



GYMNASIUM.

The Aurora

Michigan State Normal College

Senior Class Annual

1898

VOL. V.




KATE R. THOMPSON,
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HUGH E. AGNEW,
BUSINESS MANAGER.





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NORMAL COLLEGE, WHOM WE ALL LOVE AND HONOR,
THIS UNITED EFFORT OF THE AURORA BOARD
IN BEHALF OF THE SENIOR CLASS,
IS DEDICATED.



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MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1849.



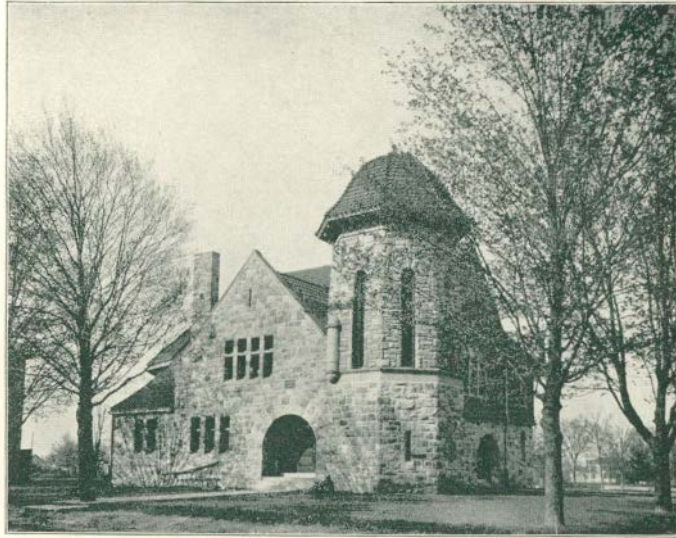
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Dr. R. G. Boone.



IN 1893 Dr. R. G. Boone, our honored president, was called from the Indiana State University to fill the president's chair of the Michigan State Normal College, which position he has held since that time.

He was born in 1849 at Spiceland's, Indiana, and in that place acquired his early training. Later he received the degree Ph. D. at the Ohio University and that of A. M. from DePauw University, Ind. At Johns Hopkins University he made special preparation in psychology and the educational sciences. During twenty-five years he has held positions in schools of every kind, from the district through graded and high schools, normal school and university.

In 1886, while superintendent in Frankfurt, Ind., he was appointed Professor of Pedagogics in the Indiana State University. From this place Dr. Boone was called to his present position. The greatest growth the State Normal College has ever known is that of the past five years under his administration. The institution has been changed from a school to a college. Instead of a dozen or more heterogeneous courses there has been arranged a single systematic pedagogical course with an excellent and well guarded system of electives. The college now prepares special teachers for both the several elementary grades and the various high school departments, and with such marked success that these teachers are proving strong rivals to the best graduates of the universities. Each department has been strengthened. The college has wisely relegated a large part of its preparatory work to the secondary schools, while the number of high school graduates has been greatly increased. It is not too much to say that all this is the result of Dr. Boone's untiring energy and that to him belongs the honor of inaugurating the policy and carrying it through. Just so long as the internal workings of the college are left to him, and he is held responsible for it, just so long the institution may be expected to advance.

It is the hope of every friend of Michigan education that the good work may not stop but that President Boone may be encouraged to carry it on until the Michigan State Normal College shall be recognized as the greatest pedagogical school of the country.



PRESIDENT RICHARD G. BOONE.

Professor Julia A. King.



FOR almost her entire life Miss King has been closely identified with schools in Michigan. She was a graduate of the State Normal in '56 and later received the degrees A. M. and M. Pd. Having spent several years as teacher and superintendent in various schools of the state, she returned to the Normal in 1881 as preceptress and head of the department of history and civics. In connection with this work she prepared a Civil Government of Michigan, and a Teacher's Outline of History, arranged on a pedagogical basis of development.

It has been her constant effort to stand in the front rank of her profession and to represent the highest and best in modern educational methods. She trains the mind to close reasoning and gives the key to broad culture. Her work is not of text-book and topic, but is a teaching of how to study. A remark often heard from her old students is, "Miss King taught me how to think." In no branch of her work, perhaps, has Miss King been more useful than in the Friday afternoon "Conversations." Here the girls are brought into closer touch with her best and noblest thoughts, and in these informal meetings many an otherwise thoughtless girl has been led to be an earnest "seeker after Truth."

The results of her years of faithful service cannot be computed in a day; for the seeds planted by her patient toil will blossom and bear fruit in the lives of those who have come into the reach of her noble example.

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."





JULIA A. KING.

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NORMAL FACULTY.



NORMAL FACULTY.

A Tribute to the Faculty.



H. G. LULL.



“Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals;—
The sower scatters broad his seed;
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.”

PERHAPS in no other age has true worth been more fully appreciated than in the present. Since time immemorial men of high station in life have been honored; orators have eulogized great statesmen, poets have made the lives of their heroes immortal, and the deeds of martyrs have been preached from every pulpit in the land, and now we are coming to realize more and more the true dignity of the teacher, whose life takes hold upon human interests, human impulses, and human aspirations as no other life can.

It is with feelings of high regard that we as students bear witness to the efficiency of instruction given by the Faculty of the M. S. N. C. This, together with an untiring zeal for their work, dominated by a lofty aim, has won for the Normal College its present distinction, as a mighty force in the schools of Michigan.

In a college of specialists the instructors are too often engrossed in the work of their own departments, and underestimate the true value of a more comprehensive training than can be secured in their courses. But the members of the Normal College Faculty stand on the broad basis of culture, and their teaching is more efficient because of their advanced views of education.

Not only do they build our intellectual training upon a high conception of education, but they also throw the best influences about us to develop the social and ethical sides of our natures.

In no other college is more liberality shown by its faculty to students and more confidence placed in them. May we cherish these privileges and manifest a like spirit toward others.

Finally, when we shall have taken up our chosen profession, let us strive by our teaching and by our conduct to instill in the minds of the people a growing sense of the importance of a liberal education, and so honor our Faculty who have directed us so skillfully and wisely.

Sophomore Class.



E. E. CROOK,	<i>President.</i>
LORENA VAN BUREN,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
EDNA L. NASH,	<i>Secretary.</i>
CORA BALLOW,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
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Colors.

OLD ROSE AND NILE GREEN.



E. E. CROOK.



EDNA L. NASH.



S. C. HOTCHKISS.



LORENA VAN BUREN.



CORA BALLOW.

Pen Sketches of the Sophomores.



GEORGE HOWARD DAVEY.



AT a moment particularly auspicious, not only for the students of the Normal College, but for the college itself, there was organized at the beginning of '98 a class, which, according to the time-honored customs of other and older colleges, was designated by the euphonious title of Sophomore. This movement, having in view the consolidation of the interests of the second-year students, traces its origin farther back in the history of our institution. Suffice it to say, however, this is the first Sophomore class organized in the history of the school.

It is not the purpose of this article to unduly eulogize our class; yet we realize our importance in this present narrow sphere of ours, and are resolved to make ourselves felt. We are not mere insulated beings, without relation to past or future; we are a living organization, possessing a common interest, and a common life purpose.

In taking our bearings we have observed the talents of the great body of Normal students in its entirety. Nowhere have we found the peer of the Sophomores. We will not predict the rose-strewn pathway that lies before us; but, judging the future by the past, we feel impressed that life would be a flat failure without us. In despair would Father Time cast his wheel into some remote corner on a still more remote planet, and Nature would revert to her ancient chaotic state.

We do not boast of artists who excel in portraying blue cows browsing on red grass by the mellow light of green moons. We point to our athletes; here our understanding rivals that of Solomon himself, for it is a well known fact that the latter never attempted to walk on his hands, with a view of securing an elevated understanding. Our basketball champions are second to none in the state. Blindfold them, hamper them in any way, and they will surmount every obstacle. Mathematicians are conspicuous here. While, perhaps, in other classes there may be found those who are toiling diligently over problems that relate to the density of the green cheese in the moon, or to the velocity attained by that bovine in her gigantic leap over the lunar orb, we, the Sophomores, divert our thoughts into other and more profitable channels. Nevertheless, "truth is stranger than fiction," and we may yet see the efforts of the former rewarded. We have with us the beautiful, the witty, the humorous, the moral. Nature was lavish in her gifts; she could go no farther than the past reveals her to have gone, and how united and blended these qualities, these talents, into unity—into the true, the typical Sophomore. Success is already within our grasp; it only remains for us to act our future parts in the great drama of life; and how well we Sophomores will do that the past foretells.

Junior Class.



D. W. KELLY,	☉	☽	☾	☿	<i>President.</i>
NELLIE WESTLAND,	☉	☽	☾	☿	<i>Vice-President.</i>
L. E. C. THORNE,	☉	☽	☾	☿	<i>Secretary.</i>
W. SHERMAN LISTER,	☉	☽	☾	☿	<i>Treasurer.</i>
LOU GROSVENOR,	☉	☽	☾	☿	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>
MAE HARRIS,	☉	☽	☾	☿	<i>Reporter.</i>

Executive Committee.

WILLIAM LEE,	BERTHA DAVIS,
CLARA VYN,	DAN KIMBALL.

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D. W. KELLY.



NELLIE WESTLAND.



W. L. LEE.



L. E. C. THORNE.



W. SHERMAN LISTER.

Glass of '99.



NELLIE MARIE WESTLAND.



NO one can but acknowledge that the class of '99 has been one of the important factors of the school during the year, and the history of such an organization should be impressed upon the minds of all. Had I the pen of a Macauley or a Hume I would disclose to you many important facts in detail with masterly effect, but, as it is, I will leave you to read between the lines much of that which is truly interesting.

The class was organized immediately after the Christmas vacation and is made up of many of the most prominent members of the school. The most remarkable fact about us is that, while we all have some ability, it is very evenly distributed.

While some are distinguished by brilliancy of intellect and special gifts, others are characterized by a practical turn of mind which is very useful in the conduct of the business of life. Because of the even tenor of the class, no outside forces have held sway sufficient to disturb the proper mood for study.

Not being satisfied with the idea that Juniors never make any effort to be enthusiastic, the class of '99 has proved itself capable of exhibiting as much class spirit as the normal Senior, and our first appearance in chapel as a class was an important event.

As we look back upon the class meetings of the year, we need not hide our faces for shame because of any unkind remarks made, since the first word of our motto, "Friendship," has been the sincere feeling prevading the class, and the remembrance of these meetings is very pleasant to all Juniors. Each assemblage of the class was characterized by a splendid display of ribbon and bunting which made the heart of every member beat more rapidly with pride and joy.

As we glance back over our history—for our Junior year is almost a thing of the past—we note an increasing dignity among our members, which is, or should be maintained by every senior.

Our motto, then should not only be followed through our junior year and our senior year, but through life's broad way we should have before us, "Friendship, Truth and Progress."

Senior Class.



E. N. RHODES,

President.

KATE R. THOMPSON,

Vice-President.

TIDY MCGILLIS,

Secretary.

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ESTELLE DOWNING,

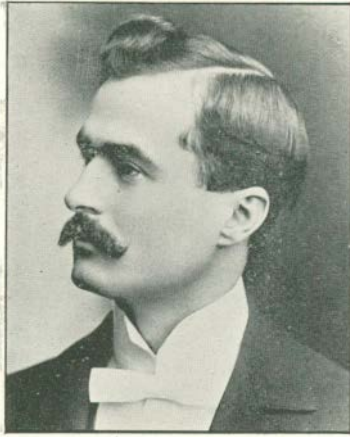
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E. N. RHODES.



TIDY MCGILLIS.



KATK R. THOMPSON.



ESTELLE DOWNING.



E. B. HAWKS.

The Seniors.

♦ ♦ ♦
ESTELLE DOWNING.



WHEN on Theches' height stood the brave Ten Thousand, and the majestic splendor of the Aegean broke upon their sight, there rose from all the foremost ranks a mighty cry—a cry which following ranks repeated until the rocky walls sent back the sound and the mountains rang with the shouting, "The Sea! The Sea!"

So stands the Class of '98—a band of warriors who have at last, reached the longed-for summit. Life's sea is rolling before us; its waters are calling to us; and firm and bold we hasten to launch forth. We look back upon the road we have traveled, the camping-grounds, the fields of strife, of victories and defeats; and remembering all we turn our faces toward the future, and like those ancient Greeks, we cry, "The Sea! The Sea!"

Yet even while we look with joy upon the rolling waters, reflecting myriad smiles, swept by flashing oars and bound by dim coasts whose peaks climb heaven-ward, there comes an inward shrinking of the soul, a dim foreboding of storms that may arise, of darkening skies and tempests; and we look back with regret upon the road over which we have journeyed to the summit. There, travelling together, we found strength and security in union; now each one must commit his own bark to the waves, each must contend alone. Hence, ere we set sail, we would make a record of the days that are past, that their memory may not fade when varying seas shall bear us far asunder.

But a history of the class of '98! Who is able to write it? Only one who with prophetic eye, can look down the years and there discover all those multiplied results which shall arise from forces and influences here set in motion. Here, as a class, we have written but the preface of the history which future years must write. Herein we have declared our aims, our purposes. Time alone will reveal how well our purposes are realized. But we are not seers or prophets. To us the future is closed, but the past is ours. Nor is the past devoid of life and interest. The class of '98 leaves no mean record. We well may dwell with pride upon their achievements—not high sounding victories which count for naught, but rather those worthier conquests in class-room and club-room, which have marked the class of '98 as one of vigor and sterling worth. No class can justly claim more thorough-going scholarship, more practical good sense, more earnest zeal. It has been left to lower class-men to indulge in flashes of enthusiasm, in spasmodic effort. The senior watchword has been steady and certain progress toward well defined results.

The rank and file of the class we are proud to call by the truly American title of "commoners," yet we are never without our shining lights. Our orators, our thinkers, our athletes and leaders have left worthy records in the annuals of the College.

And may we not justly glory in the almost unparalleled loyalty which the members of the class have shown? The time and money freely spent, the enthusiastic class meetings, the ready response to class demands, the willing sacrifices and earnest efforts—all these things are too well known to need repetition. The performance of social functions has formed no marked feature in the life of the class, still a few events stand out as landmarks by the way and these have been occasions fraught with pleasure. From these and from all our happy Normal days we have gathered up a fragrance which shall sweeten all the years to come. Having ventured out upon the longed-for "Sea" we shall look back upon the fading shore and find it all transfigured in the golden light of memory. Thrice happy then, if we, catching anew the radiance of the gilded summit, may reflect it upon the lives of those who mingle with us.



Sunset on the Huron.

YALE LIT.

When a sly little hand your're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.



Senior Class Day Participants.



ESTELLE DOWNING,	*	*	*	*	*	<i>Salutatorian.</i>
WILLIAM BOLGER,	*	*	*	*	*	<i>Orator.</i>
MALLAH V. GODFREY,	*	*	*	*	*	<i>Essayist.</i>
HERBERT G. LULL,	*	*	*	*	*	<i>Valedictorian.</i>



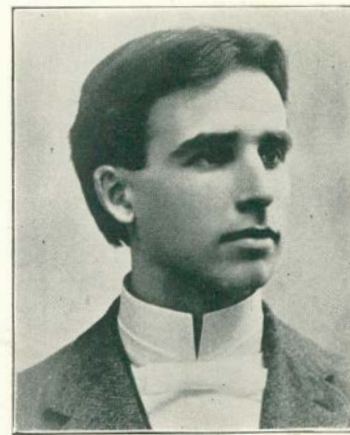
ESTELLE DOWNING.



WILLIAM BOLGER.



MALLAH V. GODFREY.



HERBERT G. LULL.

The Post-Graduates.

♦ ♦ ♦
N. P. BOWEN.
♦ ♦ ♦

IT IS not the object of this brief sketch to present a detailed biography of each of the several thousand graduates of the Normal, to give the color of their hair and eyes, their political beliefs, the sizes of their shoes and gloves, etc., etc. While it would doubtless be very conventional and in strict accordance with past custom to do this, we feel that it would hardly be attractive to the casual reader. Without question forty or fifty pages of such statistics would constitute a veritable work of art, but we think best to omit them for fear some overly-anxious critic might fail to follow the plot, or trace out the fortunes of the hero or heroine with due success. For these reasons this sketch will not consider the great mass of graduates singly. In all probability a large number of them are now married and would not like to be discussed singly for fear of causing trouble in the family.

At present there are in college twenty-nine former graduates of the Normal, besides a number of students who hold five-year certificates. Ten different classes are represented among these twenty-nine students. Of course, '97 has the preponderance in numbers, fifteen belonging to that illustrious class. '96 and '95 have three members each, '91 has two, while '94, '90, '86, '83 and '79 are each represented by a single member. In addition to these, ten graduates of the Normal Conservatory are continuing their work here, and it will not do to forget that the faculty of the college has among its numbers no less than thirty alumni.

So large a number of post-graduates are, of course, not without an organization of their own. On March 12, 1896, the Normal Graduate Club was formed, for the purposes, as stated in the constitution, of establishing sociability and good-fellowship among the graduates in college, and of promoting the interests of the alumni everywhere. Its officers are a Dean, a Scribe, and a Steward. During 1897 the Club was in a very flourishing condition, and entertained the visiting alumni on Foundation Day and during Commencement week. The Club also entertained and was entertained by the Normal Club of the University of Michigan, at different times during the year.

It is to be hoped that through this organization all the graduates may be brought into closer relation with the Normal. One of the very greatest glories of a College is a loyal enthusiastic body of alumni scattered throughout the country. Active co-operation will bring that union in which alone there is strength.

The Triumph of the Juniors.

♦ ♦ ♦
J. M. CROSBY.

DRAMATIS PERSONAL.

KELLIUS—President of the Juniors.

ENOCH THORNO,

LAWLERUS,

CASSIUS LUPPEUS,

MARTELLUS LISTERO,

} Juniors.

Juniors, President of the College, Guards, Attendants, Messengers and Seniors.

SCENE.—Ypsium, College of Learning.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

ACT I.

SCENE I.—College Assembly-room.

Juniors, Guards, Attendants assembled.

Enter KELLIUS, who takes the chair.

KELLIUS.—(Pounding on the desk.) Order! I pray you! (To Thorno.)—
What news of our plans?

THORNO.—Most noble Sir, our colors have arrived, and we can make a glorious
entrance.

A JUNIOR.—Soft! Who comes here? A Senior! A Spy!

(Cries of "Put him out! Out with him!")

KELLIUS.—Here, you guard! Conduct this base intruder through the door.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER.—Prepare you, Juniors! I bring you word of warning. The
Seniors spy even now at your rear entrance. (Exit.)

KELLYUS.—Guard, make ready! Command a close watch at every portal. And now, most worthy and noble Juniors, you observe how close these Seniors watch our every move, and how great and powerful they have become—to their own thinking.

LISTERO.—Why, man, they do bestride our narrow world like some Colossus, and we petty Juniors walk under his huge legs, and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves.

LAWLERUS.—The fault, dear Listero, is not in ourselves, but in our stars, that we are underlings.

THORNO.—But men are sometimes masters of their fate.

LUPPEUS.—Yes. And mark you! we shall be of ours.

KELLYUS.—Have courage strong, my brothers; and you also, gentle members of the fairer sex. (To Thorno.)—Prepare the colors. Drape the Chapel Hall in royal purple and purest white. Adorn yourselves with the same precious hues. And on the Ides of Januarius we will march triumphantly forth to join the worshippers at chapel.

Let us away;

Hope pictures now a brighter day. (Exeunt all.)

SCENE II.—A Room in the College.

LISTERO seated at a table. Before him stands a box containing purple and white ribbon. Thorno on guard at the entrance.

Enter body of Juniors.

THORNO.—Hi there! Make haste you Juniors! Decorate yourselves with colors from yonder box which noble Listero has in charge.

Enter a Messenger in haste.

MESSENGER.—Good Sirs, the Chapel Hall I have just visited, only to find most odious banners, the words of which reflect sarcasm on your honored selves. These banners hang amidst the drapings on the walls.

THORNO.—O conspiracy! thy name is Senior! Here Lawlerus, quicken thy

steps toward the Chapel. Destroy those hideous parchments that fain would cast dishonor on our princely colors—colors which our tired hands, e'en in the watchful hours of the night, did place upon those sacred walls.

LAWLERUS.—But bid me run, and I will strive with things impossible—yea, get the better of them. (Exeunt Messenger and Lawlerus.)

Enter two Juniors excitedly.

FIRST JUNIOR.—Just now, while passing by the Chapel door, I saw the Seniors gathered in a body; and they did hold the lofty seats over against the south and east. Their heads were bent together in serious consultation; in their hands they held slabs from the pine tree; and in their eyes I saw a proud, defiant look.

SECOND JUNIOR.—'Tis all too true. And I did see their leader, Wanera, standing apart from the rest. His eyes were fixed on a tablet hung above the front entrance. His lips were moving, and he seemed to be repeating o'er and o'er some gibberish words inscribed upon this tablet.

LISTERO.—O mischief! thou art afoot!

THORNO.—All is made plain! When we do send our voices forth in loud huzzas, and chant our glorious lay of jubilee, they have conspired to drown the music of our song. But we are greater in number, and mightier in power.

ALL.—We'll route them! We'll stifle them!

THORNO.—Hark ye! (A bell rings.) There sounds the bell! Prepare!

Enter KELLYUS.

KELLYUS.—Ho there! all ye Juniors! Fall into line! Put on your noble airs! Make ready! March! (Exeunt all.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—College of Learning, Chapel Hall.

Seniors seated on south bank of raised Seats. Other members of the College seated in main portion of the Hall. President of College, Faculty and Choir occupying platform.

Enter Juniors, who march to north bank of raised seats, amidst loud cries and yells from Seniors. Wanera strikes the pine slabs together; his face becomes red; his hair assumes a perpendicular appearance.

Juniors vigorously chant their anthem.

President of the College arises.

PRESIDENT.—Our loyal Juniors have done a most praiseworthy deed in adorning these walls with the colors dear to their hearts. (Cheers from Juniors.) No more aptly could they have chosen colors with which to decorate themselves on this, their natal day. This purple and white are true symbols of the royalty and nobility which do characterize their numbers. We have much to commend in them. May the Seniors look upon them as a worthy example. (Deafening applause.)

SCENE II.—Same place at the close of morning devotion.

The Seniors looking downcast, silently steal from Chapel Hall.

Led by Listero, the Juniors sound forth their melodious lay. Fondly and proudly they linger until the last spectator has taken his departure. Then they slowly disperse, too full of joy to utter words.



The Charge of the Juniors.



Half the space, half the space,
Half the space onward,
Slow into the Chapel Hall

Strode the brave Juniors.

“Forward, the Bright Brigade,”

“March for the seats!” he said.

Straight into the Chapel Hall

Strode the brave Juniors.

“Forward the Bright Brigade!”

Was there one look dismay’d?

Not tho’ the student knew

Some one had blunder’d;

Their’s not to make reply,

Their’s not to reason why,

Their’s but to do and cry.

Straight into the Chapel Hall

Strode the brave Juniors.

Seniors to right of them,

Seniors to left of them,

Seniors in front of them

Clamor’d and jeer’d;

Storm’d at with shout and yell,

Boldly they strode and well,

Into the spacious aisles,

On to the seats of height

Strode the brave Juniors.

Flash'd all their colors rare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Young men and maidens there,
Shouting at Seniors, while

All the staff wonder'd:
Plunged in the shouting din
They strove as those who win;

Noble brave Juniors.

Seniors to right of them,
Seniors to left of them,
Seniors behind them

Clamor'd and jeer'd.
Stormed at with shout and yell
While voice and spints fell,
They that had yelled so well
Came from the spacious aisles
Back from the seats of height,
All that was left of them,

Left of brave Juniors.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild shouts they made!

All the staff wonder'd.
Honor the shouts they make!
Honor the Bright Brigade,
Noble brave Juniors.

Samantha's Trip to the Normal.



MALLAH V. GODFREY.



JOSIAH was a-sittin' by the fire havin' another spell of contemplashun, and thinks I, now is as good a time as any to spring my decishun onto him, for sez I, "A stitch in time saves nine," and when he's meditatin' he won't raise so many projections.

So I screwed up my curage and my mouth both at onct and sez, "Josiah I'm going to leave you to take kere of things at home a bit, for dooty calls me to look now to the edicashun of 'Tirzah Ann.'" He never budged (I knew I'd come out with sails a-flappin'), so I went on, "I've bin readin' in the edicashunal jurnals lately 'bout the wonderful constitution of larnin' at Hoopsilanti; of the great interlectooal fakulties which are for the instrueshun of the common people; and of the meci-nickle labor-atories and steam heatin' and 'lectric lights and board only \$2.00 a week. (I wouldn't take such a boarder as 'Tirzah Ann short of \$5.00 a week, no how you could fix it).

Now 'Tirzah Ann is nigh on to twenty and its time she wus a-dustin' herself ef she wants ter make her ma and pa feel honorable-like in their descendin' years. So I've made up my mind to go down to the place next week and look over the whole consarn and pass my jgment 'fore we risk our shy dauter, (the dear, she's just like her ma) in the multitudes." Josiah granted and sed he'd ruther risk 'Tirzah Ann drivin' the mowin' machine auy day—that people was a-livin' too fast in these days—he didn't believe in sich new fangled notions as gittin' an edicashun. Then he looked at me and saw that decided tone in my complexshun and stopped short and side,—I knew 'twas settled, he alays said I had the best jgment.



'Twas a bright sunshiny Monday morn when I arriv' there and sez I to myself, "I'll go straight to that er buildin' 'fore dooty gits tired of pokin' me and see the thing out and out. As I was drawin' nigh, pretty much tuckered with climbin' hills, (the likes of I never seed in a city before) but the bell wus a ringin' and screams of girls and

stragglin' boys wus a-pourin' in at the big doors, and one girl called out, "there I've forgot my ticket," and in such a hurry I grabbed my hand-satchel tighter and marched on wondering where I'd git a ticket.

Well, I meandered in, in the most acquainted style and seein' a tall slim boy decorated in purple and white tattin' with nose glasses litched on to his ear, I riz up with dignity as lofty as Bunker Hill monument and sez, "Be so kind as ter show me the man what runs the buildin'," he looked at me sarcy-like and sez, "the janitor, madam?" "No," sez I, givin' him a scorchin' look out of my eyes, "the edicashunal head. "Oh, the President!" "Very well, please pass up to the chapel and you may meet him afterwards," so I meekly clim up to chapel, and the perlite youth led me in and sez, "Will you take a raised seat?" If Josiah had only bin along I wouldn't have felt half so scart—a raised seat—now I've heard of raised biscuits but raised seats, never. Howsomever, I clapped my hand over my pocket-book as Josiah told me to onct in a while and the very rickollection of him seemed to give me a new breath, so I used it, and smiled my sweetest and took (later) a raised seat. The next minute all was a blank, something must have been wrong with the floor, for how it came about is morin' I know—my bunnet on the floor, specs in my lap, hand-satchel land only knows wher' that wus. At last I got rited around, sat bolt up to circumspect the view. Well, I never, all I could see was hair, black, red, and white, and every other midlin' color till you couldn't rest; and there on that stage sat the Detrimental Heads: sez I to myself, they ain't got any bigger heads than the people in Jonesville, and the commonest kinds of heads besides—two bald and a good many more nigh on it. (Josiah is nigh bald too). I tell you it didn't take me long to size'm up, jist a-lookin' at 'em with nary a word spoke, ef my opinion's worth anything as everybody in Jonesville calkerlates it is, I had no scruples then and I was a good might to express myself then and there.

Just then the President riz up and sez, "You may hand your tickets in this mornin', be sure you write your name on 'em." Then he cast his eye around and I knew somethin' great was pendin' on his mind—a death-pall settled. "Let me say just a word in regard to the noise in the corridors, its no place to visit, go to room 50. Don't stand around waitin' for classes to call, would ruther you'd be 5 minutes late than 5 minutes early." Now that wus a new way of talkin', but then I knew I wus a trifle behind the times, so I tho't no more on it, but jist was a-hankerin' to shake hands with that fine lookin' man and tell him I'm glad to see sich improvement in human natur'.

That choir was perfectly divine. I felt like I did onct before when Josiah and me went to Westminster on our way to Saratoga—sourin' heavenward. Then one of those heads stepped forward and read a prayer out of a little

black book, and all I could think of was "infinity squared." Away went the crowd, and I sallied down with the slim youth who kept tryin' to say "Jun—Jun" and strangled on the rest of it I guess. "Yes," sez I, "Junebugs, I know 'em when I see 'em." At the office I met the President who kindly invited me to look about for myself—he excused himself for being so busy. Of course the spring of the year was allays a busy time with us on the farm, and I suppose every callin' has its sowin' and harvestin' time, so I graciously denied him the honor.

Now the last words Tirzah Ann said to me was, "Ma, don't forget to visit the picture gallery." So sez I to myself, I'll ask this man a-comin' to direct me. He was a boorish lookin' fellow with his hair stickin' every way for Monday, he wore a cap settin' down over his ear and he had a box marked, chemical compounds; and thinks I, a bit of Celery Compound would be good to calm his nerves down and I was jist a-goin' to suggest it, when a door opened and out come one of those Heads with a sun protector on and he had two big white dogs a-taggin' on his heels, that even walked with a pedigogikal air. That sight almost took my breath and when I recovered the curly headed man was gone and I was glad on it. Then I met a stately gray haired lady, all dressed in black; she looked terrible severe, but when she smiled I gathered myself together and she showed me the way. She said the only life-size gallery she knew of was right here, and ef I had a good imagination I could see wonders in a few minutes; so I touched up my imagination while I was drawin' the next few breaths (it took me quite a while to realize the situation). There I stood midst white robed figers ready to make marks at any instant, in clouds of dust, while a little man who had the dainty turst and style of an old maid called out in a divinely wheezy tone. "You have no eye for the beautiful the pigs can crawl under your fence without half tryin'. Such a luxuriant growth of grass! Mow down your grass, I say." How I wish Josiah could have seen that grass, 'twould have made his mouth water fairly. I felt my eyes moist myself—such expresshun of natur' as that class could make was really touchin'. I jist had to git up and leave, but I knew I had more of an eye for the beautiful before than I ever expect to have again. I heard a voice like Demosthenes pealin' forth and thinks I, that must be some good sound instrucshun, so I stepped in—there the Head sat with one leg over the desk with his hands in his pockets with a perfectly horrified expresshun on at the words of a tremblin' girl, then he looked stright up and went to whistlin'. I couldn't make out quite what the tune was, Annie Laurie probably, but I do know Josiah could make as much noise as that ef he had an aujience. He got up and made a circle and shot arrows all over it, regular war dance all in the middle. I felt as unrestless as ef a cycloue had struck me too, so to be safe I glided out.

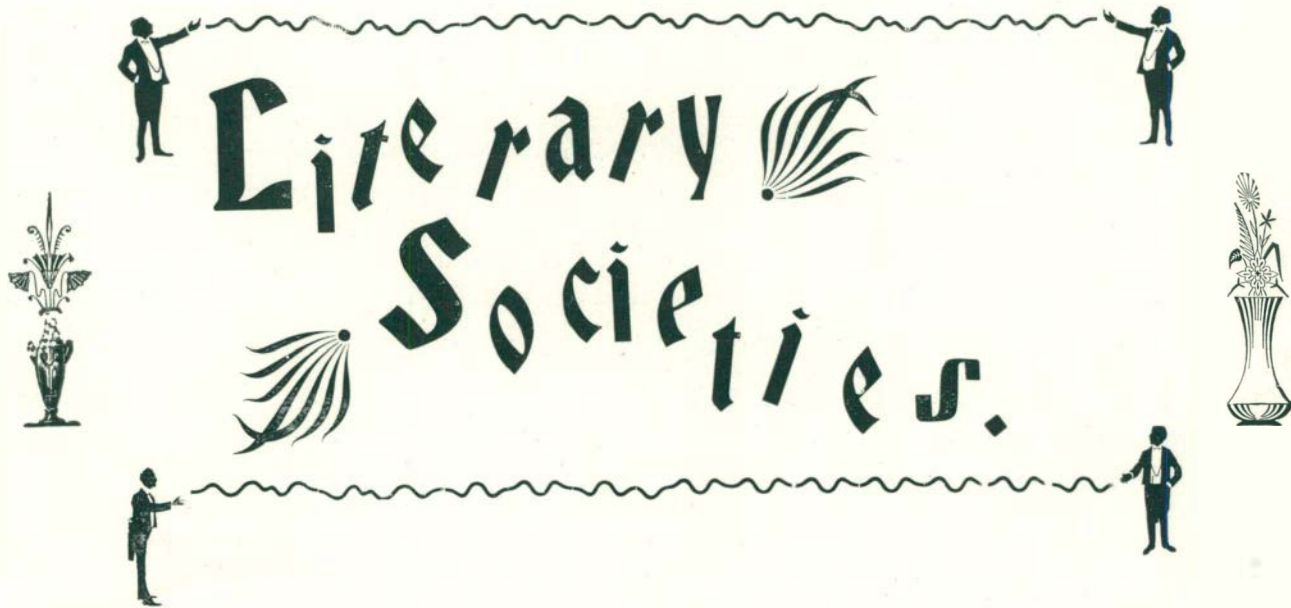
Next I serenely walked into the Librury, and there beheld the most serious sight of edicashun: great tables with straight back chairs and books a foot thick on 'em. Poor creaturs I suppose they have to learn 'em byheart—there wuz a great big lookin' fellow with touzle locks sound asleep, until a lady in black with a silver cross stalked up to him and sez, "your distnrbin' the whole room," (snored jist like Josiah). He never stirred and that reminded me I had better stir.

Well, I commenced to feel so satorated with larning that I felt as ef a breath of fresh air might survive me. Jist then two girls passed me talkin' about "Gym." Going over? Thinks I, I wonder ef those girl's ma's know how they're carrying on. the very idea in this day and age, goin' over to meet "Gym." on the corner likely. Sez I, I'll jist keep my eye on them girls and maybe their mothers 'ill thank me for it some day. Then next I heard wuz, (different girls howsomever), "Bin over to 'Gym?'" No, sir, you don't catch me goin' over to see "Gym." What would Josiah think of me, don't you suppose I'd jist as leave set Josiah up agin any "Gym" any day.

Well, as I said before, I kept my eye on them girls; they went over across to a big red buildin', so did I, they went in, so did I, they went up stairs, so did I, they took a seat to be comfortable-like, I suppose, till "Gym" would come, so did I. They didn't say much, wiggled around, tired of waitin' for him I presume, and I commenced to think they wuz repentin' for their actions and I was right glad on it, for then I wouldn't have ter impose 'tween them and that fellow.

The next minute a bell buzzed—and of all sights! My! I can hardly write it down. It makes me so nervous to think on it—of all sights—girls, girls I say, young girls, oh! dear girls in bloomers. I wuz perfectly dum foundered, haven't got over it yet. I wuz so weak from the shock I couldn't talk. Such actions, kickin' up their heels like colts, swingin' on ropes, jumpin' over bars, why everything to disgrace themselves. I felt disgraced myself to be caught in sich a place, the very idea in this age of interlectooal Heads. Enough to make a saint diseasy. I jist riz up and set my teeth and started to find that Mr. President and tell him 'bout sich goin's on, probably he's been so busy he's neglected to look arter them girls and its high time somebody told him, the more I thought on it, the more mortified I felt. My! I'm glad Josiah Allen wasn't along, I wouldn't had him see that sight for all the whole of Jonesville and more too, he'd never bin right agin; and the more I thought the worsen I felt I jist concluded to get out of that town as quick as Virtue would help me, and say nary a word to any one to let them know what I got into.

Did Tirzah Ann go to get an edicashun? No, sir, I decided when I got in my right mind agin that the spear of woman wuz to lure and charm to home.



Literary Societies.

The title is enclosed in a decorative border consisting of two horizontal wavy lines. At each of the four corners, a small silhouette of a man in a suit stands with his arms outstretched, holding the lines. On the left and right sides, there are two ornate vases, each containing a bouquet of flowers and a star-shaped object.

The Lyceum.

★ ★ ★
FRANCIS L. D. GOODRICH.
★ ★ ★

THE prominence of the Lyceum among the organizations of the Normal cannot be questioned. It is always mentioned in the year book as one of the inducements to enter the college, and students who have taken a leading part in the literary work of the society say that they received a training which was as beneficial as any they had gained in school.

This organization has undergone several changes in its development. There are no definite records of its humble beginning, however in 1875 we find the Lyceum, a single society, meeting Friday evenings, open to every one, and "an excellent field in which to train up budding lawyers and to exercise in the manly art of politics," but unwieldy to be used for general literary work. Owing to this fact and through the influence of Miss Rice, then teacher of English in the school, another organization was affected, with its membership limited to twenty, and having for its purpose the attainment of "that true culture which is brought about by actual contact with the thoughts of the good and great, the making of them your own, and telling to another." This was named the Riceonian Society and at first met in the library.

As soon as the building was enlarged a special room was provided in which it made its home until 1880, when the decree was issued that the literary societies should be reorganized. This resulted in the Lyceum, divided into three societies similar to the Riceonian, viz: the Olympic, the successor to the original one, the Athenaeum, and the Adelpic. Later during the same school year the Crescent was organized, thus making up the present number.

Until the north wing was finished in 1888 the societies held their meetings in four of the recitation rooms with the membership of each limited to forty, but when the building was completed, the present constitution of the Lyceum was adopted and each division had a home of its own.

Thus today, they stand as a social and literary factor in the life of the student, who relieves his weary brain from the toils of the week in Friday evening's enjoyment.

Olympic Society.



First Semester.

HERBERT G. LULL,	<i>President.</i>
MALLAH V. GODFREY,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
EMILY GREENWALD,	<i>Secretary.</i>
WILLIAM BOLGER,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GRACE E. SHAW,	<i>Editor.</i>
L. E. C. THORNE,	<i>Chaplain.</i>

Executive Committee.

A. B. GLASPIE,	KATE R. THOMPSON.
EDNA PUGSLEY.	

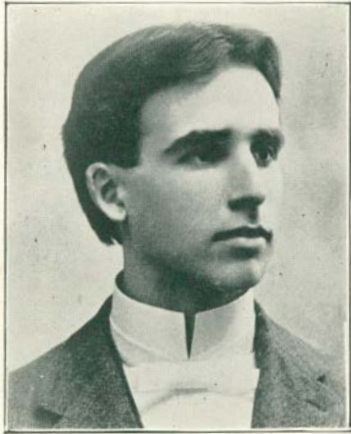


Second Semester.

WILLIAM BOLGER,	<i>President.</i>
EDNA PUGSLEY,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
KATE R. THOMPSON,	<i>Secretary.</i>
DENNIS FAUCHER,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GRACE E. SHAW,	<i>Editor.</i>
LENA B. HANSEN,	<i>Chaplain.</i>

Executive Committee.

A. R. WATERBURY,	LORENA VAN BUREN.
ELLA GARDNER.	



HERBERT G. LULL.



EMILY GREENWALD.



WILLIAM BOLGER.



KATE R. THOMPSON.



LENA PACKARD.



ZACH. KINNE, JR.



STELLA DE CAMP.



ORLA NORRIS.

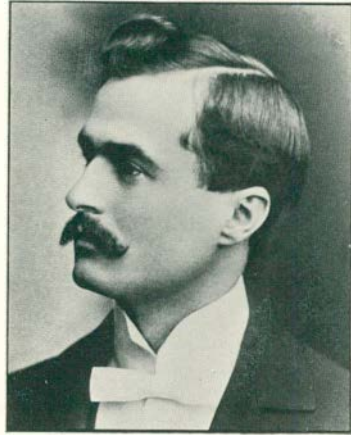
Atheneum Society.

♦ ♦ ♦
First Semester.

E. N. RHODES,						<i>President.</i>
BERTHA M. RONAN,						<i>Vice-President.</i>
GERTRUDE L. MITCHELL,						<i>Secretary.</i>
M. A. STEWART,						<i>Treasurer.</i>
CAROLINE L. JENKS,						<i>Chaplain.</i>
ANNA BLISS,						<i>Editor.</i>

♦ ♦ ♦
Second Semester.

D. W. KELLY,						<i>President.</i>
ALICE M. EDDY,						<i>Vice-President.</i>
NELLIE M. WESTLAND,						<i>Secretary.</i>
HARRY LUTTENTON,						<i>Treasurer.</i>
ADELI FRENCH,						<i>Chaplain.</i>
WILLIAM LEE,						<i>Editor.</i>



E. N. RHODES.



GERTRUDE L. MITCHELL.



D. W. KELLY.



NELLIE M. WESTLAND.

Crescent Society.



First Semester.

WILLIAM E. VIDETO,	<i>President.</i>
ELIZABETH MCKAY,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GRACE HOUGHTON,	<i>Secretary.</i>
PAUL E. GATES,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
E. E. CROOK,	<i>Editor.</i>
ELLA F. MUNGER,	<i>Usher.</i>
C. BERNICE SANFORD,	<i>Chaplain.</i>



Second Semester.

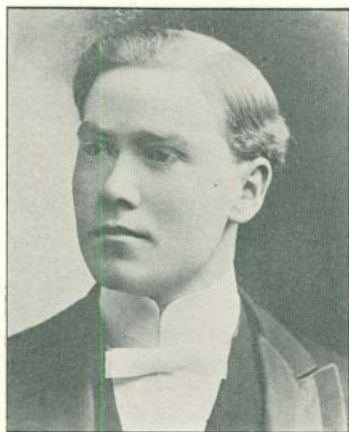
W. SHERMAN LISTER,	<i>President.</i>
C. EVELYN MILLS,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
PAUL E. GATES,	<i>Secretary.</i>
E. E. CROOK,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
GRACE HOUGHTON,	<i>Editor.</i>
ITALY DICUS,	<i>Usher.</i>
DAISY SEARLE,	<i>Chaplain.</i>



WILLIAM E. VIDETO.



GRACE HOUGHTON.



W. SHERMAN LISTER.

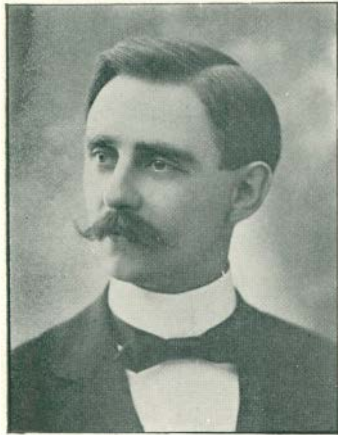


PAUL E. GATES.

Students' Christian Association.



A. E. WILBER,	<i>President.</i>
CORA M. BERRY,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
MARTHA McARTHUR,	<i>Secretary.</i>
CHARLES WATERBURY,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
M. W. LONGMAN,	<i>Librarian.</i>
ORLA NORRIS,	<i>Cor. Secretary.</i>
H. C. MAYBEE,	<i>Chorister.</i>



A. E. WILBER.



MARTHA M'ARTHUR.

Students' Christian Association.



SEPTEMBER found the Students' Christian Association located in its new home, Starkweather Chapel.

To no one is the association more greatly indebted than to our benefactress, Mrs. Starkweather, who gave us this magnificent gift. Through the ambition and earnest efforts of the members much has been added to the furnishings of the building, giving it a home-like aspect.

At the opening of the school year the usual effort was put forth to welcome both new and former students, and to render them all possible aid for their comfort during the year and also to assure them of the friendly interest of the association.

The regular S. C. A. meetings are held Wednesday night of each week, to which all students and friends are welcomed. These meetings have been well attended throughout the year, which shows the growing interest taken in the work. Besides the regular gatherings, special devotional exercises are held at different times.

Nineteen bible classes were organized, and nearly two hundred students have availed themselves of the opportunity of carrying along a systematic study of the bible in connection with their regular work. The Book of Jeremiah was studied the first part of the year and the last quarter was devoted to "Christ in the School of Prayer." The work has been under the direction of Miss Paton and Miss Pearce, whose valuable assistance has been very much appreciated by all. A mission class was organized and the study outline of the Students' Volunteer movement was followed. Increased interest has been shown in this work, their being six volunteers for foreign service. Three delegates were sent to the International Missionary Convention held at Cleveland in February, who returned full of zeal and enthusiasm to carry out their new plans. In connection with the S. C. A. building a library and reading room have been started to which students and friends have been asked to contribute books and magazines. Many students have availed themselves of the privileges offered by this new department and it is hoped that it may grow and become a great power in the work. Receptions are given occasionally at the building by the social committee, who in planning these gatherings are striving to have students meet each other and form something more than a class room acquaintance.

May the motto of the S. C. A., "Our School for Christ," be an inspiration to all, and may it ever be followed with the zeal and determination such as the members of such an organization can show.

Graduate Club,



FRED L. INGRAHAM,	<i>Dean.</i>
L. ZELLA STARKS,	<i>Scribe.</i>
GERTRUDE ELSTNER WOODARD,	<i>Steward.</i>

Executive Committee.

M. P. COLLINS,	L. ZELLA STARKS,
MYRTLE P. UPTON,	FRANCES TRIPP,
G. A. PITTS.	

Shakespeare Club.



MARGARET MARSHALL,	<i>President.</i>
FRANCIS L. D. GOODRICH,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GERTRUDE ADAMS,	<i>Secretary.</i>

Leaders.

FRANCIS L. D. GOODRICH,	P. W. REESE.
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SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

The Shakespeare Club.



THE Shakespeare Club was organized in March of 1897, with the one purpose of creating and cultivating a taste for good literature. The Club was very prosperous after its organization last year, and had a very regular and energetic list of members.

It was thought unnecessary to reorganize at the beginning of this school year, as Prof. Barbour had arranged to give a twenty weeks' course in Shakespeare. But so much interest was shown by the old members who were unable to take the course to Prof. Barbour, that the Club was reorganized the first of January, with a membership of about thirty, five of whom were boys. The Club was placed at no disadvantage by having so small a "boyjority," as it leaves social problems entirely to other factions. In fact public opinion is so strong against meddling with society events that the five male members never venture to escort any of the weaker but fairer portion home unless it be deemed necessary by the Club to protect their "lives, liberty and pursuit of happiness."

The Club meets every Saturday evening at the rooms of some member, where the various plays of the chosen author are read and discussed. The work has been on King Lear, Hamlet, and Cariolinus. Miss Pearce gave a very interesting and instructive lecture before the Club on the tragedy of Lear at the close of its study of the play.

Once and only once in the history of the Club has it been allured into the pursuit of social enjoyment. A sleigh-ride to Ann Arbor, a pleasant evening at the home of Miss Ida Wimer, and a feast even more appreciable to a hungry man than any of the plays of the renowned author, were the temptations. But the high purpose of the Club was protected even here. No conversation was allowed except on art and literature.

Every member has shown a deep interest in the work, and every member, although taking Prof. Barbour's excellent course, thinks the work very interesting and beneficial.

Oratorical Association.



MALLAH V. GODFREY, *President.*

LULU M. HAMMOND, *Secretary.*

A. B. GLASPIE, *Treasurer.*

H. E. AGNEW, *President of the State Oratorical Association.*

Executive Committee.

FRED L. INGRAHAM,

N. H. BOWEN,

E. B. HAWKS,

W. E. VIDETO,

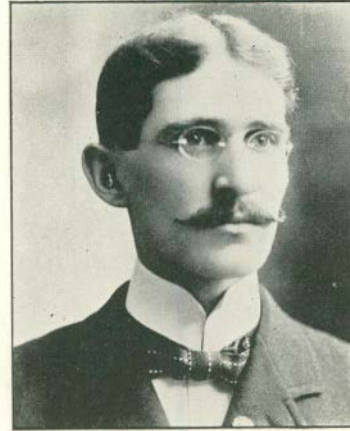
D. W. KELLY,

HENRY PRATT,

L. H. METRAS.



MALLAH V. GODFREY.



A. B. GLASPIE.



LULU M. HAMMOND.



H. E. AGNEW.

Normal Debate.



Affirmative.

W. A. BOLGER,

H. F. PRATT,

A. S. NICHOLS.

Negative.

E. A. BARNHART,

ZACH KINNE, JR.

N. H. BOWEN.

Albion—Normal Debate.

N. H. BOWEN,

A. S. NICHOLS,

W. A. BOLGER.



A. S. NICHOLS.



N. H. BOWEN.



WILLIAM BOLGER.

The Normal College Oratorical Association.

✦ ✦ ✦
HENRY PRATT.

✦ ✦ ✦

ALL students of the Normal, present and past, should be interested in the Oratorical Association. Since 1889 annual oratorical contests have been held, under the direction of the Normal News. Occasional contests of a less important character were held by the societies. Work along the line of debating was carried on in an informal way by the Mock Congress. But it was left to the Oratorical Association, to perfect an organization, which should have this for its chief object, and which should not only give recognition to work of this kind done in the school, but also should give us a standing in an oratorical way among the colleges of the state.

The association was organized early in '97. The literary societies met in joint session, and the plans of the association were formulated. Its executive committee consists of one member from each society of the Lyceum, one from the Mock Congress, one member of the faculty, the teacher of Reading and Public Speaking, the president of the association, and one member elected by the association to represent the school at large. The preliminary debating takes place between the literary organizations of the school, each organization choosing three contestants, who have passed from the intermediate debates into the final debate. From these six, three are chosen, who constitute the Normal debating team, to meet other colleges of the state in debates. The association offers \$30, \$20, and \$10, for the first three prizes in the final home contest. The association challenged Albion College to a debate on the subject, "Resolved, the peaceful acquisition of Cuba should be the policy of the United States," Albion being given choice of sides. The debate was held May 28, '97. The Normals had the affirmative and won the debate. Proud, indeed we were of our team, which consisted of Messrs. Videto, Richardson, and Wood.

This year, preparation for the debate took place earlier in the year. Albion gave the subject, "Resolved that the United States senators should be elected by direct vote of the people." The Normal chose the negative. The points were hotly contested pro and con, previous to the final debate, when Messrs. Nichols, Bowen, and Bolger were chosen. The contest was held at Albion, in January. Our boys did nobly, but were defeated, Albion's men re-

ceiving better support from the college. It remains for us to meet them the coming year, at Ypsilanti and show them whose the championship shall be.

This year the association was allowed to arrange for an oratorical contest, in which any one was free to enter, preliminary to the Normal News contest. Some entertainments have been planned for the close of the year to free the association from debt. It remains for our college to awaken from its indifference, and place the Normal where it deserves to be in the contests which are to be.

On June 5, '97, a State Inter Collegiate Oratorical Association was organized through the efforts of Prof. Ingraham of the Normal, and Prof. Webb of Albion. Seven colleges joined the association, ours being among the number. Annual contests will be held, to be participated in by representatives from each college. The contests will be held at the various colleges, beginning at Albion, and ending at the Normal, the first one being held in May, '98. It is too early yet to predict the outcome. The choice of president falling to the Normal College this year, we had the good fortune to be able to name Mr. Hugh Agnew as president of the State Association.



Mock Congress.



First Session.

JOHN MERRILL,					<i>Speaker.</i>
HERBERT THAYER,					<i>Vice-Speaker.</i>
D. W. KELLY,					<i>First Clerk.</i>
HUGH AGNEW,					<i>Second Clerk.</i>
H. S. BOUTELL,					<i>Treasurer.</i>
ZACH KINNE, JR.,					<i>Editor.</i>
IVAN CHAPMAN,					<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>

Executive Committee.

EBIN WILSON,	WM. E. VIDETO,	HENRY PRATT.
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Second Session.

HENRY PRATT,					<i>Speaker.</i>
ROBERT CLUTE,					<i>Vice-Speaker.</i>
HARRY LUTTENTON,					<i>First Clerk.</i>
JOHN MASON,					<i>Second Clerk.</i>
JOHN TAYLOR,					<i>Treasurer.</i>
T. O. SWEETLAND,					<i>Editor.</i>
ANDREW FROST,					<i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>

Executive Committee.

WILLIAM E. VIDETO.	JOHN MERRILL,	GILBERT HAND.
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JOHN MERRILL.



D. W. KELLY.



HENRY PRATT.



HARRY LUTTENTON.

The Library.



MARGARET E. MARSHALL.



SOME one has called a library "The soul's burial ground," but to our notion, the library at the Normal is a very lively cemetery, and we have reasons for believing that the busy librarian and assistants echo the same sentiment when the crowd of students come thronging to the delivery desk at the close of each hour.

The library is one of the most profitable and appreciated departments of the Normal. The seating capacity is one hundred thirty. This is by no means adequate, and many times, "Standing room only" is silently announced to the weary student, by the many he sees standing, pouring over some coveted volume, or trying to hold the International or Century dictionary while looking up a word. Nineteen thousand volumes aid towards quenching the insatiable thirst for knowledge of the would-be pedagogs. In the reading room are twenty-five hundred volumes, free of access, consisting of bound magazines and reference books, which one would expect to find in all well equipped libraries. This does not include the ninety monthly and weekly periodicals on the regular subscription list, which the student finds of great value, and enjoys accordingly.

Under the well-directed management of the librarian, Miss Walton, and by the kindly aid of both the librarian and her assistants, Miss Woodard and Mr. Goodrich, fifty students are enabled to take their turns in helping to attend the calls from their fellow students. Behind the railing, "where shelved around them lie the mummied authors," many an amusing incident occurs, so we understand. Before the patient array of the aiding students comes a youth, and with a Napoleonic air demands "The Earth." The accomodating assistant, though feeling the request to be of considerable size, meekly hands the aspiring candidate a somewhat bulky, though modest volume, bound in brown. Timid maidens ask for the atmosphere, and look relieved when they find that that, too, is held within the covers of a brown volume. A call for John Ruskin's "Seven Lambs," sends the dazed assistant to hunting among the books on

Nature study, Zoology, or agricultural reports, till some wiser one suggests the art stacks for Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture. "Reminiscent Art" is also called for, and "Paste on Lettuce" is a new term for Paston Letters. With an effort worthy of commendation some one calls for "Lotze's Microcosmus." A certain abstractness of manner and a puzzled look is not lessened when those seven hundred twenty-nine pages are handed out, for "within that awful volume lies the mystery of mysteries." Requests come for "The Raven," by E. P. Roe, and Chaucer's "Faerie Queene." All of this, and including the following, is a great task for the correct working of the law of association:—

Student, from literature class: "I want the venerable Bede:"

Librarian: "What for?"

Student: "To look up the life of George Eliot."

But there is another view to be considered in this phase of student life. The above mentioned incidents are of passing notice, while the real benefit which comes to the earnest student from the hours spent on either side of the railing is of inestimable value. This is true, not only while one is having access to much material, but afterwards in more limited fields, the knowing how and where "to find things," familiarity with books and their classification, is of no small service to the teacher, and hence has an educative value. Long will be the praises, and pleasant will be the memories of all those who have learned to appreciate this department.

Structural Botany.



AN ODE TO THOSE WHO TREAD IN SCIENCE HALLS.



MARGARET MARSHALL.



March, march, march;
With courage for three flights, O hearts!
I would that my tongue could utter
The truths that science imparts.

Hark! hark! hark!
"Third division, attention," we hear,
"Go to the table prepared for your use,"
'Tis strewn with those apple-twigs dear.

Cut, cut, cut,
With razors and knives galore,
'Till the hand grows weak and the razors dull,
And will not cut any more.

Look, look, look,
'Till the eyes begin to swim,
And oh, for the sight of a little cell wall,
And a mount sufficiently thin.

Turn, turn, turn,
And focus some nice little spot;
Then screw up your courage to ask, "Will it do?"
And sadly we hear, "It will not."

Draw, draw, draw,
Till approved by the "powers that be,"
And oh, for that smile and encouraging nod,
When we've drawn the thing we don't see.

Write, write, write,
"Follow your notes," says a voice,
"Or the day will come at end of the ten,
And you'll not have cause to rejoice."

Oh well, for the classes before us
As they pour o'er their various books;
They live in a world we've departed,
And know not more how it looks.

The procession still moves on
To the sky-lights beneath the sun,
But oh, for the sight of even an M,
And the sound in our ears, "It is done."

Patience, patience, patience,
We've learned things we knew not of yore,
"Cells have walls," and botany's "no snap,"
Have you ever heard that before?



Washington Toastmasters' Club.



First Semester.

A. B. GLASPIE,	<i>President.</i>
H. E. AGNEW,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
B. J. WATTERS	<i>Secretary.</i>
E. E. CROOK,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
E. N. RHODES,	<i>Chairman Executive Committee.</i>

Second Semester.

H. G. LULL,	<i>President.</i>
R. B. MILLER,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
H. W. LUTTENTON,	<i>Secretary.</i>
E. B. HAWKS,	<i>Treasurer.</i>
W. L. LEE,	<i>Chairman Executive Committee.</i>

Other Members.

C. C. STUMP.	S. C. HOTCHKISS.
T. A. LAWLER.	H. C. MAYBEE.
ELDEN HARNER.	D. E. ELLSWORTH.

Honorary Members.

A. D. KENNEDY.	E. D. RHODES.
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TOASTMASTERS' CLUB.

The Washingtonian Toastmasters' Club.



A. B. GLASPIE.



THE Washingtonian Toastmasters' Club had its foundation in a little gathering of Normal boys assembled at the room of Paul E. Cowgill (now superintendent of schools at Lapeer) to share a box which he had received from his parents. The generosity of the host, the delicacies of the repast, the stories, the toasting, and the pleasant evening together suggested the idea that an organized club with regular times of meeting would be such a social factor as the Normal had long needed. Remembering George Washington's fondness for social gatherings, and his delight in after dinner speeches and stories, it was decided to name the club in his honor; and a banquet was given at the Hawkins House on the twenty-second day of the following February as a sort of christening.

Such was the humble beginning of the W. T. C. six years ago. Since that time dozens of the best boys who have come to the Normal have lifted up their voices to "solemnly swear" allegiance to the club after proving themselves of sufficiently reliable ancestry and "worthy to partake of the honors of the club."

Every year a banquet has been given to the lady friends on the anniversary of the christening. These banquets are considered the social event of the year, and the ladies honored by invitations are said to date other events as so many days before or after the "Toastmasters' banquet." This year suitable accommodations could not be had at the hotels of the city, so the banquet was held at the Gymnasium and surpassed all the previous ones in splendor and magnitude.

The founder of the club went to the U. of M. after graduation, and founded another club there which has since become strong and flourishing.

Loyalty to our college, a fraternal and helpful spirit to our brothers, and improvement in our own selves socially and intellectually, are the things for which the W. T. C. stand.

Arm of Honor.



First Semester.

N. H. BOWEN,						<i>Commander.</i>
EBIN WILSON,						<i>Vice-Commander.</i>
C. A. DEWITT,						<i>Secretary.</i>
D. G. WATSON,						<i>Treasurer.</i>

Second Semester.

C. E. RICHMOND,						<i>Commander.</i>
HENRY L. EVERETT,						<i>Vice-Commander.</i>
W. SHERMAN LISTER,						<i>Secretary.</i>
DANIEL KIMBALL,						<i>Treasurer.</i>

Other Members.

A. R. WATERBURY.	D. W. KELLY.
ARTHUR BRADLEY.	A. E. TAYLOR.
A. H. MURDOCK.	J. A. MORSE.
G. H. DAVEY.	DENNIS FOUCHER.
E. P. MILLS.	G. W. WOOD.

R. G. WEBB.



ARM OF HONOR.



The Arm of Honor.



C. E. RICHMOND.



IN the Normal are many societies but none has a more loyal membership, a brighter present or a more promising future than this comparatively young organization, the Arm of Honor. Our relations are fraternal, our watchword, advance.

Feeling the need of more culture in extemporaneous speaking, several enthusiastic students of the Normal met at the opening of the school year '94-'95 and formed the nucleus of this now flourishing society. It at once became popular and the limit of its membership was soon reached.

In order that the members on joining may better appreciate its workings, and to enable them to fully realize the strength and ability of the club to make things lively, an initiation is given the candidate. While it is not beyond the strength of his physical endurance he is usually impressed with the depth of its purpose.

The club holds its meetings every third Saturday evening, and after transacting its business, enjoys a good supper. A toastmaster for the evening is appointed by the commander. He takes charge of the literary part of the meeting and assigns the toasts. These are of various characters—poetical, political, practical, sentimental, and historical.

While the ability to think and speak clearly and entertainingly on short notice is our prime object, social enjoyment is not neglected. The annual banquet this year, in accordance with the custom, was given at the Hawkins House. It was a brilliant success and all present feel that it was the social event of the year.

As individuals we are unassuming and as a society we can point with pride to our club rolls. Its members have always ranked with the strongest students of the college and have enjoyed the respect of all. Culture is its aim; fellowship, its endeavor; honor, its atmosphere. Success has crowned its efforts and in years to come we shall be able to look back with pleasure to the pleasant and profitable times spent in the Arm of Honor.

Z. P. N.



ROSE PERKINS,	<i>President.</i>
DOLLIE N. COSPER,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
BERTHA M. RONAN,	<i>Secretary.</i>
MYRA L. BIRD,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Executive Committee.

GERTRUDE L. MITCHELL.	LULA M. LOUGHRAN.
ALICE M. EDDY.	

Other Members.

AGATHA DUNSTALL.	MARY B. KOPP.
NELLIE M. WESTLAND.	BESSIE PENGLASE.
ALICE M. LOWDEN.	
MRS. FANNIE CHEEVER BURTON,	<i>Honorary Member.</i>

Colors.

LAVENDER, BLACK, AND YELLOW.



J. P. N.

J. P. N.



NOVEMBER 17, 1894, was the eventful day which saw the beginning of our conservative body. It took its rise in the need which was felt for social life and its aim became social and literary culture, but it has served also to cement friendships into the true spirit of sisterhood. An organization, which furnishes a common interest and a bond of sympathy between its members, confers its own benefits; and such a college society, in which there is a loyal, fraternal spirit, makes another tie to the old associations of our alma mater when we shall have taken up other lines of work.

Thirteen an unlucky number? Not at all. The hand of fate has been most kind to the J. P. N. during the four years of its existence and, in spite of the old superstition, it has prospered beyond our fondest hopes.

Today the society claims rank as the peer of any like organization of the Normal College which exists at the present time or has existed in the past. Being the first of its kind, it stimulated other societies to organize, but the J. P. N. is the only one which has withstood the ravages of time and we say for it: "May it endure forever."

S. H. F.



LYDIANN ROBERTSON,	<i>H. M. M.</i>
LOU GRACE GROSVENOR,	<i>G. G. T.</i>
CLARA VYN,	<i>S. S. S.</i>

Other Members.

MAE LUELLA HARRIS.	FLORENCE DICKINSON.
FLORENCE LEONORE MOORE.	CORA DEBORAH GLASPIE.
BLANCHE MICHIGAN STONE.	JACOBA VANZANTEN.



S. N. F.

S. N. P.



CLARA VVX.



UE who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope of things to be, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of the Sigma Nu Phi Sorority.

It came into existence on the 30th day of September in A. D. 1897, when six merry girls united for the purpose of promoting a continuous enthusiasm and creating kindly interests and fellowship in our Normal College. With the growth of our organization came new members, admitted after submission to the initiation and acceptance of vows.

We are nine loyal Junior girls and in future years will look back with feelings of unmingled pleasure upon the many happy days we spent together while we were imbibing at the fount of knowledge at the M. N. C.



Philosophic!



Jemie is poor and I am poor,
Yet we will wed, so say no more
And should the bairns to us come,
As few are wed but do have some,
And bread as well as children send,
Heaven, perchance, will stand our friend,
The hen in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard,
I've seen her weary every claw,
In search of corn among the straw.
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks among her chirping brood,
The self same hen
That scratched for one can scratch for ten.

Seniors' Advice to Juniors.

EARL B. HAWKS.

AFTER grave deliberation on the part of the senior class as to whether the juniors had gone beyond recall in their mad career of conceit and indiscretion, it was finally decided that, even though the possibility of success was vague, a delegate should be sent to their next meeting to see if they might be turned from their path of error by a few kindly words of advice and wisdom. Should the attempt prove successful, the seniors would have another gratifying honor added to their already long list of beneficent deeds. Therefore a representative member of the senior class, noted for his eloquence, broad learning, sterling integrity, and warm philanthropy, was chosen to perform this arduous task, and as he entered the assembly room one June morning where the juniors SEEMED to be having a meeting, he was greeted by cries of "A senior," "A spy," "Put him out," "Out with him." In a moment a little fellow, who seemed to be their presiding officer, arose and with wild gesticulations, ordered a motley looking squad of juniors whom he addressed as "Guards" to put the spy out at once.

It might be of value to the reader to be informed at this point that the intellectually deformed juniors were insane upon one point, that they considered themselves a nucleus about which revolved the entire universe, and in a crowd so unschooled to self-control, our noble senior was placed in a very trying position, but proved himself equal to the emergency.

With becoming dignity he stepped before them, and as they beheld the calm, kindly, yet determined expression of his face, his keen, piercing eye, the weakling juniors began to shrink away from him and in a few moments they were entirely quiet, and with humbled expression upon their faces, listened intently. Even their chairman seemed frightened who a moment before had been so rashly bold. With a clear, low, melodious voice, our dignified senior addressed the chair, representing himself as sent by the senior class to perform a heartfelt duty, and his sympathetic voice revealed the pain that the seniors felt because of the existing evils so manifest in the poor juniors. Not shrinking his duty in

any way, he reviewed the notorious reputation the junior class meetings sustained because of their "Shylock" president, the attempt of all to speak at once, their quarrels and petty disputes over trivial matters, and especially their tendency to consider doubtful measures, for if not doubtful, why, upon the entrance of a senior, did they cry "A spy." "Put him out," "Out with him."

They did not comprehend that the open presence of a senior could not be of the nature of a spy, nor until their attention was called to it did they realize that the very idea could spring only from an immature, rash and hasty mind, prompted by a guilty conscience. He next showed them that a lack of common sense and foresight had brought them to their present condition when the presence of a senior could have made straight their tangled skein; that an open, upright meeting would never have left any doubts as to the honest intentions of the Junior class and had that been done, certain dark clouds would not at present be hanging over them, that any senior could have freed their minds of the idea of capturing our President on reception eve, or have his effigy in a maple tree see daylight; that their lack of the sense of propriety was painfully manifest in their selection of such gaudy and expensive colors; that their more than conceit appeared even in their class yell, "We are the people superfine," that their ill manners toward their superiors was astounding; that they were very childish in thinking that they had won a glorious victory because they had succeeded in giving their yell without opposition after the Senior class had left the chapel; and lastly, he kindly chided them for attempting dramatic composition, since when they became Seniors they would be so mortified to find that they had allowed so weak, truthless, and bigoted a production to pass from their hands to stand as a monument to their genius. To save them further mortification he did not tell them how that several of their members with their gaudy colors had been mistaken for traveling Bazarette street advertisements, but he did recite to them this little verse:

The peacock struts about the streets
And thinks he is admired,
Yet gives this thought to all he meets,
"That peacock makes me tired."

By this time a flash of light seemed to have found entrance to a PLACE long void, and many heads were sinking low, while sobs were audible now and then. Our speaker had proceeded only a few moments longer when there was not an eye but was moist, and not a head but was drooping on a penitent breast.

Although our senior had much more to say, his tender heart and keen intellect saw and felt that the chord of recall had been touched at last, so he concluded by saying, "And now since I have spoken so plainly, feel that we speak to you out of a largeness of soul far greater than that of a father for an erring child, and although our good interest and intent may never be fully appreciated, yet this sign of awakening possibility which I see about me is recompense enough. If only we could live to see this germ take on full life and development, it would be a consumation to be longed for and cherished. May God bless and help you to new life and vigor."

With this he softly left the hall, and for several moments silence held her sway, broken only by the echoes of souls in the process of transformation.

Finally an ORDERLY meeting was begun, and there evolved a class of which the State Normal may well be proud. A vote of thanks was tendered the seniors, and a resolution was passed that they would forever FOLLOW in the footsteps of the noble seniors, who had in kindness and wisdom broken the chain of their thralldom.



Junior's Opinion of a Senior.



TIM A. LAWLER.



THESE are so many different ways in which this subject can be considered, and as we have been blessed with so many different views during the past year, in order to do anything like justice to the junior cause, the seniors will have to be considered in their most perfect condition, which devolves a great task upon the writer.

It seems to be a characteristic of each member of the junior class, to be constantly delving into the details of the less important affairs connected with the college, thereby disclosing to the public eye, conditions, which some one has wisely termed senior "abnormalities." But the respect due fellow creatures—seniors are now considered mortals—warns us, we are dealing with a subject so grave that personal matters should be touched upon but lightly. If, then, the seniors do not find here a vivid description of themselves, it is through mere courtesy and sympathy for the poor victims who occupy the place we hope some time to be able to hold down.

Who is a senior? In the broadest sense we would answer that a senior is an individual, who has found to the sorrow of self, and the joy and delight of every one with whom he comes in contact, that the days are very few on which he can feel the effects of the protecting arm of the institution. Relating to this question, the general public has arrived at the happy conclusion, that in order to have a strong government all parts of the state must expect to share misery alike. We do not wish bad luck to any vicinity. But if this conclusion is right, the scattering which commencement will cause among the senior ranks, will surely be a means towards establishing a very strong government.

And yet, there will surely be a pang of regret on the part of each member of the senior class, when he is handed that precious parchment and the horrible truth flashes upon him that he is expected to encounter his share of the trials of life. Such a state is not exceptional for even a freshman might shrink from taking upon himself similar responsibilities. However, in this case as in all parallel cases, there is one consoling thought—a thought which should act as a

soothing balm to the overstrung senior nerves—that they will be replaced, not followed, by a class wholly competent as to the method of procedure in holding class meetings, and which sympathizes with everyone not yet capable of enjoying full-dress colors.

What is a senior? If this question were asked at the beginning of the year, some answer might have been found applicable. Not so now. They are too widely known. The countless ways in which they appear is what makes the question perplexing. One evening not long since they were resembling Roman chariots; while a view next morning, from the campus, might lead us to believe a senior to be a direct representation of a modernized resurrection. Poor senior! Your cares for this year have indeed, been great! Little wonder your brow is wrinkled, your cheek pale, your lips compressed! But while you may feel the predicament and feel it keenly, bear in mind—there are others. We know of cases in which it is more trying to witness conditions than to experience them.

There are times when the facial expressions and bodily movements of this strong and stalwart body are anything but pleasing sights. The real cause of this, perhaps will always remain a mystery. Various attempts have been made to explain the matter, but as yet, none have been successful. We know that a common malady exists, which we are forced to call senior dyspepsia. We base our claims of this statement on the complaints coming from the boarding clubs. We know that a great amount of food is necessary for brains; but in that case, seniors would need no food. We do not wish to say that any individual is brainless, but we will say, if such an organ as the brain exists in the senior cranium, it must be there only as a rudimentary specimen.

The senior should stand as a model for all other classes. When matters of grave importance come up, it is the senior's opinion that should be hailed with delight. The influence which the class has had, the power it had displayed, the way in which difficulties have been bridged over, and the business turn its meetings have taken, will without doubt serve as a means towards establishing a name for the class of '98, such as future classes should not hope to equal. The moans and groans issuing from the study hall during the first part of the year, led many to believe that the seniors fostered rebellions. But this was a wrong impression. It was afterwards learned that the cause of these heavenly vibrations was only the result of senior revolutions, which, since they exist in the model class, should, of course, be copied. However, it is a consoling fact to know there is no "rhythm in a senior's sole." Again, the deftness with

which the white and green was riddled from "that comrade in effigy," proves that the cheaper bunting will not do for seniors. There are many other things which might be "copied," but we will dispose of the original first.

Throughout this article the senior has been commended in various ways, yet it is but fitting at this point to state, that, as a class, they are deserving a great deal more credit than they get. But few people can understand the responsibilities heaped upon the shoulders of students when once they enter upon their senior year; or, if understood, it is not appreciated. Regardless of who, or what goes wrong, the senior gets the blame. There have been a number of wrongs this year; consequently the seniors are loaded down with blame. To add still more to their misery, it is an undisputed fact that, within the college walls, such a thing as unjust criticism does not exist.

The senior motto indicates "progress." We hope the class has been progressive, but fear no one outside the seniors has been conscious of this "onward and upward" march spoken of. Possibly their march has been so rapid as to cause them to be no longer visible to the naked eye. In such a case, a glass should discover the reflection of the white and green; but we defy any one to detect the senior colors floating on the clouds. If there is any progress in the senior class it will not show itself until after they have left the college. We hope it will be noticeable then, for there is certainly a chance for improvement. And as they "go forth to teach," may they profit by personal experience and cause the youths of the land to become better, brighter and nobler.



The Famine in the North Land.



GRACE I. SHAW.



NOW there lieth a region far to the north in which hath dwelt long and peacefully a people of sorts, various, of languages, multitudinous, of ranks, both lowly and high. The gods have dealt gently with them, and the earth hath given freely of her bounty, whereof to eat wild rice, grain from the West; wherewith to build their houses, pine from Norway and hardy Wood from the East; wherefrom to manufacture useful utensils, ore of the best Bessemer quality, Iron from the Mountain, the River and the Wood.

The land is rich and goodly to behold. The little babbling Brooks Gamble and leap o'er the green, and the rivers sweep in majestic beauty to the lakes. Nor is variety wanting. Regions celestial, regions infernal alike are there, demons and angels living in perfect harmony.

Now it happened that after many days that a rumor came from the strait and narrow way and spread abroad throughout all the land, concerning a far country wherein intellectual mamma dropped from the mouths of mighty men, causing an ethereal effect upon the body of the listener, and making the mind of the man the chiefest part. Strange rumors of the origin of man, strange opinions concerning his ultimate aim and end fell upon their ears. Crawling reptiles, worms and bugs rose to new dignity. Spiders, birds and monkeys assumed kinship to man. Because of these things consternation spread unto all the provinces round about and great was the alarm, such that the eyes of the people became weak with much straining, and their vision impaired from continued watching for the evolved man.

So it came to pass that Vulcan ceased his forging and sent a Hauser Hermes to the South to spy out the land. And Vulcan said unto her, "Get you up this day into the South Country and see the land, what it is, and the people

that dwell therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many, and what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad; and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds. And what the land is, whether it be fat or lean, whether there be wood therein or not; and be of good courage and bring us a report of this strange country.

So Hermes did as Vulcan spake unto her, and returned from searching of the land after forty weeks and brought a goodly report of the land of the South, saying: "The people be mentally strong that dwell in the land, the cities are many and very great.

Then all the people lifted up their voices and cried: "Would God that we had a storehouse of intellectual manna that our wives and our children, our sons and our daughters might not die of hunger, for not in all the territory of the North have we such a supply."

Now when the famine in the land grew sore, the rulers and chief priests said they would send their young men and their maidens to this fair country that they might get a supply of mental food and return to replenish their own land.

From the province of Bessemer went forth George I. of the House of Davey, chief of the U. P.'s; from heaven (Ispheming) went forth the fair haired angel Haslem, and with her Anna, Mary, Amy, Jennie, and Nellie, all arrayed in festive garments; one imp from Hades, (Negaunee) surnamed Penglase; the water-nymphs, Wilson, McDonald and McGillis, eager to prove their right to be human; the wild rice caters, (Menominee) Jattner, Borchardt and Flatter. From the regions of Hancock, Edwards and Rourke. From the Sault, Maud, the fair daughter of Howie. The flowers Rose and Daisy from the House of Perkins and McGinnis. Three mountaineers, Parmalee, Suwalsky and Tiddy. The saint, Hellen, of the tribe of Levielle, and Agnes the Houghton maiden. These with Sam(p)son, attired in feminine garments, journeyed southward, both by land and sea for the space of four hundred miles, and there on the west side of the Huron, in the fourth year of the reign of Richard the son of Boone, in the city of Pedagogues they pitched their tents.

Now it became their custom on five days of the week to go up unto the Synagoge of Instruction, where according to the words of their kinsmen they had expected to imbibe the brain food which should fall from the lips of the rulers and wise men. But soon the joy of their heart ceased, and their gladness was turned into mourning, for this food did

not fall as bread from heaven, but by mental toil it must be obtained; they must labor and have no rest. For this their hearts were faint; for these things their eyes were dim, and they began to murmur in their hearts against the chief rulers in the Synagogue, and against the manners and customs of the people, and to long for their own tribe and kin.

Now when the end of their sojourn had come they returned home again, taking with them but a scant supply of intellectual substance, and they brought up an evil report of the land in which they had dwelt, saying, "All the people which we saw in the land are of great stature; we saw giants there, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

Now the rest of the acts of the tribe from the North Land and the sayings, behold, they are written in the book of Kellgren, the scribe.

The Normal Girl.



THE Normal girls are at the same time the most beautiful and the most interesting part of our college. To say that each of the seven hundred fifty girls who daily pasture in our meadows of books, drink from our fountains of learning, and recline in the shade of our trees of knowledge, is beautiful, would be an exaggeration. Not all of the Twelve, chosen by the Lord, were true. How then could we hope that every one of so large and so miscellaneous a gathering would be a Venus.

One cannot consider this part of the subject in its entirety. He must select a typical object from which to study the class. But to choose such a one is as difficult and so nearly impossible as to select any one day of the year and say it is a fair representation of our climate. Some of the Normal girls are so short that they have to back up to a door in order to knock, while others are so tall that they can count the lamps on the lamp-posts in the streets of the New Jerusalem and so thin that one can see their inmost thoughts.

But beauty is only skin deep and there is no use to multiply words over trifles. So we will ask permission to remove a thin paring from our delicate subject and look deeper into the thoughts themselves, which, after all, make men noble and women beautiful. But in only two respects do we find it possible to generalize here. Every Normal girl wants an ice-cream-soda and "to meet an Ann Arbor boy." Classification is also impractical if not absolutely impossible, as scarcely two could be found who belong in the same class. But one class is of sufficiently large number to deserve mention, they want E's, and have neither conscience or modesty when their "mark" is at stake, however refined and conscientious under ordinary circumstances. Directly opposite and opposed to these is a large number who are bent on "having a good time," and this usually includes "being swell." About the good time we are not posted, but can say with certainty that as to "being swell," they usually succeed beyond all expectations, as far as their heads are concerned. Then follows a long list of minor classifications, as those who want to get bicycles, those who want "positions," or want to "get out of structural botany." Still others are content with wishing for more moderate achievements, as "to get through," "to pass teacher's grammar," "to get a five years' certif," and it is even rumored that some want to get married. This, however, is purely hearsay, no one of them has ever broached the subject to the writer, the Business Manager of The Normal News and the Aurora, and he refuses to be responsible for the statement. As to his personal opinion—but this is fact, not theory.

Remarks are often heard about the Normal girl's heart, and now that we have removed the first paring from (what Longfellow calls) "the smiles of God," we will proceed to examine it; for let me assure you in a very large number of cases it has been laid bare. The attention is soon attracted to a number pierced through with one shaft which remains fixed and immovable. A number of others look as if Cupid had been practicing on them that he might take the better aim at some more desirable mark. They are so full of points and broken shafts, which barely cling enough to sustain their own weight, that they resemble pin cushions. Occasionally one sees a heart very small, nearly spherical, and of a sort of a bluish hue, that is covered with scratches and scars, but of so great density and hardness that the flint points have been unable to penetrate it. Still more conspicuous is a collection of hearts in which have been placed some powerful magnets that any stray or chance shots might be attracted, but which remains all unharmed.

Last of all must be mentioned a heart, not so numerous as to be in the majority, nor yet so scarce as to be unprocurable, of large size and intensely red of color. The firm but regular beating denotes a character as pure and noble as ever had its home in human breast. Its perfect symmetry denotes a body as distinctly marked by beauty and grace as the soul it shelters, is by tenderness and love. No traces of Cupid's marksmanship appear upon it. For Cupid never aims at such a heart until he has already fixed a harpoon deep in a deserving masculine bosom which acts as anchor, for the silken threads attached to the hearts which find their way into the tenderest spots God ever made—the hearts of womanly women.

That this has not done the Normal girl justice, the writer is painfully aware; that it has done her no injustice he sincerely hopes. However, should any challenge him to a duel, he is ready to meet them on the banks of the Huron, where, by the rules of dueling, he will be permitted to choose the *arms*.





PICTURE OF A DREAM.

The Normal Boy.



ALICE M. EDDY.



IMPRIMIS, there are two hundred of him among eight hundred girls. If he has a fairly good opinion of himself, deem him not responsible for it; it is the fault of his surroundings. It can hardly be said that there is a typical Normal boy. Many varying conditions and circumstances have modified the original species. However, a few of the more pronounced varieties of this species of the genus homo may be mentioned.

Prominent among these is the callow, would-be lady-killer, with hair parted precisely at the centre, a neat and accurate row of curls on either side of this division, an air of propriety inclining slightly to the supercilious, and a melting accent—in short, with a sum total of charms sufficient, it would seem, to bait the shyest fish for which one might angle. The origin of this variety is unknown, but students of Darwin might find an interesting solution to the problem.

Another variety may be termed the sweater class, so called from the distinguishing feature of its garb. A green sweater, adorned with a brilliant orange or scarlet stripe about the neck, and accompanied by a foot ball wig, sets this class apart from its fellow students in as conspicuous a manner as a scarlet fever sign marks out a house from the neighboring ones. The sweater class is composed of good material, however, and may be depended on to produce startling results in the way of class yells and effective athletic work. The College cannot afford to lose its sturdy sons of the sweater.

Any attempt at classification with reference to the ties displayed ends only in failure, for their names are legion. Here you find a meek navy blue tie with tiny white polka dots, timidly showing themselves as if to apologize for destroying the funereal effect; and there a flaring check or stripe in colors loud enough to wake the town at midnight, or to drown the Junior class yell; while yonder a vivid scarlet, rivaling the poppies' bloom, announces that its wearer is *tied* to fashion's apron strings.

Equally interesting is the study of collars which may be seen any morning in chapel. All sorts and conditions of collars you may find, high collars, low collars, stand-up collars, turn over collars and no collars at all. The connoisseur in collars would have been particularly delighted with the display at the Junior "swing-out," on which occasion not even the necessity for severe physical exertion prevented six-inch collars from having a fair show.

A variety which is happily growing very rare and we trust will shortly become extinct is that of the youth who attends the Lyceum, and has the ignorance, egotism or insolence to proffer his company to a young lady whom he had allowed to come unattended. What there is left of this type should be thrown into the fool-killer's bag.

Then there is a man whom you meet at a reception for the first time, and who makes himself politely agreeable, leaving the impression of a pleasant and intelligent young man. A day or two later you chance to pass him on the street, but meet only an unrecognizing stare in response to your attempted greeting. This is not at all astonishing among so many strangers, and feeling that you may not have been guiltless of the same error, you forget the matter. A second time the type in question is introduced to you, and a "Beg pardon, but what was the name?" accompanies his conventional bow, together with the expression of one who meets an absolute stranger. You are mildly surprised, but still find it excusable. A third time, a fourth, nay, even to the seventh, this process is repeated and you still fail to observe any trace of recognition in his manner. If you are of a charitable turn of mind, this might, we presume, be continued to the proverbial seventy times seven times with the same results; but ordinary mortals will forestall the eighth vacant stare by looking the other way. After all he may be of some use. Requiescat in pace.

But the above are only isolated types, the more conspicuous because of their fewness. As a student the Normal College boy holds his own with the students of many a more pretentious institution. He is here for work, is thorough and industrious. No college student in Michigan can excel him in these respects. In college spirit, too, he is not lacking, but can emit from a stout pair of lungs as lusty a yell for his Alma Mater as one will care to hear.

The healthy, hearty athlete, whose brain and brawn are equal to any task from the most difficult question in mathematics or logic to the severest physical strain the Gymnasium affords; whose outward bearing is neither rude, nor yet polished to the last degree; whose face betokens right habits and clean thoughts—such a one is after all nearer the true type of the Normal boy.

Blessings on thee, little man
Normal boy, with shoes of tan!
Though thou lack'st in outward mien
Dignity or grace serene;
Or though courtesy and ease
Make thy every motion please,
Since of men there's such a dearth,
Thee, we value at thy worth.
Prince art thou 'mong Normal girls,
Let who think else be classed as churls.
Be thy collar low or high,
Though thy ties may art defy,
Though thou pointest to thy hat
When thou meet'st us;—for all that
Thou art still our pride and joy.
Blessings on thee, Normal boy.



The Massmeeting.



REVISED AND ILLUSTRATED BY L. P. W.



Before vacation's longed-for rest
Had greeted anyone,
Brave speeches now and then were made
By many a patriot's son.

What reason for this rousing talk?
You say it is the rule
For greater things than this; it is
Massmeeting of the school.

Vacation's fleeting hours soon came
And quickly sped away;
And once again the trampling feet
Marched down our broad hallway.

The morn of January sixth,
A special call was heard,—
"Tomorrow all at chapel be;"
What now? None knew a word.

Another day found everyone
Within the chapel hall,
And soon our President announced
The object of his call.

A massmeeting, a real love-feast,
Of which we must partake,
Or else the nimble athlete
His labor will forsake.

The busy, busy day soon passed;
'Ere long the eve drew near,
And many a noble manly heart
Was filled with anxious fear.

Would he go on to victory
And win in noble strife,
Or were indifferent, fetterous chains
Bound all about his life?

The gentlemen, it was well known,
By ladies were outnumbered.
What then would be the athlete's fate
If their support but slumbered?

The eve wore on, but few appeared
Within the lighted hall.
What meant the empty seats about,
The echo from the wall?

But hark! there is a tramping sound
Of footsteps drawing near,
Methinks I see Old Glory's light
Advancing from the rear.

Who were those marchers one and all?
The ladies of the school,
With stars and stripes upon a staff,
They spoke the Golden Rule.

So, long and loud the cheers rang out
All through the evening air,
And e'en the latent spirit felt
A thrill approach his lair.

With speech and song the time sped by;
All seemed agreed to this,—
The training of the athlete
We should not, must not miss.

“A cloven tongue,” Sir Kelley wished,
“If ever heard to say,
A Normal lady student
Wasn't loyal as the day.

Farewell to such rash statements, now,
No lady wishes fate
To cleave the tongue of any man.
Hm! That notion's out of date.

She only wishes victory now
To all the athletes brave;
All glory to the strong young man
Who college honors save.

And here is a shout for the Normal girl,
Whose presence helps him win
The victory in the grand contest
With other college men.

Athletic Association.



First Semester.

L. P. WHITCOMB,	<i>President.</i>
EBIN WILSON,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
EARL REID,	<i>Secretary.</i>
A. E. TURNER,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Second Semester.

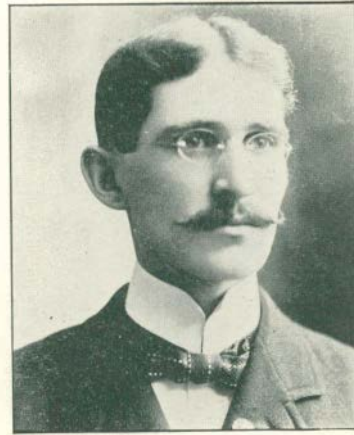
J. A. MORSE,	<i>President.</i>
W. A. FERGUSON,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
DAN KIMBALL,	<i>Secretary.</i>
E. E. CROOK,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Both Semesters.

W. P. BOWEN,	<i>Director of Sports</i>
WILLIAM LEE,	<i>Tennis Manager.</i>
A. B. GLASPIE,	<i>Foot-Ball Manager.</i>
N. H. BOWEN,	<i>Base-Ball Manager.</i>
L. P. WHITCOMB,	<i>Basket-Ball Manager.</i>
HENRY STRAIGHT,	<i>Editor.</i>
L. E. C. THORN, First Semester,	} <i>Track Managers.</i>
W. SHERMAN LISTER, Second Semester,	



DAN KIMBALL.



A. B. GLASPIE.



W. L. LEE.



N. H. BOWEN.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.



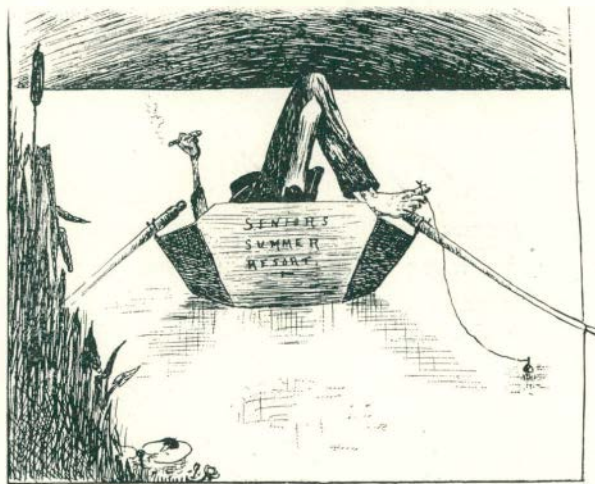
BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM.



BASEBALL TEAM.



FOOTBALL TEAM.



A "PROF." AT LAKE ORION.

Glass of '01.



ELDEN C. HARNER.



AMONG the greatest possibilities that exist today are those manifest in the embryonic freshmen class of this institution. Although we are called green, meek, fresh and many other loving epithets, yet we are very important to the welfare of the college.

We have not organized as a class, since we do not believe in making public spectacles of ourselves. The sophomores are too self-righteous, the juniors altogether too gay; while there is much room for improvement in the seniors. When we do organize, we hope we may set a better example than we have had before us.

We are envied by all other classes for many reasons, because we did not fear entrance examinations, because of our unusual scholarship, and because of high favor with the faculty.

We are confident of our present, we do not care to lift the veil of the future, and we put our trust in brain, midnight oil and the ponies which the seniors will leave us.

Let time roll on. When the spring of 1901 comes with its green landscapes, its leafy bowers, and its beautiful flowers, Michigan will welcome us with outstretched arms and place in our hands a sacred trust. Then can be said, "Well done, ye good and faithful servants."



Conservatory Class of 1898.



BIRD LUCILLE BURCK.



"The man that hath not music in himself
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason's stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

—Shakespeare.

FROM the above quotation, a casual observer might be led to suppose that the Conservatory class of '98 had taken a rather belligerent attitude toward any unfortunate victim, who should dare to utter that well known phrase, "I do not care for music," and to be conjuring dire punishment upon *him*, for be it noted that the immortal Shakespeare takes pains to say "The man," and not the woman. Be assured, such is not the case, for we are so well satisfied with ourselves as to feel at peace with all the world.

It is a well known fact that every class claims to be the most brilliant and talented that has ever gone forth from its Alma Mater; and while we are not willing to yield the palm to any preceding class, one thing we can claim without fear of dispute, that never before has the Normal Conservatory boasted of as many as seventeen in its senior class. The latter was organized early in the year with Miss Maraquita Wallin as president, Miss Alice Lowden, vice-president, and Mr. Minor White, secretary.

The class colors are cardinal and Nile green, and for a class flower the red rose was chosen as symbolical in its rich color of the wealth of talent, and in its fragrance of the divinely bestowed Art of which we are all disciples.

The class of '98 differs from previous classes in the large number of graduates in the piano course. In former years there have been as many violinists as pianists, but we can boast of but one. Miss Millicent Innis holds the vocal honors in her hands, and that she is capable of doing them justice, is needless to say.

Our honored president represents the violin course, and a secret known only to the initiated—Miss Wallin gives promise of one day becoming a composer as well as an interpreter.

The class secretary, we expect to become famous as a concert pianist. All he needs to rival the great artists is to let his hair grow, being careful not to be mistaken for a member of the Normal football team.

Each remaining member deserves equal mention for one and all are most gifted, each in her own style.

Misses Lowden, Miller, Mensing, Beardsley, Burck, Meyers, and Paxon take diplomas as pianists.

But our Public School course must not be neglected, for to the credit of Michigan school boards, be it known, that they are now requiring their teachers to know something of music; so every year the conservatory sends out its students well equipped in the work, who will teach the children in our schools to sing, that they may lift their voices in sweet sounds, and fill our fair land with melody. In this course, we enroll Mr. Collins, Misses Perkins, Lamont, Wiard, Thompson, Grigsby and Bruns.

Normal Conservatory of Music.



LULU M. LOUGHRAY.



“**T**RUE art endures forever, and the true artist delights in the works of great minds.” Beethoven.

Every serious minded musician wields an influence in the community wherein he is placed, whether artist or amateur, he must daily meet the problem of raising the existing standard. We, as a nation, are not conscious in the present stage of our history, of the educational value of art. Practical America is only beginning to realize that the mission of music is not mere sense of gratification, but that it is a power, refining, and ennobling. More than any other art, it kindles and nourishes in the minds of men that love for the beautiful which is so nearly allied to the good, thereby raising them to a higher and more thoughtful plane of life. As in politics so in art, the tendency of a nation is the result of individual attainments. If music as an art is to find a home in our nation, there must be added to the natural musical ability of those so gifted, hard work, diligence, and a determination to bring before the public only that grade of music which is elevating.

What is most needed is a higher standard of musical education. No school is doing more toward this end than the Normal Conservatory of Music. During the seventeen years of its existence, it has sent out from its several departments many well qualified musicians who are holding prominent and influential positions in this and other states.

The Conservatory was organized in the fall of 1881, to be in connection with the State Normal and under the direction of Frederic H. Pease. The wisdom of this movement has been made evident by the success which the Conservatory has been and is still achieving. From year to year there has been a marked improvement in the advantages offered until now the Director feels that he can give the highest grade work in each of the six departments from which diplomas are granted, namely, public school, theory, piano, violin, organ, and voice.

The children's department, which was organized in '97, proved to be an interesting and valuable adjunct to the Conservatory, and promises to be one of its most successful departments. Since the beginning there has been a steady growth, both in numbers and enthusiasm. Pupils in this department are under the special supervision of the Director.

The success of the Conservatory has been largely due to the untiring, zealous, and well directed efforts of Mr. Frederic H. Pease, who has been its director since its organization.

In 1882, under "leave of absence," he spent several months in Germany and Switzerland, studying piano, voice, and composition with the best masters, and now aims to spend the summer months of every alternate year abroad, inspecting the various methods of teaching, and hearing the best concerts and operas.

By calling in great artists, by making provisions for regular concerts of classical music, by the study and production of the highest grade cantatas and oratorios with the Normal choir, he has done much, not only for the students, but for the public, in making their judgment more accurate, their taste more refined.

The words of Mr. MacVicar in the first circular of the Conservatory, were indeed a prophecy which is being constantly fulfilled. "In the opinion of the Board, the long and successful experience of Prof. Pease, as a manager and as a practical instructor in all departments of music, fits him eminently for the position of Director, and warrants the belief that pupils pursuing their musical studies in the Normal Musical Conservatory will receive just the kind of instruction required to make them thorough and practical teachers."

"It is the artist in whom Art is incarnate, it is the teacher of the art by whom it must be matured and by whom its seed must be preserved and spread abroad."

The Normal College News.



Staff of Editors.



Appointed by The Faculty.

HERBERT G. LULL,	<i>Editor-in-Chief.</i>
HUGH E. AGNEW,	<i>Business Manager.</i>

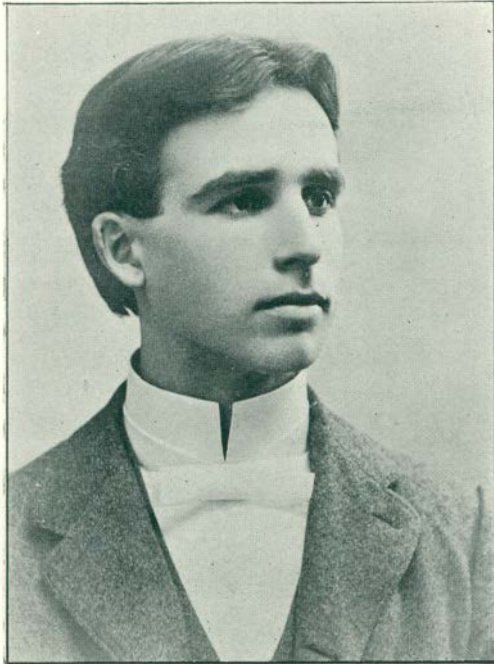
Elected by Their Organizations.

First Semester.

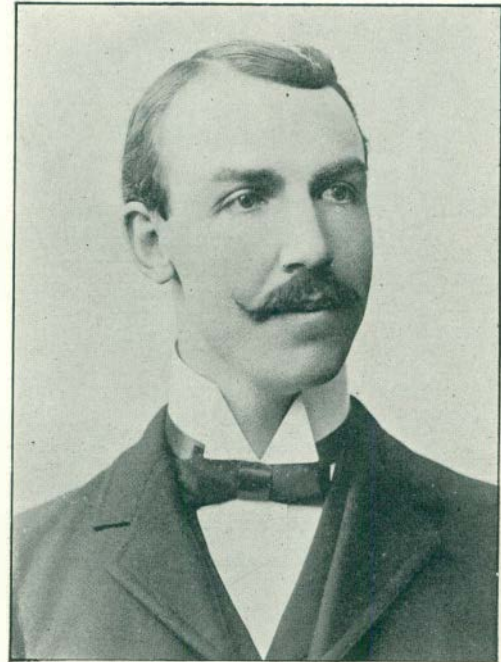
ANNA M. BLISS,	<i>Atheneum.</i>
HUGH E. AGNEW,	<i>Adelphic.</i>
E. E. CROOK,	<i>Crescent.</i>
ZACH KINNE, JR.,	<i>Mock Congress.</i>
CAROLINE E. JENKS,	<i>S. C. A.</i>
HENRY E. STRAIGHT,	<i>N. C. A. A.</i>
GRACE I. SHAW,	<i>Olympic.</i>

Second Semester.

WILLIAM LEE,	<i>Atheneum.</i>
ROBERT ROSS,	<i>Adelphic.</i>
GRACE HOUGHTON,	<i>Crescent.</i>
T. O. SWEETLAND,	<i>Mock Congress.</i>
CAROLINE E. JENKS,	<i>S. C. A.</i>
ORLA NORRIS,	<i>N. C. A. A.</i>
NELLIE WESTLAND,	Appointed to fill vacancy made by Miss Shaw.



H. G. LULL, EDITOR NORMAL NEWS.



H. E. AGNEW, BUSINESS MANAGER NORMAL NEWS.

The Normal College News.

♦ ♦ ♦
G. M. WALTON.
♦ ♦ ♦

THE NORMAL NEWS was established in 1881 with Walter C. Hewitt editor-in-chief. It is now drawing to the close of the seventeenth volume with Herbert G. Lull editor, and Hugh Agnew business manager. As a whole, The Normal News is the best, one might rather say the only, history of the Normal School for the past seventeen years. Its constant use in the library is the best evidence of this statement. It is daily consulted on matters of all kinds, relating to the school at large, and the various societies, and to individual interests. It is the medium of intercourse between the school and the former students. It is the one interest at the Normal which is in no way divided. Representing in an impartial way every department and organization in the school, at the same time it represents the institution as a whole, and its dignified tone always commands respect.

The current year has seen several changes in The News, all in the way of advance. Instead of a monthly issue, it now offers to subscribers twenty numbers in the academic year. Its circulation is over three hundred more than at any previous time. Its literary character has been systematized and strengthened. Its leading article in each number, generally by the head of one of the Normal departments, is a feature which adds permanent value. After many days The News has a lodging place in the building. No. 20 is devoted to its convenience as an office and a reading room for its exchanges, and here one is always certain of a courteous reception from the editors. It is hoped that the office may be better equipped in the near future.

The Normal News oratorical contest, usually the great event of the year, was less successful than formerly from a financial point of view. A new arrangement in the election of participants lessened the enthusiasm of the societies and classes for their individual contestants, and pointed the lesson of conservatism in affairs that many years' experience has strongly shown to be good.

It is hoped The News will add one more improvement, by way of an index to the present volume.

The entire responsibility of The News, literary and financial, falls on the editor and the business manager. The strengthened impetus that has been given to the paper this year through the efficient energy and enterprise of Mr. Lull and Mr. Agnew, is a source of just pride to the Normal.

Normal News Contestants.



ESTELLE DOWNING.



D. W. KELLY.



TIDY M'GILLIS.



W. E. VIDETO.

Normal News Contestants.



ALLA MASON.



EBEN WILSON.



EDITH TODD.



A. S. NICHOLS.

Seniors.



MYRTA L. TAYLOR.

GERTRUDE L. MITCHELL.

DELLA M. NUNNELEY.

A. BIRD GLASPIE.

GRACE A. HOUGHTEN.

EUGENE L. SMALL.

ANNA M. UREN.

MAGDELENA CHRISTENSON.

M. BLANCH WALKER.

OLIVE CLIMENT.

ELLA WILSON.

MARTHA MCARTHUR.

LENA HANSEN.

SIMON J. BOLE.

LENA BAY.

LEORA J. LAIRD.

TENA McDONALD.

MALLAH GODFREY.

KATE R. THOMPSON.

J. E. FLEMING.

MAUD E. TRACY.

ELIZA MCGILLIS.

NINA RANSOM.

GWYNETH WILSON.

WILLIAM A. BOLGER.



SENIOR CLASS.

Seniors.



*ROBERT L. CLUTE, B. S.

MARY IDA MANN.

GRACE GILLESPIE.

AGNES BELLAMY.

EMILY GREENWALD.

A. E. WILBER.

MARIE LE GAULT.

G. G. WARNER.

PEARL GREENAWAY.

*ARTHUR F. HUGHES, B. S.

GERTRUDE HOOKWAY.

MARTHA THOMPSON.

BENJ. J. WATTERS.

JULIA A. GORDON.

MADGE BLISS.

INEZ BOWDISH.

GRACE BOWDISH.

NELLIE BURK.

ADELIA JACKSON.

OLIVE BENEDICT.

RUTH HILL.

MAMIE KNOLLS.

MAUDE PATON.

FLORENCE HAMET.

A. ROSALIA SPRINGTEEN.



SENIOR CLASS.

Seniors.



BESSIE M. BRITTAN.

LAURETTA M. HENDRICKS.

CLARA M. WILLITTS.

HUGH E. AGNEW.

ESTELLE DOWNING.

INEZ M. BRYCE.

MINNIE LEARY.

CORDELIA JACKA.

NELLIE PULLAR.

CARRIE E. MILLS.

CLIFFORD B. UPTON.

DANA S. WEBSTER.

MINNIE M. ROHN.

S. JENNIE BROOKS.

IDA A. BELLAMY.

BESSIE PENGLASE.

MINNIE A. SMITH.

ELIZABETH AITKEN.

MARY E. MCARDLE.

EARL N. RHODES.

MARION W. LONGMAN.

LAURA PETERSON.

EDWIN A. BARNHARDT.

ALICE J. EDWARDS.



SENIOR CLASS.

Seniors.



ANNA L. GREGORY.

BRIDGET D. MCNEVANS.

JOHN A. MORSE.

BERTHA C. FANSON.

X. BEATRICE HASKINS.

MARY B. KOPP.

ELLA M. GARDNER.

LEMUEL P. WHITCOMB.

*NELLIE KENAGA, B. L.

ANNA M. CHARBONNEAU.

MINA A. WILDE.

TRACY O. SWEETLAND.

FAME BENJAMIN.

MARY SUWALSKY.

EVA M. TAYLOR.

JOHN MERRILL.

J. BERTRAM TRAVIS.

WINNIE M. CHAPEL.

JAMES B. HALSTED.

MARY E. BARNUM.

LUCY E. SMITH.

CAROLINE L. JENKS.

MINNIE L. CARTER.

ANNA M. BLISS.



SENIOR CLASS.

Seniors.



DOLLIE M. COSPER.

MABLE A. VINCENT.

LULU M. HAMMOND.

MARY MANS.

HARRIETT L. VINCENT.

EDNA L. PUGSLEY.

OLIVE M. COPE.

ANNA K. DUNLAP.

FRED. A. BROESAMLE.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

ANNA M. BULL.

HENRY F. PRATT.

LOUISE V. HAUSER.

MINNIE M. MANLEY.

AGNES L. GRANT.

CHARLOTTE DOUGHERTY.

FANNIE I. ALLEN.

KYTE M. COOPER.

HUGH E. GIBBS.

CORA WILSON.

F. G. SNIDICOR.

ANNIE BURKE.

EARL B. HAWKS.

CLYDE A. DEWITT.



SENIOR CLASS.

Seniors.



HERBERT G. LULL.

HETTY LOYD.

ADA G. SUNDERLAND.

R. H. STRUBLE.

MATTIE REED.

ADDIE A. MIKESELL.

FRANK J. LAMB.

LENA L. HOUGH.

WINNIFRED A. ALLEN.

JENNIE RABJOHNS.

MABEL J. PERRY.

GUY O. DONTADER.

KATHERINE HARVEY.

GEORGIA L. M. COVERT.

ZACH KINNE JR.

BERT N. BLAKESLEE.

IDA MACKLEM.

EBIN WILSON.

MYRTELLE M. COOLEY.

SALOME C. EGELER.

MARGARET E. MARSHALL.

STELLA DECAMP.

ELLA M. CROWLEY.

NETTIE BALL.

SYLVIA M. NEWMAN.



SENIOR CLASS.

Seniors.



JOHN M. ALEXANDER.

BERTHA M. BENTLEY.

AUGUSTA BIESKEY.

KATE A. BOYER.

MARION CAMERON.

H. ADELLA CADY.

MARY E. CADY.

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*WILBER P. BOWEN.

*RICHARD R. PUTNAM, B. S.

*MYRTLE B. UPTON.

*Degree—B. Pd.

GRINDS



The Blow Almost Killed Father, When

Mr. Rhodes blushed.
Mr. DeWitt's shoes squeaked.
Mr. Eilsworth wore the janitor's hat.
Zack Kinne sent home for money.
Miss Marshall asked for The Good Samaritan by Gospel.
The juniors refused to follow the seniors.
Mr. Lull smiled.
Mr. Upton played the piano.
Mr. Blakeslee tried to sing.
Miss McDonald and Miss Wilson entertained Ann Arbor boys.
The girls drank water from the pitchers.
A student called for Furness' edition of Hamlet's Macbeth.
Mr. Luttenton first thought he had to go to war.
The seniors wanted to dance.
The J. P. N's. tried to toast.
The Arm of Honor rented dress suits.
The Toastmasters had to scrub the Gym floor.



If a body meet a body
Going through the hall,
Should a body with a body,
Stop to talk at all?
Not after what has been said in chapel
concerning conversation in the corridors.

Power of Money.

Toledo, Ohio, November 12, 1897. A notable instance of what a man will do for money was given at the athletic field this afternoon. During a hotly contested football game between the local Y. M. C. A. and the husky team from the Normal College at Ypsilanti, Mich., Lister, the speedy half-back of the latter team, made the greatest play on the grounds. While the team was lining up for a play Lister espied a shining ten-cent piece on the ground a few feet away. He waited not, but with a demoniacal expression on his visage, darted furiously for the coin, seized it, put it in his mouth, and returned to his position just in time to grab the pigskin from the Normal quarter-back and make a beautiful 40-yard run around the opposite end. Encouraged by this the Normals took a brace and won out by a score of 12 to 4. There is no question that Mr. Lister will get along in the world, as he seems to have great facility in picking up a living.



MORSE.—“What is that man doing behind the Gym?” B.—“He's planting some ivy.” Morse (innocently)—“Has he got the seed with him?”



Who is it?

“O dear, I wish I were a bird,”
I heard a student say;
He should be doubly happy,
He's both a “Hawk” and a jay.

THE VERSION OF THE EDITRESS.

“O dear, I wish I were a bird,”
I heard a student say.
I wish he had my chance, for then
He might be a Hawk some day.”

As Poets See Them.

MR. LEE.—“Feed me, till I want no more.”

PROF. BARBOUR }
PROF. D'OUGE } “Love me, love my dog.”

MR. WATTERS.—“Much study is a weariness to the flesh.”

MR. LULL.—“There's only one girl in this world for me.”

MR. DAVEY.—“Most of the great men have been diminutive in stature.”

MR. STUMP.—“The girls all say I am a rare jewel.”

MISS TIDY MCGILLIS.—“There must be something in me. Such great names imply greatness.”

MR. HOTCHKISS:—

“Good boys love their sisters.
But so good have I grown,
That I love other boys' sisters
As well as my own.”

MISS HAMMOND.—

Sweetness long drawn out.

MISS ROSSMAN.—

“There's many a black, black eye, they say,
But none so bright as mine.”

MR. LUTTENSTON.—“Too civil by half.”

MISS MANN.—“Short but sweet.”

MR. SPENCER.—“A silent lad who wore a look of wisdom from his birth.”

THE SENIOR CLASS.—“She’ll leave her name,
A light, a landmark on the cliff of fame.”

MR. HARNER.—
“From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth and parted like a woman’s.”

MR. HAWKS.—
“The hairs of thy head are numbered.”

MR. KINNE.—
“He hath the gait of a shuffling nag.”

THE FRESHMAN.—
“Blessings on thee, little man.”

J. P. N.
Are witty to talk with,
And pretty to walk with,
The sweetest the nation can boast.

DENNIS FAUCHER:—
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well
But which no one can speak and no one can spell.



“There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to ‘meet her’ alone.”

The Great Key.

If St. Peter should lose his golden key,
What a terrible muddle 'twould make,
The saints and hypocrites all would get mixed.
And be drowned in the firey lake.

If Prof. Pease chanced to lose the key
That keeps the choir in tune,
We would have to have cotton plugs stuffed in our ears,
Or consult our ear-specialist soon.

But of all the keys that ever are lost,
The one that creates the most din
When it can't be found in drawer, pocket or desk,
Is the piano key at the girls' Gym.



To the Choir.

"God sent his singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth;
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."



"I cannot put the heavy shot,
On the track I am not fleet;
But when it comes to a standing jump,
I get there with both feet."



Miss L. (reading subjects of Normal News Prize Orations)—“ ‘The Spirit of '76!’ Why do they always have one of these orations on the temperance question? You know they had one last year, and here is another.”

IN what part of the heavens is the constellation Taurus? For information, inquire of Mills or Taylor.

TRAVIS (reading aloud from a popular novel with deep feeling)—“Her arms were around my neck, her soft curls rested on my cheek and the breath from her lips played on my face; I was about to tell her something, but she ——”
MORSE (interrupting drolly)—“Got off at Pittsfield Junction.” (Travis blushes furiously and throws the book under the bed).

M. (expressing his views on the Cuban situation)—“There’s going to be war. If I was situated so that I didn’t have more to keep me here than most of the boys, I’d surely go.” (Laughter and applause.)



“A woman can ne’er be a warrior
The battle-field isn’t her place;
But ladies who cannot face powder,
Will oftentimes powder the face.”



To Mr. Brocsamle.

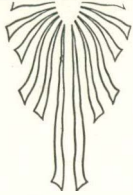
And I heard a mighty rumbling
Sounding like great mountains tumbling,
Like Mendota’s waters mumbling,
Beating on its rocky shore.
As I listened, dumb and quaking,
To the earth’s tumultous quaking,
I discovered my mistaking—
“Pa” was laughing, nothing more.

A Busy Day at the Normal.

- 12 A. M. Grand rush for boarding houses.
12:08. Savory Club waits for—anything to eat.
12:15. Still waits.
12:16. Waiters appear.
12:20. Savory Club arises from sumptuous repast.
12:25. Other clubs do likewise.
22:30. Mr. Reese and Miss Paton walk home from dinner.
12:35. "Pa" Broesamle strolls through corridors.
12:55. "One o'clock" gong sounds.
12:58. Seniors rush for Training School.
1:00. Mr. Hawks calmly(?) stands before II grade history class.
1:05. "Theory of Equations" begins.
1:15. Mr. Luttenton is summoned to go to war.
1:25. Toastmasters hear the news.
1:30. Mr. L. asks Dr. Boone to be excused.
1:32. Dr. B. grants excuse and gives young man good advice.
1:35. Mr. L. bids his teachers farewell and gets more good advice.
1:45. Same young man stands in hall in doubt what to do next.
2:00. History of Education meets.
2:01. Harry L. decides to call on *some* of his friends.
2:05. Calls on Miss Haskins.
3:00. Critic meeting.
3:10. Mr. L. calls on Miss Mann.
3:15. Herbert Lull is seen at 417 Ellis.
3:20. Harry starts home to pack his trunk.
3:25. Meets "boys" and asks to exchange pictures.

- 3:30. Begins to pack.
- 4:00. Classes meet.
- 4:30. B. B. boys practice ball.
- 4:35. Mr. H. L. orders dray.
- 5:00. Seniors decide *not* to dance.
- 5:04. Mr. L. calls for Misses Haskins and Mann for supper
- 5:05. Juniors sell themselves for 15c.
- 5:06. Olivet has been beaten by M. S. N. C. at baseball.
- 5:15. Rutherford B. Hayes Miller and a brother Toastmaster attend a reception(?) at 220 Hamilton.
- 5:20. Mr. L. bids friends at club a tearless(?) farewell.
- 5:24. His patriotism wanes.
- 5:30. Mr. Reese and Miss Paton go home from supper.
- 5:32. Messrs. Upton, Clute and Crook tell Harry L. "It's only a joke."
- 5:34. H. L. hates himself.
- 5:40. Ditto.
- 5:58. Likewise.
- 6:00. S. C. A. prayer-meeting.
- 7:15. Everyone meets his friend at post office.
- 7:20. R. B. H. Miller calls alone at 220 Hamilton.
- 7:25. A "Kopp" takes R. B. H. Miller away from 220 Hamilton.
- 8:00. Bohning begins.
- 9:00. Smart ones retire.
- 10:00. Those not quite so smart do ditto.
- 11:00. Herbert Lull departs from 417 Ellis.
- 11:30. Mr. Lee rushes for 702 Pearl.
- 11:35. Messrs. Lee, Stump and Hotchkiss bolt for Bycraft's.
- 12:00. Dull ones seek Dreamland.

The World



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Is able to serve you in its locality. While a student you receive the benefit it offers you. But no matter how or where you may be situated after you receive your diploma, the Normal Book Store will receive your orders and look after your interests. Do not forget that the Normal Store is as able to accommodate you when you are away from Ypsi as it was while you were there. You will need books and fine stationery next year as you have this year; so the Normal Store will supply your needs next year as it has this year. We wish you a prosperous future and hope to keep your acquaintance in a business way.

J. Geo. Zwergel.

- 1 A. M. Duller ditto.
2:00. Dullest same.
3:00. Few rise to study.
4:00. Sleighing party returns.
4:30. Sleeping Normalites in Albion House are awakened.
5:00. Normal girls arise.
5:20. Breakfast in Albion House.
6:05. Train leaves Albion for "Ypsi."
6:30. Fares for preceding evening's entertainment collected from Misses L—, B—, and M—.
6:27. Money carefully divided between Messrs. W. K. L—, E. U. R—, and A. B. G—.
6:28. Mr. Kelly looks perplexed.
7:00. Breakfast.
7:30. Mr. Rhodes arrives at breakfast.
7:31. Mr. Rhodes, as usual, puts up his hand to see if his tie is in place.
7:31½. Discovers he has none.
7:31¾. Blushes.
7:32. Looks appealingly at Mr. Stump.
7:37. Mr. R. finishes his breakfast.
7:38. Asks Mr. S. to loan his tie.
7:39. Carl C. S. generously gives it to him.
7:45. Gong for chapel.
7:46. Everyone hastily looks for his chapel ticket of admission.
7:55. Choir sings "Amen."
8:00. Classes assemble.
8:40. Training School work begins.
8:45. Kindergarten band practices.
9:00 to 12. Hard work.



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MISS MCKAY (describing a Roman wedding)—"The bride and groom then came in and sat down in a chair"—smiles—"or rather sat down in two chairs."—audible smiles.

MR. JOHN MERRIL (on his way to Detroit March 4, to a young lady)—"There'll be no sleighing if the snow goes off."

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MR. KINNE (after the senior meeting at which the question of dancing was discussed)—“I guess Prof. Sherzer was right when he said we all came from savages.”

MR. O.—“Have you seen Miss Rossman?” “No, did you want her?” Mr. O.—“No, but I *would* like Mr. Boone.”

MR. RHODES (as Mr. Blakeslee was passing in the hall)—“Say, Blakeslee, how do you spell your name?” Mr. B.—“B-e-r-t.”

MR. LULL (anxiously)—“Dr. Boone, will you please telegraph to Carson City and inform the Board that my prospects are good.” (He referred to his matrimonial prospects).

STUDENTS:

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“FLOWERY” translation of Horace heard in Latin class:—“The weary sailors sung an emulation of the girl they left behind them.”

TED.—“Say, Ed, how many languages have you had?” Ed.—“Four; Latin, German, English and Orthoepy.”

MISS MANN (in history class)—“Mr. Miller, will you please give me your heart (Hart)?”

MR. KELLY.—“Why is a ticket for the Gym entertainment like a hack door?” He answers himself.—“You have to go by (buy) it to get in.”

MISS LICKLEY.—“I find it hard to use my vocal organs.” Prof. B.—“It doesn’t seem so.”

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Mr. Norris—Mr. Leonard Mr. Boone—Miss Rossman.
 Miss Springsteen—Either One. Mr. Turner—Fanny Love.
 Mr. Ross—Isn't particular. Mr. Murdock—Miss VanBuren.
 Mr. Ellsworth—Miss Perkins. Mr. Burhans—Miss Laird.
Mr. Kimball—Miss Robertson.
 Mr. Resse—Miss Paton.
 Mr. Stump—Miss Ellis.
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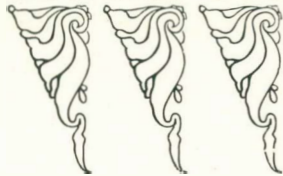
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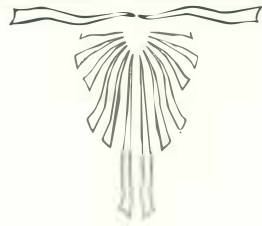
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