen. Where was he? "Are you sure you left him here?" inquired the doctor. "Yes, right on this spot," said I, pointing to the place. "Probably he has rolled into the river," said he, as he stepped to the edge of the bank and peered over into the water below. But, treacherous bank! The current had undermined the sand from under the green sod, which gave way under the weight of the doctor, and he was let ruthlessly down into the water. The bottom being somewhat muddy, he steadily sank until nothing could be seen of him above the surface but his head. Still he kept sinking, for his feet were inextricably fastened in the miry bottom. The doctor made an effort to demonstrate the fact that a man may be heard for five miles if he thinks his life is in danger, and I thought he fairly succeeded.

The water soon closed his mouth, and with wild gesticulations he motioned for me to procure two poles and put them under his arms and pry him out of his predicament. Hastily putting this simple apparatus into position and using the bank as a fulcrum, I began the ascent of the poles. Up, up, I went, until I reached the top, but my weight was not sufficient to raise him. I teetered up and down and the doctor groaned. What little that could be seen of his face presented a picture of mortal agony and despair. Finally his boots came off.

This permitted him to rise rapidly and I, of course, came down as suddenly. We remained some time in this position—I sitting on the poles clutching the grass, and the doctor suspended in mid-air tightly squeezed between them.

The greater part of the congregation soon arrived and rescued us from our uncomfortable situation. They soon discovered that George was drowned and began to search the river for his body. Father, mother, and grandfather were wild with excitement and I was sent home. I knew not what had become of my brother and crept sadly to my room. Opening the door I beheld him wrapped up in a blanket, looking rather scared. He had regained consciousness while I was after the doctor, and secretly wended his way homeward. We dared not go and tell our people that we were safe, so the search at the river continued until midnight. Finally father, mother, and grandfather arrived home and came up stairs to look upon their only remaining son. Quietly opening the door they beheld two little curly heads snoring soundly upon the pillow, for we were both exhausted from "our glorious swim."



LETTER FROM A NORMAL SOLDIER.

The following letter was written by Fred S. Webb to the Normal Lyceum, while he lay in the hospital wounded by a rebel's bullet. He never returned, for his wound proved fatal, and a slab in Normal Hall contains his name among others of the Normal students who gave their lives on southern fields. The first two stanzas were written as the address upon the envelope:

Ho, Uncle Sam's servants, take Mercury's wings,

And point your proboscis at Occident's gates,
Then follow your nose till it finally brings
Your worship to Michigan—queen of the States.

Then find Ypsilanti, that beautiful spot,
Where Michigan kneels at the fountain of lore:
A State Normal Lyceum officer's got
Somewhat to be read on the Lyceum floor.

My loved Normal halls! 'neath heaven's blue dome,

No place I hold dearer, no spot that still brings
Such tender reflections on memory's wing.

Within those dear halls peradventure are some
Who remember last summer how loud was the hum

Of excitement that constantly greeted our ears,
As election drew on with its hopes and its fears,

And when the result was announced from the chair,

That the Philethian party the laurels should wear,

Perhaps they remember at the end of the ticket
A man for the snare where the fly and the cricket

Are caught by the spider; if so, I, their servant,
Librarian elect, of the honor observant,
Would hereby report: I consider myself
As favored most highly—placed on the top shelf

Of public opinion, by that great election,
That, too, without merit whereby the direction
Of popular favor on me should be turned.

Your votes, my dear friends, were unsought
and unearned;

I wish I could tell you how deep are the thanks
I feel in my heart for all classes and ranks
Of dear Normal students, but cannot, so please
Imagine their depth, and thus put me at ease.

I would further report, not a book have I
dusted,

Of all that big crib full to me that you trusted.
You know there was excitement and war in the land,

And the students rose up and went forth in a band.

My spirit for war was too strong to resist,
So I threw down my books and ran off to enlist.

Thus matters went on, while the Lyceum books
Looked after themselves—if a book ever looks,
At least I can swear that I never touched one,
I'd sooner have handled my Austrian gun.

And now, Mr. President, one matter more—
My thanks and respects I have mentioned
before; --

I'm away off in Washington, far from the spot,
Whence memory brings me such treasures of thought.

I was hurt at Antietam on my forehead I bear
A wound that a rebel shot gave to me there;
And now in the hospital, lonesome and weary,
I spend the long days—oh, so long and so dreary.

Slow resting in idleness, listless and sad,
Such masterly inaction is intolerably bad.
But that matters little, so long as the land
Is saved from destruction at treason's red hand.

May peace and prosperity, yet gladden the sight
Where war is now waging its desolate fight.

I haste to conclude, lest my auditor's ears
Grow sick of digressions. In short, Normal dears,

I make one request, both for your good and mine,

I ask, Mr. President, now to resign.

FRED S. WEBB,

Sojer boy, and ante (now ex) Librarian of the
Michigan State Normal Lyceum.

Honorable Mention.

The Quest.

INEZ P. SHAW.

The rain had fallen all day long
With a doleful, half-complaining song ;
But just before the close of day,
The wild winds swept the clouds away,
And, shining brightly far on high,
I saw a rainbow in the sky.
" How beautiful it is," I cried.
My mother called me to her side,
And in half-laughing mood she told
Me of the fabled pots of gold
That one could find if he'd but go
To where the earth just touched the bow.
I turned to her my eager face
Declaring I could find the place.
But, as she bade me play, she smiled
And said, "'Tis but a fable, child."
I called my brother from his play,
And quietly we stole away
To where, within a little glade,
A pine tree cast its slender shade.
I knew the bow descended there,
So on we ran, a hopeful pair.
But when we reached the tall, dark tree
No pots of treasure could we see,
But still the bow hung overhead.
" Let's hurry on," my brother said,
" Or someone else will find the prize ;
Beneath yon beech I know it lies."
So on we went till shades of night
Swept the bright rainbow from our sight ;
Half frightened then we hurried back
Along the shining moonlit track.

How often since that day I've sought
Delusive fortune, all for nought,
And found she flew before my eyes
As fled the rainbow in the skies ;
And others I've seen reach for power
For many a long and weary hour,
And when quite sure they'd almost caught
The prize for which they vainly sought,
The sky was darkened by the night
And hope's bright bow was lost to sight.
Some search for pleasure, some for fame,
But often it will prove the same.
Yet now and then one gains the prize
That thousands watched with eager eyes ;
For, if the clouds obscured his light,
He waited till it shone more bright,
And at the goal he stood at last,
Regardless of all troubles past.
Call it a fancy if you will—
A foolish one I know 'tis—still,
I sometimes sit and idly dream
I see the fabled treasure gleam ;
And then I wonder, could one go
But to the very end of the bow,
What he would find ; and I wish some day
Some one could journey the toilsome way
And prove the truth, by bringing the gold
Of the tale my mother so lightly told.



STUDIES NOT IN THE CURRICULUM.

WM. B. HATCH.



SPEAK, let it be said, rather from reputation than from experience; my remarks, therefore, must needs apply to the "other feller." But he will, passively at least, concede their verity.

Reverie reverts, for the scenes to which these remarks apply, to that portion of the Normal's history which begins early in 1888 and closes late in 1890. At this time, after the winter months have been studiously appropriated to the acquisition of classic, scientific, and literary lore, as presented in the text-books, the student instinctively turns from the theoretical to the practical. The prospective philosopher, poet, and scientist repairs to the Huron, hires a boat (?) and proceeds toward Ann Arbor. He (here used to signify not only one sex, or either sex, but almost invariably *both sexes*) tests anew the displacement of partially immersed bodies; some try complete immersion of the body—(I never learned whether religious belief had anything to do with the character of the experiment or not). By the time he has proceeded as far as the railroad bridge he begins to calculate the amount of power necessary to overcome the resistance of the current. He criticises the architect of his boat (?) for not being better acquainted with practical application of elementary physics, and proceeds to readjust his fulcrum to afford greater purchase—he succeeds admirably—he gets his partner to take the oars (?). His partner is, of course, a lady and "delightfully fond of rowing." In the course of an hour, fully twenty rods distant from where the fair rower commenced to be "delighted," they arrive at a new attraction, and in the course of an additional half-hour make a safe landing. The "attraction" is a real, animated, hydraulic ram, just like the picture in the physics. How soothing to the fevered, feminine fingers are the frigid draughts of spring water which so regularly issue forth. Why hadn't such a simple contrivance been attached to that boat (?). But the day is speeding and the poet is longing for Lowell; so, after again "adjusting the fulcrum," they proceed toward the setting sun with the realms of poetic harmony as their objective point.

After stopping from time to time to "consider the lilies" they reach their destination just as the sinking sun is kissing (which son did I say was kissing what?)—oh, yes—just as the sinking sun was kissing good night the rippling waters of the Huron. What a scene! Rivaling the "rythmic tinkle of a Minnehaha," and inspiring the full, fervid, flowing "titillation of foaming phrase." The scene commands the attention until "the shades of evening are falling fast" when the anchor (a rusty plow point) is weighed and the enchanted party

are "drifting with the tide" -the voluptuous array of spring's verdant raiment reflected in the placid waters of the stream..

Amidst the serenity of the scene, as silvery threads are reflected from some incidental ripple, Lorenzo's words are appropriate: "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank." The crew glide tranquilly on under the rustic bridge and into a miniature sargasso. The air laden with the aroma of musk and "pretty pond lilies" wafts silence into the souls of this little exploring party.

They drift silently—on—down—ashore, when the sterner member says: Great Jehosaphat! It's nine o'clock."





MISS JULIA A. KING.

JULIA A. KING.

ANNA PATON, M. PD.



EARLY in the thirties, in the days of stage-coaches, woods, and log-houses, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram King left their home in Vermont for Michigan Territory, where they took up land in the town of Milan, and began the life of pioneers.

In this new home several children were born to them, one of whom was Miss J. A. King, the subject of this present sketch. Here the child, of whom the mother said: "She has enough energy for two," grew up in healthy, vigorous girlhood, on intimate terms with all out-door life; here took her first botany and zoölogy lessons in a neighboring swamp.

At six years of age she began her school days in a log school-house, and showed herself to be as fond of her primer as of the turtles and frogs in the natural aquarium outside. Coming events were foreshadowed in her work as well as her play; for she took the lead in her class, and the rod to the urchins who dared transgress the rules when she played at school-teaching. Here she had also her first physiology lesson from a traveling lecturer, Dr. Cutcheon, and has still vivid recollections of the manikin viewed by the weird light of a country school-house.

When thirteen years of age, her father died, and soon after she entered the Adrian High School, where for the next three years she studied Latin, mental philosophy, history, geometry, etc., and showed herself to be still master of the situation, when called upon to write a composition on a subject with which she was not conversant, by boldly copying an extract from Longfellow and handing it to the teacher.

At the end of this time she entered the Michigan State Normal, and found what was to her an ideal school, with a principal (A. S. Welsh) at its head whom she feared, but regarded as a man among men, and a preceptress (Miss Emily Allen) whom she adored. It was at this time she made the acquaintance of Prof. Sill while he taught her Virgil and Latin prose. These were years in which the joys and the sorrows, the serious and the frivolous were not wanting. Now she runs for office and is defeated; now the poetic effusions of a youthful admirer brighten her hours, and now an occasional escort relieves the monotony of a school-girl's life. It was also at this time that she joined the Baptist Church of Ypsilanti. Her graduating essay was entitled, "Meanwhile," and covered, so she says, the whole period from the time the earth was star-dust till the present, or till thirty-five years ago.

When only eighteen years of age she began in St. Clair her life-work, which has been continued without interruption to the present time. Her first experi-

ence in teaching was gained in a mixed ward school, where she taught one year, after which she assisted J. M. Gregory, then State Superintendent, to organize a graded school, the high school of which she took in charge after a brief service in the grades. She naturally looks back on this work as her crudest, but she gained there some life-long friends and some pupils who still keep her memory green.

On leaving her work in St. Clair she returned to her Alma Mater to study French and German for one year. This was her last vacation, if such it could be called when she was teaching one or two normal classes during the whole year.

The next position which she filled was that of Principal of the Lansing Public School. Vigorous in mind and body, and having as a model the Normal as conducted by Prof. Welsh, she was able to exert a strong moral influence in controlling the school, and reached results in order which were more satisfactory than in any other school she has governed since. At the end of the year, not willing longer to do a man's work for a woman's pay, she accepted the offer of the position of Lady Principal in the Kalamazoo College. J. M. Gregory was at that time President and Prof. Daniel Putnam was teaching Latin. Here for three years she taught what no one else would. After this she spent a summer in the Green Mountains, and returned to enter the Public Schools in Flint. She took charge of the girls' hall and taught modern languages, history, and literature for nine years. Some twelve of the girls whom she instructed in those years are filling important positions in Michigan and elsewhere, and passing on the ideas and influence which they received from the woman whom they took as their ideal. One of these girls, of whom Michigan as well as Miss King is proud, is Miss Angie Clara Chapin, Professor of Greek in Wellesley College.

During all those years she was active in all kinds of church work, in the prayer-meeting as well as the social; in the Sunday-school, now as teacher, and now as superintendent.

Her next field of labor was Charlotte, where she showed that it was possible for a woman to do a man's work and receive, at least in one place in the United States, a man's pay. After being Principal for one year she was promoted to the Superintendency, which she filled for four years. One feature of her work here was the grading of the schools and the introduction of a new course of study.

At this time the lady Principal's place in the State Normal School was made vacant by Miss Hopin's being called to fill a chair in Smith's College, and the Board gave the highest honor it had to confer to one who, through vigor of body and mind, through ripe scholarship, through experience and reputation, was fully prepared to fulfil the various demands which such a place makes on its incumbent. Previous to this time comparatively little history had been taught in the Normal, but now the course was elaborated into what it practically is to-day, and the chair was offered to the new lady Principal, who then began her

work as a specialist. She had always taught history in the Public Schools, had also been a student in that field, and took her place with the broad culture which might have enabled her to fill a chair in mathematics, in the sciences, or in the languages, had it been offered.

She has published a valuable outline of United States history and developed an original way of teaching, which her students call "Miss King's Method," but which she says would not be of much importance if the "King" were taken out of it.

The department has now two assistants and stands fully abreast with those that furnish to the students of the school an opportunity for obtaining broad culture, for acquiring exact scholarship, and for a thorough preparation for the profession of teaching. In the faculty, in the council, and in the committee she has sustained the position she held in Charlotte, and shown that a woman can deliberate calmly, reason soundly, and counsel wisely. The executive work has been done in an able and painstaking manner, and the Principals of the school have always found a reliable coadjutor in the perplexing cases of discipline which have arisen from time to time.

An important feature of her work has been the "Conversations" which she has held with the girls of the school on Friday afternoons. In these she has attempted to supply a want which she felt in the school, and has endeavored to unify it as far as the girls were concerned, and to furnish them with an ideal after which they could model their lives and their work. With this in view practical and important questions are discussed—such as dress, manners, etiquette, morals, religion and the Bible. Many of the most successful teachers in the State of Michigan acknowledge the help derived from these conversations.

She has assisted in conducting several State Teachers' Institutes, appeared at different times before the State Teachers' Association, published a series of historical papers in the "Moderator," and is frequently called upon to address the Students' Christian Association, the students of Cleary's Business College, and the Y. W. C. A. These things, added to the many duties of a professional and executive character connected with so large an institution, leave no time for anything but earnest, faithful, loving work; work often done in weariness and amid discouragements, but always in the hope of helping, elevating, blessing the rising generation of her state.

She has never ceased to be a hard-working student, and has kept herself in touch with the modern trend of thought. Her summer vacations, until home duties of late years prevented, were always spent in travel in the East or some other part of our own country. These outings have added vigor and freshness to her work, kept her interested in people and places, and without doubt have been one of the causes of her long record of work which is almost without parallel.

She has descended from Puritan stock, and might say in imitation of George III: "Born in Michigan, educated in Michigan, I glory in the name of Michigan." This state at least glories in her sons and daughters that have grown

with her growth, and ripened with her years; who are fitted as no one else to understand her people and wrestle with her problems.

This short sketch would be incomplete without mention of the home life to which she is deeply attached, without mention of a loved mother who has accompanied her from place to place, who has cheered and comforted her in perplexities and trials, and provided the quiet home in which the regular habits must in no small degree have contributed to her success.

The best can never be said of one until the grass grows over the grave, and the many friends of Miss J. A. King hope that long years of usefulness will elapse ere the springs of thought and feeling which form the strongest characters can be best discussed in regard to her life.



CHRISTIANITY THE BASIS OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

PHILIP A. BENNETT, OLYMPIC.



THE present condition of society is the evolution of ages of effort. Each great cycle of history emancipates some one human faculty or power, and each successive historic bearer of civilization hands down her legacy for man's development. But the proper adjustment of the relations of individuals and states has ever been the problem of nations, and even now mighty forces are constantly moulding those relations. Individualism and nationalism are silently changing the institutions of government. From barbarism to monarchy, and from monarchy to self-sovereignty, the tread of nations ever onward goes. While loose confederacies, by the concentration of power, are tightening the bonds of union, absolute monarchies, by weakening the central authority, are giving freer play to individual freedom. The revolution of Brazil, the new constitution of Japan, and the murmurs that come echoing and re-echoing across the Atlantic, telling of the discontent of the masses and the growing unpopularity of royalty, are forerunners of that form of government which will be the outgrowth of human experience. By a common political instinct all the nations of the earth seem to be converging to a form of government traced in the main on United States lines. We seem to be preparing to step within the threshold of a democratic era.

It is true that we find a kind of democracy even in antiquity. In one sense history repeats itself, but each repetition is on a higher plane—on a plane where the old idea is enlarged and given a new application. But the present tendency of government is not a mere freak of the times, nor do the centuries forever continue to ebb and flow from democracies to oligarchies; nor can it be that, just as the free government of Athens was followed by the despotism of European royalty, the self-sovereignty of the United States will be followed by the arbitrary rule of American kings! The conditions are changed. The basis for determining men's relations has been enlarged. A new power has been introduced into the forces of man's development, and the result of its operation is seen in all the elements of modern life. By its influence barbarism has ceased, polygamy has been given its death blow, paternal despotism destroyed, the caste system shattered, the death warrant for idolatry prepared, the Russian serf set free, and the death knell of slavery sounded from continent to continent. Through its operation education is dispelling the murky clouds of ignorance, extending freedom of thought and religion, laying the foundation of woman's equality, substituting individual merit for prestige of birth, and establishing the doctrine that all men are born equal. Through nineteen centuries this principle has been steadily growing, until to-day it is as irresistible as the mightiest glacier that ever forced its way down an Alpine slope.

There can be no question as to the source of those new ideas producing such far-reaching changes, for there is but one element of civilization that has ever continued to foster them, and that element is Christianity. It is this that spreads the idea of man's natural unity and equality; it is this that has renovated governmental control and placed the whole fabric of human society on an entirely new basis; and it was the uniting of the Christian and Teutonic elements of civilization in England that produced the representative principle which is the groundwork of all the legislative bodies of modern times, and from which representative democracy has been built up. The old idea of government has been broadened. In the democracies of other times the *freeman* could exercise his sovereignty only in person. In the present he exercises it through the representative principle not merely in a small community, but even in controlling the body politic of the largest unbroken empire the world has ever seen. In the democracies of other times slaves were many, freemen few. To-day all are free, all form a part of the government. And so it is not the democracy of Athens or of rural Switzerland, nor the democratic bias of mediæval cities or the "volcanic people-power of France" that is rising upon us, but it is a form of government in which every *man* has a part, in which the body politic is as wide as the nation, and in which the love of freedom with the power to enjoy its blessings finds expression in self-government.

In this epoch of missionary spirit the most abject subjects of even despotic realms are beginning to understand that all men inherit "certain inalienable rights." The light of truth is breaking the fetters of political inequality. The serf of Russia, the peasant of Germany, and the negro of the United States, have already been given a political status among the peers of earth. In less than two centuries Europe has advanced from absolutism to mixed democracies. "The divine right of kings" has given place to the divine right of the people. But still the struggle for constitutional liberty goes on. The Home Rule movement in the United Kingdom to-day is but another phase of that struggle for self-government that has been going on ever since the English nation was established. Through an evolution of struggle and strife each nation works out its own problem of self-soverignty.

The rapid assimilation of democratic institutions and the singular stability of their principles, even amid the mutability of human actions peculiar to free governments, point to the leveling of social and political conditions and to the consolidation of the race. Nevertheless it is true that the remnants of barbarism and the abuses nestling in the recesses of aristocratic power are waging a mortal combat against those glorious principles of liberty taught by the Saviour of men; but the doctrine of the brotherhood of man is conquering every foe, and with the growth of Christian principles it is becoming a tenet in the faith of nations as well as individuals. If this be a cardinal principle of Christianity the political equality of man is assured, but if we cast it aside as unessential we take from Christian religion the very principle from which it draws the essence of its life. If this idea were taken out of modern life how inglorious would be the change! What of missionaries? What of international law? But present

conditions dispel all fears. The board of arbitration on the Behring Sea question, now pending, shows that this truth is a living power in the international relations of the present, while extradition treaties between nations, and the World's Fair with its congresses and religious conferences show that whatever may be doubted as to the original unity of the race, at least it is a thing of the future, and all nations are advancing toward its realization. But if this is to be realized in fact as well as in theory Christianity must accomplish it, for it was she who gave birth to the conception of it, who has fostered it in her bosom, and who is today guarding it with all the devotion of a mother's care. Democracy also must have a part in working it out, since every other political system fails to recognize this idea of race unity as expressed in its inherent equality. Christianity and democracy must go together—the one as the great liberalizing power of man's development, the other as the political expression of Christian ideas.

Just as surely as Christianity will triumph over every other religion, so certainly will democracy triumph over every other political conception. All other ideas of government are opposed to the very essence of Christian truth because each one of them presupposes an inborn inequality in the relations of men, and prejudices an hierarchy of political status. But the very cardinal doctrines of Christ teach that "all men are born equal," and this is the key-note of all His teaching. The introduction of this idea placed the conditions of government on a new basis, and it has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of Christianity, until today wherever Christianity most abounds there is the equality of man more nearly completed, and the problem of the times is the organization and establishment of democracy throughout christendom.

It is true that an ideal democracy does not yet exist, but our vast union of states is as happy and free as the smallest democratic community that ever existed, and as strong and great as the most powerful monarchy. Thus as human experience unfolds the art of local self-government political science harmonizes the relations of individuals and balances the local and general institutions of government to secure a proper equipoise between them.

The idea of unifying all classes of men into a great brotherhood is finding expression in the tendencies of all nations. Today no state would think of inserting a church-state or a state-church or the hereditary principle into its constitution, and the aim of constructive statesmanship is to place nations upon the basis of the individual political equality of its citizens, and to destroy everything that stifles individuality. The moulding power of Christian principles upon governmental forms continues its operation. The strength of public opinion, the gradual adoption of free education, and the efforts to adapt the achievements of the highest to the needs of the lowest all plainly show that the individual is the final object of all government, and his capacities and powers the fountain head of all good. Thus at length the race is making application of even the political ideas of Christianity that "all men are born equal," and that true national unity and power are not only compatible with individual freedom, but even proportional to it, and thus as Christianity unifies the race by linking the nations into one common brotherhood, all political forms are merging into some form of democratic government.

HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

RAY GOULD.



WHEN the class of '95 entered the M. S. N. S. our actions and sunburned faces indicated that nearly all of us were of rustic origin. We had bidden farewell to parents and friends, and, with an unconquerable ambition, had resolved to win an undying fame. Although we were as modest and quiet as a freshman class should be, yet we as a class entertained an unlimited confidence in our intellectual abilities. We tried our best to create an impression upon the professors by using freely from our abundance of stored up wisdom, but it was all in vain, except to create an expression. Our musical abilities were highly appreciated by the other classes when we would sing "Home, Sweet Home" with trembling accents that indicated—a cold

Our experiences were many while getting introduced to the new world which we had entered. One young lady, observing the motor, said: "O, my! See there! Two cabooses and no engine!" Also one young man whose general expression of bewilderment indicated his first appearance at the Normal, was discovered on the third floor searching for something he could not find. When observed he said: "O, say! where is the basement?" But through all these varied adventures we were bound together by that class feeling which lifted us above the reproach of others.

All our experiences as freshmen are over and we have taken upon ourselves the habiliments and self-assurance of the modest sophomore with the idea that we have been preserved in the conflict for a great work.

By consulting the books of the secretary at the office, it can be found what brilliant intellects we possess, and with what perseverance we have traveled the thorny path to learning. For the m's (from the Latin *mirus*, meaning wonderful) will be as numerous as the sighs of a person taking an orthoepy examination. In mathematics we fill the teachers with amazement at the many and devious paths we use to reach a conclusion. In rhetoric and literary work we try to show the flexibility and great resources of the English language to the satisfaction of ourselves, if not to that of others. In science we disclose our profound knowledge of the causes of physical phenomena by adapting ends to means at all possible times in all possible ways. In literary work in the societies we have even gained the respect of that reverend body of students known as the

seniors, which, being interpreted, means "Knowing all things." For they admire the potentiality of our orations, the peculiar structure of our sentences, and the energy with which we delivered orations, for what we lacked in wit we made up in noise. It is singular with what persistency the seniors seek the assistance of the better half of our class, and it can only be solved as a concomitance of fortuitous circumstances of which they have no control, for the poet says:

"Venus, thy eternal sway
All the race of men obey."

This class has furnished its full quota in noise and number to the base ball club and with an *Armstrong* and a steady faith in the small boy's yell of "*Chur chill! Chur chill!*" we have managed to pull through in many a game.

In music, it must be said, that we have never been fully appreciated. Although we have music in us, yet we cannot express it without hearing sundry remarks not highly complimentary.

One of our greatest efforts has been in the study of psychology. To gain a knowledge of this, wonderful efforts have been put forth by the class; that is, by some of us. There are a few in the class who believe in the objective study of this subject of whom the principal exponent is our *Parson(s)*.

In numbers we are about the same as when we started, although a few, disheartened by our trials and tribulations, have dropped out. The remainder, encouraged by the sight of our class colors *Green* and *Brown*, which are always at the front, have tried to follow the *Straight Rhodes* that lead to our junior year.

In the past we have always given our sincere sympathies (?) to the freshmen. With this year will end our sophomore year and also our first half of college life, and all can look back to it as one full of enjoyment and pleasure as well as hard work. While our mistakes have probably been many, it is hoped that they were not intentional. As for the last half of our college life it will, of course, depend upon the individual whether it be spent in the improvement of our nobler faculties or to their detriment. But, as a whole, we mean to do better work both for ourselves and our fellow-students. This short period of time will soon be over, and we will start on our voyage on the ocean of life, and we hope to guide our frail barks to that safe harbor where the trials and disappointments of life are no more. With faith in our motto, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and in an overruling Providence, the class of '95 bids farewell to its sophomore year.



HISTORY OF THE FRESHMEN CLASS.

BERTHA W. MATHEWS.



IT WAS last autumn when we, the Class of '96, entered the spacious buildings of the M. S. N. S. We had left pleasant homes and kind friends to try the responsibilities of stemming the tide of life alone. It was with an unstinted determination to improve well our time and opportunities that we came.

As we were assembled in the Normal Chapel for the first time on that almost unwelcome September morning, we were a rude, lonesome, and homesick group.

We were as quiet and unassuming as well becomes a Freshman Class; although we felt that we must let our teachers and fellow-students know something of our stored-up wisdom, in which we had such unbounded confidence. But this was of no avail in securing their appreciation of our accomplishments.

To make a little rude our inexperience in city life some of the honored Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, etc., relate, with any amount of pleasure, some trifling incidents connected with a few members of our class—as for instance one young man, inquiring into the mysteries of the city, asked to know, simply for information, if the electric light plant was situated in the water tower. There is no doubt upon our part that some such incidents do occur, but 'tis a comfort when we remember that all other classes have something of the same experiences.

Imagine the surprise of some when they learned the result of their entrance examinations, and found thirty weeks of *arithmetic* and forty weeks of grammar in store for them. They, with all candor, considered themselves the best *rithmaticers* in their county, and perhaps were, but evidently not residents of Wash-tenaw County.

After going through the trying preliminaries of procuring our classifications, there came a still more trying one, namely, of finding the correct class rooms. For instance, the first was number 47. Where in the world to find that room was more than our limited knowledge of the place could tell. Nevertheless, good sense led us to commence with the first floor to search for the place in question. Indeed, about the time the hour was at a close we had just found the place; but now to proceed to find the next one, and so on, till by the time one o'clock came we had not attended a single class, but had succeeded in finding the class rooms, to our great satisfaction.

As we met with these changeable and trying experiences, when everything seemed to go wrong, then we would feel almost discouraged; but this was only

for a short time. Soon our determination, made stronger by these petty trials, would rise and with new vigor we would resolve to persevere until the end.

In rhetoric and literature we, as a class, have had but little experience, but those of us who have been pursuing these branches have done honor to the class in this line. In mathematics we are greatly favored by having several Smiths to look after the welfare of the class in that direction. Many have chosen to pursue the scientific paths of learning. They enjoy investigation, and fill the teachers with wonderment when they see how naturally they work with the different materials in the laboratory. In history our class compares well with preceding classes. And so we hope to continue to improve, as time bears us onward and the time approaches when we shall bid farewell to each of our succeeding school years, till at last we come forth proud and hopeful Seniors.

Of our number 34 per cent. have been graduated from high schools, 38 per cent. have been successful as instructors in different States of the Union.

As their birthplace one of our number refers to Europe, several to Canada, and the remainder divide the honors of their birth between fifteen different States from the Pacific ocean to the seaboard of the Atlantic.

Besides the education received in these States, one has studied in Germany, and several refer to Normal Schools of other States.

Religiously, 8 per cent. of our number are Catholics, the remainder Protestants, of whom 35 per cent. are Methodists, 14 per cent. are Baptists, 13 per cent. Congregationalists, 10 per cent. Presbyterians, and 8 per cent. Episcopalians. The Christians, Disciples, Friends, Lutherans and Mormons are each represented.

It has been a year of hard study as well as enjoyment; but from a knowledge of the fact that our duties have been performed with care and perseverance will come such a sense of satisfaction that we shall feel abundantly rewarded for the many trying hours which have been spent here in hard study.

Although looking forward to three more years of similar work, it is with pleasure that we welcome them. For soon this short time called school life will have passed, and we shall then forsake these halls of learning and be no longer guided by friends and teachers, but will be compelled to proceed alone on the thorny paths of life.

Bidding a final adieu to our Freshmen year and looking forward to a bright future, we invoke the blessings of God upon the members of our class.



A DAY IN THE NORMAL.

ALBERT H. MURDOCK.



AND it came to pass on the third day of the eighteenth week of the seventh year of the reign of J. M. B. Sill, that I, Abraham, went up into a certain temple in Ypsilanti. As I went up I beheld great multitudes of people doing likewise. Being much amazed, I said unto a Freshman, "Why go the people up into the temple?" He answered and said, "Verily, verily, they do go up to hold communion with the scribes." And, as I gazed thereon, they all went up, both male and female; and the number of the females did surpass the number of males, even as Cowgill surpasseth Green in stature.

And behold, as I looked certain of them did reel and stagger like unto drunken men, and did smite the sidewalk, thereby causing much lamentation in the multitude. Marveling much at these strange things, I looked, and lo! the walk was clothed in a raiment of ice, so smooth that no foot of man could walk thereon.

When I had entered in unto the temple, I beheld many strange things. There were divers chambers leading off to the right and to the left, and in each chamber was there one of the scribes. But behold, there were two great chambers. one for the male and one for the female.

As I looked on these things all the people went up into the synagogue to worship, and to harken to the reading of the Scriptures.

When these things had come to pass they did all disperse, each person to his own chamber.

Taking counsel with one of the scribes, I was prevailed on to enter in unto his apartment, which I straightway did. There were two score and seven persons in the room, and they did sit in front and round about an altar. The scribe straightway opened his mouth and said: "Cope, how many problems hast thou solved?"

Cope, who had been at church (?) the night before, said, "One." Then did the scribe roast Cope, and did chastise him with exceeding violence, but it profited him nothing.

Much more came to pass in that hour, which was inscribed in the records of the temple, to await the great day of examination.

About the third hour, as I journeyed toward the library, I looked, and behold I saw Tom Paton loitering by the wayside; and, as I gazed thereon, the

chief scribe drew nigh unto him, and did command him to move on. Tom straightway moved. Seeing this I turned and went not into the library, for the chief scribe did tarry at the door.

As I passed on my way I saw a certain gate standing open. Entering therein I beheld one Harley, whose surname is Harris, expounding a certain doctrine. The scribe took counsel against him, but the sayings of Harley were as a mule who standeth in the market place, and refuseth to harken unto the voice of his master.

And the argument grew and waxed mighty; but neither would give up one jot or tittle unto the other.

Whilst these things came to pass the air in the room did become exceeding warm. The scribe therefore spake unto one Whitehead in this wise, saying: "Thinkest thou that thou couldst pull the window down from the top?"

Whitehead opened his mouth and said: "Verily, I think I could."

Meanwhile the argument grew and multiplied, so that the scribe said unto Harley: "Thou showest much presumption and know not what thou sayest. I perceive that it would be easier for Sattler to go through the eye of a needle than for thou to reason understandingly," and straightway the second bell rang.

I did journey round about the great temple even unto the fifth hour. In that hour I drew nigh unto room 37, and behold I heard a sound as of the rushing of mighty waters. Being sore afraid my knees did quake under me, and I spake unto one Armstrong, who did tarry near, inquiring of the tumult. Armstrong opened his mouth and said: "Verily, that is Miller's reading class, and he is setting forth the great doctrines of the temple. Lucky is it for them that do his bidding, for when examination day doth come, hard and rocky are the questions, and few there are that pass; but easy is the way to an M—, and many there are that get it."

When I had heard these things I was exceedingly sorrowful and passed on lest he come out and smite me; but the bell did ring, and the multitude came forth from the temple and went, each person to his abode, to partake of meat.

In the afternoon I went up into a part of the temple called the Training School, where Seniors were dispensing knowledge unto the future wise men of Michigan.

One of the Seniors was busily engaged in trying to set forth certain precepts, and lo! he was sore afraid. His face was red like unto the nose of a man who hath tarried long at the wine. His knees did quake beneath him, and his voice was low and tremulous. He shook like unto a man stricken of the ague, and the festive youth of that room rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Inquiring of a Senior who stood near, I said: "Who is that man?" And he answered: "Sweet."

Soon after this the school was dismissed and each one went unto his home. Thus endeth the reading of the chronicles of all that came to pass in that day.

WHO WAS IT?

Who was it so very discreet,
That yell he would not in the street,
Who was wiser than Solomon's feet?
'Twas Myron, only Myron.

Who was it that curled his mustache,
Who courted the girls with a dash,
And considered himself quite a mash?
'Twas Angie, only Angie.

Who was the great man as a rule,
Who managed the gym, NEWS and school,
And who felt that he wasn't a fool?
'Twas Ernest, only Ernest.

Who was it that talked by the week
Nor let her tongue rest in her cheek,
If she stopped you'd have thought it a freak?
'Twas Inez, only Inez.

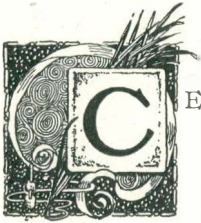
Who fell deep in love with Miss Walton
And kissed her exceedingly often
With sighs that a hard heart would soften?
Miss Sherwood, only Sherwood.

* * * * *

The above is purely malicious,
The writer was fearfully vicious,
At his dying request,
As his last behest
We print it because he's departed.—*Eds.*

HIST.

LILLIAN A. JAQUITH, OLYMPIC.



“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”—*Shakespeare.*

CENTURIES of experience have been required to teach the race that all humanity is human. In the palace and the hut, in the halls of civilization and the tent of the barbarian, the same traits are found, the same vices, the same virtues. Among the most ignorant savages are found instances of true nobility so pure and beautiful that they might well cause the culture of our boasted civilization to blush. Numberless records of noble daring, of unflinching adherence to honor, and of beautiful sacrifices for the love of friends, are found among our own American Indians. Perhaps no incident in the annals of history, however, shows the Indian character with its touch of tenderness better than one which occurred in Pontiac's war, the fiercest and bloodiest of all Indian wars.

Pontiac was at this time the acknowledged leader of all the western tribes. He was a man of no ordinary ability. With incredible energy, perseverance and skill he had united his people, so that for hundreds of miles the forest was peopled with dusky warriors to whom his will was law. Now and then vague rumors had come to the whites that all the tribes west of the Allegheny mountains were being united by the genius of this man; but, if it was for any hostile purpose, he had covered his plotting so skillfully that the English had no suspicion of treachery.

One beautiful spring morning, when all nature seemed singing for gladness, a bright Indian girl, with erect figure and light step, quietly left her wigwam in the Indian village and wended her way down the path, worn deep by many passing feet, to the little brook at the foot of a steep hill. The birds were singing merrily all around her; a squirrel, evidently thinking her a trespasser, chattered noisily as he sped from place to place, always near her; the tall, graceful trees intertwined their branches over head, almost shutting out the sunlight; but Hist saw and heard only the brook which, as often as she came, sang to her a different song. Sometimes it was a dreamy song, which she could not understand; sometimes a bright song, awakening her to a happier life; when her brother was gone, she thought it spoke to her of his journeyings, always telling her to be hopeful for he would soon return. This morning it was less noisy than usual and sang to her but one word: “Go, go, go,” until she could listen

no longer, but arose from her seat beside it, saying: "Yes, brook, Hist will go." Taking her parcel from the ground, where it had fallen, she gazed around to make sure no one saw her, then started through the woods in the direction of the small settlement at Detroit. Her quick eye failed to see a skulking Frenchman, who, first discovering her sitting by the brook, followed her, dodging from tree to tree that he might not be seen. On and on she went, not even pausing to notice her friends, the flowers. When she reached the fort she timidly approached the headquarters of Major Gladwyn, who was busy at work. As Hist entered, however, he arose, greeted her kindly, and made inquiries about the people of her village. Chancing to mention her brother, Wah-ta-Wah, Gladwyn recalled that he was a lad who formerly often visited the fort. An unfriendly Indian, Rivenoak, had once drawn him into a quarrel, just outside the fort. Rivenoak at length became so enraged that he raised his tomahawk and would have killed the boy had not the Commandant, who had witnessed the whole affair, suddenly ended it by sending a bullet through the aggressor's heart. The major was recalled from his reflections by Hist, who shyly offered him a pair of beautifully braided moccasins, for which he generously rewarded her. Then handing her a deerskin he said, "Will you make of this two more pairs for the White Chief's friends?"

Hesitatingly the girl replied, "No, White Chief; Hist may never come again.

"Is Hist angry with her friend, the white man?"

"No, the pale face saved Wah-ta-Wah and Hist thinks only of his kindness."

By the girl's hesitation and nervous manner Gladwyn saw that there was more in her mind than her words expressed. He studied her face intently, but, true to her Indian nature, it failed to reveal her thoughts. Slowly Hist turned to leave, but when she reached the door she paused. Gladwyn waited

"Do the pale-face braves watch in the White Chief's wigwam to-morrow?" she said.

Like a flash the thought came to Gladwyn's mind, "She is a friend warning me of danger." He turned quickly to question her farther, but the girl was gone.

For a moment the Commandant stood with his hand upon his brow. His frontier training had taught him to plan and execute with speed. He determined to prepare immediately for an attack. Starting quickly to give his orders he noticed an evil face skulk from his window, a face very like the one which had followed Hist through the woods.

As Hist re-entered the Indian camp she saw numbers of the warriors busily engaged in filing off their musket barrels, and that night there was a council of the braves. The speeches were many and long. It was evident that the subject was one of deep interest. Pontiac arose and spoke, arousing a wild enthusiasm among his followers. It was late at night ere quiet reigned in the Indian village.

But little time followed the warning till Gladwyn was prepared for an attack. Double guards were posted that night, but no foe was seen. To the Command-

ant the hour of the morning moved slowly. Nine o'clock came; ten, and still no enemy in sight; eleven, not a sound but the quiet moving of the people in the streets; twelve—can it be that his fears are groundless? One, and still no enemy; at two, carefully scanning the forest, he sees dusky forms approaching the fort. But no weapons are visible. Pontiac is in the band without war-paint. Evidently the Indians came with peaceful intentions. At some distance from the fort they pause, and of the band two score or more approach the fort and boldly ask admission for a council. This being no unusual occurrence, Gladwyn admitted them, but as they entered they passed between files of armed soldiers. Pontiac's eyes, turning from side to side, noted this, and after seating themselves in a circle in the council hall he arose and spoke:

“White Chief, go the pale-faced braves to hunt to day, or are these arms ready to slay the red man? Is the pale face no longer Pontiac's friend that he receives him so? The pale face has built his wigwam in the red man's land; let us be friends.”

Gladwyn replied: “Know you not, Great Chief, our braves must often use their arms lest they lose their skill. So long as the red man merits the white man's friendship, it shall be his; but any hostile act will bring to him swift vengeance.”

Pontiac, caring not to prolong the interview, arose to go. As the band passed out the quick eyes of the soldiers saw that underneath their blankets the treacherous visitors carried muskets, which had been shortened by cutting off part of the barrel. Then it was easy to see what they would have done had they found the men at the post off their guard. A few armed Indians could have overpowered the soldiers without any difficulty, after which the reduction of the fort would then have been quickly accomplished with the assistance of those outside.

Nothing in Pontiac's demeanor as he left the place showed the fierce wrath which, ever since he entered the fort, had been increasing. The English would have been unarmed, as they had been on previous occasions, had not some one betrayed his plan. The traitor must be found and brought to justice—or, more accurately, Indian torture. A great council was called. Never had Pontiac addressed his braves with more stirring words than he now uttered. Most bitterly he denounced the white man, who, not content with land beyond the mountains, was steadily pushing his way toward the setting sun, and as steadily driving the rightful owners of the land before him. Forcibly he told how, as moon after moon passed, the red man's hunting ground grew constantly smaller. When the pale faces had taken all their land, where then would they find meat for their squaws and papposes? Then he recounted his plan to fall at the same time upon all the forts in that region, and by one united effort drive the English from their country. He hoped that his plan had not all failed through treachery, as had the expedition against Detroit. Of this he need not speak, for all knew that, had the English admitted them without suspecting danger, their work there would have been short and certain. That there was among them a

traitor was evident, and if they wished to keep their hunting grounds this guilty one must be discovered and put to death. To the white dogs they showed no mercy, and one who would thus basely betray them was more to be despised than the pale faces.

Pontiac's speech was followed by others embodying the same sentiment, but no one ventured to suggest who might be the guilty one until a Frenchman, who made frequent visits to the Indian village, asked to be allowed to speak. Then he related how he had discovered Hist sitting beside the brook, had heard her talk to it, and being curious to know why she thus conversed had followed her to the fort, saw her enter the Major's headquarters, and listening outside the window had heard her conversation with him. It was she who had betrayed the plan.

The girl was summoned and entered the circle in which the savages were seated. The scene was a weird one as the brave child faced the fierce Chief. All around was the dark forest. The trees moaned a low dirge as the night wind touched their tops. The gleam of the fire flickered on their faces with a sickly light. Not a whisper was heard from the gloomy warriors gathered around. At last Pontiac spoke.

"Hist must die to-night. She has betrayed her people. The white dogs are safe in their fort. Yet Hist's father was bold and wise. Hist may speak for herself."

As he spoke the girl's face never flinched. When he had finished she replied:

"Hist saved the pale-face, Great Chief, because he was her friend. Hist will die, for she told the Great Chief's plan."

Still not a warrior moved; there was dead silence. The wind was dying now and came only in gusts. The fire had burned low. Dark clouds were slowly climbing up the sky. The gloom was thickening. Again Pontiac spoke.

"Hist has answered; now let her die. Bind her to the stake, my braves, and place the fagots about her. Pontiac has spoken; let it be done."

As the awful sentence was given the last dying gust of wind moaned as it passed. The fire sank still lower and all about was a dead calm, such as often precedes a storm.

At the Chief's command a number of the Indians started to obey. They seemed like evil spirits as they moved among the trees.

Hist was bound to the stake; the wood was piled around her; but no sign of emotion was seen upon her face. Pontiac stood by, grim and silent. Hist looked at him calmly as her funeral pile was prepared. At last all was ready. The storm clouds had crept higher, until almost above them. Again the wind began to moan among the tree tops, and the storm seemed about to break. Nature was in a mood for such dark deeds as this. As one of the savages approached with a brand from the fire, a low rumbling of the coming storm was heard. He approached still nearer, when with a crash the forest all about them was lighted up. The Indian dropped the brand. The lightning's bolt had

shivered a mighty oak near by. The warriors were growing restless, for nature always moves the savage more quickly than the civilized. Pontiac ordered another Indian to light the pyre. This time it was done. Slowly the flames crept up and the stifling smoke began to rise around her, when, without a word of warning, swiftly through the crowd rushed Wah-ta-Wah, who, with one dexterous move, scattered the burning pile in every direction, and with another severed the cords which bound his sister.

A hush fell upon the throng at the daring act of the boy, who, until a few moments before, had been unconscious that events of such great moment to him were transpiring. A moment only was needed to show him that nothing but immediate action would save the life of one who was bound to him by the closest ties of nature, strengthened, if possible, by years of association. Now he turns to confront Pontiac, who, with features as composed as those of a sleeping child, stands at a little distance.

"Great Chief, she must not die. I am her brother, Wah-ta-Wah. The pale-faced Chief was kind to Wah-ta-Wah. When Rivenoak had raised his tomahawk to kill me, the White Chief sent the lightning through the heart of Rivenoak. The red man never forgets such kindness. Hist saved the White Chief because she loved Wah-ta-Wah. The white man kept the fort; some one must die, Great Chief, but not Hist; let it be Wah-ta-Wah."

A slight relaxation of Pontiac's face was visible as the boy proceeded, and when the plea was finished there was less of the look of the savage and more of the look of the man than perhaps had ever before lighted his countenance. Should he, great chief that he was, show less mercy to his children than was given them by the despised pale faces? No; the heart beating in his breast had for these dusky subjects true father love and compassion.

"Listen, my children. Pontiac's ways are always those of the Indian, but he loves his children of the forest not less than does the white man; and, as the White Chief dealt kindly with Wah-ta-Wah, so now will I, and even more. Go, my children."

With this Pontiac turned from the spot. Hand in hand Wah-ta-Wah and his sister sought their wigwam. The crowd quietly dispersed. The embers of the recent fire smoldered in silence and the quiet of midnight reigned.



CLASS OF '94.

Colors.

LAVENDER AND MAIZE.

Class Officers.

CHAS. H. NORTON,	PRESIDENT.
ZELLA STARKS,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
MABEL SMITH,	SECRETARY.
JAS. CLARK,	TREASURER.
L. G. HOLBROOK,	EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
PRUDA PIERCE,	
MARY McDOUGAL,	

Class Day Participants.

BERTHA BLAIR,	SALUTATORIAN.
D. C. VAN BUREN,	ORATOR.
AURELIA MACK,	ESSAYIST.
ZELLA STARKS,	POET.
HERBERT McCUTCHEON,	HISTORIAN.

Class Prophecy.

PRUDA PIERCE,	L. G. HOLBROOK,
ADA B. HILL,	EUGENE WILCOX,
MABEL SMITH,	JAS. CLARK.

THE RISE OF THE JUNIORS.

D. C. VAN BUREN.



WHO shall write the story of a human life? Who shall record the unsharable joys and sorrows, the struggles and aspirations of that inner life, which is the real life, with all its secret springs to action? And if this be difficult, who shall chronicle the doings of a great company of souls, such as is the class of '94, with accuracy and justice? Infinite as this task is, some feeble approximation of it must be attempted, for the managers of the *AURORA*, realizing that their production would be a barefaced fraud and a failure of the most dismal kind if it did not have recorded upon its pages a faithful account of that assemblage of intellectual Anakim who are to "leap Parnassus at a bound," and give many a fainting cause in this prosy old world the mighty impetus so long prayed for; in other words, the Junior Class. Realizing, I say, that without this history they could never hope to succeed in their venture, and that such an account alone would be worth the price of the book, they have prevailed upon the writer to portray, in so far as may be, the growth and formation of this remarkable class.

The class of '94 was born May 7th, 1871, hence we are, on the average, twenty-two years of age. With more than nine-tenths of us the important event above referred to occurred within the borders of the great Lake State; and shortly after, with a spontaneity for which we are remarkable, we began that upward progress in which we have continued with a perseverance worthy of our high destiny. In this development we condescended to pass through the usual stages of learning to walk and to talk, cutting our teeth and using them with all the voracity of healthy childhood. Croup, whooping cough, measles, yea, even the scarlet fever and the mumps, assailed us, but without avail. For eleven long years a very considerable portion of our waking hours was spent at school.

About five years ago there was a noticeable call for bright, energetic young persons to join the ranks of teachers. When the call came we resolved to sacrifice ourselves upon the altar of our country, crossed the Rubicon, and engaged our first school! After two or three years of faithful service in this capacity, we concluded that our country had need of our talents in higher and more lucrative fields of labor. With this understanding we entered the Normal School to fit ourselves for the higher ranks of that profession which we are so manifestly destined to ornament.

Having, by our intense application and exemplary deportment, already demonstrated our fitness to graduate and to begin to let our beneficent light shine somewhere, Principal Sill caused a list of the names of persons eligible to graduate in '94 to be made, and called a meeting of the Class on February 14, '93. Our organized life dates from this meeting. The propriety of the birth of our organization occurring on Valentine's Day will become more manifest as time goes on, especially after Cupid shall have been freed from the restrictions of a hostile Faculty. At that memorable first meeting Herbert McCutcheon was chosen temporary chairman and Eugene Wilcox secretary. The class then elected a committee, composed of Misses Kate Baker, Mabel Smith and Zella Starks and Messrs. C. W. Waring and Chas. Norton, to formulate a constitution whereby to regulate its future proceedings. This done, they adjourned to meet again on the 18th, when a constitution was presented and adopted. We quote the preamble of this immortal document:

"We, the members of the Junior Class, in order to graduate in good form, to have plenty of fun before we do, to notify the Seniors of our existence, to arrange and carry out a class day program worthy of imitation by the Sophomores, and to promote the general welfare of the Faculty and the State Normal School, do ordain and establish this constitution of the Class of '94."

The first section of the subjoined constitution declares that we shall be known as the "Excelsior Class of '94," which was instantly obeyed, and for an instant only; the second states that our motto shall be, "*Possunt quia posse videntur*," and further says that this means, "We can, because we think we can." It is stated in Latin probably for the benefit of those Freshmen who do not understand English; and in English to make it intelligible to the Seniors, to whom it is something of a puzzle. At this meeting, Miss Bertha Drake, of Weston, was elected to represent the class in the *Normal News* oratorical contest, which occurred on the 19th of May.

The executive committee immediately began making arrangements for the class day exercises, and in accordance therewith, on March 18, participants in said exercises were elected, whose names, as well as those of the class officers, will be found at the head of this History. For class prophecy we concluded that the old style of production, with its vapid inanities and pointless puns, was too slow for us, and that we could best demonstrate our genius by a living, dramatic representation of the Class as it will be at about 1925, by means of dialogues, tableaux, etc., all to be evolved and composed by members of the Class, under the supervision of its executive committee.

To satisfy that uncontrollable and unaccountable craving on the part of college students for vocal gymnastics of the most impressive kind, a yell was shortly afterward constructed, designed after the fashion of the Comanche renaissance; and so elaborately and fearfully realistic is it that, so far as we know, no Junior has ever publicly attempted it a second time; Seniors, upon hearing its first note, flee precipitately, and remain for hours in a state of abject—disgust.

From the Class membership blanks we glean many interesting facts. Fully two-thirds of our members depend wholly or partially upon their own efforts for the means wherewith to pursue their studies here, while over one-third are independent of all assistance; yet there is nothing small about our pocket-books, our yearly expenses ranging from \$150 to \$350, the average being about \$225. With our one hundred and eighty-four eyes we have gazed upon both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the principal cities, rivers, lakes and mountains between, Niagara Falls, the Pictured Rocks," and the "Eternal City," with its St. Peter's and its Colosseum, together with many other notable things, such as the Siamese twins and a "real ghost." Those who have staid at home have been well employed, judging from the list of important inventions and discoveries reported as having been the work of their productive brains. We have space to mention but one of these, a windmill attachment by Mr. Johnson, which, if it will fit ALL the windmills in this country, will solve the problems of cheap motive power and of perpetual motion at once and forever.

The Class of '94 is notable for the number of speakers it has furnished for various public exercises of the school and its societies. Of the class day participants, Miss Blair will be remembered for her creditable recitation at the Washington's Birthday exercises last winter, and Miss Starks is well known for her energetic society work, while Mr. Van Buren was winner in the *Normal News* oratorical contest last year. At the inter-society contest last winter four of the seven speakers were chosen from the Junior Class, viz: Miss McDougal, Miss Smith, Mr. Waring and Mr. Holbrook. And in the *Normal News* contest, which occurred on May 19th, the Juniors furnish five speakers out of eight, viz: Miss Barber, Miss Drake, Miss Southgate, Mr. Evans and Mr. Hunter. We have among us several athletes who are not unknown to fame. Among the medal winners we mention Mr. McCutcheon, cyclist, and Mr. Radford, runner. Another swift one is our genial president, who has won great fame, likewise a gold watch, as a "Chaser."

Our class numbers ninety-two souls, which number will probably be doubled by accessions next year. Fully seventy per cent. of our members are graduates of high schools, and this, together with the fact that two-thirds of our number come from the homes of farmers, indicates that liberal educational facilities are becoming quite generally within the reach of our rural population. Not all of the schools above referred to are approved high schools, however, since only forty per cent. of the class are taking advantage of the two years' courses for high school graduates.

I feel that volumes innumerable would be required to do justice to my worthy class-mates. However, I am comforted by the assurance that their patient pluck and sturdy virtues will carry them well up the slopes of human endeavor. Still climbing, still growing, I leave them, confident that in the years to come they will nobly distinguish themselves in their chosen profession, and reflect well-deserved credit upon their training at the Normal.

THE POWER OF LITERATURE.

ANGIE SHERWOOD.



IN all times and all ages men have felt one mighty impulse moving and thrilling their spirits irresistibly. Calling from immeasurable heights, the voice of this strange power has a wondrous force. And the souls of men, as they listen, do strive and struggle to cast off their shackles. They become conscious of their own narrowness and of the boundless wideness of the universe. And this voice is heard adown the ringing ages evermore the same. In every manifestation of power and of greatness it is recognized. Yet its most triumphant note, thrilling and swelling with its burden of uplifting sweetness, is heard in the utterances of those gifted men which the world has deemed worthy to be preserved.

In our acquaintance, both with men and with books, our hearts reach out to all that we recognize as noble. We feel a great, unsatisfied longing and desire to attain to something like such greatness. And the divine discontent which it creates within us is the keenest spur to more earnest and determined action.

In our contact with men we feel the magnetic influence of their personality, but oftentimes we may be led astray by it; for, following those whom we deem admirable and worthy of emulation, we stumble into mires and quicksands, which else we should have avoided. Ah, the frailty of human perfection! Our demi-gods are but human dust! But looking elsewhere for the heroes whom we may safely worship, we find in books our best and surest models. There they are divested of their weaknesses and shortcomings, and clothed in the glory of infallibility, exalted and magnified. Among the world's great men what varied influences touch us! Moral grandeur, spiritual elevation, intellectual greatness in its infinitely various forms and tendencies—all these are elements of that passionate voice of power which calls us ever higher. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare—names which thrill us with the thought of life's meaning and interpretation! Joan of Arc, Savonarola, Martin Luther—names which bring before us visions of sacrifice and self-denial for the sake of principle! Copernicus, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Agassiz, Newton—names which help us to realize the vastness of knowledge within the reach of man, and the vastness of knowledge beyond his reach! And they all speak to us with a voice which penetrates our souls and which becomes a real and living force of today.

The books which tell us of their words and of their lives, are redolent with the perfume of fields beyond our earth-bound vision, whose alluring fascination is the strongest incentive to progress.

So, too, we are moved and influenced by the portrayal of strong character in fiction. It may even be as potent for good or evil as any character in history. We find in the men and women of these books the realization of our aspirations and ideals, and are strengthened by their victories and by their brave endurance of defeat. The names of the heroes and heroines of George Eliot, of Scott, of Dickens, of all the novelists whose creations appeal to our deepest feelings, are as familiar to us as those of living men and women.

“Books are a real world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastimes and our happiness may grow.”

But most of all, they are real in their effect upon our lives. It has been said “Books are guideposts and the world is the university.” But may we not claim for books something more than the mission of guide posts? Rather they are the teachers in the university of the world; for they are the chronicles of men and events, and the record of men’s thoughts and experiences. And thus their influence upon our lives is inestimable, their power for moulding character beyond measurement. Many times it happens that one who stands in the pathway of knowledge owes the fact to his early reading, and the glorious fruition of his trained and cultured intellect is due to the inspiration gained from the thoughts of master minds.

This power for inspiration is the truest and greatest value of literature. Mere intellectual admiration is but a low and trivial thing compared to the swift, joyous flight of real feeling and emotion when we allow ourselves to be carried into others’ lives and thought and visions. Then, oblivious to ourselves and all the wearying cares of our small worlds, we find our horizons infinitely extended, our hopes and aims uplifted and brightened—the fetters drop from our earth-loving limbs, and we soar into heights of freedom and of glorious life before unknown. We see visions that were undreamed of. We hear celestial music where before was silence, the soft airs of springtime are about us—new delights are ours for the grasping. The courage and strength and glory, the beauty and sweetness, the hope and aspirations which characterize the true spirit and essence of literature are ours forever if we choose to make them so. In the literature of the ages we have had preserved to us only the clear wine, freed from its gross sediment, pure and sweet and exhilarating with its life-giving force, subtle and strong, with a fascination in its vital energy which bids us come again and again to the unceasing flow of its fountain.

In all the ephemeral literature which crowds the presses and the reading-rooms we may not find one word of life, we may turn unsatisfied from it all. Then what inspiration we may find in the masters—in those who have touched the harp of life with a magic hand, who have looked into the human heart and interpreted its pages by the light of Truth! What majesty and harmony and

elevation in Milton! What delight and ever new sense of refreshing beauty in Shakespeare! How the lofty mountain heights of Emerson invite us to breathe pure air and forget the dust and depression of the valleys. And not alone in those whom the world has called masters do we find true inspiration. Just as often "some humbler poet whose songs gush from his heart" speaks to us with all the force and suggestiveness of Tennyson or Browning or Goethe. Then when this enthusiasm fires our hearts, life takes on deeper meaning. Its mysteries and perplexities shrivel out of sight, and its grandeur and sublimity fire our souls. Its common things are transfigured in the light of our new revelation.

One great truth which has gladdened all mankind since the beginning of the world—the universal brotherhood of men—has found its highest and sublimest expression in literature. Since the earliest and feeblest beginnings of literature when the tiny shoots first sprang from the germs of man's thought, till now, when as a mighty tree its branches spread throughout the earth dropping their blossoms of delight and beauty at our feet, this spirit of man's brotherhood has sweetened and enriched its fragrance. The philanthropy of literature opens up to us new realms of thought and feeling, and we perceive as never before the common bond of humanity. It becomes a tremendous fact instead of mere platitudes, and we realize that its ideal consummation can be effected only when each one will sacrifice himself for the common good.

In literature, too, we find exemplified that feeling of men's hearts which we call love of nature. Those who have been gifted with a divine insight into Nature's moods have helped the world to interpret them, and to become conscious of her all-pervading life. This worshipful reverence which is akin to spirituality is the vital principle of our truest poets—of Burns, who could immortalize a daisy; of Wordsworth, who says he loved the shepherds, "dwellers in the valley."

"Not verily
For their own sakes, but for the hills and fields,
Where was their occupation and abode."

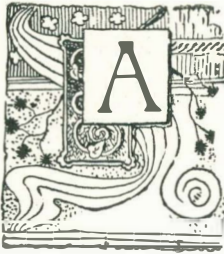
Through the works of such men who have transcribed their finest feelings and experiences into human language we come to a fuller appreciation of the life of Nature, and of all that is noble and beautiful and good. We come to know more and more the divineness of life, through our knowledge of the great heart which pulses through it all.

The Power of Literature is immeasurable, for it is infinite and for all time. All that is best and truest and highest, though it has survived the lapse of ages, or though it has but just found utterance, must take its place among the most precious legacies of the world to succeeding generations; and it shall live forever and its voice shall be heard in never-lessening power and fullness throughout the centuries to come.

*Gentleman's Prize Oration
in Normal News Contest.*

GOVERNMENT APPROPRIATION FOR NICARAGUA CANAL.

J. STUART LATHERS.



AMERICAN history is a record of great attempts and mighty achievements. Each closing decade marks the accomplishment of some great undertaking; each decade opening sees some new work begun. The steamboat, cotton gin, telegraph and telephone are milestones along the path of our past progress; but changed conditions make new demands upon our energies, and to-day the need of an inter-oceanic canal is urging itself upon the public mind.

From earliest times there have been frequent allusions to its possibility. Even when the nation was but a few weak states along the Atlantic, the desirability of easier access to the western ocean was evident. But now America's latent possibilities are springing into life; our domain has touched another ocean; mountain ranges have revealed their hidden treasures; the western desert has become the granary of nations; and, as everywhere—in workshop, field, and mine—the nation's wealth develops, this ocean gateway increases in importance.

It is an undertaking of world-wide interest, yet to whom, except America, shall we look for its construction? Upon her because of position and institutions devolves the duty and privilege of this enterprise. The North and South American states along the Pacific produce, in untold quantity, those commodities which are furnished to every European market. Annually more than one million tons of grain round Cape Horn and cross the Atlantic. Over this route are shipped the great wheat crops of California and Oregon, and, even then, at about half the cost of shipment across the continent by rail. Six thousand miles this distance may be reduced by the Nicaragua Canal. The effect can hardly be estimated. In spite of the wealth revealed in the Pacific states, there are still possibilities here to outstrip the wildest fancy. Here it seems that Nature planned earth's fairest dwelling. Foundations she laid on beds of precious minerals; for floor she spread a soil of unsurpassed fertility; she reared for pillars the grandest forests that ever braved the mountain blast; she roofed it over with the kindest skies that ever called the waking seeds to life; and, to stop cold winds from north and east, with tremendous upheaval, she raised a

mighty mountain chain. Within a century this land, so kindly endowed by nature, has been opened to the world. Liberal government aid for its development has resulted in a growth without parallel in history. This canal will be but the culmination of that governmental policy which has opened such mines of western wealth. Where else can a government appropriation be placed to aid in developing so large a section of the country? Europe and the eastern states must consume the large portion of western products. Transcontinental shipment of bulky freight is impossible. The only offset to the wonderful resources of that western land is its remoteness from markets, and it lies in the power of our government to make the distance from San Francisco to Liverpool less than the present distance from San Francisco to New York, and, while the great west glows under the added influence of convenient markets, the whole nation will draw new wealth from another source.

The time was when our shipping trade brought the nation great wealth. A daring and enterprising people, abundant material and skilled artisans for ship-building, and a favorable location, combined to make this a commercial nation. Conditions changed. The opening of the Suez Canal gave Liverpool the advantage of position and the carrying trade of Europe and Asia. Our fleets disappeared from the sea, and since that time, to regain a place upon the ocean has been an important problem with our statesmen. We may rebuild a shipping trade by changing the conditions which destroyed it. As the Suez Canal gave Liverpool the shorter route to Asia, so, in turn, the Nicaragua Canal will give New York easier access to that continent, and if, as is proposed, it be provided that all ships built in the United States and bearing the nation's flag pass the canal toll-free the ship-building industry would receive an impetus that would place our fleets on every water, and, enjoying the wealth thus gained, America might again look with pride and see the stars and stripes leading in the commerce of the world.

To Americans the commercial phase of an undertaking is of first consideration, but here there is another view not less important. The United States has a destiny to fulfill in the western world. Already the nations of these two continents draw their inspiration from our government. Each great historic race has left, as a legacy to humanity, some great idea of which it was the representative. As the Persian civilization centered around the idea of light, the Greek beauty, the Roman law, so the Anglo-Saxon race stands as the champion of civil liberty based upon Christianity. With this idea the United States is today stamping its impress upon the world, but especially upon the American nations. Almost invariably commerce has been the key which has opened new territory to the influence of our institutions. Thus the Nicaragua Canal may become a potent factor in bearing a truer civilization to those Southern nations. Our trade relations there will become closer; our civilization will follow, and as commerce has opened the doors of China and Japan, as it led to the acquisition of a large part of our western territory in the Louisiana purchase, as it is today the great forerunner preparing the way for union with Canada, so too it will

bring us nearer to these various races and will unite these nations with us, first by common interests, and then by common institutions. Is it not wise, then, that this great enterprise be hastened by government assistance? The objections which have of late been raised against public appropriations have been directed against method rather than policy. The whole course of our history proves the policy one of mighty potency in developing the national resources. With railroad lines, harbors and canals, it has opened the gates of the west to the eager energy of our people, and has hastened onward the ever-pressing tide of immigration. The wrong has been in building a railroad almost entirely at public expense, and then resigning its control to some railroad king. Government appropriations, when not bestowed on public property should make the nation a stockholder to the extent of its investment. This system so beneficial in the past should not be brushed aside, but its abuse should be avoided. The Nicaragua Canal should receive aid from our government, for at no time in our history has an opportunity been offered promising fairer returns or more widespread benefit. It devolves upon our people, for it will open the wealth of the orient to the enterprise of the occident; it will develop the great natural resources of the west; it will give new life to our ship-building industries, open new markets for our manufactures, increase the exchange of commodities among our own states, place our navies again upon the sea, and employ them in the commerce of the world; and finally, it will aid our nation in carrying her republican institutions to other lands, and bring her nearer to her destiny as the guide of nations in the western world, and it will thus be one step in the great onward march as our nation advances, not "with angry war-drums beating and with battle-flags unfurled," but keeping steady time to the soul-stirring strains of "Liberty and intelligence for one and for all," one step in the mighty movement onward toward the time when from pole to pole Liberty may rule in this land endowed by nature and developed by art, and when these two continents with their vast possibilities shall be welded together into one people having a free government and a common destiny.



SOCIETY PRESIDENTS AND SECRETARIES.

N. A. A.
 L. L. JACKSON.
 M. C. VANNETTER.
 L. J. TUTTLE.
 F. E. ANGEVINE.

Olympic
 T. W. PATON.
 INEZ SHAW.
 H. HARRIS.
 M. O. HALL.

Adelphic.
 G. W. GORDON.
 N. O'CONNELL.
 T. S. LANGFORD.
 M. HATHAWAY.

S. C. A.
 J. S. LATHERS.
 H. NORTON.
 M. J. SWEET.
 J. E. LOWRY.

Athenum.
 C. H. NORTON.
 L. J. EADUS.
 M. J. WITHINGTON.
 T. THOMPSON.

Crescent.
 W. H. WILCOX.
 M. MCFETRIDGE.
 E. H. RYDER.
 H. DILLER

M. C.
 J. B. FOOTE.
 J. E. STOPFER.
 P. BENNETT.
 W. T. M. C.
 P. COWGILL.



School Organizations.

ADELPHIC SOCIETY.

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

PRESIDENT,	GRANT W. GORDON.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	EDITH R. STUART.
RECORDING SECRETARY,	MAUD HATHAWAY.
CHAPLAIN,	J. B. FOOTE.
TREASURER,	J. P. HIGGINS.
EDITOR, -	A. F. PROBST.
CHAIRMAN EX. COMMITTEE,	F. J. HARRINGTON.
USHERS,	{ NELLIE O'CONNEL. RUPERT HOLLAND.

SECOND TERM.

PRESIDENT, -	THERON S. LANGFORD.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	MAUDE HATHAWAY.
RECORDING SECRETARY, -	NELLIE O'CONNELL.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,	MARJORY GIBSON.
CHAPLAIN, -	BERTHA DRAKE.
TREASURER,	RUPERT HOLLAND.
EDITOR,	CHAS. W. WARING.
CHAIRMAN EX. COMMITTEE,	J. P. HIGGINS.
USHERS,	{ GRANT W. GORDON. AMY NEWCOMB.

HISTORY.

MINNIE BEAL.



PREVIOUS to 1881 there were three literary societies in the Normal Lyceum, called the Riceonian, the Normal Zealots and the Pleiades. The Riceonian society was named after Miss Rice, who was then a popular teacher in the literary department.

In 1881 the three societies were reorganized under a general constitution, by Mr. MacVicar, who was then principal of the Normal.

The Adelphic was the name given to one of these societies. Its constitution provided for the same officers as at the present time, save the librarian. The motto was "*Vita sine literis mort est.*" The general plan of work for the first few years was to have a discussion every two weeks, and to devote the alternate evenings to miscellaneous programs.

In 1888 the evil tendency of wandering about from one room to another was remedied by the kindness of the State Board, through whom the society was provided with the comfortable room it now occupies. They were to furnish it for themselves, which was not a difficult task so long as there was so much interest and enthusiasm.

The Adelphics of '89 had the walls prettily frescoed, the woodwork nicely grained, and left some permanent furniture, as the carpets, tables and officers' chairs, and also left the society free from debt.

The Adelphic room was seated like the other society rooms, with long recitation seats, but in their stead, in 1891, they purchased some beautiful opera chairs, which will always be a great ornament to the room. Since then no additional furniture has been needed until this year, when the neat stage curtains were purchased. The room is now furnished with the necessary requirements for any entertainment from a musical to a drama.

The Adelphics have been doing good, strong, earnest literary work. Among the participants in the commencement exercises, the public and the literary and oratorical contests the Adelphics will always be found among the most prominent. The society was also represented, not only in the president of our Junior Class, but in the president of our Senior Class and chief manager of the *Aurora*.

Once an Adelphic always an Adelphic, as the Alumni Adelphics will testify. Wilbur P. Bowen, now at the Nebraska University, was and is a staunch Adelphic, as are several others who are members of our present faculty.

The aim of the Adelphic society has always been to combine culture with recreation. Their programs have been arranged with a view of affording the busy, hard-worked student an opportunity to glean knowledge from various fields beyond the usual range of school work, and to afford the participants an opportunity for real literary advancement by thoroughly informing themselves in regard to their various topics. By this course the society has been greatly strengthened as a whole and individually, and has become crystalized into a veritable "brotherhood" of earnest and interested workers in literary culture.

PROPHECY.

FRANK J. HARRINGTON.

O'ER hills and through dales had I rambled, across plains and by the murmuring brooks had I wandered, but no stone of prophecy itself had revealed. Sibyl, as a punishment for my lack of true faith, on the oak leaves of the forest had left nothing to read, possibly because she had not yet crossed the stormy Atlantic. Almost in despair I decided to go to the Queen of the Gypsies. Then to my mind came at once at once the short suggestive question, why not be a prophet yourself? So by means of words, I hastened to scatter the clouds of uncertainty that hover over the paths leading into the future of the Adelpic's worthy members and reveal to their minds a series of events that will, doubtless, correspond to the carefully laid plans of the three busy schemers known as the Fates. The first case I gladly record is that of the present incumbent of the president's chair. Evidently Mr. T. S. Langford has a great desire for the forests of America. He never carries the arms of a hunter, but, being particularly interested in the chase of a Fox, he never hesitates to carry the *arm* of that hunt.

Miss Maude Hathaway, a talented young lady, aspires to the lofty heights of tutorship of a single apt pupil, and if that position cannot be secured, she will willingly become an inmate of the family of a certain Olympic—her present room-mate. At present Miss Gibson is corresponding secretary. Soon she will become a secret correspondent which will lead to a long complicated series of events that will serve as the foundation of a charming romance, the product of Lockwood's copious pen. The treasurer, Mr. Holland, will soon be regarded as America's great benefactor, because of a useful and wonderful invention. After much thinking, contriving and planning, and after receiving timely advice from the Adelpic ladies, there will result the application of a conglomeration of mathematical, physical and chemical principles in the form of a machine strange to look upon, yet more wonderful its works to behold, for it will have power, when opportunity is given, to untwist and lay low the unmerciful twister, the dreaded visitor, the American cyclone. Holland, also, pays special attention to his favorite vocation—the life of a “darkey servant.” Far to the west Mr. Leland will go to engage in land speculation. At length he will return and as a reason will give, “I do not like the country. There isn't variety enough in nature, for you may look in every direction and there is not a thing to be seen, nay, not even a Hill. Mr. Sweet, an Olympic, showed a fondness for a Baker of the Adelpic society. Both Baker and Sweet know well what belongs to their trade. Miss Minnie Wilbur will favor the world with her musical talent. On

Sundays she will be seen manipulating the keys of a vast organ. One hundred stops will be at her command, also ten small boys to work the bellows. Finally, after having studied the mathematical, physical and political world, she will study nearer objects, such as nature and bipeds, and resolve to become an object for sketching. Mr. Angevine shows good taste. He always manages to find goodness in all people. He never hesitated to purchase *The Aurora* when he heard that it was to contain a certain picture. He says to deal with a Beal is to deal with facts. Association is a great factor in a man's life, so says Mr. Cowgill. Some time ago he announced to the Senior Class that he was ready to order class pins. Three different styles were spoken of and one was especially recommended. Of course, the Pearl was the most costly as well as the most endearing and hence he will order that for himself. But Mr. Cowgill is never selfish, for he is always ready to order several for his class-mates. Deeds and actions are the sole thoughts of Miss Luna Warner. Never slow to do a kind act, and ever ready to sympathize with those in distress, she some time ago resolved to be connected with a life-saving station as she already has had some experience in that work. Her first act was heroic, and her first drenched friend was a Crescent. "Ever," says he, "shall I remember my first splash and my heroine."

Space forbids that I further continue this wholesale disclosure of the dim mysteries of the future, although there are still many whose lives, if foretold, would brighten these pages amazingly. So, perhaps it will suffice, if I prophecy that the Adelpic society will, as time goes on, continue to inspire and direct noble lives to the attainment of that true greatness that ever has been and ever will be the prime element of a great national character.



OLYMPIC SOCIETY.

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

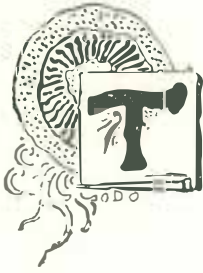
PRESIDENT,	T. W. PATON.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	BELLA J. WALKER.
SECRETARY,	INEZ P. SHAW.
EDITOR,	ALBERT H. MURDOCK.
TREASURER,	HIRAM DALEY.
CHAPLAIN,	PHILIP BENNETT.
CHAIRMAN EX. COMMITTEE,	L. J. HOLBROOK.
USHERS,	M. J. SWEET. BERTHA M. MARSHALL.

SECOND TERM.

PRESIDENT,	HARLEY HARRIS.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	MINA WOOD.
SECRETARY, -	MINNIE O. HALL.
EDITOR, -	PHILIP BENNETT.
TREASURER, -	CLARENCE GREEN.
CHAPLAIN,	R. OYSTERBANKS.
CHAIRMAN EX. COMMITTEE,	D. C. VAN BUREN.
USHERS, -	INEZ P. SHAW. T. W. PATON.

HISTORY.

MILO J. SWEET.



THE history of human progress is a record of successive advance steps. The law of the survival of the fittest is consciously or unconsciously complied with in every era of man's history; the solid bricks of a shattered building are used to rebuild the broken wall; the truth brought to light by any generation, the wisdom taught by experience to any nation will always be left by them as a legacy of power to those who follow.

Depending upon tradition for evidence, and considering our present beautiful society room, graced with steel engravings of Webster and Lincoln, and an elegant piano, and then thinking of the long years of pilgrimage from recitation room to recitation room—changing every Friday night, and having for seats hard benches instead of our present comfortable chairs, we are led to believe that the same law holds true in organizations of literary culture. The present system of society work sprang from three sources. First: The Normal Lyceum, which was a loosely constructed affair, and which was open to all students of the school. Second: From two societies, or rather debating clubs, called "The Zealots," a club for gentlemen only, and "The Pleiades," which had only lady members. These furnished excellent opportunity to develop the power of debate, but did no true literary work. Third and last: The Riceonian Literary Society, which had for its motto "True Culture Self-Culture." In 1880 there came with the new administration the decree of reorganization of society work, and three societies after the pattern of the Riceonian were formed. As the "Olympic" was the name chosen by the Riceonian, we claim to be her direct descendants and are proud of our ancestry.

Without a few characteristics a history of our society would not be complete. In the first place good—*the very best possible—solid work* received special attention. It is the belief of the society now, as it ever has been, that nothing can take the place of a member's best *original* effort. The Olympics believe in being cordial and friendly. We indulge in handshaking receptions at recess time, and hope the day will never come when a new student will not receive a kindly greeting within the Olympic's walls. A more earnest and loyal band of workers would be hard to find. We have a few promising musicians at present, and although they have been with us but a comparatively short time, yet *harmony* has reigned supreme throughout; and by these qualifications we have been enabled to train men and women who take the first place in our State today, and if I were prophet instead of historian, I could predict the bright future which surely awaits the Olympic. But I can only say that the present is a most promising outlook—let the future unfold itself.

THE OLYMPIC BOOMERANG.

FOUNDED BY THE FAR-FAMED OLYMPIANS IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.

VOL. MILD.

Price, \$1.00 Per Year.

H. HARRIS, EDITOR.



THE *Boomerang* is printed in every language under the sun except Latin, Greek, French, Dutch, Sanscrit and a number of others; that is, it is printed in the English language. We might inform our almost numberless readers what a mighty factor our paper has been in bringing mankind to a higher stage of intelligence, but on account of the extreme modesty of the editor we abstain therefrom and with due regard for his modesty will say that *The Olympic Boomerang* is the most scientific, progressive, far-sighted, knowledge-inspiring, confidential and influential paper of the present age. As our society holds its proud position at the head of the corner so this paper is acknowledged to be the leading journal of modern thought.

In the Adelpic temple are men of wisdom and famous oracles, but their wisdom is merely the half distinguished utterances of the gods on Mt. Olympus. The Athenians are a noble people, but even they with their brave record would hardly dare to vie with the inhabitants of that famous mountain. As for the Crescents their virtues are many but they are sadly moonstruck.

As a proof of the high standing of our society we would say that in the class of '93 we furnished last year poet, orator and prophet, while this year the essayist, valedictorian and prophet were selected from our number. The two presidents of the Student's Christian Association and one speaker of the Mock Congress for this year were Olympics.

PERSONALS.

A frightful accident occurred last evening. T. W. Paton was leaning over the front gate when he slipped and one of the Picketts pierced his left side. It is feared that it touched his heart and will prove fatal.

Miss Bertha Blair has a very bright future. She expects a *slim* share in the Gould estate not many years hence.

Who would not be proud of such a record as this? Miss Frances Norgate not only attends church twice every Sunday but also entertains a Parson about three evenings during the week. All we have to say is, let the good work go on.

Mr. Oysterbanks was seen Rush(ing) around among the ladies and acting very peculiar. At first we were unable to tell what was the matter, but soon learned that his heart had been Pierced.

The members of the Olympic Society represent several different trades. We have a Barber, a Hyder, a Tanner and a Shuman. Still, we fear that they will not always remain as such, for, "judging the future by the past," we would say that some are already considering the advisability of changing their vocation.

Miss Hemmingway usually has a very bright rosy complexion, but it has been noticed of late that Sunday evenings, while at church she wears a rather Green expression. Possibly it may be the reflection from some object near by.

SYLLOGISM.—Miss Aldrich admires all boys who wear light spring suits. Mr. Philip Bennett wears a light spring suit. Consequently, etc.

Our society heads the list both in number and quality of its athletes. We have the champion putting shot and throwing hammer, excellent runners, jumpers, pole vaulters, base and foot ball players, etc., but what seem to attract most of the boys' attention are our two natural Walkers.

Lemuel G. Holbrook is one of our most loyal members. He says the Olympic Society is Graced with Mines (of gold.)

Clarence Green is one of the best kickers in the foot ball team. The Olympics are noted for developing men who kick in the right place and at the right time.

One of our members is so exceedingly fond of vegetables that he makes Daily visits to the Gardner, etc.

We can proudly boast of having the only Temple in the Normal, and this is made very attractive by being beautifully decorated with a Fern.

Mr. Kittell is at present spending considerable time in the study of edicts. He says there are at present not many edicts, but there have B(e)enedicts, and will be edicts. Those of the greatest interest to me at present are the have B(e)enedicts.

When we come to study the long list of members who have been connected with this society we find that they have made great progress. Their influence has not only spread itself over Michigan but has also penetrated nearly every State in the Union bearing the glorious motto, "True Culture, Self Culture," which has been instrumental in leading many weary souls from faltering ways to noble lives. Then would you be more than glad to join in shouting "Long may the Olympian banner wave over Michigan's schools and America's brave."

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with our literary work I will say that *The Boomerang* is strictly a society paper, prepared about once a month by whoever the Executive Committee may see fit to appoint.

We do not claim that this paper is of any value as a piece of literature, but the preparation of such an article is good mental discipline. The hits made at the different members of the society usually create considerable sport, thus changing the regular routine of society work. It is our aim in society work to have about one or two humorous productions each evening, for a moderate amount of humor is pleasing to the best literary students; the remainder of the evening's program is good, solid, original work. By this plan we have accomplished excellent results and are all proud of the record we have made.

CRESCENT SOCIETY.

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

PRESIDENT,	-	-	-	-	WILLIS H. WILCOX.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	-	-	-	-	VADA JONES.
SECRETARY,	-	-	-	-	MATIE McFETRIDGE.
EDITOR,	-	-	-	-	IRVING HUNTER.
TREASURER,	-	-	-	-	ARTHUR BENSON.
CHAPLAIN,	-	-	-	-	EDWARD H. RYDER.
LIBRARIAN,	-	-	-	-	F. L. NORTON.
USHER,	-	-	-	-	NETTIE POCKLINGTON.

SECOND TERM.

PRESIDENT,	-	-	-	-	EDWARD H. RYDER.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	-	-	-	-	MATIE McFETRIDGE.
SECRETARY,	-	-	-	-	HATTIE DILLER.
EDITOR,	-	-	-	-	WILLIS H. WILCOX.
TREASURER,	-	-	-	-	GARDNER POST.
CHAPLAIN,	-	-	-	-	EDGAR G. WELCH.
LIBRARIAN,	-	-	-	-	VADA JONES.
USHER,	-	-	-	-	JOHN E. BRONDIGE.

HISTORY.

EDWARD H. RYDER.



THE Crescent Society has been in existence a less number of years than any of the other three societies. It was formally organized in the spring of 1882. It has, therefore, been in existence for eleven years. Previous to this date, society work had been carried on in three societies, the Athenaeum, the Adelpic and the Olympic. In 1882 these societies had attained a membership as large as was practicable. This condition led a few of the students to take the steps necessary to the formal organization of a new society, and the organization, with a charter-membership of twenty-five, was duly recognized as a literary society in the spring of 1882.

The name chosen for the new organization was one symbolical of growth and development. A more free interpretation of its meaning would be, "We are the people," for, as the body of our ever-increasing moon throws its beams upon Olympus, the home of the gods, and the unprophetic Adelpic oracle, and the austere body of Athenaeums, so does the glory of our intellectual genius give light to their uplifted countenances.

In 1888 new and permanent quarters, situated in the north wing of the Normal building, were given to the four literary societies. The Crescent room was located on the first floor. The state gave \$25 to each society toward furnishings. Aside from this the society has furnished the room, endeavoring to make it pleasant, home-like and inviting to all.

Upon one wall of the room is placed the motto, "Mutual Improvement, Mutual Enjoyment." In this is recognized the philosophic principle of human life that true improvement and enjoyment are found not by them alone, but with and for our companions.

Perhaps a word in regard to the line of work carried on by the society will not be out of place. The aim has been, while variety is sought and work suited to the tastes of individual members, to make the work of such character as to further a habit of independent thought and study, and the power of marshalling thoughts and of expressing them before others.

After the organization of the society, no new phase of society work appeared until 1889 when *The Normal News* established an annual oratorical contest, offering both a lady's and a gentleman's prize. Thus far two medals have fallen to the lot of the Crescent. That of the gentleman's contest, in 1889, to W. N. Lister, and that of the ladies' contest, in 1891, to Miss Minnie Goodes.

It is with hesitation that we attempt to say anything about the members of the society. About the ever-glowing hearthstone have assembled earnest, hard-working students whose highest purpose was to leave the world better by their lives. Here have their minds been quickened and inspired with a more burning zeal for the truth, and more determined purposes in life. Would you read the true history of the society look to their lives wherein is written the best record in characters which the hand of time cannot efface.

The Crescent Moon.

W. H. WILCOX.

O, glorious Mother Luna,
Inspire me with thy might
That to thy wond'rous beauty
A song I may indite ;
And give me goodness, mother ;
Poetic spirit true,
That I thy many virtues
May bring in fair review :
For weak my tongue and faltering
Such blessings to portray
As thou dost strew o'er all the earth
When silvered by thy ray.

Throughout the starry sky
Thy nightly path doth trace,
And worshipers from earliest times
Have loved thy gladsome face.
Too long thou never hast delayed
Nor ever came too soon,
But ever dost thou fairer grow.
Thou art the Crescent Moon.

Thou lov'st o'er all with kindly sway
To cast the garb of peace,
But most of all thou lov'st full well
The pleasant land of Greece.
When earth was young in youthful prime,
Like a fair young maiden, thou
Didst smile with pure inspiring beam
Upon Olympus' brow.

And there the gods assembled,
Wrangling o'er affairs below,
Were melted by the soft'ning beams
As sunshine melts the snow.
Their jealousies the gods forgot ;
Their strifes were laid away,
For peace forever doth abide
Where shines thy chastening ray.

And on the Delphic oracle
By dark Parnassus' side,
Where by Castalian fountains
Apollo doth abide,
Thy glittering beams in splendor
With refulgent light did fall,
Dispelled the gaseous vapors
Dark as a mourner's pall.

Athenian turrets glistened
Beneath thy fairy smile,
And Athens then was beautiful,
Although so full of guile.
Thy inspiration fired their hearts,
Inspired their action, too,
And Athens, most renowned in Greece,
Her glory owes to you.

O, famous land of Greece !
In memory mos' bright,
Three names of all thy honored train
Stand forth in brightest light :
Olympus, Athens, Delphi ;
No names of earth more fair,
But far above them Luna
Looked down with fostering care.

No more to Athens do we turn
For literature and art,
No longer does false Delphi draw
The wanderer's yearning heart,
And Olympus' summit now
Is lonely, dark and bare,
But, thou, O goddess, yet
Art beautiful and fair.

And thou—to favored lands
A well-spring of delight—
From pole to pole when sun is gone
Dost pour thy silvery light,

And all the nations of the earth
In thy sweet influence find
All things to satisfy the thirst
Of craving human mind.

And thou, "sweet Regent of the skies,"
Enthroned in realms of light,
Shalt ever be the spirit pure
To lighten up earth's night.
As long as earth shall roll around
And years shall pass away
The generations yet to come
Shall own thy perfect sway.

And, goddess mother, thou
Hast ever been to me

An inspiration leading on
To what true man should be.
Thou came'st, when darkness' gloomy pall
Had gathered o'er my soul,
And as the shadows fled away
Thy whispering spirit told

Of other lands and other realms
Most beautiful to see,
And for these many gifts I
Homage pay to thee.
As long as friends of youth remain
In memory with me
Will I look up, as others must.
Sweet goddess, unto thee.



ATHENEUM SOCIETY.

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

PRESIDENT,		-	CHAS. H. NORTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT,			THIRZA BUCH.
SECRETARY,		-	LILLIAN EADUS.
TREASURER,			GEO. E. SHERMAN.
CHAPLAIN, -		-	B. B. SMITH.
EDITOR,			VERNON BENNETT.
USHERS,		{	C. P. RAUCH.
		}	DAISY WREN.

SECOND TERM.

PRESIDENT,			MYRON J. WITHINGTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT,			ANNA SIBLEY.
SECRETARY, -		-	TINNIE THOMPSON.
TREASURER,			JOSEPH SILL.
CHAPLAIN, -			E. LOVELAND.
EDITOR,			CHAS. H. NORTON.
USHERS,		{	FRANK EVANS.
		}	JESSIE FOLEY.

HISTORY.

CHAS. W. CURTIS.



THE Atheneum was one of the three divisions of the Normal Lyceum which superseded the old, aristocratic Riceonian Society early in 1881. The society held its first meeting February 18, and February 25 adopted its constitution and by-laws. Walter C. Hewitt, a man who has since gained almost a national reputation as an educator, was the first President. Under his wise management the Atheneum rapidly increased in membership and strength. Genial George F. Key efficiently served the society as its third presiding officer. A complete history of these first few years would exceed this limited space; so we pass all by until 1888, when we for the first time received a home. This marks a change in society work. A new impetus was given to the society; broader lines of work were carried out; more attention was given to the harmonious development of all kinds of literary talent; programs were so arranged as to develop the latent ability of the average member. Then, too, the furnishing of the room has received constant attention until, today, the Atheneum is the most conveniently and finely furnished of the societies, and *out of debt*.

Our first President has already been mentioned. There are many other alumni of whose achievements we would gladly speak, but space forbids. Recently we have sent forth such men as Larzelere, Moss, Gier, Munger, Blodgett, Rogers, Sprague, Holloway and others, whose success is known to all.

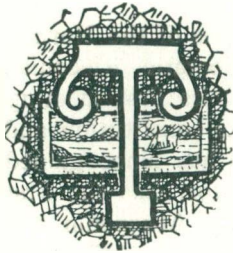
In commencement honors, in class officers and class-day participants, and in inter-society contests our successes have become almost proverbial. Its wonderful series of victories and honors are too well known to need mention in detail. Suffice it to say that this year it furnishes five of the eight commencement participants and has carried off the prize in every contest in which it has engaged.

Still 'tis not in our finely furnished room, 'tis not in our long list of distinguished graduates, nor is it in our unparalleled series of victories and honors that we take most pride, but rather in our excellent regular weekly programs. Frequently a new, inexperienced member, after two or three terms work in the Atheneum, has carried off some of the highest honors of the school. This is our pride. Our program committee ever has in mind the training and development of all members rather than the production of a program to "catch the crowd." The programs are interesting and entertaining, yet solidity is never sacrificed for the sake of variety. This policy doubtless has been the cause of much of our success, yet we glory in the cause as well as the result.

With this policy firmly established, with so finely furnished room, with the greatest of harmony within, and with sincere good-will and friendship to our sister societies, we believe the future has in store for us even a greater career of usefulness.

CHRONICLES OF THE ATHENEUM.

ANNA D. SIBLEY.



THE Books of the Chronicles of the tribe called Atheneum of the land of Normol, which lieth in the region of Ypsi, in the southeastern part of the land of Michiganne.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

1. Lo, this is one of the tribes which gather together each week in the land of Normol for the purpose of improvement in composition and debate.
2. Now it came to pass that, in the ninth month of the year ninety-two, a great multitude assembled in the land of Normol and the wise united themselves with the Atheneum.
3. For, lo, its abiding place increased in strength and beauty for Marble was added to its structure.
4. And, when they had gathered together, they said among themselves: We must have a ruler to rule us that there may be no confusion among us.
5. So they chose Charles of the house of Norton to reign over them.
6. And again they said: We must choose one to make record of all the noble deeds of the tribe.
7. And they did even as they had said, so did they, and chose Lillian of the house of Eadus, to keep their records.
8. And, lo, sickness laid its hand upon Charles for a time, and Thurza von Beach did reign in his stead.
9. And behold, on one night of each week they gathered together and great numbers did congregate for to hear the songs and the orations and the recitations which took place in the tribe of the Atheneum.

CHAPTER II.

1. Now, therefore, it seems fitting to make mention of some of the multitude in this tribe.
2. For among them there was one famed for her beauty throughout the land, one Pricilla.
3. And behold there was one a maker of verses, she who was called Zella of the house of Starks.
4. To Karl of the house of Parsons the maidens of another tribe were well pleasing; some of the tribe called Olympick did find more favor in his eyes than those of his own tribe.
5. Others for the maidens of the land had a great fondness, chief among whom were Sherman and Livingston. But, lo, in the eyes of the latter, maidens of short stature were well pleasing.
6. And it is said Charles von Norton was very fond of May bells.

7. Merrit, of the house of Vanetter, did often make pilgrimages to worship at the shrine of St. Ives.

8. And one there was whose forefathers dwelt in a castle old, one called Frank Von der Burg.

9. There was among them a Savage and also one Strong of Arm.

10. Children also did love this tribe, for here they found Blocks, Balls and Marbles.

11. Moreover in this tribe was numbered among its chief men, Joe, son of the ruler of the land of Normol, and among its maidens two daughters of one of the expounders of the doctrines taught in this wonderful land.

12. And among its church dignitaries there was a Dean and a Parson, and among its curiosities a Living stone and a Water man.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass at the end of five months that a new ruler was chosen to rule the tribe and a scribe to keep its records, and behold, Vernon, of the house of Bennet, was chosen, and Tinnie of the house of Thompson.

2. But lo, a scribe was needed to keep records in the mighty land of Michiganne, and this tribe did send its chief ruler to fill this place. Therefore the multitude was without a ruler and great was the lamentation.

3. And straightway they chose Myron, of the house of Withington, to rule in his stead.

CHAPTER II.

1. And it came to pass that a Book of Holy Writ and a table whereon to lay it came into its possession because of the favor in which this tribe was held on account of the wise sayings of its chief ruler and one of the maidens of the tribe.

2. And behold, the time drew near when wise people from all the ends of the earth did assemble at the great festival to be begun in the fifth month of the year ninety-three.

3. And those in the high places in the land of Normol did commune among themselves, and they said one to another: In what manner shall we show our work at the great festival? Let us send pictures of our young men and of our maidens

4. And behold, the picture of the tribe of Atheneum was well pleasing.

5. And in the great contest of *THE AURORA*, the great book of the Ceenyurs, lo, this tribe did win for itself the prize. For, in this tribe was a poetess, Ona of the house of Thornton, and there was a Noble youth called Hugh, who was very humorous, and they did write such beautiful articles that the Atheneum did win more honor than any of the other tribes.

6. Moreover, when the tribe of the Junyurs did meet to choose those who should rule over them, lo, their mightiest rulers came from this tribe.

7. Again when the time came for those in the high places in the land of Normol to cast lots to see which of the Ceenyurs should greet the multitude on the great day in the sixth month of the year, lo, five from this tribe were chosen.

8. And these are the facts concerning the great deeds of this tribe.

9. Thus endeth the Books of the Chronicles of the tribe of the Atheneum.

N. A. A.

Officers

FIRST TERM.

PRESIDENT, -	L. L. JACKSON.
VICE-PRESIDENT,	ALBERT H. MURDOCK.
SECRETARY, -	PAUL SAVAGE.
TREASURER,	GRANT W. GORDON.
EDITOR,	HERBERT VOORHEES.
DIRECTOR M. I. A. A., -	FRED W. GREEN.
DIRECTOR OF SPORTS,	T. W. PATON.
FOOT BALL MANAGER,	DAN KELLY.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, -	{ L. J. TUTTLE. F. E. ANGEVINE. F. H. MILLER.

SECOND TERM.

PRESIDENT,	L. J. TUTTLE.
VICE-PRESIDENT, -	G. W. GORDON.
SECRETARY,	F. E. ANGEVINE.
TREASURER,	P. H. SAVAGE.
EDITOR,	R. A. WHITEHEAD.
DIRECTOR OF GYM,	T. W. PATON.
DIRECTOR M I. A. A.,	FRED GREEN.
MANAGER BASE BALL TEAM,	FRED CHURCHILL.
FOOT BALL MANAGER,	CHAS. LIVINGSTONE.
DIRECTOR OF SPORTS,	T. M. SATTLER.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,	{ J. P. HIGGINS. W. M. McDERMID. D. C. VAN BUREN.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

MARNA RUTH OSBAND.

OCTOBER 25th, 1887, was the birthday of the Normal Athletic Association. Its constitution was drafted by Messrs. Trowbridge, Larzalere and Patrick. Prof. Key was chosen president, and Prof. Bowen director of sports—tennis and baseball. Grant W. Gordon was member of the nine, whose star, Sam Dungan, was last year a credit to the N. A. A. in the Chicago league team.

Not until the advent of Class '93 did genuine athletics begin. In January, '93, apparatus was purchased for room 40, and club swinging taught. Joe Jenkins, '91, member of the D. A. C., western champion in hammer-throwing, and all-around athlete, became outdoor trainer. The next fall, Prof. Bowen being president, Grant W. Gordon treasurer, John Morse base ball manager, occurred the first field day. The business men offered prizes, and the proceeds helped fit up the south basement for a "gym."

In March, Messrs. Dasef (afterward lightweight wrestling State champion) and Greene participated in the indoor meet of the M. A. A. Many witnessed the greatest N. A. A. field day. Gold medals were given by the citizens, and the University cracks and a splendid D. A. C. team, including national champions Jewett and Luce, competed, but the N. A. A. won five medals, as it did at the University games also. The indoor classes gave their first exhibit this spring, and the crack battery, Wait and Knapp, lost only one base ball game.

In June, Fred W. Greene, backed by Jenkins, Morse, and Dasef, was elected president. The association presented a ring to its four-times president, Prof. Bowen, who left to become physical training director in Nebraska University.

Although Messrs. Bowen, Jenkins, Morse, and Dasef were gone, the next year proved more successful in N. A. A. annals. President Greene was wisely progressive, but not radical, possessed an invaluable practical knowledge of athletics, and combined superior executive ability and energy with great tact and skill.

Scientific football was soon introduced. Under J. M. Swift, of the Fall River, Mass., High School team, (whence graduated Harvard's captain, Trafford), as captain, the eleven played excellent football with the University class teams. The games of the closed field day progressed with notable smoothness and dash; a silk banner and butterfly cravats displayed the newly-chosen association colors—white and gold.

The association offered prizes for essays on athletics; and February *Normal News* contained the essays, a portrait and sketch of Prof. Bowen, a sketch of Normal athletics, and Prof. D'Ooge's article on Greek Gymnasia.

Indoor work continued under Messrs. Paton and Browne, efforts were made towards securing a building, and the constitution was changed to promote harmony. In January, Mr. Greene received nearly two-thirds of the votes cast for president. '93 secured officers Savage, Gangnuss, Higgins, Paton and Vanneter. At Mr. Greene's first election, the total vote was 23; at his re-election, it was 159, a wonderful growth for one term. A boxing, fencing and wrestling class was formed, with Paul Savage director, Lynn Tuttle, treasurer. Baseball and football uniforms, mats, gloves, masks and foils were added to the association property. Messr. Dasef, Durand and C. Richmond participated in the M. A. A. indoor meet in March, at Detroit.

The N. A. A. was admitted to the Intercollegiate Association in April, and the baseball team defeated even the mighty Albion's and the Junior Laws. The May field day victors won many medals in the Intercollegiate events at Lansing, despite the hostility of weather, hosts and referee. Soon after, the indoor classes gave their usual exhibition.

In addition to his official duties, President Greene planned and directed the association work; and his administration was especially marked by the extension, amount and character of track and field athletics, the indoor work—chiefly club-swinging, marching and running—being incidental.

In June, Prof. Lambert L. Jackson was unanimously elected president, '93 filling the other offices with Messrs. Murdock, Vanneter, Gordon, Greene, Tuttle, Angevine, Stegenga, Savage and Paton. The next fall, the absence of many active athletes left outdoor athletics practically leaderless, and the weather persistently discouraged such sport. Football was played in the rain, but even victory did not increase the attendance. Field day, postponed once by rain, turned out blustery, and receipts were slight though the sport was fair.

President Jackson's administration was noticeable for the attention wisely given to indoor athletics—less showy than track athletics, but of great practical benefit. Formerly, "gym" work had been desultory, but now, with Paul Savage director, instructor Ernest Goodrich began systematic training for definite ends. Pupils were measured and given exercise for special needs besides general work. Tumbling, vaulting, horizontal and parallel bars were introduced, the ladder, chest-weights, clubs, wands, dumb-bells, calisthenics, running, jumping and boxing received attention. The classes were large and unusually interested, an evening class of advanced students pursuing special exercises.

The growth of physical culture in the Department of Physiology, though entirely independent of the N. A. A., proved helpful. Hitherto, physical training could be given only to the regular physiology classes; but this year Mrs. Osband arranged such additional classes that most of the students could receive weekly instructions from her in free gymnastics, and, consulting with Miss King, appointed instructors for, and supervised three large club-swinging classes for girls, the association granting these the use of the gymnasium. Mrs. Osband also organized a teachers' class, to whom lectures were given upon the physiology

and mechanism of exercise, and the various systems of physical training adapted to the public schools.

A leading track athlete, after a year of teaching, declared: "Indoor physical training is the only kind practically available for the common schools." And as the Normal influences these schools, it is gratifying that indoor athletics and physical training reached their highest mark during Prof. Jackson's administration.

The legislative committee, through Senator Morrow, admitted the necessity for a building for physical education. At the visit of the legislature, all the faculty privately, and Profs. Sill, Barbour and George, at the public exercises, pleaded for the new building. The charming club and dumb-bell drill by one of the girls' classes, with Grace Hall, '93, as leader, captured the visitors, several of whom pledged support to the now pending bill.

In the literary field, the association's representative, Paul H. Savage, won a triumph, Feb. 22, by his oration, fresh in thought, vigorously expressed, and gracefully delivered, on "Washington as an Athlete." This year a lecture is to be substituted for the indoor exhibition.

The January election was a '93 affair, the present officers being: President, Lynn Tuttle; vice president, Grant Gordon; secretary, Frank Angevine; treasurer, Paul Savage; director of sports, Thomas Sattler; director M. I. A. A., Fred Greene; manager gymnasium, Tom Paton; chairman executive committee, Jay Higgins.

Indoor work has continued, and outdoor work is beginning with a view to field day. The honor of entertaining Intercollegiate athletes was declined, because of faculty opposition. Energetic Manager Churchill has a promising baseball team which opened the season at Albion, April, 29. The association has a good membership, and the remarkable running of Harry Moore, and walking of Berte Wilber and Jerome Howard deserve mention.

The Class of '93 is the life of the association, and the work of its members may be briefly stated. Messrs. Adams, Bellinger and Angevine play good football; Gordon and Higgins, baseball; Savage and Higgins, tennis; Murdoch and Stoffer are bicyclists; Tuttle holds medals for wrestling; Post practices tumbling and calisthenics; Lathers swings clubs; Savage runs and swings clubs gracefully and boxes cleverly; Harris is a jumper, holding first medal for standing broad jump; Tower is fine at baseball and vaulting, and is the best football tackle that ever appeared on an Ypsilanti field; Gangnuss is the official starter, and is a graceful shot putter and a tiger at football; Sweet excels in calisthenics, having, with Greene, given admirable instruction to their 9th grade physiology boys; Tom Paton holds a silver medal for hammer throwing, and a derby hat, a silver medal, an intercollegiate second medal and a gold medal for shot putting, and is excellent in club swinging, the dashes and hop, step and jump; Merritt Vanneter's specialties are parallel bars, running, Indian clubs and jumping; he holds one medal for the 440 yard dash, two for the high jump; he also boxes, plays tennis and base ball; Fred W. Greene is a skillful boxer, a good half mile

runner, and up in calisthenics; he has appeared publicly here only as a clever wrestler, an accurate timer and umpire or referee at baseball or football.

John A. Morse, '93, is the glory of the association. His triumph over Annesley in May, '91, secured him a D. A. C. membership. He ran at Detroit in the '91 Central championship games, and the '92 open handicaps. An accident prevented his appearance at Pittsburgh. He was N. A. A. right fielder, last summer pitcher of a Bay City amateur nine, and is pitcher for the present N. A. A. team. In contests he has won seven first, four second and two third medals. His brilliant records are: 100 yards, 10 2 5 seconds; 220 yards, 23 seconds; 440 yards, 53 seconds; 880 yards, 2 minutes 10 seconds; 120 yard hurdle, 17 seconds; standing broad jump, 10 feet 3 inches; pole vault, 9 feet 8 inches. Formerly of '93 were the Waits and Will Davis, baseball phenomena, and Jack Dorgan, who holds medals for almost every event. Other '93 men are Bennett, Coddington, Cramer, Cowgill, Creasey, Dean, Harrington, McDougall, McKinder, McKinlay, Probst, Ryder, Sattler, B. B. Smith, Stegenga, Weber and Wilcox.

Many members of the faculty have given much encouragement to the association. Professors D'Ooge, Barbour, Smith, Jackson and Sherzer have officiated on field days, and Mrs. Osband has coöperated in indoor work. Prof. Bellows' active interest in the association is gratefully remembered. The presidents of the association have wisely barred objectionable elements and prevented athletics from seriously disturbing regular school work.

Such is the history of the Normal Athletic Association, and the brilliant part played therein by the Class of '93.





FOOTBALL TEAM.

WASHINGTONIAN TOAST-MASTERS' CLUB.

1893.

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY 22.

Members.

PAUL A. COWGILL,
HERBERT McCUTCHEON,
HENRY E. JOHNSON,
CHARLES H. NORTON,
THEODORE TOWNSEND,
THEODORE DRAKE,
H. HARRIS,

EDWARD H. RYDER,
RALPH DEAN,
W. A. JENNINGS,
MILO J. SWEET,
H. G. BROWN,
WILLIS WILCOX,
THOMAS W. PATON,

J. STUART LATHER.

Officers.

PAUL A. COWGILL,	PRESIDENT.
WILLIS WILCOX,	- VICE-PRESIDENT.
EDWARD H. RYDER,	SECRETARY.
THEODORE TOWNSEND,	- TREASURER.

W. T. M. C.

W. A. JENNINGS.

AMONG the many flourishing societies connected with our Normal School not one is more worthy of notice than the new and original "Toast-Masters' Club." Being a bachelors' club and secret in some of its proceedings, many conjectures have been afloat as to the purpose for which said society was formed. To make the matter clear to my inquiring friends I am obliged to go back to the festive Thanksgiving eve of '92.

While many of the students were making glad the hearts of their dear friends at home, nine jolly Normal boys were assembled at the rooms of Messrs. Cowgill and McCutcheon to rejoice with them that glad Thanksgiving day. The center of attraction that evening was a box of prodigious size, filled with the goodies from Mrs. Cowgill's pantry. To this rich store was added steaming coffee from the kitchen below, fruits from the tropics and from Michigan vineyards. The delicious viands were spread upon a spacious board, and nine happy bachelors proceeded to eat (drink) and be exceedingly jolly. After great quantities of the good things had disappeared, gallons of rich milk were brought on, and, to put the finishing touches to the feast, each one present was asked to respond to a toast. Thus the evening passed in a remarkably rapid manner, as did also the contents of that magic chest.

From time to time these nine bachelors had similar meetings, adding now and then another member, until finally the thought came to them that it would be a fine idea to form a permanent society and meet at regular, stated times. This suggestion came to a focus on the night of Washington's birthday, when a constitution was adopted and the Washingtonian Toast-Masters' Club came into existence.

The constitution states that this society is formed for the mutual enjoyment of its members and to cultivate in them the art of extemporaneous speaking. The number sixteen has been fixed as the limit of membership, as every member is expected to give a toast at each gathering. At present the club has a full membership.

The closing meeting of the club for '93 was held at the Cady Restaurant, May 20. This was a grand affair, to which each member was allowed to bring his lady. The banquet was served in elegance. At the close of the banquet Mr. Wilcox was chosen toast-master for the evening, and each member responded to a toast on some interesting topic suggested by the toast-master. The evening's entertainment was closed at the proper hour, and all went home feeling that the evening had been pleasantly and profitably spent.

We predict a brilliant future for the "W. T. M. C." and are sure that if the work is carried forward with the same zeal with which it was begun, our future record will be in line with our greatest anticipation.

MOCK CONGRESS.

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

SPEAKER,	-	J. B. FOOTE.
VICE-SPEAKER,	-	FRANKLIN COPE.
CLERKS, -	{	PHILIP BENNETT.
	}	EDWARD STOFFER.
TREASURER,	-	R. A. WHITEHEAD.
EDITOR, -	-	WILLIS H. WILCOX.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, -	{	M. J. SWEET.
	}	THERON LANGFORD.
	}	J. STUART LATHERS.

SECOND TERM.

SPEAKER,	-	PHILIP BENNETT.
VICE-SPEAKER,	-	A. F. PROBST.
CLERKS, -	{	F. E. ANGEVINE.
	}	J. G. LELAND.
TREASURER,	-	D. M. STEGENGA.
EDITOR, -	-	GRANT W. GORDON.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, -	{	F. C. CAHOW.
	}	GEO. COVERDALE.
	}	C. H. NORTON.

HISTORY OF THE MOCK CONGRESS.

GRANT W. GORDON.

THE year 1880 marked a great change in the literary societies of the Normal. The motley group of half-organized institutions then in existence was razed to the ground by a new administration in the school, and on their ruins was organized the Normal Lyceum, consisting of three divisions (the number has since been increased to four.)

This was under a general constitution, and had ostensibly in view the improvement of its members in debate and literary composition. Time proved that this organization, although a grand success in the latter line of work, was an almost total failure in the former branch.

The nature of our government inspires our young men with an ambition for skill in debate, and when it became evident that the Lyceum was a failure in this regard, a desire for a debating society sprang up in the school. This desire took form in the fall of '88, when some of the young men, assisted by Professors Bowen and McLouth, organized the Political Debating Society. In order to add to practice in debate the benefit of exercise in parliamentary proceedings, the organization was changed to the Mock Congress of the Normal School. It acted alternately in the capacity of House and Senate. Thus organized it did good work and developed some of the strongest speakers in the school. It continued unchanged during the school year '89-90.

During the two years past the work had been greatly hindered by the complications attending the change from one house to the other; so during the year '90-91 it was decided to have but one branch, the House of Representatives. This change produced good results.

In the fall of '91 several of the members determined that more systematic work was needed. Through their efforts the constitution was amended by adding an executive committee to the list of officers, changing the term of office from a year to a semester, and providing for the manner of carrying out work. The members now took hold with new zeal; they were admitted to a share in the Normal Publics and also to a place upon *The Normal News* editorial staff.

The first Mock Congress Public was held in the spring of '92 and was intended to represent a typical session of the National House of Representatives. The spirit and originality of debate evinced at this entertainment, placed it at once on an equal footing with the other societies of the school.

The second annual Public was held Saturday evening, April 8. This year it was in the form of an oratorical contest between five young men. The contest was decided in favor of Mr. Tooze, who spoke on the question of foreign immigration.

With the present corps of officers at its head we predict for Mock Congress a constant growth in the future, both in numbers and interest.

S. C. A.

Officers.

FIRST TERM.

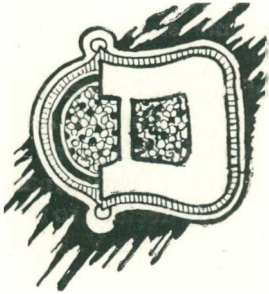
PRESIDENT, J. STUART LATHERS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ELLEN LOWRY.
SECRETARY, HELEN NORTON.
TREASURER, EDWARD H. RYDER.
LIBRARIAN, M. J. SWEET.

SECOND TERM.

PRESIDENT, M. J. SWEET.
VICE-PRESIDENT, BERTHA BUELL.
SECRETARY, ELLEN LOWRY.
TREASURER, T. W. PATON.
LIBRARIAN, W. D. CRAMER.

HISTORY.

ELLEN LOWRY.



URING the winter of 1856-57, when Prof. Estabrook was in charge of the Seminary, a deep religious interest was developed among the students there. The interest increased to such an extent that a large number of Normal students attended their meetings till the room became crowded. Then the Normal students applied to Prof. Welch, the principal, for the privilege of holding prayer meetings in the assembly room of the old Normal. This request was granted and ever since the meetings have been held regularly.

In 1871, when Prof. Estabrook became principal, he, at the request of the students, took charge of the meetings until 1880, when he left the Normal. "There was," says he, "almost every term more or less of religious interest which resulted in leading many students to commence the new life."

Sunday afternoon meetings were held occasionally during these first few years, and much work was done among the students.

March 2, 1881, a meeting of about fifty students was called by Dr. MacVicar in the Normal building. Here a constitution was adopted and the institution now so well known as the S. C. A. was organized, with A. Frank Burr as president, and Nettie Biguel secretary. In a few days, at a meeting of the officers, a Sunday Bible meeting was appointed for each week. Ladies' prayer meetings were held Monday evenings, and a general prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

In the fall of 1882, sixty copies of Gospel Hymns were purchased; two delegates sent to the State convention at Jackson; monthly programs printed; a paper entitled "*The Watchman*," containing appropriate, reading was furnished the reading-room by the association. In this year a librarian and treasurer were added to the list of officers, and some unknown friend presented the association with a large Bible.

During the winter of '85 a bulletin board was used for an S. C. A. calendar instead of monthly programs. A thorough canvass of the students was made. Much is said in the general report of this term concerning the spiritual blessings received and the growth of the association, both in numbers and in concentration of interest.

In the winter of '86 three representatives were sent to the convention, and an association pledge of \$15 for State work was made. While the students were working nobly and praying earnestly for the advancement of their Master's cause, there were those outside who were interested in the self-same work. Most of the time the association meetings were held in number two, but there came a time when this room was so crowded that it would not hold all who desired to

attend. Now the association placed before the State Board of Education the statement of affairs, and by their generosity and wisdom the Conservatory Hall was nicely fitted up for S. C. A. meetings. Feb. 20, 1886, the day of the dedication of the hall, will long be remembered as a day of rejoicing. There surely was joy in heaven, for in that school-year nearly fifty students started in the new life.

The new year of '87 opens up with a large increase of members over the previous year, and a correspondingly large amount of interest. For the first time the association gave a reception to the faculty and students in this year.

In the beginning of '90 two delegates were sent to the State convention, and the secretary wrote early in February, "Four students have already decided to follow Christ." The fall of the same year found three Normal students at the Y. M. C. A. convention, and three more at the Y. W. C. A. Ten others, not far from the kingdom, enter the service of the Great King.

In the spring of '92 the association gave a reception to the students and faculty of the school, and also to the pastors of the town. In one evening of this term, because of the enthusiasm of the president and the interest of very many students present, nearly enough money was raised to send two of the students two weeks each to the Lake Geneva Summer Bible School. Much was said concerning the benefit to be derived from, and the advisability of dividing the association, making a Y. W. C. A. and a Y. M. C. A. of it, but the division was not made.

The new ideas derived from the Lake Geneva Summer School were worked out to some extent in the fall of '92;—Bible classes were formed. These classes were very profitably carried on until lack of place of meeting compelled the discontinuance of one. The other still survives the best it can, being crowded for room. Several of the students returning early to school in the fall of '92 acted as train committees. A little later in the the season five young men were sent to the State convention at Lansing, and three young women to the convention at Coldwater.

The regular place of meeting of the S. C. A., because of the growth of the Conservatory of music, was given over to Conservatory classes. The home of the S. C. A. now belongs no longer exclusively to it, and therefore the desire for a home of its own immediately finds place in the hearts of many, so that before the first of May, '93, enough money had been pledged to purchase a lot, systematic plans laid for reaching the Alumni, and many friends of the association interested in the new project. The average attendance this far has been 161. Sixty-four Normal students during this term nobly started in the Christian life.

Comparing the result of the Christian work which, with the Father's help, has been accomplished this year, with that done in the same length of time before the association was organized; the seventy-seven members of '81 with the two hundred and fifty of '93; the association room of '81—a bare recitation room with the \$1,500 chapel which the association will soon erect, we must, at least, say the organization has done something of the work for which it exists.

S. C. A. BUILDING.

EMMA C. ACKERMANN, '88.



IN a separate article of this number is given a history of the beginning and growth of the Students' Christian Association. Each year has its own special interest and importance in this history, and aids in filling in the bare outlines of such a sketch; none of them is of more interest or of more importance than the present year.

The reason is evident to all who have been watching the progress of the association. During the past year it has been earnest and steadfast in its efforts, and an increasing interest and membership as well has been the harvest. Also its members have been found growing among them, a strong desire for a special building for the association, which soon strengthened into a firm purpose and a bold step.

This desire is no mere fancy. The need of such a building has been felt for several years; and each year it has become more evident. The devotional meetings of the association are held in a recitation room, whose use, as the Normal Conservatory increases, may be withdrawn at any time; the business meetings also are held in class rooms, or at the rooms of members; classes in Bible study have been organized, but have been obliged to disband, because there was no room in which to meet. If there were an S. C. A. building, meetings could be held in an appropriate assembly room; committees could meet whenever desired and would seem a part of the association; while Bible classes could at least have the opportunity of carrying out a year's work to the end. Besides, that organization which has a home of its own, has an added opportunity for influence and success. The S. C. A. would become a power for good among the students, such as it has never been before. With such arguments as these in its favor, it is nothing remarkable that the association should be bold enough to say: "We need a building and we will have it."

The first decisive step was taken at one of the Wednesday evening meetings, when it was decided that a building was needed, and that the association should take some action at once towards its erection. Arrangements were then made for a mass meeting of the students. This was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 25th., in Normal Hall. After an informal reception, including music and conversation, all assembled in the hall, and then the real work of the evening began. The purpose of the gathering was announced by Prof. George, and then pledges or subscriptions were solicited. Before the evening was over nearly a thousand dollars had been pledged. When it is remembered that this amount was subscribed, with the exception of a few dollars, by the students, who, as everyone knows, are not overburdened with money, and that most of these are of the Senior class, we can truly feel proud of our Normal, and especially of the Class of '93.

At the time of this meeting, some definite ideas concerning the building had been formed. As was then announced, the building is to cost \$10,000, exclusive of the grounds and the furnishings, so that the whole amount to be raised is nearly \$15,000.

There is now pledged about \$1,000. This, as soon as it is paid, will be used in purchasing the grounds. The site selected is the lot on the corner of Cross and Brower streets; its size and its close vicinity to the Normal, make it a most desirable spot.

The work has been gradually but earnestly carried forward by the students; nor has the faculty been indifferent. The Committee of Finance consists of Principal J. M. B. Sill, Prof. Daniel Putnam, and Miss Anna A. Paton. Miss Paton has also assisted very much by her sympathy and efforts in this undertaking; and the same can be said of other members of the faculty. The names of students might also be mentioned who have been particularly active in this work. The project received its impetus from Mr. J. Stuart Lathers, who has lost none of his enthusiasm. When Mr. Milo Sweet became president, he, in turn, carried the work forward. Miss Helen Norton, while in school, was so active and interested in the matter that she was greatly missed when she left the Normal. Other names might be mentioned but space will not permit it.

Thus far, the finances have been raised mostly by the students; little more can be expected of them this year.

The association now looks to the Alumni for help in this work. To those who have been students at the Normal, it is evident that the S. C. A. is a power for good in our school. Having the position that it does in a public institution, it possesses a peculiar advantage; not only is it affecting the thoughts and lives of those who are here; but by sending out its representatives yearly, it is scattering its helpful influence broadcast throughout the State. Such an organization is surely worthy of encouragement. Then, too, those who have attended its meetings, and have been strengthened by them, will welcome the opportunity of giving something in return for the good they have received.

Plans have already been made, and committees appointed for the purpose of reaching the Alumni. It is to be hoped that each one who receives words of solicitation will consider them earnestly and respond heartily and liberally.

The association feels that in this work it is not alone. It rests assured of the support of the large number of Alumni who remember warmly their *alma mater*, it is confident of the help of those who are workers here at the present time; and looks hopefully for the assistance of future newcomers. It feels that everyone, whether directly connected with the Normal or not, if he is interested in religious growth, will aid in this branch of its cause. And best of all, this is God's work; His aid is unfailing; and when human effort has done its part, the rest can be left in His hand.

THANKS.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to Principal J. M. B. Sill for his constant and hearty support and coöperation.

To the *Ypsilantian* for the Normal School cut.

To Mr. H. Harris and Miss Inez P. Shaw and Mary B. McDougall for their assistance in the canvassing.

To our editorial staff for its coöperation, and to many others whose interest has been our support.

CONCLUSION.



AS the first issue of *The Aurora* goes to its patrons we submit it to their criticism with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret. Of its imperfections and of the faults in its publication no one can be more conscious than those who have planned and studied each page of its contents. On the other hand, no one will probably ever be so fully conscious of the merits of the book as the editors themselves. We regret deeply the fact that the book was not finished in time for commencement. In performing the work the editors have been without a guide in the matter of precedent; they have lacked the assistance coming from the experience of others. In not collecting the dues at the time of taking the subscription a mistake was made which we hope to see corrected by the next management; nor will it be so difficult to secure cash subscriptions when it is possible to show what *The Aurora* is to be. This mistake caused great delay. The printers requested a guarantee, and after losing some time in securing a guarantee, a change in the affairs of the guarantor caused him to withdraw after the printing had begun, and we then had to collect the dues before continuing the work. This took time and caused much of the delay.

In excellence of work, and in literary merit, we believe the '93 *Aurora* will compare favorably with any annual ever published in Michigan. The first is due to the Wm. Graham Printing Co's conscientious care in the printing. We wish to thank Mr. Graham for many kind suggestions and much patience with our ignorance of the work before us. Its literary excellence is due to the careful work of our contributors. We have found that there is far too much careless writing offered as finished work by the students. We have also found that the productions depend more upon painstaking work than upon the natural ability of the writer. The *Aurora* contest resulted in some excellent work, not only upon the part of the winners, but also of many of the other contestants.

Financially *The Aurora* has not cleared itself; the expenses exceeding the income by a little more than one hundred dollars. This loss was incurred from the fact that the book was not out at commencement time, when a large number of extra copies might easily have been sold and considerable expense of postage saved.

None can realize the amount of work demanded in a publication of this kind until they know by experience. The work has been greater this year on account of the novelty of the enterprise, but at any time this must necessarily be great, and the class should use the greatest care in selecting those only who have proven their ability in pushing matters of this kind.

With the best wishes for the future of the annual, and hoping for lenient criticism of its faults, we respectfully submit to its readers the first volume of the *Normal School Aurora*.

GRINDS.

I'm After Snipe.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through the streets of Ypsi passed
A youth, who bore a freshman's face,
And shouted with a wild grimace,
 "I'm after snipe."

His brow was glad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a brazen trumpet rung
The accents from that boastful tongue,
 "I'm great for snipe."

From many rooms he saw the light
Of students' lamps gleam through the night,
And as he saw the students bone,
He shouted as he hurried on,
 "I'm after snipe."

"O, stay," the maiden said, and rest
Thy curly head upon this breast;
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
 "I'm after snipe."

Out from the city full a mile,
The jokers told him, with a smile,
To watch the path while they would scare
The snipe from out the woody lair.
 A host of snipe.

"Leave not this place," the senior said,
"But hold your net right out ahead;
We may be gone above an hour,
But now it lies within your power
 To catch a snipe."

“ Now crouch behind these bushes low,
And when they come just grab 'em—so.”
This was the juniors' last farewell ;
The freshman answered with a yell,
“ I'll get the snipe.”

At one o'clock, as Ypsiward
He gazed and waited for a bird,
He knew that he had been undone ;
That all the boys were out for fun,
And he for snipe.

While blue-coat, with his faithful hound,
Was pacing on his nightly round,
He saw a freshman sneaking home,
And as he passed he heard him groan,
“ Enough of snipe.”

And when his friends, who thought it right,
Would ask about his luck that night,
He'd wipe the moisture from his brow,
But seldom he would tell them how
He hunted snipe.



The Old Sound on the Stairs.

Somewhat back from a city street
Stands a new-fashioned college seat;
Across its modern portico
Tall maple trees their shadows throw,
And from her station in the hall
A stately lady says to all,
 Don't tarry here;
 Move on, move on.

Half way up the stairs one stands,
Who points and beckons with his hands,
Or now from out the office door,
And then upon the second floor;
Wherever he may chance to stray,
Still doth he sound this tiresome lay.
 Don't tarry here;
 Move on, move on.

MISS KING (in Civil Government class)—“Yes, it is against the law to carry concealed weapons.”

COPE—“Not if you carry them in sight.”

MR. TUTTLE has mistaken the house in calling for a young lady whom he is to escort to the lecture. MISS BEAL, who is expecting another escort, opens the door—“Good evening.” “Good evening.” “Come right into my room. They have forgotten to light the hall lamp.” MR. TUTTLE follows into the room. “Oh! I thought it was Mr. — I expected some one else.” “I beg pardon, but I thought Miss—I guess I've made a mistake in the house.” Blushes. Exit Tuttle.

T. W. PATON (rising to make a speech in the Congress)—“There's a verse in the Bible that says, 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'”

PHILIP BENNETT (just elected speaker of the House, and somewhat confused)—“Mr. Speaker and members of the House, I think you are all witnesses of the fact that I have not sought the office, but that the office has been sought by me.”

MR. OYSTERBANKS (translating Latin)—“I have forgotten what *subito* means.”

MISS MUIR (with energy)—“*Subito*, SUBITO. How does it sound? SUBITO—How do I say it?”

OYSTERBARKS (guessing)—“Fiercely.”

MISS HARSHBARGER (teaching 9th grade Physiology)—“What causes the swelling of a joint?”

BRIGHT STUDENT—“Information.”

MILLER'S CLASS—

“Hear the roaring of that class—Miller's class;
What a lot of Juniors failed to pass, failed to pass.
Hear them grumbling, grumbling, grumbling,
Grumbling for the next ten weeks.
Hear them scolding, scolding ever;
See them resting, resting never.
What in senses does he mean, Miller mean?
And it it makes them feel so green
To think that they from him could not sever, sever ever.
Oh, the wild gesticulation of his class,
Of his class, class, class, class, class;
Oh, the moaning and the groaning
Of his class.

MISS ULRICH (rushing up to the Librarian)—“Miss Walton, is Young engaged!” “No.” “Then I want him.”

READ the poem by Miss Inez Shaw telling how she chased a beau. Page 32.

Little Mamie, with a hook,
Caught McFarlane like a book;
Now he sits and holds her fan,
Smiling like a little man.

YE editors disclaim all connection with the following. It was probably written by some member of the Grind Com., who had a spite at Mr. Norton:

NORTON—
Softly as the summer breezes
Gently wafted from the south,
Come the tintinnabulations
Of my automatic mouth.
How I love its giddy gurgle,
How I love its ceaseless flow,
How I love to wind my mouth up,
How I love to hear it go.

FRED GREEN (in debate)—“I would have my opponents remember the fate of those Philistines whom Samson slew with the jaw bone of an ass.”

AN OPPONENT—“Yes, but your jaw bone is fastened to your head.”



P. R. CLEARY, PRES.

THE CLEARY BUSINESS COLLEGE
Ypsilanti, Michigan.

WRITE
 FOR
 CATALOGUE.

THE LEADING SCHOOL
 OF

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND.

DENSMORE & FELL
 YPSILANTI.

ARE ALWAYS IN THE LEAD WITH THE
 LATEST STYLES OF

CLOTHING.



Having completed one of the largest manufactories
 of

Society Badges

in the United States, with a largely increased force of SKILLED DESIGNERS AND JEWELERS, and in a position to produce finer work than others who manufacture upon a smaller scale, and who purchase their materials in this country.



HIGH CLASS
 ENGRAVING
 OUR SPECIALTY.

The Machine.

Sill and Putnam, Barbour, George,
D'Ooge, Paton, Sherzer, Strong,
Lewis, Jackson, Shultes, Smith,
Lodeman, Miller, Osband, King.

These are they that in our school,
Praise the grind and roast the fool;
Starve the *pony*, keep the law,
M. S. N. S. Zip! Boom! Ba!

THE STUDENTS WHO KNOW OUR WORK
PATRONIZE THE

WHITE LAUNDRY.



16 HURON STREET.

FINEST WORK IN THE CITY.
WE CAN PLEASE YOU.
WE COLLECT AND DELIVER.



L. SMITH, Prop.



Say, Mister: If you know the man who controls
the Society printing next year just say to him
that the best printing used at the Normal during
the past year has been furnished by

THE E. H. GREENE PRINTING CO.

They guarantee satisfaction every time both as
to prices and quality of work.



123 CONGRESS ST.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

WATERMAN—"Strangely verbose, and oft inclined to speak,
Unquestionably nature's strangest freak."

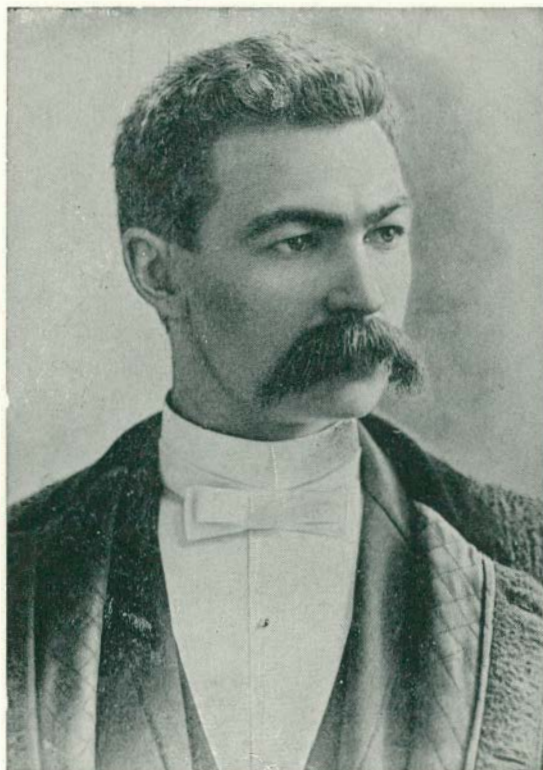
CODDINGTON—"I study the fashions to adorn my body."

F. E. WILCOX—"So young, so fresh, so pretty."

GREEN—"So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet."

WHITEHEAD—"My length surprised her."

**YOUR SUCCESS IN LIFE WILL BE GOVERNED BY YOUR KNOWLEDGE.
 BUSINESS MEN REPRESENT THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD.
 A KNOWLEDGE OF BUSINESS MEANS POWER.**



H. J. CATON, PRESIDENT.

WHY don't you secure a Business Education or a knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting? Last year we had more applications for graduates than we could fill, yet we enrolled over 1000 students. A course with us will prove the stepping stone to your future success in life.

IF you will write us stating your age, qualification and position, we will advise you as to which course would pay you best. Remember, my young friend, you can never expect to be a successful business man without a knowledge of business,

CATON'S COLLEGE OF COMMERCE.

7 to 17 Rowland St., DETROIT, MICH.

This College prepares young men and women to fill positions as Penmen, Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Typewriter Operators, Cashiers, etc. The most progressive Business College in Michigan. Elegantly furnished study halls, located in the very heart of the beautiful city of Detroit. We teach all the branches essential to a thorough Business Education. We teach the English branches and higher Mathematics.

*IT Will Pay
 YOU—*

To attend the best school, "as the best is none too good." Don't attend a small business college in a small town because they offer you low rates of tuition and other cheap inducements. They have no facilities to get you positions. Go to a large College in a large city. Our Colleges are located in several of the largest cities in America. Write to us

for catalogue, free, together with specimens of penmanship and other circulars.

C. M. KRUMBINE, Sec.

M. J. CATON, Pres.

McCUTCHEON—"Though his life were but the the twinkling of an eye,
Yet he'd, live the little twinkle but to lie."
[Enquire of Ostrander].

THE GIRLS OF '94—"They are witty to talk with,
And pretty to walk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

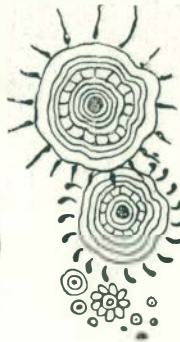
PROF. STRONG—"Mr. Higgins, are you prepared today?"
DEACON—"It depends what you call upon me for."

MISS ACKERMAN—"Your uncommon in some things,
Your uncommon small."

STUDENTS!

CALL AT

WATERMAN'S
STUDIO



FOR
PHOTOS

AND GET ONE
OF HIS SPECIAL OFFER
TO STUDENTS

COME EARLY
AND AVOID THE RUSH.

P-B-T.—"A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a pony."

HARRIS—"What a beard thou hast got. Thou hast more hair on thy lip than Dobbins, my fill horse, has on his tail."

M. J. S.—"Limped sweetness long drawn out."

KITTEL (at S. C. A. meeting)—"He has a face like a Benedict-ion."

F. E. CREASY (practicing an oration)—"Arouse, arouse to arms!" Question—What Rouse, and to whose arms?

ARMSTRONG—"I'll bet you ten to one either way on anything, I can throw an inshoot with a base ball that would wind right around your neck."

FINE PRINTING

We printed the "Aurora."

Commercial and
Legal
Printing.

Church,
Society and
School
Work.



WE RESPECTFULLY REQUEST A CHANCE TO ESTIMATE ON SOME OF YOUR WORK. YOU HAVE UNDOUBTEDLY SEEN OUR IMPRINT ON MANY CATALOGS, PROGRAMS, SOUVENIRS, SOCIETY ANNUALS, BOOKS, AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS THAT LOOK TO YOU BETTER THAN THE ORDINARY. . . . YOURS CAN BE DONE AS WELL, IF YOU WILL GIVE US A CHANCE. * CORRESPONDENCE CHEERFULLY INVITED.

WM. GRAHAM PRINTING CO.

53-55 Bates Street,

TELEPHONE 78.

DETROIT, MICH.

The Ypsilantian

SAVINGS BANK BLOCK

The Leading Newspaper of the City and County.

Best Advertising Medium. Unsurpassed for Neat Job Printing.

NORMAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FREDERICK H. PEASE,
Director.

In connection with the
MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

This music school is not excelled for thoroughness of instruction and absolutely safe methods.

VOICE CULTURE, PIANO, ORGAN, VIOLIN AND THEORY taught by the most talented teachers.

Send for special circular.

GERTRUDE PARSONS, SECRETARY,
YPSILANTI, MICH.

THE FRESHMEN—"Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them as necessities."

PARSONS—"So young, so fresh, so pretty."

BLANCHE FRARY—"If I be as I do think I be, I have a little dog at home
and he knows me."

RYDER—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

WHY are Junior boys leaving a reception like people entering eternity?
Because they go alone.



S. H. DODGE,



The Jeweler.

The Largest Stock.
The Lowest Prices.
The Finest Goods.

110 CONGRESS STREET
YPSILANTI.

Accidents of the Year.

K. MAUDE CADY—Overcome with the sense of her own importance.

M. J. SWEET—Struck by an idea (recovery impossible).

L. J. TUTTLE—Injured when J. M. B. S. discharged his duty

R. WILLIAMS—Compound fracture of the heart; caused by falling in love.

F. E. ROMINE—Overbalanced by cutting more whiskers from one side of
his face than from the other.

F. L. COPE—Injured by a perfect recitation (record badly fractured).

Ha! Normalite!

You get a fine start in your school,
But the start is not all, as a rule,
The fossils, the "has beens," stand still
And out of their places will spill.

From SHAKESPEARE (a good ways)

KEEP YOUR MOTION; ACCELERATE IT;
MAKE TEACHING JOYOUS, EASY, AND FRUITFUL,
BY SUBSCRIBING FOR THE

MICHIGAN SCHOOL MODERATOR.

DON'T BEG IT. DON'T BORROW IT. DON'T LACK IT.
A 32-PAGE SEMI-MONTHLY. 640 PAGES PER YEAR.

It makes poor teachers good, and good teachers better. It brightens the mind and cheers the heart.

See here! Some Moderator Attractions.

The Latest Geographical News.
The Latest Political News.
The Latest General Educational News.
The Latest State Educational News.
Morning Exercise Suggestions.
School Law Decisions.
Examination Questions.
Asked and Answered.

Primary Department.
Mathematical Department.
Sample Blocks.
Special Day Exercises.
Cleanings.
Enigmas, Hidden Names, etc.
Methods, Devices, etc.
The Editor's "Hints from Squints."

Price per year, single subscriptions, \$1.50 With "Normal News," \$1.75 With any \$1.00 Monthly Educational Paper, \$2.00 In clubs of five or more, \$1.25

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.

HENRY R. PETTENGILL, Lansing, Mich.

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.



H. RANDALL,

30 EAST HURON STREET,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Paintings,
Engravings, Etchings,
Frames, and
Artists' Materials,
Rich Holiday, Birthday and
Wedding Gifts.



Michigan State Normal School.

PURPOSE OF THE SCHOOL AND ITS RANK.

This School has but one purpose—to prepare teachers for all grades of Public School work. All its energies are directed to this one end.

In its buildings, equipment, the number and strength of its Faculty, and the number of students who seek its advantages, it stands in the very foremost rank of American Normal Schools.

THE COURSES OF STUDY

are as follows:

Three years' courses leading to a Certificate, or License to teach, good for five years:

(1) An English Course and (2) A Kindergarten Course.

Four years' courses, leading to a Diploma, and a Certificate or License to teach, good for life. Also one and two years' courses for High School Graduates, leading to a Life Certificate.

(1) Literary and Scientific; (2) Literary; (3) Scientific; (4) Ancient Classical; (5) Modern Classical; (6) English Latin; (7) English German; (8) English French; (9) Music.

Six years' courses, leading to a Life Certificate, and the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogics.

The Degree of Master of Pedagogics is conferred on graduates of long and approved experience upon conditions set forth in the Register.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

Living expenses extremely moderate.

Elegant and commodious buildings.

Healthfulness of its location.

Authority to license its graduates.

Only school expense, an entrance fee of \$5.00 paid twice annually.

Entrance fee remitted to pupils bringing legislative appointments.

A large and thoroughly equipped School of Observation and Practice.

A Kindergarten and the best obtainable kindergarten instruction.

Extraordinary facilities for the study and practice of Music.

A department of Drawing and Geography possessing an ample supply of casts and models, etc.

Choir practice in an ably led chorus.

Teachers reviews in common branches beginning, four times each year.

A library of 11,500 well selected volumes.

Good working collections in natural sciences.

Well equipped laboratories for work in these sciences.

Abundant apparatus for illustrations.

A strong Student's Christian Association and prosperous literary societies.

An ample corps of expert and approved Normal Professors and assistants.

A large constituency of earnest, orderly, hard working and enthusiastic students.

For details, send for Register to
The PRINCIPAL, YPSILANTI, MICH.