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THE
KALAMAZOO
NORMAL RECORD

DECEMBER, 1914
Vol. 5

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Do You Run a Typewriter
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NEWS NOTES.
The Christmas party for the general student body December 5 was in charge of the Music and Art departments. A Christmas tree furnished the central figure of the decorations and Christmas motifs were used with attractive effect throughout the gymnasium. Fischer’s orchestra played and one of the most enjoyable occasions of the year was participated in by the students of the school.

On Tuesday, November 24, the Rev. J. T. Le Gear of the First Methodist church addressed the students in assembly on the general topic of “Big Business.”

The afternoon tea served three days each week by the young women of the Y. W. C. A. is proving a successful social hour for many of the students and members of the faculty, and incidentally promises to earn a small profit for use in sending delegates to the Lake Geneva conference next summer. A sale of Japanese articles held the last week of the term was a second successful project of the Normal Association.

Dr. Blanch Epler spoke in assembly November 17, giving a clear and interesting discourse on the poor white element of the South. The lack of educational advantages and the thirst for knowledge among these people was made the principal point in the splendid address. On this occasion Mrs. Bertha S. Davis furnished two delightful voice numbers.

Dr. Ernest Burnham, Mr. Wood, Miss Murphy and Miss Zimmerman have been named a committee to look after the June Graduation plans.

Three dramatic clubs have been organized in the High School department of the Normal and Miss Dorothy Upjohn, a graduate of Smith College, is directing the work. In the Normal department two clubs for dramatic
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D. W. Springer, secretary of the National Educational Association; Dr. T. W. Nadal of Olivet, treasurer of the State Board of Education, and Dr. Levy of the University of Michigan, are prospective lecturers at the Normal.

The Drama and Festival class will close its term’s work with the presentation of two plays, “Hyacinth Halvey,” by Lady Gregord, and “The Antic,” by MacKaye. Casts as follows have been named:

Hyacinth Halvey.
- Hyacinth—Miss Dorothy Upjohn.
- Mrs. De Lane—Miss Ruth Payne.
- Quirck—Mrs. Smith.
- Sergeant—Miss Alice Hascher.
- Miss Joyce—Miss Nettie Juleen.
- Fardy—Miss Nina Irvine.

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solved, That Michigan School Teachers Should Be Pensioned,” was the feature of the evening. The affirmative side was given the decision.

The Rural Sociology Seminar enjoyed a social session in the rotunda of the Training School Thursday evening, November 19. A program of readings and music was provided by a committee, of which Pauline Day was chairman, and refreshments were served by a committee which Gladys McDowell directed. Officers for the winter term were elected as follows: President, Pauline Day; vice-president, Chester Wycoff; secretary and treasurer, Merlin Lowe; executive committee, Ila Canfield, Carmen Trisket, Marshall Moman; faculty member, Susie M. Ellett. The December meeting of the Seminar was held in the Kindergarten room at 4 o’clock Thursday, December 3. The program was on the general topic, “The Administration of Rural Schools.” Dr. Coffman’s address on “Rural School Supervision” was reviewed by Frances Beld. Claire McGowan discussed “Units of Administration,” and Florence Warenment read a paper on “Supervision.” The program was concluded by a debate, “Resolved, That the country is the best unit for the administration including the supervision of rural schools.” The affirmative speakers were Berton Robinson and Marshall Moman, and the negative speakers were Merlin Lowe and Chester Wycoff.
GROUP of thirty children, third or fourth grade.

Costumes: Fifteen little pixies dressed in red suits with pixie caps, bells and red slippers. Fifteen children dressed in night clothes, each carrying a stocking.

Setting: Fire-place hung with stockings and holly wreaths. Pine boughs partly shading windows, red shades over all lights. Christmas tree to the right of fire-place. Pop corn and fancy tinsel draped over tree. The scene is typically Christmas with the soft red glow over all and harmonizing all the effects.

Part I. Little ones in night clothes, carrying stockings skip to center of room. With tiny running steps form a circle about the tree. This is the first step of the Stocking Dance which can be found in the Record for January, 1914. At the end of this dance, little people go to the corners of the room, yawning as they go, lie down and fall asleep.

Part II. Santa Claus with his pack and the pixies (his assistants), enter softly forming a circle. The music for this dance may be found in the Musician for September, 1910. The notes are as follows:

Formation: Circle facing center.

(1) “Bouncing Ball Step.” All hands on hips, bounce forward four steps, stand still and bounce four, bounce backward four steps, stand in place and bounce four.

Repeat all.

(2) Hands on knees. Slide four side skips right, point finger (right) at center four times saying, sh-sh-sh-sh. Repeat three times.

(3) Face right. Hands on knees. Four side skips right, stand still and wag heads four times, four side skips left, wag head four times.

Repeat three times.

(4) Repeat step (2).

(5) All stand facing center, hands on knees, four or five steps back from circle and run four steps around the circle, jump at someone, holding the jump four counts. Continue eight measures.

(6) Santa Claus and the pixies fill the stockings on the tree with gifts and then scamper off leaving the children to wake up and find their presents.

Part III. The music for this dance can be found in “The One Hundred and One Best Songs,” published by the Cable Company, Chicago, page...
twenty-seven. Do not use the words.
(1) Formation: A circle.
Four gallop steps forward right (2 measures).
Step left and point right (2 measures).
Step right and point left (2 measures).
Repeat the step (gallop and points) beginning with left foot.
Repeat all.
(2) Six running steps around in place (2 measures).
Step right and point left.
Step left and point right.
Repeat 3 times.
(3) Six running steps forward to center of circle (2 measures).
Wave gifts and show them to each other (2 measures).
Six running steps back away from center of circle and hold (4 measures).
Repeat twice.
Music is repeated and children run off.
RUTH PAYNE.

Christmas Poems and Carols

WHY Do Bells at Christmas Ring?—E. Field.
The Glad Evangel (First stanza for small children)—J. G. Holland.
The Three Kings (To be read and enjoyed)—H. W. Longfellow.
A Visit from St. Nicholas—Clement Clarke Moore.
"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night—Nahum Tate.
Christmas Carol (Old English).

Good King Wenceslas (old carol).
God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen—Dinah Marie Mulock.
Ceremonies for Christmas.
(Robert Herick.)
"The First Nowell."
Sweet Piccola.
"'Jus' 'fore Christmas I'm as Good as Good Can Be."—E. Field.
Note.—Many of the above poems are found in “Golden Numbers” or in
“Three Years With Poets.”

Christmas A. D. 1914

ATHER TIME, whose surname is “Fugit,” has so hustled us along with his persistent hurry that we are nearing again that peculiarly hallowed season called Christmas, that occasion when men of most diverse creeds and opinions endeavor to forget their animosities and, more than at any other time or occasion, meet as brother and brother. And since its approach is imminent, a brief discussion of some of its prominent features is in order. Let us endeavor to answer three questions relating to its development. First, what is its historic meaning or significance?

The scripture record tells us that nearly two thousand years ago—nineteen hundred and sixteen, to be exact
—there was enacted a drama in a little village in the far east, which was the culmination of a divine plan to embody a new idea and demonstrate it to mankind. That new idea was peace on earth, human brotherhood and the practice of the Golden Rule. Its embodiment was the Christ. This does not mean that individual brotherly love was absolutely unknown prior to that time; but that socially and nationally it was not a stock in trade. Hence, like all other human institutions, Christmas came in answer to a need; for no conclusion is safer than this: That any institution comes into being and survives, if, indeed, it does survive, because somewhere in human economy a demand has arisen for something of its kind; and its own best excuse for being is that it still survives. Thus two thousand years ago men needed to be taught peace and good will, and Christmas was the natal day of this embodiment.

The purpose of this discussion, in large part, is to indicate how well they have learned the lesson. Down across the years this natal day has come to us with all its beautiful associations, its mystic sweetness unembittered. It still survives as a yearly reminder of God’s best gift to man.

To the child it has meant the acme of mysterious joy; to the parent the acme of happiness through self-sacrifice. To the average individual it has meant a little more faith in his fellow-man and in the final outcome of human effort. To society it has been the signal for the setting on foot of “Big Brother” and kindred movements which provide an outlet for the Christian kindliness of men.

My earliest childhood memory brings to me sweet pictures of occasions when mother’s face was more serene and beautiful, if that were possible, and father’s smile more benign than at any other times; when cares were cast aside, when peace was the watchword and good will was supreme. Thus Christmas has ever been

And now question number two.

In this year of grace 1914, how much is the Christmas principle worth to mankind? How thoroughly do men practice the lesson they were taught two thousand years ago?

Today one-half the civilized world is engaged in a war, the like of which never has been known and never should be known again. Nations to which we as Americans have looked for inspiration in education, art, literature, and science, are locked in a death struggle; and for what? I don’t know; and I don’t know who does know.

We read of armies two or three million strong, of battle lines two hundred miles long, of money cost beyond human comprehension, of the destruction of churches, cathedrals, priceless works of architecture and art; and, above all, of the frightful sacrifice of human life; of bodies by the thousand, of the best manhood of a continent heaped in shallow trenches with so scant a covering of earth that the stench is unbearable and rises to offend high heaven.

One country lies in ruins, and the other combatants are already so depleted that no one now living will ever witness their complete recuperation. The money cost alone has already been a sum sufficient to purchase acre by acre, by any fair appraisal, any one of the countries involved. And this is as nothing compared with what has already been paid in sorrow and in suffering, in wreck and in ruin, in death and in desolation, in the destruction of all that makes life worth the living.

Sherman named war “hell,” but if his acquaintance with it merited such a title then the present war is hell to the nth power.

In the words of a recent writer, “We have reverted to the primitive. The humane in us has been subjugated to the necessities of the state. Notwithstanding our centuries of culture we are barbarians at heart. The veneer is off. The enamel has been cracked. Underneath we are all savages and all
with the blood instinct.”

Though this may be a rather strong statement of the situation, I believe that it contains a large element of truth; that our generation has witnessed a manifest tendency toward greed of gain or commercialism which has nothing in common with the spirit of Christmas.

The question which must close this discussion is: “What will be the condition of our civilization when this war is over?” Quoting again from the above writer: “If it took us two thousand years to acquire this veneer of civilization, which even then was so

thin that it cracked overnight, can we recover ourselves at once, or must it be a long process? It seems to me if this war lasts for eighteen months, or two years, that the time of recovery will be slow.” Though it may be slow I believe that Christ's law of love will ultimately triumph. Though the lesson has been most sanguinary and the price stupendous in blood and treasure and social progress, let us have faith that the purge will be complete and that

“Men will be braathers yet for a' that.”


Sunday Afternoon in the House of Seven'Gables

MORE than once before I had heard the bell of Miss Hepzibah’s little shop door tinkle. Yes, I had even peeped through windows of that same little shop. But I had not gone in. All this I recalled as I sat in the trolley car this Sunday afternoon in November, and in Salem. As soon as I should reach Washington Square, what was I to do? Get off, thread the narrow streets of Salem’s Polish quarter and walk straight to “No. 54, Turner Street,” lift the latch of the little candy shop and enter? Ah, no! That would be tasting first sweets too soon. What should I do? Now this same trolley car goes to Beverly. Beverly, too, is an old town, almost as old as Salem—I took a picture of “The First Church of Beverly, Unitarian, founded in 1635,—” Beverly is where Ex-President Taft used to summer, and Beverly still claims an old house near the beach of Beverly Harbor, where your humble author lived at three years of age—and where he played about the codfish drying sheds. Church of 1635, Ex-President Taft, author’s infant home: would not these whet the appetite of any novitiate pilgrim to a literary shrine?

I tinkled Miss Hepzibah’s bell at two in the afternoon; I left the “House of Seven Gables” at half after three.

It was an hour and a half that will ever linger in my memory as one of the rare Sundays of my life. I was told that six to seven thousand visitors go in and out of the doors of this famous old house every summer between the first of May and the first of October. I was glad I chose this day—my name was the only one on the register for “November 15, 1914.” My hostess, I could not call her guide, was very patient with me, and could be so because I had chosen a dark November Sabbath, such a day, as I picture for some of the gloomier scenes in Hawthorne’s great story. I think she caught the spirit of the day, as well as my feeling about the day and the house and the book, for she dwelt upon the history relics of the rooms I was permitted to enter in a way that “the hired servant” could not dwell.

What rooms was I permitted to linger in?—for linger I did. The shop, the kitchen, “the original great hall,” Clifford’s room, the attic, Phoebe’s room, and “the grand reception room.” This, too, is the order of my journey, for journey it was, my real journey.

The shop. Here I handled souvenirs, as a matter of course,—books, cards, reproductions of all sorts. Most interesting to me were the odd toys, ginger-bread men, candies and wooden
dolls (grotesque, paint-faced little men)—all after the manner of the Salem days of Judge Pyncheon. And what do you suppose I took away with me from that shop? I took some of “Ye Famous Gibralts of Salem Towne... made and wrapped in the like manner to ye ancient days of Madam Spencer [I can see her in diminutive now in her little wooden wagon in the shop window], and may be found

At ye
Candy Shop
of Ye Pepper Companies
In ye ancient village of Peabody
In ye province of ye Massachu- setts Bay.”

“Ye Candy Shop” is the only room of the old house which is purely the fiction of Hawthorne’s imagination.

The kitchen—with its great fireplace, its cooking utensils of quaintest kind, its chest of 1742, its old Seth Thomas clock, etc., was almost as fascinating as the shop. In the great fireplace still hang many iron utensils that Hawthorne’s eyes looked upon, I trust, with interest, more than once. I was told with implicit confidence that he had eaten toast, many times, toasted in the two-foot toaster by the hands of his cousin, Suzanna Ingersoll. I here saw with my own eyes the concrete difference between a “tin kitchen” (for roasting meats in the fireplace) and an “old Dutch oven” (an iron pot with a rim around the cover for hot coals, said pot to be used for baking things in a hurry, such as biscuit, corn-bread, etc.). Here, too, was the “spider” with its two-foot handle and its three legs. By the fireplace stood the “oldest churn in New England.” In the November dim light I could just make out: “This churn was made in ye towne of Willes in ye district of Maine, in ye year of our Lord seventeen hundred and forty two and was sold to Mr. John Perkins of ye town of—for ye sum of ten shillings and six pence.” While I was looking alternately with interest at a fine old specimen of a “Toby rum bottle,” and a real eighteenth century foot-stove, my attention was called to “the old Seth Thomas clock with works that had to be wound every day.” I took this as a hint that it was time to move to the “great hall.” Then came my first surprise—a secret passage from kitchen to dining room. My hostess left me in total darkness for a moment—I was alone—darkness hemmed in by the great chimney of the great fireplace and the rough timbers of the south wall. My readers will recall how Miss Hepzibah used to go the long way round through this passage when she heard the shop bell from her want of eagerness to meet small customers.

The “Great Hall.” This is how the first occupant of the house, one Captain John Turner, an East Indian trader, styled the room. He was English. Its fireplace has an iron fire-back dated 1662; this antedates the building of the house,—1669—evidence that Captain Turner probably brought the fire-back from England. This same room is “the parlor of more moderate size” of Hawthorne’s tale. One of the closets of this room has a modest museum of old coins, lucifer matches, etc. A daguerrotype of one of the owners of the house lies behind a shelf of glass in this closet. He was a brilliant man in his way, well trained, but a ne’er-do-well; he died of want, whereupon the home went into other hands. It is said that Hawthorne took this man as his suggestion for Clifford. In a corner of this room, near one of the square-paned windows, stood “Judge Pyncheon’s chair.” The dim afternoon light made it easy to recall the sombre scene of the dead judge as he could be seen from the shop through a passageway connecting shop and parlor—through this I passed and pictured the situation over again.

Then came my next surprise: a closet was opened to the left of the parlor fireplace and I was informed that I must go upstairs through a secret door. My hostess left me alone and ascended another way. After some moments of fumbling in the dark, I managed to touch the right nail, and there before me rose a narrow flight of winding stairs—a secret passage to Clifford’s room. This pass-
age was built in the days of the Indian. It was also hinted that Captain Turner was a smuggler as well as trader; moreover, those were the days of witches. Salem was the center of witchcraft interest in the late 17th century. Fourteen women and five men were hanged on “Gallows Hill” in 1692. All these thoughts and many more somehow rushed through my mind as I ascended that crazy old stairway. I did not linger long in Clifford’s room. Hawthorne’s Clifford always did give me the “creeps.” It was a relief to step into

The attic. Of course, here was to be found the colonial spinning wheel. Less proverbial were the “bewitched dancing chest,” the captain’s “strong box,” his East-Indian shaving set containing the round basin with its “chin rest” and other odd parts, a “chaise trunk,” and old ivory-tipped umbrellas stretched upon whalebone frames. It was in the attic that I saw the beams of some of the original “seven gables.” The house in Hawthorne’s day had but three gables. Mrs. Emerson, a Salem woman of wealth, and a woman interested in antiquities, purchased the house in 1909; she had the roof removed and found the timbers of the original seven gables. The seven have been restored so that the house now looks more as it did in Captain Turner’s day. Captain Turner’s grandson sold the property to the Ingersolls, relatives of Hawthorne, in 1720 or later. Then it was that certain “improvements” were made, among them the removal of four gables. Hawthorne never knew but three; Mrs. Emerson’s restorations proved the seven gables of tradition. From the attic I stepped into Phoebe’s room. There I saw her canopy-bed, her chest of camphor-wood, and I looked out of her window into the old-fashioned garden, the same which she looked into, long before me, after her lonely first night in the rambling old house.

The Grand Reception Room. This room is immediately under Phoebe’s room. Both look out on Salem Harbor. The view of the harbor is said to be Hawthorne’s favorite view. He spent many a pleasant afternoon in this room with his cousin Suzanne. I had the pleasure of actually sitting in the chair that Hawthorne always preferred, a low, comfortable chair, such as one likes when he muses, when he is tired either of his work or his usual surroundings. There are two portraits in the room, one of Andrew Jackson, the other of Suzanne Ingersoll. She was the “Dutchess” of the Turner street of her time, wealthy, beautiful, and passionately fond of entertaining. I might speak of the sampler wrought by the hands of Suzanne at the age of seven, of the red curtains brought from the Federal Building in the room where Washington was entertained, of the old fireplace with its fire-back of iron whereon are wrought the figures of Adam and Eve in the Garden, of the cameo wallpaper, and the buffet of 1720 with its real English china of the “pink lustre” that can no longer be reproduced. But these things are after all not what interested me most: they must pass away in time; so must the house itself, but the spirit and the work of the man who spent many a happy hour in this room and in this quaint old house never can pass away. They live and they will live in his House of Gables. I did not go home and immediately sit down to read the book again.—I shall leave that for some November day, perhaps in a more distant state, but I did leave the old building impressed with the feeling that it is the unseen things that are imperishable.

It is raining as I write. I can almost see before me the bedraggled figures of Clifford and his companion on the rainy streets of Salem—but I prefer to call up the image of “Ye Candy Shop.” Will you believe me? I have not yet opened Phoebe’s hand-box even so much as to peep at one of “Ye Famous Gibralters.” Even the blue ribbon is untied. I leave the untying to a little golden-haired ten year old in the Southland for the coming Christmas time.

B. L. JONES.

Harvard, Nov. 15, 1914.
Christmas in France
(Translated from the French by Germaine Guiot.)

CHRISTMAS in France is more of a church affair for the older people. The Catholics, who are so numerous, celebrate with a large feast, a great reunion of family and friends. This so-called “Le Reveillon” follows mass, which is held directly after midnight of Christmas eve.

However, the children await St. Nicholas and he brings them toys and candies. The day to be compared with the Christmas of America is “Le jour de l'an,” when the people exchange gifts and greetings of “Je vous souhaite une bonne et heureuse Annee!”

MADAM M. C. GUIOT.

Christmas Day on an Atlantic Liner

CHRISTMAS Day dawned, not bright and fair as we had hoped, but with the roughest possible gale blowing. We were awakened in the night by the sudden sounds of rushing waves that were pitching and tossing the ship and we knew we were in the midst of a terrific storm, the worst in eighteen years, the captain informed us. For a long time I lay awake, awaiting daylight, holding on to my berth, for it seemed as if with every lurch the entire contents of the cabin, including occupants, would be pitched into one heap upon the floor.

When we went on deck early that morning, the ship was not only tossing from side to side, but was rolling with a sort of rotary motion which was decidedly disconcerting, when anticipating English plum pudding and other delicacies for dinner. We went up on the bridge for a few minutes where we could see the stern dip, then rise, and we knew from the vibrations, that the propellor was far out of the water. I never knew wind could blow so hard. The waves dashed over the deck. When standing near the bow and watching those mountain-like waves coming toward us, we felt that they must, of a certainty, submerge us entirely.

After eating a very light breakfast we selected a spot on the companion-way where the tossing would be least noticeable. Four of us played bridge as a substitute for the deck-golf we had planned the previous day. We sat there with the doors wide open, for it was extremely warm in spite of the terrific gale. Suddenly the ship gave an unexpected lurch,—table, chairs, cards and players all went over. Fortunately no one was hurt except our ship doctor who had been reading on deck. His chair slid off toward the railing and pinioned him in the scuppers. A broken arm was the storm’s Christmas gift to him. This incident somewhat dampened the Christmas spirit, which had been very joyous up to this time in spite of the storm.

Everyone on board anxiously awaited the twelve o'clock whistle, for at that time we would know how many miles we had made. The log was posted up stairs and it was with bated breath we read—twenty-one miles. We had been twelve days out, and at that rate we knew it would be twelve days more. It resulted, however, in being only seven. After indulging in another extremely light meal, luncheon this time, we had some more cards, stories, and even a “Mock Trial” with the purser as judge, an old professor, the character on board, as the criminal, and the ladies comprised the members of the jury.

About five o'clock, when the wind began slowly to die down and our ship moved more steadily on its course, we began to look forward to our Christmas dinner with a really pleasurable
anticipation and to work up a genuinely hearty appetite.

When we went down to dinner we found the dining room prettily decorated with flags of all nations, artificial flowers, and greens. This and the "Compliments of the Season" from the dining-room steward made us feel for the first time like Christmas Day. We also found at our places at the table, souvenirs, the menu for the entire day and the program of music fastened together with ribbon. We also found some "Christmas Crackers" which contained fancy caps, whistles, aprons, and other fascinating trinkets. It was really very funny to see the dignified captain with the queer little cap on his head fastened with ties under his chin, and the fat, jolly purser with a little apron tied around his waist. The tables were filled with good things to eat. I won't attempt to tell what, for possibly the reader will not understand any better than I did what each dish was. However, we knew it was edible, all tasted very good, from the "Caviare a la Russe" to the "Demi Tasse." After dinner speeches were made by the captain, purser and a representative of each nationality on board—five in all. Songs were sung, "Star-Spangled Banner," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee,"—songs which mean more to the American when away from his native land, than ever before; healths were drunk, good-nights said; and this Christmas Day on an Atlantic liner came to an end.

LAVINA SPINDLER.

Christmas in France

CHRISTMAS in France is rather a season than a day. The church preparation begins about four weeks before Christmas, on the first Sunday in Advent, and then the people begin to celebrate a week later, perhaps with St. Barbara's day, Dec. 4. These celebrations continue through Christmas and New Years and until after Epiphany, or until the Three Wise Men of the East are supposed to have reached the manger at Bethlehem, which is January 6, our Twelfth Night.

Christmas observance in the provinces of France is both traditional and religious, and varies with the region. They have Christmas trees and candles, but these have come in recent years. The real, true, French Christmas is above all a religious fête and a family reunion time.

Instead of the stocking, the child places his tiny shoe upon the hearth on Christmas eve and waits in sleepless expectation for the visit of the "Petit Jesus," for they think that it is the Christ child who, passing in the night, leaves for the little worshiper some token of recognition in answer to his prayers. Children not only place shoes in their own homes, but in the houses of their grandfather and uncles as well. Then, Christmas morning is spent in going from house to house collecting gifts.

In the Roman Catholic churches attended by the poorer classes, one is sure to see a representation of the Child Jesus in a crib or manger, with Joseph and the Virgin near by. These "creches," as they are called, are purchased by the more pious families for their homes, and a large part of the Christmas trade in the pious bookshops around the Church of St. Sulpice in the Latin Quarter in Paris, for instance, consists of these. The larger churches do not hold to these traditional customs, but foretell the day of the Nativity by their frequent services, and by midnight mass on Christmas eve. This service at Saint Eustache, the big, dark structure looming heavenward near the old "Halles" or Central Market, is largely attended by Americans in Paris, who go to hear the splendid music accompanying the communion which is given only once a year to the parish at the midnight hour.

The Parisian Christmas, with its beautiful effects is borrowed from all countries. The American Santa Claus
is in evidence in the candy shop windows, with his long beard and pointed hood sprinkled with frost and laden with bon bons; also, in the big department stores, where the toy display, especially the mechanical toys which are all in operation, with the artistic arrangement and beautiful color effects, cannot be excelled.

About the middle of December one sees an unusual stir along the boulevards which extend from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille. Wooden booths and open air stands are put up a week before Christmas, which are filled with toys, bon bons, trinkets, etc., presided over by fakirs. At night these places are brilliantly lighted and they draw immense crowds.

The restaurants of the boulevards, hotels and homes of the peasants serve big midnight feasts and Christmas morning is ushered in with merrymaking and joy. The custom of exchanging gifts at Christmas time is but little observed in Paris, although the children receive some token to remember the day. The use of the Christmas tree is extending, although it is not a French product.

The day upon which the French exchange gifts, however, is New Year's day, which is the great family reunion of the year. At that time all relations assemble under one roof and celebrate the day. Gifts are not only made in the family and among friends, but also between the individual and his business connections. The employer, however, does all the giving. On that day the house servants expect a souvenir of some value, the postman calls with a new calendar and expects recompense, the laundress, and the boy who delivers your bread and milk rings your bell, and wishes you "Bonne Année" for a few sous, the Sisters of Charity call at your apartment for money for the poor, etc. Sometimes employees form in a body and on New Year's day, march to the home of their master to wish him a Happy New Year and incidentally to receive a present. The barbers and restaurants substitute a large dish for the usual small metal vase, used on other days for the "pourboire," and their customers are expected to drop in a silver coin instead of the usual copper. So the Parisian who is familiar with the custom withholds his fees for a week or so before Christmas, and puts it all together for the New Year's gift. It is customary for the bake shops to present their customers with a small cake on New Year's morning.

"The Reveillon," which is a big midnight dinner on New Year's eve, is really the rousing up of gay Paris. Every restaurant along the boulevards is crowded, and it is necessary to engage places at the tables weeks ahead. It is here that one sees the array of perfect toilettes, of marvellous coiffures, and the extremes in styles.

MRS. HARPER C. MAYBEE.

Christmas in the Philippines

JUST as our American boys and girls are jumping out of bed at six o'clock in the morning on Christmas day, the children of the Philippines are getting ready to be tucked away in their bamboo beds after the day is over. Almost half way around the earth live these people of the brown race. The same joys of Christmastide that make the world bigger and sweeter for you and me, enoble the lives of these people so far away. The same impulses that quicken them quicken us. They are only another people of a different clime, but people of the great human race of which we and they should stand as civilized representatives before the world. The spirit of patriotism, of loyalty, of honor, of chivalry, of generosity, of kindness, of self-sacrifice, and of brotherly love is in their hearts and minds no less than in ours. The low, selfish desires and motives are there; but they are not strangers to us. With a people not essentially different from ourselves in thoughts and feelings, we should expect to find
among them customs of Christmas time not unlike our own. And this is largely the case. Their forms of celebration are somewhat different from ours, but the differences are due to the institutions of two people that control the child's training—the home, church, and the school.

The Yule-tide period in the greater part of the Philippines is preceded by certain religious ceremonies covering a period of many days. Every Christian native participates in these religious rites, so that all are prepared in heart for the day of Nativity. Aside from the religious activities of the people, there are many more or less worldly evidences that Christmas time has come. Among these I might mention one. It is the custom of the "Christmas gift" seekers. These Minne-sanger of the Philippines, such a nuisance at times, start out to give a chance to all to make real their spirit of generosity and brotherly love. They travel in units of from one to a dozen, using all the known means to arouse the Christmas spirit and to encourage the giving of alms. A very frequent sight is that of large troupes of native musicians traveling from house to house, playing for a shorter or longer time, according to the social status of the family visited and the anticipated pecuniary returns. The annoying part if it is that these singers with their Troubadour-like songs visit some homes not once but many times till the custom becomes exceedingly monotonous, and the host, if he is an American, exceedingly perplexed. Almost every form of musical instrument is rescued from its annual hiding place to do service at Christmas tide. These instruments run all the way from a good violin of European manufacture to one made from a half cocoanut shell strung with hemp fibre. There are chords of all kinds, and in harmony with modern music, a generous accompaniment of discords. These musical troupes render many of the favorite love ballads with considerably more zest than skill. From far and near they come. Not alone do the home talent visit their neighbors, but the night and remote towns are well represented among the nomadic bands. They travel for as many as twenty-five miles from their native heath. Of course, this begging is not confined to Christmas day alone. It continues for a week at least, and the very generous seem to be recipients of these musical visitors long after the old year has passed away. It might be said that Americans particularly are sought out for their "mucho dinero," or "daghan sapi" (much money). Far from the home folks and the home land, the average American is probably more free with his money than usual, and they are accused by our English brethren of raising the price of all commodities among the peoples of the Orient.

With all the annoyance of the traveling singers, there is a beautiful spirit of giving among the natives. Each gives according to his station in life. While the spirit may be all that accompanies the insignificant trifle, yet it is prompted by just as deep and sincere a feeling as that which goes with the most priceless gift from prince to princess. IT IS THE SPIRIT of the gift and not the gift that counts.

One glorious Christmas morning as I stood gazing far across the water to the folks at home, thinking of my friends there and offering up a silent prayer for their joy and safety, a little child of the brown race ran up to me and thrusting into my hand something soft and wrapped in a leaf, said in his own patois, "Here, teacher, is a present for you," and ran rapidly down the street, waiting for nothing in return. It was only a piece of fruit—a banana—but a great big spirit overshadowed it all. It came from the heart, the Christlike spirit had answered my prayer from across the water. Truly "Kind hearts are more than coro-nets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

To Americans Christmas in the Philippines is a time of reunion, and especially was this so among the teachers in the early days. House parties, purely of the stag variety, were planned long before the advent of Christmas. These parties would last for
probably a week and the time not devoted to eating and sleeping, was spent in the chase. Trips were taken into the interior of the island, or provinces, in search of game, usually ducks, or wild fowl of other varieties. Since the weather at this time of the year was always favorable to travel, trips often extended over two or three days. A supply of food was carried along, and Mother Earth furnished the only downy couch and the blue sky above the only blanket when the shades of night crept over the weary travelers. The Southern Cross, instead of the North Star, guided the wanderers by night.

One Christmas I stood by the monument which marks the spot where the great Magellan, he whose crew first circumnavigated the globe, gave up his life in deadly conflict in a racial war on the island of Mactan. Thoughts of the long past flooded my mind as I stood there meditating on the penalty man pays for the spread of civilization.

Three Christmas days I spent in the Philippines. Each one in retrospect, as I rapidly write tonight, brings to me happy thoughts of joyful times. The intervening years have erased from memory all that is not sweet to dwell upon,—happy faculty of the mind that obliterates the sorrows of life and stamps ineffaceable thereon the thoughts that bring us joy!

May each succeeding Christmas-tide leave us with thoughts and ideals that are glorious and lift us a little nearer to the divine spirit that "guides our paths aright."

NORMAN W. CAMERON.

Priscilla Mather's First Christmas at College

IT WAS the first Tuesday in December, and the members of the "Blue Circle" were having a mixture of tea and gossip in Meta Horton's room. As this was the last meeting before the Christmas vacation, every one was talking at once, and there was confusion everywhere. When, in one of those hushes which seem to come in all such gatherings, Gladys Detton threw out the remark that it seemed rather queer for a girl to dislike going home for Christmas, to which Meta replied by allowing that it wasn't queer at all, if you knew the history of Priscilla's life. No sooner had she said this, than the girls literally pounced upon her and urged and cajoled until they persuaded her to tell the story of Priscilla's history.

"In the first place," began Meta, "I suppose you all know that Prissie is a descendant of that same puritanical Cotton Mather who wrote those dreadful essays which we have to consume. Then she has a maiden aunt and father at home who are just as bad as I can imagine Cotton himself to have been. The only human trait that I have been able to detect in either of them is their consent to let Prissie come way down here to school in Virginia, instead of sticking her in some strictly puritanical New England seminary.

"Her home is one which would, at first, appeal to you and me, but I know that we would become so tired of seeing everything just so, and prayers six times a day, and many other things that Prissie's people insist upon, that we would long for the wings of a bird to fly far away from such an environment. Of course it would seem worse to us than to Prissie, because she had never lived as we do, but it was bad enough for her, and so I coaxed her father to let her attend Beresford with me and after many obstacles were overcome, the aunt being the worst, he grudgingly consented to let Prissie come, on condition that my Uncle Horton keep her under a strict surveillance.

"Why, girls, you can't even imagine what Prissie was like before she came here. Now her eyes sparkle with pleasure and her manners are free and easy because she knows that she will
not be criticized for every little thing she does. Why, I don't believe that I ever heard Prissie really laugh before she came to Beresford. So you can imagine how much pleasanter it would be for her to come to us for Christmas rather than return home, but there seems no way out of it. Her father insists that she come, and neither my father, mother, Peter, nor I can move him to change his mind. But Great Caesar's Ghost! don't sit there like mummies, somebody do something or say something. Don't you hear her running up the steps?"

Thus, in spite of the sudden break in the story, every girl rallied to the cause, and a moment later when Prissie, bright-eyed and rosy from running, burst into the room, it sounded like a hive of bees instead of a gathering of Freshman ladies of Beresford College.

"Oh, I've done it! I've done it!" cried Prissie.

"Done what?" interrogated Meta.

"I can't go home," crowed Prissie between breaths.

"Can't go home? Why, I thought you had to go home? Now, Priscilla Mather, you stop such nonsense and tell me what you're raving about," demanded Meta.

"Well, it's this way," began Prissie, quieting down and taking a deep breath: "You know I'm 'way behind in my outside reading for English Lit., and Miss Hastings sadly informed me that I couldn't go home for Christmas vacation, but that I would have to stay and make it up. When she said that, I nearly screamed for joy, but I managed to restrain my emotions, and, with a very resigned air, asked her if she would write a note to my father, explaining to him why I could not come. She very kindly consented and excused me to come to the meeting. She said that I could go to your home on the day before Christmas and stay through for New Years, because it is so near that I can easily cover the distance."

As she finished speaking, the girls burst out with one accord with congratulations, and Prissie declared that it was just like having a birthday party.

"And I'm so glad, girls, that I simply must get out of doors or I'll suffocate, and I'm sure that you've all been here long enough to enjoy a walk on such a grand day. It's just like autumn here, and at home everything is cold and frozen up and probably buried in snow."

It was twelve o'clock at night, and Christmas was fast on the wane, but Prissie had enjoyed more pleasures than she had ever dreamed there were. Before breakfast she had gone with Peter for a canter, and who wouldn't enjoy herself on a bright, crisp morning with a good horse to ride on, and Peter to talk with! Why, Peter alone was enough. Peter was a Yale man and had played on the football squad, and could talk, as only a Yale football man can talk. At least, so thought Prissie. When they returned home from the ride, they had sat down to such a breakfast, as only the Southerners know how to prepare, and then every one made a wild scramble to hunt for presents, which were tucked about in odd corners of the house. Then, when they had looked until they were tired of looking, Aunt Eva had told them where the unfound ones were, and Uncle Horton had taken them out on the big veranda to hear him give the accustomed Christmas speech to the negroes, who were all assembled. After the speech he had presented each one with a gift, and how appreciative and demonstrative they were! It was a pleasure to see their delight.

Then came the dance, and here, Priscilla stopped in her reminiscence, the pleasure had been so great that it caused her pain to recall it. Every one had been so kind and generous. She had danced every dance; she never thought that she could look so well as she did in that wonderful creation of lace which her aunt had given her for her Christmas gift. It was worth while to have gone without a party gown all these years to have such a wonderful and gorgeous one for the first. The Southern men, too, were so courteous and gallant, and especially
Peter. Here again, Priscilla halted, and this time her thoughts wandered from the events of the day to Peter. And there we will leave her, musing, until she realizes that it is nearly daylight, and betakes herself to bed.

FLORENCE PRICE, '16.

CHAPTER II.

A little more than a year had flown by, and the “Blue Circle” was again assembled in Meta Horton’s room.

“Girls,” cried Meta in desperation, pounding on the table with an improvised gavel, “please don’t all talk at once. We’re just dying to hear all about your vacation—but Prissie has the floor first because—oh, well, you just wait!”

“Oh, tell us, Prissie, tell us!” cried the girls breathlessly.

Priscilla Mather, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling with fun, was pulled from the lounge covered with girls and pillows in wild confusion. “Well, you know, I had such a glorious time I really don’t know where to begin. Oh, Meta, wasn’t it just heaps of fun, though?”

“Fun? Where? What did Meta have to do with it.”

“She had lots to do with it, and Peter, too!” This seemed convincing, for Peter was a football man, you know.

“Oh, Prissie, do hurry up. Can’t you see we’re just aching to know about Peter especially. You know it was just your straight-laced conscience that made you go home at all, when every one of us would have been tickled to death to have taken you with us. Tell us, was your aunt rejuvenated?”

“That’s just where the fun comes in. She wasn’t rejuvenated at all. Well, if you must know, I reached home safely. Father and aunt were there to meet me; and do you know, I was really glad I had come, for they looked just a little bit lonesome. But still that week and a half stretched out ‘most as long as a month.”

“But, Prissie, that isn’t the wonderful part, do tell us what has happened,” cried Gladys Delton.

“Now,” said Priscilla, in affected disdain, “can’t you see I am working up to a climax? Why do you suppose I labored with Composition all these months if it wasn’t to keep you suffering with suspense?”

“Well, to resume my weighty narrative, I spent the two days before Christmas being examined through critical eyes. Father discussed all the terrible subjects that have ever been created with me, or rather at me, for I sat by and looked wise, except when once in a while I would make a grievous slip and could see aunt out of the corner of my eye with a ‘didn’t I tell you so’ expression on her face. But then I saved my reputation by bringing forth that most undigestible essay by Cotton Mather, which I had stuck into my valise as an after-thought.

“Where am I now? Oh, yes,” with an oratorical attitude, “Christmas morning dawned clear and crispy.”

“Yes, go on,” breathed the girls, feeling that the crucial moment was at hand.

“And the same things happened that have ever since I can remember. Father took my hand and said, ‘I wish thee a very happy Christmas, Priscilla, my daughter.’ Then aunt planted her staid Christmas kiss on my cheek. You know, all the time I just felt like throwing my arms around something, I didn’t care what, and crying, ‘Merry Christmas!’ at the top of my voice. But, of course, I didn’t, for it would have been utterly shocking. Say, do you know, girls, I believe father and aunt miss just lots of life’s good things. It seems to me that if God intended our faces to be long at all, they were to be long east and west, instead of north and south.

“But I am getting there now. Just after breakfast the telephone bell rang merrily. Honestly, it was the only thing I had heard that morning that seemed to have the Christmas spirit at all. Aunt answered its call supposing, I imagine, to hear some one wish us a Merry Christmas, and to return the greeting very sedately. But instead, I heard two or three smothered exclamations of—well, they sounded to me like joy, but after a
long pause she said, ‘Priscilla is at home now, and I can't leave her, but it is my duty, therefore, Mr. Mather and I will come on the next train.’

‘I just had to squeeze myself to keep from crying, ‘On the train? Where? For how long?’ But I said as calmly as possible under the circumstances, ‘What has happened, Aunt?’”

‘Your father's and my brother, Ebenezer, who has been in California ever since we were children, is coming back to our old home at Shelbyville to stay until after New Year, and I feel it our duty—’

‘Uncle Ben! Oh, I'm so glad. It will be such fun for you and father. And for a whole week, too!’ I cried, dancing about the room, too full to hold in any longer.

‘Priscilla Mather,’ exclaimed Aunt in horror, ‘remember you are a young lady, not a child. And I consider it a stern duty, not a pleasure, to go, for I shall be just worried for fear you have done something unladylike. But I shall leave you enough to do to keep you busy.’

‘Girls, I could scarcely believe it, but in two hours they were off. Of course, most of that time was spent in giving me stern and fixed instructions, and as the train was pulling out, Aunt stuck her head out of the window and said, ’Priscilla, whatever you do, don't forget that you're the granddaughter of Cotton Mather!’

“I didn't forget it, either, for there I was, Priscilla Mather, all alone for a whole week, with no one to tell me that it wasn't ladylike to sing when I felt happy and to do a thousand other things I liked to do.”

“But, Priscilla, you didn't stay all alone, did you?” asked Mildred with a puzzled air. “Who stayed with you?”

“Why, Meta did, of course!”

“Meta?” cried the girls. “Why, Meta lives in Virginia, and you 'way up in New England!”

“Oh, mercy me, Meta, didn't you tell them about that?”

“Why, of course not, Prissie, you were to tell it all, you know.”

“Well, then, Meta’s grandmother lives in the same town that I do, and she and Peter came up to spend the holidays with her.”

“But, goodness sakes, Prissie, why did your aunt choose Meta Horton, of all people, to rule you with an iron hand?”

“It wasn't dear old Aunt's fault that Meta was awarded that honor. She had chosen Matilda Gibbs, a spinster, who never looks any place but down her nose, but fortunately, for me I mean, she was tied up with rheumatism, so in desperation Aunt called on Meta, though she said she wouldn't sleep a wink for worry.”

“Wasn't that just glorious! But what did you do? You can depend on you and Meta Horton to have a good time.”

“Well, first, we had a jubilee meeting, and say, I'm glad Aunt wasn't near, for the din would have shocked her modest ears. Then we planned our campaign. Of course we invited Peter to join our grand triumvirate, for he has such fine ideas.

“We decided that we'd carry out our very own thoughts about Christmas. This is what we did: There is a poor family with twelve children near us who scarcely know what Christmas means. Well, Meta, Peter and I invited every last child and child of them to my house for dinner the next day. Of course it was a day late, but they hardly knew the difference. And with the help of Meta's grandmother, I'll tell you we had a real Christmas dinner.

“We made Peter cut down a Christmas tree, although he thought it was all foolishness, for they never have Christmas trees in Virginia. We strung pop corn, cranberries and, well, you know the trimmings that go with Christmas.

“And finally, Peter was Santa Claus, all bedecked in our red flannel blanket and a multitude of pillows. And a jolly one he made, too. But he made one terrible slip, when he said that his prancing steeds and golden wheeled chariot were waiting at the door, when every one knows that Santa Claus always travels in a sleigh drawn by reindeer.”

Here the girls could hold in no
longer, but broke forth in a wild medley of questions.

"Oh," cried Priscilla, when she could be heard at all, "let's get our skates and go to the pond. I'm just all out of wind. We'll save the rest of the good times until later, for they'll last a month."

"First," broke in Meta, "three cheers for Prissie's Uncle Ebenezer for his timely appearance, and three for Cotton Mather himself."

CARRIE WIESE MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER III.

THE THIRD CHRISTMAS AT COLLEGE.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 30, 19—

Dear Old Blue Circle:

Every one of you know that I just hated to leave you to go to Smith, even though Aunt couldn't think of letting me go back south to all of you, but had to have me here in Massachusetts so she could keep her eye on me and see that I didn't adopt any "picks." But do you know, as much as I hate to give in, Smith isn't such a bad place after all. Madge, who, you know, is my roommate, and after the Blue Circle the best friend yet, asked me to come home with her at Christmas, and never dreaming that such a thing would be considered, I wrote home, and wonder of wonders, Aunt, who really quite fell in love with Madge at Thanksgiving because she insisted upon going to church through all the snow, said that I might go. So here I am in Chicago—that place of all places we've always spoken of in subdued whispers as the great unexplored, and as far as I've seen it isn't much worse than our staid old "Hub," and do you know you'd never guess the stock yards were here.

But to tell you about our Christmas fund, as I promised, let me start at the beginning. The Sunday before we go home things really begin to seem like Christmas. At five o'clock we have "organ vespers," so-called because it is almost all music. Our big assembly hall was just packed with both town and college people. After a very short Christmas talk by the dear old man who was president until a few years ago, the lights were all turned out except one large reflected one 'way up in the ceiling. The organist started playing some of the old familiar carols and after that, just when in the mood for it, he improvised for the longest kind of a time. Not a sound did you hear until all of a sudden the lights went on and it was all over.

The next day was the day we were to get our tickets. Weeks before I had seen signs posted in the note room announcing that special trains would be run as usual, but then I was one of the uninitiated. Now that I am one of those who know, let me tell you how they manage it. Instead of each girl going to the station and ordering her own ticket, the railroad company sends a man to college and he assists a student to sell all the tickets right there in the note room. You go to that girl and give her your money and tell her where you are going and she does all the rest, berth and all. The only other thing you have to do is go and get your ticket from her. Then another funny thing is that you don't have to go down to the station and check your trunks. The same girl orders your trunk checks and then the men come up and check the trunks of everyone in the house, and all there is to do is carry a bag or something down with you to which they can tie your check, for I guess the law demands that they tie it to something.

Tuesday night is the night everyone goes to sing carols to the president and the other members of the faculty. And do you know, the president asked us all in to see Jane, who is a prospective one-of-us. After we sang to the president we went to the old president's house and sang to him, and later to some of the other faculty's houses. They all said such nice things to us that we felt that it paid to do it.

Wednesday morning the trunks were all packed and we turned the keys and saw them go away. And do you know, when I came down to go to chapel there was a most interesting looking box for me? Of course, I had
sent flowers to Madge, but to think of her remembering me. Strange to say, I didn't refuse to wear them and off we two went to chapel, for it was our week-date day. You don't know what that is? Why, it just means that we go to chapel every week together on the same day. Well, off we started and it was the queerest thing, you wouldn't know half the people you met, for everyone was so "fussed up." We were all so used to seeing each other in Peter Thoms that we'd forgotten that wasn't the conventional thing to wear in the outer world.

And to have seen the flowers! Do you know, I didn't think there were so many in all Flowerland. Chapel would have reminded you of one great big old-fashioned flower garden. The president, of course, wished us all sorts of good times and a fine return for exam time comes so soon after Christmas, and then off we went to classes.

Our train was to leave at twelve-twenty, and that morning the hands of the clock just wouldn't move. We sat and wiggled all through the eleven o'clock Bible class and finally the man let us go, five minutes late. That extra five he gave as good Christmas measure, I suppose.

Then we were off, fifteen hundred of us, trying to see who would get there first. I never noticed the crowd until we reached the station, and I never hope to be in anything more like a stampede. Everyone seemed to be saying good-bye to everyone else, and the others were trying to find the trains they should take, for, you see, there were ten specials leaving within half an hour. Eventually we managed to find our train and a few minutes later it started to move. Then we were off in real earnest. It was a lot of fun going through the train and finding people you didn't know were there, and we had the time of our lives. But the most fun of all was the fact that we didn't have to be a bit careful for fear someone would talk, for we were all alone.

About noon the next day we reached here. Madge's mother and father met us and ever since we haven't been still a minute during the day. Madge has the nicest brother, just a wee bit older than we are, and he has been unusually nice to us. Men out of college are really very interesting, too, you know, and I've begun to wonder if perhaps I wasn't a bit hasty in asking Peter to prom. Oh, well, perhaps he will have used all his cuts before May and then I can repay some of Tom's little attentions to me.

I would most awfully like to be back with you all tonight and hear about your Christmases. For even though she's not with you, there's one girl who longs most awfully to be with you, and that's Your

PRISSY.

WINIFRED McQUIGG.

CHAPTER IV.

PRISCILLA MATHER'S LAST COLLEGE CHRISTMAS.

It is three weeks after Christmas and Priscilla sits before her open desk, with pen in hand. She is preparing to write her "after-Christmas" letter to the old "Blue Circle" girls at Beresford.

Before proceeding, however, she carefully picks up a much worn book with a battered leather cover, which has fallen carelessly to the floor, and thumbs its pages caressingly. This is her old and much-treasured diary, kept faithfully through all her college days and the trusted confidant of her innermost heart.

A tender smile lights up her face as she opens it to the last few entries, and we, graciously privileged a peep, read with her:

Dec. 24. "It can't be possible that I have neglected you for a whole week, and yet the last entry certainly says Dec. 17. But, oh, how much has happened in that one week! I can't quite realize yet that I am here on Uncle Ben's ranch in California. But it surely is true and the Uncle Ben, heretofore a name only, has at last materialized. I was so afraid father would not accept his invitation to spend Christmas here, but my fears were needless. He appeared glad to come and both he and Aunt seem a little
warmer-hearted and more affectionate, since we are here. Perhaps, though, it is the influence of Uncle Ben. It is hard to believe he is their own brother, he is so jolly and kind; not at all cold and reserved, as they are. I love him very much already, and I feel we shall become great chums before I go back. It is getting late, but I must mention this cozy little bungalow. Uncle Ben planned every part of it himself and it is beautiful and finished in every detail. He had this room fitted up especially for me and it is officially known as "Prissie's Room." for that is what Uncle Ben began calling me, much to Aunt's horror, father's amazement, and my own delight. I haven't time to describe it in detail, but the whole room is a beautiful blending of soft rose-pink and cream. It is a veritable rose nest, for there are roses everywhere about the room, many of which I gathered myself in the garden this very morning. To think of picking roses the day before Christmas! The country is so beautiful and everyone here is so kind and friendly, I think I have never been so happy in my life. It has been an exciting Christmas eve, but a very strange one, because there is no snow. But it is midnight now and I must go to bed so I can be the first one up in the morning to wish Uncle Ben a "Merry Christmas."

Dec. 25, "What a wonderfully happy Christmas this has been! One long day of joyful surprises! I was up good and early, thinking to forestall the others, but Uncle Ben was there before me. He suggested a ride before breakfast and the distribution of the presents, to which I gladly assented. He brought the horses himself, smilingly leading a proudly-stepping, sleek, black horse, and presented him to me for my very own, as a Christmas gift from him. I nearly cried for joy and thanked him in a way I had never dared thank either father or aunt, by throwing my arms around him and hugging him tight. The first thought I had, when I saw my new pet with the spirited toss of his head and his whole proud bearing, was, 'What a beauty!' 'Beauty,' therefore, is his name from henceforth, and a very fitting name it is, too. Uncle Ben calls him 'Black Beauty,' but I don't like that as well.

"Aunt and Father thought the horse was a fine animal, also, but the former had some doubts as to the propriety of such a gift. Uncle Ben overruled all her prejudices, however, by the statement that all western girls rode horse-back and he wanted me to learn to ride with their ease and grace. Deep in her heart I know she approved, for her own present to me confirmed my suspicion that this was not the first conversation that she and Uncle Ben had had on the subject. Her gift was a beautiful black velvet riding-habit, such as I have often dreamed of but never thought of possessing. Her morning kiss was almost motherly, and father, too, for the first time in my life, laid aside his formal Christmas greeting and really, quite joyously for him, gave me the warmest wishes of the season. The wonderful set of sable furs which has been the object of my envy for the past few weeks, whenever I passed the store window in which it was exhibited, is now my own, thanks to his love and generosity.

"A letter from Peter Horton reached me this morning, 'way out here. A picture of a beautiful bungalow accompanied it, with a request for my opinion of it. If I liked it, he would tell me more about it, as soon as I got back to Smith, as he would be in Massachusetts soon after the holidays. He also reminded me that this is my last college Christmas and to enjoy it with my whole soul. I think I have obeyed him in that, at least. However, I hate to remember that this year ends my college days, for they have been very happy ones for me. Dear old Peter! I can't pretend to misunderstand the meaning of his letter, and if the truth must be told, I am more than favorably impressed with the bungalow, as pictured. This has been a long, exciting day, and now that it is all over, I find that I am very tired, so I must end the last account of Christmas that shall go into this journal. There are just about enough pages left to last until June, if I use
Aunt Julia, how many days before Christmas?”

“Only one more, Bob, after today. Tomorrow evening we’ll arrive at the station. Uncle Dick will be there to meet us with one of Grandfather’s large sleighs and two horses, and then, in just a little while, we shall be at Grandmother’s.”

“There’ll be lots of bells on our horses, won’t there, Aunt Julia, and I can sit on the seat with Uncle Dick, can’t I?”

“You surely may, Bob. I know Uncle Dick will want you to help him drive.”

“I’ll hold the whip, shall I, Aunt Juddy?”

“Yes, sir, Paul is going to hold the whip, so he can tickle the horses’ backs if they won’t go fast enough. But just think how glad Grandmother and Grandfather Morris will be to see you. It will be dark when we get home, so after we have hung our stockings before the fire-place, we’ll go right to bed, and then when we wake—?”

Up to this time Bobby had been jumping up and down, all ears to what was being said. Now he interrupted with a little joyful shriek: “It’ll be Christmas day. Santa Claus will have been there, and Uncle Dick, and Grandma, and Grandpa, and lots of other folks will be there, too. Oh, Paully, you and me’ll have a lot of fun!”

This bit of conversation took place in a Pullman car, running from St. Ignace to Marquette. Aunt Juddy, or Julia Morris, was twenty-one years old. Her auburn hair was piled high on the top of her head. Playful brown eyes sparkled with fun, as she told the two little fellows about the good times in store for them.

Paul was a rolly, poley little chap of about three, with gray eyes, which came near popping out every time Aunt Juddy told him stories.

Bob, a little more than five, was, in his own estimation, a father to Paul. To both boys, there was no one on earth, beside Mother and Dad, quite as nice as Aunt Julia. Bob declared, “Aunt Juddy ain’t like other girls. She’ll play jail and conductor and get on the floor with us and play horse just like Dad will.”

“Now, kiddies, let’s go and have our beds made up and then we’ll go to sleep and that will make Christmas come all the sooner.”

An hour later Miss Morris, a wee bit tired of amusing two lively nephews, from eight in the morning until seven in the evening, returned to her chair to read.

It had been snowing heavily all day. The drifts were piled high in the fields and across the tracks. At times the windows were so drifted with snow it was impossible to look out upon the light, feathery world. Indeed, it would be an ideal Christmas for all who were comfortably settled at home. As for others—the snow fell heavier and heavier, and the drifts covered the tracks for miles. Not even an engine could plow its way through. It was about nine o’clock when the train came to a dead standstill, and it was reported that they would have to remain until morning.

When this news reached Julia, her troubles began. That would make the train ten hours late. Dick would be at the station tomorrow evening to meet them, and if they didn’t come, he would be worried, think, perhaps. George was worse and would not let the children come. That would be
bad enough, but then there were the boys. Poor dears, how awful for them not to get to Grandmother's before the Christmas dinner. But then, if the train never came in, Dick would know they had been stalled. As for the children, she would make the best of it and they would be all right. Looking on the bright side of the situation, Julia took a last peep at the sleeping youngsters, and then she, too, let the December winds lull her to sleep.

All the next day the train was stalled in the snow storm. Angry passengers pouted and scolded. The men tried to dig out the wheels, but seeing how foolish their attempts were, returned to their irritated wives and fussy children, to tell them there was no earthly use in fussing and sobbing because they were stuck and not likely to make any headway until the snow stopped falling, at least.

Julia had worked hard that day keeping up the boys' courage, telling them stories and playing such games as were permissible in a parlor car. But that Christmas eve, after she had helped the little fellows pin their limp stockings to the curtains of their berth, and had assured them she thought Santa would be able to get through the storm, because he had a great many reindeer and they were used to plowing through the drifts, she sank heavily into her chair. Try as hard as she would, the effort seemed in vain, for a few great, large tears splashed on the pages of her book.

Mr. Lamb, a traveling man, who occupied the seat directly opposite Miss Morris, noticed this. He had been greatly interested in the pretty girl and her management of the two youngsters bubbling over with life. Now that he was given an opportunity, he crossed, took the chair beside her, and spoke gently:

"I beg your pardon for intruding, but living so near you for two days, I couldn't help but overhear parts of your conversations with the two little fellows. I confess, I have been more than interested in your Christmas party, almost wishing I could hide under the seat of Uncle Dick's sleigh and go along with you. When I saw you cr—well—a—when I knew there was something worrying you, I—couldn't stand it and guessed it was about this Christmas party which you are afraid you can't have."

Julia, mopping her eyes, wished with all her heart that this good-looking man had stayed where he belonged and not seen her cry. The harder she wished, the faster the tears came.

"Y-e-s, the de—ar little things will be so dis-a-ppoin-ted. I sim-ply can-not tell them we won't be home on Christmas day. I've said all I could this morning and now to have them wake up tomorrow and see we are still in the same old place. Oh, what made me ever take them from home?" Now the tears came in torrents and it was fully ten minutes before Mr. Lamb quieted the little, excited girl enough to discuss the situation.

"Now look here, you can tell the boys that Christmas isn't until the next day, then you will be able to carry out your plans, and they never need know the difference."

"Oh, no, but I can't, because they hung their stockings up just an hour ago and fell asleep saying, 'Tomorrow is Christmas and we'll be at Grandma's.' No, there isn't a single thing to do, and I can't bear to have the poor little things disappointed again."

The young traveling man looked hard into Julia's blurred eyes. "Of course they can't, but let me suggest something we might do. Every person in this coach is going to miss some Christmas party or event toward which they have looked forward just exactly as much as Paul and Bob have to theirs. Now, what's the earthly use of spoiling the day? Why can't we have a party here in the car? I have a lot of samples in my cases which will be fine substitutes for gifts? Perhaps some of the passengers have gifts with them. We can buy all the sweets necessary on the train. Maybe I shall be able to rig up some clothes from different ones in the car that will make me look a little like old Santa himself."

"Oh, if we only could. Wouldn't it be fun? I'm sure we should have a good time, and really, if we can man-
age it, it will give the boys a double Christmas, one on the train, and one at home. I have lots of things we can use. You see, my sister’s husband, the boys’ father, is ill, so I am taking the boys home with me where they may play and ‘cut up’ to their hearts’ content. While in St. Ignace I bought a box of Christmas decorations, and I have the boys’ toys with me, too. If you will really be a Santa, I have a bright red shawl to wrap Paul in on our drive home, which may be used for your suit."

They talked and argued about the plan for some time, and it was decided that better results might be accomplished by the co-operation of all the passengers in the coach. The news of the Christmas party spread like fire. Every one was excited and eager to take part. Paul and Bob were not the only children in the coach. There were three others whose parents were as anxious for the party as Julia Morris. One very obliging young girl even allowed her mother to rip the white marabou from her Christmas dancing dress to be used on the red cashmere shawl which Julia made into a Santa suit for the traveling man.

It was midnight before the occupants of the Pullman had quieted. Just before Julia went to her berth, she filled the stockings pinned to her curtain. Kissing the little heads, she whispered, “You will have your Christmas after all,” and then tiptoed off to bed.

Christmas morning proved to be a very excited and beautiful one for the passengers. There was so much hustling and bustling that scarcely any one knew the snow had stopped falling, and the sun made the drifts and fields glisten and sparkle in iridescent hues. The train force had started the task of digging out the engine and wheels which were nearly half buried under the soft blanket. The boys, excited over the stockings they had found in the morning, were busily chatting and playing with the other three youngsters in the coach. Older ones were hurrying from the parlor car into the dining car, which, through a great deal of arguing and bribing, the men had secured for the room in which the party was to be given. Others were draping Julia’s tinsel in the windows and along the walls. Some made bags for candy.

It was surprising the amount of material they collected from just the passengers in their own car. Not one person neglected donating a few gifts to be given to the children. Of course, there could be no tree, since it was impossible to even get anything that looked like an evergreen. Julia and the traveling man, however, arranged the curiously shaped parcels into a huge pyramid in the center of one of the dining tables. They bound the legs with tinsel and decorated the cloth with bright paper.

About four o’clock that afternoon the decorations were completed. Mr. Lamb was dressed in his creation of red cashmere and white marabou, ready to take old Santa’s place. The guests formed a circle around the table and the distributing of gifts began. There were not only gifts for the children, but for every member of the party. To be sure, some were useless, but would always serve as a reminder of the Christmas party on the Pullman. There were songs and games, exactly as they would have had at home. A white-haired little lady told the story of the manger baby as sweetly and beautifully as it had ever been told. Some of the men travelers told of other Christmases which they had spent on a train, without once having the name of Christmas mentioned.

This small affair made a deep impression on the grown members, and the children could never forget it though they lived to enjoy many Christmas parties of various kinds.

The dining car had been deserted except for the make-believe Santa and Aunt Judd. They glanced around them. The floor was littered with papers, strings, and ribbons. The huge pyramid had been broken down and the gifts divided. The whole scene portrayed that the passengers had experienced an enjoyable time.

“Oh! wasn’t it the grandest party? I never dreamed we could ever have
collected so many, many things from so few people. Were't they congenial? Why, I don't believe I know the names of more than four of the guests, and it seemed as though every one was an old friend. Oh—why—why, Santa, you forgot to tell me your name, and here I have known you for so long!"

The couple had gone out to the platform between the two cars. Neither of them noticed that the train, which had been quiet for two days, was now going full speed toward Marquette. A brisk wind blew loose strands of hair across Julia's flushed face.

"Almost three whole days. My, it seems a lifetime! But really, Aunt Juddy, this is the first time you have asked to know my name. As for me,—I never care to know you as anything but Aunt Juddy. However, there is one person whom I should like to know and meet, and that is—Bobby's grandfather."

HILDRED H. OLMAN.

A Standard in Writing

THE argument is often brought up that if persons try to improve their handwriting they will fail to show their character in that which they write. This argument is false. Moreover, writing is no place in which to show your individuality, at least intentionally. It creeps in without the asking. To write well does not mean that one must throw away individuality. To practice from a model copy does not mean that you must imitate that copy in all details in your daily work. To learn the essentials and to acquire that which is universal in all handwriting is all that is necessary.

Individuality can be shown as well in good writing as in poor writing, as well in carefully executed penmanship as in the scribble. It can be shown through slant, angularity, compactness, size of writing, and by a combination of these characteristics in many and varied ways.

Some expressions of character ought to be covered up and it is by no means a crime to work a little deception by concealing your failings by learning to write well.

Writing has been tampered with by people who have had ideas about the subject, by people who have known something about it, and by those who have known nothing about the art whatever. It has been compelled to submit to school boards and to book concerns and consequently we have what we have. People have been exposed to these different phases of the penmanship question and the handwriting they produce they call the sign of their character. This kind of character is simply lack of character, and as far as individuality is concerned, one might call it a hodgepodge.

The opposite to individuality and character in writing is standardization in the same. The more universal an idea or matter is, the more difficult it is to standardize it. It is well for us, however, that most things universal can not be made to fit a set rule, but in the case of writing it is almost a curse that no standard is found. Writing, though universal in its application, and a universal means of expression, can be standardized, provided a reasonable and flexible enough standard be set, and provided teachers will be taught so that they know what to teach.

The educational authorities of Michigan have realized the need of such a standard and the lack of knowledge and instruction in writing, and in order to improve it the instructors in the several Normal schools have been asked to work out a standard by which teachers may teach, pupils may learn, and by which teachers and people in general may judge.

H. P. GREENWALD
Christmas at the Normal. Our Christmas good-time in Western State Normal, on the last day of school before the holidays, is a custom which seems to have come to stay. This year we had planned to eliminate it because of the many events which have broken into regular school work, but we found so much disappointment that we realized the custom is too beautiful to relinquish. A recent writer says of "The Bowl" (the new Yale stadium seating 60,000 people): "A factor like this coming into academic affairs must have a democratizing effect and as such be welcome. The university man will seldom be harmed and often be benefited by seeing and knowing men en masse, whatever may be the motive of their assemblage. At a time when he is prone to be egotistic and bookish spectacular proof of the existence of other folk ** will scarcely come amiss." This same demoralizing effect in our school we get in our Christmas gathering as at no other time. May the custom long live!

This year our good-time is to come from a very simple preparation. The main part will be a children's Christmas play, presented by Training School children under the direction of Miss Spindler. Miss Frost has charge of the dancing, and the gymnasium girls will present two folk-dances used at Christmas often in England, "Green Sleeves" and "The Jesters," also a dance, "Teddy Bears and Dolls," to please particularly the children. Mr. Mayhe will have charge of orchestral music and carolling, and we expect to use carols which the children all know so that at least in carolling we can all participate, young and old—however, the term "old" is almost unpardonable in our Christmas festival, for some of our faculty in the past have been with the youngest in spirit.

Those who cannot sing can at least
look "Christmassy," for we expect to have on sale in the half a great amount of holly. This holly will be ordered by Dr. Epler from the South and will help the need there in a little community which she has recently described to us. So, the price we pay for our holly will help social work in the South and the holly will help us and our halls to take on a holiday appearance.

We hope when, at the close of the little play, the Santa Claus asks us if we believe in him, we shall have the play spirit so fully that there will not be a dissenting voice. And may it be said of every one of us, as it was of Scrooge after his Christmas conversion, that we know how to keep Christmas well if anyone alive possesses that knowledge.

ELVA FORNCROOK.

Christmas and the War.

We must acknowledge that the above title does not sound well, its two leading words do not sound right, linked thus together; and yet we fear that Christmas and the war must soon be associated in point of time, to the everlasting shame of the "Christian" governments that have brought on this greatest tragedy of the ages. Already there are more than a million reported dead, wounded, and missing, and Europe is still trembling in terror under the roar of the guns of twelve millions of soldiers.

Christmas suggests peace, it is the birthday of "The Prince of Peace." It betokens friendliness, good cheer, well-wishing, love, and forbearance. The term war, offensive war, means lack of respect for the rights of others, disregard for the value of human life. Christmas carols and its sweet chimes of merry bells are not at all in attune with the booming of cannons, the screaming of shells and bullets, the battle-call of bugles and drum-beats, the war songs of men rushing to the front.

It is probable that somewhere among the eleven nations already involved in this almost war-mad world there will be fighting on this very approaching Christmas day. The supreme inconsistency of such an un-Christian conflict appears clear to everyone when it is remembered that the combatants on both sides claim to be truly religious, worshipers of the same God. No wonder that there is scoffing among unbelievers. Even a Jewish Rabbi of New York, not a Christian, of course, suggests with pious reverence that an effort be made by all religious denominations, aided by public opinion, to demand of the military leaders of the warring nations an armistice on Christmas Day.

It is not Christianity but the lack of it that explains this war. Do the supplications of either side ascend higher than the smoke of the battlefield?

WHERE GIFTS ARE NEEDED.

Can a man put up a good fight and a good prayer, as for peace, at the same time? That depends much upon the character of the petitioner. A man may pray, "Thy Kingdom come," and vote for the reign of the devil. He may be selfish in his prayer and pray, "Oh, Lord, bless me and my wife, son John and his wife, us four and no more." A man whose battle cry is "My country, right or wrong," will not be heard in heaven. Effectual prayer often depends as much upon ourselves as upon God. A good way to pray just at this Christmas season would be to answer our own prayers by gladly diverting some of our usual gifts from home and the family to the suffering homeless ones of the war-stricken countries. Ours seems to be the only great nation that can with consistency celebrate this Christmas anniversary and exhort the world to seek for peace.

POOR LITTLE GIRL!

A few years ago, on our way out to Christmas dinner, we called at the home of a little girl friend to leave our gift. She was ten years old and an only daughter.

When we looked about the room at the many presents and remarked,
"Well, Marjorie, Santa Claus certainly did not forget you this year," the little lady burst into tears. It was several moments before we could get an explanation and then it was to be startled with the words, "There won't be anything for him to bring me next year."

Here is a study in contrasts and yet parallels with the child who finds her stocking empty. Surely both are to be pitied. On the latter much sympathy is bestowed, and fortunately, if we but look about us, we can find many opportunities to prevent or at least dry the tears. The former is a more difficult, if not so frequent a problem, and it drives the solution primarily into the home. Ultimately, however, society must suffer as it suffers from the under-fed, under-clothed, uncared for child. To have in our midst, as we do have, young men and women who have been brought up "in the lap of luxury," who know not the final satisfaction of self-denial, whose sole struggle is for self-gratification with never a thought for how the other half lives, is to handicap society with a dead weight of non-producers.

The innocent little girl with the many presents had been robbed of that priceless mental stimulant—anticipation. She had been given a false impression of human experience, for we know that this was no fit preparation for coming disappointments.

It was through no efforts of her own that there was nothing left to be desired. There was not the sweet, childish happiness in the possession of whatever Christmas morning might bring her. There was an instinctive appreciation of the mistake of her elders, a first glimpse of the bitterness at the bottom of the cup called Satiety.

TIME TO BOOST.

There is no better time than the Christmas holidays to do a little boosting for the Normal. Three months in residence must have demonstrated to you the splendid spirit of the institution—a spirit that if properly described will add much to the desirability of looking to the School on the Hill next fall. You will come in contact with high school students in your home town who need but a word to start them planning on going away to school after graduation. To be able to earn in two years a Life Certificate (as good an asset as a life insurance policy) and at the same time be earning two years' credit at college or university, makes the Western Normal stand for what a good American young man or woman only asks—opportunity.
Broadsus—Book of the Christ child, p. 145.
Chenoweth—Stories of the saints, p. 61.
St. Nicholas v. 3, p. 137.
Scudder—Book of legends, p. 31.
Wiltsie—Kindergarten stories and morning talks, p. 100.
Legend of the Christ Child.
Harrison—Christmas-tide, p. 237.
Story of the other wise man. Van Dyke.
Where love is, God is.
Tolstoi—Twenty-three tales, p. 118.

Stories.

A Christmas Cake.
Maud Lindsay—More Mother Stories.
Bird’s Christmas Carol. Wiggin.
Christmas every day.
Howells—Christmas every day; and other stories.
Fir-tree.
Andersen—Wonder stories, p. 46.
Bryant—Best stories to tell to children, p. 134.
Schauffler—Christmas, p. 241.
First Christmas tree. Van Dyke.
Golden cobwebs.
Byrant—Best stories to tell to children, p. 22.
Bryant—How to tell stories to children, p. 133.
Schauffler—Christmas, p. 296.
Gretchen and the wooden shoes.
Lindsay—Mother stories, p. 167.
His Christmas Turkey.
Yawter—Of Such is the Kingdom.
In the great walled country.
Alden—Why the chimes rang, p. 138.
Jimmy Scarecrow’s Christmas.
Legend of the Christmas rose.
Lagerlof—Girl from the marsh croft, p. 190.
Little Cosette (adapted from Victor Hugo).
Bailey and Lewis—For the children’s hour, p. 244.
Little Gretchen and the wooden shoe.
Harrison—Christmas-tide, p. 219.
Picciola.
Blaisdell—Child life in many lands, p. 74.
Wiggin and Smith—Story hour, p. 156.
Sabot of little Wolff. Coppee.
Blaisdell—Child life; fifth reader, p. 9.
Symbol and the saint.
Field—Little book of profitable tales, p. 15.
The Christmas Stocking.
Lindsay—More Mother Stories.
Tiny Tim. Dickens.
Bailey and Lewis—For the children’s hour, p. 248.
Dickens—Christmas Carol, ch. 3.
Harrison—Christmas-tide, p. 152.
Voyage of the wee red cap.
Why the chimes rang.
Alden—Why the chimes rang.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS.
The following programs have been prepared and given in the rotunda of the Training School by the pupils of the different grades:

October 28.

Play: Hallowe’en Eve.
This was based on some of the poems of James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. Some of those given were:

Night Wind, Field.
Granny, Riley.
Bumble Bee, Riley.
Orphan Annie, Riley.
Seein' Things at Night, Field.
The Duel, Field.
Rabbit in the Cross Tie, Field.
Raggedy Man, Riley.
Nine Little Goblins, Riley.

November 5.

Songs—Normal Glee Club.
Folk Dancing—Normal Physical Training Department.

November 12.

Song—Flow Gently Sweet Afton—School.
Dramatization—Fourth Grade.
Letters from Europe—Grade VII.—Lawrence Hollander, Katherine Howard.

November 19.

Song, Baby's Boat—School.
Address—Dr. Epler.
Song, Music in the Air—School.

November 25.

Thanksgiving Program.
Song, The Lord is My Shepherd—School.
Story, Benefits: Forgot—Doris Hatch, Grade VI.
Songs—Grade One.
Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey.
The Squirrel's Thanksgiving.
A Comparison of Life One Hundred Years Ago—Grade VII.
The First Thanksgiving—Grade IV.
Story, Jericho Bob—Elizabeth Nicholson, Grade VIII.

December 3.

Song, The Toy Shop—Grades II and III.
Talk on German Toys and an Exhibit of Toys—Miss Elizabeth Zimmermann.
Christmas Plays—Grades I and III.
Talk on American Toys and an Exhibit—Mrs. H. H. Tashjian.
Song, Silent Night—School.

LIBRARY
Books received since October, 1914.

(Continued from October number)

General Science.

Reid, Principles of heredity.
Suess, Face of the earth.
Keeler, Our native trees.
Jordan, General bacteriology.
Clements, Rocky Mountain flowers.
Fabre, Mason-bees.
Burroughs, John J. Audubon.

Physiology and Hygiene.
Blumenthal, Stammering and cognitive defects of speech.
Hope, Till the doctor comes.
Keith, Man; a history of the human body.

Agriculture.
Cheyney, Farm woodlot.
Needham, Natural history of the farm.
Shaw, A study of breeds.
Taft, Community study for country districts.

Domestic Science.
Campbell Text-book of domestic science.
Condit & Long, How to cook and why.
Hill, Recipes for two.
Hiller, Fifty-two Sunday dinners.
Hulse, Salads.
Kinne & Cooley, Foods and household management.
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Manual Training.
Crawshaw, Furniture design for schools and shops.
Fair, Practical houseframing.
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Front.—Frontispiece. Months—Ja., F., Mr.,
Ap., My., Jc., Jl., Ag., S., O., N. D.
Roman numerals indicate volume numbers.
Arabic numerals indicate page numbers
opposite which illustrations are found, ex-
cept frontispieces.
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AT

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LOUIS ISENBERG, Proprietor
This was the intellectual part of the feast given at the Normal on the evening of Nov. 20, 1914,—the annual Men's Supper.

This supper is the only interesting athletic event between the close of the football season and the Christmas vacation, and the two hundred men sat down this year to eat turkey, prepared and served by a most efficient Domestic Science department.

While it may seem that football men at the close of the season represent "those whose eminence is chiefly muscular," the burden of the speeches was to toast a group of men who had come through a successful season without losing a single game and being scored on but once, chiefly because they had used their heads and had displayed a fine self-mastery that made team work the main point.

It has certainly been a wonderful season, and this supper, with its splendid spirit as displayed by the student body, the fine singing of the Glee Club, and a surpassingly good lot of speeches, closed the fall of 1914 with a finale that was a fitting climax.

THE FACULTY TEAM.

President Waldo, in his toast at the Men's Supper, announced the line-up of the Faculty football team. The members will go into training at once to get in condition for a proposed schedule to be played in 1915. Most of the team have had football experience, all will soon have under the hard driving of Coach Reed. Dr. B. L. Jones, now taking graduate work at Harvard, will be back in the fall to render medical assistance. Mr. Everett will lay out the gridiron.

Center, Fox; right guard, Wood; left guard, Sprau; right tackle, McCracken; left tackle, Bowen; right end, Hickey; left end, Harvey; right half, Jilson; left half, Sherwood; full back, Spaulding; quarter, Cameron.

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WESTERN STATE NORMAL, 10;
YPSILANTI, 0.

Battling on Ypsilanti's gridiron, before a crowd of two thousand enthusiasts, the Western State Normal eleven broke twice through the home team's desperate defense for a touchdown and a field goal, and won again the state championship. Friday, the 13th of November, was an ill omened day only for Ypsilanti.

A raw wind was blowing from the northwest when the teams lined up. Ypsilanti, therefore, on winning the toss chose the advantage of the north goal. McIntosh kicked into the wind 40 yards, and Reed returned the ball 20. Ypsilanti then began a determined assault at Western State's line which yielded two first downs, but stiffened thereafter, compelling Ypsilanti to punt. Possi was through with a driving plunge and blocked the kick. Peach, following up, grabbed the ball, almost getting clear. He was downed after ten yards.

Kalamazoo's first attack failed, the ball going to Ypsi on a fumble. Hyames suffered a broken nose, but gamely stuck to the field. Ypsi was forced to punt. Western State lost the ball on a forward pass, but again compelled Ypsi to punt, and then began an irresistible attack. Corbat smashed twice for first down. McIntosh heaved to Killian 25 yards and immediately after, Thomas on a spread play took the ball out of the air, ran diagonally across the field, and planted it across at the extreme corner of the field. A successful punt out gave Corbat the try at goal. He added the coveted point. Score: Western State, 7; Ypsilanti, 0.

An exchange of punts kept the ball neutral for the rest of the quarter. At the start of the second period Ypsi smashed for eight yards, but lost the ball on a fumble. Thomas recovered. Again a march to Ypsilanti's goal was started. Hyames, McKay, Corbat, and Bek shattered the opposing line, and Killian and Thomas completed
two forward passes for a total of 45 yards. In the shadow of the goal, Ypsilanti stopped the attack. Corbat fell back and kicked a field goal from the 25-yard line. Score: Western State, 10; Ypsilanti, 0.

This practically ended the contest as far as scoring was concerned. Ypsilanti played desperately at all times, Morrison in particular breaking through the line and smashing up plays. However, the offense could do nothing against Western State's rugged line. Two forward passes were completed in the second half by Ypsilanti, then further attempts were blocked. The issue of the contest was thereafter never in doubt.

Western State kept up a skillful attack, but though within the 5-yard line twice in the second half, could not put the ball over against Ypsilanti's fierce opposition. Corbat was hurt after a beautiful run for 20 yards off right tackle. He was replaced by Yeakey. East went in for Possi, Nyland for McCafferty. Smashes by Yeakey, Hyames and Bek took the ball well down into Ypsilanti territory for a third time this half. The ball was fumbled. Ypsilanti punted to Hyames. Then occurred the most terrific and spectacular playing of the game. Bek, following the end down the field, put him out of the play with a driving block. Five other Ypsilanti men essayed to tackle the speeding Hyames. All were blocked out and lay prone when Hyames was finally brought down after a run of 50 yards. McKay was pulled back from tackle to smash the line. He was unstoppable but fumbled the ball within eight yards of the goal, and time was called ere the attack could again be started.

Undoubtedly the season just past has been the most successful in the history of the school, and the team itself merits recognition to a class above any former aggregation. Not only has the Normal championship been won, but the best elevens in the M. I. A. A. have been defeated, something hitherto undone, and which in itself has commanded attention from the football critics of the state. Probably the eleven representing Western State
Normal this year could have met with credit opponents of much higher rank, and it is expected that such opponents will be scheduled in the future.

Y. W. C. A.

Among the growing organizations of the Western State Normal School the Young Women's Christian Association is making decided progress. When school opened the Association needed to be reorganized because the basis of membership practically depended upon those who had not been previously connected with its activities. The aim became to make plans with enough interest to bring response from the women students. To this end our faculty adviser, Miss Spindler, and other faculty women have taken an active interest in the work. Our student membership is now seventy-five.

At the beginning of the semester an inspirational meeting was held, at which the Misses Ballou, Ferrer and Harrington, of the faculty, told the girls what the association is doing in other institutions. Several of the girls gave talks on what they considered working theories in our school.

The next week a meeting was held for the election of officers. The following officers were elected:

Anna Reinhold, president; Ruth Miller, vice-president; Dessie Marks, secretary; Maude Ude, treasurer.

Since then the following standing committee chairmen with their faculty advisors were appointed. Together with the officers they comprise the cabinet.

1. Publicity Committee: Lydia Seidschlag, chairman; Miss Spencer, faculty adviser.

2. Religious Meetings Committee: Lila Reynolds, chairman; Miss Harrington, Miss Baughman, faculty advisers.

3. Social Service Committee: Dorthea Bowen, chairman; Miss Ballou, faculty adviser.

4. Social Committee: Elia Conger, chairman; Miss Clark, faculty adviser.
5. Finance Committee: Beryl Van Antwerp, chairman; Miss Feree, faculty adviser.

Every member of the association is placed upon a committee so that each may share in the responsibilities of executive work.

Under the supervision of the Publicity Committee is the making of posters and announcements, the writing of Record articles, and all forms of advertising.

The Religious Meetings Committee has charge of the weekly meetings. The first meeting of each month comes on Friday. At this meeting some one from outside speaks to the girls. The two following meetings are held on Tuesdays. They are in the form of Bible-study classes. Mrs. Goodale, a former member of our faculty, conducts them. The last meeting of the month comes on Tuesday, and the girls themselves take charge of it.

The Social Service Committee is planning to call on all girls during the year. It is also planning to call and take flowers to all girls who are ill. Into a suggestion box in the Y. W. C. A. room any member may put suggestions about student habits or conditions about the institution which need to be rectified. A part of the regular Y. W. C. A. meetings will be given to the chairman of the Social Service Committee to lead in the reading and discussion of these suggestions.

At the beginning of next term the Social Committee has charge of a social function for all of the girls. Another social function will be given in the spring term. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays this committee supervises the serving of tea and wafers in the Y. W. C. A. room between three and four o'clock. Both the students and faculty members are enjoying these afternoon teas.

The Finance Committee is planning a Christmas Japanese Art Sale.

After attending the Second Annual Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association held in Chicago, Miss Ballou, of the faculty, and Miss
Reinhold presented some conference memories at the last Y. W. C. A. meeting. The spirit of the conference was that which Miss Pearson brings with her in her visits to our school. It was the spirit every student Y. W. C. A. which is a factor in serving its institution must possess.

ANNA REINHOLD

MUSIC NOTES.

In the list of musical events for the year in the Normal the presentation of Handel’s “Messiah” on Sunday afternoon, December 6, perhaps stands out most prominently from the standpoint of musical merit and general interest. The chorus of two hundred voices composed principally of the students in the school directed by Mr. Maybee and accompanied by the Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra of twenty pieces, furnished a program which inaugurates the plan followed by leading cities in singing the beautiful “Messiah” at holiday-time. The solo parts were taken by Mrs. Harper C. Maybee, Mrs. Bertha S. Davis, Mrs. Harry Horton, Miss Elizabeth Parmalee, Miss Della Sprague, Mr. Stanley Perry, Mr. Cecil Ross, Mr. Ralph Bloem and Mr. Ralph Wallace. With both local orchestra and soloists the presentation brought together the musical interests of town and school. This was the first time in the history of the school that a program under school supervision had been offered to the public.

A very enjoyable assembly program was given November 10 by Dr. W. R. Alvord of Detroit, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Alvord, who gave an interesting explanation before each group of songs. The program included Irish, Nonsense, and Children’s Songs.

The Junior Girls’ Glee Club made its first appearance on the Assembly program November 17 under the direction of Mrs. Bertha S. Davis. The songs rendered were “My Love’s an Arbutus” (Old Irish), by Matthews, and “Swing Song” by Lohr.

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Preceding the Chorus rehearsal November 17, Miss Elizabeth Parmalee rendered two delightful vocal solos, accompanied by Mr. Henderson. The numbers given were "The White Dawn is Stealing," by Cadman, and "At Dawning," by Cadman. Preceding the Chorus rehearsal November 24, two numbers were rendered by Cecil Ross, accompanied by James Shackett. The numbers given were "Macushla," by MacDonough, and "Can't Yo' Heah the Callin'," by Caro Roma.

The December meeting of the Music Study Club was held December 7 at the home of Mrs. Bertha S. Davis, when a MacDowell program was given. Miss Grace Henion gave a sketch of the life of Edward Macdowell and the following of his compositions were given:

From Woodland Sketches, Op. 51. (a) To a Wild Rose. (b) The Trysting Place—Miss Mary Striker.
(a) The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree. (b) The Swan Bent Low to the Lily—Miss Edna VanBrook.

From Sea Pieces, Op. 19. (a) A Song. (b) A. D. 1620—Miss Louise Honey.
(a) Deserted. (b) Thy Beaming Eyes—Miss Grace Pennels.

The Assembly program for December 1 was in charge of the Music department. Following is the program:

a. Fifth Hungarian Dance—Brahms.
b. Selection, Martha—Flotow.
c. Toreador's Song—Carmen-Bizet.
—Normal orchestra under direction of Mr. Maybee:
Vocal Selection—Miss Grace Pennels.
a. The Bells—Gilchrist.
b. Roses, Roses Everywhere—Trottere.

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Violin Solo—Selected—Miss Lucile Worden.
Hark, the Horn Awakes the Morn—Randegger—Men's Glee Club.
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1. 55 scholarly, efficient instructors trained in 30 colleges, universities, and technical schools.

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3. Splendid new three-story Science Building 147 1-2 feet long and 79 1-2 feet wide, one of the best planned structures of its kind in the United States.

4. The Training School building is one of the best equipped in the country. It is regarded by educational authorities as a model.

5. The largest Normal School gymnasium in the "Old Northwest" Territory. The floor measures 119 feet by 68 feet. Running track, swimming pool, shower baths, lockers.

6. Fine new athletic field of over 13 acres. Will include two football grid-irons, two baseball diamonds, running track, hockey field, tennis courts.

7. Graduates in demand. Now teaching in 33 states and in every section of Michigan. Eighty cities and villages engaged members of the last senior class for 1914-15. Nine members of this class went to Detroit, five to Iron Mountain, five to Battle Creek, six to Grand Rapids, nine to Holland and five to Flint.

8. Young men who have completed the life certificate course receive from $700 to $1000 the first year (one member of present senior class has been engaged at $1200). 65 graduates of the Western Normal are now holding important administrative positions in Michigan, including superintendencies, principalships, county normal directorships, and county commissionships.

9. Manual Training. The Western Normal is the only Normal School in Michigan granting a special manual training certificate. Graduates of this department are teaching in twenty-two cities in Michigan and in fourteen states outside of Michigan.

10. Graduates of the Normal School complete the A. B. course at Ann Arbor in two years. Twenty-five former Western Normal students are now in residence at the University. Three Western Normal graduates of recent years who have completed the A. B. course at Ann Arbor are receiving an average salary of more than $2000 this year.

Winter term begins January 4, 1915.

Spring term begins April 5, 1915.

For catalog address Secretary,

WESTERN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
Kalamazoo, Mich.